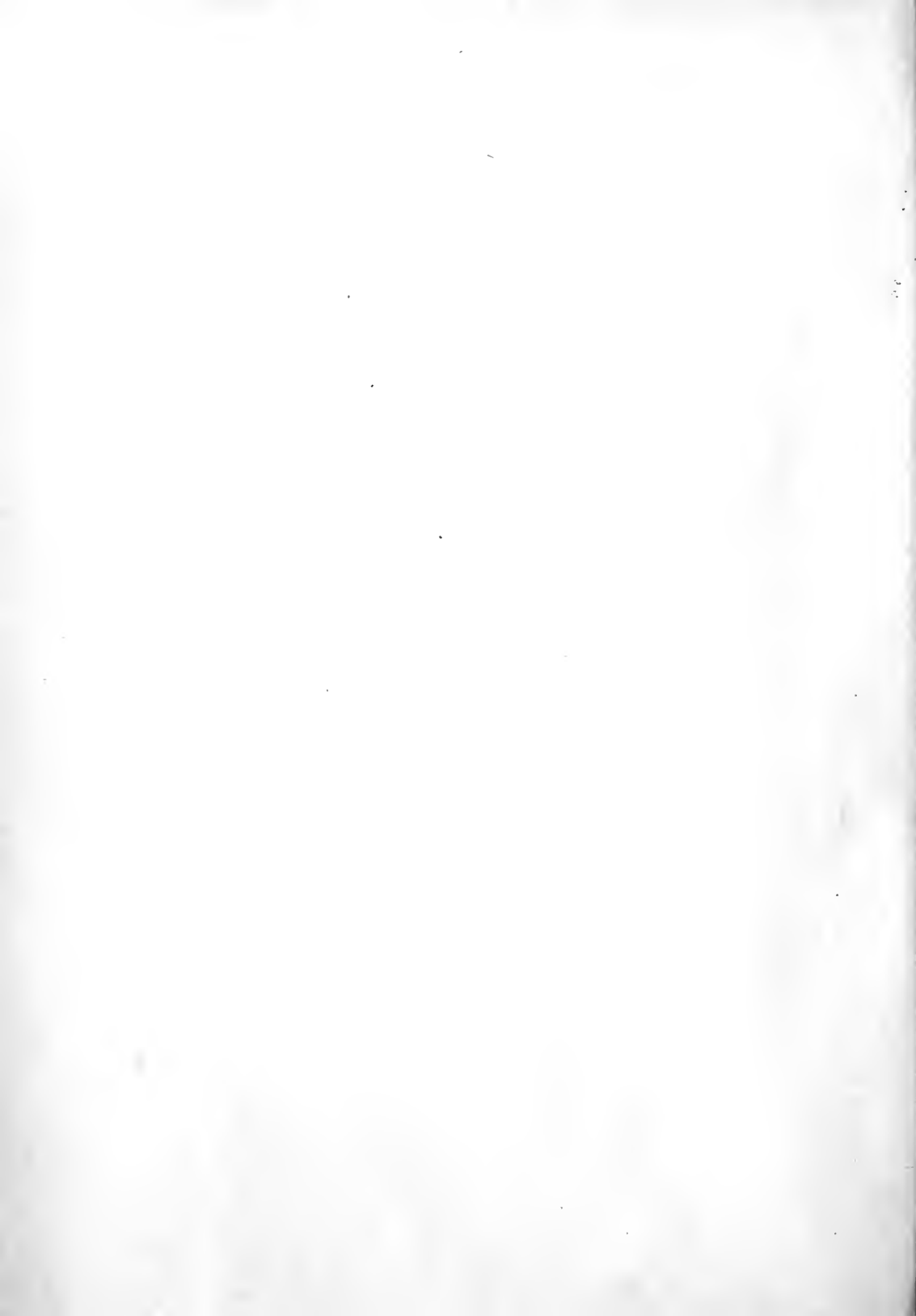




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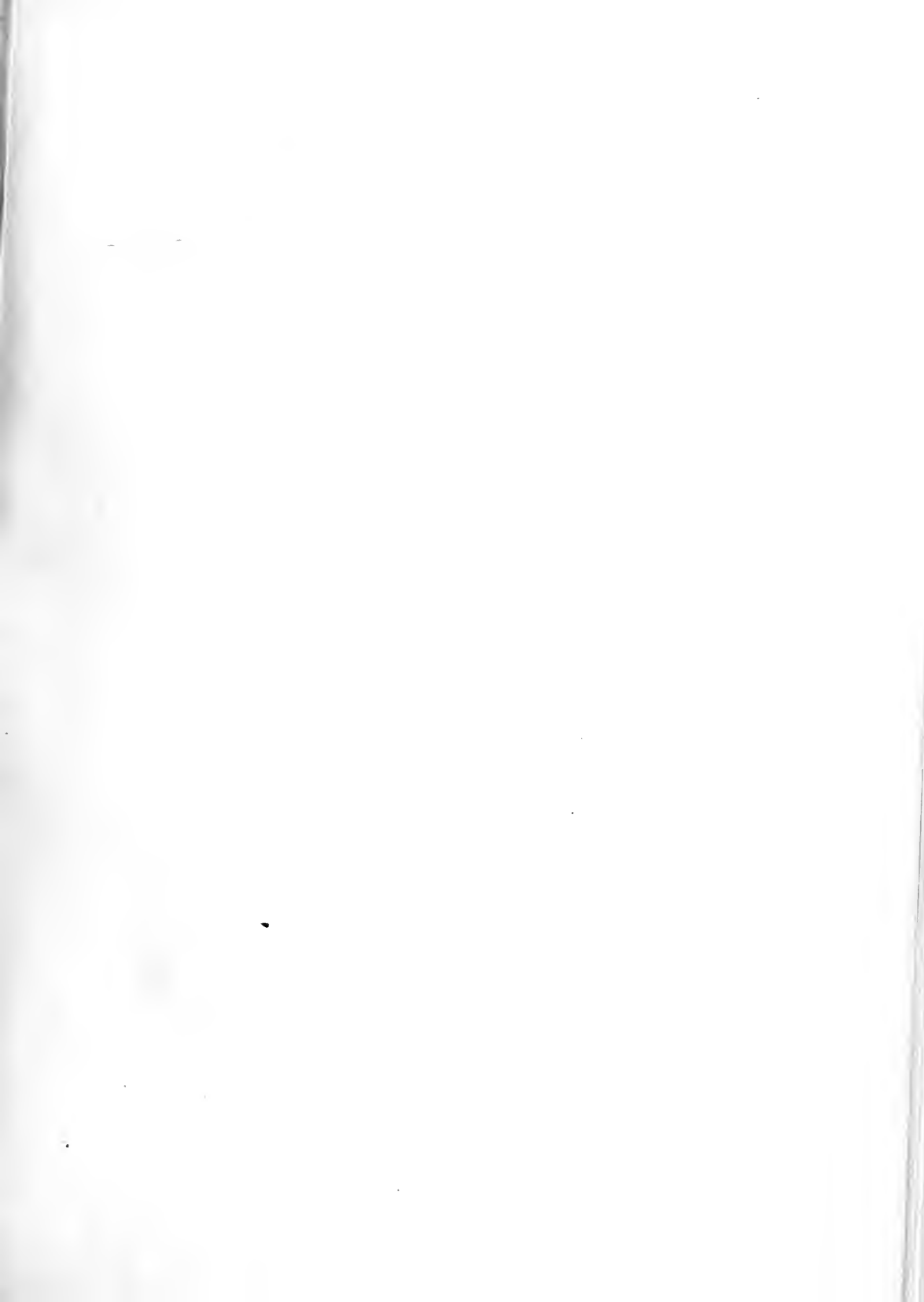
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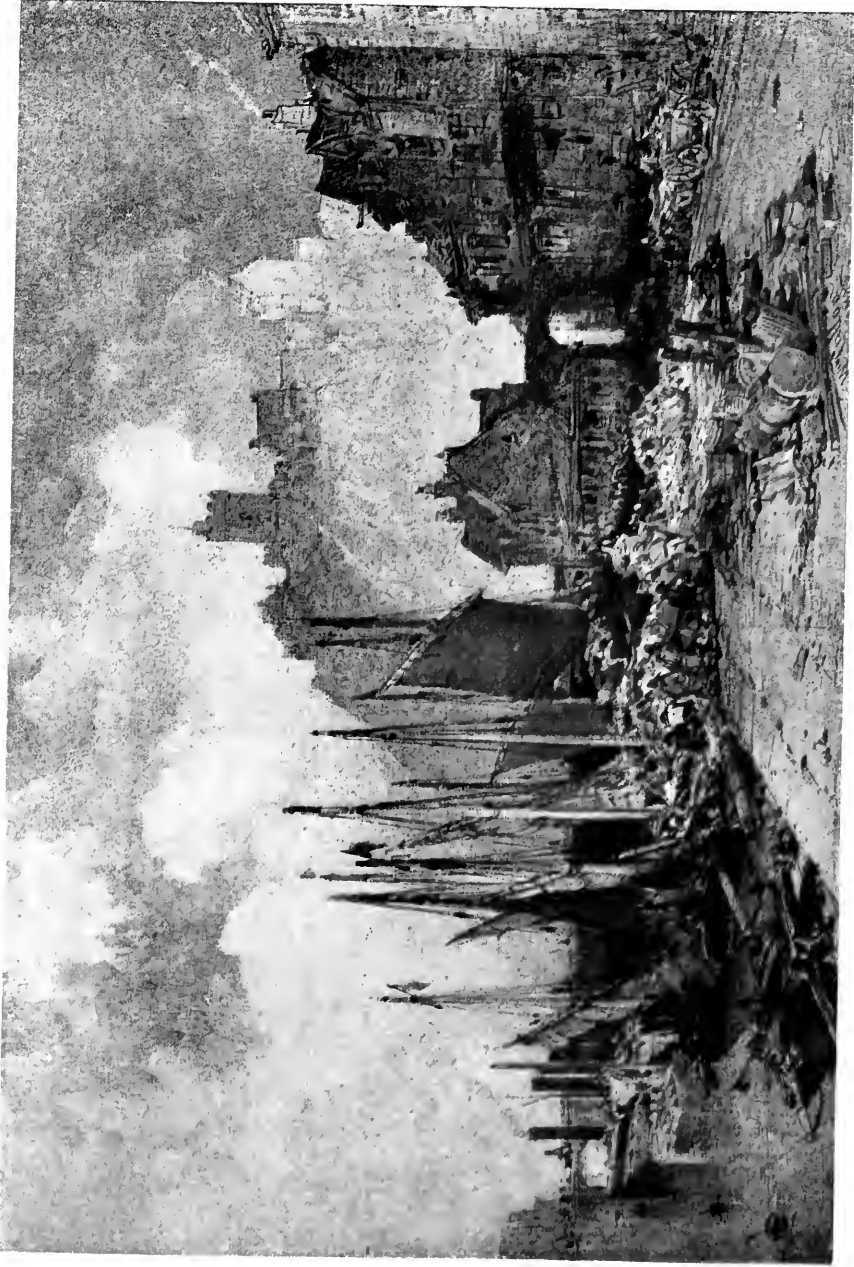
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"FISH MARKET ON THE QUAY, FOLKESTONE HARBOUR." BY WILLIAM CALLOW, R.W.S.

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PENNSYLVANIA, 111
BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

THE Pennsylvania Academy is holding its one hundred and eleventh exhibition in Philadelphia to continue till March 26. The private view, on February 5, attracted the usual gay, enthusiastic crowd of art lovers who regard this kaleidoscopic affair as a matter of supreme importance which custom can never stale. Phila-

delphia proper actually looks at pictures and enjoys the process. Some Philadelphians even go to the length of acquiring pictures by purchase. There is more genuine interest attached to this stately annual function than one notices abroad on similar occasions. Enthusiasm here is not misplaced, satisfying pictures abound, the hanging is all that could be desired, though, of course, some feelings have been wounded in the process. It was curious, by the way, to observe an early



SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW

BY WM. M. CHASE



THE GROVE
BY WILLIAM WENDT



REVERIE
BY RICHARD E. MILLER

and very excellent Sargent occupying modest quarters in Gallery E.

So completely good is the exhibition that even first-class canvases which would in an ordinary show cheapen everything around take their place without demanding any particular attention. The war explains why so many New York and Chicago paintings reappear in Philadelphia to the exclusion of novelties from Americans abroad, to which one is accustomed and to which one looks forward with so much pleasurable anticipation. Nevertheless there is plenty of good fare on the menu.

Once more American art justifies its high reputation for excellence in landscape and marine while the portraitists, as usual, are somewhat disappointing. Big figure compositions and animal pieces are as rare as angels' visits. Lyrical and imaginative genius, too, keeps in the background. Canvases that point to an unusual vision, that awaken ecstasy by their significance, are missing. There is much to captivate, little to compel.

Two paintings much talked of are those by Joseph T. Pearson, Jr., and Wm. M. Chase. 'Twere better if their positions on the wall were reversed, seeing that Pearson's picture has no carrying force. Probably it held the place of honour for the reason that his performance is recent and places of honour have ceased to be essential to such an eminent artist as Mr. Chase. The Pearson picture is an enormous decoration of geese, dead trees and faded tapestry background. Out of such elements one hardly expects great results, but he has achieved them none the less. It is as though a cook turned out a dainty loaf of bread out of potato peelings and chopped straw. Pearson has proved himself an artist of distinction and taste. There is a *je ne sais quoi de captivant* in this performance which casts a spell of the East and of the West upon the beholder. It is American, Japanese, and altogether charming. The disregard of planes is a vice converted into a virtue. The beauty of the landscape, at first completely veiled, reveals itself in installments. The winding river, wooded hills and farms break through their filmy envelope proclaiming a well-balanced and well-constructed canvas. His other contribution, *By the Pastures*, is unspontaneous but indicative of much observation. One cannot reconcile oneself to the mapped-out spirit of the composition which condemns it to the *succès d'estime* category of



CLOUD FORMS

BY CHESTER BEACH

paintings, making it of far less significance than *On the Valley*.

The Chase picture, *Sunlight and Shadow*, painted some decades back, is a mellow masterpiece. It invades the literary domain of art considerably but loses nothing by the incursion. To anyone ignorant of the theme and origin the



ON THE VALLEY

BY JOHN T. PEARSON, JR.

story would seem to be that of a young couple honeymooning in some picturesque old cottage in Brittany. The man seated at a round table with light refreshments appears to be having an altercation with Madam reclining comfortably in a hammock and exposing only a portion of her face as she turns her head round to meet the argument. The subject is of no importance, however, the painting is everything. If Mr. Chase had never painted any other picture this one alone would place him on the highest plane of American painting. The exquisite mastery of the entire situation, the complete harmony, quality of the colour, the unity—everything combines to label it a great performance. You seem to see a composite giant at work, a Tissot-Stevens-Whistler-Chase all in a brush-stroke. Anywhere within the frame a vandal could hack out some canvas and it would be a bit of beautiful paint. Of such is the kingdom of art.

Quite a number of strong marines are interesting evidence of the different attitudes assumed by

our artists who paint the sea. Paul Dougherty, in *Sunlight and Surf*, is concerned with the elemental relationship between sea, sky and rocks and has welded them into perfect agreement with consummate artistry and a restrained palette. Emil Carlsen sees nothing of the elemental; to him the ocean and rocks are distinct issues replete with a particular vein of poetry that exists equally in a Canton jug or an Amati violin. Hence his marines are lyrical but lifeless.

W. Ritschell is concerned with the big design primarily, moods, movement and colour being subordinate to the pattern. His Pacific Coast studies have resulted in many fine canvases which are gradually occupying museum space. Frederick J. Waugh is using intimate knowledge of the sea to depict violent scenes, the drama of the ocean, with almost brutal frankness. The pretty and somewhat commercial character of many of his older efforts has undergone a complete change.



THE BROOK: AUTUMN

BY CHARLES ROSEN

about the only nude on exhibition. The unclad lady is losing her appeal in Philadelphia, it seems.

Amongst the younger character seekers of the type of Du Bois, Luks, Myers, Sloan and Theresa Bernstein must be reckoned Elizabeth Eyre with a couple of entertaining paintings entitled *Waldorf Grill* and *The Upper Box*. The latter is especially commendable. Painted in a low key, the figures silhouetted from a

Jonas Lie searches for luminosity and attains it in a high degree. Hayley Lever uses the sea as dancing partner to his boats, and a very rhythmic dance they perform together. Charles H. Woodbury is another strong marine painter well represented at all important exhibitions.

A very luscious painting stands to the credit of George Oberteuffer, representing a harbour scene in Trouville with a white café and the channel boat as main ingredients. The picture is delightfully naïve and spontaneous, full of light and action, handled in the simplest manner with no sleight-of-hand tricks of technique. It is an A B C of outdoor painting and a reproach to the laboured material to be seen in thousands of canvases which perform their monotonous pilgrimage to the different shrines of art throughout the country.

Still-life subjects abound. A large canvas by Jonas Lie repeats his recent triumph at Brooklyn with a similar composition of flowers admirably conceived and executed. Hugh H. Breckenridge has made royal use of purple as apologist of the humble eggplant, which now takes an honoured place amongst other edibles dear to art, ranging from onions to Columbia salmon. The same artist also shows a well-constructed nude in prismatic hues, memorable as being



EDWARD T. STOTESBURY, ESQ. BY AURELIUS RENZETTI



IVORY, GOLD AND BLUE

BY HUGH H. BRECKENRIDGE



SEA AND ROCKS, NO. 5

BY FREDERICK J. WAUGH

murky background. The blasé types are well expressed in a few strokes and more important work from her brush may confidently be awaited.

Robert Spencer's *The Blue Gown* is a sympathetic rendering but somewhat black in colour here and there. Frank Benson's *The Fox Hunter* shews the figure standing out in strong relief against the sky. Textures might be improved, the man and the rock have the appearance of being hewn from the same material.

Frederic Clay Bartlett commanded respect with his *Roof Garden Tea*, which narrowly escaped being one of the important pictures of the exhibition. It is marred by its architectural features which might easily have been subdued, otherwise it is perfectly delightful. The lines of the figures, the flickering sunlight, the distant figure looking over the railing, the panorama, are especially attractive—if only the glass doors had been omitted!

Charles Rosen has a good autumn piece hanging next to Pearson's *On the Valley*, a pleasant change from his usual snow scenes and excellent in tonal quality.

Leopold G. Seyffert is always worth studying. He has four portraits to his score. That of Hans

Kindler lacks solidity. His portrait of Miss Gladys Snellenburg is a charming presentment but rather thin; it seems to be *angehaucht* rather than painted. Little, however, need be said in his dispraise. The Cassatt *A Woman Sitting in a Garden* is a memory of the past but a delightful picture, beautiful in tone and design, a model to many of our get-there-quick portraitists. Luis Mora's *Two Brunettes* first shewn at the Winter Academy, N. Y., is an unusual problem cleverly solved, but not free from adverse criticism. Look at the picture again and again, always the two girls appear to grow from one stem like Siamese twins; also the colour is a little waxy in face and shoulders. Richard E. Miller's

Reverie is as usual a woman bathed in sunlight, admirably worked out but meticulous to a degree and rather too much of the recipe. A portrait by David E. Kornhauser of a young girl seated at a bureau between two sprightly candlesticks is one of the best exhibits in figure work. Alice Kent Stoddard has lost no opportunities while studying under Robert Henri. *Lida* of the unkempt hair and smutty cheeks is a well-painted little gamin.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE recent death of Alexander Wilson Drake is the occasion of a memorial exhibition by the Prints Division of the New York Public Library. It is now on view in the Stuart gallery (room 316) and will remain until March 20. Excepting some biographical notes relating to Mr. Drake, the show consists of wood engravings by well-known masters of the art in America connected with Mr. Drake's time and activity. The exhibition is fittingly introduced by some of the earliest examples of the technique of the so-called "new school." There are J. G. Smithwick's *Drum-*



THE UPPER BOX

BY ELIZABETH EYRE

ming Out a Tory, after C. S. Reinhart, published in February, 1877, and Timothy Cole's *Gillie Boy*, which appeared in August of the same year. And then, especially interesting from both the technical and historical standpoint, there is Frederick Juengling's *Engineer Crossing the Chasm Over the Rimac*, which was published in *Scribner's* in 1877. This engraving by Juengling was executed after a drawing by James E. Kelly, and it is an interesting fact that Mr. Drake and Mr. Kelly rejected Juengling's first engraving of the subject, whereupon he executed a second. A review is given of a period of wood engraving in this country which will remain a noteworthy epoch in the annals of engraving.

A Modernizer of the Greek Ideal: J. H. Fry



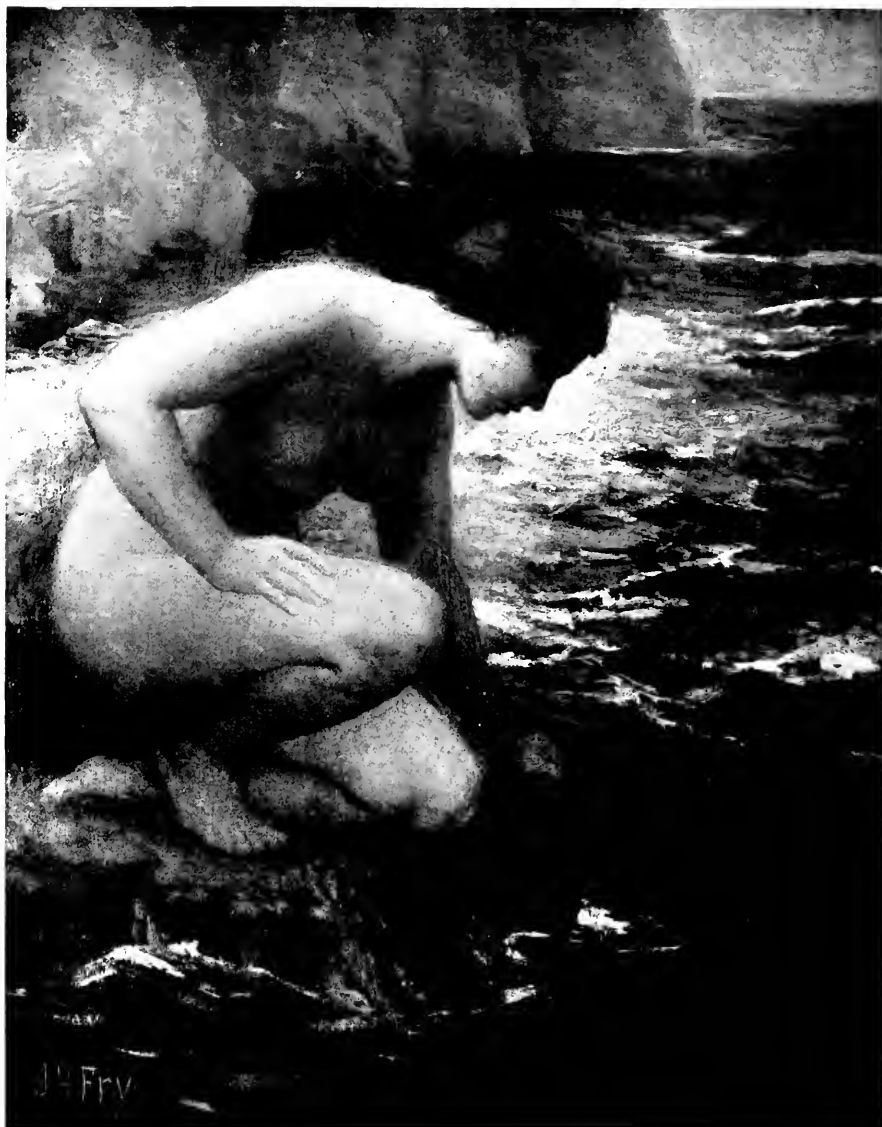
A CORNER OF THE FRY STUDIO IN NEW YORK

A MODERNIZER OF THE GREEK
IDEAL: J. H. FRY
BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

THE most impartial survey of the field of art in America will of necessity conduct to a few very definite conclusions. For instance, it is very obvious that the highest expression is to be found amongst the landscapists; also that very, very few portraitists emerge from mediocrity. Sargent and Mary Cassatt are only American in point of birth, their training, residence and interests lie overseas. Furthermore, it is obvious that the spirit of restlessness, considered quite apart from the wars of nations, has assailed the ranks of the artists to such an extent that many of them are mirroring others than themselves, and in the effort to play safe are hunting simultaneously with the hound and with the hare. The modern movement circling around the achievements of Cézanne has given birth to a new Frankenstein that is disconcerting the minds of artists and calling into question established ideals and procedures. There has developed in many quarters a slipshod habit of

painting which in aiming at extreme characterization as its goal fails to observe constructive and organic principles of painting, without which no work of art can exist. Violent colour, frantic technique, eccentric forms, are employed *pour épater messieurs les américains* and to command a hearing at all costs. Figure painters in the real sense are scarce.

There are artists, however, who keep themselves untainted and who plough their furrows each in his own individual manner, indifferent to the disturbing "isms" of the day and working out their artistic salvation along sane and well considered lines of action. To these may be counted John Hemming Fry, who for years has sought and found his happiness in serene representation of the nude as embodying truth and beauty, the precious heritage of Greek culture. The eternal verities hidden or apparent in ancient myth furnish material for his imagination and attack. Landscape except as a natural setting or background is to him valueless; a *procès verbal* of field or forest may safely be entrusted to the photographer. It is the figure that counts. And here again it must be a special type that conforms



THETIS
BY J. H. FRY



OCEANTIES
BY J. H. FRY

A Modernizer of the Greek Ideal: J. H. Fry

in every respect with his feeling for classic beauty. It must be "a daughter of the gods divinely fair," a wholesome, full-blooded, round-limbed woman able to battle if necessary, certainly able to bear lusty children. Opulent forms people his canvases. It may be a Sappho, an Aspasia, or Poseidon's daughter gathering pebbles by the shore, a Dryad gazing wistfully between tree trunks, or enchantresses of the sea such as lured Ulysses and his crew, or the nymphs of the Rheingold teasing Alberich. To him these women appeal intensely and he paints them heroically and with a plastic sense that is rare. They become not only part of their surroundings but by their grandeur and dignity they dominate

and the forms of the departed are painted in silvery greys and opalescent colour. Keeping their places admirably in a great composition the whirl and rhythm are poetically expressed but without undue sentiment.

Greek art, beautiful as it is and expressive as it is of the intellectual and noble condition, owes its beauty to that which the early Greeks strived after and sought to be rather than what they actually were. It ignores or illuminates or remoulds all human failings however overpowering they may be in real life. While people hated and fought, loved and were sorrowful, in the days of Pericles as now, life being so much less commonplace, the Greek intellect when it did not



THE ETERNAL DRIFT

BY J. H. FRY

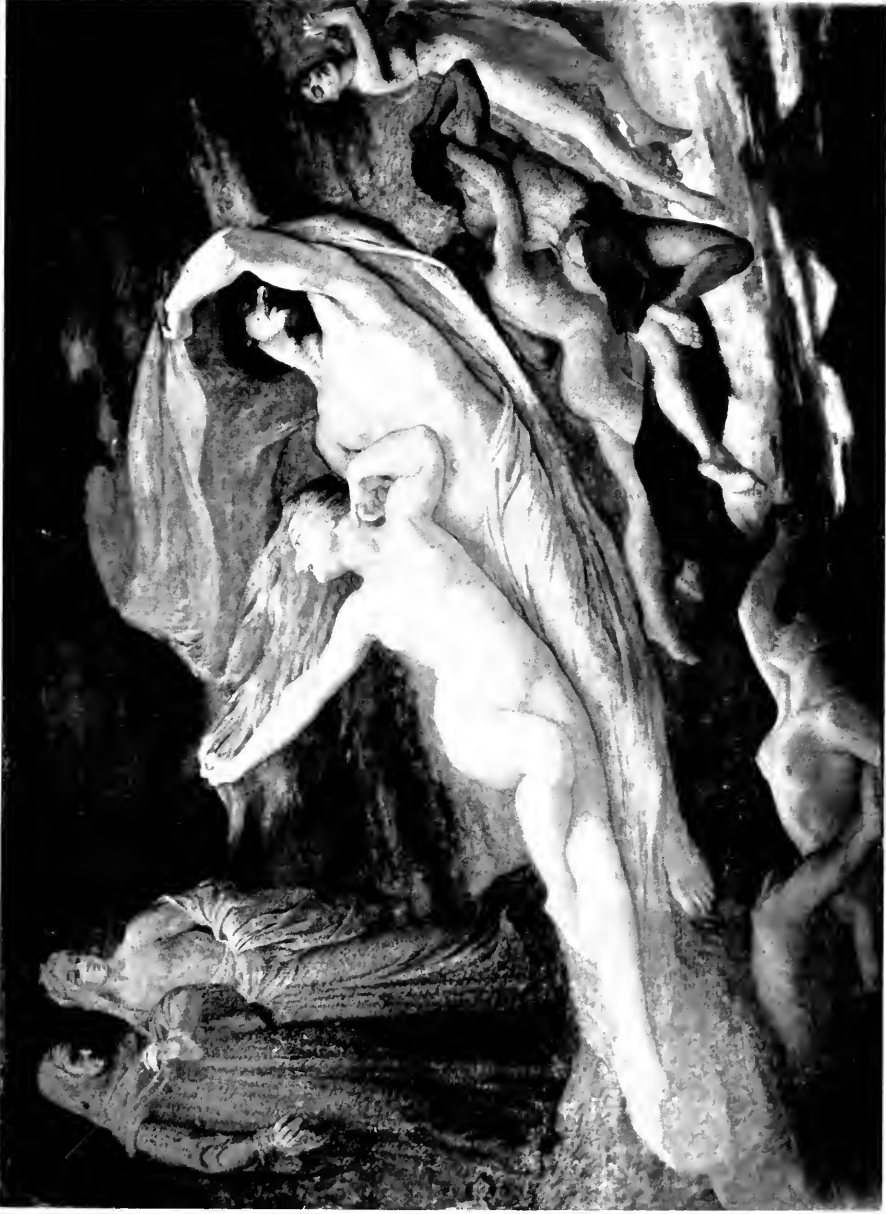
forest or grove, air or ocean. Nature yields precedence.

A pure classicist, J. H. Fry has drawn upon Greek art to adorn immortal legends. His vision and treatment are all his own, though the legends are yours and mine. In the canvas called *Oceanities* one feels unerringly the fugue which prompted the composition and forecasted the rhythm of waves and nymphs in interrelated sport and motion. Though avoiding a high-keyed palette, Fry is a strong colourist, obtaining strong dramatic effects by simple untrained methods. In his great work, *Paolo and Francesca*, embodying the eternal theme of the love which outlives the tomb, we see them brightly, strongly illuminated, soaring above lurid patches of deep, red sky whilst Dante and Virgil

ignore an irresponsible condition, imbued it with a dignity which all but converted vices into virtues. Nearly all false standards to-day can be traced to that period. Therefore Greek art is beautiful because of its freedom from contact with ordinary human conduct.

A classic art will arise when we have passed the experimental stage, when we shall emerge richer intellectually and with an understanding made generous by expression. Every human virtue and all human shortcomings will be considered and will help in the creation of this art. Nothing will be eliminated, nothing ignored, but it will be calm and serious because we shall have weathered the storm and profited by it, not because we have avoided it or denied its existence.

In J. H. Fry's art there is a distinct sign of the



PAOLO AND FRANCESCA
BY J. W. FRY

A Modernizer of the Greek Ideal: J. H. Fry



DRYAD

BY J. H. FRY

new classic spirit. In his composition of nude figures we feel moods that are classical in their serenity yet human in their appeal. We are not looking at superwomen, but at just ordinary women who are part of the world we know with all its human inconsistencies. These women symbolize not only a sophisticated age but an age of calm judgment. It is reflected in the poise, in the drawing, in the admirable and original composition. Here is beauty of classic calm, but here is also the modern spirit, not the modern spirit in transition, but after, when conditions are settled and intellect chastened by bitter experience, when a love for beauty is so comprehensive and tolerant that it seeks it in every phase of nature, in objects the most commonplace.

J. H. Fry has studied in Paris, Bordighera and in Rome. He has sat at the feet of Fernand Corman, that great historical painter, and of Lefevre and Boulanger at Julien's. His work is but little known for the reason that he has consistently avoided publicity. He has at length yielded to the importunities of friends and is exhibiting at Knoedler's Galleries, New York. There is no desire to record this artist as a paragon amongst painters. He has faults, too, as well as fine qualities. One notices at times a need for a more fluid brush, at times his colour is faulty or even monotonous, and his figures occasionally are too massive for their setting.

Mr. and Mrs. Fry, who is also a painter of reputation, share vast adjoining studios in the Gainsborough Building, surrounded by rare fabrics, tapestries and bronzes.



SEAFOAM

BY J. H. FRY

The Armourer's Shop at the Metropolitan



THE ARMOURER'S SHOP AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM—A WATER-COLOUR

BY S. J. ROWLAND

THE ARMOURER'S SHOP AT THE METROPOLITAN BY ROBERT MACAULEY JACKSON

THOUSANDS of those who yearly visit the halls of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City are held fascinated by the mediaeval armorer's workshop which they find set up in a panelled recess of carved oak in the main gallery of the museum's collection of arms and armour; but to very few of these visitors is it known that, tucked away in a corner of the huge building, is a complete practical armorer's shop, or that an artist armorer is working there whose skill puts him on a level with some of the great master-armourers of the middle ages.

This is M. Daniel Tachaux, a native of Blois, who for a long time had an atelier in Paris and who came to this country several years ago to restrap—which is the technical term for rivetting and readjusting the fastenings of armour, a process which requires skill of no mean order—to repair and, in very rare cases only, to restore the pieces in this, America's greatest collection of arms and armour. His ancestors have been for many generations makers of weapons of defence and offence so that the

traditions of the craft are in his blood. He is the only maker of armour in this country and one of the very few now remaining in the world. Here he sits day in and day out bringing forth the beauty of some time-worn piece, some long-tarnished helm, some valiant Damascus blade worth a prince's ransom. M. Tachaux is an artist to the finger-tips and thoroughly understands all the processes of ornamentation as well as the forging of metal. His work is so skilfully done that the portions of armour which he has restored—be they even so small as the scale of a gauntlet—are each plainly marked with the word "restored," the date, and his name "D. Tachaux," so that in future no possible mistake could be made in confusing his restoration with a piece of the original armour.

The picture here reproduced is a water-colour of the shop which is the work of Mr. Stanley James Rowland, a young artist officially connected with the Department of Arms and Armour in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He has faithfully reproduced the atmosphere and the arrangement of the shop with the exception of one or two minor rearrangements so as to show all the essential objects. Here sits M. Tachaux, the armorer in his leathern apron, surrounded by the tools of his craft. Most of them, by the way,

John Marin's Water-Colours

are the identical implements made and used by his armourer-ancestors and handed down from father to son through hundreds of years. It is a good likeness of him, too, as the privileged visitor will find him. To the left of the picture, seen through the open doorway, is the great forge with its hood and bellows and the anvil. On the wall behind him is a polychrome stone figure of St. Eloi, the patron saint of all those who wield the hammer. Here are also an ancient drawing of a suit of armour—the same suit, incidentally, which one sees standing complete but for the helmet to the left of M. Tachaux and a little in front of the doorway—the diploma of award of a silver medal given him at the Exposition Universelle at Paris in 1900, some books of armourer's designs, and a large rack of tools. The right hand wall and the bench in front of it show, among other objects, many more tools, including an armourer's vise and a great shears, and numerous pieces of metal and parts of armour.

JOHN MARIN'S WATER-COLOURS

AT 291 Fifth Avenue is an exhibition of considerable importance to those interested in the more individual and vital expression of American Art. Here John Marin exposes about thirty water-colours which show a remarkable year's progress toward the profounder art problems—problems which every sincere modern artist must sooner or later solve for himself. Marin, unlike many American painters, has chosen to devote his every energy to mastering them; and it is refreshing to visit an exhibition where one is not confronted with obvious imitation. Marin's personality stands forth, healthy and strong, not dependent on the crutches of second-hand inspiration.

While the passing craze of Futurism, the epidemic of unintelligent distortion seen *en courant* in Cézanne and Matisse, and though sterile primitivism of Douanier, Rousseau and Zak have been sweeping over the field of our national art, Marin has forged ahead toward a goal of his own imagining. No excess of enthusiasm for the easily achieved fame which comes from painting *à la mode* has shunted him from his direct path. Beginning with almost literal translations from landscape, Marin has, in one short year, gone far

toward conquering many of the deeper concerns of composition. To say that he has achieved a finality would only give the unjust impression that his vision and talent are restricted. He has made much progress; and he still has some distance to go. But during his evolution he has not passed over any of the vital lessons which might turn up later on to impede his final progress.

It is impossible to say that one painting of his is better than another. Marin is in process; and we must judge almost every work of his from an individual standpoint of partial achievement. In some of his pictures, where the delicacy and lightness are the result of the water-colourist's instinct, there is a completeness which tempts us to pass final judgment; but, on turning round, we perceive that this completeness is much slighter and less advanced than the progress made in another work where a more extended order has been attempted but not quite satisfactorily attained. To criticize Marin justly one must judge him from each separate point in his progress from which he has made his different studies.

From the very simplest types of order (such as a slight block form of objects) he has attained to a rhythmic conception of his subject-matter until it has become almost abstract. In this sense, he at times reveals a certain inevitable Chinese aspect. Some of his pictures betray a great desire to see and feel, through intense concentration, the inherent (varying as the painter varies) rhythm of his subject. Herein he attunes himself to Cézanne's mental attitude. In his latest paintings a process of elimination is going on; the objects, as such, have almost entirely disappeared, and all that remains is the salient line, or combination of lines, which to him expresses the plastic attraction of his natural inspiration.

His colour is not at all times pleasing because it falls short of a complete gamut; but as his sensitivity develops along the lines of volumnear balance and three-dimensional poise, the comprehensiveness of his colour will inevitably follow. At that time—and I predict that it is not far distant we may expect to see some of America's most genuine expression delivered from the shackles of European snobbery and standing on the high pinnacle of personal achievement.

W. H. W.

The Romance of a Painter's Mind



COURT OF ROMANCE

BY AUGUSTUS VINCENT TACK

THE ROMANCE OF A PAINTER'S MIND BY DUNCAN PHILLIPS

PAINTING for Augustus Vincent Tack is not merely a profession—it is an act of creation, a solemn and splendid miracle to be performed with reverence and joy. A good many men who practise art as a profession put on their art like an old coat and remove it at the end of the day's work to leave it hanging on a nail in the studio. Now the making of one's art a thing apart from one's life may seem, at first thought, the proper attitude. And yet, in the work which we call art, every true artist knows that his gift of expression is not really something which he puts on and takes off according to his humour, but the really vital part of him, or at least the outward and visible sign of the soul in his body.

It is because Tack has a reverence for his art and persists in refusing to regard it as a profession that he employs his remarkably versatile talent in the creation not of any one subject in any one style for the pleasure of any one section of the public, but to the expression of his remarkably varied interest both in the visible world and in the world of dreams. For Tack's conception of art is sincerely mystical, but his perception of life is spontaneously natural and his many-sided work reveals attractively a many-sided personality. There are two big thoughts pervading the existence both of the artist and of the man, the mystery of beauty and the beauty of mystery.

Many artists are interested only in what they can see and in what they can explain, and so for them the beauty of mystery does not exist. But all true artists have been charmed—and a little troubled—and forever curious about the mystery of beauty. They cannot rest content with the mere perception that a thing is beautiful. They must know the reason why. There is a cause for every effect, and since art is primarily concerned with effects it is the business of art to capture the cause. The artist is conscious of being a knight in quest of beauty. But he need not travel far. A fruit-stand on the street corner which he passes on his way to the studio in the morning will give him a new idea about the sensations of colour. A faded Flemish tapestry of the middle ages in a shop window or a smoke-stained Japanese print, will start him wondering how such quintessences of beauty might be translated into the living language of his own art. Augustus Tack seeks to understand the quality of beauty in everything. His mind is a richly illuminated chronicle of mysterious beauties desired, and sought for, and brought back, on many an occasion, in captivity. He is always pondering some fresh adventure in search of the beautiful. Sometimes it is over the question of selection that he ponders, happy over a delightful point of view, intellectual or visual, or over a melody of colours which he wishes to weave into a harmony of pattern. Or, perhaps, it will be a matter of symphonic construction, for here again music is often the inspiration of his painting.

The Romance of a Painter's Mind

Always the technique of his pictures is perfectly adapted to the subjects—whether it is the interpretation of the mood of a beautiful woman, or the suggestion of the faery spirit of white birch tree in morning mist or the presentment of some tremulous, luminous landscape of the mind.

Landscape of the mind—the phrase came to me, I remember, the first day I ever saw the lyrical paintings of Augustus Tack. There is an air about them that stills the beholder with a sense of the seriousness of joy. He wants to think, to breathe inspiration, as he looks up to the mountain tops where the splendour of the sunset lingers along the cloud drift, and he wants to think—to be alone with his soul, as he gazes into the forest depths below where the shadows have already conquered and where the mists are merging into night. And yet his thought is curiously devoid of substance. Almost one would deny that it is thought at all—almost one would call it just intangible emotion—if it were not for the definite direction, the mental mood. It is a mood compounded of influences, of serenity and strength, of refreshment and exhilaration. A far view from a mountain height on a cool shadowy morning will produce exactly these poised and proud delights. And Tack is above all else the painter of heights and distances, of faintly sub-flushed summit silhouettes, of pearly cloudshine and blue cloud shadows. Serenity and strength are in his mountains and they are the attributes of his own personality. Because his art and his life are one he inevitably expresses his spirit through whatever subjects he interprets.

I have called attention to the mental influence of his art's sensations. Tack's truth is not the truth of the realist. It recognizes that there is nothing so true as illusion—the mind's "dream of a world." But for this dreamer, dreams are life-like. They may be fantastic and poetic, perhaps, but with the fantasy and poetry of nature rather than of books. In an excellent critique by Royal Cortissoz on the work of Bryson Burroughs this artist is included in what the critic aptly calls "the wistful school of painters." They are the men for whom the poetry that the eye can see is not enough; who will look from magic casements to enjoy the light that never was, to reverence again the gods of Greece and of the Northland, to incarnate again the angels of Fra Angelico and the strange mythical creatures of Piero di Cosimo, to celebrate dead ladies of the

middle ages, to sing again of "old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago." Now paying tribute to an ancient beauty in the coin of a thoroughly modern art seems to me a very delightful and a very commendable thing to do, and personally I am glad and grateful for all the mental background that furnishes the art of such great masters as Puvis and Ménard and our own Davies. In the case, however, of the "wistful school of painters," we must acknowledge two dangers. First, there is the danger—for those of us who also love such themes—that the charms of these far-sought subjects will tend to make us all too tolerant, not only to the most mannered attitudes, but also to the most commonplace platitudes of style. In this age of image-breaking we are apt to forgive much to those who linger reverently over lost illusions, before forsaken altars. Secondly, there is the danger that exactly because such "hoarding of old lore" is rare nowadays exactly because people are crowding forward so fast that there is neither time nor inclination to look backward—such dreaming will tend more and more to isolate the dreamers from the spirit of their own times, from the insistent urge and march of men and events. But this is not true of the subjects selected by Tack. One comes down from his high places refreshed and exhilarated for the business of living, with the serenity and strength of the unchanging mountains in one's heart. That is a romance that never changes, and forever inspires.

Now Augustus Tack has a wide and profound knowledge of tradition, is an ardent lover of old romance and one of the most genuinely spiritual men I have ever known. But his is pre-eminently a youthful mind which responds quickly to influences of time and place. On one day he will be reverently studying the glamour of ancient Chinese paintings and Gothic glass and the music of Bach and Beethoven, on the next he will be eagerly alive and attentive to the most startling revolutionary disturbances in the realms of painting and music. Revelling, of course, in the magic of Monticelli, he will be curiously serious also over the sensational performances of Picasso. Although he deplors the hypocrisy and the vulgarity which pervade so much of the modern movement, yet he sympathizes with the uncertain groping in the dark of some of the desperate pioneers who are so determined to escape from the tyranny of the past. In his own brain he

The Romance of a Painter's Mind



SEA OF HILLS

BY AUGUSTUS VINCENT TACK

feels something stirring, something that must stir the world. He feels that painting can come into great influence if it will enrich life with a decoration which will move men like music. He feels that it can be given almost organic life and power, can at least be brought nearer in its capacities for sensation, to the capacities of life itself, by employing colours just as nature employs them, abundantly and unmixed with white. By studying the attractions and oppositions of colour with the help of science and music, he believes that a painter will eventually be able to exert a great power over the mind and the emotions,

without any resort to literary associations. He is therefore a progressive painter, seeking eagerly new mediums of pictorial expression. How can he bring his wistful soul into co-operation with his normal and forward-looking mind? How can he be a dreamer of dreams and yet thoroughly a modern man with a new art of emotional decoration to suggest for future generations to develop?

Before Tack succeeded in making his own art musical in a purely unrepresentative and psychosensuous manner he had been painting the visible effects of rhythm and music, its reflections, its influence revealed in the eyes of those listening.



THE SOUL'S ADVENTURE

BY AUGUSTUS VINCENT TACK

The Romance of a Painter's Mind

There is a "Moment Musicale" of this period in which the spell of music is observed unmasking three temperaments sobered suddenly out of their world of disguises. There are long low panels of quaint and simple landscape. I remember a moonlit night when the clouds have assumed fantastic shapes and young people out in the dew and the blue of the fields have felt the urge of it and joined hands to dance a measure. I remember twilight scenes of the time when tree forms stand out black against the lingering colour of the sky—little figures disappearing over a meadow path into the dimness of distance, the air so still one thinks of yespèr bells.

But this kind of painting in flat tones modulated by the brush left Tack dissatisfied. Perhaps he realized that the best he could do with this method would scarcely be good enough as a medium for what he had to say. He has a big feeling and he needs a big technique. Pure colour was his ideal from the first. For a while he experimented without success. At last he mastered the intricacies of applying the pure pigments from tube to canvas, until the method became a pliable medium for his self-expression. This rough-hewn sculpturesque art of colour was just the thing for his personal philosophy, for his symphony on the bigger human emotions. And so he began making sketches for monumental symbols of Labour and Love, and Remorse and Regeneration, and of that upward seeking of the soul—man's infinite immortal longing. These huge figures, epic in their significance and grandeur, are mysteriously modelled in multi-coloured pigments interwoven, and this is also true of the skies, which play an important part in the symphony. One would imagine that this load of paint would result in producing a material heaviness which would hinder the spiritual expression, and sometimes I am compelled to feel that it does. Yet the mosaic colours glow miraculously with their own light, as mosaic itself could not do, and the skies vibrate with a sense of cosmic vitality. Artists and architects are agreed that, seen, as they should be, in high, vaulted, shadowy places—the colours and forms an efflorescence of stone as Puvis' visions were an efflorescence of marble—these Gothic conceptions would appear like cathedral music from the senses to the soul. Examine the canvases at close range and they look like nothing but chaotic hatchings and interweavings of raw pig-

ment. But get back, farther and farther yet. At last the muscles of that bearer of the cross bulge under the strain of his burden, his pain revealing the new devotion of his labour, and the sky which thrills the dreamer on the topmost pinnacle of earth recedes to infinite reaches of space beyond and rises to illimitable heights above.

In the new technique there are lyrical landscapes—little romantic panels which glow with jewelled colours and seem to me the most entirely successful things he has done. There is big feeling in these small pictures, but there is also a note of the fantastic which harmonizes glamour and humour and makes the big feeling personal and intimate and a thing of beauty for one's home. In the beautiful *Court of Romance*—a rhapsody in blue and silver and gold accented by a bugle note of scarlet—a sense of something impending is in the air. Little groups of men have gathered in corners of the court for mysterious conversations. From the central portal figures may be seen disappearing into the uncertain distance—into the romance of the big world beyond—always, always *beyond*. That is the cry not only of this but of nearly all of Tack's lyrics. Another one is called *The Soul's Adventure*. In a shadow-haunted mountainous realm where all is illusion—across a lake at the heights of life near the mouth of the River that leads to the infinite sea, a single passenger stands in the fragile barge that bears her on. She is placed at the very centre of the picture symbolizing the inevitable importance of each lonely adventurous soul on the way through time to eternity. Seeking to find the mystery of beauty as all artists must do—Augustus Tack returns again and again to the beauty of mystery—his predestined theme.

I have been privileged to see the paintings of Augustus Vincent Tack, which are to be exhibited at the Kraushaar Galleries in March, 1916, following the exhibitions there of Zuloaga and Luks. The show should be a stimulating mental experience for the jaded New York critic. Here is no sensationalism at all and yet it is an approach to beauty that no one has travelled before. It is true that the vibrant, troubled skies make us think of Blakelock and that there are passages of painting comparable to Monticelli and Fantin. It is to these great artists also that Tack is emotionally related. Yet here we find paintings



A PORTRAIT
BY AUGUSTUS VINCENT TACK

The Romance of a Painter's Mind

which aspire not merely to vibrate to the eye with chords of colour, but to model forms out of colour. If they were entirely successful their importance could scarcely be over-estimated. They are by no means entirely successful. We are still too conscious of the paint. Their appeal must be to those who believe with Browning that "A man's reach should exceed his grasp." They aspire greatly, and when they fail it is with a splendour which far outshines the success of smaller men. For these paintings are animated by an idealism which gains in beauty by contrast to the facile and rather cynical materialism of so many other painters of to-day.

The amazing versatility of Tack, even in the extremely difficult and exacting medium which he now employs, will be revealed at the Kraushaar exhibition. There is to be a massive symbolic composition, *The Voice*—a symbol of the ideal in man which exhilarates and inspires. Over the crags of the world, up into the splendour of a

sky ablaze with light and hope, a primitive dreamer strides responsive to his dream. The portraits will no doubt interest the critics, for the broken colour is overlaid upon a foundation of old-fashioned brush work. Even the landscapes have symbolical intention. *The Valley* is not any ordinary valley for all its smiling resemblance to all the lovely valleys we have known—it is that little space of sun and shade of cloud-shadow and bird-song between the mighty Silences of Birth and Death. Some purists might protest that Tack is too literary—that he cares more for his dream than for his drawing—for the indulgence of his mood's caprice than for the coherence of his technical expression. But it is far better to have too much to say than too little. And there is no doubt that Tack has blazed a trail for emotional decoration which others may follow to greater heights. Scorning the easy paths of small accomplishment, undaunted and splendidly serious, he strides forward.



MOMENTS MUSICALE

BY AUGUSTUS VINCENT TACK



MEMORY, 1905—AN ETCHING

BY JOHN SLOAN

MR. AND MRS. ROBERT HENRI ON THE LEFT, THE ARTIST AND MRS. SLOAN ON THE RIGHT

THE ETCHINGS, LITHOGRAPHS
AND DRAWINGS OF
JOHN SLOAN
BY A. E. GALLATIN

BUT few American etchers have been interested in the portrayal of people and in the study of their characters, as was the case with Rembrandt and Whistler and is the case with Zorn. Rather have they, like Meryon, Cameron and Bone, found their inspiration in picturing cities or rural landscapes. Eugene Higgins has etched a few plates which show his interest in humanity, as have Ernest Haskell and one or two others; Jerome Meyers and Childe Hassam have recently taken up etching and they, too, are interested in the study of people, although it is true the latter more often than not is chiefly concerned with the figure as merely pattern in his design. John Sloan, however, is concerned with nothing else: his interest in humanity is his passion in life.

A brief note on Sloan's early artistic activities will suffice: We will pass on to a consideration of his mature work in the graphic arts—omitting, because it does not fall within the scope of this article, to write of his paintings (landscapes and New York street scenes), which now command most of his attention.

Sloan was born at Lockhaven, Pennsylvania, in 1871, and received his training at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Since 1905 he has made New York his home, and much of his inspiration has been derived from the district around Washington Square and on Sixth Avenue. Just previous to this emigration to New York he was much interested in the poster movement, which was then at its height, and from his pen came several posters of note, in which the Beardsley influence is discernible. Three of the best known were for *Moods*, *Cinder Path Tales* and *The Echo*. That early in his career he was interested in etching, numerous plates bear witness.

The Etchings, Lithographs and Drawings of John Sloan



Owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art
STUDY IN BLACK CHALK

BY JOHN SLOAN

The artist's first work worthy of especial note was a series of over fifty etchings, besides a like number of wash drawings, for a sumptuous edition of the novels of Paul de Kock, which was published from 1902 to 1905. William Glackens and George B. Luks, it may be mentioned, were among the other artists who contributed to the task. These etchings and drawings are all very spirited and reflect the flavour of the text to a remarkable degree. As with John Leech, who is one of Sloan's artistic gods, and as with Rowlandson, Hogarth, and Daumier, his point of view is quaintly humorous. He could, however, be called a caricaturist only by discourtesy, for this he is not.

Following these notable illustrations, came, from 1905 to 1911, a superb set of thirteen etchings with scenes of lower life (for the greater part) in New York as their theme. Their characterization of the neighbourhoods depicted is excellent, their good-natured point of view contagious, and their sure and summary execution most admirable and engaging. As faithful records of contemporary customs and manners, to be consulted by the historian of the future, they have the same

value as the drawings of Leech and Keene, or the lithographs of Gavarni.

Among the artist's other etchings, which are listed at the end of this note, there are several which stand out as being particularly fine in quality. Such a plate is the *Mother*, a splendid character study—although this can be said of all his etchings. Another is that which the artist calls *Memory*, 1905, which contains portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henri, of himself and of his wife. This is one of the finest plates, as is also the *Anschutz Talking on Anatomy*, and the *Barber Shop*.

Sloan's lithographs are only six in number, but they display quite a knowledge of the artistic possibilities of this delightful medium of artistic expression. To 1905 belong the lithographs entitled *Ping-Pong Photos* and *Gold Fish*, while his other four efforts in this direction, which, like the etchings, are listed in the catalogue that follows, were made three years later.

In illustration the artist has achieved considerable fame, especially for his drawings made for a socialist paper; as is the case with Steinlen, his interest in sociology is absorbing; like Steinlen, also, his sympathies lie with the working man. "His art," writes a critic of his work, "points its



Owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art

PORTRAIT DRAWING OF
PAUL DE KOCK

BY JOHN SLOAN



CONNOISSEURS OF PRINTS—AN ETCHING

BY JOHN SLOAN



FIFTH AVENUE CRITICS—AN ETCHING

BY JOHN SLOAN

The Etchings, Lithographs and Drawings of John Sloan



ILLUSTRATION (SEPIA) FOR ANDRÉ LÉ SAVOYARD BY PAUL DE KOCK

BY JOHN SLOAN

moral quietly, with no trace of the bitterness of the over-zealous reformer." His many studies of the figure, drawn in black or in red chalk, serve very well to illustrate his gifts as a draughts-

man. These rapid sketches, in which the model is seen sometimes undraped, sometimes partly draped, are quite masterly in execution and altogether free from the academic taint.

CATALOGUE OF THE ETCHINGS AND LITHGRAPHS OF JOHN SLOAN (The sizes are given in inches, the height first)

I.—ETCHINGS

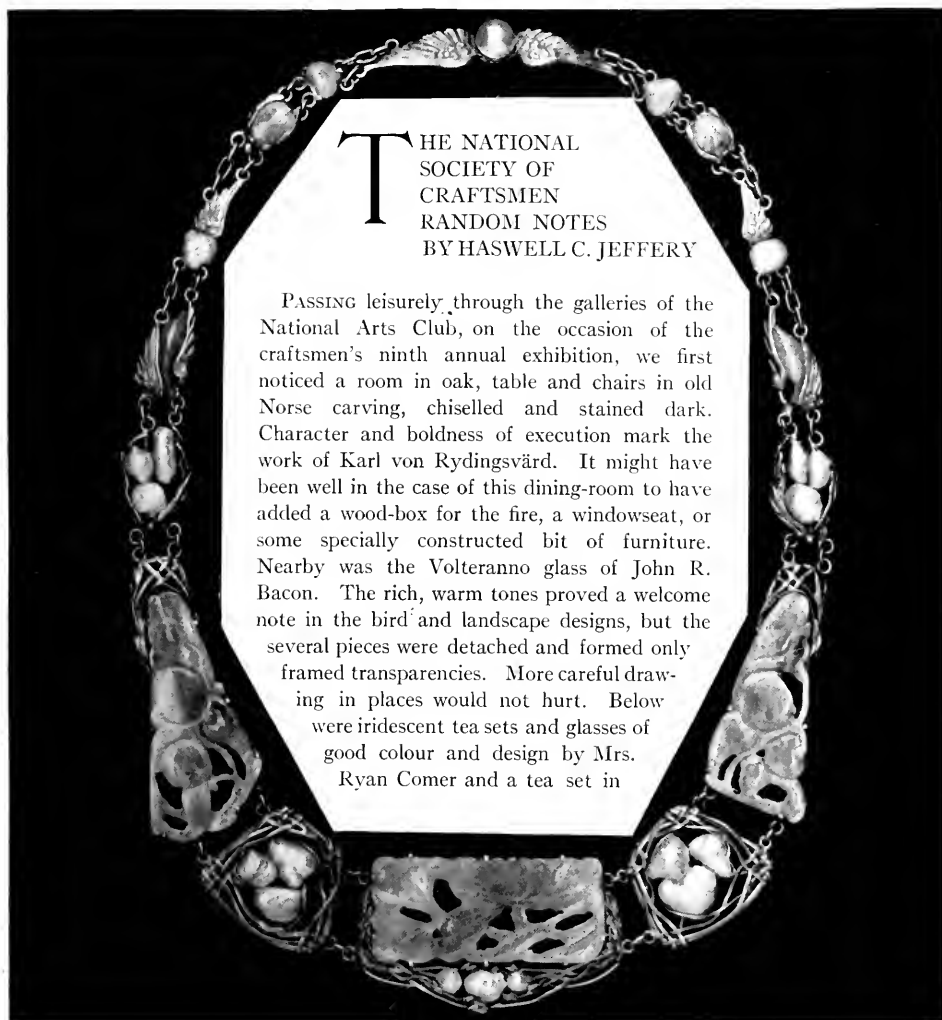
Early work, of only historical interest: "Dedham Castle, after Turner" (circa, 1888); "Head, after Rembrandt" (circa 1888); "George Eliot" (1890); "Westminster Abbey," seven views from photographs (1891); Several calendars (1891); "Homes of the Poets," six etchings from photographs (1891); "George W. Childs," from photograph (1892); "Schooner on the Schuylkill" (1895).

Etchings for the novels of Paul de Kock (Boston: Frederick J. Quinby Co., 1902-1905). The etchings, the average size of which is 3½ x 5½ inches, were made for the following works:

- 1-3. "Monsieur Dupont."
 - 4-8. "The Gogo Family."
 - 9-11. "Jean."
 - 12-15. "Frère Jacques."
 - 16-25. "The Flower Girl."
 - 26-29. "Madame Pantalou."
 - 30-34. "Adhémar."
 - 35-41. "André."
 - 42-50. "Monsieur Cherami."
 - 51, 52. "Mémoires."
 53. "Girl Seated." Dry-point. 1903. 7 x 5.
 54. "C. K. Keller." 1903. 3¼ x 5.
 55. "Paul de Kock." 1904. 14 x 12.
 56. "Bradner," Portrait of Man. 1905. 7 x 5.
 57. "Old Flute Player." 1905. 3¼ x 2¾.
 58. "James B. Moore." 1905. 11¾ x 9¾.
- "NEW YORK SET"
59. "Fifth Avenue Critics." 1905. 4½ x 6½.
 60. "The Woman's Page." 1905. 4½ x 6½.
 61. "Turning out the Light." 1905. 4½ x 6½.
 62. "The Man Monkey." 1905. 4½ x 6½.
 63. "Man, Wife and Child." 1905. 4½ x 6½.
 64. "The Show Case." 1905. 4¾ x 6¾.
 65. "Fun, One Cent." 1905. 4¾ x 6¾.
 66. "Connoisseurs of Prints." 1905. 4¾ x 6¾.
 67. "The Little Bride." 1906. 4¾ x 6¾.
 68. "Roofs: Summer Night." 1906. 5 x 6¾.
 69. "Night Windows." 1910. 5¾ x 6¾.
 70. "Girl and Beggar." 1910. 4¾ x 6¾.
 71. "The Picture Buyer." 1911. 5¾ x 6¾.
 72. "Mother." 1906. 8¾ x 7¾.
 73. "Memory." 1905. 7 x 8¾.
 74. "Jewelry Store Window." 1906. 4¾ x 3¾.
 75. "Old Woman and Ash Barrel." 1907. 4 x 5¾.
 76. "Copyist at Art Museum." 1908. 7¾ x 8¾.
 77. "Christmas Dinners." 1909. 2¾ x 4¾.
 78. "Expecting a Turkey from Uncle." 1910. 3¾ x 2¾.
 79. "Anschutz Talking on Anatomy." 1912. 7¾ x 8¾.
 80. "The Serenade." 1912. 5¾ x 3.
 81. "Swinging in the Square." 1912. 4 x 5¾.
 82. "Woman Hanging Clothes." 1912. 2¾ x 3¾.
 83. "Rag Pickers." 1913. 2¾ x 3¾.
 81. "Combing Her Hair." 1913. 3¾ x 2¾.
 85. "Prone Nude." 1913. 3¾ x 6¾.
 86. "Head of Girl, with Necklace." 1913. 3¾ x 2¾.
 87. "Girl in Kimono." 1913. 4 x 5¾.
 88. "Two Little Girls, Running." 1914. 3¾ x 2¾.
 89. "Woman and Child on Roof." 1914. 4¾ x 5¾.
 90. "Love on the Roof." 1914. 5¾ x 4¾.
 91. "Isadora Duncan." 1915. 8¾ x 7¾.
 92. "Barber Shop." 1915. 10 x 12.
 93. "Greetings, 1915." 1915. 3¾ x 2¾.
 94. "Girls Sliding in Washington Square." 1915. 4¾ x 5¾.
 95. "Return from Toil" (Girls). 1915. 4¾ x 5¾.
 96. "Cops and Baccianti." 1915. 4¾ x 3¾.
 97. "Isaac L. Rice, Dead." 1915. 10 x 11¾.
 98. "New Year Greetings, 1916." 1915. 3¾ x 2¾.

II.—LITHGRAPHS

1. "Ping-Pong Photos." 1905. 8 x 6¾.
2. "Gold Fish." 1905. 10½ x 14.
3. "Sixth Avenue at Thirtieth Street." 1905. 14¾ x 11.
4. "Lusitania in Dock." 1908. 14¾ x 18.
- 4a. Second State of above, cut down. 14¾ x 14¾.
5. "Amateur Lithographers." 1908. 16½ x 15.
6. "Prehistoric Mother." 1908. 13¾ x 18.



THE NATIONAL
SOCIETY OF
CRAFTSMEN
RANDOM NOTES
BY HASWELL C. JEFFERY

PASSING leisurely through the galleries of the National Arts Club, on the occasion of the craftsmen's ninth annual exhibition, we first noticed a room in oak, table and chairs in old Norse carving, chiselled and stained dark. Character and boldness of execution mark the work of Karl von Rydingsvärd. It might have been well in the case of this dining-room to have added a wood-box for the fire, a windowseat, or some specially constructed bit of furniture. Nearby was the Volteranno glass of John R. Bacon. The rich, warm tones proved a welcome note in the bird and landscape designs, but the several pieces were detached and formed only framed transparencies. More careful drawing in places would not hurt. Below were iridescent tea sets and glasses of good colour and design by Mrs. Ryan Comer and a tea set in

Owned by Miss Helen North

SPIRIT OF YOUTH: GOLD, JADE AND PEARLS

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY GRACE HAZEN

copper lustre furnished by Mrs. Anna B. Leonard. Textiles and rugs were plentiful, the latter not of the finest. Tied-and-dyed silks were also in evidence. The Noank Studio was responsible for several scarfs and pillow covers which might have been more attractive. Professor Pellew's scarfs shewed exquisite colour as well as a feeling of mystery in the different designs.

In pottery the Marblehead (Mass.) people sent some fine bowls in banded design and other pieces in a new glaze of blue. Jane Hoagland,

Caroline Peddle Ball and Frederick E. Walrath were all well represented.

Looking at the copper pieces one wonders why pierced work is seen only on small models. Why not on the larger models? Bookstands and candlesticks, also enamel bowls and boxes need a revival. Douglas Donaldson shewed good use of enamel in coloured patterns.

Henrietta Meade Wood exhibited butterflies on nature crystal, various-hued insects pressed with grasses and milkweed between circular

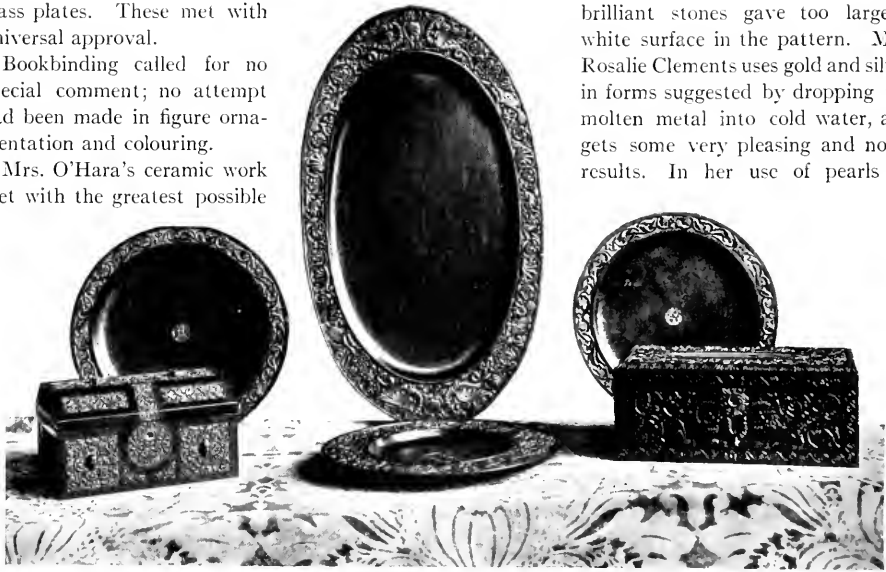
The National Society of Craftsmen

glass plates. These met with universal approval.

Bookbinding called for no special comment; no attempt had been made in figure ornamentation and colouring.

Mrs. O'Hara's ceramic work met with the greatest possible

brilliant stones gave too large a white surface in the pattern. Miss Rosalie Clements uses gold and silver in forms suggested by dropping the molten metal into cold water, and gets some very pleasing and novel results. In her use of pearls we



WOOD CARVING

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY GEORGE W. CHILD

recognition, the Life Membership Prize. Mrs. Cherry's work is illustrated here. Her talent is quite remarkable.

The Elverhoj Colony, working at Milton-on-the-Hudson, proved their efficiency in the manufacture of artistic jewellery, for which they gained a gold medal at San Francisco. True association of tones and forms lends their work a special charm, added to which the finish is always of the best, no raw edges, no slips of the chasing tool and no excessive colourings. Miss Grace Hazen's work appears in illustration and testifies to her ability and taste. In Miss Marion Hosmer's exhibit, a pin, we felt that the

noticed edges in the setting of the large central one, the bezel not being far enough over and thus revealing the inside.

No one could fail to recognize in Robert Dulk's silver tea service the work of an accomplished craftsman; his silver birds, too, give added testimony. Owing to his larger interest in the city high schools, many of the various crafts were well represented and elicited favourable notice and even a prize. Art metal, simple jewellery, pottery, embroidery and leather work testified to good training. Stuyvesant High School displayed very creditable ironwork made by the boys, assisted by Mr. E. Schwartzkopf.



ENAMELLED CHINA

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY KATHERINE CHERRY



MARKET DAY, BRUGES

BY OSSIP L. LINDE

IN THE GALLERIES

THE annual exhibition of the Architectural League of New York has just ended.

Its total effect evidenced a disposition to treat architecture as a synthesis of many related arts, each of them subordinated to the creation of a single homogeneous entity. The chief characteristic of the many larger models was a unity and harmony of effect in the contributions of workers in different fields that afforded a distinct relief from the glaring discrepancies of treatment to be observed in the construction of many of our public, and most of our private buildings. Another phase of aesthetic progress was manifested in the tendency to establish some relation between buildings and their architectural environment; an excellent illustration of this is to be found in the designs for the Woolworth Building, drawn by Cass Gilbert, which won the medal of honour in architecture. The chief criticism to be made against the exhibition as a whole is on

the score of its lack of novelty and originality: many of the proposed public buildings echo those to be found elsewhere, and, although the last few years have witnessed a very remarkable advance in the field of domestic architecture, they have also witnessed a tendency toward the standardization of certain types. In the field of landscape gardening, Ferruccio Vitale has done some notable work, represented in paintings of the gardens by Miss L. C. Hunter. The many small accessories of the decoration of interiors were well represented, and some very beautiful ceramics, and other small objects in bronze evidence both the vitality and the importance of the crafts in their relation to architecture.

The architecture of the expositions at San Diego and at San Francisco received, as was naturally to be expected, the attention of many exhibitors; its manifest beauties have been so thoroughly discussed that further comment is superfluous. Among the many sculptured groups that lent significance to the buildings of the San

In the Galleries

Francisco exhibition, that which crowned the Column of Progress is especially notable; it is entitled *The Adventurous Bowman*, and is the work of H. A. MacNeil. The medal of honour in sculpture was awarded to Herbert Adams, who exhibited twenty-five examples of his work, distinguished in their classic restraint and beauty of expression. In painting, the medal of honour went to a Dante window by Violet Oakley, the symbolism of which was sufficiently obscure to warrant the hanging, on the frame of the design, of an analysis of the motifs employed by the artist. Walter Pater held that all art tended to approximate the condition of music. He probably would not have been shocked to find that painters do not despise the methods of composers of programme music. Other designs by the same artist evidence a decorative handling of masses and a thorough mastery of rich and mellow colour. Kenyon Cox exhibited some small sketches and a large reproduction of a

mural in the Senate Chamber of the Capitol of Wisconsin entitled *The Marriage of the Atlantic and the Pacific*, in which the well-known qualities of his art are readily apparent; one might have wished, despite the beauty of design inherent in this work, that Mr. Cox had chosen a less formal method of treatment. Distinctive for the artist's appreciation of the beauty of modern science are the designs by W. B. Van Ingen for a series of murals intended for the Administration Building at Panama, and having as their subject the building of the canal. Mr. Van Ingen chose to represent actual phases of that titanic task; the results, as he exhibited them, are both decorative, and expressive of a very modern beauty quite remote from that commonplace academicism which bears little relation to contemporary life. Equally unconventional in their treatment are some leaded glass motifs for the grill-room of the new Yale Club by Harry Knox Smith, which are symbolical of collegiate



CARIBBEAN FISHERMEN

BY CLIFFORD W. ASHLEY

In the Galleries

athletics. A feature of the exhibition was the transformation of the Vanderbilt Room into a formal Italian garden, and the hanging at one end of the room of a huge painting of New York seen from the harbour, by Birch, Burdette Long.

Several exhibitions of importance at such well-known galleries as Macbeth, Folsom, Montross, Arlington, Berlin Photographic Company, Reinhardt's, etc., will be treated at length in the next number of the magazine, as unfortunately space has not permitted it this month.

At the Daniel Gallery is to be seen good, mediocre and bad works by American painters—some academic, some impressionistic, some ultra-modern. Harry Berlin has a Manguin-Cézanne



Courtesy Arlington Galleries
SÁKI (SUNDIAL)

BY HARRIET W. FRISIMITH



Courtesy Berlin Photographic Company

THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER

BY PAUL MANSHIP

still-life which marks a distinct advance over a seascape of his recently displayed. Arthur Davies shows an older painting which resembles a badly drawn Böcklin, set in the thin and empty atmosphere of a René Ménéard with a dash of Gustave Moreau. The picture is colourless, formless and apparently symbolic. Edward Fish exhibits a capable landscape of rich, if too warm, colours. The Glackens holds one for an instant; but the Halpert does not. Childe Hassam has done many inconsequential things, but his present work has less interest than any other painting of his I have seen. It is of a uniform grey and gives one the impression of monotony.

Henri has perhaps the best canvas on view. One can never pass lightly by this painter. He is a virile artist, and is the aesthetic father of more inspiration than he is usually credited with. Lever and Lawson are both impressionistic, Lawson being at once more able and less interesting than the former. Manigault is represented by a usual monochromatic approximation to Montegna, called *Tide*. Gus Mager's *Flowers*

In the Galleries

is raucously and insensitively painted; and Marin's *Waterfall* is not so good as his pictures at Stieglitz's. Prendergast shows a tapestry-like canvas which recalls both Guérin and the earlier K.-X. Roussel. Man Ray's flower piece is not representative. A. P. Ryder was one of America's most artistic men of a past generation, and far surpasses the well-known Homer. His present night scene is most interesting. In the frieze by Walkowitz that painter has utilized

two hundred works of art. These pictures will represent the best work being done by the various artists; and the exhibition will be the broadest and most representative shewing of the very modern American work ever held in this country. The enterprise is non-commercial and is under a committee comprised of Robert Henri, Dr. Christian Brinton, Willard Huntington Wright, Alfred Stieglitz, W. H. de B. Nelson and Dr. John Weichsel.



Courtesy Arlington Galleries

AFTERNOON TEA

BY ALETHEA H. PLATT

human figures in much the same way that most painters use flowers. The picture, however, is a genuinely ordered and sensitive decoration.

Ossip L. Linde has had a successful exhibition at the Braun Galleries. His luscious paintings of Bruges and Venice, also of Connecticut, reveal splendid colour and draughtsmanship.

An important event will be the "Forum Exhibition of Modern American Painters" to be held at the Anderson Galleries March 13 to April 7. There will be about twenty painters and over

The object of the exhibition is to put before the American public in a large and complete manner the very best examples of the more modern American art; to stimulate interest in the really good native work of this movement; to present, for the first time, a comprehensive critical selection of the serious paintings now being shown in isolated groups; and to turn public attention for the moment from European art and to concentrate it on the excellent work being done in America.

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"NEAR DUNWICH, SUFFOLK."
BY CLAUDE HAYES, R.I.

The INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

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FAMOUS STATUES BY AMERICAN SCULPTORS BY FRANK O. PAYNE

(I) SHAKESPEARE AS PICTURED BY WARD,
PARTRIDGE, AND MACMONNIES

IN SPITE of his transcendent popularity, there have been up to the present time only three statues of "The Prince of Poets" created by American sculptors. These are the works of J. Q. A. Ward in The Mall, Central Park, New York City, the superb seated figure by William Ordway Partridge in Lincoln Park, Chicago, and the celebrated statue by Frederick MacMonnies in the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

These statues are so different from one another in their conception and so original in their treatment, as to make them rank among the best work of their creators as well as among the most convincing portraiture of Shakespeare hitherto produced.

Of course it is a well-known fact that no one knows how Shakespeare really did appear when he walked the earth. His contemporaries have left no authentic description of him. No likeness of him painted during his life-time is known to be in existence. The familiar effigy on his tomb, which is known to have been "restored," and the recently found death-mask, which is not accepted by many of the foremost Shakespearians, are about the only data on which a student may rely in an attempt to arrive at any understanding as to his personal appearance.

The problem, therefore, which confronts the artist when he endeavours to represent Shakespeare is by no means an easy one. It is a significant fact, however, that all three of our American artists who have done this agree in their fidelity to the likeness of the effigy in Stratford

Church—a likeness which is strikingly in accord with the familiar Droeshout portrait.

This is as it should be, for the Stratford bust, bad as is its workmanship, and in spite of its "restoration," is and is likely ever to be considered the most authentic of all the representations of Shakespeare. It was erected so shortly after his death in a place where he was so well known, and paid for by his son-in-law and daughter who would certainly have demanded of the sculptor that the effigy look like the original.

There is a well-known saying that the poorer the artist the more will his work resemble his subject. Had the Stratford effigy been done by a great sculptor, there would have been a far greater field for the exercise of his genius and the work would be prized for the artist rather than for its truth as a portrait. It is this that makes us purchase a Reynolds or a Raeburn or a Lawrence, not caring whether the picture is a faithful likeness of the personage represented or not. Such is the value of art.

But when an unknown artisan performs a piece of work his employers demand that it be a correct portrait, since it cannot be a creation of genius. Truth to life is the only quality to recommend it. This fact, coupled with the well-known additional fact that the Halls were a pair of very shrewd business-like people, tends to confirm us in the belief that the Stratford bust looked like the poet at the time of its creation. That this bust has suffered considerably through its restoration, may be judged from a comparison of photographs of it as it now is with pictures of it as it looked when Dugdale copied it for his monumental work on Warwickshire.

The Shakespeare of J. Q. A. Ward is one of the finest works of art in Central Park. It occupies a commanding location at the very beginning



THE STATUE OF SHAKESPEARE
BY J. Q. A. WARD
IN THE MALL, CENTRAL PARK,
NEW YORK CITY



THE STATUE OF SHAKESPEARE
BY F. W. MACMONNIES
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Famous Statues by American Sculptors

of The Mall where it faces the beautiful figure of Columbus by Suñol.

In the right hand he clasps a volume while the left arm is akimbo. The head is slightly inclined as if musing and the face wears an expression of profound thought. The whole pose of the figure is remarkably suggestive of Edwin Booth as he so often appeared in the role of the Prince of Denmark.

Both this statue and that of Suñol's Columbus near it, suffer the fate of all life-size statues when seen in the open—namely, it appears to be undersized, a sort of toy. This is made more apparent by reason of the close proximity of the huge figures of Burns and Scott which loom up so awkwardly a little farther down The Mall.

In his seated statue of Shakespeare, William Ordway Partridge has given us a most satisfying representation of the great dramatist. Among the splendid art treasures of Lincoln Park, Chicago, there are none which surpass this beautiful work. The head and face closely follow that of the Stratford effigy, a face which the sculptor declares to be far more like that of the death-mask than is commonly believed by students of Shakespeare.

In the costume Partridge has departed from the traditions of all other artists by clothing his subject in the dress of the time of King James I, rather than in that of the period of Queen Elizabeth. In this departure from common custom we believe that the sculptor is in the right, since the prime of the poet's life, when the greater part of his greatest works were produced, belongs to the early years of James rather than to those of his predecessor on the throne. One misses, therefore, the short gashed trunks and long close-fitting hose of the Elizabethan period in the Lincoln Park statue.

In his preparation for this work, Partridge spent much time in England, living at Stratford-on-Avon, studying all the reputed portraits, busts, the death-mask, and such descriptive material as was available. He became intimately acquainted with Sir Henry Irving, and the great Shakespearians Furnival, Dowden, and the rest—until he became saturated with his theme. The result of all this study and research has enabled him to produce one of the most convincing representations of Shakespeare yet created.

If one may judge from the vesture which is

Elizabethan in every detail, Frederick MacMonnies, like Ward, has represented the poet as he may have appeared at an earlier period than that of the seated figure by Partridge. The elaborate embroidery and rich embellishment of the costume have been worked out in minute detail, true to the gorgeous mode prescribed by the court of the Virgin Queen. If, as tradition declares, the Bard of Avon ever did appear at court to read his masterpieces before the Queen, he must have been attired something like this.

In the face and brow the artist has closely followed the physiognomy of the effigy in Stratford Church. The crudeness so apparent in that work is not to be detected in the masterly modelling on MacMonnies'. The noble brow and calm thoughtful face are rendered with remarkable fidelity. This statue is one of the most highly praised sculptures in the great Library of Congress. Among the best works of America's most celebrated artists, this remarkable Shakespeare stands out as a work of distinction.

It is a significant fact that none of these representations of the poet bear any resemblance to the Chandos portrait, a picture which has somehow been used more than any other in editions of his works. This fact goes far to show that our three American artists are among those who favour the authenticity of the Stratford effigy and the Droeshout likeness.

Thus, although we have so far only three statues of the greatest of poets, and although only three American sculptors have portrayed him, it is a source of intense gratification that what we possess are works of the very highest order. They greatly surpass the celebrated statue at Weimar. They are finer than any English memorials hitherto erected, not excepting those in Westminster Abbey or the Gower Memorial itself at Stratford-on-Avon.

(2) LINCOLN AS PICTURED BY NIEHAUS

The archaeologist abroad digs and delves among the ruins of the past, turning over debris in search after relics of bygone days. In America, however, the process is very naturally reversed and we go about looking for some new thing as did the Athenians in the days of Paul. The conditions which surround us, as compared with those abroad, render such a state of affairs both natural and



THE STATUE OF SHAKESPEARE
BY WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE
IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO

Famous Statues by American Sculptors

proper. The spirit of discovery and exploration in America is not quite dead.

It was in this spirit of exploration that the writer in browsing among New York's studios, came upon the Niehaus bust of Lincoln.

To the student and observer of American life, the phenomenal growth in popularity of Abraham Lincoln as a national idol among all classes of people throughout the entire length and breadth of the nation, South as well as North, is most significant and gratifying. Born as he was in Kentucky, midway between the States which warred in 1861, he belongs, geographically at least, to both sections.

Lincoln has become the embodiment of all that is highest and best in what we fondly term Americanism. He has become idealized and, judged from other historic examples, he bids fair to become canonized in the not very remote future.

James Russell Lowell, with his keen prophetic insight, foresaw this growth of Lincoln's fame and popular appreciation, when, in his beautiful Commemoration Ode, written fifty years ago, he said:

"I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innate weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the present gives and cannot wait
Safe in himself as in a fate.
So always firmly he;
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains with their guns and drums
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone and standing like a tower
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly earnest, brave, foreseeing man
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

In no other way is this growing popularity of Lincoln more clearly seen, than in the fact that there is a constant and ever-increasing demand for Lincoln statues. In the words of a well-known sculptor whose unique Lincoln model recently won distinguished praise from the critics: "There is a demand for Lincoln statues far exceeding the supply. Any sculptor who can produce an acceptable work can dispose of his product at his

own price, and he who can execute a new pose or express a new idea of Lincoln is certain to achieve reputation and score a splendid triumph."

The bust referred to is certainly one of the most beautiful Lincoln statues yet produced.

This great artist has given us three Lincolns; the one a seated figure of heroic size in bronze which is now the property of the Historical Society of Buffalo, New York. The second is almost a replica of the former work, differing only in the character of the chair in which the figure is seated. It is one of the chief ornaments of the park at Muskegon, Michigan. The third is the marble bust referred to. It has not yet left the studio of Mr. Niehaus, has not been exhibited in public, and hitherto no description of this remarkable work has appeared.

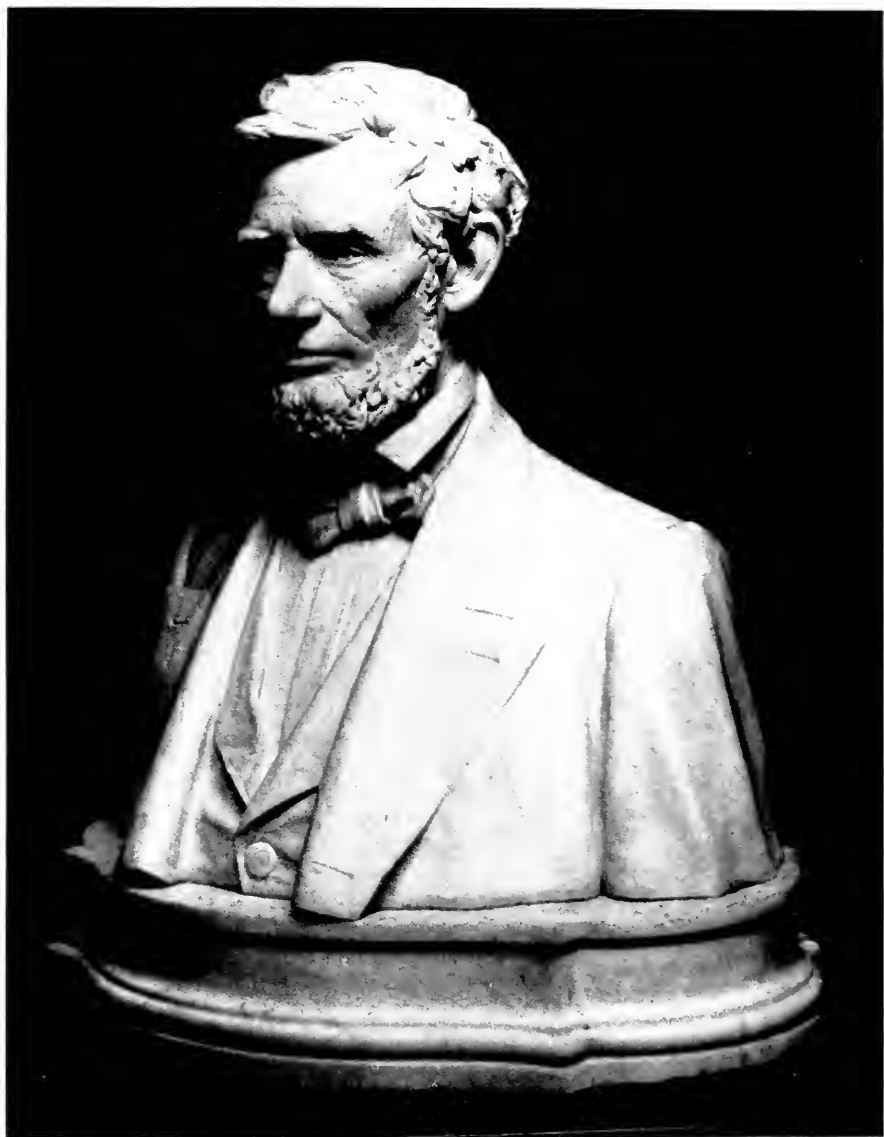
Few among modern sculptors know much about the actual execution of a statue in marble. Their work is usually the conception and modelling of their statue in clay, wax, or other plastic material. The actual chiselling in marble is left to skilful artisans who copy the model blindly. Such a method, however, often leads to serious faults in workmanship, as may be seen by any one who looks at the crimes which have been perpetrated upon the New York Public Library.

Charles H. Niehaus, however, is not a sculptor of this class. He is one of those whose genius and skill are equally expressed with chisel or with modelling tool. Thus he has produced in this marble bust a creation which is indeed the work of his own hands, and so this Lincoln is an expression of that sculptor's thought made manifest through the labours of heart, mind and muscle.

Of this marble bust the artist is obviously proud. The writer could not get him to say much about the bronze works in Buffalo and in Muskegon—statues which have been pronounced superb by the critics. Turning from photographs of these statues, Niehaus pointed to the other and said: "That is *my* Lincoln."

Indeed it seems to the writer that in this bust Charles H. Niehaus has attained to the very high-water-mark of his creations. Not even his wonderful pediment on the Appellate Court, or his superb south doors of Trinity Church, or indeed his many conspicuous works in the Capitol can surpass this Lincoln, which bears in every lineament the evidences that it is a work of love.

The material is of the purest Crestle marble. In quality it is translucent to an unusual degree,



A BUST OF LINCOLN
RECENTLY COMPLETED
BY CHARLES H. NIEHAUS

Famous Statues by American Sculptors

which gives to the work the deep and mellow character seen in onyx and chalcedony. Lincoln is shown attired in the well-known costume of his time, made so familiar through numerous photographs of him. The collar is soft and rolling, but not so wide as is to be seen in many of the Lincoln portraits. The necktie is a flat, somewhat stiff bow-tie which is made somewhat askew. This gives the touch of carelessness so characteristic of the vesture of Lincoln. The hair is also treated in a way to carry out the same idea. But these are accessories which scarcely attract the attention inevitably drawn to his face.

What volumes might be written about the face of Abraham Lincoln! Some have called his countenance sad, and one writer at least has declared it to have been "the saddest face ever seen." Despite this fact that his face has been represented as sad and even tearful, it is, however, no proof that Lincoln always looked that way. From careful studies of both the life and the death-masks, the face of Lincoln seems to me to be rather a sober or grave face than a really sad one. Of Lincoln with the tear of sympathy for some bereaved mother or war-sundered family, or battle-scarred veteran, one may easily conceive, but of a crying Lincoln—this is inconceivable. There are too many references to his wonderful smile even under the most trying circumstances to believe that his face could be "the saddest ever seen."

Niehaus has given us the sober, grave, and sadly thoughtful countenance, but with a genuine feeling for his subject; there is a slight curve of the lip seen in the profile view, which betrays the humour that Lincoln could seldom quite suppress and which was the saving salt to his overburdened powers during that fearful period of stress and strain.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the wonderfully expressive eyes. Never before have I seen in a statue an eye so lifelike. It looks at you. It seems to look into and through you with a remarkably kindly expression. If the eyes of the Martyr President were like this, it is no wonder that he had such power as a leader and made friends of all who came into contact with him.

The artist has produced a wonderful Lincoln because he seized upon an inspiration while the spell was upon him, and he has thus been able to preserve it in imperishable marble. He cannot do it again, for inspirations like this come only

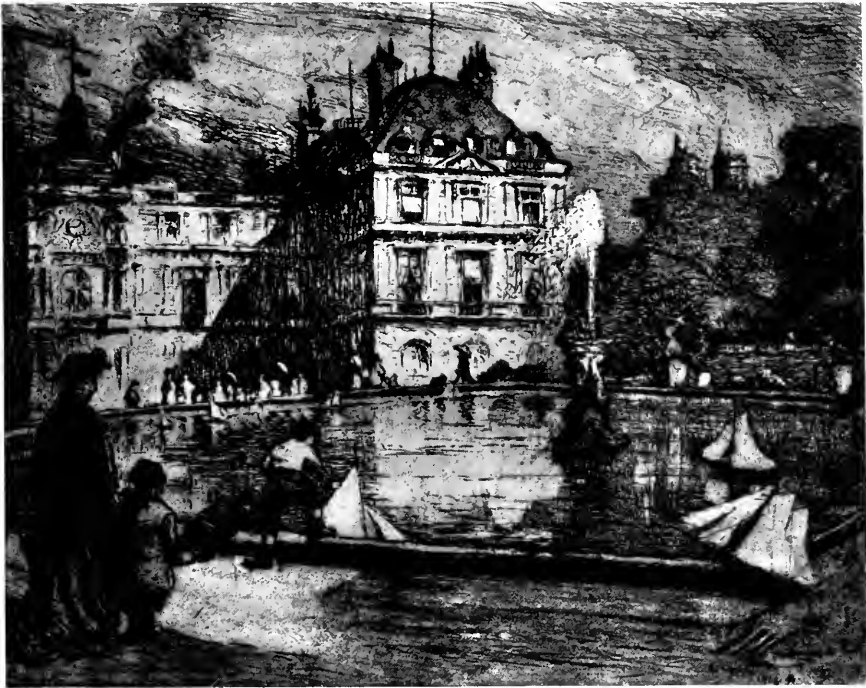
once and return no more. With this it is true as it is with Borglum's colossal Lincoln head in the Capitol at Washington, it cannot be successfully cast or copied. Replicas cannot reproduce it with fidelity. The precious material itself, the exquisite marble of Crestele, speaks in this masterpiece to us. No photograph can possibly reproduce the beauty of texture and wonderful translucence of the original.

Reference has been made to the great work of Borglum in the Capitol in Washington but there can be no comparison between that transcendent creation and this bust by Niehaus. Both are masterpieces. Both are Lincolns. The Borglum head is idealized and etherealized. The Niehaus bust is a living and speaking likeness. The Borglum face is almost godlike in its calm dignity and repose. The Niehaus face is intensely human.

The admirer of Lincoln cannot help but wonder what is to become of this splendid work of art. What American city will become its proud possessor, what institution its fortunate custodian? The public-spirited New Yorker cannot fail to wish that it may become one of the city's cherished possessions. It is the hope of the writer that some one may be inspired to purchase this bust and present it to the city to be housed in the Governor's Room in City Hall, where, up to the present, no Lincoln has found a place. So situated and so guarded, it would become one of the most-admired works of art of the metropolis.

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS

THE Seventh Annual Convention will be held in Washington, D. C., at the New Willard Hotel on May 17, 18 and 19, 1916. The main subject chosen for consideration will be "Art and the People," with special reference to the enrichment of every-day life and the development of the highest type of citizenship. To an extent it is, in reality, a continuation of the great subject of Art Education which was considered at the convention last year. At the first session there will be one or two distinguished speakers who will deal with the subject in its broadest aspect. The second session will be devoted to the work that Art Museums are doing to reach the people and increase both knowledge and appreciation of art. At this session Mr. Edward Robinson, director of the Metropolitan Museum, will preside.



Owned by Baron Edmond de Rothschild

PALAIS DE LUXEMBOURG

BY THOMAS R. CONGDON

A PAINTER-ETCHER: THOMAS R. CONGDON
BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

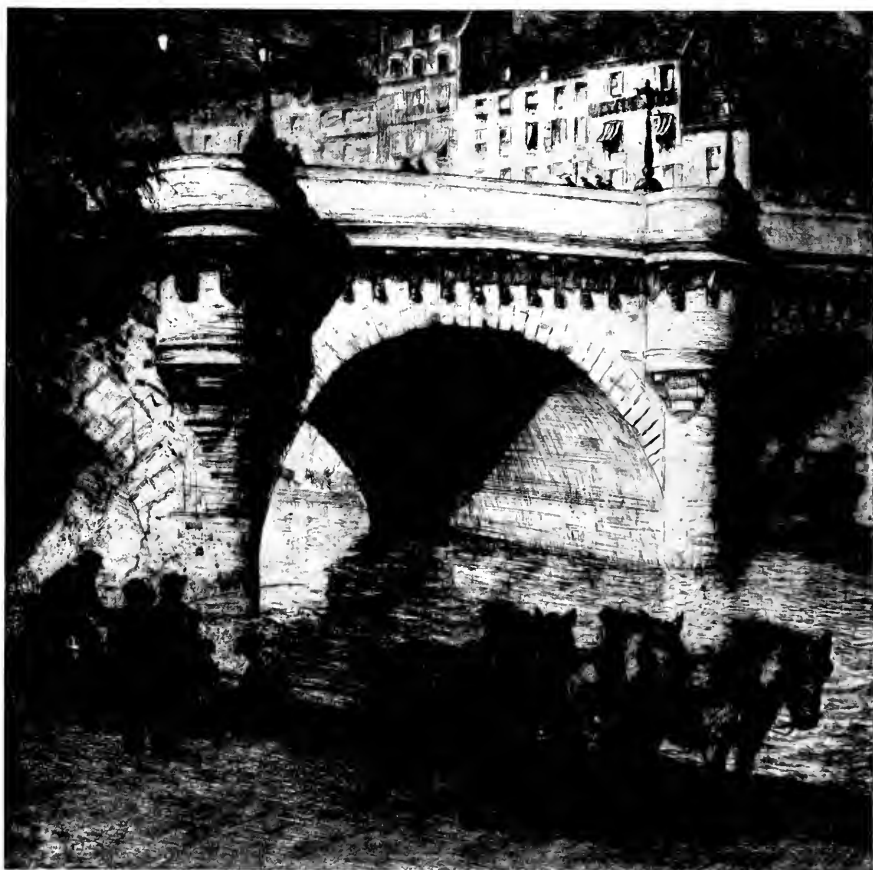
PAINTERS who are not only masters of the brush but also experts in the manipulation of the needle and acid are markedly few. Amongst those that occur most readily to the mind are Zorn, Brangwyn and the subject of this comment. These men are possibly the leading examples of this modern tendency of combining tone quality with the exquisite charm of the etched line, giving quality, texture and colour as only a painter-etcher knows to do. The upheaval in Europe will have accomplished something for American art and artists if only to send back to us many of our best men who have won honours abroad. Congdon's art stands for virility of conception, artistic dignity and sparkling schemes of tertiary colour motives, whether in the etched line or upon canvas. It is a permissible paradox to describe his work as carefully

careless and convincing for that very reason.

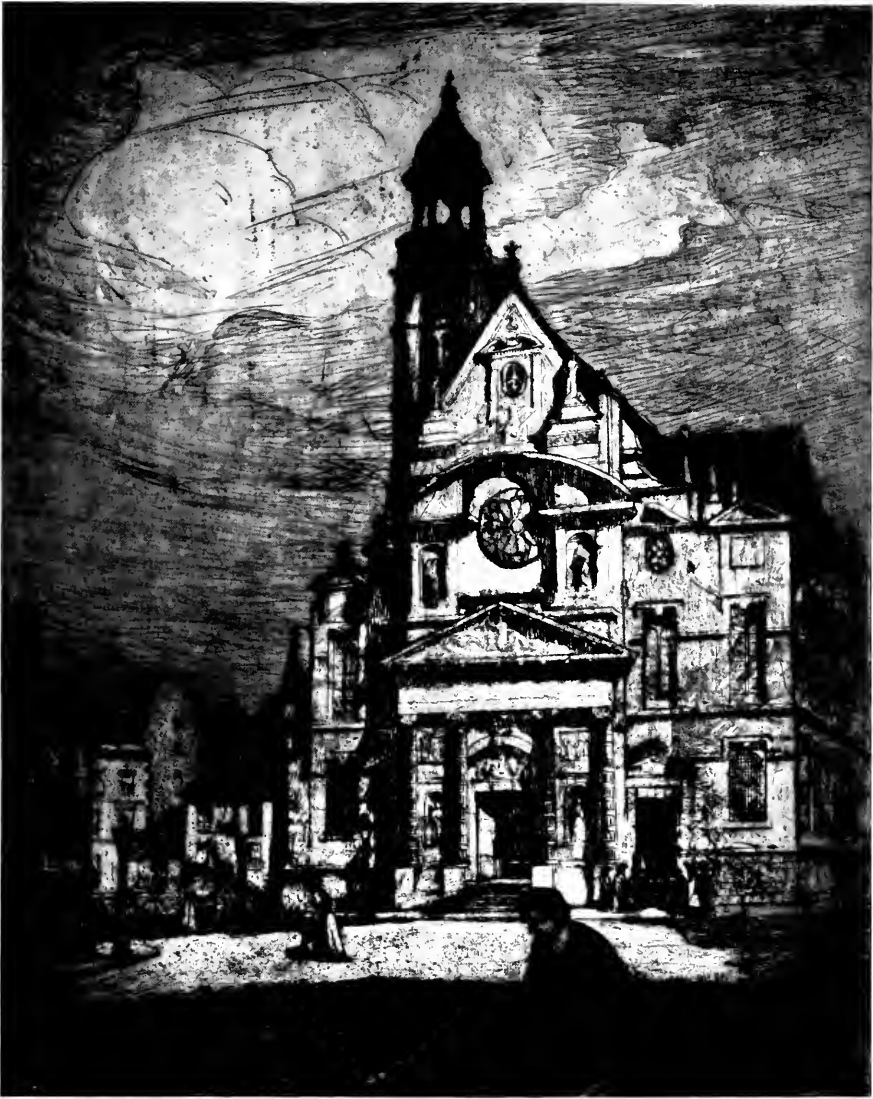
In this present brief sketch, no notice is taken of his work in portraiture and genre, but we hope later, when his crates arrive from Paris, to show by illustrations some of his skill as a painter.

His last plate, *La Seine* (see next page), is perhaps his best; it reveals a robust, decorative and classically pictorial vision—the glowing lights and rich shadows are well massed and effective. The single arch suggests the whole length and breadth of the famous bridge surmounted by quaint old houses, whilst the barge horses and figures in the dark foreground give excellent balance to the design; peace and mystery brood over the scene with an implied assurance that no hostile force will ever destroy it.

Saint Etienne du Mont, the most artistic bit of Renaissance architecture of the Quartier Latin, is another fine example of Congdon's tender-vigorous treatment in purely etched lines. This plate, when exhibited in the Salon of the Société des Artistes Français, won enthusiastic admira-



LA SEINE, PARIS
BY THOMAS R. CONGDON



Owned by the Musée de Luxembourg

SAINT ETIENNE DU MONT, PARIS
BY THOMAS R. CONGDON

tion of connoisseurs as evidenced by the fact that it was immediately acquired by the French Government for the Musée du Luxembourg, a rare compliment to a living American artist.

In his plate *Fontaine de Carpeaux*, in the Luxembourg Garden, the sculptor's conception has been well rendered. We notice in the symbols of the great nations upholding the universe that the etcher, by chance or design, has placed the nude female figure and the Indian, that is to say, France and America, in the front, whilst hidden from view at the back are England and Germany, apparently striving for a place in the sun. This etching is also owned by the Luxembourg gallery. An exquisitely artistic rendering of the Luxembourg Garden reacts upon all who have felt the charm and repose of Paris in this wonderful oasis. This etching was purchased from the Salon by Baron Edmond de Rothschild also by the United States Government for the Congressional Library.

A good example of aquatint is seen in *Factories on the Thames* where light and shade are poetically contrasted in well-drawn line work.

Amongst other interesting plates that testify to Congdon's abilities along the bitten line may be mentioned his *London Types* and *Embankment; Battersea Bridge; Old English Court; Bridge of Sighs; Saint-Jean-du-Doigt* (Finisterre); and a plate catalogued as *The Last Kiss of the Sun*.

THE SHAKESPEARE BY PARTRIDGE (PAGE XLI)

WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE went to England to make a study of Shakespeare, before beginning the statue. Henry Irving introduced him to Seymour Lucas, who later designed the costume used for this statue, the costume being made by Mr. Irving's costumer. Mr. Lucas claimed that it is the first accurate costume made for any statue of Shakespeare. The time of life at which he is represented is the period of James I, rather than the Elizabethan period, which was fifteen or twenty years before Shakespeare died. The site chosen is near the green-houses, surrounded by flowers where Shakespeare is represented sitting in his garden, at his ease, with a book in one hand, as if reading, his face turned toward the sunset.

There is a place left on the statue for two bas-reliefs, one of Henry Irving, and one of Edwin Booth.



Owned by the Petit Palais

FACTORIES ON THE THAMES

BY THOMAS R. CONGDON



Owned by the Musée de Luxembourg

FONTAINE DE CARPEAUX

BY THOMAS R. CONGDON

C OLOUR THEORY
BY MICHEL JACOBS

IN these days of technical knowledge and scientific accuracy, it is a great wonder why the artist still follows the old law of colours and their complementaries as demonstrated by Newton & Brewster, based on the theory that the colours red, blue and yellow were primary colours, and the secondary colours were green, purple and orange. This theory has long since been discarded by scientists, and the new theory adopted, as laid down by Young, Helmholtz and Tindall, that the primary colours are red, green and violet. The Newton-Brewster theory is based on the mixture of pigments and the Young-Helmholtz on the spectrum.

When we see an object that is a certain colour in a white light, the shadows of that object assume the complementary colour to the colour of the lighted side, as Monet discovered. This all modern artists understand. The question is, what is the complementary of any colour? What is understood by complementary colour is that one of the primaries is complementary to the other two primary colours combined. Now, should we use the old theory of Newton or the Helmholtz one, which is based on scientific truth?

It is true to a certain extent that we cannot mix red and green pigments and make a yellow, but with the rays of light it is possible to combine the red rays with the green rays and secure a brilliant yellow. Also to combine green with a violet light and make a brilliant blue, etc. Why painters should change the laws of colour as seen in the spectrum and their complementaries because the chemical properties of the pigments on their palette do not mix the same as the rays of light, one fails to understand, although it is possible with certain chemicals to follow out exactly the laws of the spectrum.

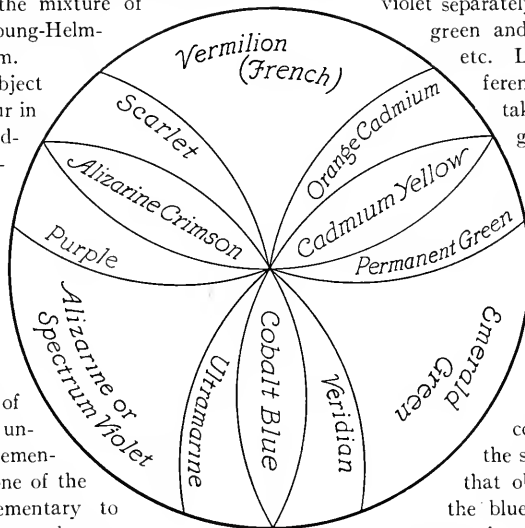
Art is nature seen through a personality. If it is the desire of the artist to imitate nature as closely as possible, at any rate in regard to colour, he must be conversant with all the laws of colour by which nature is governed. Undoubtedly if an artist tries to paint scientifically and does not really see the colours which he paints, his work will be of no use artistically. But he must be taught to see colour the same as he has been taught to see form.

Nature has given us, in our eyes, three sets of nerves corresponding to the colours of the spectrum; one set is sensitive to green rays, one to red and one to violet. If the violet and green nerves are set in vibration, we see, not green and violet separately, but blue, and if the green and red, we see yellow, etc. Let us see what a difference it makes when we

take the spectrum as our guide or our palette; which to me is only a chemical laboratory from which we make a certain combination of chemicals to reflect certain colours of the spectrum. Say, for example, we are painting an object red; according to the laws of the spectrum the shadow of that object should be toward the blue because blue in the spectrum is composed of

and violet rays of light and must be complementary to the third primary, red. According to the laws of pigments as laid down by Newton-Brewster, the shadows of a red object should be toward the green, because green is composed of yellow and blue pigments, and must be complementary to the third primary, red, as Monet set forth.

To arrive at an understanding of complementaries let us say that the spectrum is represented by 100 which is divided into three equal parts, red, green and violet, each represented by $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. of the whole of the spectrum. Suppose we take, for example, a full yellow which is composed of all the red rays ($33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent.) and all the green rays ($33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent.), which means yel-



Colour Theory

low is $66\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. of the spectrum. Now the complementary must be a colour that has $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. of the spectrum to make up the whole 100 per cent. which is violet.

But instead, let us take an orange which is composed of all the red rays ($33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. of the spectrum) and only $16\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. of the green rays which, together, would be $49\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. of the spectrum. To find the complementary we must make up the 100 per cent. by taking all of the violet rays ($33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent.) and what is left of the green rays (17 per cent.), making a blue which is $50\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. of the spectrum.

This applies to the light of the sun, but, *artificial* light has not the same even proportion of coloured rays; gas light has very little violet and fails to show a true blue on account of having more of the green rays and only 8 per cent. of violet rays.

The complementaries of the spectrum, according to all modern scientists, is as follows: Red is complementary to blue (not to green, as in pigments), purple red (crimson) to green (*not yellow green*), violet to yellow (not to orange).

It will be noticed by the chart that these complementaries are interchangeable, and if the colours used in pigments to represent the spectrum are as follows, it will be found that the primaries of the pigments are made by the secondaries of the spectrum, *i.e.*: Primary—French vermilion, emerald green, spectrum violet. Secondary—yellow cadmium, alizarine crimson, cobalt blue.

This will give all the primaries of the spectrum, the secondaries. But, of course, I would not advise any painter to use such pigments as emerald green, or French vermilion, especially when mixing with lead white, but both of these colours can be imitated very nearly by the admixture, for the red vermilion, of alizarine crimson and cadmium yellow, and for the green, not quite so well, with vertemerode and cadmium yellow. Even these two fugitive colours, vermilion and emerald green can be used pure when mixed with a little varnish when an extra brilliant tint is required.

A picture to be a true representative of nature must be painted according to the laws of the spectrum, using the law of pigments to represent those colours; and I find that when I am painting an object which, we will say, is yellow in a white light, that it is best to break into it with green and red, because yellow in the spectrum is composed of red and green rays. The shadow should

be toward the purple, because purple is the complementary to yellow. I find it is possible to paint blue with green and violet if the colours are kept separate in pointelle manner.

In regard to the so-called tricendary colours, I would call these greys of different hues, because in making tricendary colours we must mix the three colours of the spectrum; for example, mixing orange with blue gives us a grey-green, which is now called a tricendary colour. The spectrum has no grey in its composition, but it is one mass of pure colour which, if combined in the correct proportion, gives us white.

If we look at the chart herein illustrated we will see that it is a very easy matter to tell which is the complementary of any colour by simply drawing a line directly through to the colour opposite; for instance, violet is complementary to yellow, and red to blue, etc. So much has been written on colour for the use of modern primary schools and kindergartens based on the new Young-Helmholtz theory, why not for the artist?

If one looks at the chart and divides it in half all on one side of it will be found by the combination of all these colours to be in tone; that is, if all of the colours are used on one-half of the spectrum, it not making any difference which half of the spectrum is used; for example, red, orange, yellow, yellow-green, green, and blue-green, would make an harmony, or blue, blue violet, violet, purple, crimson, scarlet, would make another harmony, etc. To get a complementary, as I have said, would be to take the colour directly opposite; for example, red and blue, violet and yellow, or crimson and green.

I do not profess to have discovered a new theory of colour, but to have discovered a way to use the new theory of colour of Young-Helmholtz, and it must not be understood that I think that at all time and in all pictures the most brilliant colour should be used, for I am well aware that the most pleasing colours to our eyes are the colours known as greys, such as blue-grey, green-grey, etc. Nor can one object to a picture because it is painted in browns, only that one must accept it not as a true representation of nature, but as a study in brown with a little colour. The same as one might draw in black and white, it can be well seen that any colour, even the colour brown, must partake and lose itself in the atmosphere, and change its hue.



A FAUN FOUNTAIN
BY ALBERT P. LUCA

ART AND THE MAN
BY RAYMOND WYER

TRAINING AND TEMPERAMENT

A MAN builds a house or furnishes one—he buys pictures or begins to look at them in public galleries—whichever way his curiosity in matters of art is awakened, or whatever is the first circumstance to make art a matter of consideration, his attitude will naturally be controlled by his own fancies. Those who are capable of admitting the existence of forces outside of their own experience and temperament are few. This is especially true concerning art matters.

Of course the immediate result of following one's own inclinations depends upon the quality of imagination and refinement naturally possessed. Mistakes, however, are bound to be made when relying on an unsophisticated art taste, even though heredity and environment have bestowed unusual degrees of intuitiveness and discrimination. Fortunately the art novice, providing he possesses certain qualities, natural and acquired, soon realizes the irresponsibility of his own judgment. He loses confidence in himself merely to reattain it. And it is here that his disposition to insist on his own judgment will be of value, for this time instead of it being based on a complete ignorance of the most elemental principles of art, it will be founded on knowledge and an artistic recipience which time, thought and humility alone can develop. Yes! the spirit of humility is most important to all those who would be art lovers, and even to art critics.

I would emphasize that, however necessary some sort of training and acquirement of knowledge may be, an appropriate temperament is also essential, and vice versa. It is this combination alone that gives true distinction to any activity and accomplishment in the field of art. In this respect it must be remembered that there is a definite and accepted standard of what is true art in spite of disputes among critics on the attribution of a painting, or on the merits of this group of men and that group of men. This diversity of opinion, however, makes it difficult to arrive at a standard, although these differences more often concern superficial aspects than fundamental laws.

Much confusion to the beginner is caused by the fact that there are many men who through

different circumstances are credited as authorities, and yet often assemble certain paintings which possess all the attributes of art—but not art itself. The fact is, many people sing who ought never to sing, many paint who ought never to paint, many are doctors who would be more useful as undertakers. Because they have had more or less technical training, the public accept their opinions as infallible, putting their trust in those who merely possess a number of inflexible rules—rules correctly acquired yet not finding the germ necessary to fuse them into life-giving principles have remained only barren facts.

It is a question whether anyone should be allowed to enter a career that affects public welfare or even to prepare for it before an examination has decided on his intellectual and temperamental fitness. The fact that a person wishes to follow a calling is by no means conclusive evidence that he is adapted for it. We are often strangely drawn toward ideas with which we have little in common and that in relation to our own natures are contradictions. From an economic standpoint, as well as for the protection of the public, a preliminary examination of this kind might be desirable.

Art is a great sufferer in this respect. Public bodies without experience or even natural discernment, in matters of taste, are often given a free hand in art movements resulting in conditions which defeat the whole purpose of art.

This condition is more prevalent in art than other departments of life because the majority of people while benefitting from the art activities of the present and past generations are not conscious of the fact, but accept the result as a matter of course.

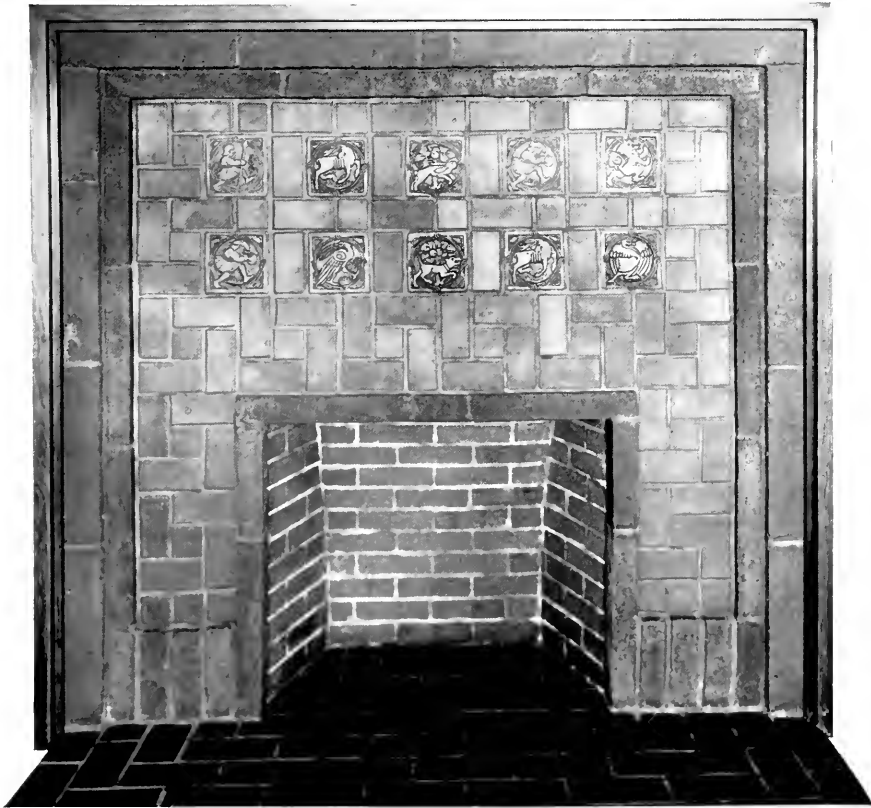
Therefore, in spite of much improvement, and improvement there is in a number of cities, the art destinies of many communities are far from promising. They have made little art progress and simply remain happy hunting grounds for the business architects and the business sculptors who prepare their plans and submit models to tickle the taste of unqualified judges—and for the business artist who turns out canvases which intentionally include all the characteristics sought for in the preconceived ideas of the unenlightened purchaser. So long as art activities are paralyzed by these conditions, so long shall we have hideous surroundings, unnecessary paintings in our museums, and statues in our parks upon which even the snow refuses to fall gracefully.



ERNEST BATCHELDER AND HIS
TILES. BY MABEL
URMY SEARES

THE redemption of the world of art by means of a descent of the Gothic spirit into the clay of our commercialism is but one mani-

festation of an age in which spiritual life and social service are regaining a dominant place. Artists, designers, students and the whole body of travelling art lovers have long made intensive study of the Gothic shrines of Europe, bringing home more or less of an art there entombed. The knowledge thus obtained, together with the



Ernest Batchelder and his Tiles



training which art schools are giving in design, is now making itself felt in the domain of decoration, and life is the richer thereby.

As in our architecture, so also in the interior of our homes, we have long copied everything usable until our American house furnishings, if collected from representative homes and arranged in some great space, would present the appearance of a *musée de meuble* of all ages instead of a distinctive era of American decorative art.

Most happily therefore do we welcome a craftsmanship which looks to the past, not for subjects, but for principles enabling it to give beautiful form to the expression of individual desire. Copies of the craft of all nations past and present will continue to pour into our country as long as they are needed. From them we may learn discernment and the historic development of design. But the spirit which possessed the individual worker on the Gothic cathedrals, that spirit, eternal as youth, which first finds out how to work and then makes what it will, has at length reappeared in the world of art and has been found among us.

Scoff as the painter may at any attempt to reduce art to a rule of thumb, the fact remains that we shall never be rid of the vagueness which permeates both our amateurish handiwork and the taste of the general public until the fundamental principles of unity, balance, rhythm, and harmony are incorporated into our elementary teaching as a vital part of the training of every child. To say that this was not done in the past when great art abounded is beside the point, for never before in the history of the world has it happened

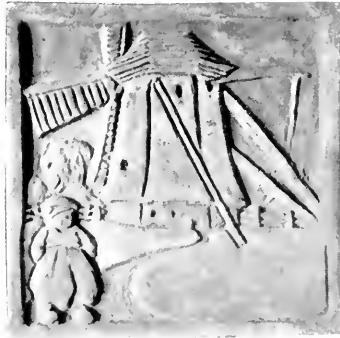
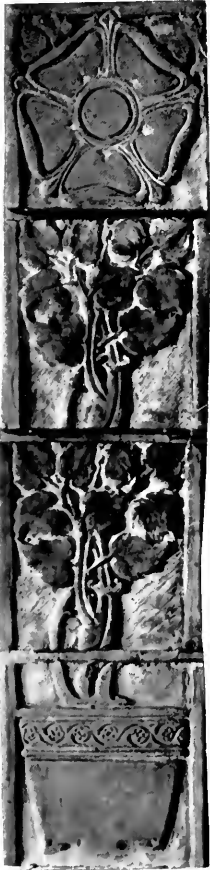
that so great a mass of people has suddenly come into possession of leisure in which to enjoy the arts, without previous opportunity to acquire a true appreciation of them.

The setting forth of a theory of pure design, such as has been formulated by Dr. Denman W. Ross at Harvard University, is as necessary now as was the great work of Paolo Uccelli in the development of laws of perspective, which changed the whole face of painting in the thirteenth century.

As direct result of his co-labours with Dr. Ross, the writings, teaching, and successful individual handicraft of Mr. Ernest Batchelder have helped amazingly to spread this modern Gothic spirit throughout the eager western portion of our country.

Through magazine articles and popular textbooks on the principles of design and lectures on the cathedral builders, and through personal contact with craftsmen and art lovers in the Minneapolis Guild and in Throop Polytechnic Institute in Pasadena, Mr. Batchelder has for fifteen years exercised the missionary spirit of New England forbears to proclaim the glad tidings that the simple underlying principles of good design may be mastered by all who would increase their enjoyment of beauty, or express its appeal in line or form or any of the graphic arts.

The leaven disseminated by such means is working in our public schools, in craftsman guilds and art leagues. Its results are met with on every hand. But the lump of public art appreciation still remains largely unaffected by the standard of a craftsmanship founded on pure design.



BATCHELDER TILES

Ernest Batchelder and his Tiles

To vitalize the public interest in art it is necessary that the artist come into personal contact with the every-day life of the people through his work. The natural development, therefore, of the art centre and school opened by Mr. Batchelder in Pasadena in 1910 was toward some definite constructive business closely allied with the home-life of the community.

Out of the many crafts taught and carried on in the charming studio on the banks of the Arroyo Seco, Mr. Batchelder's choice fell happily on the development of the tile-making started in the studio garden kiln, and the designing and making of fireplaces.

Others of his associates and pupils continued in studios of their own the work in textiles and embroidery, jewellery and furniture, and the teaching of design in the schools; while the leader went boldly into the whirlpool of building trades which flourish so amazingly in that portion of the country, still in the stage of shelter-making.

To keep one's head and one's art clear and unchanged through a close contact with business as carried on in the present day requires something more than a desire to succeed according to such business ideals. Inexhaustible patience and a determination to control in every detail one's own art product must aid one in the fight to prevent untrained middlemen from coming between the craftsman and the recipient of his art. Mr. Batchelder's successful maintenance of the art standard of his fireplaces and other pieces of tile-work is the result of careful superintendence on his part, and by the architects with whom he associates himself.

The advent of a new craft product is always an interesting subject for investigation, and when that product is the expression in a usable form of the ideas of an authority in the field of design, the interest increases and the subject takes its place in the annals of art.

The peculiar processes by which these hand-wrought tiles are made belongs to the domain of the kiln, but the reproduction of their charming variations in any machine-pressed tile is impossible. Soft and harmonious in tone, they blend

into the colour scheme of a well-planned room or set the dominant note therein. The schemes of decoration suggested by the environment of a home, the object of the club-house, or the ecclesiastical nature of an altar, are as diversified as the niches which they occupy. Ivy and rose borders, peacocks and rabbits and deer are subjects for the conventionalizing powers and the fantasy of the designer, and delight the imagination of those who sit around the hearth.

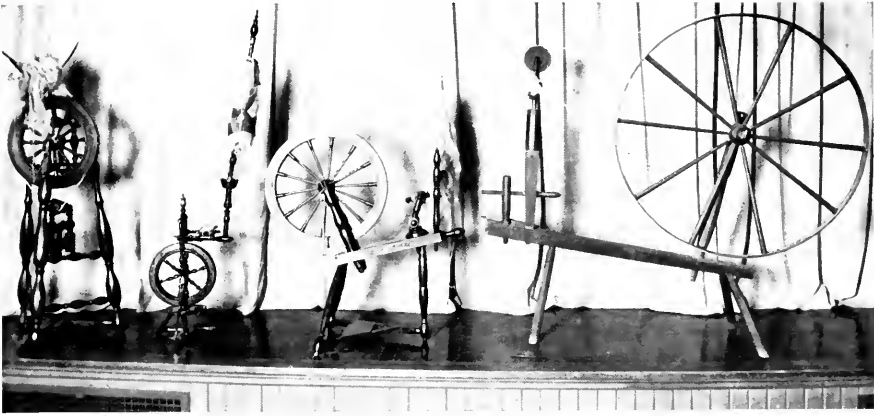
Perhaps the most noticeable effect of locality is seen in the landscape tiles which speak so charmingly of California. The live oaks lend themselves lovingly to tile designs; and the boat and windmills, the rows of poplars and quaint maids and fishermen of Holland have furnished a whole chocolate shop with an art so pleasing as to drain one's pocketbook of pennies and keep one drinking cocoa for an hour or more. Brave viking ships, gay knights and canny hunters pass through the pageantry of these tiles with the reserve befitting symbols wrought in clay; and fairy castles, curving hills and winding roads lead the eye from one tile into another to take one far afield or a-Maying while still sitting near the cheerful winter fire.

On account of Mr. Batchelder's work in adapting his wealth of training in design and the inspiration he has received from study of Gothic art and other European sources to the making of American fireplaces would lack a vital part of its helpfulness and encouragement for others if the successful effort he has made to retain the personal touch on all his tiles were for one moment ignored.

Both the nature of art as an expression of personal ideals of beauty, and the intimate character of the fireplace in a home demand that no machinery of the market-place interfere.

Underneath all the perseverance necessary to the maintenance of this standard must lie a silent conviction that sacrifice and a missionary spirit are still factors in the attainment of ideals which were so natural in the time of Gothic art and have been so nearly lost in the commercialism of a century just past.





TYPES OF SPINNING WHEELS AT NEWARK MUSEUM

TEXTILES AT NEWARK

BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

A VERY short acquaintance with the Newark Museum Association and its president, John Cotton Dana, assisted by a most able and willing staff, upsets cherished memories of dead and dying museums, mausoleums of art, which for all the good they do to their community might be advantageously abolished. Few persons would even notice their departure. It has taken a century or two to awaken museum interest and to demonstrate what pleasant, historical and educational work may result. By degrees some of the museums are breaking with their traditional inertia and a more striking example could scarcely be discovered than in Newark. The latest exhibition, which followed Potteries, was devoted to the textile industry of New Jersey. Although commercial in character the exhibits may be said to have become objects of art owing to the artistic way in which they were shown, the unifying of each room or gallery doing so much to create this impression. Every show-case revealed some vase, bit of pottery or statuette to relieve the textiles and give an extra note of form or colour. It is just such seeming trifles which count. This little idea gave an unmistakable *cachet* to the exhibition. The ensemble was a story in action, a drama. One thought of steps rather than of specimens; Egyptian agriculture, blossoming cotton, ripened bolls, hands plucking the crop, the

gin, the bale, the card, revolving spindles, clacking looms, followed each other in a sequence that made the youngest visitor—and the children came in swarms—see each item in its relation to the whole industry, and to life. Most fascinating was the central platform with a rude colonial loom at one end and a Greek woman occupied with homely spinning at the other. Round about were picturesque wheels and reels and a little lady, suitably attired, was to be seen spinning flax.

The general scheme has been to show every-day objects in their relation to art and to industry and to life; to give to mechanic, salesman and consumer the vision; to help him connect his daily task with the work of other times; to compare it to the product of the present, and to gain the inspiration for the future. To carry out this scheme processes as well as products have been shown—the development of textiles from fibre to yarn and from yarn to cloth. Spinning and weaving were traced from the most primitive devices to modern machines. Textile products were traced from the bark mats of the Indians, through the blue and white colonial coverlets and homespuns to modern commercial silks and hand-made tapestries.

The exhibit has been made to appeal to as many classes of people as possible. Club women all over the State held exhibits of historic textiles, thus arousing local interest and collecting an historic exhibit. Foreigners were interested by being asked to show things made in their home lands. These were collected from twenty or more school

Textiles at Newark

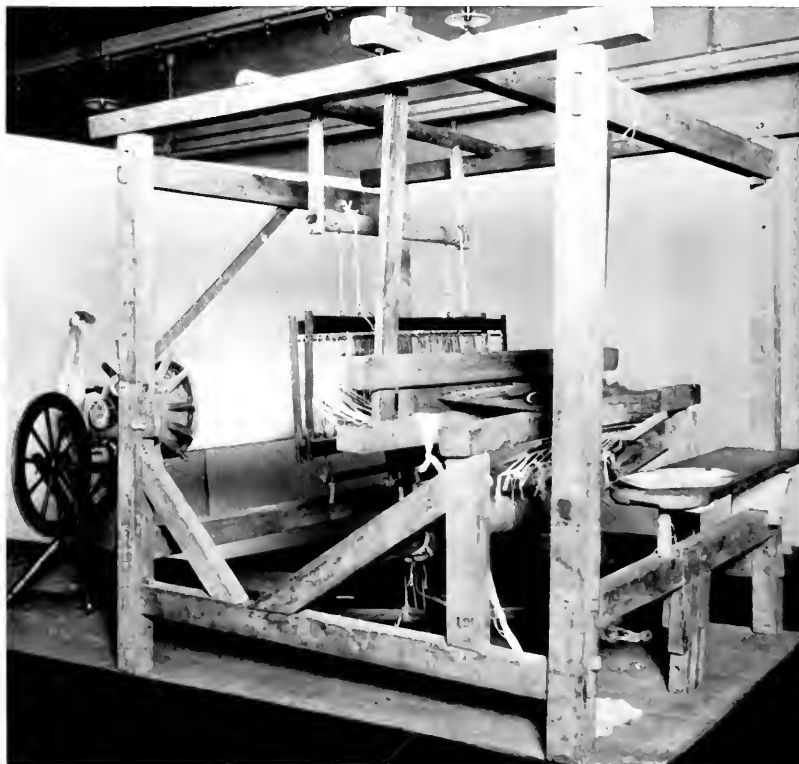
exhibits. Manufacturers were asked to give commercial exhibits, minus pink tissue-paper and booths, and without charge. Craftsmen interested in weaving and textile decoration were sought out, and every possible phase of the textile industry in the State touched upon.

The success of the venture has been astonishing, thousands of visitors having testified to the need for such activities. Opposed to many dead or half dead associations Newark is undoubtedly quick.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

COMMENCING with the current issue a short article by Raymond Wyer will appear each month under the heading "Art and the Man," occupying one page of the magazine. This page should be an interesting feature of our publication, considering the many claims to attention which this writer possesses. Besides giving the Hackley Gallery at Muskegon, Michigan, marked

prestige amongst the important museums of America, on account of its permanent collection, Mr. Wyer is a well-known lecturer and writer upon various subjects. Articles from his pen have already appeared from time to time in THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO. Furthermore, he is an expert and critic of international reputation. He is regarded in England by those more concerned with the quality than with the pedigree of a painting as one of the most sensitive judges of art. The late Sir Hugh Lane, Honorary Director of the National Gallery of Ireland, was anxious that Mr. Wyer should continue building up the permanent collection of the Johannesburg Gallery, South Africa, an activity which has unfortunately been interrupted by the war. So few people can write with real authority upon matters of art that we deem ourselves fortunate to have secured the services of one so well equipped to render opinions of value and interest at a time when the public is growing more and more appreciative.



COLONIAL HAND LOOM AT NEWARK MUSEUM

An Analysis of Futurism

AN ANALYSIS OF FUTURISM BY EDWIN S. PARKER

IN THE Italian Futurist room of the Exposition one was sure to encounter a crowd. It was an eager, expectant crowd and there was a feeling of suspense. No one seemed able to get the artists' point of view and though some scoffed and laughed, most made a genuine effort to understand, and failed. The artists were evidently serious—why are they so universally incomprehensible and must we blame ourselves?

A glance at the catalogue gives us our first clue. Twenty-nine pictures out of forty-eight had abstract titles: were graphic (spatial) representations of non-spatial subjects. How can we translate a pure idea such as dynamism (force) into a spatial equivalent? How can we solidify non-matter into matter and make a picture of it?

Their process is a simple one and familiar to even elementary students of psychology, so let us take some pure idea and see if we can do likewise, in fact, paint a Cubist picture. Anger will do very well for a subject, because we are so familiar with it. To begin with, an angry man is supposed to "see red" and red is somehow associated with anger, so the dominant colour of our painting will be red. But colour is not enough by itself; we must have forms just as our Futurist friends have them, odd and curious though they may be. What forms shall we use and where shall we get them?

At some moment of intense anger we have had impressed upon us certain forms that were before us at the time, and the remnants of these forms in our memory, confused and distorted by time and the intensity of the emotion, are what we have in our mind's eye when we think of anger and it is these that we put upon our canvas. This faculty of visualizing is strong in some and nearly absent in others, but it is undoubtedly capable of development, so if we can't see such weird and definite shapes as our Futurist friends it doesn't mean that we are to blame, for we probably could if we kept at it long enough.

This process of visualizing is certainly interesting psychologically but is it significant artistically? The answer is: No! The language of art must be largely universal and the pictures before us must be the result of an organization of the objective world by faculties in the artist that are largely the same in all of us. He must see his subject

as beautiful by faculties possessed by us all. When Corot painted the peace of the early morning, he saw that peace by faculties by which we, too, can see peace in an early morning. When such rapid movement was put into the *Winged Victory*, it was done according to universal faculties and to us, too, the figure is flying in splendid haste. But we get no such feeling of movement from the many pictures of "Dynamism" and we are not quite safe in saying that the fault is with ourselves and our old habits of thought.

Here the Futurist will protest: "I paint the very essence of speed: Speed itself. I do it in an abstract and wholly universal language while classic art was encumbered by the object and was compelled to represent its idea indirectly."

But is his language abstract and universal? Abstract it may be, though the abstract is presented to sense only by accepted symbols, but universal it certainly is not, because it is dependent upon the particular images that chance has brought him and that chance again has selected as the ones that will be retained in his memory. It is like a poem written in a language invented by some man and known only to himself; beautiful doubtless to that man but meaningless to the rest of the world. The Futurist picture may be decorative, just as the poem may have a charming rhythm, but unless it is intelligible it is beautiful only as the pure design of a Moorish pavement is beautiful, and this is not the purpose of their work.

And how about the essence of speed: Speed itself? There is certainly a rushing velocity in the *Winged Victory*. We feel that it is more rapid than any figures moving near us. But that rapidity is in our perception of it; in the motor images it arouses in us, in our empathetic response to it. Speed is in the "perception" of an "object" and an abstract representation of speed affects us no more than the physical equation of velocity: $V = v + a.t$. Even that V is always attributed to some object and physics is certainly cold-blooded enough.

This, then, is the process by which a larger number of these Futurist pictures were made: a visualization of an abstract idea; a phenomenon dependent upon chance association; a particular and individual rather than universal mode of expression that has artistic meaning only for the artist himself. These twenty-nine by their titles were avowedly of this type; others were partly so, but this doesn't include the mass of pictures

An Analysis of Futurism

by the Cubists proper: those that are of a concrete subject rather than an abstract one. There are, however, two more distinct processes possible that may include these and the large variety of pictures may be found to contain these three processes singly or in combination. Anyway, the actual psychological processes of making them are going to throw some definite light on the subject.

The simple comprehending of an object visually and this same comprehending complicated by the problem of graphically representing it, seem to be almost different processes. I believe that a primitive portrait, for instance, was a genuine likeness of the sitter in the eyes of the artist, for I have had just that experience myself. When painting we seem to see things in terms of our process of representation. To the artist who paints in browns, the subject doubtless really looks brown, and if his scheme happens to be purple-and-yellow, the subject appears in purple and yellow. This is, of course, just while he is at work. Again, if I want to lose myself in the dominant lines and planes of a subject, I may become entirely absorbed in just that phase and what is a genuine likeness to me may seem an absurdity to others. And so I may paint a Cubist portrait of Mr. X, selecting what lines and planes appeal to me and arranging them according to a certain feeling for line and form that I may call the inner harmony of the figure; and I will have a likeness, seriously.

But this inner harmony that I may be striving for is no new thing, for it seems to be the prime requisite of all great art. It is that which causes a motor response within us as with the *Winged Victory*. It exhilarates us and holds our attention, leaving our mind free to the deeper revelation of the artist. The Cubists have here confused a means with an end.

Our empathetic response to the shape and lines of a cathedral is one of exultation and serves its purpose, but this paragraph neglects the fact that as an organic unity it is, of course, beautiful and also the satisfaction of the demands of the eyes makes it beautiful.

Lastly we come to the type of pictures of which the *Battle of Lights at Coney Island* is a clear example. Here is a series of intense memory images superimposed one upon the other; a composite picture of what our memory has chanced to retain of the many impressions received. Others of somewhat the same type seem to be of visual images of objects that have been seen but not

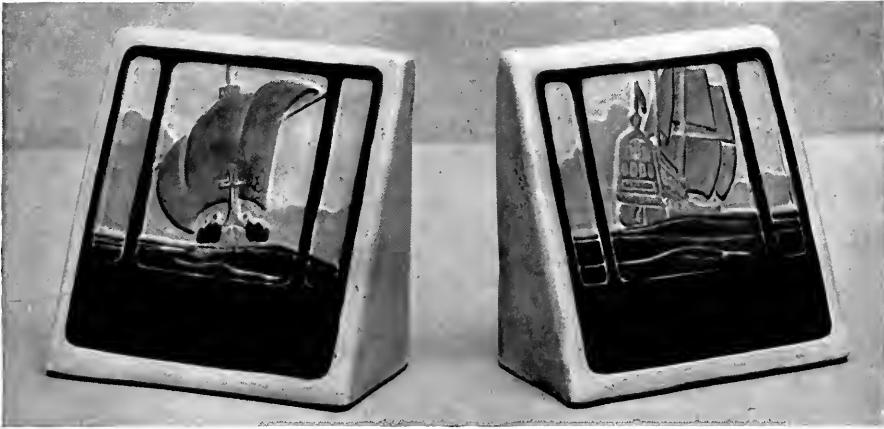
accurately fixed in the artist's memory, and the object, perhaps a nun, will be represented by a charming pattern decidedly resembling the original in its dominant lines though probably lacking the signs by which we recognize it.

Of these three elements, the first, the visualization of non-material subjects, seems to belong to the psychologists' laboratory and not to the art gallery; the second, the emphasis of dominant lines, can be significant only as a means to an end and must be used to enhance the artist's wider vision of nature; but the last element, the vague memory image, ought to have real possibilities of development and if kept from masquerading under mystic guises will doubtless prove a new field for art if not a great one.

These, then, are the processes by which, singly or in combination, Futurist pictures are made. But what of their theories, their aims and purposes in producing these things, their attempts at a direct experience of volume, a universal language, and the inner harmony of the figure? The universal language proved to be a purely individual one; the inner harmony is a means, not an end. Lastly, the "experience of volume," a principle on which they lay great stress, is a problem of transcendentalism; a problem for the metaphysician and not for the artist. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing and a slight acquaintance with Kant seems to have led these Cubists astray, for the experience of volume is the experience of a mental process, and though pure extent is considered primitive, volume never can be. Metaphysics is not for the amateur.

THE FOGG ART MUSEUM AT HARVARD

BESIDES a Cassone panel by the so-called Paris master, and a Pesellino, a *Madonna and Child* by Fra Filippo Lippi, has been on exhibition loaned from New York. Dr. Oswald Siren says of it: "The Fra Filippo now on exhibition is one of the master's most interesting works. It is of unusual artistic charm and historical importance. There are only two paintings by this master in American collections. The one is the picture in the Morgan Library, unfortunately cut into three pieces; the other, at the Boston Museum, is an altar wing showing four Saints. The Fogg picture is of special interest for any collection of early Italian paintings."



BOOK-ENDS

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY THE MARBLEHEAD POTTERY

ARTS AND CRAFTS BY GRACE HAZEN

ONE of the February Exhibitions of the National Society of Craftsmen was a series of three panels, *Painting, Architecture and Sculpture*, by J. William Fosdick, to have a permanent place in the Grille of the National Arts Club. These panels may be called a revival by modern means of the art of the panel carvers and painters of the middle ages. While unquestionably inspired by these early workers, the artist has infused into these paintings on tooled wood an individuality of expression undeniably his own.

J. W. Fosdick's serious monochrome work in the form of fire etchings is well known; notably the heroic *Glorification of Jeanne d'Arc* now permanently placed in the National Gallery of Fine Arts, Washington, D. C.

In the recent work Fosdick has taken up his brush again, as a painter, in conjunction with his knowledge of woodcraft, so that by tooling, carving, building with gesso and gilding, he produces texture with a varying tonal patina which counts for so much in all forms of decoration. It is easy to see that while working in wood, he has been influenced by the old illuminators on vellum as well as by the designers of tapestry. His five great panels, *Pentaptych on the Life of Jeanne d'Arc*, shown last year at the Architectural League of New York, were, in truth, huge illuminations on wood in lieu of vellum, the more or less primitive use of pigments and gilded gesso work

being suggestive of the illuminators' art. Yet, being wood, these panels possess the dignity and charm which wood alone can give as an alluring medium of artistic expression.

The Arts Club decorations are a series of panels which will be set into dark oak, forming a broken frieze around a dining-room in the Grille. Fosdick has chosen as his subjects the various arts of the middle ages: architect and client; sculptor and patroness; painter and model, etc. These mediæval figures are seen against a gilded and tooled background. The robes and drappings of the figures are in brilliant reds, purples, oranges and yellows, the title of each panel being emblazoned on cartouches of mediæval blue which, with the trailing greyish green vines enclosing the composition, give a satisfying colour balance to the whole arrangement.

The remaining subjects to be ultimately worked out are, Music, Literature, Handicraft and Drama.

The National Society of Craftsmen held its first one-man exhibit of sculpture in February.

The one man was Joseph Kratina, a native of Prag, who maintained a studio in Paris some years before settling in New York. The exhibit was composed chiefly of children's heads. There were also some statuettes and paper knives in bronze. Kratina has won distinction in his many portrait busts of famous men. The Alexander Hamilton bust portrays the spirit of this great statesman in exquisite fashion. He has put into

the profile the beautiful lines of this colonial aristocrat. He has also produced unusually good busts of Abraham Lincoln, Count Leo Tolstoy, Cardinal Farley, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson and Hudson Maxim.

Downtown in the Maiden Lane district, where are to be found the most skilled artisans, Kratina has many friends who speak with the greatest enthusiasm of his great skill and the rapid deftness of his perception and execution. He is a true artisan and an artist craftsman, for he applies his skill to modelling of useful objects in a decorative fashion. This is the necessary ground work for his power as an artist.

These portrait busts of vigorous men, are a strong contrast to the delicacy of feeling shown in the exhibit of children's heads. In all these little busts, Mr. Kratina's touch has the tenderness of love. It is as though Love had been the medium through which his insight and deftness of hand had passed. In working, he forgets himself and becomes only an interpreter of the child before him. His method is not to work for one phase, but for everything in the child. It is the assembling of various phases that make the character which he gets so admirably. Love is a strong element in childhood and this he has put into all the beautiful little portraits. They have the deep expression of the eye, and the hope and spiritual quality of childhood. Of the *Baby Napoleon*, Mr. Kratina says: "Napoleon for years has been a pet of mine—a sort of god. It is for that reason, perhaps, that I prefer to picture him as a baby, so young and innocent, that that frightful malady, ambition, which afterward ate away the soul of the man, had not even considered

setting its capturing meshes within reach. Another bust, *Baby George*, done in marble, looks up at you with the most alluring expression.

The portrait heads of two young boys together, about four and five years old, have the sweetness of boyhood. Another boy—a study—gives the feeling of a good working intellect. Indeed all these little marbles and plasters have brains behind their eyes and the ability to use their brains, is there.

In this exhibit, Mr. Kratina has a very rapidly made head of his own baby at five days old; there is another head of one of his children at six days, in which the child's character shows itself in the way he uses his tiny fingers in grabbing his flesh. This child, now at six years old, is a sculptor of animals.

While the exhibition is composed of many types of children, there is a certain sameness in the method of handling. They are all finished beautifully. Perhaps if some had been less finished, that is, a little more left to the imagination, the exhibition might have had more of the vitality that comes from variety.

The bronze paper knives, with nude figures emerging from draperies, tend toward the

nouveau art in form and colour. These are finished in various colours. The draperies running down on the blade, are a natural greenish bronze, and the nude bodies, a soft, rich, reddish brown.

The minute one tries to combine several colours in sculpture, to represent flesh, hair and draperies, the naturalistic begins to creep out in what seems to be a more or less artificial manner. The modelling in itself should be so well done in texture and feeling as to be sufficient in itself, without having to add the flesh colour to explain the subject



A PORTRAIT

BY JOSEPH KRATINA

and make one know that this is a nude figure.

The small bronze standing figures would be stronger, were they more simple. But there is a wax figure of a woman in one of the glass cases, with a most beautiful face, carved in wood. This is an exquisite piece of work. It shows Mr. Kratina's ability to work in the small figures as well as in the life size, which cannot be said of many sculptors.

The exhibition of colour prints, by Arthur Wesley Dow, shown in the middle room of the Studios, was of unusual interest.

These prints were of three kinds. In what we may call Class A, the designs are cut upon the flat side of a wood block and are printed in water colours, using the Japanese printer's disk called a *buren*. The special purpose of this method, Mr. Dow states, is to obtain a vibrating quality of surface and a harmony of colours. In Class B, the designs are cut upon linoleum and printed with inks upon a large hand press. In Class C, the designs are cut upon type-high wood and printed upon an ordinary printing press. The purpose of this last method is to show that the common job press may be used by the artist as a tool and that it is possible to get fine relations of tone and surface by this means.

LOUIS C. TIFFANY

THE friends who came to congratulate Mr. Louis C. Tiffany on his birthday were gratified with a masque in pantomime, in which the resources of magical lights, cast upon stalwart men and beautiful women (many of them models who had posed for artists in the audience) were lavished with a skill rarely shown on the stage. "The Quest of Beauty" was conducted by the painter Joseph Lindon Smith, nor did the masque belie his reputation as a manager. But the remarks of the host when he was compelled to answer the toast of the President of the Academy of Design showed that he has not failed to observe the tendencies in modern art.

"What is the Quest of Beauty? What else is the goal that an artist sets before him, but that same spirit of beauty! Who can give the formula for it? Are there not as many different paths to it as there are workmen, and are there not as many different definitions of beauty, as there are artists? And yet I wish to express what I have found in art. How can I say briefly what I have

been striving to express in art during my life?

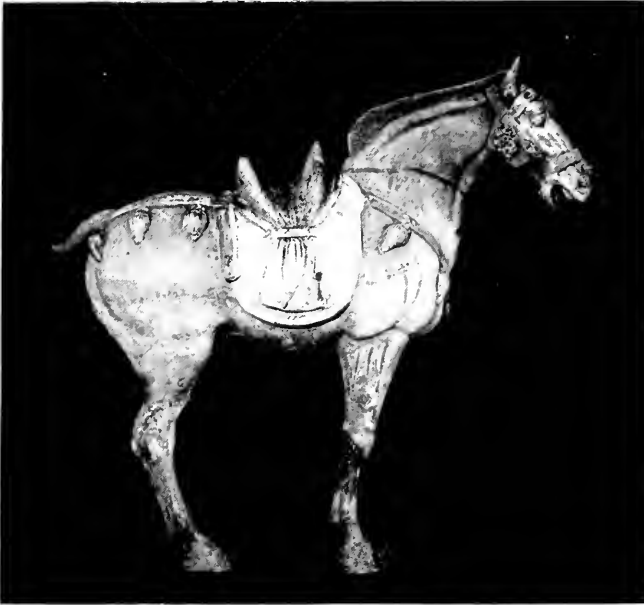
"Literature and the Drama express the sensations of tragedy and romance—but not with continuity and lasting effect. Art interprets the beauty of ideas and of visible things, making them concrete and lasting. When the savage searches for the gems from the earth or the pearls from the sea to decorate his person, or when he decorates the utensils of war or peace in designs and colours, he becomes an artist in embryo, for he has turned his face to the quest of beauty.

"Art starts from an instinct in all—stronger in one than another—and that instinct leads to the fixing of beauty in one of a hundred ways. But, if we look closer, we find some artists are drawn aside from the pursuit of beauty to worship the idol of technique, though only a small part of the effectiveness of a work in art can be credited to technique. The thirteenth century makers of stained glass were great because they saw and reproduced beauty from the skies and stars—the gems and rugs; they translated the beauty into the speech of stained glass. In later days, ignoring the beauty of the glass by using paint, their successors destroyed by this technique the beauty for which they were striving.

"If I may be forgiven a word about my own work, I would merely say that I have always striven to fix beauty in wood or stone or glass or pottery, in oil or water colour, by using whatever seemed fittest for the expression of beauty; that has been my creed, and I see no reason to change it. It seems as if the artists who place all their energies on technique have nothing left over for the more important matter—the pursuit of beauty. The 'Modernists,' as they are called for want of a better term, wander after curiosities of technique, vaguely hoping they may light on some invention which will make them famous. They do not belong to art; they are untrained inventors of processes of the arts.

"One thing more—it seems to me that the majority of critics miss the chance of doing good by failing to understand the situation; too many of them waste their time in disapproval of what they dislike, instead of looking for what they can honestly admire. The public thinks that a critic is a person who attacks and condemns; a critic should be one who discriminates. The critic who can do good is one who does not neglect the high lights for the shadows, but strives to find the best points in each work of art."

Oriental Art: A Note by Eugène Castello



University Museum, Philadelphia

POTTERY MORTUARY HORSE (CHINESE)

Chinese porcelain vases, the rich cobalt blues, the mottled powder blues, the celadons, peach blooms, sang de bœuf, *famille verte*, *famille noir*, turquoises and mandarin yellows appeal to the eye of the artist probably more than would the design of most of the specimens familiar to many of us through modern imitations, but the old colours are, many of them, inimitable. Among other curious objects of art there is a pair of mortuary horses in glazed pottery 19½ inches high, dating about A.D. 900. A bronze, gold and silver niellé wine-pot apparently made about 1000 B.C. Statues in stone of Buddhist deities and priests and grotesque animals are exposed effectively

O RIENTAL ART
A NOTE BY EUGÈNE CAS-
TELLO

THE opening of an exhibition of Oriental Art in the new Charles Curtis Harrison Hall of the University Museum of Philadelphia, was the occasion on February 14 of a gathering of people distinguished in art, college and social circles, interested as connoisseurs or as generous contributors, in a financial way, to the building of the new hall. In architectural effect it is most imposing, circular in plan, one hundred feet in diameter, crowned by a vaulted dome and lighted at the apex very much in the way that is seen in the Pantheon at Rome and, in addition, by means of a row of triplet windows at the springing of the vault arches. The most remarkable part of the display is of Chinese provenance, many superb porcelains purchased from the Morgan collection, others loaned, ancient sculpture, bronzes, jades, paintings, and objects in faïence. There is also a notable assemblage of articles of religious use from Thibet. A number of very large squares of old Brussels tapestry relieve the warm grey of the walls. The exquisite colourings of these ancient

tively in niches and on pedestals. A small collection of milk-white and green jade sceptres and



University Museum, Philadelphia

CHARLES CURTIS HARRISON HALL



University Museum, Philadelphia

SEVEN-COLOUR FAMILLE VERTE VASE (CHINESE)

flower vases are wonderfully beautiful and a number of paintings by Chinese artists on long rolls of silk add to the general attractions of the display.



University Museum, Philadelphia

ANCIENT CHINESE WINE JAR

IN THE GALLERIES

ONE of the most important exhibitions of late, from an historical standpoint, is that of Pissarro at the Durand-Ruel Galleries. The greatest of the impressionist school, when we exclude Renoir, he was also the originator of the movement; and his influence on the younger men of his day was more vital and far-reaching than that of any of his contemporaries.

Although in America we have come to look upon Monet as impressionism itself, one glimpse of this exhibition (chosen so as to show the painter's chronological development) attests to Pissarro's superiority to the popular creator of the water-lilies, the haystacks and the cathedrals. With all Monet's versatility and daring he never achieved the calmness of mastery which Pissarro exhibits. In such pictures as *Quai Napoléon*, *Rouen*; *Le Jardin de Presbytère à Knoch* and *Le Louvre-Matin-Soleil*—all distinguished by their intensely truthful approximation to nature—there is a superlative quality of security in idea, a reaching forward of an intense sincerity toward something certain, and a profound sensitivity to the more sombre of nature's moods.

The *Marché à la Volaille* and *Marchande de Marrons* are rarer bits of Pissarro's genius. In them is the nucleus of great composition, a vague groping toward a more stable quality of order than in his landscapes. In all there is a delicate balance of colour and line, and a vision so large and confident that his most complicated subjects are like simple and peaceful chants. This simplicity is due to his accentuation of only several main lines of contour and the subordination of everything else to these salients.

In this exhibition are works as early as 1870 and as late as 1901. There are pictures which recall Seurat, and others which, in parts, recall Corot. In all of them, however, is evidenced the lover of his art, working not in order to be called an inventor, but to penetrate more deeply beneath the surface of his life's passion.

On the next page is the belfry of Furnes. Situated in West-Flanders, so near the firing line, that as early as December, 1914, a number of shells fell unexpectedly in this city. This belfry, part of the Palais de Justice and directly behind it, shows the characteristic features of architecture from Gothic to Renaissance style, and is considered one of the most interesting historical



BELFRY OF FURNES
BELGIUM

ETCHING BY
PAUL VERREES

monuments of Belgium. This tower and the near-by Church of Ste. Wallburge have suffered damage through the bombardment. The artist, Paul Verrees, is a well-known artist in his own country. Incapacitated by wounds from further fighting he has come to New York to start afresh.

The important painting, *The Madonna En-*

throned, by Bernardino Luini, recently purchased at the Catholina Lambert Sale, is on public exhibition in the East Gallery at the Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway, until further notice.

Fourteen paintings by American artists are now on exhibition in Vose's Gallery, Boston. Mr. Vose has succeeded in securing extremely good examples of the work of the painters shewn. *Exentide, Tarpon Springs, Florida*, by George Inness, and *The Mother*, by C. W. Hawthorne, occupy the two ends of the gallery, and are worthy of special notice. In the former, we are reminded of Mr. Inness's own words: "When you have reached the beauty of russet-gold colour, you may hope for nothing more beautiful."

Elliott Daingerfield, in a recent letter, has paid unstinted tribute to the charm of this canvas. "The picture is a pure poem of the sunset hour," he writes, "intensely felt by the painter, and of that phase of his work which marks his completest reach into the secrets of Beauty—highly synthetic—all details put aside, and yet subtly suggested—the picture was breathed upon the canvas in waves of colour with a technique that none but Inness may know or master."

The Mother is young and dreamy-eyed. A glint of sunlight finds its way into the dusky room, flickering on her brown hair, her simple, blue gown, the baby's head and her own hands that clasp the little one to her breast. The modelling of these hands is scarcely to be surpassed. The luminous shadows of face and throat and the tonal harmony of the composition place it in the front rank of the artist's works. This canvas quickly found a purchaser.

Sharply contrasting with this are a vivid *Girl in Blue* from the brush of Randall Davey, and Daingerfield's sumptuous *Heart of the Rose*.

J. Alden Weir is represented by two paintings, *The Sisters*, in white, which has attracted much attention, and *The Flower Girl*, with her basket of yellow blossoms.

F. W. Benson's *Elizabeth*, high-bred and intellectual in type and reserved in tone, hangs next to Hawthorne's *Mother*, and gives one a curious impression of contrast, while in this, also, the modelling of the hands is most noteworthy.

Frieseke's symphonies in blue and green are always delightful, and *The Venetian Blind* is no exception. His paintings give one the feeling of exquisitely delicate pieces of china—there is a fragile *crispness* about them.



Loaned to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition by Albert Rosenthal, Esq., Philadelphia

THE IRISH BEAUTY
BY SIR TH. LAWRENCE

In the Galleries

George Fuller's *Fedalma* has his usual, golden-brown charm, very different from the liquid browns of William Keith's *Landscape*, where cattle graze beside a quiet pool, which reflects a pale-green sky.

In Ralph A. Blakelock's *The Chase*, the very tree-branches follow the movement of the mounted hunter, who raises his bow and arrow, as he urges his horse onward.

J. Francis Murphy shows us a level *Autumn* of dun-coloured grass—interspersed with flat stretches of green.

Homer Martin's *Solitude—October* is a gentle painting, and the collection is completed by Mr. Ryder's rather mystical *Moonlight*, in tones of brown and white. Many of these paintings are

known to visitors of the Macbeth Galleries, New York, where the best work of the important living American artists is constantly on exhibition.

Oriental art at the Farmer Studio, 56th Street near 5th Avenue, is unusually interesting, for the reason that Mr. Farmer has collected superb examples of hard stones and shows them in a novel and praiseworthy manner. Instead of the usual monotonous showcase crowded with objects, cases here are concealed in the walls and the visitor can see just a few things at a time. The walls are all fitted with sliding panels and perhaps half a dozen examples are shown, so that the eye and brain never weary, and the connoisseur can obtain a real impression of the works of art that interest him, detached from all others.



Courtesy Fane Galleries, Boston
THE MOTHER

BY J. M. W. TURNER



"VIEW OF CAGNES." WATER-COLOUR
BY EDWARD MILLINGTON SYNGE.

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A MANOR HOUSE AT NEWPORT BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

FEW constructions of late in domestic architecture have engaged the attention of architect and layman alike so persistently and instructively as the Duncan house at Newport. Nothing short of genius inspired the architect, Mr. John Russell Pope, whose active brain conceived this old English mansion in its entirety, placed it in perfect accord with its surroundings and saw to every detail of material and furniture within and without.

For some four years every working detail has engrossed his attention. It has been a joyous campaign, during which many a quest in England and on the Continent has been effected in order to procure such material and fittings as were by the very nature of things unobtainable in this country. Wherever possible, however, native craftsmanship and native material has been employed.

Mr. Stuart Duncan realized from the start that

to get the best possible results it was necessary to select one master mind and place all the responsibility there. In this manner Mr. Pope has had unlimited control in every respect and nothing has occurred except through his office.

Compton Winyeates, of which Warwickshire is so justly proud, was the inspirational idea, but only a motif, for needless to say this modern Gothic home is in no wise a copy of that famous moated building in which oubliettes, sliding panels, underground passages, secret hiding places, and delusive stairways delight the eye and puzzle the senses. Such romantic accessories would be out of place in a modern residence in America where civil war, religious persecutions and internecine strife are replaced by the more peaceful struggles of Wall Street and the exigencies of opera and automobile. The aim throughout has been to present a fine Tudor mansion that should comply with the highest standards of art, bear a hospitable but simple appearance and avoid the uncomfortable *cachet* of newness. As we regard the building from



GENERAL VIEW OF THE DUNCAN HOUSE, NEWPORT, R. I.

ARCHITECT: JOHN RUSSELL POPE

Manor House at Newport



MANTEL IN HALL, WITH PEW SEAT IN FRONT

all angles, as shown in the illustrations, and as we pass through the different rooms, it will be readily perceived how earnestly the architect has fulfilled his intention of keeping a new house old, utilizing old material and by insisting upon all the work, whether wood, stone, plaster or metal, being fashioned by hand instead of by machinery.

Contributory in a large measure to the old-time appearance of the house is the kingwood stone from Virginia which Mr. Pope discovered after a wide search and which has been used extensively and with great benefit. Special rough quarried slate from Vermont possessed qualities which made instant appeal. These hand-made slates have the natural colour of exposure and thus another problem was satisfactorily solved.

This consummate attention to every detail has resulted in a livable quality which few great houses possess in this degree. It is the perfection of harmony in design, the marvellous assembling of suitable fittings, the pervading refinement of style that fill the mind in making a tour of this very exceptional home which truly makes an epoch in American architecture. There has been

no struggle of conflicting tastes. The owner knew what he wanted and with excellent generalship picked out the man to do it, giving him an absolutely free hand.

A handsome Tudor stone arch marks the entrance into the great hall, the stone vestibule being entered through a pair of wrought-steel gates or grilles adapted from those in Westminster Abbey in the Chapel of Henry VII.

In the living-room the walls are wainscotted from the floor right up to the polychrome frieze with oak panelling, the ceiling is pure Gothic in a delicate tracery design. Giving warmth and colour to the apartment are three fine tapestries. Chandeliers of a later period alternate with Gothic lanterns suspended in the two bays looking out on the harbour. A magnificent tricladium rug, 46 by 28 feet, covers the floor.

Facing one from the living-room across the entrance hall is the gallery, connecting hall and dining-room, with low wagonheaded ceiling and old stone flagging. Here we notice a model of Sir Francis Drake's flagship, the lines of the ship according gracefully with the intentional auster-



SOME CHOICE PIECES OF FURNITURE

ity of the gallery. A richly carved screen gives entrance to the dining-room which is highly decorated in colour after the manner of the period. This apartment impresses one at once by its great size, 56 x 34 feet, and by the pendentive treatment of the ceiling. An enormous mantel with marble supports and corbels takes its place fittingly in the scheme. The carved lintel is a representation of St. George and the Dragon, the Duncan house being utilized as the setting of the scene. This statuary is quite a feature of the room and has been exquisitely carried out. One observes how efficient has been the regard of every space. An empty fireplace would have been a disturbing note. Consequently we find it furnished with an old crane, pothanger and andirons. Stained-glass windows give warmth and richness to offset the sombre woodwork. A teak plank floor serves for dancing. At the end of the thirty-foot table are old buckets that once graced the royal pavilion at Brighton in the days of good King George. Old leather and silver tankards from the Guildhall are among the thousand and one treasures that have been

collected by degrees to take their places where needed. Trophies of the chase, souvenirs of the owner's deer-stalking in Scotland protrude from the walls.

The library, approached by way of the gallery, is a pleasant sanctum, not too formal and not overloaded with books. This is an exceedingly agreeable family retreat memorable for the exceptionally good stained glass scattered about, and the massive oak door, built out of oak twelve hundred years old taken from the vicinity of Sherwood Forest.

In every detail the same efficiency is brought to one's senses. Locks, hinges and handles are all especially designed and hand wrought, thus giving a personal and individual note which one so seldom encounters. All the appointments of a well-planned house strike the eye pleasantly, thus, instead of a glare of light, fixtures and portable lamps give the necessary illumination. In passing a cheery fireplace in one of the rooms, you find an old pew seat bidding real welcome to the hearth. The staircase is dominated by a great stone-mullioned window. Stone arches play quite a rôle throughout the plans.

Very noticeable is the discriminate bringing



A SERVICE GATEWAY

Manor House at Newport



A CORNER OF THE MAIN STAIRWAY

together of period furniture ranging from Gothic up to Chippendale and fine pieces of Jacobean. In the hall is a rare example of a so-called Act of Parliament clock, composed entirely of wood, to

evade the then almost prohibitive tax on metal. Beautiful lacquered cabinets of the time of Queen Anne, William and Mary, have been acquired and make a gracious impression in their new quarters.



THE DINING-ROOM



GALLERY SHOWING THE STEEL GRILLES, DINING-ROOM BEYOND THE SCREEN

Manor House at Newport



BUTRESS TOWER AND TWISTED CHIMNEYS

The superb vista enjoyed from one end of the living-room looking down the gallery and across the dining-room covers a distance of two hundred feet or more.

The entrance is reminiscent of that beautiful Sussex seat, Cowdray House.

The sweet low lines of Tudor tradition, the spacious square-headed windows, battlemented parapets, twisted chimneys, butress tower, stone arches, plum-coloured bricks, seasoned flags with grass springing up in the interstices, are indelible memories.



DETAIL OF THE NORTH PORCH



APPROACH TO THE DUNCAN HOUSE



ENTRANCE HALL WITH ARCHED DOOR LEADING TO LIVING-ROOM



MR. IMBRIE'S HOUSE, ORANGE, N. J.

MANN & MACNEILL, ARCHITECTS

MODERN STAIRWAYS AND THEIR ANTECEDENTS BY JOHN T. FALLON

SOMEWHERE back in the eleventh century, when social life was casting off its garb of mediævalism and expanding into the fullness and complexity of our modern habits of living, the stairway first began to be considered as an architectural feature of the house and to receive an adequate and appropriate treatment. During the intervening centuries its development has pursued a gradual and even course in contradistinction to the various stylisms that have been applied to the other parts of the house and has, in consequence, suffered less in the hands of erratic and individual schools of design.

Perhaps the unchanging character of its functions, which are those of affording a convenient connection between the different floors of the house, have contributed to this uniformity of development. The stairway is the key to the planning of the house and has always merited

the most serious attention of the architect. More than that, its invitation for one to ascend to unseen rooms and floors strikes a chord in the imagination that adds charm and mystery to its other and more important functions. How necessary and desirable an element of our domestic life the stairway is to us is evinced by the demand for the so-called duplex type of apartment, or apartments running through two floors, where it has been introduced less as a practical requirement of planning than a decorative feature.

In Italy the stairway never achieved a very intimate character which, however, may be said to be equally true of the rest of the Italian palace. Until the end of the fifteenth century the common practice was to build the stairs in straight flights between walls; the monumental staircase that we are accustomed to associate with the Renaissance was reserved for the seventeenth-century architects to develop. In France and England the house has always had a much more private character than in Italy. The seclusion

Modern Stairways and their Antecedents

and protection afforded by the mediæval castle persisted as an influence in these countries well after even the days of the Renaissance. The French staircase designer spent all the elaborate ingenuity of his art upon the construction of the stairs and worked out the necessary curved forms in stone with consummate skill; wrought iron rails are a distinctive feature in French stairway design and contribute greatly to the elegance and suavity of French interiors.

The development of English stairway design

the license of the Restoration in art and literature had been exchanged for the constrained intellectuality of the Georgian era. This attitude of mind is most faithfully mirrored in the furniture of the age which represents the quintessence of elegance.

In England the Georgian stair was built of wood, a fact that, of course, fitted in admirably with the requirements of Colonial builders. In plan, however, the hall extending through the width of the house is distinctly American. In



A HOUSE AT HACKENSACK

KARL KORN, ARCHITECT

is probably more interesting to us, both because of its greater variety and because of its close relation to our own American architecture. Nowhere more than in the stairway is the close connection between our own architecture and the contemporary Georgian work shown than in the design of the staircase. In England the stairway had previously to Revolutionary days gone through a gradual substitution of the exuberance of the early Renaissance for correct and somewhat classic forms, in a similar way that

both English and American houses, the stairs usually ran in short straight flights to a quarter landing, then continuing in another flight at right angles. In the process of development, the handrail, which rose spirally from a small central newel, was first intercepted by newels at the landings which it later surmounted and which were finally entirely suppressed, allowing the rail to carry in one full sweep from floor to floor and paving the way for that triumph of the late Colonial designer, the full elliptical stair. This



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MILLER & MEGGS, ARCHITECTS



11 EAST 55TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

MOTT B. SCHMIDT
ARCHITECT



THE CRITTENDON HOUSE
CORNWALL, N. Y.

PARKER MORSE HOOPER
ARCHITECT

Modern Stairways and their Antecedents

last phase of development brought out all the technical skill of the carpenter and his results are more than mere construction; they were imaginative works of art, comparable to the masterpieces of the period of Louis XVI.

The introduction of mahogany is coincident with the Georgian era. Originally imported from the island of Jamaica, the suitability of this wood for stair rails was almost instantly recognized by the eighteenth-century architect and its rich colour strikes a characteristic note in all Georgian stair design. That its use was confined to stair rails largely was not entirely due to its cost, but as much to the good taste of the designers who must have felt its inappropriateness when used in large surfaces and quantities.

In the design of stairways probably more than of any other part of the house, we have a definite tradition that is still a very potent influence. The Georgian stairway has persisted to this day with no essential modification and remains the strongest factor in modern stairway design. Its simplicity of construction in contrast with the more elaborate French or Tudor types is only one of the numerous reasons for this. Its forms reflect as faithfully the characteristics of our modern American life as they did the society of the epoch of the Georges and they seem part and parcel of our interiors. The few modifications that it has undergone in the hands of American designers lie chiefly in the introduction of some of the spirit of the Italian Renaissance. Under the hand of so notable an architect as Charles A. Platt, this mixture of the Colonial and the Italian becomes a happy and successful fusion of the two styles and moreover one of distinctive character. The theorist must be asked to pardon the foregoing use of terms—the so-called Colonial style is, of

course, only a derivative of the Italian Renaissance, and the introduction of pure Italian motives is nothing more nor less than a plain reversion to type, to paraphrase an entomological expression.

The Tudor stairway was essentially a product of the joiner's art. Its most conspicuous feature was the newel, square at first with strap-work ornamentation, and later turned, surmounted by more or less elaborate finials that took first the form of heraldic figures, and as the seeds of the Renaissance began to germinate, vase forms or

baskets of fruit and flowers. The balustrade also received the attention of the woodcarver and the blocky balusters of Elizabethan times were later supplanted by panels of flowing vine patterns, carved in most elaborate and extravagant motives. A solidity that often approached the ponderous was a marked characteristic of the stairways; the retention of the arcade dividing the staircase from the hall added to this feeling of weight as did also the preponderance of heavy mouldings.

The modern derivatives of this type are full of appealing charm

that is only surpassed by the original examples that form their inspiration. To the variety of play of light and shade and bold composition are added the texture of the oak in which they are executed, for to be correctly authentic, it is quite necessary to fashion them from woods that most nearly approximate the colour and tone of old English oak. They have a sturdy masculinity and healthful virility that refreshes one after having been steeped in the severe correctness and primness of the Georgian types. Only too often the modern translation of the Tudor stair is cumbersome and unintelligent—our architects work in this style with



THE HAYWARD HOUSE BATES & HOWE, ARCHITECTS

Art in Outdoor Living

less ease and more apparent effort, and occasionally mistake crudeness for boldness and ungainly proportions for sturdiness of effect.

The domestic hall is a lineal descendant of the great hall of castellated architecture, while the staircase, always a distinct and separate feature in Latin countries, was even in England cut off from the hall by some architectural motive until the eighteenth century when the two were merged into one. Even in modern days, the architect frequently re-echoes this original distinction by the placing of beams or columns in such a way as to preserve the division between the two. Our modern hall is still in a state of flux as regards planning, for the introduction of small reception rooms leading off it robs it of its importance as a room.

The history of the stairway is illustrative of the slow and accumulative growth of the art of architecture. Bound by the fixed requirements of the human figure its present forms are the results of centuries of development that have with patient slowness evolved the present types.

ART IN OUTDOOR LIVING

ARTISTIC furnishings and effective illumination with well-diffused indirect light produce

the charming effect shown in the picture of this Brooklyn home. Powerful silvered glass reflectors within the suspended bowl are the cause of the even diffusion of mellow light which is cast upward from one or more tungsten lamps and then reflected downward by the ivory-tinted ceiling.

The lattice work, the wicker furniture, the sculptured urn all reflect the restful rays, producing a luminous effect which is varied by the colour scheme of rug, silken curtains and figured cretonne. Posies, palms and graceful ferns add the final touch of beauty to a reposeful porch in which outdoor living is an art.

In installing these lighting fixtures which contain reflectors, the number of feet in ceiling space, and the power of the lamps, are carefully proportioned so that the room shall receive exactly the necessary amount of light. The reflectors made in one piece of corrugated crystal glass and plated with pure silver are very powerful and designed to produce agreeable lighting effects.

There is a supposition that such great lighting value must be produced only at great cost, so beautiful is the illumination, but this is erroneous as no light is wasted and current consumption is not increased. GRACE T. HADLEY.



THE PORCH OF THE MARTINDALE RESIDENCE, RUGBY ROAD, BROOKLYN

Miniatures by Stella Lewis Marks, A.R.M.S.

MINIATURES BY STELLA LEWIS
MARKS, A.R.M.S.



LUCIUS
JUNIUS
HENDERSON
ESQ.



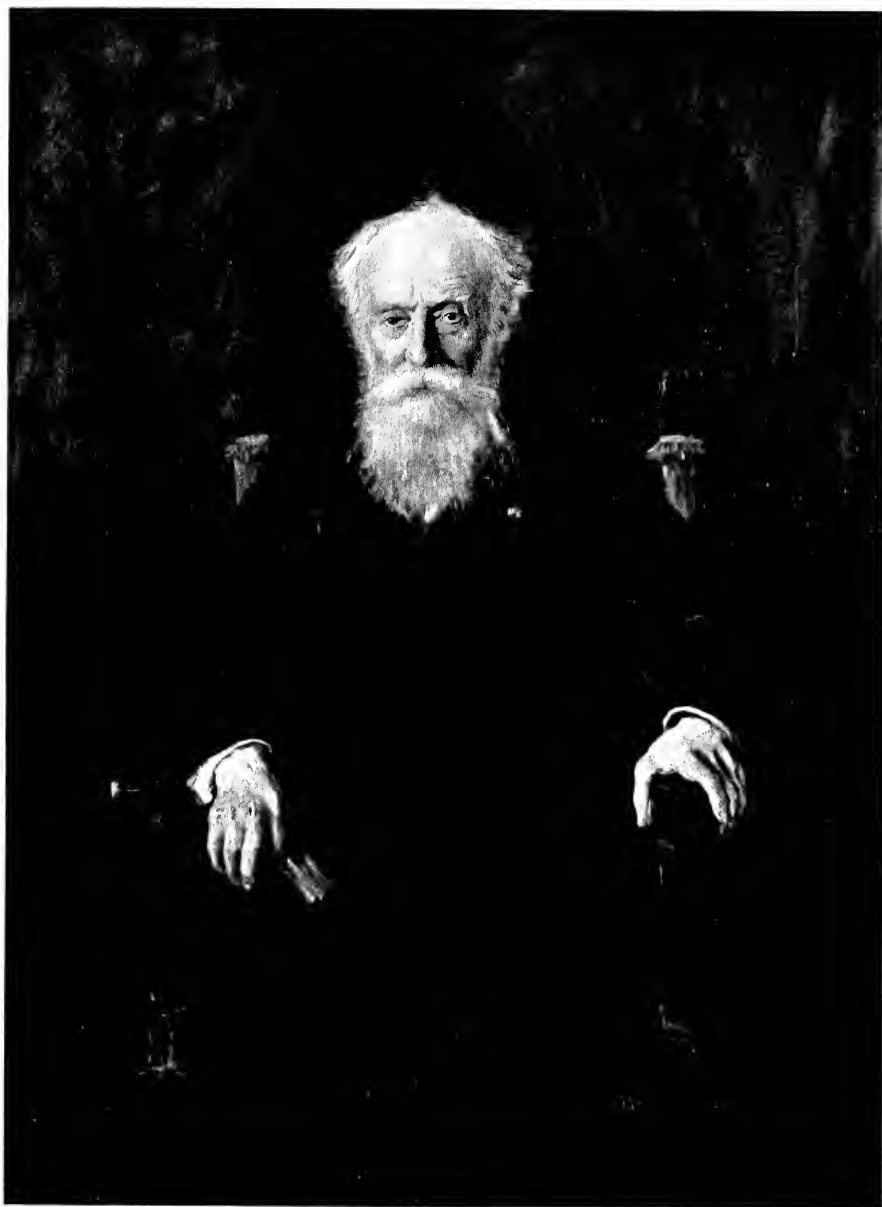
MISS BETTY
MILLER, S.I.



MRS. JAMES HARDIE BARR, PITTSBURGH



HERSELF



PORTRAIT OF JOHN BURROUGHS
BY PRINCESS LWOFF PARLAGHY

For some years this eminent artist has been engaged upon the task of committing to oils the features of many of America's celebrities. The latest addition to the famous collection is the well known naturalist and author, Mr. John Burroughs.

ART AND THE MAN—CRITICS AND
OTHER MEDDLERS
BY RAYMOND WYER

THE world to-day is suffering more from an inability to discriminate between false and true critics than anything else. Making profit out of this condition is a flourishing business for commercial, retrospective, superficial, and sometimes eccentric persons. This is as true in art as in other departments of life. The difference is that the general apathy toward art makes it easier for them to carry on their activities.

I recently suggested that the chief reason for public bewilderment in matters of art is the diversity of opinion among those who are considered authorities. These authorities may be mediocre or commercial painters or those whose sole art experience has been a visit to the Louvre, the Luxembourg, and other European galleries, or any of the trifling experiences upon which people base their right to pass judgment on art matters.

When it is an artist who is the disturbing factor, it is usually the result of a disgruntled state of mind because the local art society has not supported his work as much as he feels it deserves. In retaliation he is contemptuous of all activities of, and works of art bought or exhibited by, the offending organization. In many ways his resentment is not an unnatural condition. The support he gives is regulated by the support he receives, regardless, of course, whether or not his work merits recognition. It may be shortsighted, but it has an economic cause and is an attitude often associated with men of larger vision than is possessed by the average local artist.

This perplexity concerning art and the application of art is not confined to small communities, or to the less informed part of the public, but extends to those who are keenly active in art matters in all cities. Their condition is not due to the teaching of the unqualified art critic but to the want of unanimity among those who are considered the best authorities. There are, I must explain, two types of leading art critics. By leading art critics I refer to those who contribute to the principal magazines, and whose criticisms are accepted as the best by artists, connoisseurs, and other students of art. One of these types is constructive. He studies the past and interprets the present to penetrate into the future. With him the past is the key to the

future. His attitude is satisfying to one school of thought, for they see in it criticism which stimulates creativeness and the human intellect, and sustains evolution.

Another type is retrospective in mind. He bases his criticism and his thought on the established qualities of the past. He hallmarks them with as much complacency as the shopkeeper sells his wares on a similar guarantee. It is evidence of respectability, and a stereotyped respectability is the chief asset of many critics and many artists who endeavour to standardize art, and bring it into line with other honorable callings like the law, astronomy, and archæology. With some exceptions the extreme retrospective attitude in art criticism has died out, and even some of these exceptions stimulate themselves at times with the adventure of an original idea. Yet I am far from being convinced that they do no good, for they have a quality of thought which is still a comfort to many artists, as it is also to many people in other walks of life who make a demonstration of a mawkish morality for want of courage or originality to be anything else.

There is another kind of art critic. This one is unique, for he cheerfully declares he knows nothing about art, yet still makes sweeping statements concerning it, or uses any power he may have to interrupt the work of others. He is quite consistent, because he not only says he knows nothing about art but admits that he has no ability to find out. We always admire frankness and, if it were not that irreparable harm is often the result of this attitude, we could also be amused at any one placing himself in so ludicrous a position.

In speaking of a permanent collection in which there were a number of fine portraits a gentleman recently said: "I think it is a great mistake to put portraits in a public museum." Comment is unnecessary. Of course, the museum at once disposed of its Van Dyck, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Hals, Stuart, Holbein, Sargent, etc., etc., and exchanged a portrait by Gainsborough for one of his landscapes!

Whether these trivial conceptions are caused by commercial instincts, conceit, or want of imagination, the fact remains they are responsible for much of that indifference and cynicism of the public toward art with which those who are earnestly working to create better conditions have to contend.



THE BLUE CASCADE

BY FREDERICK J. WAUGH, N.A.

SPRINGTIME AT THE ACADEMY BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

IN THIS joyous season of awakening, when the pall of winter has been cast aside and all living things rejoice, it might be assumed for granted that the artists would be imbued with the same quality of sensuous delight and would manifest it in their offerings. Such is indeed the case in isolated instances, but taking the exhibition as a whole, there exudes from the majority of the canvases displayed more the essence of winter—apart from the mere subject—than that of spring, rather the impression of a funeral than of a rebirth. Famous clubs, by over-exclusiveness, have frequently had to close their doors, the associa-

tion perishing of dry rot, just as great families, by too studied selections in intermarriage, have developed dulness and idiocy until the happy mating of a son and heir with a milkmaid has saved the situation. Similarly it behooves an academy to look to its laurels by the continuous infusion of fresh and original talent unimpaired by overdraughts of scholastic training.

The many excellent one-man and group exhibitions up and down and round about Fifth Avenue are apt to disconcert the judgment and make one forget for the moment the handicap which the Academy, under its rules, must of necessity accept; still, making all allowances it does seem preposterous that so much art that is stale, flat and unprofitable should rub shoulders gaily with a great deal that is decidedly good.

Springtime at the Academy



DUXBURY ONE HUNDRED

BY CHARLES BITTINGER, A.N.A.

In the light of recent exposures in print an art writer must realise that he is taking desperate chances when he presumes to raise his voice in the disclaim of what he deems weak or actually bad. It is certainly not the office of the critic to run amock amongst the pictures, stabbing in all directions for the sheer joy of being vitriolic, neither should he content himself with the "safety first" attitude which only permits him to eulogize the prize winners (which may or may not justify his euphemisms) and a few obviously good examples upon which superlatives may be showered without special anxiety. It should be borne in mind that his opinions are merely individual and innocuous, they cannot possibly be a criterion for the public or any part of the public. Posterity alone attends to reputations. The most that he can achieve and where he can render service is in animating people to do some thinking for themselves, and to call their attention at times to things which they might otherwise have overlooked or considered negligently. If he throws

bricks and his bricks be built of straw, they can do no damage except to the launcher. Would that immortal personage who disliked Dr. Fell have incurred any odium had he formulated his reasons? Let the art writer preserve the *aurea mediocritas* and continue to call attention, his critiques neither make nor mar the real artist.

After which digression let us plunge *in medias res*, the Vanderbilt Gallery. A place of honour was bestowed deservedly upon Emil Carlsen for his majestic, if somewhat monotonous, moonlight seascape, with movement and mystery of cloud brilliantly recorded. If any objection be found it might be said that the ocean is in inverse ratio to the spacious sky and appears more like a pond. An altered scale would have remedied that defect. Nearby we pause in wonder at the work of his son, Dines, whose Dutch jugs bespeak in technique, handling of lights and surfaces, that supreme knowledge which comes late in life to some artists and not at all to others. What special inspiration can it be that enables a mere lad of

Springtime at the Academy



SYLVAN LABYRINTHS

BY JOHN F. CARLSON, A.N.A.

twelve or so to create a still life that for mastery would baffle most painters in the United States? Possibly Sergeant Kendall's *Sphinx* in the adjoining gallery could make that clear. The *Sphinx*, by the way, has caused considerable talk on account of the unwholesome suggestions evoked which possibly were remote from the artist's mind when he conceived and executed his picture. Certain it is that the plump little nude, seated so decoratively on her haunches, with a far-away expression has been cleverly rendered, excepting the arms, whilst the skeleton in supplication at her feet and the rattlesnake-skin head-dress, bloom and all, shew unusual observation. If the subject is slightly *macabre* it is at least a welcome departure from so much on exhibition that fails to elicit any aesthetic response.

Clamouring for attention and therefore impossible to be passed over in silence is a huge canvas entitled *Fantasy of Goya*. Shades of Goya, what was intended for a triumph has turned out a travesty! Who could witness unmoved that

stream, stands to the credit of Hobart Nichols, the greys being handled in a delightful manner. His daughter, Hildegard, made her *début* with a nice arrangement of fruit and flowers, sanely observed and rendered. Hayley Lever shewed *Dawn*, one of his old paintings of St. Ives harbour before he had adopted his present style. It is an evident challenge. "If you don't like my



BY THE RIVER

BY JOSEPH T. PEARSON, JR., A.N.A. ELECT

Springtime at the Academy



THE STROLLERS

BY ARTHUR CRISP

new stuff, what about the old?" The challenge should go rewarded for it is a fine piece of work and would grace any collection of modern paintings.

Frieseke's *Hammock* is a joyous affair, blues, greens and reflected lights pointing the moral of splendid analysis. Another plein-air canvas of great merit is by Howard Giles, the figure being excellently surrounded and a living part of the landscape. Jonas Lie was represented by a fine luminous subject depicting afternoon lights on a frozen river. The ice quality has been superbly observed. Childe Hassam rendered afternoon sunshine in an autumnal landscape with his usual cleverness which, however, does not include his figure work which continues to be the nigger in the Hassam woodpile.

Howard Russell Butler showed a surging sea bursting grandly upon the rocks, a dramatic if somewhat spotty achievement. Ritschel's Californian picture is a riot of action and colour, shewing a deep study of ocean's moods. Like

old port it will improve with keeping, for it needs a little of the kindly mellowing influence of time.

Pictures calling for special notice in other galleries were a couple by Roy Brown, richly decorative, very simple in pattern and of good tonal quality. One, unfortunately, was badly hung. Max Bohm showed one of his large decorations with a new old-world feeling in it. Two women and a child walking perilously near the edge of a cliff dropping abruptly to the sea beneath. Whilst admiring the picture one cannot help fearing that the child, seemingly some eighteen inches from the danger point, will disappear from view. Lester Boronda had two good pictures, both skied, one a moonlight, the other a figure piece. A very amusing burlesque on serious work was offered in George Bellow's *The Sawdust Trail*. The lemon-coloured ladies in different stages of religious fervour being propped up or ambulated out by male enthusiasts helped to make up a very entertaining canvas full of clever painting and observation. William B. Closson showed



THE WHITE PINE
BY CHARLES C. CURRAN, N.A.



A FOLLOWER OF GROLIER

BY J. ALDEN WEIR, N.A.

Three Friends, three Junoesque young graces marching along in maiden meditation. Florence Gotthold shewed imagination and brains in her picture titled *The Chinese Headdress*. A very plastic nude apparently in process of precipitation (or could it have been hung upside down?), shewed marked abilities on the part of Leopold Seyffert, who was also represented by one of his Segovian portraits.

Both Charles Rosen and Gardner Symons showed strong snowscapes, the effect of sunlight upon snow being well expressed. In *The Blue Cascade* Frederick Waugh deserted marines and gave a distinguished figure composition to prove that he is not sea-bound in choice of subject.

Many other canvases call for comment but unfortunately the space at our disposal compels us to call a halt.



RHEIMS CATHEDRAL—ETCHING
BY VINCENT RANDOLF



THE SCULPTURE GARDEN AT GORHAM'S

GARDEN SCULPTURE
BY GRACE HUMPHREY

AN old Persian proverb avows that if you eat the fruit of tree or vine, out in the sunshine on the soil where it grew, it can do you no harm. The growth of the suburb, the rapid increase of country homes, and the development of gardens have brought in their train a demand for outdoor sculpture, which if gradually has none the less come permanently. Americans have been in the habit of purchasing in Europe works of art which often fail because created in a foreign atmosphere, to fit their new environment.

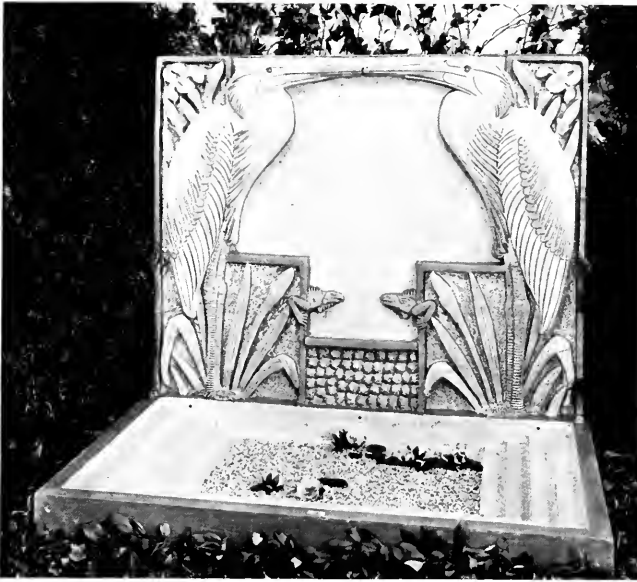
Meanwhile there has been growing up, right in our midst, a group of young sculptors whose work should be known to the American public; if it falls somewhat below, judged by strictest academic rules and standards, it more than balances in the scales because it suits our American surroundings. It is the product of our native feeling for sculpture, of our sunshine, and utilized



GIRL DRINKING
STUDY FOR A FOUNTAIN

BY EDWARD
MCCARTAN

Garden Sculpture



A WALL FOUNTAIN: BIRD BATH

BY EUGENIE SHONNARD

on the soil where it grew, it can do no harm but infinite good.

This was the idea underlying the Gorham exhibition—to show to the American public the work of American sculptors, and under the most favorable conditions. In carrying out this thought, Mr. Frank Purdy, head of the sculpture department, met with a remarkable success.

On the sixth floor of the Gorham building, he created a garden, and showed the various pieces of sculpture in the setting which a real garden would give. Green laurel hedges divided the floor space into beds. Vines grew over the white walls and the garden fence. Gay spring flowers bordered pools and fountains, where water played; and birds flew about, to add the last touch to make the city seem far away and this a tangible garden.

A sense of isolation the visitors felt strongly. This was perhaps due to the fact that the windows, screened with white, gave no view of the busy life of Fifth Avenue. Instead the garden had indirect lighting, whose fixtures made of a soft gray plaster might well be copied in garden or pergola.

Instead of being crowded together, each exhibit had sufficient space, and an adequate setting, actually showing, not merely suggesting, a per-

fection of environment. But the placing had also some reference to the effect of the whole scheme. There were included large figures for park fountains, like the Pittsburgh one modelled by Victor Brenner, small table decorations such as Edith Parsons' flower holder, and Alice Morgan Wright's exquisite little figure *Off Shore Hind*, and every size between; yet the success of the placing carried the eyes of the spectator along, from large to small, without sudden jumps; while bronze and green and soft colours relieved the usual monotony of dead white plaster and

marble. The ninety-six exhibits offered great variety—fountains large and small, sundials, terminal figures for garden paths, gate post decora-



DIANA

BY ROBERT AITKEN, N.A.

Garden Sculpture

tions, bird baths—that surest way to lure the birds to your garden, and have them stay and stay—vases and decorative pieces for the garden wall.

Filled with the spirit of out-doors was the exhibition; not only in Pietro's vigorous figure of the *Out-of-doors Man*, not only in hedge and vines and flower borders forming the backgrounds, but much of the sculpture had the feel of air and space, of flowing water and growing things. Happy and joyous were the children, playing with turtle and butterfly, with bird and fish, with spouting water. And very decorative were many of the designs.

The most imaginative piece of work in the exhibition was the crouching marble figure, *The Waters*, by Solon Borglum, the first piece of its sculptural importance that he has ever shown. It is marked in the catalogue "unfinished" and one cannot suppress the wish that it might remain so. It has, combined with the intense virility of modelling, a veiled charm that pleases the spectator beyond words. Absolutely sound in conception and construction, it is

evidently a marble untouched by the hand of any but its creator. And it shows in its present state the profound philosophy which must have attended long days of patient and joyous development of an ideal. Artist, philosopher, poet, Borglum has given here an expression of his own feeling in sculpture.

One of the best recent examples of sound conventionalization for pure decoration is the wall fountain and bird bath by Eugenie F. Shonmard,

which is pictured here. It is an illustration of the fact that American sculptors are all feeling for colour in their work. Mr. Purdy believes that the time has been approaching, and is now here, when the public will afford our sculptors opportunities to express themselves in colour in this way; and this particular piece will lead in this direction. For it violates no academic creed, and

is at the same time wholly free in conception and execution. Modelled in low relief, combining blue, green and lavender with tan and brown, it suggests reproduction in tile. Furthermore its roughened surfaces and slowly graduated depths indicate a very clear knowledge of the habits and the preferences of the birds whom it was especially designed to lure and make happy. For both artist and layman, the study of bird-life, with a view to creating things to bring them more closely into our lives, is one of the most beautiful that can be indulged in; and here again, this piece of sculpture points the way.

The most interesting of the sundials is *Morning, Noon and Night*, the work of

Harriett W. Frishmuth, who has named it the Purdy sundial. An attractive solution of the problem of combining circle and triangle is shown in the three girlish figures supporting the dial.

Of the fountain figures, one of the most attractive is the girl drinking from a shell, by Edward McCartan. Its charm would seem to depend largely on the inspiration of a pleasing youthful model, the figure having evidently been modelled very close to nature; and thus it has



YOUTH

BY JANET SCUDDER

acquired a flower-like quality which, though not great sculpturally, gives it a fine and pleasing decorative sense. The thin veil of water falling from the shell is needed to complete the figure. In great contrast to this is Janet Scudder's remarkably modelled figure, appealing as splendid technique rather than arousing imagination.

Robert Aitken's garden figure is one of the most beautiful in the exhibition, and well deserves its place of honour in the centre path of the garden. It is one of the best expressions of the sculptor's soundness and saneness of point of view that he has thus far created, and it expresses these to a marked degree. The draftsmanship is unusually clear and crisp, the modelling has a certain sure quality giving a pleasing feeling of lack of effort, while the whole composition is a complete and superb answer to the isms of so-called modern art movements, meeting them on their own ground, and sending all their theories tumbling to the ground.

One section of the garden was set apart for the work of Helen Farnsworth Mears, whose recent death ended a career of unusual promise. Her dancing nymph and the sketches for the Fountain of Joy suggest the qualities of grace and buoyant joyousness.

The photograph herewith given, showing one end of the *Gorham Garden*, gives the readers of the *STUDIO* an idea of the placing of the exhibits and of the general ensemble. To Mr. Purdy, to whom public and sculptors alike are grateful, are due the beauty and success of this garden, where the fruit may be enjoyed, in the sun, and on the soil where it grew.

BOOK REVIEW

B CHATS ON JAPANESE PRINTS. By Arthur Davison Ficke. (Frederick A. Stokes & Co.) \$2.50.

We must first quarrel good naturedly with Mr. Ficke about his title. "Chats" are quite proper in their place, but the word sounds a false note in this instance. Apparently its use was arbitrary, as the book is one of a series by various authors, on different subjects, issued by the same publishers, all of which are called "Chats"—some of them, at least, justly so.

Hamerton's "Graphic Arts" would hardly be called "chats," and neither should Mr. Ficke's valuable contribution to our art literature bear

such a word on its title page. It is a thoughtful treatise, and deserves to rank high among the best works we have on art subjects.

The message of Japanese art to the Western world is well expressed in the opening chapter:

"That sublimated pleasure, which is the seal of all the arts, reaches its purest condition when evoked by a work in which the aesthetic quality is not too closely mingled with the every-day human. . . . The graphic art of an alien race has therefore an initial strength of purely aesthetic appeal that a native art often lacks. It moves free from the demands with which unconsciously we approach the art of our own people. It stands as an undiscovered world, of which nothing can logically be expected. The spectator who turns to it at all must come prepared to take it on its own terms. If it allures him, it will do so by virtue of those qualities of harmony, rhythm, and vision, which in these strange surroundings are more perceptible to him than in the art of his own race, where so many adventitious associations operate to distract him. . . . Here, in unfamiliar environment, the fundamental powers of design stand forth free.

The atmosphere is delightful and the pages irresistibly impart the joy of the enthusiast who is revelling in a field that he loves, and which he is teaching us to love. He tosses flowers in his revels, for the little poems scattered through the book are most beautiful and appropriate. Some of his lines in "A Portrait of a Woman, by Hosoda Yeishi" (page 263), might well be applied to our own aesthetic art.

"A holy image in the grasp
Of pagans careless to adore;
A pearl secreted in the clasp
Of oozy weeds on some lost shore."

This and other thought-gems, which might almost be culled at random from among the pages, appeal to the mind and heart, and waft us into Arcady from a world of prose.

The author is essentially a poet, but his poetic standpoint does not interfere with the practical value of his work as a text-book. It deals with the history of Japanese prints in a concise and well-ordered way—how and when they were made, and who made them. Their relationship and value to the world's art are discussed in an able and scholarly manner. The book is a distinct addition to modern art literature, and it may be accepted as authoritative.



TABLE DECORATION NO. 3

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF CRAFTSMEN: TENDENCIES IN TABLE DECORATION
BY MARSHAL FRY

THE great awakening in our country of interest in the Art of Interior Decoration, and in the realization of the fact that suitable surroundings may contribute so greatly to our joy and peace of every-day life, is bringing us a new viewpoint from which to regard handwork.

This awakened interest and enthusiasm concerning art in furnishing is becoming increasingly general, and is causing us more than heretofore to regard handwork in its relation to its environment as part of a general scheme, rather than as something interesting in itself but unrelated to other things.

It also has the happy tendency of bringing the various kinds of handwork into greater prominence, broadening our field of activity by showing us new ways of applying our ideas

and giving us a larger viewpoint from which to work.

One of the arts which is being stimulated and inspired to better things by the modern tendencies in furnishing is that of overglaze ceramics. The recent exhibition of the Ceramic Society of Greater New York showed that many keramists are working along right lines and striving to bring their work into harmony with modern ideas of design and colour, suitability to purpose, and right relation to environment.

Since the years during which I was engaged in ceramic work, my varied artistic experiences in painting pictures, building and furnishing houses, etc., have brought about a larger sense of relationships between the arts, and new possibilities in the old and familiar crafts. My interest in overglaze ceramics has been stimulated through being enabled to see its important and rightful place in modern furnishing, and I have come to feel that the natural and logical connection between ceramics and interior decoration is the

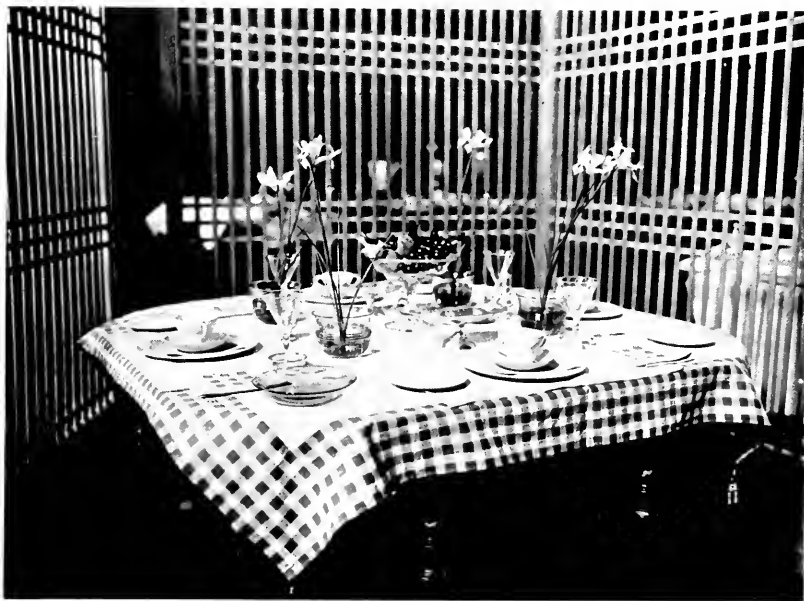


TABLE DECORATION NO. 1



TABLE DECORATION NO. 2

The National Society of Craftsmen

art of table decoration, an art particularly within the province of the ceramic worker. In my summer school at Southampton, Long Island, the past season, also in my classes of the past winter, a special feature has been made of the subject of Table Decoration. I am continually assembling examples of arrangements to use educationally, in my teaching.

Of these, the little breakfast or cottage luncheon service (illus. No. 1) was a happy, amusing little scheme, profuse in colour, the brilliant blue glass flower bowls and rose-violet linen causing iridescent reflections in the silver and glass. The china was soft blue Wedgwood, the tall old-fashioned glass comport in centre was filled with black grapes and apricots. The quaintly formed glass water goblets were made still more charming by being set in little silver coasters.

To give detail and chic, a broad band of bold blue and white check linen was applied around the cloth, and while some people were startled by the effect, it was this which gave a distinctly modern and piquant touch.

One for a dinner (illus. No. 2) was also modern in spirit, but more serious in treatment, the principal characteristic of which might be said to be distinction of colour. The soft sulphur yellow of the china and linen, salmon gray of the huge Capri bowl in centre with note of white in the little marble figurine, the silvery sheen of the pewter candlesticks, comports, etc., and the glass-ware, brought about a subtle blending of cool and warm tones. The notes of contrast were supplied by the black, coral and emerald green fruits, the deep yellow of the beeswax candles, and the exquisite purples and blues of the tall-stemmed Spanish iris. The pewter and glass reflected the surrounding colours, and, aided by the light filtering through the lattice screens, the effect was one of iridescence and enchantment.

The third arrangement (illus. No. 3) was stately and more conservative, being planned for formal use. Things Italian in spirit were used in a way to suggest a miniature Italian garden. The linen and all accessories were in varying tones of gray whites and ivory whites, the real colour being supplied by the flowers and fruits.

These schemes of table decoration were planned out, assembled and shown as a plea for more art and more colour in this field. As Miss Carey, of the *Times*, said, "Colour is emphasized, and a table no longer is seen as a white elephant in a

richly coloured interior, but as a component part of the room, playing its rôle in the total effect."

Table decoration is a large field, and it is a subject of universal appeal. I see no reason why there should not develop a demand for specialists in this branch of interior decoration who may be commissioned to take charge of the decorations for special occasions as well as to study out practical ideas for ordinary use.

BOOK REVIEW

THE DUNE COUNTRY. By Earl H. Reed. (John Lane Co.) \$2.50.

Whatever troubles authors are heir to they have one great privilege of which they are not slow to avail themselves: they can annex any area of country and make it their own by virtue of the pen. This is what Earl Reed, the gifted etcher and author, has done with the Dune country about Lake Michigan. He has created himself by needle and nib Lord of the Michigan Dunes and it would take a strong party to oust him.

His first wanderings in that desolate region revealed to him the picturesqueness of the unpicturesque. The ordinary tourist would look in vain for material for dealer or publisher, and would hasten to fresh fields and pastures new. Not so Earl Reed; he discovered beauty in unexpected places, rare moods of Nature who does not impart her secrets to the unselect and who must be reverently solicited. His cult of the dunes extends over years and yields him a plenitude of material. At first his interest lay chiefly in etching sandy hills, trees and wind-swept shrubs, storms crossing the lake and similar phenomena. This student of nature by degrees gained the confidence of the crows and other birds and beasts, willing to provide him with ideas and pose as models. This the second phase. The third phase of his explorations finds him hobnobbing with the most extraordinary types of the *gens humana*, mostly derelicts, but all very human, very pathetic at times and invariably entertaining. It is scarcely strange then that the impulse to record his adventures and co-ordinate his characters has ended in type.

The author has good literary style, plenty of dry humour, a deep knowledge of and sympathy with his subject, a love of nature and the passions of a poet. Furthermore, the book contains fifty illustrations after the author's etchings.



CORNER OF A GALLERY AT GOUPIL'S SHEWING ETCHINGS AND BRONZES

IN THE GALLERIES

ONE of the finest exhibitions of American artists, past and present, has been on view at the Macbeth Galleries where it has been possible to see some excellent Blakelocks side by side with rare specimens of Inness, Wyant and Martin. The Spring Academy and sculpture at Gorham's improvised garden have been noticed in special articles.



THE GOLFER

BY GENEVA MERCER

The Knoedler Galleries had an exhibition recently of the English artists. William Strang, the etcher, is not at his best in *Danae*. The feeling for line and rhythm is there but a constant peculiarity of colour sense or lack of it seems to convict him of a deficiency in colour-perception in its wider and finer sense. Colour with him seems to be primal—a question of pigment rather than of atmospheric sensation and true vision. A matter either of a primitive outlook on natural facts, or of optical defect.

Sims alone vies with Orpen in brilliancy of imagination, desire for experiment and excellent mastery of media. In every conception by either there is a sense of vitality and joy which brings forcibly to evidence, by comparison, the "fatigue" which one feels often subconsciously in the work, especially in the medium of oil, of most of the men who have "found" themselves.

The Siamese studies of Festus Kelly are a disappointing output by a man who has done really fine things. They are examples of an unfortunate care in selection shown in the grouping and gathering of this collection. A better judgment and greater care exercised in London would be to the benefit of the painters and the New York public.

Steer's one exhibit is characteristic of a slovenliness and a stupid carelessness of opinion which is his. It is an unworthy thing by a good man, of whom one would not care to say or to believe that he desires to live on a past reputation. Augustus John, one of the most fascinating adventurers of the younger English group, the group which counts for most in the painting of to-day, is again "finding."

At the Reinhardt Galleries, Leon Gaspard, the Russian artist, has just concluded an exhibition

In the Galleries

of war subjects taken from Russia and Poland. He has exceptional talent and his success was a foregone conclusion. Added to fine decorative sense, his colour is exquisite and gem-like. His types of peasants, soldiers, etc., are convincing and full of *chic*. In the upstairs galleries, E. Raymond Holland showed some good canvases painted in Morocco, and in Connecticut where he lives. His pictures are bold plein-air subjects. He is particularly successful with seascapes. *Fifth Avenue and 61st Street* is a fine rainy-day rendering. Some statuettes in bronze by Ettore Cadorin are big with feeling; particularly appealing is *The Belgian Girl*, which has been acquired by Caruso with no small judgment.

Remarkable and unique are his basrelief portraits upon ivory, the delicate texture of which is an excellent medium for recording good modelling.

Floyd N. Ackley, worker in crafts jewellery, together with his wife and co-worker, have recently come to Greenwich Village. In a blue-and-orange studio at 139 MacDougal Street, the Ackleys are interpreting personalities through the medium of hand-wrought designs in gold, silver, copper, platinum, precious and semi-precious stones. Mr. Ackley believes jewellery should be a decoration—not just an ornament. He aims to express the personality of the wearer, and not his own, in his line designs. He claims to have been the first to strip jewellery of its mass of irritating details, leaving nothing but the line—and the more simple the line the more beautiful.

An exhibition of modern art at the Bourgeois Galleries included important works by Cézanne, Van Gogh and Seurat. It was desired to shew the diversity among these three masters as a principle that each must work according to his temperament rather than by any fixed rules. The most important picture shewn was *A Sunday at Grande-Jatte*, the most important Seurat ever brought to America, a complete expression of the neo-impressionist school.

Philadelphia is to have its annual exhibitions of contemporary etching. A year ago Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Yeates Brinton gave a successful exhibition in their home, repeating the experiment on a larger scale this year at the Philadelphia Art Club. The exhibition is particularly interesting from the fact that it is thoroughly representative of all tendencies and media in present-day American etching and there is no doubt that this movement is giving great en-

couragement to a branch of art that includes so many big men in its ranks. The great names meet with plenty of recognition but the present display of plates is taking particular account of the rank and file who are less known, several in fact exhibiting for the first time. The Brintons merit a very big vote of thanks and may be regarded as the foster-parents of etching in Philadelphia, where etching heretofore, in spite of Joseph Pennell, has excited but moderate interest. Up to the moment of writing fully six dozen proofs have been purchased.

For some ten years the Italian artist, Vincent Randolf, has been living in this country engaged in mural paintings and water-colour work. Of late years he has, however, succumbed to the allure of the etching needle. On page xciii we reproduce his plate of the Rheims Cathedral.

Ossip Linde, of Westport, Connecticut, has just concluded a highly successful exhibition of his paintings at the Memorial Gallery, Rochester. During last winter he gave a course of lessons in New York, including amongst his pupils exhibitors at the Paris Salon as well as at the Academy, New York; an unusual tribute to a teacher's reputation.

Peter J. L. Van Veen recently exhibited his paintings of Holland and the Forest of Fontainebleau privately at his studio. He has a strong colour sense and a feeling for nature's moods which goes very far below the surface. The spirit of Barbizon is well expressed and explains why those seven great men idealized its sacred precincts.

THE Society for Electrical Development wishes to obtain a poster design to be used in the national electrical celebration to be known as "America's Electrical Week," December 2 to 9, 1916. During this week special decorations, parades, pagantry and electrical shows will be held throughout the United States.

Supporting the Society in this great poster competition are the General Electric Company, Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Western Electric Company, Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston, Commonwealth Edison Company of Chicago, Philadelphia Electric Company, Denver Gas & Electric Company, and many more of the great electric companies. All these concerns are members of the Society, as are many hundred other leaders in the electrical field.

THE VALLEY OF THE AIRE.
BY THOMAS GIRTIN



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COSMOPOLITAN CARNEGIE BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

ALWAYS international of aspect and appeal, the Carnegie Institute this year goes a step further and becomes frankly foreign in persuasion. Six nations—France, Belgium, Italy, England, Germany, and Sweden—are in fact grouped together in approved aesthetic amity. An aftermath of the Panama-Pacific Exposition the display is however in no sense a repetition of that heterogeneous undertaking. The addition of a small but stimulating collection of English canvases, and certain inevitable changes that have taken place in other sections, lend the affair a different complexion. Interesting as they are in detail it is the manifest improvement in these works viewed as an ensemble which gives the event its chief significance. At San

Francisco the prey of circumstance and the unfortunate victim of official inconsideration if not incapacity, this assemblage of painting and statuary as seen in Pittsburgh presents an appeal more in consonance with its incontestable merit. Exposition methods seldom reveal art to advantage, and hence those who saw this work on the Pacific Coast only were able to gather but an incomplete conception of its importance in the evolution of contemporary European taste.

There is much that is exhilarating in the annual pilgrimage to Pittsburgh. The jaded metropolitane, if such he be, can scarcely fail to react to the experience. Nature is decked in the appropriate vesture of spring, the white of dogwood and cherry blossom, the pink of peach and apple. The dynamic vitality of the place is felt directly you approach this veritable cauldron of industry, and when you gain the commodious corridors and



French Contemporary Collection, Carnegie Institute, 1916

COMMUNICANTS

BY MAURICE DENIS

CV

Cosmopolitan Carnegie

galleries of the Institute you pay grateful tribute to the power of organization in art. This sense of system, of good lighting, appropriate backgrounds, and adequate space between each canvas represents the flower of co-ordinated effort. Art can assuredly suffer from over organization, yet visitors to the Carnegie Institute can but recall with a measure of commiseration the impression of chaos that not infrequently characterizes the walls of the National Academy of Design, or the dingy dignity so typical of the interior accommodations of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.

The major portion of this season's offering at the Carnegie Institute consists of the two French collections which figured at San Francisco, the French Retrospective Collection and the French Contemporary Collection, the latter of which having meanwhile been shown with conspicuous success under the auspices of the Albright Gallery, Buffalo. Already adequately reviewed in connexion with the Panama-Pacific Exposition, it is a pleasure to testify that the art of this typically sensitive and logical nation improves upon successive acquaintance. A large proportion of these canvases have been included for official and educational reasons, it being the intention of the authorities to illustrate in the Retrospective Collection the general development of French painting from 1870 to 1910. And still despite a certain amount of not particularly inspiring pabulum the main formative influences have by no means been lost sight of. Manet, Degas, Renoir, Puvis de Chavannes, Cézanne, Gauguin, and Toulouse-Lautrec each find place in an ensemble which is not without its panoramic

battle pieces and obvious appeals to less heroic sentiment.

Manifest leaders in the field of contemporary æsthetic endeavour, the Frenchmen combine on fairly even terms a patent regard for academic precedent with an acquisitive modernism which seems ever ready for new pictorial or plastic conquests. You have but to stroll through the galleries in order to realize how reserved and traditional is Manet's *Le Balcon*, once so vehemently

execrated, and when, on the same wall, you encounter Gauguin's *Friese* so eloquent of tropic intensity balancing a pellucid panel by Puvis, you are moved to wonder why the former was rated an outcast and a barbarian. It is indeed much the same throughout the rooms devoted to the resourceful Frenchmen. The fecund Besnard searching for fresh motives in sun-scorched India renders his dancers, Brahmins, or bracelet vendors with a magnificently disciplined vigour, while the vibrant murals of Maurice Denis hark back in more than subject matter to the rich fancy of the Renaissance and the



French Contemporary Collection, Carnegie Institute, 1916

SACRED HEART

BY GEORGES DESVALLIÈRES

far-off radiance of the Hellenic archipelago.

To pass from the French section to the Belgian, which includes a scant handful of canvases by certain of the leading contemporary men, is to exchange tradition and invention for direct, robust contact with reality. Home lovers for the most part these painters have neither wandered from the compact country of their birth nor strayed into the realm of theoretical abstraction. Albert Baertsoen, Victor Gi soul, and Henri Casiers each illustrate different aspects of their once serene and industrious, now scourged and distraught land. Glimpses of the grim profile of



Swedish Contemporary Collection, Carnegie Institute, 1910

IN THE BIRCH GROVE
BY CARL LARSSON

Cosmopolitan Carnegie



Italian Contemporary Collection, Carnegie Institute, 1916

THE PEARL

BY ETTORE TITO

Liège in winter or the fantastic effulgence of Antwerp by night alternate with views of quiet canal, busy market-place or wind-swept dune. While it is unfortunate that Émile Claus, the master of neo-Impressionist landscape, is not represented, we have in compensation the even more modern vision of Théodore van Rysselberghe. The three colour sketches of van Rysselberghe and a brilliant still-life study by Alice Ronner are indeed the only advanced notes in this group of expatriated canvases that witness the sound observation and solid technical equipment of the contemporary Belgian school.

Among the collections which appeared at San Francisco and are now at the Carnegie Institute it is that of Italy which has lost most in original character and integrity. Many important works have, for one reason or another, been withdrawn, nor have they as is the case with the Swedish section been replaced by others from overseas. We note however a quartette of studies by Camillo Innocenti full of luminous modernity, three canvases from the dexterous brush of Ettore Tito, and such agreeable achievements as Emma Ciardi's *An Avenue in the Boboli Gardens*, Favai's *Les Ombres*, and *Strolling Players* by Vincenzo

Irolli. One can scarcely gather from the display as it stands anything approximating a comprehensive conception of those tendencies that have shaped the destiny of latter-day Italian painting. The absence of the Divisionist school has already been deplored in these pages, and an Italian exhibition minus the work of Segantini, Mancini, Fornara, and men of kindred calibre does not commend itself to serious critical consideration.

If Italy, aside from a few significant personalities on the one hand and a band of impetuous rebels on the other, is doing little for the cause of modernism, the same cannot be charged of our English cousins, the spirit of whose work as currently seen at Pittsburgh is fresh and stimulating. The diverting Orpen is at his best in such compositions as *A Western Wedding* and *Afternoon Rest* wherein his crispness of handling and whimsical conceit find congenial play. A decorative panel by Derrick full of engaging archaism and three swiftly brushed sketches by Cadell add variety to a room which is further enlivened by contributions from such men as John, Lambert, McEvoy, Connard, Rothenstein, and Fred Mayor. While it cannot be conceded that these artists are avowedly advanced in outlook yet their work reveals a brightness of tone and spontaneity of theme that argue well for the furtherance of



Swedish Contemporary Collection, Carnegie Institute, 1916

THE FANTASIST

BY AXEL TORNEMAN

Cosmopolitan Carnegie



Swedish Contemporary Collection, Carnegie Institute, 1910

SUMMER NIGHT BREEZE

BY GUSTAV A. FJAESTAD

the modern programme. They are in brief evolving beyond that stage of saccharine sentiment and obvious anecdote so long typical of British artistic activity. They are acquiring a less conventional conception of the task in hand, and with it that sense of individual freedom which alone makes for aesthetic advancement.

The progress achieved during the past decade by these same artists and their colleagues is still unrecognized outside of their own country, and indeed is not rightly comprehended at home. They have never been adequately presented to the general public, yet once the opportune moment arrives it is safe to predict that their production will prove something of a revelation to those whose conceptions of British painting are circumscribed by the four walls of Burlington House. You now and then chance upon a canvas of outstanding merit at the Salon or find a scant leaven of interesting works among those which

reach these shores, but thus far it is isolated individuals, not British art as a whole that is in any degree appreciated or understood.

That the present exhibition at the Carnegie Institute is not alone cosmopolitan but neutral is proved by the inclusion of certain German paintings mainly of the modern Munich school which occupy one of the lower galleries. Professor Leo Putz, president of Die Scholle, and Walter Thor contribute fluent figure pieces, the former a decorative three-quarter length of a young woman in outdoor costume standing by the shore of a lake, presumably the Chiemsee, the latter a seated likeness of a young girl, warm in colour and sympathetic in presentation. You will observe in these and the remaining canvases a freedom of stroke and frankness of vision in marked contrast to the one-time painful constraint and chromatic poverty of Teutonic painting. It was the sojourn of Liebermann in France and the exhibition at

Cosmopolitan Carnegie

Munich and elsewhere of works by the leading Impressionist masters that proved the salvation of modern German art. Such events were clearly responsible for the passing of what would otherwise doubtless have continued a mere duplication of the dry didacticism and turgid romanticism of preceding generations.

You will, in the foregoing survey, have paid tribute to that sense of form so typical of French art, to the wholesome veracity of the Belgians, the sustained traditionalism of the Italians, the ingenuous freshness of the latter-day Englishmen, and the arduous struggle for colour and manipulative mastery which has in part redeemed the efforts of the Teutons. These points are sufficiently, and in some instances conclusively, elucidated by the pictures at Pittsburgh. There is, however, one more sensation in store alike for the aspiring native or the cis-Alleghanian visitor. With the contribution of the Swedes which occupies the gallery lately devoted to the Alexander Humphreys Collection we are brought into touch with newer issues. Already exhibited with pronounced success at San Francisco, Brooklyn, Boston, and Philadelphia, the Swedish Collection has paused at Pittsburgh en route for the Middle West. Organized under the eclectic auspices of Commissioner Schultzberg this group of paintings, black-and-white, and sculpture, represents the present-day artistic activity of Sweden. Neither radical nor conservative it indicates the normal lines along which Swedish art is progressing.

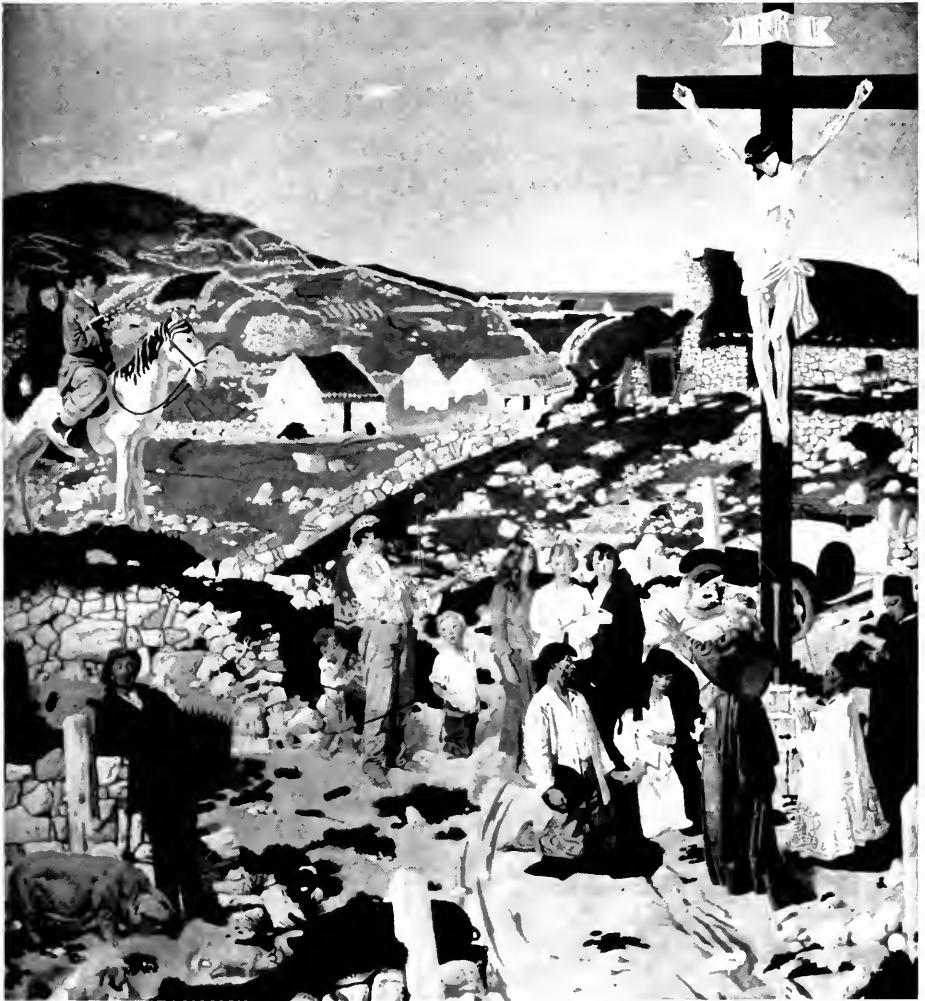
You will realize upon confronting this section that you are in a different æsthetic atmosphere from that which pervades the other collections so hospitably housed at the Carnegie Institute. A strong savour of outdoor existence permeates this work. That blonde clarity of tone so characteristic of the North is here seen in crisp, decoratively conceived snow scene, in wide-sweeping forest tract, or the wave-washed skerries of a seemingly illimitable coast line. You are in brief face to face with a frankly pantheistic absorption in nature and natural phenomena. These broadly brushed canvases reflect something of the radiance of the arctic aurora. They are cosmic in spirit. Whatever else it be, this art is salubrious and utterly devoid of sophistication or fatigue.

While the acknowledged master of luministic portraiture and peasant scene, Anders Zorn is represented by a single canvas only, and there is

also but one from the hand of Sweden's foremost animal painter, Bruno Liljefors, the balance of the leading men are seen in force. Eleven studies of snow effect, or the stir of summer night breeze on fjord or mountain lake by Fjaestad, six of Carl Larsson's bright-tinted water colours depicting the delectable joys of domestic life at Sundborn, and typical groups by Anshelm Schultzberg, Gottfrid Kallstenius, and Wilhelm Smith give sufficient idea of the work on view. It is however the contribution of certain younger artists which lends chief novelty and interest to the exhibition. Such men as Axel Törneman, Gabriel Strandberg, and Helmer Osslund, hitherto unknown to the American public, attract immediate notice through their bold, colourful presentation of native type and scene. The most advanced and accomplished of the three, Törneman, is equally at home in the large decorative cartoon for the Riksdagshuset, Stockholm, or in smaller and more intimate subjects such as *The Fantasist*, *Summer*, and *The End*. In Gabriel Strandberg you note an innate sympathy with the shattered derelicts of social misery and distress coupled with a vibrant stroke and strong sense of design, while the austere landscapes of Osslund, momentarily resplendent with autumn foliage, faithfully reflect the contour of cloud or wind-swept mountain crest.

Though it is preferable to give not an inventory but an impression of the Swedish Collection, one cannot overlook the work of John Bauer and Ossian Elgström or the statuettes of Axel Petersson. A born interpreter of goblin and troll, Bauer's gift for evocation is paralleled by that of Elgström who chooses his themes from the fabulous realm of Lapland myth and legend. In Axel Petersson, the self-taught peasant lad of Döderhult, who sits on a rude bench in front of his cottage and carves out of wood the likenesses of village types, we have an artist whose work places him beside the greatest masters of caricature—beside Daumier and Forain. There is nothing in the exhibition more vital and expressive than these figurines wherein by the simplest possible means that which is local has been made universal.

In all this work, whether it be a synthetic panorama of inland lake and forest land by Otto Hesselbom, or the polar iridescence of the Lofoton Islands as rendered by Anna Boberg, you encounter the same breadth of vision and vigour of accent. It is necessary when confronted by mod-



English Contemporary Collection, Carnegie Institute, 1916

A WESTERN WEDDING

BY WILLIAM ORPEN

ern Swedish art to forego the scholastic pose, to renounce the butterfly conception of beauty, and resign oneself to influences that emanate direct from nature and natural forces. Viewed beside these fearless, tonic canvases the paintings you have seen in the preceding galleries seem the product of effete conditions, the legacy of atelier and academy rather than the result of first-hand feeling and observation.

Without in any sense desiring to appear presumptuous, it may not be amiss to hazard the

opinion that the Swedish Collection is the most significant of those at present assembled under the protecting aegis of the Carnegie Institute. These northerners possess something of the sturdy terrestrialism of Gustave Courbet. The note of race and country is strong in their work. While they speak an æsthetic language which is appreciated the world over, their aim has been to present Sweden, as it were, through the artist's eye—*Sverige genom konstnärsögon*. And this they have accomplished with convincing verity.

PAINT AND PROGRESS
BY CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

WHEN we are asked to consider the recent exhibition of contemporary art organized by the Forum Committee and held at the Anderson Galleries in this city, it is our bounden duty to approach the affair with our minds purged of prejudice and preconceived points of view. Any other attitude of mind is absolutely inadequate and indefensible. We may dismiss as unworthy of serious consideration the hum-drum charges that are trumped up and bandied around about this sort of thing. It is, for example, quite inconceivable that a world-wide generation in art has embarked upon a cleverly calculated campaign of æsthetic hocus-pocus. It is inconceivable that these people are every one of them insincere. Such an assumption is childish, incompetent and ridiculous. Work of this kind may make no personal appeal to us; it may, as a matter of fact, be utterly incomprehensible and partially repellent to us. But that is a purely negative consideration. Whether we like it or not we are under obligation at least passively to accept it as a force of potential if not actual significance in the art of to-day.

In its attempt to refute this type of painting, conservatism, as represented by Mr. Royal Cortissoz, for example, makes the following unfortunate statement: "If a work of art does not explain itself you may depend upon it that there is something wrong there." But that a work of art—the great work of art—does not explain itself is the crudest of truisms. It is, for instance, inconceivable to us that Wagner's *Tristan*—by all odds the most acute, vital and exquisite exploitation of human emotion that has so far been given to the world—should ever have failed to evoke an immediate response from the heart of man. The incontestable fact remains that *Tristan* was as much of a puzzle to its generation as Mr. Leo Ornstein (if I may be allowed the somewhat impious juxtaposition) is to his. The statement of Mr. Cortissoz is in no degree an adequate measure of his critical capacity, for he knows as well as any one else that the entire history of art is a record of stupidities, lack of perceptions, and antagonisms on the part of press and public to whatever it did not immediately comprehend. So we can get nowhere along that line; nor will a mere condemnation help any.

Nothing in the world is easier than to dismiss as negligible an art that you do not personally enjoy. The difficult thing is to furnish an intelligent, illuminative reason for doing so.

On the other hand, when Mr. Cortissoz dismisses as negligible the kind of painting represented at the Anderson Galleries he commits no more flagrant an offense against an equitable art sentiment than the partisans of this kind of painting commit when they dismiss as negligible the kind of painting indorsed by Mr. Cortissoz. The thing is a very palpable stand-off, a cancellation so to speak; although I am inclined to believe that the conservatism of Mr. Cortissoz is a less injurious influence in art than the impetuous, intolerant and, I fear, superficial progressiveness of much of the modern attitude. Emphasis cannot be too strongly laid upon the fact that if we are to forbid ourselves a too comfortable acquiescence in æsthetic formulas of yesterday, we must also guard ourselves against a too facile acceptance of what purports to be the æsthetic formulas of to-morrow. In other words we must not allow ourselves to be intimidated into an exclusive preoccupation with novelty for the sheer sake of novelty. The truth lies midway. I am willing, for example, to go to the Forum Exhibition, or wherever else various ultra tendencies in painting are in evidence, with the absolutely honest desire to acquaint myself with whatever principle and actuating impulse there is back of this kind of work. I strive to overcome an inherent disinclination and lack of interest. I take for granted that I am witnessing something more than a mere hodge-podge of unbridled idiosyncrasy. I assume that this work possesses both significance and sincerity. I am willing, I repeat, to concede any amount of a potential value to this painting. I am willing to believe that it may be the painting of to-morrow. I am willing to allow it any amount of latitude, not even asking that it conciliate in the slightest degree my old-fashioned sentiments or afford me an emotional gratification. But what I am not willing to do is to accept this painting at the expense of every other kind of painting that is being produced in this country to-day; and that is precisely what its various advocates and practitioners demand of you if you are not to be cast out into the utter darkness of an eternal æsthetic damnation. I do not believe that a total adherence to this kind of painting, a total abjuration

Paint and Progress

of every other kind of contemporary American painting is a condition essential to the saving of our souls. I believe that there are painters in this country to-day of a supreme excellence whose work we need not dismiss merely because it is diametrically opposed to the kind of painting on view at the Forum Galleries. I believe that the painting I have in mind is infinitely truer to our native spirit and our native point of view (if this be adjudged an advantage) than its various detractors would have us believe. And if I were to allow myself the indiscretion of prophecy I should be tempted to suggest that the kind of painting I have in mind will possess a prestige and a market value long after the theoretical complicatedness of much of to-day's painting has gone into the great cosmical discard. But your progressive in paint will have none of this sort of thing; he dismisses it as a mere repainting of the history of paint, a kind of outmoded dry-rot, so to speak; and just here I think we touch upon the dominant weakness of much of the modern attitude.

The painter is, of all the workers in art, the one most prone to an abuse of his liberty. His organism is apparently over-susceptible to the insidious germs of a false emphasis, a fictitious freedom. Discipline has not been compulsorily imposed upon him to the extent that in the very nature of the case it is imposed upon the musician, the architect, and the conscientious worker in words. Of all the arts (I do not even exclude the fallen sister, histrionics) his art is the art most hospitable to the exploitation of the ultra, the bizarre, the extravagant and the sophistical. Small wonder that the art of painting has fallen victim to the fallacy of progress to an extent unequalled in the other arts; small wonder that it has made a fetish of method at the expense of matter as though method were in itself a desirable end. Personally, if I were to venture an opinion upon the validity of contemporary art, I should be inclined to condemn it for the emphasis that it places upon originality of form at the expense, too often, I think, of a commensurate significance of substance. We encounter this instability of judgment in painting to an extent that we encounter it in no other branch of æsthetics. We cannot always feel that the developments of contemporary art are authentic, inevitable developments; and if a development in art, however beautiful in itself, is not an abso-

lutely imperative adjunct to the proper expression of the idea it is inherently false, shallow and inconsequential. When Mr. Hassam, for example, exploits a new manner as he does in the recent exhibition of the "Ten American Painters," we may admire the dexterity and the impersonal beauty of his work without its for a moment convincing us that it is either necessary or genuine. In other words, we do not feel that Mr. Hassam painted these pictures in this manner because something in Mr. Hassam that could only be expressed in this manner demanded expression. Instead, we can see his doing this sort of thing merely because somebody else is doing it and because he thinks it is the thing to do. And just here a little plain speaking may not come amiss.

If the painter of to-day would give a little serious, intelligent consideration to the activities of arts other than his own, he would perhaps realize the sorry spectacle that is presented by his irrational, bigoted and passionate pre-occupation with the fetish of modernism. It is impossible to escape the conviction that so much forced draught is symptomatic of an unstable artistic morale. An open-mindedness as regards Miss Amy Lowell, for example, does not prevent us from enjoying the work of Masefield, Yeats or Rupert Brooke when they write in the accepted, long standardized forms of English verse. We can indorse the later Dubussy (*La Mer*, for instance) without having to deny ourselves Percy Grainger's *Shepherd's Hey* or *Irish Tune from County Derry*. But it seems that if we are to escape a veritable ostracism among the advance guard of palette and brush we must permanently forsake a kind of painting superlatively represented by Mr. Dewing, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Tryon and Mr. J. Alden Weir. I have no hesitancy in denouncing this point of view for absolute, downright nonsense. One would think from the fine degree of intolerance evinced for this latter type of painting by your progressives that the artist is under an obligation to create new forms despite the fact that the inherent predisposition of his mind may achieve its perfect fulfilment in what you may call a conventional medium. Nothing could be further from the truth. The artist's form is conditioned only by what he has to say; and it is what he has to say that counts. Emphasis must be laid upon this point. If Mr. Leo Ornstein had been able to express his *Wild Men's Dance* in the idiom of Beethoven he would have

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been guilty on his own confession of a blatant dishonesty if he had refused to do so. He is involuntarily impelled to formulate the idiom of Leo Ornstein merely because he cannot say what he has to say in any other medium. Likewise when J. Francis Murphy attempts to place our American autumn on canvas we are convinced that he has chosen precisely the medium best suited to an exploitation of his theme. We do not condemn his method merely because it is a method that has been utilized by an older generation of painters, any more than we deny the genius of Rupert Brooke merely because it expresses itself in the stereotyped form of the sonnet. Modern painting, I venture to believe, has brought certain interesting attitudes of mind, certain exquisite dexterities of vision into art, but it has not eliminated those methods which have proved themselves supremely appropriate for the expression of other equally valuable and, I even dare to say, indispensable points of view. In the other arts, the normal inter-relationship between the means of expression of a hundred years ago and the means of expression of to-day is accepted as a matter of course. In any large and dominant moment in literature and in music we discover an unmistakable similarity of treatment, we find the poet and the musician agreed upon certain fundamental simplicities of method, manner and material. The art of these supreme moments is, in so far as it is possible to define it, an attempt to fix a mood or to glorify a deed in a manner as direct as possible and as free as possible from the contaminating infirmities of temporal idiosyncrasy. But with the best intentions in the world we cannot help but feel that the painting of to-day is mostly a mechanical, premeditated and very self-conscious sort of an affair. We can hardly help but feel that this painting is too often the painting of sophistication. We can hardly help but feel that so much of argument and theory must inevitably count against the producing of a legitimate, spontaneous art. Art has never spent much time in theorizing and proclaiming its intentions, it has just simply expressed itself. Shelley, Keats, Schubert, Chopin, Corot, Manet (if I may be forgiven this rather puerile grouping) were probably no more conscious of their æstheticism than the ordinarily healthy human being is conscious that he has a liver. Of course, too much must not be argued from a point like this. Some of us have assumed, in default of a

more accurate definition, that we might not inappropriately consider art an adroit and exquisite representation of the common joys, sorrows and visions of humanity. But in recent years an unmistakable tendency in art toward a greater reliance upon, a gradual amalgamating with matters beyond and, we had supposed, outside itself has become manifest. Whether our age stands upon the threshold of a new epoch wherein science rather than what we have called art shall minister to and express our emotion is a question which I am utterly unable to answer. Perhaps it is a confession of intellectual incompetency, but I honestly believe the question is unanswerable. Mr. Wright offers us an infallible means for finding out just where we are at: "I have posed a *rationale* of valuation," says Mr. Wright. "My principles are based on the quickening ideals of all great art and, if properly understood, they will answer every question which arises in the intelligent spectator when he stands before a piece of visual art, be it a Byzantine mosaic, a complicated organization by Rubens, a linear arrangement by Picasso, or an utterly worthless anecdote in paint by an English academician." I think that we must admit that this, as our admirable vernacular has it, is rather a large order. Unfortunately for our peace of mind Mr. Cortisoz, a man of considerable prestige, gracious humour and wholesome sensibilities, tells us that all the things Mr. Wright is so in favour of are quite inconsequential. We are also told by Mr. Wright that art must be purged of the old fallacy of representation in order to function properly; that, in other words, painting should be and does aspire to the abstract perfection of music. But just here a suggestion may be recorded. The substance of music, sound, is in its very nature a something as undefinable and intangible as a wind, an instinct or a perfume, whereas the substance of painting is a visible world, a world whose concrete line and bulk possess an objective stability. It is not inconceivable that the painting of the future will repudiate reproduction and exclusively adhere to an abstract decorativeness. But until art and life shall irrevocably sever relationship we must assume that painting may not emancipate its vision so exclusively from the facts of existence that it shall cease to convey something approximating a comprehensive visualization of their fundamental aspects. Moreover it is difficult to understand

how we may reconcile an indorsement of the kind of painting presented us by the Forum Committee with the contention widely and strongly held to the effect that art must express the spirit of its age if it is to be a vital, essential art. Surely this point of view—a logical development of which should picture Mr. George Cohan waving an American flag—might more appropriately concern itself with the muscular, shirt-sleeved vision of a Bellows than with the super-subtle intricacies on view at the Anderson Galleries. Mr. Christian Brinton, for example, always actively engaged upon the side of any and every insurgency, has for years consistently repudiated American painting as represented by, say, a Tryon, Crane, Murphy or Dessar. We have, according to Mr. Brinton, sounded no new note in art, we have failed to record on canvas a synthesis of our national character, etc. Now the paintings in the Forum Exhibition were not only no more characteristically American than they were characteristically Chinese; they were absolutely lacking in any national characteristics whatsoever. However excellent they may have been, they were not, in the last analysis, pertinent to the live issues of to-day nor, in the slightest degree, representative of the genuine trend of American sentiment. And so we are forced to conclude (I hope not impertinently) that the advocates of this sort of thing are not absolutely certain themselves of just what it is all about; we are forced to conclude that art can neither be justified nor explained away by words. And in the meantime we have the windy spaces of the world and growing green things and glad sunny days to rejoice over just as though no cubism, futurism or any other ism had even been invented.

In concluding these rather desultory and far too cursive jottings, I again intrude my belief that the supreme difficulty confronting the honest worker in and recorder of artistic activities is the difficulty of maintaining an equitable balance between the stultifying influences of precedent and the fallacy of progress. One's inclination is almost uncontrollably in the direction of one extreme or the other at the expense of a normal middle ground. Art's danger is the danger of adhering to clique, sect, party and formula. I have endeavoured to call attention in this article merely to the fact that art is entirely a matter of individualities, not of an organized system of expression.

ANOTHER NEW ART VENTURE:
THE FORUM EXHIBITION
BY DR. JOHN WEICHSEL

THERE was a highly attractive display of New Art, at the large Anderson Galleries, in New York, during the month of March. Sixteen men's and one woman's paintings and drawings were here shown under highly favorable conditions. In carefully chosen, most comprehensive representation; well-hung, amply spaced and lighted, and generously introduced to the public by a committee of six authoritative, non-mercenary sponsors of the enterprise. There was a large attendance of manifestly sympathetic persons. Appropriate literature was provided within easy reach of the visitors. Competent advisers, too, were in evidence. It was, surely, a stimulating, life-throbbing place, this New Art exhibition. Even the most implacable, case-hardened adversary—were he but to venture into the unorthodox precinct—could not help feeling the stimulating animation of the assemblage, and the captivating charm of the colour-and-light-permeated, form-teeming, vitalized canvases. In a number of places, in the Exhibition halls, there were prominently posted price lists, for the convenience of buyers. All but the price lists seemed to have done their work extremely well in this memorable Forum Exhibition of Modern American Painters.

In a foreword contained in the handsome book that was issued by Mitchell Kennerly on the occasion of the Forum Exhibition, Mr. W. H. de B. Nelson—one of the committee who planned this exhibition—thus expresses himself in reference to the present status of New Art.

"Everyone recalls the Armory Exhibition which was at once a success and a fiasco. It was a success inasmuch as it compelled the public to do a little thinking and taught the same public that much is being done with brush and chisel of a totally different character to what the American galleries and exhibitions have been accustoming us for many a decade. It was a fiasco for the reason that a plethora of material selected at haphazard confused the mind and failed to set any logical standards by which modern work could be estimated. People laughed or tore their hair according to temperament. The Armory exposition ended, and a flabby conventional verdict declared the end of modern painting in New

Another New Art Venture

York. Verdicts, however, like reputations, are in a state of flux, and to-day we find many signs that modern painting, far from emulating that extinct bird, the dodo, is very much alive and kicking. Exhibitions take place continually about Fifth Avenue devoted entirely to the display of modern work."

Indeed, New Art exhibitions are neither novel, nor rare nowadays, in New York, where a number of opulent dealers are frequently featuring modern art in apparently perfect concord with their customary academic wares. Surely New Art must have proven its profitable decorum to have thus gained admittance into places less known by their tender concern for innovation and hospitality, than by their caste-catering, remunerative conservatism. If then, in the face of such potent adoption of modern painting on Fifth Avenue and thereabouts, the placidity of a cut-and-dried season was suddenly disturbed by a stentorially heralded, many-fathered, unselfishly forfended New Art venture—then it surely must have happened because of motives not identical with those usually responsible for the common sort of New Art displays.

I believe that I am correctly voicing the opinions of a majority of the Forum Committee when asserting that their exhibition was not a self-sufficient aim, but only a nearest, tangible link in the chain of the vast evolution in art life, known as the New Art Movement, of which the exhibited work was one of the worthy manifestations, and to which are dedicated the larger sympathies of most of the Forum Committee.

The immediate scope of the Forum Exhibition was formulated by Mr. W. H. Wright—the most active of its initiators—in the following manner: "The object of the present exhibition is to put before the American public in a large and complete manner the very best examples of the more modern American art; to stimulate interest in the really good native work of this movement; to present, for the first time a comprehensive, critical selection of the serious painting now being shown in isolated groups; to turn public attention for the moment from European art and concentrate it on the excellent work being done in America; and to bring serious, deserving painters in direct contact with the public without a commercial intermediary."

Unamplified, this declaration might justify one to class the Forum Exhibition with the other good

shows of the season. But the extensive additional explanations—embodied in an elaborate catalogue—raise it to a higher level and betray its real character of the New Art Movement rather than a mere scheme for the advancement in a new æsthetics.

The fundamental difference between traditional and New Art ideals lies in the fact that the New Art Movement is more than a search for this or that æsthetic incarnation. It is an all-inclusive renaissance of which new plastique is one of the vertices. It is an embodiment of the modern spirit, of a new romanticism, that projects a man's ego into its environment as a creative leaven and fashions all being in subservience to man's notions.

It treats natural things and laws as phenomena of human experience—hence it makes of art the mistress of the objective world, the virtual recreator of it in man's own likeness. That is why it strives "to divest art of all anecdote and illustration," in a painstaking endeavour to exclude all that is not genuinely human.

At the outset of our man-centred era a French poet wrote when under the spell of modern life: "All is blazing, quaking, smoking, rushing; all is flowing, fusing and parting: crumbling and rising anew. The deed and the worker—all are burned and fructified in fire: flaming Salamanders everywhere! A world's hell and paradise! Paris—the beginning and the end, gloom and light! I don't know whether it be evil or not, but it is beautiful, it is grand! I know it with my whole soul that in this flame there is being forged a wholly new world."

Only with a background like this picture of a cosmic, procreative chaos, the products of the New Art Movement become intelligible. Into their masterpieces (often without the artist's awareness) has been distilled the irascible dynamism of our epoch, and thanks to this rudiment the formal æsthetic of their art was transmuted into an expression of vital surge.

One must grant to New Art its inherent spirit to perceive it in complete fairness and with generous reward. In claiming this for New Art, I am not demanding for it any privilege beyond that which always belongs to art during the age of its inception; surely, the art of the Parthenon meant infinitely more to ancient Greeks than it does to the subtlest of our modern æsthetes. Surely did the art of a Cimabue, Fra Angelico

Fakes and Reproductions

and Giotto live its full measure only in the God-intoxicated atmosphere of their own epoch; and not all the sumptuousness of a modern art-temple nor all the finical expertness of modern connoisseurs can restore them to their original art life, any more than it can breathe life into the gold-bedecked breasts of a museum-stored Egyptian queen.

So that, one may say, art always passes away with the epoch of its inception—leaving to posterity a devitalized body, a cadaverous sublimity, beautiful, perhaps, in its lethal sleep, but violating the supremest of all human notions—that of life.

Now then, returning to New Art: it being granted that it should be judged in the light of its causative forces, its plastic manifestations should appear as expressions of a consciousness that is passionately bent on a retrieval of the arch-human, from beneath environmental incrustation and traditional sediment—a revelation of the primal faculties. Thence comes the seemingly atavistic leaning of New Art; its open-eyed reversion to primitivism; its search for the music-sensations in art, as being the innermost in our soul-life. Hence comes its addiction to Expressionism at the cost of a world—full of objectivity.

Contemplated in this light—as a component of the New Movement—the Forum Exhibition of Modern American Painters appeared to me as a denial of nothing save what is not essentially and most universally human; as an initiation of a search for a living truth that is above factional strife and partisan cannon, above either academic or secessionist doctrine; as a token of a liberating affirmation too vast for usurpation by any coterie of presumptuous beyond-men, or any snobbish clique of aesthetes, or any caste of life-juggling priests; as a beginning of a great task that will claim the best powers of many coming generations.

In the presence of this great life-retrieving task, the dickering, anathematizing and scuffling academic ant-hill and new-art mole-burrow are a part of the divine humour of history. The traditional ant-hill seems to its occupants an all-embracing infinity, while the height of their mole-hill looms like a trans-celestial altitude to the new-art acolytes. Meanwhile the cosmic surge is sweeping on, inundating both the ant- and the mole-hill.

FAKES AND REPRODUCTIONS

AN EXHIBITION of a kind new to America is now on view in the Pennsylvania Museum, in Memorial Hall, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. With the purpose of the education as well as the protection of collectors and the general public against the tricks of forgers of antiques, Dr. Edwin Atlee Barber, the Director of the Museum, has arranged there in a very instructive display, a collection of "Fakes" and Reproductions, necessarily confined on account of the limited



Pennsylvania Museum Exhibition of Fakes

AN IMITATION AZTEC JUG

Fakes and Reproductions

space at his disposal, to works of applied art, mainly ceramics, that have been either forged or frankly reproduced without any attempt at fraud, and exposed for the sake of comparison side by side with genuine pieces of the same wares; in fact, occasionally, with the original subject of the forgery.

There is probably no collection of works, either of fine or applied art, in the United States, public or private, that does not include among priceless genuine objects some counterfeits not infrequently better works, as artistic productions, than the originals. This curious and rather humorous side-light on the subject is illustrated by one or two examples to be seen here, notably in the case of a number of pieces of forged Old Capo di Monte porcelain shown with the genuine articles, that are quite elaborately modelled and artistically coloured and entirely suited for decorative purposes, but, of course, not what they were represented to be, rare and valuable examples. Among the reproductions signed by the potter, Victor Barbizet, are a number of superb Palissy plaques and dishes that seem to be quite as desirable works of art as the originals, besides showing a high degree of technical skill. It appears, from the interesting foreword of the catalogue, that the porcelain of the Sèvres factory, both hard and soft paste, has been more extensively imitated than any other ware. Twenty-four of these are shown in this collection, quite a number of which were made at Sèvres, but decorated elsewhere, being known as "Duffers," the factory marks and dates forged.

Imitations of Chinese porcelains are very numerous also, many of them fabricated in Paris, others in Buda-Pesth, such as a pair of ginger jars on view. The Chinese themselves have for

years been imitating their own porcelains of early manufacture, but the inferior colourings betray the fraud just as they do in the European specimens—some very clever imitations of the old Chinese Boccara wares made by Ary de Milde at Delft, Holland, in 1675, are shown. Red-figured Greco-Roman vases are copied and an example of a black varnished Roman Rhyton decorated with a satyr's head figures among the fakes. English Lowestoft ware; Lowestoft imitations of Chinese porcelain and of Old Worcester, principally in underglaze blues, Creamware pitchers bearing transfer printed designs and portraits of Washington, Franklin and Lafayette; imitations of Old Staffordshire with Doctor Syntax plates; Toby Mugs and statuettes of historical personages, sometimes incorrectly labelled, in the same ware, could be easily detected as frauds. A very successful reproduction of an Old English Copper Lustre bowl looks quite as brilliant as a genuine piece near it. French Staniferous Faience, Italian Majolica, German Salt Glazed Ware, and English Wedgwood Jasper are all imitated in turn. Perhaps the most palpable fakes in the whole collection are a number of pieces of so-called Aztec pottery made in Mexico and lent by the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, which are not even imitations of anything ever produced by the ancient people, but are simply faked up for the benefit of the curio-seeking tourist. Old German and Spanish glass drinking vessels, pewter tankards and flagons, Champ-levé enamels of the thirteenth century and Old Pennsylvania German stove plates in cast iron, in more or less successful reproductions, give to this unique exhibition significant interest in these days of the collecting mania.—E. C.

*Pennsylvania Museum
Exhibition of Fakes*



BOCCARO WARE, GENUINE



IMITATION



PORTRAIT OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT
BY J. W. v. REHLING QUISTGAARD

ART AND THE MAN: ORIGINALITY OR REITERATION
BY RAYMOND WYER

It is the most difficult thing in the world to be original. This applies equally to original or unoriginal people, for originality and its application are two different things. You may start out with a light heart and a free soul to paint a picture or write an essay, convinced that you have an independent point of view. This childlike state of mind lasts until you try to put down your impressions. Then a feeling comes over you, a sinking feeling at the heart that your originality is melting away. Before you have been working long you realize that your independent thoughts and independent way of expressing them have entirely deserted you and you find yourself painting like J. Alden Weir or writing *à la* Bernard Shaw. This is if you have perception. If not, you will probably be reminiscent of some popular writer or painter whose works are trivial. In any case you will not deviate from the much-beaten path unless you are a rare and brave soul.

There is a saying in Scotland that if an artist paints a picture of hairy highland cattle and it is a success he has to paint hairy cattle for the remainder of his life. Of course it might be said that anyone who has once shown a predilection to depict hairy highland cattle deserves to be condemned to paint them for the remainder of his life.

Yet, persistently painting highland cattle with their panoramic highland setting has its advantage. It serves as a substitute for originality. Vital art is assertive and esoteric. The first artist who painted these highland pictures—was it Peter Graham?—thought that mere reiteration would supply these qualities. However, it was not quite successful, because three or four other painters who knew a good thing when they saw it also began to paint hairy cattle. This caused confusion, for the public could not then be quite sure when they saw a painting of this type that it was a Peter Graham. It might be a David Farquharson or one of three or four other artists. However, considerable success has been made by an artist when the public can come up to his picture and say, without looking at the name on the canvas or in the catalogue, "that is a so and so." Of course whether this progress is in the direc-

tion of artistic accomplishment is another question. Still this is better than nothing and we must live. Yes! but why do it by painting, when such ingenuity would bring better returns in other departments of work and would be more appropriately applied.

Painters actuated by similar motives are to be found in every country. They are often well trained, but without distinction in their point of view or means of expression and they emphasize their work by ways which have no affinity to æsthetic or any other significance of importance.

The artist who depends solely upon the reiteration of physical facts for a distinctive feature in his work would meet with little success if it were not for the general lack of discrimination. And this discrimination is not confined to laymen alone, for many who ought to know better are prone to judge the quality and representativeness of a painting by the kind of objects painted.

I have heard a lovely painting by Corot dismissed as a bad example only because it did not have certain characteristics in its composition which are present in some of his best-known works. Again, I have known a painting to be pronounced bad because it dealt with the green of spring rather than with the richer colour of autumn which the artist may have chiefly used; or because a man was put into the landscape instead of the usual cow.

In judging the art value of a painting the subject is of secondary importance. It is the way the subject is treated which signifies, and it will be seen that the distinguishing qualities of a master are in some degree in everything he paints. Therefore we must look for that which the artist infuses into his medium, or rather, at the way he treats his subject, and not the subject itself. Any one who can draw and has a feeling for colour can paint the same subject with a good deal of accuracy but only the true artist distinguishes it by unusual qualities. And the ability to do this is not altogether an inborn gift. With a proper attitude toward Nature, and a desire to speak in your own words—much can be done. And by refusing to listen too long and ardently to the voice that tells you the public likes this or that kind of art you will eventually develop an individual style and strength in your interpretation which will give some degree of æsthetic and spiritual significance in all you paint. If not, then you have mistaken your vocation.



Courtesy J. S. Carpenter, Des Moines, Iowa
SUSANNA AND THE ELDERS

BY FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A.

ART COLLECTING AND PSYCHOLOGY

BY RAYMOND WYER

THERE is perhaps nothing more interesting than studying a collection of art in relation to the one who assembled it. Many are the thoughts that are expressed, sometimes desirable thoughts, often incomplete ones, and very often ones which would have been better left unrevealed and unrecorded. Finding reasons for certain paintings being included, why this good painting should be hanging next a mediocre one, and other strange inconsistencies, keep one in a continual state of wonderment and speculation. In the first place, to know why people collect paintings at all is not so easy a matter to decide, for the more one wanders among the collections of ancient and modern art which are to be found everywhere and observes their varying characteristics, the more one realizes that there can be no single answer to the question.

I have known private collections in which all

are great works by great masters. I have seen collections which at first filled me with delight, and then despair, and I finished up in a state of mental perplexity. It would be this way—I will state a particular case or experience I had some years ago. A gentleman, since dead, asked me to see his collection. The first three paintings I saw on entering the house in the main hall were a Hogarth, an exceptional Ferdinand Bol, and an old Crome. I was interested. Here was artistic perception. In another of the rooms I found a Cazin, next to it—and it was here the first blow came—a florid head by Jacquet followed by a landscape by that great artist, Twachtman, and then a Ridgeway Knight, and so on. As I left the house I was wondering which were the accidents.

Although the paintings in a home should reflect the judgment and taste of the collector—they more often fail to do so. For example the possession of a collection composed entirely of great masterpieces does not necessarily signify the possession of a refined and cultivated taste on the

Art Collecting and Psychology

part of the collector—but often the possession of a high standard of intelligence, in that he recognizes what constitutes expert judgment.

I could write indefinitely on collections and their *raison d'être*. My intention, however, in this article is to speak chiefly of collections that were solely prompted by a true feeling for art.

In looking over Sir William van Horn's collection of important works of great masters in Montreal, one would come across sketches, small paintings, unimportant from the point of view of size and effectiveness, yet all artistically charming. The possession of these was the true test of Sir William's taste in art matters, a taste not susceptible to paintings alone but also to many branches of art, including pottery, of which Sir William was one of the best judges, being gifted with a sensitiveness of touch which could at once detect the difference of period and make examples of this most subtle of arts.

During a visit to Des Moines, Iowa, I had the good fortune to see a collection of modern paintings belonging to Mr. J. S. Carpenter of that city. It is quite a small collection but all the paintings are unusual examples of the various artists. To say that they are important does not quite express what I mean. Each work seems to have lovable qualities. Perhaps what made me especially feel this quality was the sympathetic relationship between collector and collection. And this sympathy includes not only the paintings and himself, but the artists. Mr. Carpenter has spent much time in finding his pictures, and whether he has obtained them directly from the painter or from the dealer he has always endeavoured and usually with success to become acquainted with the artist. Therefore many of his paintings are the culmination of a delightful friendship, the result of many conversations profitable to the collector, who is anxious for the truth and stimulating to the artist to find so much desire for that knowledge of life which many men feign to despise.

The painting that first attracted my attention in Mr. Carpenter's house was Frank Brangwyn's *Susanna and the Elders*. This is a very large and important canvas—probably the finest painting by Brangwyn on this continent. The theme is commonplace enough—one which has been dealt with sensationally, sentimentally, and in other ways—but never quite like this. Here, while the subject is subservient to more important truths,

it is by no means sacrificed in the process. Although the dramatic element is lacking, the subject seems adequately expressed. It is a painting in which Brangwyn shows his versatility. The dominating note in much of his work is a vigorous masculinity in spite of a refinement of technique. *Susanna and the Elders* is distinguished more for its tender qualities. There are delightfully subtle passages in the painting, especially in the figure of the woman. The natural grace and beauty of the female figure seems to have triumphed over the inevitable breadth of treatment. It is a masculine appreciation of the illusive contour of a beautiful figure of a woman, not a masculine conception of masculinity. This figure, with its refinement, seems to affect the whole, which is all correspondingly tender in spirit and beautiful in design as well as in colour, light and shade, and composition.

However much we believe in modernity in art and however loath we may be to condemn the innovation, however irrational it may seem, we cannot help admiring those artists who paint old and familiar objects even in the old and familiar way and still imbue the result with a distinction which is so peculiar to themselves that it could never be mistaken for any other artist's work. William Orpen and Cazin are good examples of this and so are Henri, Bellows, especially in the latter's portraits, and also that great master of still life, Emil Carlsen.

Carl Larsson, the Swedish artist, has a faculty for imbuing the most ordinary objects with a distinctive atmosphere. Larsson is a realist. His art reflects his life. New circumstances and new conditions have always been followed by a new series of paintings as far as subject is concerned. His technique and the joyous spirit with which he infects his subject is always the same. With all Larsson's realism, and it is an uncompromising realism, it has a strange spirit of unreality—a dream-like quality—a certain child-like conception of the incidents of a fairy story. Mr. Carpenter's painting, *Looking Out*, has all this freshness and frankness originality and mystery, which is as clear as daylight.

A large painting by Felice Carena, called *Wayfarers*, is another—a remarkable painting in this collection. But who is Carena and why do we find in Des Moines a veritable masterpiece by an artist comparatively unknown in America? This is where we see the independent spirit of the



Courtesy J. S. Carpenter, Des Moines, Iowa

FOX AND DUCK

BY BRUNO LILJEFORS



Courtesy J. S. Carpenter, Des Moines, Iowa

THE HOUR OF TEA

BY FRED C. FRIESEKE



Courtesy J. S. Carpenter, *Des Moines, Iowa*
LOOKING OUT

BY CARL LARSSON

collector and not independence alone, but independence with discrimination, for this is a work of much distinction. Felice Carena is one of the Modern Italians. He is a superb draftsman and an exquisite colourist, and one who feels the mystery of things. All of these qualities are to be felt in *Wayfarers*. The subject is a man on horseback. The horse is standing still and its rider is turning his head in conversation with another man on foot, who is pointing into the distance. The canvas is painted in those broad mysterious masses which you associate with the work of certain Spaniards. The drawing is strong, yet you do not think of it. The colour is rich and pure yet is subservient to the dramatic quality of the painting. It impresses one as a big conception of a big subject. It is dramatically treated, both in composition and in spirit, and this spirit seems to pervade the landscape which has all the luminous and mysterious beauty of early evening.

Not far from the Carena hangs a Zorn. It is a delightful example. Few finer things have been painted by this master. Zorn is essentially a painter of humanity yet only in equal proportion to the more abstract characteristics to be found

in his work. He cannot be called a painter of light, yet joyous light and refreshing shadows are everywhere. There is movement and palpitating life in his art. His figures have individualities and with all this he is one of the greatest technicians of his day, yet we are so impressed with those qualities which are greater than mere execution that one could never think of him as merely a technician. As a matter of fact, the brilliant side of his art is never the first that attracts one's attention. It is the freshness, the modern love of light and healthy life, originally and spontaneously interpreted, which fascinates and intoxicates. It is part of the world in which we live and of which we are also a part. Not the world of Sweden but the whole world, for Zorn has the true universal quality, the essential of all great and living art.

A painting called *Fox and Duck* by Bruno Liljefors, another contemporary painter, also interested me. The animals of Liljefors seem as separated from the world of human activity as the art of Brangwyn is part of it. As a painter of animal life he has few equals. He is a keen student of the lives and habits of the animals he paints. When I say that his animals seem sepa-



Courtesy J. S. Carpenter, Des Moines, Iowa

WAYFARERS
BY FELICE CARENA

Art Collecting and Psychology

rated from human life, I am not suggesting that his art is merely objective or impersonal, but that he understands the animals he paints so well, that he has such complete command over this knowledge and over his medium and design that he is able to interpret rather what the animal thinks of itself and surroundings than insisting very strongly on his own impressions.

In this collection there are no less than four paintings by Henry O. Tanner. They are all characteristic examples, but the *Christ Learning to Read* is the most important in quality as well as size. Tanner paints many old subjects but his conceptions are modern and individual and



Courtesy J. S. Carpenter, Des Moines, Iowa

KARI

BY ANDERS ZORN

with his evident sincerity and sense of colour and original brush work, he is one of the important men in American art to-day.

There were many other paintings that are worthy of mention, which includes a charming one of carnations by Emil Carlsen, and also paintings by those two distinguished painters of attractive objects, Miller and Frieseke, all of which show an unusual discrimination and independence of judgment, a quality which should be apparent in all private or public collections.

It is such a collection, where sympathetic understanding and personal preference have guided the selection, that has more significance and makes a greater appeal than collections which



Courtesy J. S. Carpenter, Des Moines, Iowa

CHRIST LEARNING TO READ

BY H. O. TANNER

obviously represent merely a large expenditure of money and much business acumen.



Courtesy J. S. Carpenter, Des Moines, Iowa

GOLDFISH

BY RICHARD MILLER



A MANTEL DECORATION

BY R. K. RYLAND

INTERIOR DECORATION AND PERSONALITY
BY SUMNER ROBINSON

Two rooms may both fulfill their more obvious offices of comfort, purpose, fitness, yet one be entirely impersonal, while the other will at once show that personal, perhaps temperamental, motives and factors have entered into its make-up. The one does not interpret, the other does. And when we wish to appreciate the finer values and nicer shades of distinction that give to interior decoration its deepest and richest appeal, we must understand that there is just the difference between the room that does not interpret and the one that does that there is between the passing of a breeze over a stretch of water and of an expression over a human countenance. The one is of the surface of things; the other, of the invisible forces beneath the surface. The one is of the body of the room; the other, of its soul.

Yet even when rooms do interpret—when they undoubtedly possess the quality we might call soul, this soul, this sense of personality, may not be that of an individual. In decorative treatment are two distinct types of personality.

A room may possess a lineal or traditionary personality. That is, it may be decorated and furnished in such a way that the treatment and objects appear to have an entity of their own apart from its occupancy. Chairs or cabinets may have been “handed down” with all their associative accretions of years. The position of

windows, the proportions of walls, the size or fashion of chimney-piece, all may display a very human and storied response to past conditions. Again—and this is the subject I wish to treat—a room may possess an individual or temperamental personality. That is, in all that it is and contains, in its entire aesthetic content, it expresses but one feeling of personal occupancy, selection, vitalization. Even though its furniture may contain antique pieces or reproductions of antiques, their separate entities are now plainly or subtly, as the case may be, merged into one component entity. The room conveys not so much the idea that it came into its rich and various being by a gradual collective process as it does that it is the result of a unity of conception—one person’s conception.

As an illustration, there has just been completed the designing and furnishing of a city interior for a client who recently inherited a goodly number of fine mahogany pieces of furniture, of Colonial, Late Colonial, Georgian, and heavy Post Colonial styles and origins. Each piece has the air of quality about it with which generations of genteel association appear to endure furniture. But the lady, in inheriting the furniture of her forbears, has inherited none of the New England characteristics with which each stately piece seems informed. If compelled to live with these venerably associative encumbrances, her own singularly blithe individuality would somehow just have to wither up and blow away, or else completely neutralize all the suggestive value of its mahoganzed background.

Interior Decoration and Personality

I am, of course, treating a somewhat delicate phase of interior decoration, since without being very personal, readers have no means of measuring the success or lack of success with which temperamental individuality has been interpreted. But I want to show what is actually and increasingly being practised; and my hope is that my readers may be interested and encouraged in self-expression.

The vital significance of individualized or temperamental personality in decorative treatment is, indeed, just this. When you come to consider the fact that virtually all the elements we have to deal with in interior decoration—the particular forms all objects of furnishment assume, even within the restrictions of their purpose, are but the embodiments of entirely unseen ideals, and that all our standards of taste in using them are but deductions from past externalizations of these ideals that have stood the test of time, you see that, obviously, whatever approaches impersonality, deals in corresponding degree with only the dry bones of interior decoration, but whatever approaches individual interpretation, with its vital, first-hand source of expression.

We read much in books and magazines that is of uncompromising, class-room savour—of how architecture should always “go through” into the interior fittings, of certain requisite “thematic correspondences” between the “mobiliary appointments” and fixed lines of structure, of decorative restraint and nicety of balance. But how shall we reconcile this with conditions wherein the individual tastes and requirements of clients, apparently by no means born of whims, of flippancy, or of immaturity in an appreciation of the eternal fitness of things, reach beyond the artistic sympathies and riper discretions of the usual architect or decorator—or should I more justly say, reach beyond his limitations—into more or less pronounced superlatives of one kind or another? These latter may, for example, imply a certain “nimety” or comparative extravagance or superficiality, or temperamental daring in taste; and yet, so complete and happy is the resulting sense of personal adaptation, that the means is quite justified, aesthetically, by the end.

For just as it is to be remembered that some of the rarest harmonies in colour or in music are those that approach nearest to discord, so it must be acknowledged that some of the most expressive and individual examples of interior decoration

are those exhibiting certain licenses that appear to transcend rules and precedence.

I have in mind a beautiful home which has been evolved entirely out of certain predilections—vanity some might choose to call it—on the part of the owner, for sable and sapphire. Indeed, colour was the ruling genius of the whole creation from the stones of foundation to the silk of milady's boudoir lamp shades. The interior colour fundamentals rise into harmonious gradations of pomegranate, soft old reds, and flaunting splotches of tawny yellows, with complementary accentuations of brilliance in blue-greens, yet all mellowed and refined in relation to the whole. The architecture was chosen entirely from personal temperamental combinations of imagination, a most engaging mysticism, an almost barbaric passion for colour, yet a balancing sense for stability, conventional fitness, tradition, concrete order.

What more natural, then, than that the selection of a general style should look for a prototype among the elements of earlier French examples? For do not the French, in their blending of Gallic and Latin blood, reflect in their art a like elemental fusion? They have that love of symbolism, mysticism, superstition and romance that in the thirteenth century reared lofty cathedrals, and that love of the concrete, of decorative fitness and decorum, of material splendour and plenitude of imported formalism in motif and line which in 1500 came with the Italian Renaissance, and by combinations and permutations stamped French art with classicism.

Thus it seems in this case as if the result, so superbly successful, not only in personal interpretation but in every way, has been achieved by a reversal of the usual order of things in building a home, wherein architecture so often dictates the character of our indoor surroundings. Yet does this not exemplify what should more often be the case? For interior decoration dealing with those more intimate and habitable qualities, by far the most purposive factor in a structure's existence, why should it not in a large measure govern the entire procedure of building?

A decorator comes in contact with so many sides of human nature, so many types of client and customer, that it seems to me these could be classified into very interesting categories as to character, tastes, personal traits. There are those who turn everything over to the hands of a decorator and those who would rather do the entire



A PERIOD DINING-ROOM



AN ITALIAN-STYLE LIVING-ROOM

Interior Decoration and Personality

job themselves. Families there are, either without any opinions, or else bristling with conflicting opinions, or again, ruled by a sort of bell-wether artistic daughter or aunt. There are the practical and the visionary, the original and the imitative, those who are faddish and those who are so conservative and backward in anything that approaches spontaneity of expression that they invariably buy the usual, even though fundamentally ill-considered, thing. It is to these latter intelligent and well-meaning individuals that the dapper salesman declares truthfully: "This is one of those staple goods we shall always carry (if you don't take them off our hands!)."

But perhaps one of the most remarkable facts, in respect of our particular subject, discernible to the watchful decorator, is that the elemental responsiveness of individuals never changes much. Aesthetic perception, though primarily through the senses, is secondarily always a matter either of intellect or of mere emotive sensation. People appear to be born inalterable upon earthly or spiritual planes of varying degree. With one person maturity in aesthetic development means merely a more acute perception of literal, obvious, material values; with another, it means a more delicate sensitivity to spiritual values.

For example, there was a certain simple, severe rendering of Late Empire that was no less pagan than the Roman, only it was an etherealized Roman—the sublimation of the Roman shorn of its earthly literalities. So with the Italian Renaissance. An ethereal person sees in its decorative pomp, its material richness, a certain earthly limitation, an opaque literalness, out of all which he is not content until, through physical renunciations, he re-embodies its inward qualities.

So every style has its higher degrees of interpretative appeal, from the plane of the senses to that of the intellect.

The question often arises regarding individual interpretation. A house or an apartment being the abode of a number of persons, how shall it express or interpret one personality?

Well, in the first place, let me say that a responsive decorator usually finds—and it is most indicative of a selective excellence of lineal strain—an aesthetic unity in families underlying, perhaps, quite a diversity of personal characteristics. This is often noticeable in the types of objects a family accumulate. The careful decorator will sense and develop this unity into one component

personality. But where such possibility is downright lacking and the reverse condition emphatically obtains, this very diversity itself may be treated with artistic effect as a working unit, interpreting a collective individuality. How often, on the other hand, do we see persons among surroundings that but reflect some professional hand—a tediously unimaginative, impersonal, academically wrought effect of "chiseled correctness" which its occupants will never vitalize nor possess in the sense of a living and sympathetically responsive background.

In the second place, however, I should frankly explain that the particular kind of personality I am treating of naturally more often does find its most apt and effective usage in what might be termed the æsthetic efficiency of an individual rather than of a group. Its happiest applications perhaps are to definite types of persons, those having native capacities for distinctive personal atmosphere—for the more forceful or exquisite individual radiations, gleams or auras, as they are sometimes termed, and who, quite decidedly, though gracefully, dominate their surroundings.

Now modern interior decoration in its best practice, that aims at personal interpretation, rather than mere impersonal assemblings taken piecemeal from past examples, seeks out that which is native in a person and most worthy, aesthetically, of finding organic extension, as it were, and externalizes it in a corresponding spirit of indoor surroundings.

A dozen years ago to have written of the native gleams or the aura that characterizes every individual would have been received with something of that half-serious and indulgent attitude so prevalent during the latter part of the Second Empire when the cultured social world amused itself with all preternatural, occult and psychic whisperings. Now it has become a ruling part of practical efficiency to study the psychological relations and reactions of surroundings. Many there are, I regret to say, both of architects and decorators, who are prone to account the more subtle phenomena of decorative interpretation, such as auras or radiations, in clients as impractical or visionary when these pass beyond the range of their imagination or sensitivity. They are like the socialist who declared that the line of inequalities of wealth and leisure should be drawn at "those unworthies who play golf." The socialist had but one arm.

Interior Decoration and Personality

If we but recall that personality native to styles is the one and only vital generative factor that gave them their own peculiar artistic investiture, we readily see that any appreciation of them that falls short of this richest significance is nothing more than a correspondingly crude bungling or less skilful handling of our finer and more delicate pigments of decorative interpretation.

I only wish I might amplify my thesis with a detailed reference to the characteristic pervading spirit or symbolic significance with which time and good usage have endowed each of the past periods of decoration. Time has transformed them all into rich and beautiful words in our decorative language. With them we may tell a modern tale all the more flexibly and charmingly. I wish I might show how people wilfully misuse the aptness and force of this language.

Perhaps in so brief a space the idea may be best grasped by a popular understanding of what I alluded to a few paragraphs back as æsthetic efficiency, since our age is so alert to the principle of efficiency in every other line. Most anyone will admit that to place violets in a house pervaded with the odour of stewing turnips is a simple matter of æsthetic inefficiency. Sure, people see that, all right. It has nothing to do with dust, durability, duty or the price of putty. Sure—just *simon* pure æsthetics. Well, just so surely is there the factor of æsthetic efficiency in the relation of personality to indoor surroundings. In every one of us there is something just our own—something native, characteristic, deep and permanent, which has a distinct polarity for some æsthetic counterpart.

Since our rooms will express, whether we wish them to or no, they might as well express ourselves. And when we consider the modern facilities of our best shops and factories, aiming expressly to furnish the veriest niceties for interpretation at the minimum of cost to the consumer, we must see that our individual failure to seek out that which will best draw out and enrich our personality, is but rubbing art the wrong way, lowering our æsthetic efficiency.

Not long ago, in a discussion of this growing factor of individualized personality in interior decoration, the question was asked at a congenial gathering what was the leading personal quality that most distinguished an absent acquaintance of all present. Opinions were so similar that they were all epitomized, by hearty concu-

rence, in one person's apt phrase—"Somehow he always reminds me of that mystic grandeur of a Gothic cathedral." And, think of it! This man is housed in bachelor apartments done in what might be well termed "Early Pullman." The same experiment was made of several other persons. One characterization I recall—"A dainty bit of Dresden"—pertained to a woman who is cruelly surrounded by Mission appointments.

Indeed, I may add that the very place we held forth that evening was the home of a public accountant and high efficiency expert and his wife, whose speciality is domestic science. Now she, by the way, will tell me truly, as to my diet, just how many calories of heat I should reckon for whether I am to negotiate the Third Avenue "el" at rush hour or merely propose for myself a stroll up the Matterhorn. Together they have studied all domestic problems on a scientific basis and hope in years to come to eliminate what then shall be proven to have been all the lost motion (and I am only too afraid, the lost art) of living. The house is decorated in what might be termed Americanized modern Viennese—"with not a stick of mahogany"—declared the enthusiastic husband, "to remind us of our grandparents, or a single design to obtrude upon our wedded life the intranquillizing associations of celibacy. We married and started a new existence. We hope our home interprets us." It did.

HAWTHORNE MEMORIAL

THE disastrous Salem fire of 1914 suddenly stopped the movement for collecting funds to erect a memorial to Nathaniel Hawthorne. Salem is rapidly recovering from this disaster and is building a much finer and more beautiful city. The Directors of the Hawthorne Memorial Association therefore feel it is time to take up and complete the fund of twenty-five thousand dollars necessary to erect a fine portrait statue of Hawthorne by Bela L. Pratt, the noted Boston sculptor. Hawthorne does not belong to Salem alone but to the whole country and the world. His fame as a writer is fixed, and while Salem is noted for many historical things, perhaps its chief interest to the country at large is connected to the name of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Subscriptions towards this very worthy purpose may be forwarded to Salem, to the Secretary of the Association, Mr. Harlan P. Kelsey.

Line Drawing Studies of the Russian Ballet

LINE DRAWING STUDIES OF THE RUSSIAN BALLET BY EDMUND VAN SAANEN ALGI

THE most interesting feature of the recent exhibition at Scribner's, inspired by the Ballet Russe, was a collection of drawings by Edmund Van Saanen Algi. In these charming sketches and studies of Nijinsky and other dancers, Algi has recorded motion with his pen in such a manner that his models may be said literally to be dancing. In his sketches by means of elimination he has achieved continued action, and so these apparently unfinished drawings represent the passing of one posture into another instead of the frozen attitude of people in unnatural positions so often on exhibition, in which inessential detail by

its very finished effect has contradicted the subtle motif it was endeavoring to portray. Thus by one or two eloquent lines Algi gives us an interpretation of Isidora Duncan as *Iphigenia* or

of Pavlova floating in the Swan Dance.

One finds no unnecessary drawings of hands and fingers in detail, no superfluous exploitation of anatomy. The artist is conscious that we do not really discern

hands, fingers and feet in detail while watching the dancer, that what we see is in truth liquid flow of line, and it is that which he has so successfully transcribed on paper.

It has been noted somewhere that all his studies represent "dynamic energy," restless action, and that in none of them is there a sustained note of repose. Yet, if one remembers correctly, there were several studies (*L'après-midi de Faune*, for instance) which indicated a



IMPRESSIONS OF NIJINSKY
AND PAVLOVA
IN CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDES



serene poise in the dancer. To have recorded vibratory movement is a great achievement, but to have recorded also the idea of repose as conveyed in continued action is a still greater act of this magician of the pencil. But the public must not think that these drawings are unfinished on account of their lack of detail. They are as complete as the most finished Greek figures which decorate an Attic vase and they possess the same simplicity of line.

In these drawings we find a strong element of decorative design. The leaping figures do not bewilder the eye of the beholder, but rather tend to soothe it with a sense of power and poise. The artist has expressed completely in a few words what another might fail to say in a hundred rhetorical phrases.

If Edmund Van Saanen Algi had only suggested abstract motion, his drawings would not have such a direct appeal to us. It is because he has expressed emotion behind motion that his drawings possess the charm which music exerts over our souls.

It is significant that Edmund Van Saanen Algi feels no sympathy with the movement of the Cubists and the Futurists in their endeavour to express motion.

T. L. FITZ S.

WILLIAM H. POWELL.—It is with very deep regret that we record the untimely death of Mr. William H. Powell, whose gallery and store have for many years been a rendezvous for artists and collectors in New York.

I N THE GALLERIES

THE Allied Artists of America have strengthened their claim to permanency by holding their third annual exhibition. Just at first this association was rebellious and hot-headed, with grouchy feelings toward the alma mater on 57th Street who with the complacency born of traditional prestige can afford to smile benevolently at any little outbreaks in the art industries of the city. This was three years ago. The allied artists then were not very closely allied—*lucus a non lucendo*—and the work that they displayed in a somewhat petulant manner in no wise tended to strengthen their precarious hold on the sympathy of the public. Added to mediocre canvases selected for the outbreak were unsuitable and in consequence good hanging was beyond the question. However at the bottom of the enterprise was a sound belief in the justice of their cause, a capacity for hard work in forensics or in oils, and a patient attitude. They have won out, as all such associations win out. To-day they are on a firm footing, in perfect sympathy with the Academy whose galleries they occupy, and a glance at the hanging list shews how closely affiliated they are with the parent organization. Among the exhibitors are Chauncey F. Ryder, Ernest L. Ipsen, Ernest Peixotto, Olson Skinner Clark, Robert H. Nisbet, H. L. Hildebrandt, Roy Brown, Eliot Clark, Henry Salem Hubbell, Gustave Wiegand, DeWitt M. Lockman, Helen M. Turner, Arthur P. Spear, Arthur Crisp, Howard Giles, Hobart Nichols, Orlando Rouland, Robert Vonnoh, Birge Harrison, Cullen Yates, Edmund Greacen, Paul Cornoyer, Jules



PORTRAIT OF W. B. THAYER

BY H. L. HILDEBRANDT

Turcas, Edward H. Potthast, and Irving R. Wiles. Such names and many more could be adduced in evidence of the importance and solidity of the present organization. Its aims are the very natural outcome of the Academy's inability to shew more than a limited number of paintings. The Allied Artists are thoroughly allied in a feeling of intense disappointment at the several treatments to which their exhibits are exposed when offered at the Spring or Winter exhibitions; they may be refused downright in spite of being good, sincere work, then again they may be accepted and skied, or buried in the so-called Academy Room, the cemetery of many a fond hope. Worse than all they may be accepted but not hung. The only happy person is the opulent picture shipper who in the intervals of counting his wealth is occupied in crating and recrating rejected pictures and shipping them to and fro throughout the States. The Allied Artists have forsworn anxieties. Acceptance and hanging are foregone conclusions, in addition to which

they draw lots for wall space and every member has an equal chance of getting a star position in the famous Vanderbilt Gallery. *Herzchen, was willst du noch mehr?*

Whilst the rule of this fraternity to draw lots for space upon which to hang their pictures may be very beneficial to individual artists who chance upon good locations, it is scarcely fair upon the public, to please whom the exhibition is held. Artists do not exhibit to artists but to the public, and these patrons should be propitiated by the best possible hanging, which is quite impossible under the circumstances mentioned. Then again a much better hanging would have been attained had the pictures been raised a few inches instead of resting upon the woodwork.

Had a prize or diploma been the reward for the best canvas on exhibition there is little doubt that Irving R. Wiles would have been an easy winner with his seated figure by the riverside. A small, unassuming painting full of significant charm, reminding one of Sargent at his best, as

In the Galleries

in the picture at Rochester (of two girls stretched out comfortably upon a cliff), owned by Mr. Eastman. They both carry the same distinction. By the side of this Wiles's other two contributions are negligible. Two rather unpleasant nudes, crude in colour and drawing, confer small credit to Christina Morton and Wm. H. K. Yarow, who, however, makes atonement in a picture of an old lady seated, which is a thoroughly good conception and portrait.

The space occupied by Hubbell contains some one-sitting portraits that are wonderfully fresh and characteristic, especially a Japanese mother with her cunning babe, and the alert head, blue eyes, and white hair of his brother artist, C. Reiffel, who is represented with a couple of decorative landscapes in the purest of pure colour. A vermilion barn in one takes its place capitally in the colour scheme. An old and famous painter looking at it said: "I have never seen that coloured barn, but I like it, I like it."

Roosevelt's portrait, soon to go to a famous collection in Denmark, is the work of v. Rehling Quistgaard, whose reputation as a miniaturist stands pre-eminent. The alertness of pose, the feeling that any moment he may spring up from his chair, the vigorous muscle play of the features, the tenseness of the hand clasping a roll of notes, all point to a very vital understanding of the sitter and a keen understanding of the inner forces at work. Though externals have



GUIDED BY THE STARS

BY ORLANDO ROULAND

been observed with meticulous exactitude, one never loses sight of the character of Roosevelt, which is bigly portrayed. In the face of much modern-day portraiture the sincere work of Quistgaard is answer enough to those who like a freer technique and a negligent attitude toward apparel, hands and other accessories. At this moment Quistgaard is working upon a portrait of Hon. Joseph H. Choate at request of the Genealogical and Biological Society of New York.

At Reinhardt's Galleries, Walter Dean Goldbeck has been shewing his recent portraits, one of Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer from its unusual conception attracting particular attention. It is a long panel portrait with the sitter in a saddle-back chair, the lines of her figure expressed in long sweeping curves of great interest; only the red background jars a little. Goldbeck is gradually losing a certain theatrical style in his portraits



A BAL-MASQUE

BY H. LEDYARD TOWLE

In the Galleries

where dignity and repose were marred by artificialities. The present exhibition marks him as sincere and talented. The portraits of Miss Louise Morris and Mr. Ernest Schelling are problems skilfully achieved.

A one-man show at the Knoedler Galleries, seventeen canvases by Jonas Lie, has just concluded. A pathetic title to one of the pictures, *The Last Rag*, was merely a printer's error. It was "the last ray" of the afternoon sun upon a winter landscape with a frozen river. Lie is a victim of misbrands. His famous Panama picture with great steel buckets suspended upon cables high in the air was once catalogued as *The Heavenly Hoist*, "The Heavenly Host" not appearing correct to the printer's reader. However, names are small matters, paintings count. Lie's luminous harbour scenes, fishing boats, lowering skies, muddy water fronts and invading tides, are joyfully and sincerely handled in a style quite his own. They have the true ring of plein-air painting, full of beautiful, restrained colour and withal a big pattern of fine decorative concept. His paintings never strike one as merely easel productions; they demand to be mantel decorations or to become motifs for murals.

The Etching Exhibition at the Philadelphia Art Club, which owes its origin to Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Yeates Brinton, came to an end a few weeks ago and may be said to have been an unequalled success, not only because eighty-five prints found willing purchasers but chiefly because an important association, something in the manner of a Print Lover's Club, will soon be developed, of which more anon. The etchers who disposed of one or more proofs are: Troy Kinney, Robert Eskridge, Bertha E. Jaques, Helen Hyde, Otto Schneider, J. André Smith, Lester G. Hornby, J. C. Vondrous, D. C. Sturges, Gustav F. Goetsch, Anne Goldthwaite, Mathilde de Cordoba, George Plowman, Louis Calewaert, George Senseney, M. V. Breitmayer, William Levy, Arthur G. Learned, Paul Hammersmith, Earl Reed, J. P. Verrees, Ernest D. Roth, De Witt Fessenden, Mary Cas-satt, Roy Partridge, Gustave Hoffman.

Mr. J. W. Young, of the Young's Art Galleries, Chicago, is exhibiting Blakelock's work, and has issued a fine catalogue with a view to calling marked attention to the Blakelock movement. The catalogue sells at \$2.00, proceeds to go to Mrs. Blakelock. No better concrete example could be discovered than the Blakelocks for the

need of a general fund to meet just such cases. It is fully time that some broad-minded business men should unite in collecting and administering a big national fund to sustain and relieve worthy artists or their families in cases where misfortune or illness has dealt hardly with them. It is a kindly act of this gallery to have issued their catalogue for the benefit of this hard-trying family and it is to be hoped that a few thousand dollars may result from it.

Arthur H. Hahlo & Co. have been showing, for the first time in this country, a comprehensive collection of etchings and coloured aquatints by William A. Sherwood, associate of the Société Royale de Beaux Arts, member of the Société Royale des Aquafortistes Belges, examples of whose work are to be found in the Print Cabinet at the Royal Library, Brussels, the Musée Plantin-Moretus, Antwerp, and in the private collection of H. M. The Queen of the Belgians.

With the exception of his Antwerp series the prints now shown are new to the American public, including the war series, made just before his departure from Antwerp, and the New York series, completed since his arrival here. His pure line and aquatint combinations point to a subtle and refined talent. His Belgian etchings are very temperamental and individual, bringing the people and streets to us as no word pictures could do, whilst his colour harmonies and grasp of subject are exceptional.

With characteristic energy and forethought that enterprising director, Miss Cornelia B. Sage, has secured an all summer exhibition of prominent American sculpture for the park grounds of the Albright Art Gallery, at Buffalo. To Miss Sage's lasting fine record must be recalled the Meunier exhibition, which she obtained ahead of all other aspirants a year ago, and the present exhibition of foreign sections of painting from the Panama Exposition, which she has allowed to be displayed in Pittsburgh at the Carnegie Institute. Miss Sage certainly sets the pace in museum activity at a time when all art institutions are striving to arouse interest in the public and to exert a benificent educational influence.

The idea of this sculptural exhibition originated with the late Mr. Karl Bitter, but his untimely death postponed the actual realization. The closing of the Panama-Pacific Exposition offered a good opportunity to carry the idea into effect and Miss Sage was quick to seize it.

THE STUDIO

WILLIAM CALLOW,
PAINTER IN WATER-
COLOURS (1812-1908). BY
T. MARTIN WOOD.

CALLOW'S water-colours will always stand out from the later water-colour painting of his time because he outlived those who practised the system in which he was educated, and sustained tradition in spite of the incoming tide of the modern style. When Callow himself began to feel the influence of the new ideas as to the handling of the medium it seems only to have confused his aim and brought about a deterioration in his art.

Callow was the most famous drawing-master of his time, and that was a time when the master was more than one who gave a gentle guiding hand to the individual tendencies of the pupil. In those days the master tried to turn over to the pupil a recipe for every possible thing he might be called upon to draw or colour. The student began with exercises with the pencil in which, by its employment in given ways, the effect of oak-tree branches or willows or elm-tree branches could be rendered so that there was no mistaking what they were meant for. In these drawings trees resolved themselves into types of trees, just as buildings into types of architecture, or types of ruin. It was in "composition" that there was most play for feeling. And indeed "composition" in those days was a large part of picture-making—part of the "composition," of course, being the dexterous sweeping wash that relieved a light sky by broad suppression of buildings or trees under one dramatically contrived shadow.

Such a style of drawing (for water-colour in this sense was but an extension of the art of drawing, pure and simple) discounted original and subtle observation, and tended to accept one type of scene as beautiful, to be represented, and another as ugly, to be rejected by the artist.

It is of this School that Callow is a representative master. He possessed great natural facility, and this was increased by his profession of art teaching. The spirit and merit of his water-colour work is best appreciated by the study of his uncoloured drawings. For colour was often something added from memory as an

embellishment, to these drawings. He applied an effect of colour to them which he thought suitable to the main lines of the composition.

He inherited from the age of Girtin and Turner a gift of extreme delicacy and precision in drawing, which perhaps the world will never see so beautifully again. We have Mr. Muirhead Bone, but for all that, the rivalry of photography has rather destroyed the mood of concentration in which sensitive and detailed representation can be performed with enthusiasm.

Upon his drawings Callow made a dramatic subdivision, light and shade. Any further detail was but a modification of this main division, never lost. We may take Mr. Sargent's art in water-colour as the very opposite of this system. In his work every shadow is assailed by clear reflected light, every light owes its vivacity to the economy in that pure whiteness with which Callow would



WILLIAM CALLOW, R.W.S., AT THE AGE OF 86
(From a Photograph)



“NOTRE DAME DE PARIS, FROM BERCY”

BY WILLIAM CALLOW, R.W.S.

extravagantly illuminate the whole length of a street of buildings facing the sun.

It is a very poor education for the appreciation of the vibratory charm of Sargent's art to accustom oneself to the skilful theatric use of light and shade upon which depends the effect of the most characteristic Callows. And it is a very poor education for the enjoyment of the beauty in Callow's art at its best to share Sargent's restless vision.

Callow was employing in the 'forties and 'fifties the equable and serene style that he inherited from an earlier school. He commenced with a very refined vision supporting his extraordinary skill, and if his art was eventually deteriorated by incoming influences which his sympathies would not permit him to understand, it was also assailed by an enemy that has a special eye on excellent drawing-masters—facility itself, when it outstrips every other faculty. In the later years of his long life, the tradition which had sustained him in his best work was barely remembered by the most old-fashioned collectors. We are but now finding our way back to it in that search for first principles which is the end of the end. When Callow died in 1908 he was ninety-six. He was as a boy assisting Theodore Fielding, elder brother of Copley Fielding, in colouring prints in 1823, and

was an exhibitor at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours in 1838. He exhibited there thenceforward for seventy years unbrokenly.

Although he was exhibiting oil paintings at the Royal Academy after 1850, his reputation is secured to him by his water-colours. Drawings by his grandfather, John Callow, who was born in 1770, can be studied with the work of contemporary draughtsmen, in the portfolios of the South Kensington Museum. When William Callow began to draw he started with the convention that was employed by his grandfather and all the draughtsmen of the first part of the nineteenth century. The broad definition of trees in which their shape is made clear by always shading them on one side was easily emphasised by a simple but comprehensive wash of colour. There are in the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington a series of water-colours done in 1842 of scenes in Hyde Park and Regent's Park, in which this simple recipe for an atmospheric topographical drawing is carried out with the greatest art. The vision is extremely refined. Nothing could be further removed from the commonplace into which such a style would decline in the hands of the amateurs, of whom there seem to have been more at that time than there are even to-day.



“SAUMUR, LOIRE” (1835)

BY WILLIAM CALLOW, R.W.S.



“VENICE” (1865)

BY WILLIAM CALLOW, R.W.S.

William Callow



“NUREMBERG”

BY WILLIAM CALLOW, R.W.S.

These drawings are at present kept together in a portfolio, as a set, but there is at least one included among them, to which the Museum authorities have given the date of 1842, when the series was undertaken, that was either added by Callow later, in the style of the series, or corrected. No. P 3 in this portfolio is a case in point. The trees in the middle distance of this sketch are as unlike the treatment which the artist employed at that time as anything can be. They are a blurred and clumsy mass. Only the outside contours against the sky suggest the anatomy of trees, and it was just the anatomy of vegetation that Callow was a master in suggesting, through an almost instinctive employment of the recipe he had received.

In a memoir written by Mr. H. M. Cundall in 1908, as a preface to the artist's autobiography, published in that year, we read that Callow's

hand as a draughtsman “was so steady that he never required, even in his most elaborate subjects, to remove a line once he had drawn it.” In the same essay we learn that in his many sketching tours, with the exception of the first one in 1836, the artist confined himself to pencil work. “Besides filling numerous sketch-books he was in the habit of making detailed pencil drawings.” “It was his practice to execute all his finished paintings in his studio from these pencil drawings. He had such a wonderful memory for colour that he was enabled to depict the scenes which he had sketched years ago with only the aid of his black and white drawings.”

We are here let into the secret of much that is inexplicably boring in Callow's later art. The thing that gives us a vivid sensation of life in the case of a Sargent water-colour, even when his shorthand is in places obscure, is the

sense we have of the scene represented, as an experience—an experience which the artist seems able to communicate to us with all its freshness in it. This might quite well be done, and is done in all Callow's most notable work, by an artist representing his subject from memory. When an artist lifts his eyes from his subject in nature that he may watch his hand he is already committed to memory. For the sake of the greater care which can be given to it some of the manual part may be deferred until the artist reaches home, or until he is in the mood, but there is nothing in this delay to violate the truth which he has at heart. The case is altered, however, when an artist attempts to return to his youthful beginnings, essaying to finish them in middle age. Hand and vision can no longer be at one. The vision that returns in middle-life to a subject that was seen in youth is changed by all the modifications of style and



"GIESSEN ON THE LAHN."
BY WILLIAM CALLOW, R.W.S.



"WATERFALL IN HYDE PARK" (1842)

BY WILLIAM CALLOW, R.W.S.



"VIEW IN KENSINGTON GARDENS" (1842)

BY WILLIAM CALLOW, R.W.S.



"BOTANIC GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK" (1857)

BY WILLIAM CALLOW, R.W.S.



"EASBY ABBEY, YORKSHIRE" (1853)

BY WILLIAM CALLOW, R.W.S.



"THE GATE OF ST. NICHOLAS, GHENT."
BY WILLIAM CALLOW, R.W.S.





"MILL ON THE SCIELDT, NEAR
ANTWERP: MOONLIGHT" (1859)
BY WILLIAM CALLOW, R.W.S.

William Callow

method that the ever imperceptibly changing conventions of art must in the lapse of such a time bring about ; as well as by any modification in the inherent character of the artist's mind. As time went on Callow becomes ever increasingly the mere picture-maker, and he is brought to rely more than ever upon the enemy of all art—the sense of the picturesque. For the sense of the picturesque is the sense of what a preceding artist would have made of the subject. It begins to work evil in the eyes of a painter when it no longer ennobles his vision of nature, when it demands blindness to everything in nature which will not fit into a formula for representation which has been adopted for convenience.

All Callow's work can be broadly divided into that which is alive, sensitive and refined, and that which is tiresome and sometimes common. When Callow is spoken of as a master of outstanding importance in the history of water-colour it is the Callow with the fresh vision and instinctive touch, the Callow whom we find in the work that reflects his enjoyment of nature, of new scenes, and romantic architecture. We lose sight of this Callow altogether in many of the "set-pieces" that he prepared for the market.

It is not a question altogether of dates, though it is of course through the 'forties, 'fifties and 'sixties that we get the most directly treated and interesting of Callow's water-colours. Consideration for market success, without conscious violation of the principles expressed in his best work, seems to have caused the marked differences in quality of pictures of the same date. He was the master of a style inherited. In approaching Nature his perfect training gave him a beautiful address. But when he ceased to court Her he lapsed into dulness.

But in spite of lapses, Callow continued to handle water-colour as if he was thinking in it for so many years that the whole record of his long vital period runs like a backbone through the art in the nineteenth century. The use of the medium was being fundamentally altered by one artist after

another in his time. There were moments when the peculiar qualities of water-colour seemed in danger of being forgotten altogether. But Callow remained through everything a purist in style, he never lost in stippling, or by employment of body-colour, or in any other way a deep feeling for the natural quality of water-colour. If it is possible for the moderns to revive this quality, if the sense of the true properties of water-colour is as acute in them as in the founders of the art in England, and if we are conscious of a principle unifying all the diversity of effort and experiment which characterised the age in which Callow lived, it is largely because his own art establishes a continuity between succeeding schools, and affords a meeting centre for extremes of method. Water-colour was first employed as a tint to supplement drawing. The method by which drawing is inferred by manipulation of colour was developed in Callow's time.

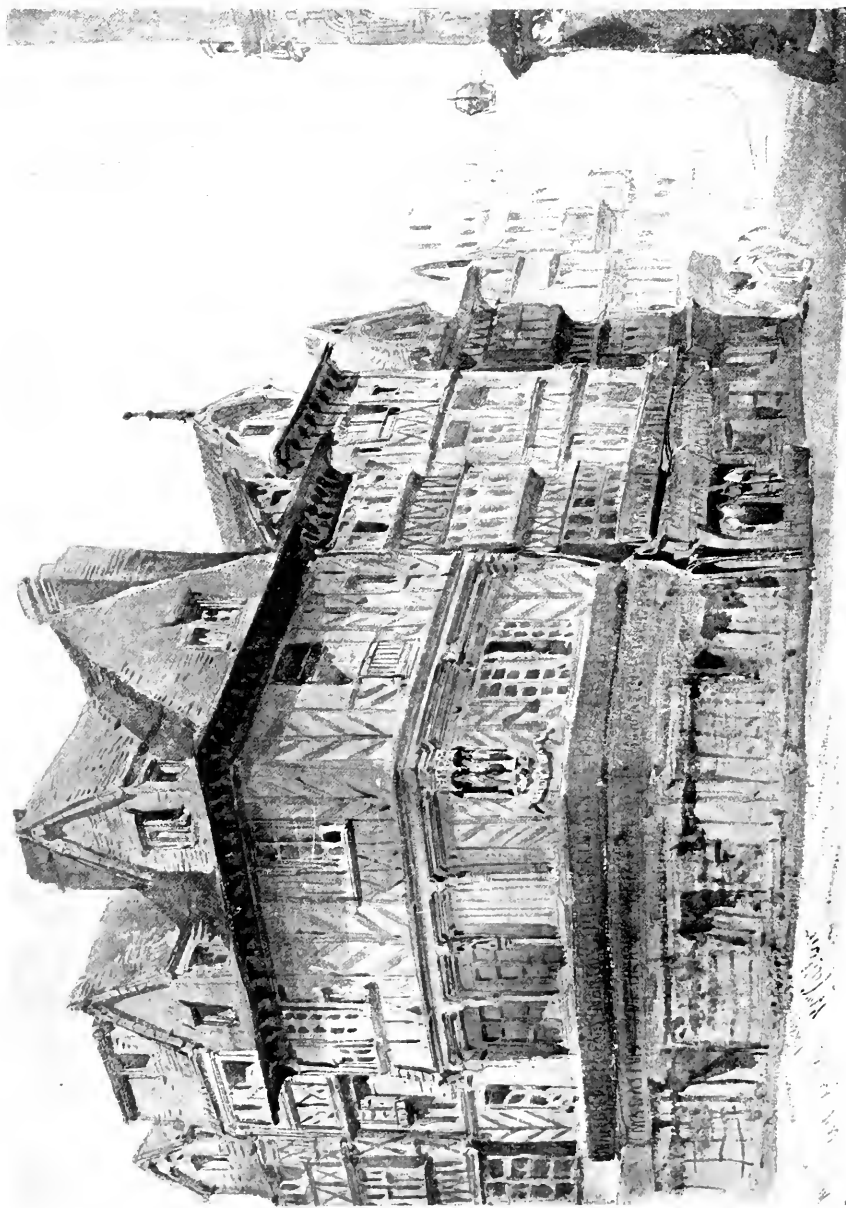


"CANALE BARATARIA, VENICE" (1877) BY WILLIAM CALLOW, R.W.S.



"INTERIOR OF WHITBY ABBEY."
BY WILLIAM CALLOW, R.W.S.





"OLD HOUSES, NANTES" (1856, UNFINISHED)
BY WILLIAM CALLOW, R.W.S.

(By Courtesy of Messrs. Brown & Phillips,
The Leicester Galleries)



"HOTEL DE VILLE, YPRES" (1850)
BY WILLIAM CALLOW, R.W.S.

Modern British Sculptors

MODERN BRITISH SCULPTORS: SOME YOUNGER MEN.

REFERENCE will be made in this article to the work of some of the younger men who have made sculpture their lodestar. These artists are mostly young in years, but they are grouped under this heading more in the sense that their masterpieces, probably, are yet to be created. They have all achieved distinction to a greater or lesser degree, but their lives are still before them and much may be expected in the years to come.

It is fitting that mention should be made of the limitations which affect a full consideration of the rising school of sculptors. So many have departed from their chosen walk in life to take a share in the all-absorbing events of the day that it would not be fair to enter into any comparative analysis of the work done in the past decade. Those who remain are not less loyal, of course, and they would be the first to wish that precedence should be given in the thoughts of the public to those whose names appear in those magic lists under the title "British Artists serving with the Forces." And while on this subject it may be wondered whether in the future there will be reflections of the war in the work of our soldier-artists who, like their great predecessor, Michelangelo, have adapted themselves to new tasks directly opposed to their former peaceable vocations. One learns from the letter of an erstwhile architect that the mysteries of bricklaying have been solved at last, so far as he is concerned, through his experience in manipulating sandbags: will some of our sculptors return from the trenches enlightened in regard to some of the problems of their latent craft?

Sculpture is a neglected art, not by artists them-

selves, for there is no lack of men filled with the right ideals, but by the public. To the majority of people, unfortunately, this most beautiful and substantial art exists only as an accessory to architecture or as a means of occupying spaces at street corners and in parks. Such monumental work causes the ordinary patron of art to consider sculpture as beyond his province. It is overlooked that sculpture also plays an important part in the decoration of the home. A bronze will yield as much if not more pleasure than a water-colour sketch or an etching, but the fact is not appreciated fully. As regards cost the expenditure of less even than five pounds will secure an object of beauty by a sculptor of repute, and this sum is not too much to ask from hundreds of visitors to exhibitions. It is for the young men to cultivate such potential buyers, who would become enthusiastic if they were only initiated into the sculpture



"GRIEF"

BY C. WEB-GILBERT

Modern British Sculptors

habit. The suggestion may be offered that small bronzes with a practical as well as an ornamental purpose might be exhibited more frequently instead of those of a purely ideal character. Frémiet did not disdain to design a smoker's ash-tray which was "published" at a price within the reach of almost all householders, and one of the greatest modern sculptors in England, the inspiration of every student, was not too proud to turn his thoughts to the modelling of a biscuit-tin. That is the right spirit in which work of all kinds should be undertaken, especially by those who are on the threshold of their careers and are able to produce for a smaller recompense than is possible in the case of men who are surrounded with the expenses of fame and position. One is thankful to know that at the present moment at least one young artist and an appreciative patron are working together in this way, the patron having proposed and the sculptor having accepted a commission for a motor-car mascot in bronze. Such enterprise in securing beauty at the helm is worthy of emulation.

The sculpture of the present day is more remarkable for its traditional character and technical merit than for its novelty in design. This is a point in its favour, for the classic ideal has survived through the centuries and maintains its unassailable prestige. All the efforts of revolutionists have failed to undermine the principles evolved by the men of old, and the more one sees of attempts to set new standards the less convincing are the results. There is often something to admire in the ingenuity displayed, but as regards form the appeal is wanting in force. This modern observance of the established canons of art is due to some extent to facilities for travel and, in consequence, to the realisation of the grandeur of ancient conceptions in marble and bronze. But judicial selection enters into

the appreciation and adoption of past motives, and it would be quite possible for students in their pilgrimages to take note of less worthy objects of art. The fact that a long succession of travellers of every temperament have returned from Egypt, Greece and Italy with similar views on the monarchy of art is sufficient evidence of unique qualities in design and execution. Modern sculptors, however, more than ever take the true inspiration of such work without imitating it in the manner of their forefathers.

Mr. C. Web-Gilbert, whose *Grief* is illustrated on page 19, is the nearest approach to a sculptor-pioneer possible in these days of almost universal opportunities for learning the essentials of craftsmanship. He is an Australian but has been in this country since the summer of 1914, his arrival being timed unfortunately in the light of the international events which happened soon afterwards.



"PERDITA"

BY S. M. WIENS



"LOVE AND THE VESTAL"
BY S. NICHOLSON BABB

Modern British Sculptors



"BOY AND FRUIT" (GARDEN FIGURE, BRONZE)
BY F. V. BLUNDSTONE

His ideas of further travel had to be readjusted but he finds some consolation in the museums and schools. To one who is practically self-taught, and who in default of facilities for casting was compelled to set up his own foundry in Melbourne, the possibilities of London are unfathomable. In spite of handicaps he succeeded in establishing a sound reputation before leaving his native place, and the development of his art will be watched with interest. He is at present engaged on a marble bust of Sir George Reid, G.C.B., his previous work in this direction including busts of Lord Carmichael and Sir Edward Holroyd. The dignified figure of *Grief* is part of a memorial to the late Sir Samuel Gillott, first Lord Mayor of Melbourne. Mr. Web-Gilbert occupies himself, of course, with imaginative work, his theme at the moment being a fine Bacchanalian group.

The work of Mr. S. Nicholson Babb always has a pleasing freshness and it is satisfying, whether on a small or large scale. Mr. Babb is one of the few sculptors who have had an opportunity to turn their powers to the design of something of direct value to the community, namely a lamp-post. Would that the civic authorities took more pains to erect similar objects of usefulness and beauty! As a matter of fact this decorative lamp standard (in the Horse Guards Parade near the Foreign Office) was not the outcome of municipal enterprise but it arose through the means of a fund associated with the deathbed wish of Lord Leighton. In other ways Mr. Babb is known by his outdoor sculpture in London, notably by some figures on



"THE SLAVE GIRL."
(MUNGO PARK MONUMENT, SELKIRK)
BY T. J. CLAPPERTON

Modern British Sculptors

A group with a similar depth of meaning is *The Egoist*, in which a man disputes ascendancy with an Egyptian Sphinx. It was Mr. Garbe's first big work and it gave him a secure place among the rising men of his generation. His relief, *Youth and the Shadow* (p. 24), is full of grim significance. Among his works with a more tender sentiment one remembers his *Mother and Child*, a group with admirable intentions and due fulfilment.

Oil paintings and pastel drawings form part of the work of Mr. S. M. Wiens, but sculpture is his favourite means of expression. In the latter category several interesting productions will be remembered. First of all there is the *Girl and Lizard* (p. 26) purchased by the Chantrey Trustees from the 1907 Academy and now in the Tate Gallery. It was a difficult pose to treat successfully, and the fact that the artist was able to perfect



"THE CATAPULT"

BY W. REID DICK

the Victoria and Albert Museum. He is a native of Plymouth, proceeding from the Technical School there to the Royal College of Art and from thence to the Royal Academy Schools, where he secured the Gold Medal in 1901. Since then he has done much excellent work, his *Love and the Vestal* (p. 21) being a typical example. One of his small pieces, *Pro Patria*, has been bought recently by the Queen, and his memorial to Captain Scott, one of the latest additions to the monuments in St. Paul's Cathedral, was illustrated in a recent number of this magazine.

Mr. Richard Garbe is widely known, not only as a sculptor but as a teacher of modelling and carving at the London County Council Central School of Arts and Crafts. His work in connection with architecture includes groups on Thames House, near Southwark Bridge, and the mediæval and modern compositions still in progress for the Welsh National Museum, Cardiff. Intensity of expression is apparent in his designs, for example in *The Man and the Masks* (p. 25). Here is a figure embodying thought and concentration.



"THE AGE OF IMAGINATION"

BY F. V. BLUNDSTONE



"YOUTH AND THE SHADOW"
BY RICHARD GARBE

his design is a tribute to his gifts. Another work of importance is *The Metamorphosis of Daphne* shown at Burlington House in 1913. It is a decorative figure about six feet high, the head and shoulders being in marble and the remainder, tapering down to suggest the legendary laurel tree, being in alabaster. The effect is exceedingly rich and the difficulties of composition have been overcome with marked ability. The illustration of *Perdita* (p. 20) gives a good idea of the character of another pleasing conception in marble.

It is natural that in writing of Modern Sculpture one should turn to the Royal Academy Schools for evidence of progress. In this department of art the work produced certainly holds its own if it does not surpass that drawn from other centres in any part of the world. The opportunities for study and travel offered by the Royal Academy are so

considerable that the Schools are naturally a Mecca for ambitious students, who often have gone quite a long way on the road to fame before becoming Probationers at Burlington House. Our illustrations to this article include work by the last five winners of the big prize, and taking them in sequence it is clear that the high standard of contemporary times is being maintained. Last year the usual competition was suspended on account of the war.

Since Mr. T. J. Clapperton won the Gold Medal for Sculpture at the Royal Academy in 1905 his work has been important and interesting. One remembers particularly some of his negro figures for the Mungo Park Monument at Selkirk, and when his work for the National Museum of Wales is completed it will prove a striking contribution to modern sculpture. Among his smaller

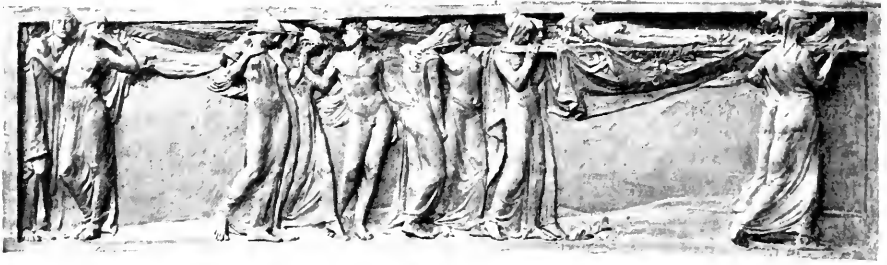


"SALAMIS—THE MOURNERS"
BY ALFRED BUXTON



"THE MAN AND THE MASKS"
BY RICHARD GARBE

Modern British Sculptors



"TRAGIC PROCESSION" (DETAIL OF SHAKESPEARE MONUMENT)

BY CHARLES WHEELER

imaginative compositions, *The Kelpie* was in the recent exhibition at Messrs. Waring's. A statuette by him of Robert Louis Stevenson drew praise from that discerning critic, Mr. Edmund Gosse.

Mr. F. V. Blundstone, who won the coveted "Gold" in 1907, was born in Switzerland of English and French parentage. His early studies in art took place at Ashton-under-Lyne, and being specially interested in animals he was often to be found at the Manchester Zoo. While there, still in his teens, he took a cast of a dead lion, and this work brought him into contact with Mr. Herbert Dicksee, who has ever since been a good friend to him. Migrating to the Metropolis Mr. Blundstone studied at the South London Technical Art School and at the Royal Academy, where he won various prizes from 1904 onwards. Following, perhaps, the advice of Sir W. B. Richmond in one of the

Academy Lectures in 1906, he travelled in Egypt as well as in Greece and Italy, having as a companion the Gold Medallist for Painting, the late Mr. Francis Crisp, who gave up his life for his country in the present war. Mr. Blundstone is assistant to Mr. Gilbert Bayes in the Modelling Department of the Sir John Cass Technical Institute. His *Boy and Fruit* (p. 22), a bronze figure for a garden, is one of the best of those chubby figures which have been produced in recent years, and *The Age of Imagination* (p. 23) is altogether charming. *Aviation and the Drama*, a group in silver modelled by him, was presented by members of the Green Room Club to Mr. Robert Loraine.

The next winner of the Gold Medal (1909) was Mr. Alfred Buxton, whose *Salamis—The Mourners* is given on p. 24. The subject is rendered convincingly, with the dramatic touch which

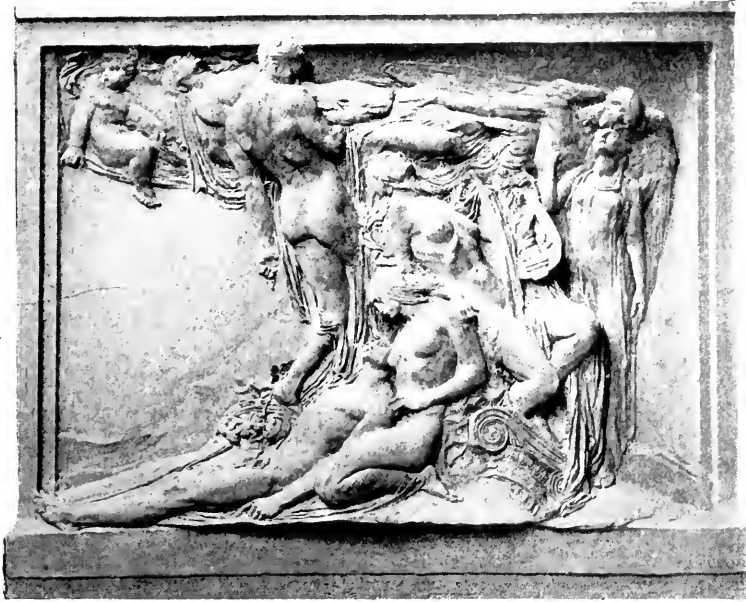


"GIRL AND LIZARD"

(Tate Gallery, Chantrey Purchase 1907)

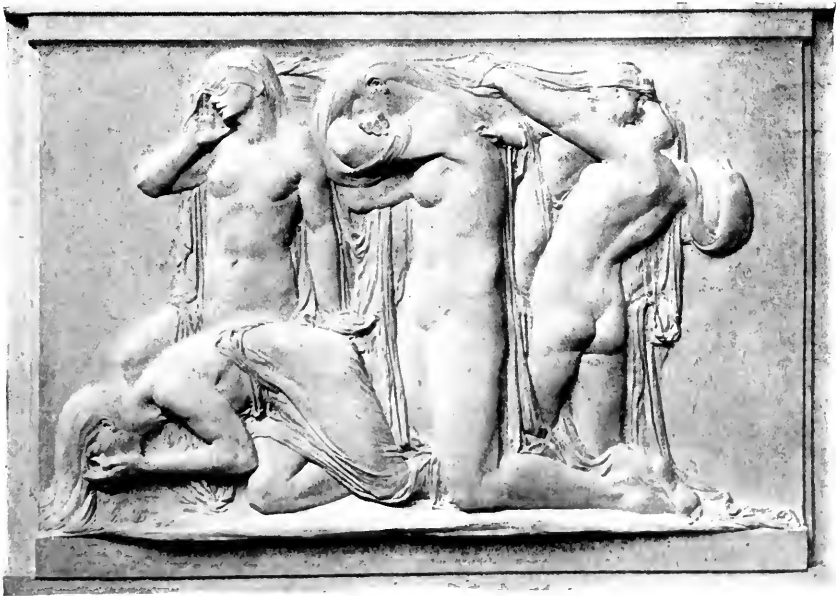
BY S. M. WIENS

Modern British Sculptors



"THE YEARNING FOR THE IDEAL."

BY CHARLES WHEELER

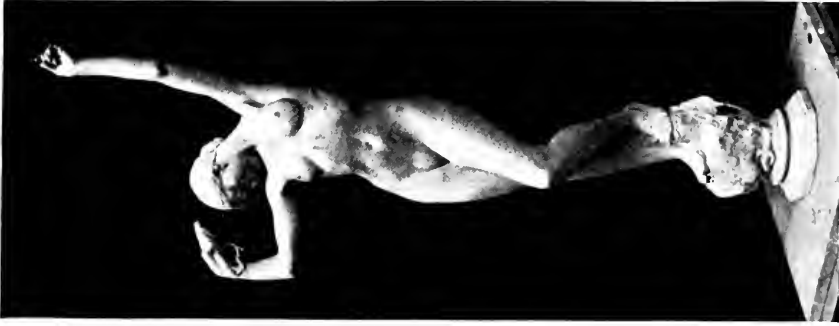


"THE WATERS OF FORGETFULNESS"

BY CHARLES WHEELER



“DAVID”
BY JOHN ANGEL



“FATE”
FIGURE FOR A GARDEN FOUNTAIN
BY GILBERT LEUWARD



“VISTAGE”
BY JOHN ANGEL

Modern British Sculptors

Mr. Buxton can impart so well. His *Athens*, also inspired by his travels, was a notable composition, being an allegorical group representing the Spirit of ancient Greek sculpture musing over a miniature figure of Theseus before bestowing it on a youthful and modern aspirant to fame. Another memorable work is the *Isabella* shown at the Royal Academy in 1912; it is a poetic realisation of the well-known lines by Keats. Mr. Buxton, who is a Londoner by birth, has done a great deal of architectural carving both before and after his studentship. He has recently been engaged on the sculpture in the Congregational Church at Westcliff near Southend.

Mr. John Angel has also risen from the ranks of carvers, and was technically skilled before he entered the Royal Academy Schools. He was a prize-winner right through, and there was no surprise when he won the Gold Medal. That was in 1911, the year when, owing to the sweeping successes of the girl students, Sir E. J. Poynter referred somewhat caustically to the "slackness" of the men and to the tarnished honour of his own sex. But no girl has ever won the "Gold" for Sculpture and even in that year none could challenge the supremacy of Mr. Angel. Like Mr. Blundstone, Mr. Angel, who was born at Newton Abbot, was a student at the South London Technical Art School under Mr. W. S. Frith, before proceeding to the Royal Academy Schools. His statuettes show considerable resource in design, and his larger works, such as *The Appeal*, are conceived sturdily.

Last on the list of Gold Medallists at present is Mr. Gilbert Ledward, the successful student in 1913, in which year he also won the first Scholarship in Sculpture of the British School at Rome. Owing to the outbreak of war Mr. Ledward was only able to spend nine months in Italy instead of three years. Since his return he has been engaged upon the *Crucifixion* (page 31), which is part of a Calvary memorial erected in the churchyard at Bourton-on-the-Water in Gloucestershire. It is based on the

traditional stone crosses in the locality, and it is penetrated with simple dignity and reverent feeling. Mr. Ledward, whose father was a sculptor, was born in Chelsea, and for a time was a student at the Royal College of Art.

Another of Professor Lanteri's pupils who still enjoys the benefits of association with the master is Mr. Charles Wheeler, a native of Wolverhampton. His work includes the reliefs illustrated on pages 26 and 27, one of which, *The Waters of Forgetfulness*, was seen at the Royal Academy last year. These works show unusual promise in design and will be followed no doubt by others still more important.

Mr. W. Reid Dick, R.B.S., has established a good reputation in the south as well as in Glasgow, where, until 1907, he studied at the School of Art. Since his migration to London his work has been seen at the Royal Academy and elsewhere, notable examples being *Femina Victrix*, now in the New South Wales Art Gallery, *The Catapult*, in the Bradford Art Gallery (page 23), *The Kelpie*, and *The Joy of Li'e* and *Silence*. He was one of the first members of the profession to join the Army and for some months now has been "at the Front" with the Royal Army Medical Corps.

ALFRED YOCKNEY.

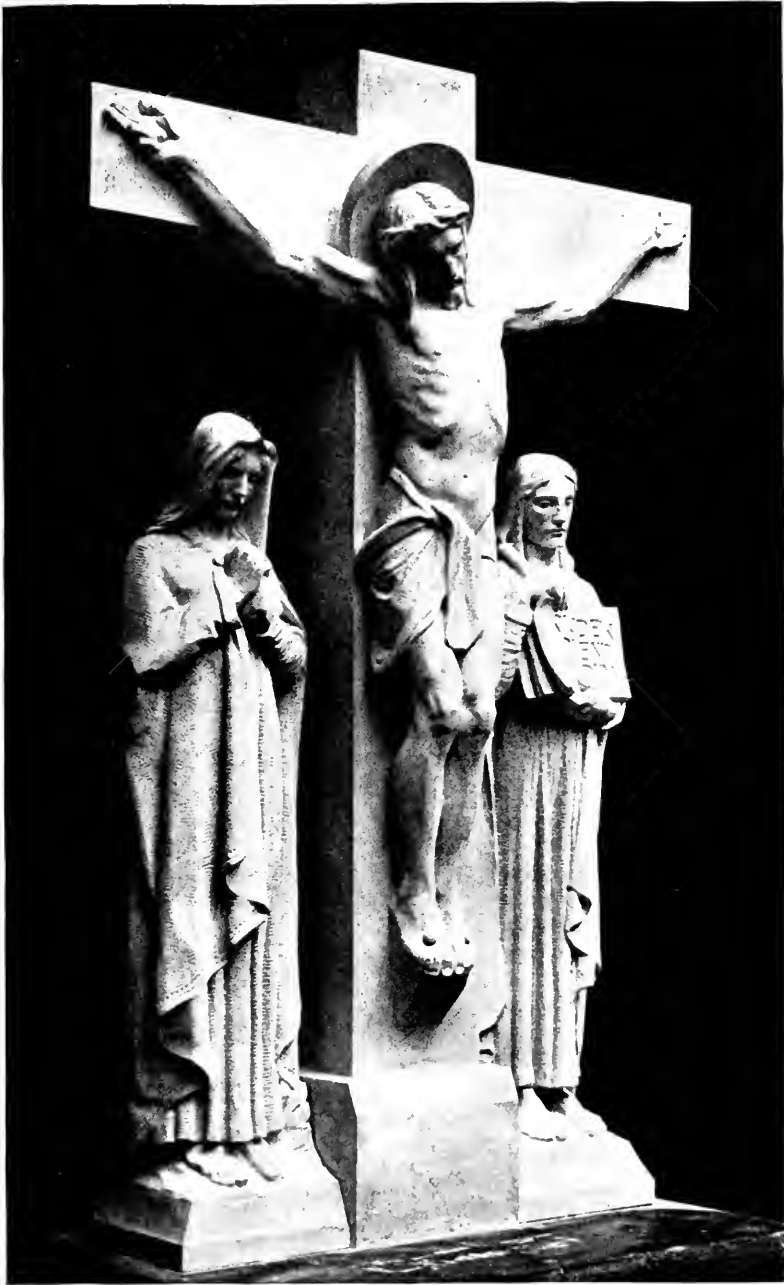


"THE KELPIE"

BY W. REID DICK



"SILENCE." FIGURE FOR A TOMB
BY W. REID DICK



"THE CRUCIFIXION." DETAIL OF MONUMENT
IN STONE. BY GILBERT LEDWARD

PAINTINGS BY MISS I. L. GLOAG, R.O.I.

MOST people are familiar with that story of the well-known artist who, when importuned by an inquisitive dame regarding the medium with which he mixed his paints, replied "Brains, Madam, Brains!" Had one to answer a similar query concerning the work of Miss Gloag, whose pictures form the subject of this article, one would feel tempted, paraphrasing this retort, to answer in somewhat the same strain, "Vitality, Sir, Vitality!" For indeed a sense of liveliness and vigour characterises all her work, giving to it an appeal which cannot pass unnoticed. Furthermore to this artist, I think I am right in supposing, the self-imposed eleventh commandment must be, not the generally accepted addition to the Decalogue, a caution against being found out (for there is no skeleton in Miss Gloag's artistic cupboard), but rather an injunction at all costs to eschew dullness.

In all her work one conceives her to be moved by a distinct purpose, and animated by such fervour and energy that the natural result is the achievement of something extreme, either good or bad, in art. It may be that she has sometimes perpetrated a bad picture, has failed, upon occasion, completely; but it would be a surprise to find her painting anything merely mediocre or commonplace.

The pictures here reproduced belong entirely to, as it were, a second phase of her work, and to a more individual and characteristic manner which one has come to recognise as belonging to this artist. At first her preoccupation would seem to have been with subjects and with a manner that partook somewhat of a kind of later pre-Raphaelitism, or even had some affinity with the art of Watts. In earlier works may be found a predilection for subjects of a mediæval character. Among such for instance is *Four Angels round my Bed*, which

has interesting features of composition; but better works were such as *In the House of Simon the Pharisee*, and a cleverly painted *Pandora*. But in all her paintings as they may be seen to-day on the walls at the exhibitions at Burlington House, at the International, the Royal Institute of Oil Painters, or the "New" Water-Colour Society, of both of which last Miss Gloag is a member, there is a modernity both of subject and of treatment, and in particular one ventures to think, of colour, which must no doubt have engaged the attention of many other visitors to those exhibitions besides the writer.

When we speak of art as *modern*, however, the term is one that demands some amplification. Miss Gloag's pictures are modern in the sense of sharing in the character of so much among good contemporary painting in being, if we may coin the term, a kind of "Searchlight" art: an art that is very penetrating and illumines brightly the object upon which it bends its rays, but which, limited in its scope, has no power to pierce the shadows, that



"MING"

OIL PAINTING BY I. L. GLOAG



(Art Gallery, Wellington, New Zealand)

"BACCHANTE AND FAUNS"
OIL PAINTING BY I. L. GLOAG

Paintings by Miss I. L. Gloag

indeed, through the very brilliance of its effect upon the parts it strikes, it leaves in an obscurity the more profound by comparison. Much among the work of contemporary painters seems to partake of this character of selecting for a fierce analysis some special aspect, a specialisation such as has, to some extent, become inevitable in our complex civilisation, and a consequent and contrasting neglect of the rest.

With all its robustness, with all its excellence of painterlike and draughtsmanlike qualities, there is something a little restless, a little tinge of dissatisfaction which occasionally betrays itself in Miss Gloag's work: as though she was admitting that although she may have said in any particular picture all that she meant to say, while she may have expressed all that the momentary exigencies permitted of being expressed, she knows and feels that all is not there.

But we do not blame a war-correspondent because he does not also happen to be a poet, and we have no possible right or reason to censure a painter for what he or she does *not* give us. Let us try, whilst we enjoy, to appreciate to the full what has been accomplished, so that our enjoyment and our interest may be the more complete and the more truly understanding.

In all the examples of Miss Gloag's work here illustrated, and indeed in all it has been the writer's lot to see from time to time in various of the exhibitions, three cardinal traits are revealed—sureness of drawing, directness of touch, and a marked ability in the handling of paint. These three characteristics, not by any means universally encountered together in modern work, reveal the artist as confident of herself, and it was the recognition of these qualities that prompted the remark made above as to the non-existence of a skeleton in her artistic cupboard. This is indeed only what one would expect to find in an artist whose studies have comprised work at the Slade, at South Kensington, and in Paris. Then, also, in many of her pictures there is to be found an evidence of connoisseurship, of a delight in beautiful old things, examples of furniture, rich brocades, fine carving, marquetry, and rare craftsmanship of all kinds. Fine workmanship surely appeals strongly here, and in her own branch of art Miss Gloag evinces a sound and able craftsmanship. Indeed, if we have a bone to pick with her—and she would be the first to be impatient of any writing about her art that should only eulogise—it is that the fine way in which she handles her paint transcends upon occasion the merit of the subject *per se*. At the

same time, let us not ignore the fact, incontestable in art, that it is most often the manner of treatment—the quality of the draughtsmanship, the fine play of contrasting light and colour—that *makes* the subject: and whether it be some exquisite vase or an old cracked teapot, a lovely woman or a misshapen dwarf, matters not a whit, provided that the genius of the artist has depicted it with clear insight and a mastery of touch.

Had one to label the work here reproduced one would be tempted to speak of it as Realism. Not a Realism such as, for instance, that of Zola, which has caused the term to become to some extent debased and to imply an insistence upon unlovely facts, but rather a healthy desire to enjoy the material aspect of things, to take things as they seem, to analyse mayhap, but with something of a detached and scientific mind, which despite its utter frankness contains no elements to offend



“THE YELLOW COAT”

BY I. L. GLOAG



(Musée du Luxembourg, Paris. Edmond Davis Gift)

"1860," BY I. L. GLOG

Paintings by Miss I. L. Gloag

even the most susceptible. And this aspect of Miss Gloag's work seems to be very evident in her treatment of the nude. To one who obviously delights in tackling painters' problems, the nude makes an appeal such as always mystifies a little those to whom it represents merely an undressed person. To paint, shall we say, a nude model upon a couch with draperies and silks whose colours contrast yet harmonise with an infinitude of delicate and subtle reflections upon the bare flesh, and to render with the same pigments and the same brushes the one with the texture as of inanimate stuffs, the other alive and warm with the blood pulsating beneath the skin—here is the problem which calls forth all the painter's skill and mettle, and in painting which, if sincere, he is entirely oblivious of the fact that the finished production may contain elements to disturb the susceptibilities of the lay observer.

No one ignores the fact that the Paris Salons, for instance, always contain a number of works painted with the vulgar object, undoubtedly, of shocking or of appealing in an unworthy way to the ordinary visitor, but paintings of this character are almost invariably devoid of real artistic merit.

But no matter how frank, how literal may be Miss Gloag's painting of the nude, it could never partake of this vulgarity, and her work of this kind has always the forceful appeal, the robust naturalness given it by the sincerity of its conception and the technical accomplishment of her painting of flesh. As examples take the picture, now in a public gallery in New Zealand, *Bacchante and Fauns*, with its echo of Rubens, or the perhaps more completely characteristic *East and West*, with its clever and amusing contrast of the finely painted back of the brown-skinned model with the white bull-dog, and the brilliant lemon yellow and the red notes in the background, and remark with what ability and simplicity the artist has rendered the texture and quality of the skin. Another picture, *Joy with his Fingers ever at his Lips, bidding Adieu*, which was at one of the recent Royal Academy exhibitions, is also notable for the painting of the little nude *gamin*-like figure by whom the artist typifies the elusive joy.

In water-colour, too, Miss Gloag has painted many admirable variants of this theme, enjoying the attractive contrast between the flesh-tones and the colours, gay or richly sombre, of draperies and



"EAST AND WEST"

OIL PAINTING BY I. L. GLOAG

Paintings by Miss I. L. Glog



"HE AND SHE"

WATER-COLOUR BY I. L. GLOG

the upper half of the face. But the painting of the dress and the solidity of the drawing court examination, and while in its smartness it recalls perhaps such work as Boldini's, there is no mere satisfaction with a superficial *chic*. The portrait of a girl and her dog *Ming*, which was a prominent feature at the last exhibition of the Institute of Oil Painters, is jabbed in with strong staccato brush-strokes, and has that feeling of restlessness which at times is evident in the artist's work. Though here, again, with no parade of draughtsmanship, but even a touch, as it were, of disdain for care and fineness, there is nevertheless a sureness, a suggestiveness of drawing that makes it satisfactory despite the summariness of the treatment.

In the water-colour *He and She* the same brusque handling obtains, but what could be more typical, more complete in suggestion, or more dexterous in modelling than, in particular, the face of this coster girl or the hand of her "bloke" as he holds the reins of the barrow in

brocades. One of the finest of her works of the kind, a truly superb piece of flesh painting, was an oil which visitors to the International last Spring will remember, entitled *Woman with Puppets*.

Among the interesting series of paintings brought together by Mr. Edmund Davis as his gift to the Musée du Luxembourg in Paris, there is a thoroughly characteristic example of Miss Glog's work. This, entitled *1860*, is here reproduced, and affords an evidence of that connoisseurship to which reference has already been made. *The Yellow Coat*, illustrated on page 34, is a work in somewhat the same vein, though here there is no historical evocation, but rather a kind of *fin de siècle* modishness, even a little touch of contemporary eccentricity in the way the hat obscures

which they drive out apleasuring?

Two illustrations of flower-pieces, *Some Nasturtiums and other Flowers*, and *A Bunch of Flowers*, the latter bought by the Scottish Modern Art Association, complete the tale of the reproductions. And though it is only in imagination that we can see the wealth of rich and brilliant colour which her subject has afforded the artist the occasion of arranging on the canvas, we may appreciate the sense of design, and that hint of Oriental opulence which, while perhaps it robs the blossoms of their tender grace and sweetness, gives them, by way of compensation, a rôle in a sparkling scheme of most rich and glowing colour.

It is a fashion at present to rave about colour in a somewhat abstract manner; to regard it as dissociated from form. Hence, one presumes,

Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture

comes so much mere slopping of often interesting colour over unsatisfactory draughtsmanship. In Miss Gloag's art, with all its individuality and modernity, there is the pleasant insistence of good drawing, a sincere and trained appreciation of form, which lying always beneath the fresh and brilliant colour she affects gives a refreshing solidity and definiteness to her able work.

ARTHUR REDDIE.

LONDON, PAST AND PRESENT.

THIS Special Winter Number of *THE STUDIO* will be ready in a few days. Innumerable books on London have appeared from time to time, but the Editor is presenting to his readers a record of the architectural and topographical beauties of the great metropolis such as has never before been attempted. In the preparation of this work he has received the valuable co-operation of many distinguished artists whose drawings, etchings, and lithographs of London represent the most notable phase of their art. In addition there will be reproduced a selection of old drawings and prints showing London as it was during the earlier centuries; while a special feature will be illustrations of some of Mr. John Thorp's wonderful models of London before the Great Fire of 1666. The letterpress will be contributed by Mr. Malcolm C. Salaman, who has intimately studied the various aspects and historical associations of London.



"A BUNCH OF FLOWERS" OIL PAINTING BY I. L. GLOAG
(*Scottish Modern Art Association*)

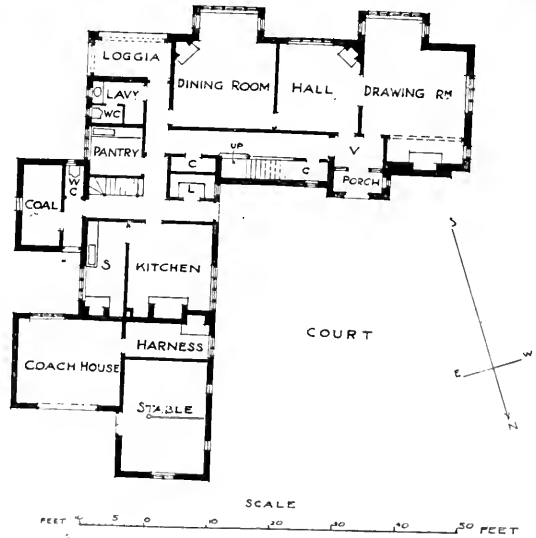


"SOME NASTURTIUMS AND OTHER FLOWERS"
OIL PAINTING BY I. L. GLOAG

RECENT DESIGNS IN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE

WITHIN easy reach of London, especially for all who can afford to keep a motor car, and at the same time delightfully rural, the region of Walton-on-the-Hill has in recent years attracted many residents who have been quick to take advantage of the facilities offered them of having houses erected to suit their own tastes. Unlike some localities on the outer fringe of the metropolis, where estates have fallen into the hands of speculative builders whose chief aim seems to have been to put as many houses as possible—usually of the suburban villa type—on an acre, thus sacrificing whatever rural character they possessed, the land round about Walton has in almost all cases, we believe, been allotted for building in such way that congestion is precluded. Then there is a wide area of heath and a golf course which has attracted many devotees of the "royal and ancient" game to the neighbourhood—prominent among them being the Minister of Munitions, who, as is well known, has a residence there. Mr. Lloyd George's house was designed by Mr. Morley Horder and has already, with various other houses in the district designed by him and other architects, been illustrated in *THE STUDIO YEAR BOOK OF DECORATIVE ART*. A more recent example of

Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture



HOUSE AT WALTON-ON-
THE-HILL, SURREY
P. MORLEY HORDER,
ARCHITECT

Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture

Mr. Morley Horder's design is shown in the illustrations on this and the preceding page. The house is of the cottage type, and the walls are built with ordinary stock bricks, a portion of the upper part being tile-hung with old tiles to match the roof. A reference to the plan will show the accommodation on the ground floor, with living-rooms of comfortable dimensions placed on the sunny side, and the service apartments, stable, etc., in an annexe at right angles to this part of the house. The appearance of the house on the garden side suffers somewhat from the newness of the grass bank, and would be improved by a proper retaining terrace, the provision of which is under consideration.

A brief reference to "Benefrey" was made in a recent issue in which the architectural exhibits at the last exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy were reviewed and in part illustrated, as one of the two houses by which Mr. W. Hunter McNab, F.R.I.B.A., was represented. The house is situated at Pollokshields, a suburb of Glasgow, and externally is faced with light-coloured freestone,

the roof being covered with Elleswater green slates having a stone ridge finish. In regard to the internal treatment, great use has been made of stone, as will be seen from the illustration of the dining-room opposite. All the public rooms, as well as the entrance hall, have stone fireplaces: and a feature of the dining-room is the alcove formed in stone, with the carved motto on the frieze below the shelf of the fireplace, "Tak tent o' time Ere time be spent." The walls of this room, as also of the billiard room and hall, are panelled in Kauri pine, stained and dull polished; and the ceilings are raftered with the same wood. A simple treatment has been carried out in the drawing-room, the walls above the rosewood dado being painted grey, with frieze in soft white. For the library and bookcases Austrian oak was used. In the dining room as in the other principal rooms ornamental stone corbels are to be found at the undersides of the ceiling crossbeams. Messrs. P. and W. Anderson, Ltd., of Glasgow, were the general contractors, and the stone carving was executed by Mr. James Young.

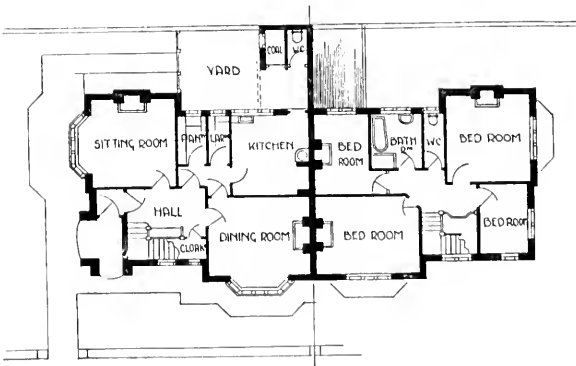
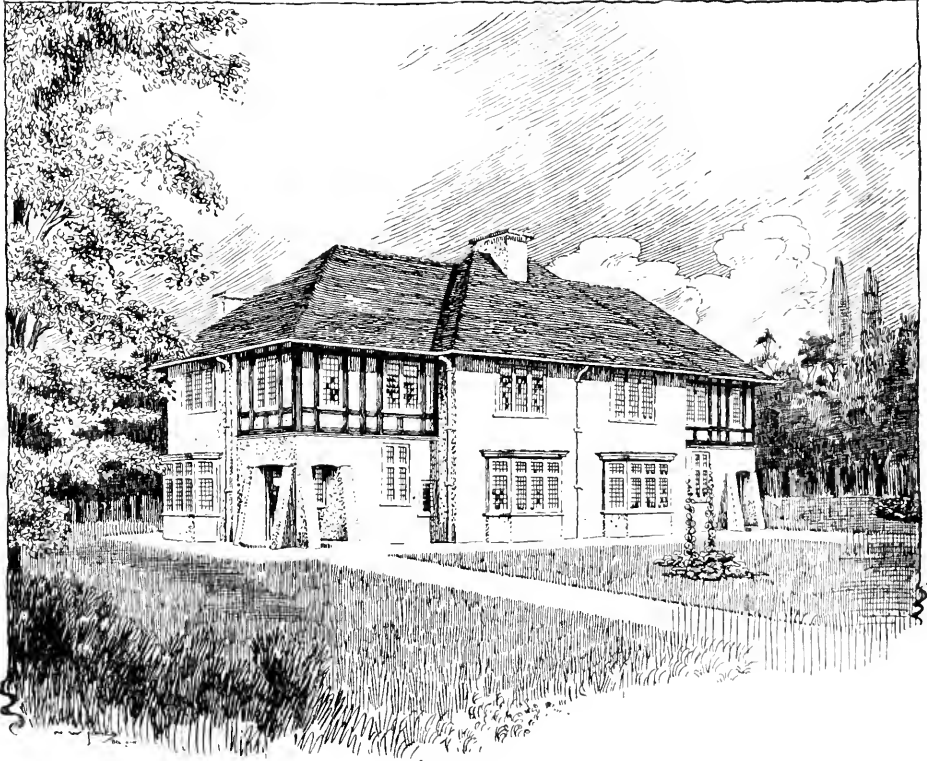


HOUSE AT WALTON-ON-THE HILL, SURREY

P. MORLEY HORDER, ARCHITECT



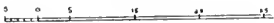
DINING-ROOM AT "BENEFFREY,"
POLLOKSHIELDS, GLASGOW,
DESIGNED BY W. H. McNAB, F.R.I.B.A.



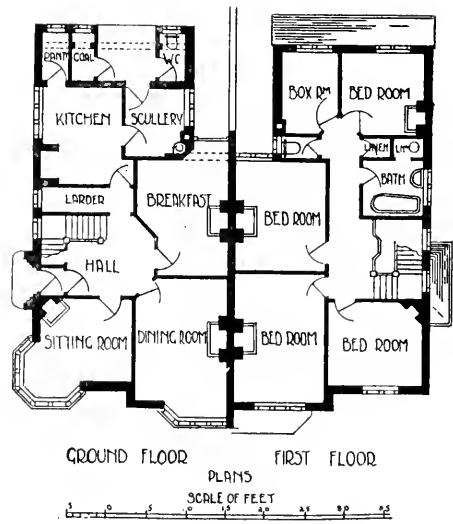
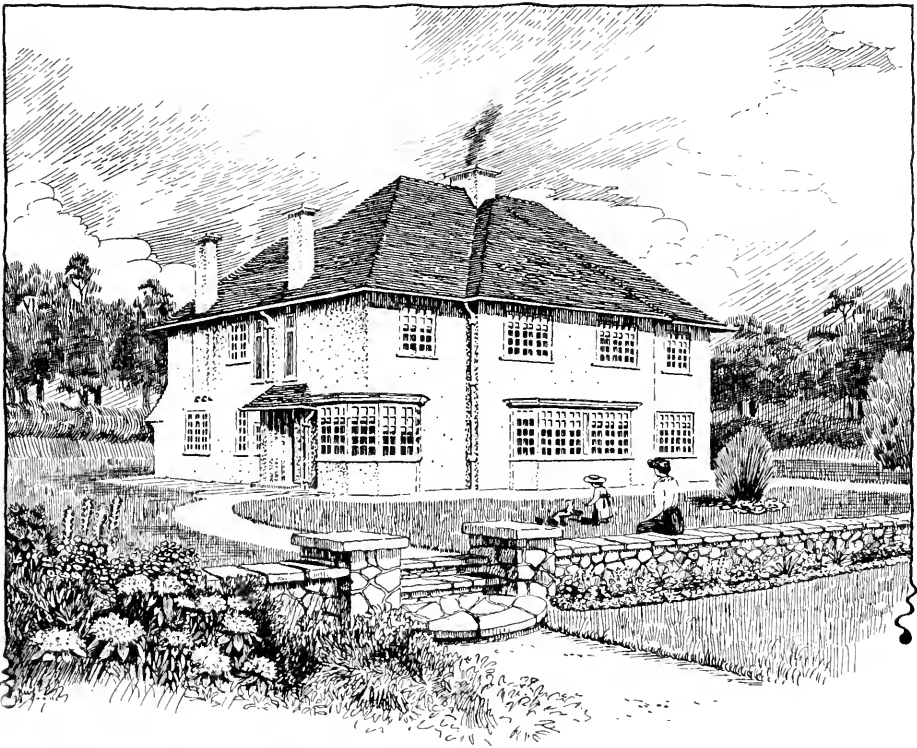
GROUND FLOOR FIRST FLOOR

PLANS

SCALE OF FEET



PAIR OF VILLAS AT SKETTY, NEAR SWANSEA
 C. T. RUTHEN, ARCHITECT



PAIR OF VILLAS AT
 SKETTY, NEAR SWANSEA
 C. T. RUTHEN, ARCHITECT

Topographical Sketching in the Army



TOPOGRAPHICAL SKETCH MADE BY A SOLDIER AFTER A WEEK'S TRAINING

The two pairs of small villas illustrated on pages 42 and 43 were erected recently from the designs of Mr. Charles T. Ruthen, L.R.I.B.A., M.S.A., of Swansea, for Mr. Charles Augustus, at Sketty, a western suburb of Swansea, which like many other large centres of mercantile life has undergone considerable expansion in recent years, upon an excellent site from which a most extensive view is obtained of the whole of Swansea Bay. In front of the villas, at a distance of about two hundred feet, the main road passes, which leads from Swansea to the famous Gower Coast. The houses are screened from view by very fine old trees, although the outlook is not impeded in any way. The accommodation provided is such as is required by the very large number of residents of a commercial town like Swansea. As will be gathered from a perusal of the plans accompanying the illustrations, the ground floor gives a convenient hall, sitting, dining, and breakfast rooms, with the usual offices; whilst the first floor contains five bedrooms and bathroom. The whole of the walling is of bricks, the external walls being 12-inch hollow work, rough-casted, and finished a brilliant white. For the half-timber work best oak has been used, and all the roofs are covered with Welsh green slates. The eaves overhang about two feet. Simplicity is the keynote throughout the interior in the case of both pairs of villas, the woodwork being exceedingly plain, and elaborate mouldings have been avoided where possible.

TOPOGRAPHICAL SKETCHING IN THE ARMY.

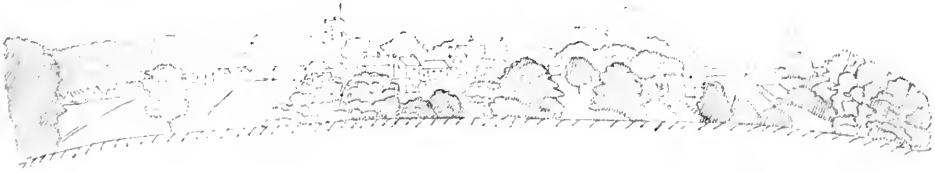
ALTHOUGH war in all its chaotic miseries robs art to a great extent of that atmosphere which infuses a spirit of romance, it is interesting at the same time to note how the Army has produced artists, and how the art world especially in the present campaign has produced soldiers; and one can go back as far as 1500 to find Leonardo da Vinci being interrupted in the painting of his *Mona Lisa* by command of the Duke of Tuscany to work the guns in the defence of Tuscany. It was Leonardo, too, who constructed the first model of a flying machine and exhibited it to the amazement of Lorenzo de' Medici: so after all the art world has been from early times associated with military affairs, although the temperaments are absolutely adverse to each other.

Nowadays there is a certain form of art existing in the Army which is becoming more and more important in carrying on the operations of war; the knowledge of topography is all-necessary in the education of a soldier, and the ability to use a pencil becomes part of the training. Sketching has of course been taught for years past at various military colleges in England for the benefit of those undergoing study for the King's Commission, and hitherto officers alone have been responsible for topographical sketches, for which a knowledge of drawing was indispensable: but the



TOPOGRAPHICAL SKETCH MADE BY A SOLDIER AFTER A WEEK'S TRAINING

Topographical Sketching in the Army



TOPOGRAPHICAL SKETCH MADE BY A SOLDIER AFTER A WEEK'S TRAINING

instruction has now been extended to the rank and file because the authorities recognise the immense value on active service of having men who can use a pencil in making topographical sketches, and so the soldier is taught to express on paper the design and contours of the country over which it is necessary to direct operations.

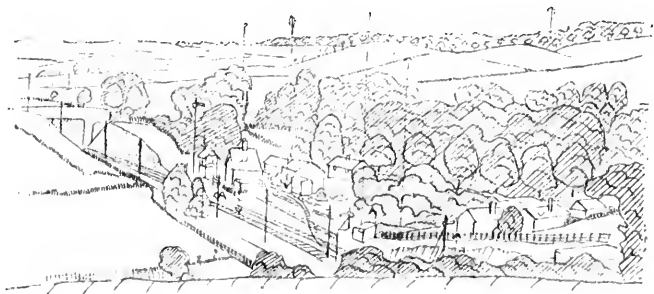
These sketches are made in various ways. They are sometimes drawn from the summit of rising ground, and very often they are done in the trenches through a periscope. Ability to make sketches is also very important for an observer in a captive balloon in his location of artillery batteries, and the same applies to the observation of an enemy's movements from an aeroplane, the sketching of which must necessarily be done with great rapidity. Thus drawing on conventional military lines has become very essential in the topographical delineation of a piece of country. These sketches are, of course, not intended to be artistic in their handling, but at the same time there is a certain charm in their simplicity, and the conventional method does not detract from their interest. It is indeed extraordinary how quickly the men learn to sketch in a panorama, very often under great difficulties, and it proves that one can just as easily be taught to draw the formation of objects in nature as to trace the design of the letters of the alphabet. As a matter of fact, the sketches which are here reproduced to illustrate these notes are the result of a training extending over a brief period of seven days.

Although there is no attempt in these topographical sketches to

give the gradation of shades as in aerial perspective, the effect of recession is nevertheless produced, which is accounted for by the visual training a soldier undergoes, whereby his sight becomes much more alert than that of the average civilian; he is constantly observant of objects and their forms, and his instruction in judging distances enables him to place those objects in the correct perspective, so that his topographical sketch is almost drawn to scale.

By this simple method of sketching fact without the striving after artistic effect the soldier produces in his drawing unconscious truth, and although his sketches are constructed on purely conventional lines they are at the same time very convincing, and though they are not intended to be associated with art—for the purpose for which they are made is purely utilitarian—one cannot help thinking that such panoramas, drawn almost in a childish manner, are more realistic than many an art student's efforts in producing some strained artistic effect which is devoid of an underlying knowledge of truth.

R.F.C.



TOPOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES MADE BY SOLDIERS AFTER A WEEK'S TRAINING



"THE QUARRY." ETCHING
BY HENRY RUSHBURY

(New English Art Club)



"WALNUT TREES ON A ROAD IN FRANCE"
WOODCUT BY GWENDOLEN RAVERAT
(*New English Art Club*)

STUDIO TALK

(*From Our Own Correspondents.*)

LONDON.—The decision of the President and Council of the Royal Academy not to hold a Winter Exhibition at Burlington House this season, while it has naturally caused disappointment among the multitude of art-lovers who look forward to this event with great pleasure on account of the opportunities it offers of making acquaintance with masterpieces whose very existence is known only to a few, cannot have occasioned much surprise in view of the circumstances of the time. The organisation of an exhibition of Old Masters, such as those which have in past years attracted connoisseurs to Burlington House, entails far more labour and care than most people imagine; even in ordinary times the risks attending the transport of valuable works of art are sufficiently great to make owners hesitate to lend them for exhibition, and under present conditions these risks are of course far greater. The announcement of the Council's decision elicited the suggestion that the galleries, or some of them, should be placed at the service of other art societies, to whom the renting of exhibition accommodation is a serious item in these days, but apparently the suggestion, which has much to commend it, has not found favour with those in authority.

Another departure from precedent on the part of the Academy was announced last month, and is to the effect that the only reproductions of the works of members of the Academy to be exhibited in the forthcoming Summer Exhibition will make their appearance in a publication to be issued under the authority of the Council. We gather from this that the various journals and other publications in which works shown at the Academy are usually reproduced will be restricted this year to reproducing the works of non-members. Whether this course will add to the popularity of the exhibition remains to be seen, but it has often seemed to us rather strange that the Academy has not adopted the practice of the leading art organisations on the Continent and some in the United Kingdom,



"THE EDGE OF THE WOOD"
WOODCUT BY GWENDOLEN RAVERAT



"DANTE ENTERING THE WOOD"
WOODCUT BY GWENDOLEN RAVERAT
(*New English Art Club*)



"THE PRODIGAL SON"
WOODCUT BY GWENDOLEN RAVERAT
(New English Art Club)

and issued a catalogue of handy size containing a large number of reproductions of the pictures and sculpture in their Summer Exhibition. The illustrated catalogues of the Paris Salons are not remarkable for the excellence of their reproductions and are inferior to those of the biennial exhibitions in Venice, for example, but they are always popular and are probably a source of considerable revenue.

The illustrations accompanying these notes are all, with one exception only, reproductions of works which have appeared in art exhibitions held in London during the past month or two and already noticed in our recent issues. From the black-and-white section at the exhibition of the New English Art Club, which invariably contains items of interest to those whose sympathies are not restricted to modes of expression which rely on colour, we give the etching by Mr. Henry Rushbury, and the series of six small woodcuts by Gwendolen and Jacques Raverat, very charming both in design and execution; from the winter exhibition of the Old Water-Colour Society Mr. D. Y. Cameron's impressive *Inverloch*, and from the notable exhibition of small sculpture at Messrs. Waring and Gillow's galleries examples of work by Mr. Albert Toft, Mr. A. C. Lucchesi, Mr. Nicholson Babb and Mr. F. Halton respectively. The three exhibitions in question were prolonged beyond the appointed time for closing, and the same happened with the International Society's exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, which

terminated at the end of January to make room for the National Portrait Society's show now about to open.

The remaining illustration is a reproduction in colours of the latest addition to the series of panels at the Royal Exchange, of which some have already



"THE SUMMIT"
WOODCUT, DRAWN BY JACQUES RAVERAT,
CUT BY GWENDOLEN RAVERAT
(New English Art Club)

been reproduced in these pages. The artist, Mr. E. A. Cox, R.B.A., the designer of many well-known posters, has followed out the scheme in which Lord Leighton, the first artist and donor of the panels, evidently intended that the rest should



"MOUNTAIN PEAKS"
WOODCUT, DRAWN BY JACQUES RAVERAT,
CUT BY GWENDOLEN RAVERAT
(New English Art Club)



"MOTHER AND CHILD" BY ALBERT TOFT
(Messrs. Waring & Gillow's Galleries)

be designed—that is, the composition of the figures does not occupy much more than the lower half of the design. The new panel represents the presentation of a charter to the Merchant Adventurers by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, an ally of our Henry V., and interest is naturally focussed on the Duke, who is here shown arrayed in a gorgeous vermilion robe. In historical compositions of this kind one is apt to find more or less sameness in the expressions of the figures, but Mr. Cox has avoided this fault. The donor of the panel is Sir Frederick Green, who is identified with the Orient Shipping Company.

The seventeenth exhibition of the Pastel Society, held in the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours last month, suffered from a defect to which we have more than once referred when noticing previous exhibitions of the Society. It is that far too many of the works exhibited revealed a disregard of the proper function of pastel, a light and graceful medium

which will not stand being manipulated laboriously. If some of the more aggressive examples of its improper use had been eliminated we could have spoken of the show as a success, for it was not lacking in really good work, calling for sincere commendation. We noted particularly the Paris subjects by Mr. Terrick Williams, and especially *Le Quai des Orfèvres*, a set of six by Mr. J. R. K. Duff, with subjects from Venice and Lugano, a set of the same number by Mr. George Sheringham, Mr. Leonard Richmond's *In Somersetshire* and *The River*, Mrs. Esther S. Sutro's *A House in France, 1905*, Mr. Littlejohns' *A Spanish Bridge* and *The Vermilion God*, Mr. Arthur Wardle's *Leopards Resting* and other animal studies, some dainty studies of femininity by Mr. Lewis Baumer, and *Study for the Head of a Siren* by Mr. Herbert Draper. There was also interesting work by Mr. S. Melton Fisher, Mr. John Charlton, Mr. Reginald Jones, and Mr. T. F. M. Sheard; and we should have admired Mr Wynford Dewhurst's work the more if his colours—and especially his



"A DUTCH MAIDEN" BY F. HALNON
(Messrs. Waring & Gillow's Galleries)



"SLUMBERLAND"

BY S. NICHOLSON BABB

(Messrs. Waring & Gillow's Galleries)

blue, which in nearly every one of his six was an intense gentian—had been more subdued. Of the five by Miss Leslie Harvey, two—*The Dappled Sky* and *On the Downs*—were attractive in a decorative sense; and there were some examples of military portraiture which were excellent as such, though it must be confessed that a broad expanse of khaki colour only slightly relieved by other colours is not wholly agreeable.

An artist new to us is Mr. Cecil French, who has this season been showing paintings and lithographs at the Twenty-One Gallery, Adelphi. In his art we find something of the spirit of Watts, and in two at least of the exhibits there was much that reminded us of Mr. Cayley Robinson. Mr. French is no follower of the *dernier cri* in art, but we like his sincere and thoughtful work none the less.

At Messrs. Knoedler's Gallery the originals of the works reproduced in "The Book of Belgium's Gratitude" (and, we believe, executed for the most part especially for that purpose) made a delightful ensemble. Our readers have become familiar with the work of many of the Belgian artists who have contributed to this book, and three of them—Mons. Alexandre Marcette, represented by a charming *Pont de Maidenhead*; Mons. Albert Baertsoen who showed two large works *La Tamise, l'hiver*, and a

more successful *Waterloo Bridge*; and Mons. Emile Claus—are well known to them through our pages. The last showed a number of works, among them the gay and sparkling study of azaleas in Kew Gardens which was recently reproduced in colour in an article on his work, and several little pastels similar to those which figured so attractively at a recent exhibition of the International Society. The work of Mdlle. Jenny Montigny seems to hold some evidence of admiration for the luminosity which attracts M. Claus, and her sunny and brilliant paintings of Hyde Park were a note of cheerful colour on

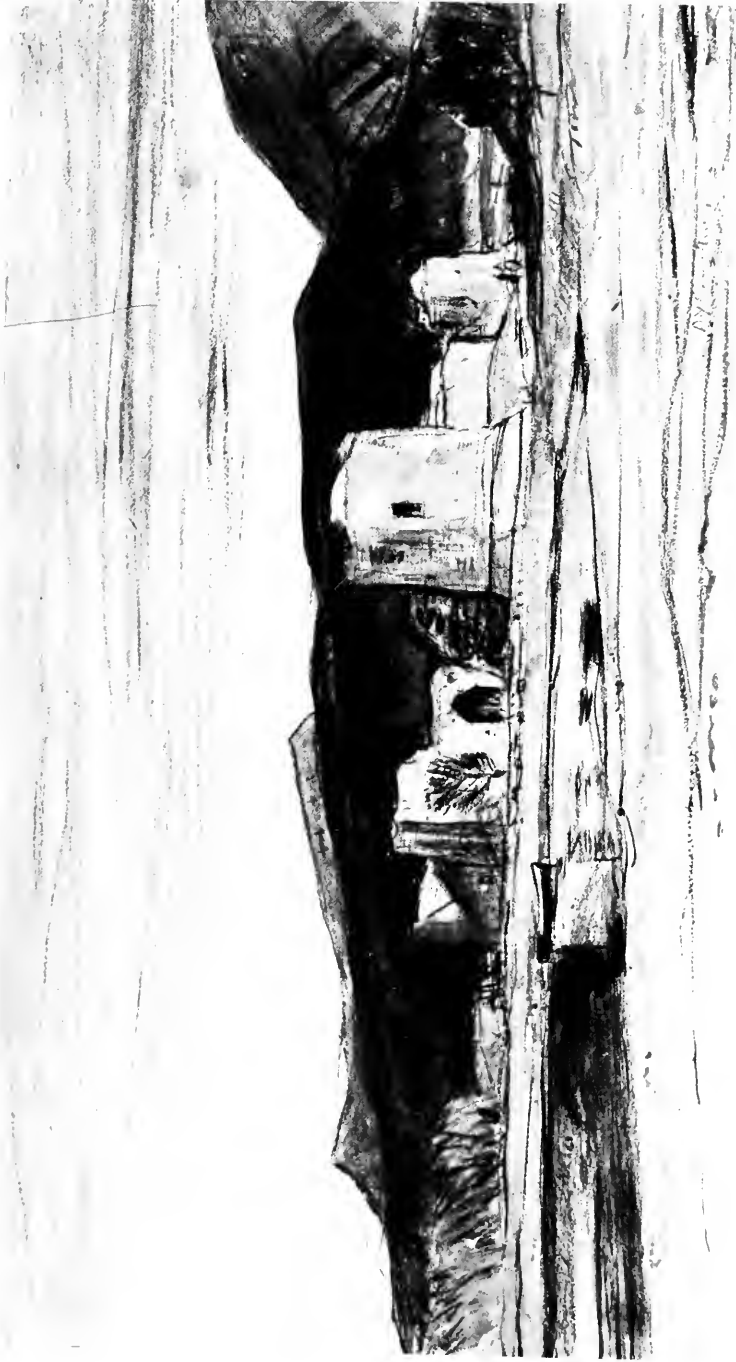
the walls. Others among the Belgian painters and draughtsmen represented included Professor Jean



"MVRTLE'S ALTAR"

BY ANDREA C. LUCCHESI

(Messrs. Waring & Gillow's Galleries)





Studio-Talk

Delville, MM. J. de Bruycker, Marten van der Loo, Marc-Henry Meunier, Maurice Blicck, Louis Reckelbus and A. Delstanche; and the exhibition further contained a bust of *Lady D. M.* by Mons. Victor Rousseau.

A day or two before Christmas the art-world learned with regret of the death of Mr. Arthur Hughes, the last survivor of the Pre-Raphaelite school, though he was never a member of the famous Brotherhood. Mr. Hughes was born in January 1832 and had therefore nearly completed his eighty-fourth year. Like Rossetti and Holman Hunt, he was a Londoner, and though to a man of his retiring disposition life in London itself could not have been very congenial, we believe he never wandered far away from the Metropolis. He began his career as an artist in 1846, when he entered the School of Design at Somerset House, where he studied under Alfred Stevens. A little later he was admitted to the Academy Schools, where Holman Hunt and Rossetti were fellow-students, and when only seventeen made his début

at the Academy exhibition. Ruskin entertained a very high opinion of Hughes's paintings, and was especially struck by the beauty of thought and the quality of colour displayed in the *Nativity*, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1858. Previously to that he had been attracted by Hughes's *April Love* (R.A. 1856), which he characterised as "exquisite in every way." A reproduction in colours of the latter work appeared in this magazine some ten years ago, and in the meantime the picture has found a permanent abiding place in the Tate Gallery. Mr. Hughes was for many long years an illustrator, "Good Words" being the principal channel through which this side of his art, warmly appreciated by young people, made its appearance.

The example set by the Victoria and Albert Museum in making special arrangements to interest juvenile visitors during their holidays is worthy of the attention of those who have charge of other collections containing objects likely to appeal to children. At South Kensington the experiment was tried last August, when owing to the shortage



"SUNSET, RANNOCH MOOR"

BY HENDERSON TARBET

(*Society of Scottish Artists—see Edinburgh Studio-Talk, p. 56*)

Studio-Talk

of the ordinary Country Holiday funds, the number of youthful visitors was larger than usual, and with the energetic co-operation of Miss Spiller, Secretary of the Art Teachers' Guild, and other ladies, it proved quite successful. In the recent Christmas holidays the experiment was renewed on a rather more extensive scale. A room was set apart for the special exhibition of objects chosen with a view to interesting boys and girls; for the former there were casts of the models of Cromwellian soldiers in Cromwell House, Highgate, objects illustrating the Napoleonic wars, and other items connected with warfare at various periods; and for the latter models of costumes of various periods and nationalities, completely furnished dolls' houses, Princess Mary's set of Japanese dolls used in connection with the Girls' Festival in Japan, and so forth. Demonstrations of spinning and weaving and elementary instruction in the stencilling and block printing of textiles formed part of the programme, in the carrying out of which a number of ladies and gentlemen volunteered their services as guides.

EDINBURGH.—During the later portion of 1915 the public of Edinburgh had the opportunity of seeing three Art Exhibitions, two of them to some extent contemporaneous, and all opening within a short time of one another. The first in point of time was unique in that it was the only occasion on which Scottish sculptors have exhibited together independently of painters. The Exhibition was held in Messrs. Doig, Wilson & Wheatley's Galleries and consisted of a collection of small bronzes, mainly autographs by the *cire perdue* process, a facsimile casting from the artist's wax model. Altogether nineteen sculptors exhibited, showing 58 works. The leading work was that by Dr. Macgillivray whose *La Flandre*, already illustrated in *THE STUDIO*, was such an inspiring feature of the last Scottish Academy Exhibition. In addition to this Dr. Macgillivray showed *The Wife of Flanders* and *La France*, symptomatic of the artist's keen sympathy with the events that are proceeding in the western theatre of war. In other exhibits he showed his



"THE AWAKENING, 1914"

(Society of Scottish Artists)

BY PETER WISHART



“BRIDGEND, CERES”

(Society of Scottish Artists)

BY ROBERT HOME

fondness for classic types of beauty. Two loan works by Mr. Percy Portsmouth were on view, a series of studies of animals by Mr. J. W. Somerville, a *St. Cecilia* and a *Boy putting a Stone* by Mr. Alexander Carrick, and a rather important imaginative work, *Wind and Sea*, by Mrs. Meredith Williams.

The Society of Scottish Artists' Exhibition, opened in December, comfortably filled four of the Royal Scottish Academy Galleries and the Sculpture Hall. The Society must have had many difficulties to contend against, and they surmounted them remarkably well. Fifteen members of the College of Art staff and 230 of its students have gone to the war besides a proportion of the members of the Society, and it was thus pretty much left to the older men and the women members to carry the Exhibition through. Nearly three hundred pictures were placed in addition to a few examples of applied art, and though a fair proportion of the work was small the quality was encouragingly good.

Of the invited work the three most prominent pictures were Mr. Napier Hemy's *Life or Death—Betrayed by the Moon*, Mr. Arthur Burgess's *The Roaring Lion*, and Mr. Charles Dixon's *Spithead, July 24, 1914*—very useful in giving a present-day popular interest to the Exhibition, and each serving as a reminder of the great part our Navy is playing in this world-war. Other invited works were a charming example of the romantic landscape-painting of J. C. Wintour, an artist not even yet appraised at his proper value, a landscape with figures by Monticelli, a beautiful cottage interior by Thomas Faed, and the late Mr. J. W. Alexander's *Devant la Glace*, a work of great tenderness and refinement that is reminiscent of Whistler in its technique.

The new President of the Council, Mr. Robert Home, who has made very decided progress in his art within the last two or three years, painting in the district of Ceres, where he has a summer home, has done nothing finer than his *Bridgend, Ceres*, which, following the path of the *plein air* school,

is notable for the purity of its colour, its fine contrast of light and shadow, and the agreeable simplicity of the composition. A new member of the Society, Mr. William Shackleton, a well-known contributor to the New English Art Club, sent three pictures which show his imaginative faculty and colour sense. Of three small pictures by Mr. Charles H. Mackie, the *Nut Gatherers* takes rank with the finest of his larger work in respect of the sumptuous quality of its colour, and Mr. J. Campbell Mitchell has never realised more agreeably the delicate beauty of nature than in his *Haytime near Corstorphine*, with its pearly clouds in an azure sky. In *Summer Sunshine* Mr. W. M. Frazer has the Corot vision for grace in foliage; the picture is a serene and tender lyric. Mr. R. B. Nisbet's *Evening on the Earn* is charmingly phrased, and Mr. Mason Hunter in *Ripening Cornfields* shows better constructive quality than is generally allied with his colour-work in oil.



"BOY PUTTING A STONE" BY ALEXANDER CARRICK
(Messrs. Doig, Wilson & Wheatley's Galleries, Edinburgh)



MEMORIAL STATUE OF GENERAL DAVID STEWART OF GARTH, TO BE ERECTED AT GLENLYON. DESIGNED AND MODELLED BY H. S. GAMLEY, A.R.S.A.

(See Glasgow Studio-Talk, p. 63)

Modern Scottish art has shown a remarkable detachment from problems and events of the present, and it was thus somewhat refreshing to find Mr. Peter Wishart producing such a picture as *The Awakening*, 1914, a reproduction of which accompanies these notes (p. 56). Painted from much the same spot as Bough's Review picture it shows Holyrood Park as a military encampment, with Calton Hill as a high and impressive background. In a bold, free style it realises the movement and animation of the scene. Miss Mabel Dawson's *A Message from the Front* has a present-day interest, in addition to being a well-composed view of a bird-fancier's room with an old man taking a message from a carrier pigeon. Two young artists of promise, Mr. Walter Hislop and Mr. John Munnoch, have lost their lives in the war, and

what Scottish art has suffered by their early death could be inferred from the artistry manifested in Mr. Hislop's large twilight landscape and Mr. Munnoch's picturesque *Monastery*. Mr. Henderson Tarbet has well realised in *Sunset—Rannoch Moor* the sense of space and beauty of colour in a Highland landscape, and Mr. James Riddell's Ochils landscape is effectively composed. Among the figure-work a prominent place was occupied by Mr. Percy Dixon's *Flora*, an advance on any of his previous work; Mr. Robert Hope's *Sunlight and Silk* and portraits of two children by Mr. Stanley Cursitor are the other outstanding figure-subjects exhibited on this occasion.

In the water-colour room one was pleased to see a large Highland subject by Mr. T. Marjoribanks Hay, whose work has been much missed from recent exhibitions, and there were good pastels by Mr. Mackenzie Hamilton and Miss Meg Wright, a delicately phrased Sussex landscape by Mr. Henry Lintott, and effective drawings by Miss Katherine Cameron and Miss Emily Paterson.

The novelty of the Society of Eight Exhibition in their galleries in Shandwick Place was a series of clever cartoons of soldiers and sailors. About fifty in number, these bold sketches, in which, with a minimum of line in black, with sometimes a dash of colour introduced, a marvellous completeness of effect is produced, give Mr. Cadell at a bound a place in the front rank of cartoonists. Mr. Cadell also showed some remarkably bold impressionist studies of West Coast scenery. The other work included a fine Solway landscape by Mr. James Paterson, moorland and river scenes by Mr. Cadenhead, interiors by Mr. P. W. Adam, and three figure-subjects by Mr. John Lavery, A.R.A.

A. E.

GLASGOW.—Mr. A. K. Brown, R.S.A., occupies a commanding position among Scottish landscapists, and his work is tolerably familiar in British galleries, but a recent exhibition in Glasgow of his water-colours must have come as something of a revelation to those who know only his work in oils. He has practically abandoned the heavier medium, and concentration on aquarelle seems to have had a revivifying effect on his art. His oils suggest a brooding outlook on nature; Highland ben and moorland under wintry skies are favourite themes which find expression in impressive low-toned harmonies. On the other hand, in his water-colours the dominant note is unalloyed gaiety. He revels in sunny skies, joyous cloud galleons and bright colour. Among these thirty and odd delectable pictures there is nothing to suggest the temperament revealed in his oil paintings. That is not only evidence of versatility, it shews that Mr. Brown appreciates the legitimate purpose of the medium. Water-colour is essentially a sprightly



"THE ARCHER"

BY PERCY PORTSMOUTH, A.R.S.A.
(Messrs. Doig, Wilson & Wheatley's Galleries, Edinburgh. Lent by P. J. Ford, Esq.)

Studio-Talk

medium, and the more spontaneous its employment the greater its charm. A dull water-colour is intolerable, and yet, owing to the increasing use of body colour, an evil tendency, certain quite capable artists employing water-colour succeed only in being dull. The explanation is, of course, obvious. Pigment upon pigment may enrich the quality of an oil painting; wash upon wash inevitably deadens the glow of a water-colour. The maidenly virtue of the medium is its purity; disturb that, and whatever else be gained its loveliest charm is lost.

Mr. Brown adheres to the more national and purer convention; he worthily maintains the great traditions of the masters of English aquarelle who never aspired to give to their work the superficial appearance of oil painting, which is indeed a foolish and meretricious aspiration. Mr. Brown has not sought inspiration beyond his native Scotland; he gathered his singularly attractive harvest during an itinerary which was limited to the West Highlands, the uplands of Lanarkshire, and the shores of the Solway. The reproductions, while they cannot reflect the quickening charm of his colour

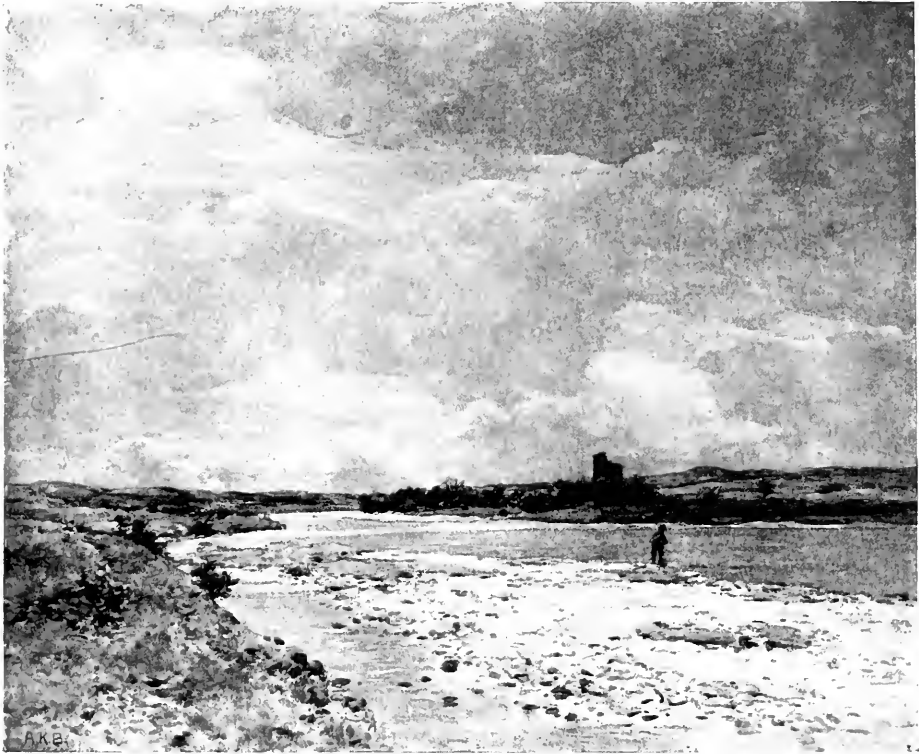
schemes, at least indicate his unerring taste in composition and his command of draughtsmanship. *The Clyde at Lamington* is almost impeccable in the latter respect, and *Benderloch Moor* is charged with that poetic sentiment which invariably distinguishes Mr. Brown's art. He properly observes topographical fidelity, but his water-colours are no mere cold transcripts: their charm rests in a certain exuberance of expression (there is the "tang" of the open air in all of them) and in their scholarly artistry.

Mr. Brown has obviously no sympathy with the perfunctory methods that find favour in certain coteries—the dot and dash system of colour—and the deliberately crude line. A halting line drawn by a child is, of course, natural; employed by artists who have presumably studied draughtsmanship it becomes a mere affectation. Mr. Brown's water-colours bear closest scrutiny. A veteran of art he still retains punctilious respect for colour, line and perspective, and a reverence for the enduring conventions of aquarelle against which mere cleverness beats in vain. D. M.



"BENDERLOCH MOOR"

BY A. K. BROWN, R.S.A., R.S.W.



"THE CLYDE AT LAMINGTON"
BY A. K. BROWN, R.S.A.



"MELODIES." BY
A. SUZOR-COTÉ, R.C.A.

(Royal Canadian Academy)

Studio-Talk

There are few Scottish sculptors more energetic and sincere than H. S. Gamley, A.R.S.A. His keen love of the springtime of life reverberates in his delightful models of childhood, and his sensitiveness to character and form is seen in all that emerges from his hand. To him was entrusted the modelling of the memorial statue of the notable historian of the Highlands and Highland regiments, General David Stewart of Garth (p. 58). The more picturesque appeal of the General in his younger days as a Captain in the Black Watch strongly fascinated the sculptor's Keltic outlook, and it is as such, with the gay trappings of that remarkable regiment, that the statue has been delightfully completed. It is to be erected at General Stewart's birthplace in Glenlyon. E. A. T.

MONTREAL.—As I have observed in previous notes, the last two or three years have afforded very conclusive evidence of progress in the evolution of Canadian art towards the attainment of a posi-

tion of greater independence and self-confidence. In other words, it has been gaining steadily in significance and vitality; and has begun to express something that at any rate is not mere vapid repetition of academic formulæ. Whether the present movement will eventually lead to really important results—to the development of an art distinctively nationalistic—remains, of course, to be seen. At present the auguries are favourable. Though the times are just now decidedly inauspicious to art activity, nevertheless the collection of work included in the thirty-seventh annual exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy, which opened recently in Montreal, was again encouragingly creditable, and, if anything, above the average of the standard attained in former years.

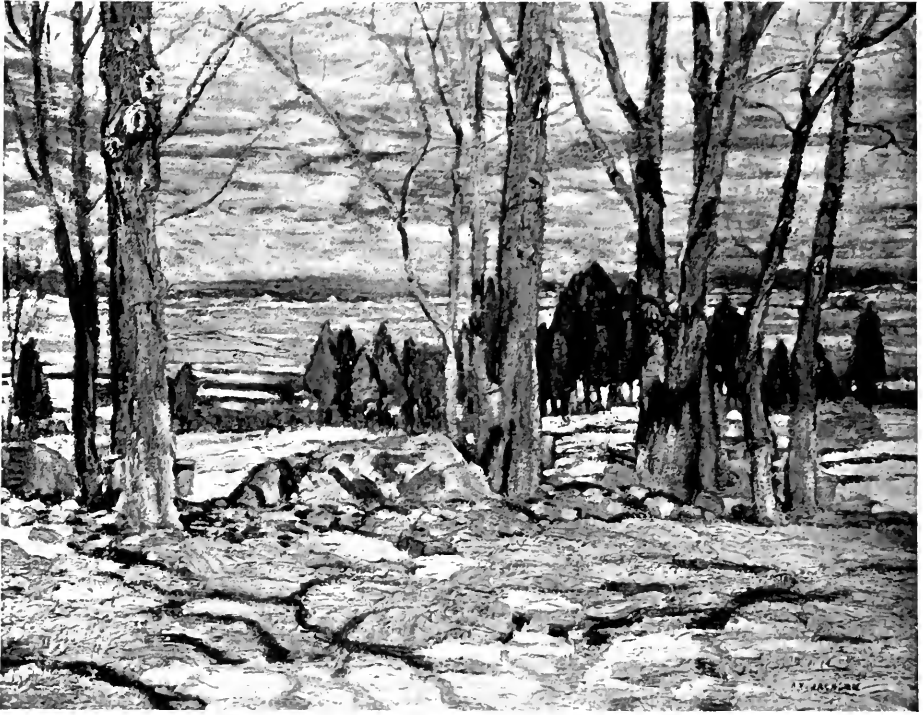
Of the pictures in this exhibition, the most interesting, perhaps, were to be found among those in which pure landscape was the theme; for here, rather than in portraiture, or in figure-painting,



"MULET RIVER, LAURENTIAN MOUNTAINS"

(Royal Canadian Academy)

BY A. D. ROSAIRE, A.R.C.A.



"MAPLES, EARLY SPRING"

(Royal Canadian Academy)

BY A. Y. JACKSON, A.R.C.A.

the new and more individual note now being sounded in Canadian art is more pronouncedly struck. In respect of differences in method and handling these landscape paintings compose themselves into two principal divisions or groups, the one representative in the main of the work of the older painters, whose art is based on the sympathetic rendering of natural effect, which necessitates a faithful adherence to the principles of aerial perspective, tone relations, and chiaroscuro; while the other division comprises the paintings of a younger group of artists, with whom the theory has been gaining in general acceptance that Canadian landscape may be more forcefully, and even more truthfully, interpreted by decorative treatment than by naturalistic representation; and, in consequence, their aim is to reveal the spirit of Canadian landscape by means of a rhythmical pattern or design having as its basis some typically topographical feature. Usually these designs are brilliant in colour in harmonious relation; but concentration of interest by accent or emphasis is studiously avoided that the general effect of unity obtainable

by this essentially decorative treatment may not be lessened thereby.

As employed by Mr. A. Y. Jackson, and one or two others whom he has influenced, this method has proved extraordinarily effective in producing results that are not only tuneful but convincingly truthful, as representing the still untamed spirit of the lone Northland. It is merely a commonplace to add, however, that the charm and significance of these pictures are not in the least attributable to any novelty of method employed in their production, but wholly to their expression of personality. Quite dissimilar in treatment and technique are the landscapes of Mr. Maurice Cullen, yet none has succeeded so adequately as he in the forceful interpretation of the Eastern Canadian winter. Of the three pictures he exhibited on this occasion, two, *Solitude* and *The North River*, were pastels of very exquisite quality and no less delightful in sentiment; while his oil painting, *Montreal Harbour*, if less poetical in conception, was a most interesting presentation of an effect of light.



" MONTREAL HARBOUR "
BY MAURICE CULLEN, R.C.A.

(Royal Canadian Academy)

Studio-Talk

Other winter landscapes worthy of special mention were those of Mr. Charles W. Simpson, whose *Winter in the Harbour* was a pleasing arrangement in blue and silver; and of Mr. Clarence Gagnon, whose *Late Afternoon Sun, Winter*, was admirably luminous. Mr. A. D. Rosaire's three pictures, and in particular *The New Building*, attested the maturing powers of this promising artist. Mr. H. Ivan Neilson's *An October Pastoral, Cap Rouge, Quebec*, and *A Bend of the River* by Mr. Percy F. Woodcock, who, after a prolonged absence from Canada, has returned to become again an active member of the Academy, are also deserving of appreciative reference.

The contributions from Ontario artists included some strong and convincing landscapes of the North Country by Mr. J. W. Beatty, Mr. Franklin Brownell, Mr. Arthur Lismer, Mr. J. E. H. MacDonald and Mr. Herbert S. Palmer. *Morning, Algonquin Park*, by Mr. Beatty, was a particularly impressive work and represented this artist at his best. Mr. MacDonald, whose paintings are distinguished by breadth and bigness of feeling, was exceptionally happy in his rendering of skies. Mr.

Archibald Browne showed three characteristically poetic pictures, while Mr. Harry Britton exhibited four large paintings agreeable in colour and arrangement. *The Express Stand*, by Mr. T. G. Greene, also possessed good qualities, and something of the vastness of the prairie country and the feeling it inspires was well suggested in Mr. L. L. Fitzgerald's *Prairie Trail*. Mr. Horatio Walker's *Lime Burners at Night* was scarcely as convincing as some of the examples of this artist's work exhibited in Montreal on former occasions. In *Sunlit Seas*, delightful alike in colour and sentiment and essentially individual, Mr. Albert H. Robinson achieved a notable success.

In addition to a meritorious landscape in quiet, cool tones, Mr. Homer Watson exhibited three large paintings for the execution of which he was commissioned by the Canadian Department of Militia. They deal with the mobilisation of the troops, comprising the First Canadian Expeditionary Force, at Valcartier Camp, Quebec, shortly after the declaration of war. Although the incident was one of great historical interest, its recording artistically was under the obtaining conditions



"NUDE FIGURE"

(Royal Canadian Academy)

BY W. BRYMNER, P.R.C.A.



(Royal Canadian Academy)

"UPLAND PASTURES"
BY H. S. PALMER, A.R.C.A.

Studio-Talk

an undertaking of really formidable difficulty. The environment of this military camp is by no means particularly picturesque or romantic, while the substitution of khaki for the gay colour of peace-time uniforms robbed the artist of the opportunity of turning to effective account possibilities that might otherwise have been afforded in that direction. Mr. Watson, therefore, is the more to be congratulated on his creditable performance of the task entrusted to him. In *The Birth of the Army* the sun is about to rise above the woody Laurentian Hills which bound the plain on which are pitched countless tents sheltering a slumbering host. Already a faint rosy flush has flooded the pearly grey of dawn. The reveille has been sounded. The young army awakens. It pulsates with life and energy and is inspired with one common purpose, the brave accomplishment of that for which it was called into being. The martial note was also struck in *At 2.30 the Infantry will Attack* by Lieut. Louis Keene, who has just

returned wounded from service at the Front, and has here presented an impression of a thrilling incident of the fighting in which he was a participant.

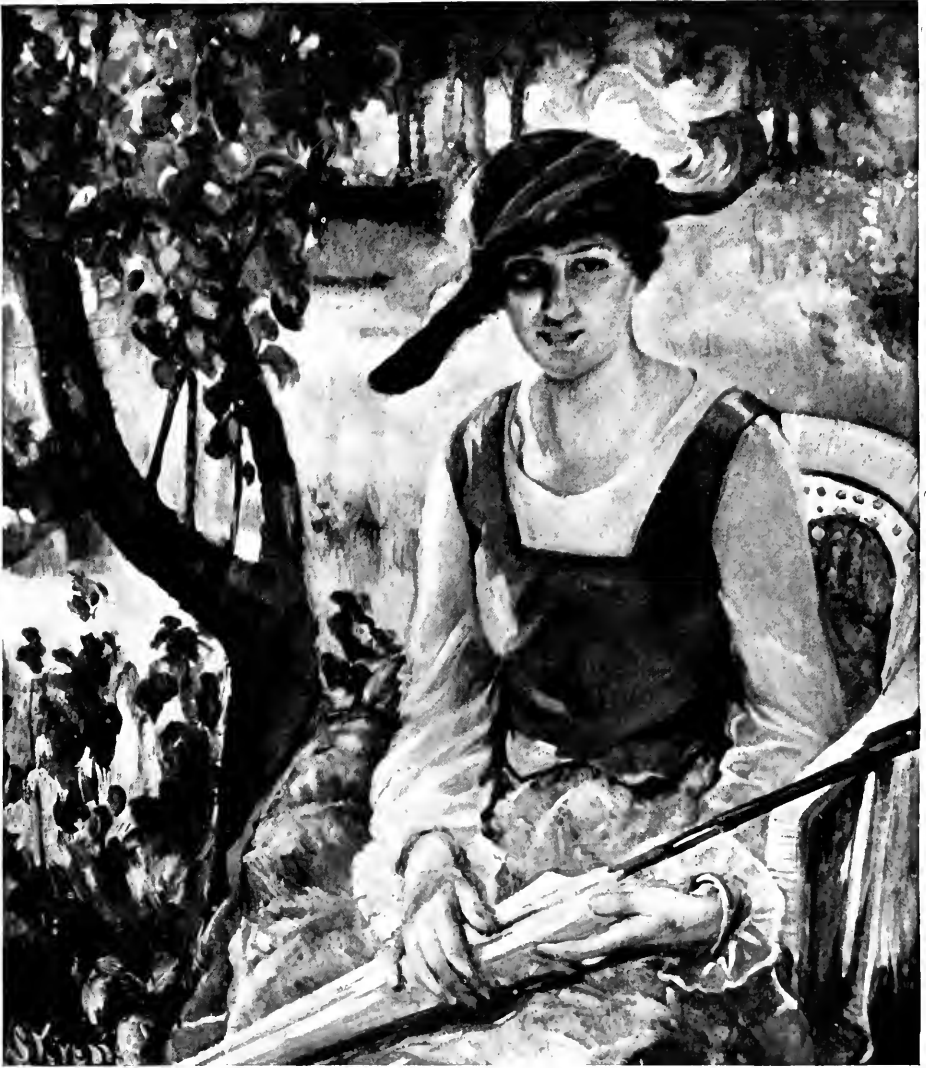
Very few of the portraits in the exhibition were notably distinguished. Mr. Ernest Fosbery, however, is to be commended for his conscientious portrait of the Most Rev. Charles Hamilton, lately Archbishop of Ottawa. This is dignified, and also an excellent characterisation. Mr. John Russell's portrait of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, though cleverly painted, seemed somewhat superficial, and the hands have not been very happily placed. A clever portrait was also shown by Miss G. Des Clayes. *A Selkirk Pioneer* by Mr. Frederick S. Challenger, a study of a head of a frontiersman of the old type, was good in character and modelling. Two important and ambitious pictures, *Melodies* and *Golden Glove*, by Mr. A. Suzor-Coté, attracted much attention, the former a poetical rendering of a nude female form in an enveloping atmosphere



"THE YELLOW TREE"

(Royal Canadian Academy)

BY J. W. BEATTY, R.C.A.



(Royal Canadian Academy)

"CYNTHIA SMILES"
BY DOROTHY STEVENS

Studio-Talk



"YOUTH,"
BY MARGARET FOOTE HAWLEY
(See p. 72)

suggestive of twilight, the latter representing a young girl standing at an open doorway in brilliant sunshine, the shimmering contrasts in light and shade being interestingly emphasised.

The President of the Academy, Mr. W. Brynmor, exhibited a *Nude Figure*, in which his sound craftsmanship was well exemplified. Very delightful in feeling was Mr. Charles de Belle's *Children's Joy*, while other pleasing work was the *Black Cat* by Miss Mabel Lockerby, *Brittany Children* by Miss C. S. Hagarty, *Sisters* by Miss Marion Long, *Waiting for the Picnic Boat* by Miss H. Mabel May, and *The Price of Victory* by Mr. E. Hodgson Smart. The two paintings exhibited by Miss Dorothy Stevens, who has just been awarded the Academy's travelling scholarship, showed evidence of real talent.

In the black and white section, the etchings of Mr. Walter R. Duff and of Mr. Herbert Raine call for special remark, while *The River*, a mezzotint by

Mrs. L. Paterson, and a crayon study of a head by Mr. J. St. Charles also are deserving of praise. The examples of sculpture displaying individuality and originality included work by Mr. Emile Brunet, Mr. Emanuel Hahn, Mr. A. Laliberté, Mr. J. A. Leger, Miss Florence Wyle, and by the distinguished veteran Mr. Philippe Hebert, C.M.G.

It is very gratifying to record that Canadian Art is now receiving considerable encouragement from the Dominion Government: and from the present exhibition no fewer than twenty works were purchased by the Commissioners for addition to the National collection at Ottawa.

H. MORTIMER-LAMB.

PHILADELPHIA.—Following close upon the Prince Troubetzkoi Exhibition of Sculpture, with only a few days interval, the Art Club of Philadelphia opened its Annual Show of Oil Paintings by Members on



PORTRAIT OF MRS. RADITZ
(Philadelphia Art Club)

BY LAZAR RADITZ



"MELTING SNOWS"

(Philadelphia Art Club)

BY EDWARD W. REDFIELD

December 12. Thirty-one painters contributed fifty-eight canvases, a very effective marine by Mr. William Ritschel hanging in the position of honour on the main wall of the gallery. The title of this work, *There shall be light*, describes it quite well, for the illumination of the picture of a swirling sea dashing in sun-tipped waves upon a rock-bound shore is altogether convincing. Mr. Leopold G. Seyffert sent a notable example of that supreme test of a painter's ability, a study from the nude, catalogued *Reflections*, in which the subtle tones of the flesh and the carefully drawn figure of the graceful girl are doubled in the mirror in the background. He also contributed a spirited portrait of *Horatio Connell*, a local concert celebrity.

As a painter of American landscape, Mr. E. W. Redfield has few equals, as one could well see in two of his works in this exhibition, *Melting Snows* and *The Foot of the Mountain*. Mr. W. Elmer Schofield stands also well to the fore in this branch of art, judging from his painting of a sordid manufacturing village made interesting by the artistry of his brush. Mr. Wm. H. K. Yarrow showed a capital character-study of a woman past

middle age, entitled *Waiting*, and a larger canvas, *The Reflection*, a mirror portrait of the artist at work in his studio. Mr. Emil Carlsen's contribution, *Woods, Interior*, with a scheme of colour in which the pale greens of the foliage were the supporting notes, had a decided appeal of a poetic nature. Mr. Henry B. Snell showed a number of delightful small pictures of St. Ives.

Mr. Paul King exhibited some good animal painting with a setting of tender atmospheric greys, in a work entitled *Horse Drinking*. Admirable in tonality were Mr. R. B. Farley's canvases *In the Dunes* and *River and Sea*. Mr. Lazar Raditz in *Anna Laughing* had a capital bit of character-painting. There was an excellent, solidly painted portrait of *John H. McFadden, Esq.*, former president of the Art Club, by Mr. Henry R. Rittenberg; of *Mrs. Henry B. Pancoast* by Mr. Benedict Osnis; of *Mrs. Raditz* by Mr. Raditz. Mr. Birge Harrison presented a picturesque bit of local scenery in *Morning in Philadelphia*. Mr. Alexander Harrison had a good nude figure in *The Model and the Spider*, evidently an incident of studio life. Mr. Parke C. Dougherty's *Misty*

Art School Notes



PORTRAIT OF MISS ANNA V. S. MITCHELL
BY MARGARET KENDALL

Morning in Independence Square gave the delicate pearly greys of such a scene. Mr. Leon Kroll contributed a *Still Life*, which, though almost crude in colouring, had distinct charm as a piece of direct painting.

The art of miniature-painting was well illustrated at the 14th Annual Exhibition of Miniatures held recently in the galleries of the Pennsylvania Academy by the works of Miss Laura Coombs Hills in her portrait of *Mrs. George W. Chadwick*, of Mrs. Margaret Kendall in her portrait of *Miss Anna V. S. Mitchell*, and of Miss Mabel R. Welch in the portrait of *Mrs. W. G. Haan*. Mrs. Emily Drayton Taylor showed a portrait of a charming little girl, *Anne Elliott*, Miss A. M. Archambault a portrait of *Miss Polly Page*, and Miss Margaret Foote Hawley a fine half-length entitled *Youth*. Mrs. Stella Lewis Marks exhibited a group of three, of which *Blue Bow* was the most attractive. Very interesting, too, was the pair of medallion portraits in profile, executed in coloured wax by Miss Ethel Frances Mundy.

E. C.

ART SCHOOL NOTES.

LONDON.—An afternoon prize-giving is probably unprecedented in the history of the Royal Academy Schools, but the war changes everything and at the gathering on December 10 it was imperative that the

proceedings should be terminated and the lights extinguished by six o'clock. The prize-giving was remarkable in another respect, for 1915 was what is known as a "great" year in the Schools, and in normal conditions the biennial gold medals for painting, sculpture and architecture, each of which carries with it a travelling studentship of £200, would have been awarded. But in view of the fact that numbers of the male students are serving with the forces it was decided to withhold the biennial awards with the exception of the Turner Gold Medal (and Scholarship of £50) for landscape-painting. The subject for this was *Dawn* and the prize was given to Harold Williamson, whose landscape, although unduly black and heavy, showed exceptional promise. Another good landscape was *A Rickyard*, by Sylvia E. Gauntlett, which gained the Creswick Prize of £25 and the Silver Medal. In this competition, however, the prize was gained by a narrow margin, and a landscape by Una Hook, granddaughter of the famous sea-painter, was marked as *proxime accessit*. The prize for the cartoon of a draped figure, subject *Pandora*, was taken by Dorothy F. Litchfield; but the first prizes in the competition for the best design for the decoration of a portion of a public building, and for the Armitage design in monochrome, were withheld. The students who gained awards in December, in addition to those already mentioned, were Evan J. Walters, William J.



PORTRAIT OF MRS. GEORGE W. CHADWICK
BY LAURA COOMBS HILLS

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

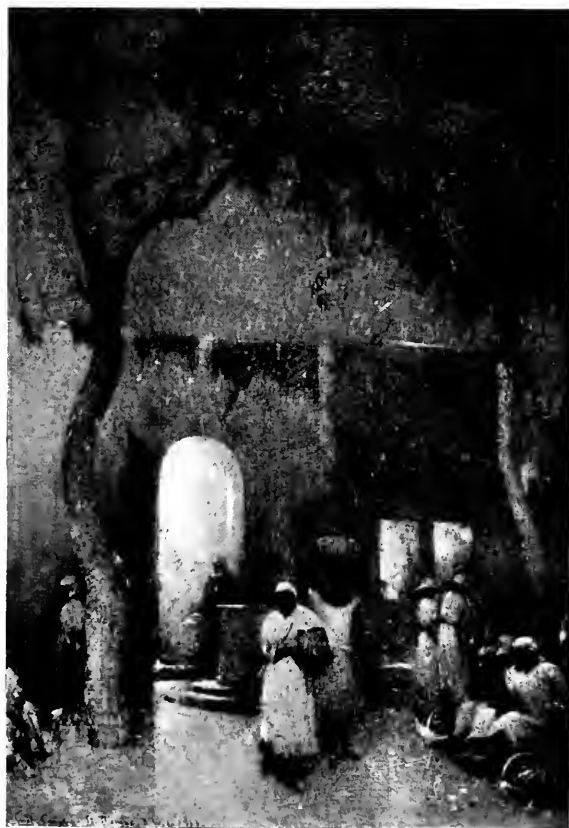


PORTRAIT OF MRS. W. G. HAAN
BY MABEL R. WELCH

Bloye, Antonius G. W. Slobbé, James Pollard, Florence M. Asher, Agnes C. Tatham, Marjory F. Mostyn, Albert E. Waterton, Joseph Greenup, Joannes G. A. Pisani, Percis Lucy Green, Arthur Glover, Harry H. Cawood, and Daniel Roye Lyne. At the conclusion of the distribution Sir Edward Poynter made a brief speech on the general qualities of the students' work, but the usual Presidential address was not delivered.
W. T. W.

EDINBURGH.—In the report of the Board of Management of the Edinburgh College of Art for the Session 1914-15, the effect of the war on the work of the College is referred to at some length. During the session fifteen members of the staff and 230 students joined His Majesty's Forces, and thus have given an example of patriotism and devotion which will be an enduring heritage to the College. A tribute is paid to the memory of Mr. Walter B. Hislop, who was killed in Gallipoli, and the names of fifteen students are recorded as having given their lives for their country. The Board also deplors the loss of one of its own members, Colonel James Clark, who was killed in action in France. Only a few of the classes had to be entirely suspended as a result of the depletion of the staff and the reduction in the number of students.

The Arts in Early England. By G. BALDWIN BROWN, M.A. Vols. III. and IV. Saxon Art and Industry in the Pagan Period. (London: John Murray.) 21s. net each.—More than a dozen years have elapsed since the first two volumes of this work made their appearance, the one dealing with Anglo-Saxon life in relation to the arts and the other with ecclesiastical architecture in England from the conversion of the Saxons to the Norman Conquest; but though we have had to wait such a long time for this further instalment of the work, it is evident that the interval has been employed to good purpose. The two new volumes are concerned with the multitudinous manifestations of decorative art which are to be referred to the period preceding the conversion of the Saxons to Christianity, and remote though this period is, the mass of material dealt with is truly astonishing, a



"MOONLIGHT"

(Philadelphia Art Club)

BY EMIL CARLSEN

Reviews and Notices

very large part of it emanating from the numerous burial places which have been unearthed at various times in one or other part of the country. And while the quantity of the material is thus so abundant, the quality of it from an artistic point of view is remarkable and should convince those with whom, as the author remarks, it is almost an article of faith that anything conspicuously good in art that is found in Britain must in some way or another have come from abroad, of the need for revising their opinion. And especially remarkable is the technical excellence of the work executed by the Pagan craftsman. "A workmanlike handling of the various processes of casting, chasing, soldering, gem-cutting, and the rest, is almost everywhere in evidence, and minute finish, in which there is at the same time nothing meticulous, proves that eyes were precise and fingers delicate." This technical efficiency was displayed in objects of many and varied kinds, examples of which are illustrated and commented on in these volumes—such as coins, shields, swords, axes, knives, spear and arrow heads, many varieties of fibulae, brooches, buckles, clasps, bracelets, beads, necklet pendants, and other articles of personal ornament, costumes, textiles, tools and implements, vessels of glass, metal and earthenware, domestic utensils of many kinds, horse trappings and so forth; including for the purpose of comparison examples of extraneous provenance. Of unusual interest are the chapters relating to work in the precious metals and especially the Kentish inlaid jewellery. It is in regard to this extraordinarily good work that the author establishes a strong case against those who with an almost anti-patriotic bias seek to discover any provenance but a native one for all objects of special merit found in our own country; for, as he says, "whether or not the Kentish craftsmen borrowed the first form of their inlaid work, the small close-set garnet brooch, from the Franks or Alamanni of the Rhineland, they certainly developed the art at home on thoroughly insular lines." A large part of the second volume is devoted to an account of the ancient burial-places of the Anglo-Saxons which have yielded so much evidence of the artistic practice of our remote forefathers, and maps are added which the student of history and archaeology will find of great value. The two volumes are profoundly interesting, and their appearance at the present time, when the future of our artistic crafts is under consideration, is opportune, for they provide a veritable mine of instructive material which the artist-craftsman of to-day can explore with advantage.

A House of Pomegranates. By OSCAR WILDE. Illustrated by Jessie M. King. (London: Methuen and Co.) 12s. 6d. net.—Readers of *THE STUDIO* are well acquainted with the work of Miss Jessie King which has figured in its pages at frequent intervals for some years. The illustrations and decorations which adorn this new edition of Oscar Wilde's *House of Pomegranates* denote, in several instances, a marked development in her art which is both interesting and refreshing. A robust technique and breadth of treatment are here displayed such as are absent from the more carefully wrought drawings with which we are familiar. Yet the artist's poetic fancy and weird imagination have inspired all the illustrations, each of which possesses charm and beauty. Of the sixteen plates in colour that which depicts "Her face was veiled with a veil of gauze, but her feet were naked," represents the high-water mark of Miss Jessie King's art. Its appeal to the pictorial sense is irresistible. Distinctly original, too, are the artist's designs for the cover, the title-page, the end-paper and the initials, giving to the volume a homogeneity which is entirely satisfying and agreeable.

The Ballet of the Nations. By VERNON LEE. With a pictorial commentary by Maxwell Armfield. (London: Chatto and Windus.) 3s. 6d. net. *The Life and Death of Jason.* A Metrical Romance by WILLIAM MORRIS. Decorated by Maxwell Armfield. (London: Headley Bros.) 7s. 6d. net.—Mr. Maxwell Armfield is nothing if not "artistic." The skill of some artists is in excess of their taste. The fine taste of Mr. Armfield gives an air of perfection to all his decorative illustrations. We cannot think of an illustrator who more fully appreciates the necessity for perfect agreement of style between embellishment and text. He has a dainty, fanciful imagination, and all that ingenuity which is the secret of attractive design. He is incapable of ugliness, either in idea or in form. Ugliness of form implies violation of truth. Where there is so little ugliness as in the designs under review, there must be much truth, even where it can be said that from the point of view of naturalism the drawing is defective. The character of the designs in the two works under review is derived from the convention of the Greek vase friezes, but while the convention is derived its employment is original and vital. Mr. Armfield possesses to an unusual degree sense of design, and he exhibits true feeling for line.

Prehistoric Art. By E. A. PARKYN. (London: Longmans, Green and Co.) 10s. 6d. net.—No writer on the subject with which this book deals

Reviews and Notices

could appear more sensitive than its author to the romantic significance of his theme, or to its bearings on the very question that is agitating critics of modern art—namely, What is the primary motive of Art? Yet nothing is said directly on either of these points. The writer is chiefly intent on giving the student the key to a realm of mystery. His work is named “an introduction” to his subject, and at the foot of each page the names of all the authorities are marshalled. There may be some who will reproach the author for his matter-of-fact style; but we are not among such. His strict account of the remains of the art of an age of which there is no other record but its art leads us from the very dawn of human genius in Western Europe to late Celtic times. It is worth reflecting that it is Art alone that survived from the darkness of that past. In the earliest drawings outline is often extraordinarily sophisticated and suggestive, eloquent, we should think, of memory and feeling rather than of purely visual experience. It is this character in prehistoric drawing that attracts critics with little feeling for archaeology, whose sympathies run out to the future. The art of the future, as distinct from futurist art, will give the unmistakable sign of its authenticity by fidelity to the impulses that have inspired all that is notable in the past, right back to the first cave scratchings.

A Handbook of Anatomy for Art Students. By ARTHUR THOMSON, M.A., F.R.C.S., LL.D. Fourth edition. (Oxford: the Clarendon Press.) 16s. net.—This text-book is so well known and widely appreciated among art students that detailed notice is unnecessary. It must suffice to say that in this fourth edition the illustrative material has been greatly improved by the inclusion of a large number of plates showing the nude model, male and female, in various positions, and so arranged as to afford a comparison of the two sexes side by side. They are from photographs taken expressly for the new edition and are executed by an intaglio process of reproduction which gives excellent results. Apropos of the male models selected for illustration the learned professor, observing that “nothing as a rule is more ugly than the average ‘strong man,’” states that he has endeavoured to select only those in whom the development of muscle was combined with graceful contours and approximately correct proportions; and that in fact his studies have been taken mainly from “all-round” university athletes.

The First Temptation of St. Anthony. By GUSTAVE FLAUBERT. Translation by René Francis. Illustrated by Katharine Low. (London: Duckworth and Co.) 15s. net.—In the illustrations to

this work there is evidence of inventiveness and deliberate and sound execution, but Flaubert's writing demands from an illustrator a departure from literalness which cannot be made by deliberation. The artist should be able, like Mr. Armfield, reviewed above, to go his own sweet way. For this he must have unlimited confidence in the quality of his own imagination. Miss Low's style might, we think, gain from simplification. In detail it is at present conscientious rather than inspired. This may not be for lack of inspiration, but from anxiety to give too much. Her outlines are too matter-of-fact for imaginative design.

The Architecture of Ancient Egypt. By EDWARD BELL, M.A., F.S.A. (London: G. Bell and Sons, Ltd.) 6s. net.—We are told that this handbook was begun in the attempt to trace architectural tradition from its remoter origins. It represents recent information at present dispersed in special books and papers. Though little more than an outline and pretending to no technical treatment, it “notes the changes in æsthetic ideals which, notwithstanding the innate conservatism of the Egyptian race, took place at one or two periods of their history.” An appendix is added in the shape of a paper by Lepsius, dealing with some features of Egyptian art, which has not been translated before. The aim of the author in general has been to give unlearned or ordinary readers the benefit of the fruits of later research work. He profusely illustrates his text by photographs and drawings.

The “Builder,” in its 74th year, continues to embody architecture and construction in the best possible way. Useful illustrations of ancient and modern buildings appear in the New Year's number, among the most interesting being the late H. W. Brewer's picturesque “restoration” of Old London Bridge, and Mr. Thorp's model of Old Newcastle. Articles on Wren's London Churches and his first design for St. Paul's Cathedral appear in this issue, with similar historical studies.

We are asked to state that postcard reproductions of the cartoons of Mr. Louis Raemaekers are issued in packets of twenty-one from the offices of “De Telegraaf” at Amsterdam, in which they first appeared, at the price of one shilling and eightpence for the set, the proceeds being set apart for a fund in aid of the wounded soldiers of France. The originals of these cartoons have been on view at the Fine Art Society's galleries in New Bond Street and have aroused extraordinary interest.

The Lay Figure

THE LAY FIGURE: ON THE WAYS OF CRITICS.

"There," said the Average Man, throwing down the morning paper, "can any of you deduce from that art article the nature of the exhibition? When I read it I imagined that a new artist of talent, classically trained, had arisen. I have just seen the show and find it is merely an assemblage of Post-Impressionist pictures. The critic should have told us that, and then I should have stayed away. I was enticed there under false pretences."

"You were meant to read between the lines," said the Advanced Man. "The critic postulated intelligence and knowledge on the part of his readers. He gave you the X Y Z not the A B C of his knowledge. He doesn't write for school-boys."

"I read the article," said the Average Critic. "It was enigmatical. The writer was merely displaying his own cleverness. He should first have stated plainly the school to which the artist belongs, then he should have selected the important works and analysed them. In a concluding paragraph he should have summed him up and placed him. An article on an exhibition should be in the nature of a catalogue, a few lines to each important work, and ending with a general summary of —"

"That's your view, I know," broke in the Advanced Critic, "and that's the reason why nobody reads your art criticism. Nothing is duller than a collection of jerky remarks about a lot of pictures the reader has never seen and probably never will see. Painters, of course, like it—we all like to be noticed—but it's about as interesting as describing the raisins in a plum pudding. I'll go further," he added with a laugh, "the ideal art article shouldn't mention a picture at all. It should deal with tendencies, not episodes. If an artist explores new ground, or exploits a new vision, enlarge upon him; if not, ignore him. The mere impersonal critic has had his day. The appreciator has taken his place, and he can only stimulate his readers if he has been stimulated himself. We are all disciples of Flaubert or of Anatole France."

The Advanced Man groaned. "I knew you were going to quote Anatole France," he said.

"Of course," cried the Advanced Critic, gaily—"the good critic is he who describes the adventures of his soul among masterpieces. Obvious! The trouble is that there are so very few masterpieces about, and consequently the appreciator has often to choose quite a minor masterpiece as a peg for the adventures of his soul. The old

Adam of criticism, alas! still works in me, and I still sometimes make a catalogue of my article, but I never think over an exhibition without one work coming to the surface of memory, and I always regret that I did not write my article around that one picture or personality."

"It seems to me," said the Average Man, "that you are more anxious to explore and explain your own personality than to do justice to the merits of a number of reputable painters."

"My instructions," remarked the Average Critic, "are to mention as many names as possible. I am conscientious. I am a literary man who writes art criticism, and I am proud to recall that I modelled my style on the art columns that the late G. A. Sala contributed to the Press. He used sound, ordinary words. The new art vocabulary has no attractions for me."

"The ways of critics," said the Average Man, "are as various as the ways of painters, and I have heard it stated that painters themselves differ more about the vagaries of modern art than even the critics. I am all in favour of categories. Label an exhibition, call it Conventional or Cubist, Catholic or Commercial, Post-Impressionist or Post-Academic, and I know where I am. But I resent the kind of article that began this talk. I do want the A B C of art knowledge, not the X Y Z. A critic cannot be too simple for me."

"You should read Fromentin," said the Advanced Critic. "He had a limpid soul, and a crystal mind, and he wrote only about what he loved. Upon my word I believe that is the secret of readable and attractive art criticism—to ignore what you dislike or what bores you, and to write only about what you love or—like."

"Well, here is the Editor; let us hear what he has to say about art criticism," said the Average Critic.

"Ah, art criticism!" exclaimed the Editor, "I'm afraid the public do not take much interest in it, and the fault, it seems to me, rests largely with you critics. What is wanted—and what is most difficult to get—is a fair, honest account of an artist's work from the artist's own standpoint. The great critic is one with a broad view of art and is competent to judge of a work of art, whether it be pre-Raphaelitic, Impressionistic, decorative or what not, from the point of view in which the work itself was executed. There are too many of you who approach art in a partisan spirit and pass by or express contempt for anything that does not fall within the narrow range of your sympathies."

THE LAY FIGURE.

Claude Hayes, R.I.

THE WATER-COLOURS OF
CLAUDE HAYES, R.I.

THE art of water-colour painting, as practised by artists of the British school, is subject to certain traditions which are entitled to the fullest respect because they have as their foundation a correct appreciation of the qualities of the medium and an intelligent sense of artistic fitness. These traditions were established not much more than a century ago by the earlier masters of the art, who if they did not exactly create water-colour certainly laid down the principles by which its practice is directed to-day, and by which, as far as can be foreseen, it will be guided for all time. It can, indeed, be claimed that by these earlier masters—who were leaders in the British school—almost all the possibilities of water-colour painting have been demonstrated and the standard has been fixed by which the work of all their successors must be measured.

In accepting a tradition there is always a danger that it may become stereotyped and degenerate into a mere convention, if it does not offer sufficient scope for individual application—if, that is to say,

it is hedged round by too many rules and restrictions and is deficient in flexibility. In art a convention which denies to those who adopt it the opportunity to display their personal conviction is a pernicious thing because it deadens initiative and hampers progress. Under its shadow the mind of the artist withers, under its influence he becomes merely a copyist and an imitator; he ceases to have any value, and the chance of real achievement is lost to him.

But respect for the traditions of British water-colour painting certainly does not involve any risk of a lapse into conventionality, and only the artist incapable of original effort would find in them anything which could be formulated or made a matter of rule. All that they really prescribe is regard for the genius of the medium—recognition of the manner in which it should be used and understanding of the qualities by which it is particularly distinguished. They do not set a pattern in picture-painting which all other water-colourists must accept, they do not limit either the choice or treatment of subject, and they do not regulate the character of the work which is to be produced. To the men who follow them faithfully the widest



"A MILL IN WILTSHIRE"

Claude Hayes, R.I.

range of accomplishment is open and the highest type of success is possible.

And it is unquestionably among the artists who know best how to profit by the example of the earlier masters that we find to-day the most notable of our water-colour painters, the most personal in outlook and the most skilful in their management of executive devices. It is from these men who have studied sincerely the water-colour tradition, who perceive its spirit and are inspired by its principles, that is coming now the work which counts highest in the modern record of the British school. They are maintaining the continuity of the art in the best possible way, by keeping its vitality unimpaired and by preserving intact the purity of its methods; they are handing on to those who will succeed them the lessons which they have learned from their predecessors, and they are guarding zealously the great essentials which made the teaching of their masters so convincing.

In judging the work of the modern exponents of water-colour painting it is very important to note in what way and to what extent they have been influenced by what may fairly be called the classic examples of the art. If they are simply imitating

the mannerisms of some particular master—even a master may at times be indiscreet enough to lapse into a mannerism—if they are unintelligently adopting the characteristics of some other artist's style and using his methods without understanding them, such men are hardly to be accounted as having much claim to consideration. They are, at best, only reflections of painters greater than themselves and they add nothing fresh to the store of their country's art.

But if they have gone below the surface of the work they have chosen to study and have realised by what intentions it was inspired, and if on this realisation they have built up a method of expression as personal and as temperamental as that of the master by whom the work was produced, then they have something to offer that is worthy of acceptance. It is their interpretation of the tradition that they put before us, their application of the principles which the masters have laid down; and though they are careful to maintain these principles in their integrity they do not deny to themselves liberty of action in choosing and dealing with the material which seems to them suitable for pictorial treatment.



"NEAR HUNSTANTON"



"THE ROAD TO PORTSMOUTH."
BY CLAUDE HAYES, R.I.





“NEAR STURRY, KENT”

BY CLAUDE HAYES, R.I.

That is why there is so much modern water-colour that is quite as sound in quality and quite as serious in aim as any of the older productions without being at all out of touch with present-day sentiment. We have amongst us many painters who use this medium in the best traditional manner but who have not forgotten that the foundation of all virile and significant art is sympathy with the spirit of the period in which it is produced. In their work a sane and wholesome modernity is the dominant note: their knowledge of what has gone before saves them from those extravagant aberrations which mark the practice of the artistic anarchist who has never taken the trouble to discover what tradition really means, and yet this knowledge enables them to be as true to their own times as were the past and gone masters to the period in which they lived and laboured.

It would be difficult to find a better illustration of the way in which the teaching of the earlier British masters can be applied than is provided by the work of Mr. Claude Hayes. He has assimilated admirably the fundamental essentials of the art which they practised and he has taken infinite pains to acquire a full understanding of the methods of expression which they employed. He has

studied them shrewdly both as artists and craftsmen, examining both their mental attitude as producers and the technical devices by which their ideas and convictions were conveyed. He has gathered from the past the best it had to offer him, analysing and testing the information put at his disposal and choosing from it with right discretion just what he wanted to guide his own development and to make sure his own grasp of the problems of his profession.

This reference to what has gone before has not, however, taken away from him either the inclination to think for himself or the desire to see and express in his own way the facts of nature which have appeared to him as worthiest of his consideration as an artist. Perhaps the most obvious characteristic of his work is its suggestion of direct inspiration. It has always an air of having been done because he had found something stimulating to his artistic sense and something which incited him to spontaneous effort—not because the subject reminded him of a motive which one of his predecessors had dealt with. When he is choosing his material he does not stop to think whether it will make a picture like a De Wint or a David Cox, but whether he can with the same purity and

Claude Hayes, R.I.

freshness of technique that they attained arrive at a result which will sum up thoroughly his own conception of what a picture should be.

That, in fact, is what marks the difference between him and the ordinary unimaginative follower of the prescriptions of a school. He does not take on trust even the master's view of nature, and he does not assume that even the master's devices of interpretation are the only possible ones. He prefers to do his nature study for himself and to depend upon his own impressions in his selection both of the matter and the manner of his work, while the school follower has no ambitions beyond the faithful—and mechanical—reproduction of a sort of pattern which the master has designed. Mr. Hayes is rightly anxious that his pictures should look as if he had painted them himself: the man who hangs on to the skirts of the great achieves the summit of his desire when he produces something that might be mistaken for the work of someone else.

And certainly Mr. Hayes has made impossible any question about the authorship of his water-colours. His personality is too apparent in everything he does, his style is too definite and his

point of view too clearly expressed for anyone to think of ascribing his productions to any other painter. Yet it is not because of any mannerism that his work is so easily identified: in his case the personal note has not degenerated into a convention, and the distinguishing qualities of his style have not been formulated into a regular system of treatment. He uses the medium with a full sense of its possibilities and with a certain resourcefulness that can be sincerely commended, but he avoids those facile tricks of handling which sometimes grow upon the artist who has acquired a very thorough command over the mechanism of his craft.

Indeed, it can fairly be said that the way in which he paints a particular subject is suggested to him by the impression which that subject has made upon him. Always he seeks for directness and spontaneity, for a frank and clear statement of the pictorial facts which he wishes to realise; but whether he uses only a few broad washes or whether he works with crisp and sharply defined touches depends entirely upon the character and nature of those facts—he varies his technical method as the occasion seems to demand.



"FORDWICH FARM, KENT"

BY CLAUDE HAYES, R.I.



"AN OLD RUIN IN SUFFOLK."
BY CLAUDE HAYES, R.I.

Claude Hayes, R.I.

Or rather, he varies his executive processes to suit the varieties of nature. When he has an elusive effect before him, full of subtleties of aerial tone and colour, his treatment has a very significant breadth and delicacy. When he is confronted with the well-marked forms of a detailed landscape, in which there are obvious actualities that must not be evaded, he is exact and precise and he searches out with scrupulous care the things that count in the composition. But even then he does not become restless or incoherent; the details are kept in correct relation and the largeness of the general effect is not lost by any over-insistence upon subordinate parts. His sense of proportion is finely trained and guides him always to the right conclusion.

All this is because he has made an intimate study of nature his lifelong habit and because he has guarded himself most carefully from giving way to the temptation to take for granted anything which nature might choose to reveal to him. He sees now, after many years of practice, that to retain his receptivity and to be ready to respond to new impressions is just as important as the acquisition of a true sense of nature's infinite variety was to him at the outset of his career.

He is still capable of being surprised by the unexpectedness of nature; it is still possible for her to stir him to enthusiasm by fresh manifestations of her charm; and as the outcome of these surprises and as a consequence of this enthusiasm he can still strike the note of novelty in his work and touch fresh heights of achievement.

It is true enough to say that his study of nature has been a lifelong habit, for he began it when he set to work to study art. As a student he had his training—for three years—in the Royal Academy schools, and afterwards he went through a finishing course at Antwerp, under Verlat. But even then he made time for painting out of doors, and he was not long out of his student days before he settled down finally to paint landscape and nothing else—after some experiments in portraiture and figure work. His choice of water-colour as his chief medium was not a result of his art school training—for some mysterious reason water-colour is not taught in schools—but came from the conviction that it was the painting method which suited him best and with which he could attain most successfully the results at which he was aiming.

That this conviction was well justified is



“ON THE RIVER WEY, GODALMING”

BY CLAUDE HAYES, R.I.



"A BREEZY HAYMAKING"
BY CLAUDE HAYES, R.I.



"PLOUGHING NEAR DUNWICH, SUFFOLK"
CHARCOAL SKETCH BY CLAUDE HAYES, R.I.



CHARCOAL SKETCH

BY CLAUDE HAYES, R.I.

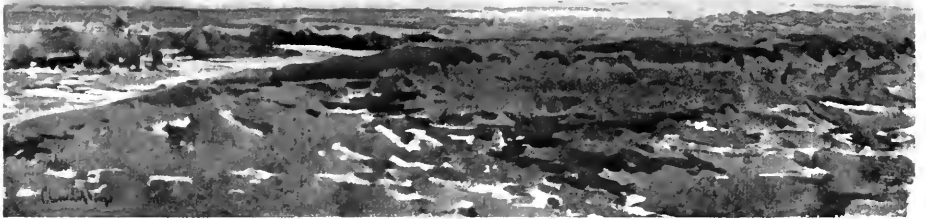
sufficiently proved by the position he holds to-day in the British school and by the estimation in which he is held by his fellow-artists and the general public. He is a member of such important art societies as the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, the Royal Institute of Oil Painters, and the Royal British Colonial Society; he is represented in the permanent collections at Preston, Dudley, Belfast, and Cape Town; and he is a popular favourite with all those art-lovers who are capable of appreciating the value of work which combines sincerity of purpose with consummate executive skill.

Artists like Mr. Claude Hayes—there are not too many of them, by the way—are, indeed, indispensable links in the chain which connects the great art of the past with the art as great, it is to be hoped, that the future will produce. They remind us of what there is, perhaps, some danger of our forgetting—that the continuity of a nation's artistic achievement is well worth maintaining, and that the men who understand best the work of yesterday are the real pioneers who are preparing the way for the work of to-morrow. We owe to them a debt that will not be easy to repay.

A. L. BALDRY.

“THE STUDIO” YEAR-BOOK OF DECORATIVE ART, 1916.

THE eleventh issue of this annual publication is now in course of preparation and will be ready about the end of April. As before, it will form a comprehensive survey of the most important work which has been produced recently in the varied branches of Decorative and Applied Art, more especially in their relation to the artistic construction, decoration and equipment of the home. With the co-operation of the leading architects, designers and craftsmen the Editor has been able to bring together a most interesting collection of material from which to select the illustrations. Besides the work of Great Britain and the United States, a section will be devoted to the productions of some of the British Colonies, a subject which has a peculiar interest at the present time. Another new feature will be an important article, fully illustrated, on the interior decoration and furnishing of a small country house, which will supplement the articles appearing in the previous issue. As usual the volume will be copiously illustrated and every effort will be made to maintain the interest and artistic quality of this unique series of Year-books.



"NEAR OKEHAMPTON, DEVON."

BY CLAUDE HAYES, R. I.



"NEAR WAREHAM, DORSET."

BY CLAUDE HAYES, R. I.

Modern Swiss School of Alpine Landscape Art

THE MODERN SWISS SCHOOL OF ALPINE LANDSCAPE ART AND THE WORK OF EDOARDO BERTA. BY PROF. ROBERT MOBBS.

In an interesting article in the "Journal de Genève" on the Oxford of to-day, Mr. Robert De Traz, while dealing in appreciative terms with Mr. Sadler's contribution on Alpine landscape painting, to "Oxford Mountaineering Essays," expresses surprise that the writer should almost entirely have ignored Swiss artists and only made mention even of such a master as Segantini. I, for one, share Mr. De Traz's surprise, all the more that the achievements of modern Swiss painters in this domain—peculiarly their own—are of the first importance.

If the publication of J. J. Rousseau's "Nouvelle Héloïse" "marks the beginning of Alpine worship and the sense of mountainous beauty," the accomplishments of Horace Bénédict de Saussure, at once as profound lover of the Alps and zealous promoter of the Arts, mark the commencement of a movement in Geneva which contributed to the rise of that school of Alpine painters of which "De la Rive was the precursor" and Calame and Diday the most representative members. These

artists approached Alpine nature in the romantic spirit, and their work is, in truth, romanticism in art. Their imagination was too deeply moved by the mountain, as theatre of the loosened energy of elemental forces, or as background to decorative effects of forest and torrent, to permit of their dwelling upon its simple, eternal character. In reaction arose the modern Swiss school. The aim of such artists as Baud-Bovy, Segantini (who, though born at Arco, spent the best part of his life amongst the Alps), Ferdinand Hodler, Alexandre Perrier, Albert Trachsel, and others, has been to break away from this conventional conception of the Alp, and, as Mr. De Traz says, to paint, what Mr. Sadler regards, and rightly so, its veritable character as Nature's monumental architecture. How far they have succeeded is well known on the Continent. Who has understood the Alps better than Baud-Bovy or Segantini? These artists knew and conformed to the difficult conditions under which higher Alpine landscape art is alone possible. While others have been content to wait, in lower regions, on those magical moments "pendulous 'twixt the gold hour and the grey" when the snow-clad peaks loom through a vaporous atmosphere like flaming "bastions fringed with fire," they on the contrary lived in communion with the majestic



"RETOUR DU 'CORPUS DOMINI'"

(Musée de Lausanne)

BY EDOARDO BERTA

Modern Swiss School of Alpine Landscape Art



“VENT DE MARS”

BY EDOARDO BERTA

summits in their own cold, luminous, silent upper world. And turning to living Swiss painters, the same may be said of Charles Giron, for he too is at home in those higher altitudes, and as a landscapist his subject by predilection is the Alp.

The character of the Alps “as Nature’s architecture outside and above our civilisation” has surely never been more effectively treated than by Ferdinand Hodler and Albert Trachsel. For sheer primitive vigour in building up into a picture the rugged structural character and unity of the mountain, and making one feel the *rockiness* of the rock and the massiveness of the pile, few painters can equal Ferdinand Hodler. His *Die Jungfrau* is a masterpiece in this respect. And in Albert Trachsel’s water-colours, the architecture of the mountains emerging from what seems the uncertain dawn of things is, as it were, carved with the brush. The spirit of a world in the making is with these artists; in them has survived in a marked degree a strong, primitive cosmic sense.

To their works must be added those, so remarkable in their way, of Alexandre Perrier, in which the monumental form and granitic nature of peak and ridge are rendered by a process, the

technical asperities of which the artist has bent to his use with rare effect; and Edoardo Berta’s beautiful and impressive St. Bernard landscapes, revealing the strong appeal of mountain solitude to the pensive imagination of one of the most temperamentally poetic of Swiss painters. In studying the Alpine landscapes of these artists, one cannot fail to feel that the mountain has been the School of Nature where they have grown up to the full consciousness of their vocation.

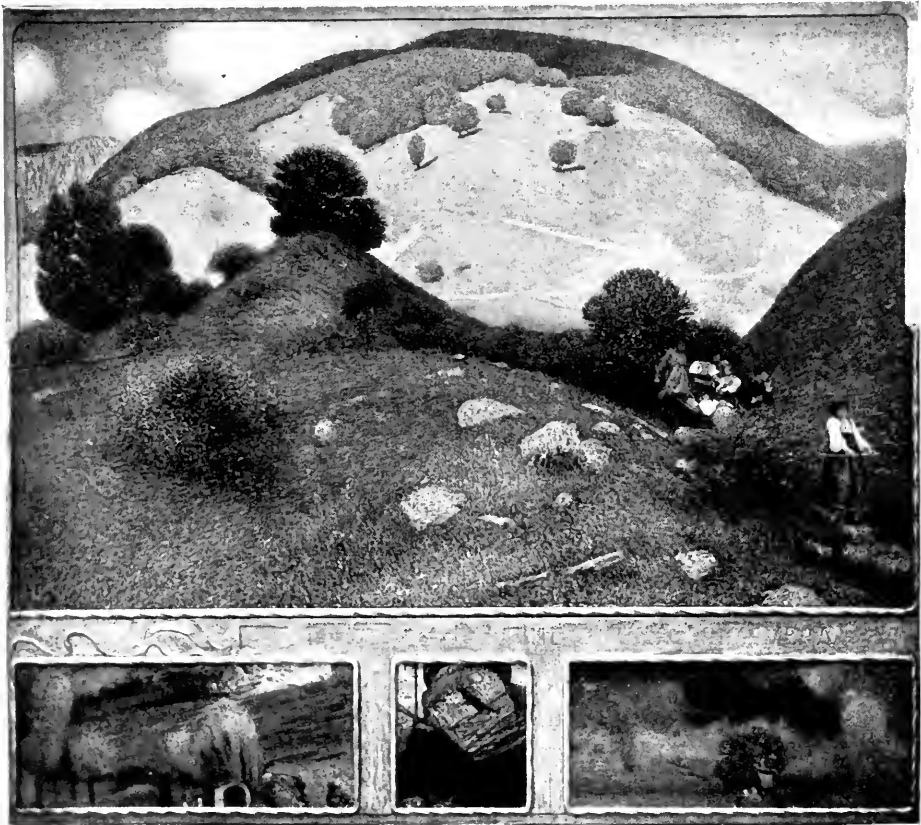
Some Swiss painters have been attracted not only by the rugged Gothic of the Alps, but by the more classic form of the Jura or Mount Salève. The latter, seen in the glow of sunset which brings out the distinctive character and value of its rocky ledges, has furnished A. Perrier with the theme of several of his best pictures, and L. Rheiner, whose impressionistic paintings of “la Côte d’Azur” landscape are an intoxication of delight to the eye, has shown, specially in his water-colour drawings of Mount Salève, his capacity not only to deal with the magic revel of light in the South, but with the



“PRÉ FLEURI”

BY EDOARDO BERTA

Modern Swiss School of Alpine Landscape Art



"FIN DE PRINTEMPS"

BY EDOARTA BERTA

ribbed structure of mountain rock weathered by the atmosphere of central Europe. A few painters are lending their talents to the eccentricities and crazes of the moment, but they are not in the direct line of the evolution of the modern Swiss school. Its real representatives—to be found in all parts of the country—are distinguished by an independent attitude, intense sincerity and individuality, and their rallying point is in disinterested devotion to art and genuine national spirit. The latter characteristic is worthy of note, for at this moment of peril to the national life, the authentic Swiss spirit is finding voice in its painters and poets. They have not only laid under contribution Alpine and Lake-side scenery, the history and characteristic types of the land, but have drawn inspiration from its great primitive traditions. The work of Ferdinand Hodler is steeped in the old Swiss spirit, and no painter has

evoked so powerfully and vividly the heroic period of Swiss history. His significance in relation to the present school and to contemporary European art has been well defined by M. G. de Reynolds. "To the French, Hodler may have seemed to be German; the Germans perceive that he is not; and this apparently intermediate position leads, on his part, neither to concession nor to neutrality. Hodler, that rugged Bernese, has been the first in our country to find a language and create a style. His work has been a liberating power." It is the custom here, every now and then, to have a storm in a tea cup as to this master's technique. He is blamed for lack of magic of touch, refinements of "*métier*." But it has been very clearly shown by M. Mairet that the art of Hodler is above all that of "la grande décoration" as it was understood by the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Byzantines, the Etruscans, and the artists of the twelfth century, and

Modern Swiss School of Alpine Landscape Art



"L'OR DE L'AUTOMNE"

BY E. BERTA

that he employs with mastery a language and style eminently suited to the expression of such an art.

And now turning to other and different painters—with what charm and intimacy the beauties of Geneva lake-side scenery or the history, customs, quaint, quiet corners of the dear old city have been treated by De Beaumont, Estoppey, Silvestre, Simonet, Reuter, Rhexous, Coteau, Van Muyden, Duvoisin, and others; with what feeling for a humble but independent lot, Valaisan and other Swiss peasant types and mountain village life have been evoked by Giron, Rhexous, Burnand, Van Muyden, Bieler, Hermenjat, and such promising young artists as Max Buri, Edouard Vallet, E. Boss, E. Wurthenberger; with what ceaseless and perhaps excessive technical research Cuno Amiet and Giacometti have dealt with effects of light, atmosphere, and snow on landscape and human nature in the Grisons or the Bernese Oberland; with what blending of idealism and realism Paul Robert—one of the greatest living Swiss painters—has expressed his dream of the coming of the Kingdom of God in his own canton, in the beautiful mural paintings with which he has adorned the Neuchâtel Museum; and how profoundly the poetry and beauty of the Tessin have permeated the art of Edoardo Berta, Pietro Chiesa, and all the members of the Tessinese group.

Amongst these artists Edoardo Berta stands in the front rank by virtue of his entirely artistic temperament and spirit as well as by his special

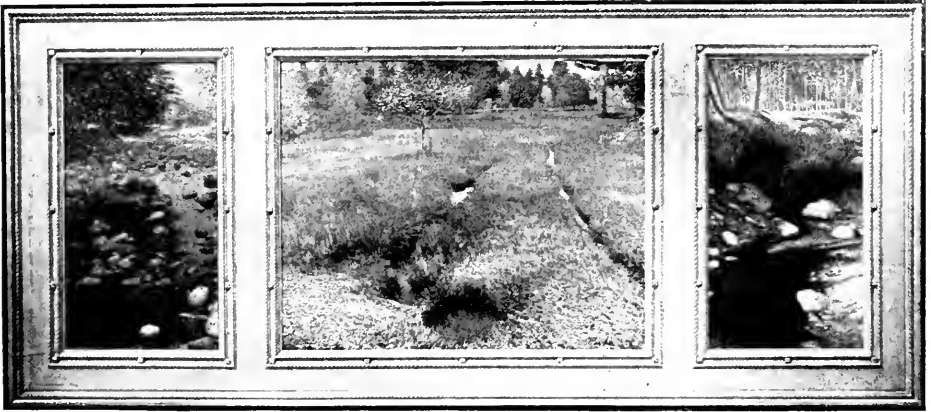
gifts. He is a devotee of the religion of the beautiful. Some years ago I contributed an article on his life and work to *THE STUDIO*. Since that time he has matured, but has carried the freshness of his youth into the work of his prime. It inspires a riper experience, a surer technique, a fuller vision. He has felt the influence of the schools, has been urged on beyond them by love of Nature and sincere, passionate effort at self-realisation, and has attained to the perfect law of liberty in his art. Like Otto Vautier, though in a different manner, he is eminently a painter's painter in more than one secret of his masterly technique. He is more: a poet-painter like the brothers Chiesa (the one with the brush and the other with the pen), and with them the theme he loves above all is his own Tessin. The poetry of its landscapes, its old buildings, its gardens of the dead and of the living, its very life has entered into his soul and imagination, inspiring him in the execution of a series of beautiful and intensely intimate and personal paintings which are a permanent contribution to Swiss art. If ever Nature in that marvellous canton has taken an artist aside and whispered her secret into his soul, she has done so in the case of Edoardo Berta, because reverence and simplicity of soul have kept his ear open to her authentic



"GÎTE EN MONTAGNE"

BY E. BERTA

Modern Swiss School of Alpine Landscape Art



"HARMONIES TRANQUILLES"

BY EDOARDO BERTA

voice and his vision sensitive to the great moments of her self-revelation.

M. Berta is not only a painter, he is an Art Teacher, and one after Ruskin's or William Morris's own heart. Under the auspices of the Board of Education of the Canton Tessin he is engaged in bringing out a work, the "Monumenti Storici ed Artistici," destined to be of immense service to art students in their studies and to the public in quickening reverence for what has been in harmony with the landscape, by keeping before the eye the most characteristic vestiges of architecture in the canton. This work stands in intimate relationship to M. Berta's life-work as a painter. He says "It is the crowning result of a whole series of efforts I have made as painter, professor, and member of the Board of Fine Arts, to call attention to the beauties of our traditional art, with a view, if not of arresting, at least of diminishing, the degenerating effects of certain æsthetic fashions which, of late years, have been imposed upon us, breaking the harmony of our buildings with the serenity of our landscape."

From the foregoing study I venture to think I have made it clear that a school of artists exists in

Switzerland whose work merits the most careful study. A country which possesses painters of such varied and commanding gifts as Ferdinand Hodler, Charles Giron, Paul Robert, Eug. Burnand, Alex. Perrier, A. Trachsel, Ed. Berta, P. Chiesa, O. Vautier, etc., not to mention those who have recently passed away, but whose work is destined to survive, is artistically vital, and the time has more than come when the works of the modern Swiss school should have as fair a chance of being seen and appreciated in London and New York as they have long had in Paris and Munich.



"SOIR EN MONTAGNE"

BY EDOARDO BERTA

The Lithographs of Corot

THE LITHOGRAPHS OF COROT.
BY D. CROAL THOMSON.

ALTHOUGH the connection may seem a little remote at first, yet it is true that the production of Lithographs by Corot was a direct result of War.

Like the great majority of artists in the present crisis, Corot in time of war found it impossible to maintain the ordinary course of his work, and, as many others are doing just now, he looked around for some medium of expression different from that which he usually employed. He felt it necessary to occupy himself in some artistic way, even although most of his time for months had been spent in distributing in charity the worldly goods with which, happily, he was then well endowed, Corot could not easily bring himself to continue painting the landscapes for which his name had already become celebrated, and the period of stress fell upon him towards the end of his long life. By this time he had produced many famous landscapes, almost always in these latter days with the tree foliage delicately and tenderly painted, "pour laisser passer les hirondelles," as he was wont to express his beautiful ideality.

In was in 1871, just after the taking of Paris by the Prussians, that Corot made his only serious achievement in the art of Lithography. He had remained in Paris during the four months of siege, and, although far too old to shoulder a rifle, he was ardently patriotic, and spent most of his time in visiting the sick and wounded, or helping to mitigate the sufferings of the poor.

After the war Corot took a journey to the North of France, where he had been before, and had many warm friends, especially the incomparable Alfred Robaut at Arras, and it was there that, while occasionally painting, he also spent some time in developing his skill in lithography. He did not draw on the stones themselves, but, like Senefelder and Whistler and many other artists who have used this method, he made his drawing on the autographic paper which any clever workman can readily transfer to the lithographic stone.

The by-paths explored by an artist in the course of a long life are always interesting to his admirers, even though no great mastery may be found in the particular production under consideration. But when, in addition to the ordinary interest, there is added the certain charm of mastery in production the position is altered.

Corot was one of the great masters of landscape

painting, and his rendering of the sweetness and poetry of the afternoon or evening has never been equalled by anyone before his time or since. His occasional and usually successful efforts in etching are still generously recognised by collectors, but as a worker in lithography he is scarcely known at all. It is true that he did not spend any lengthy period in preparing lithographic drawings, and, in fact, it was only because his friend Robaut smoothed the way at a time of special stress that he gave his mind to the medium, and produced the dozen examples which were published in a portfolio in 1872. He also made a small number of other lithographic drawings both earlier and later: but these were very few indeed, and this series of twelve forms his special contribution to art in this form. At various times, too, a good number of his paintings were reproduced by lithography, and in 1870, just before the war, a series of them by Emile Vernier, having a notable introduction by Philippe Burty, was successfully launched; but these were not the personal work of the master, although in all probability proofs of them were submitted to him before publication.

The series of twelve lithographs, of which eight are now here reproduced, formed the 1872 portfolio, the issue of which was limited to fifty sets. These were drawn by Corot on the transfer or "autographic" paper mentioned above, and mechanically transferred to the stone, from which practically any number could have been printed. The only reason for restricting the number to fifty was to make the publication scarce and therefore to be specially treasured by subscribers. The copy I possess is numbered twenty-one, and this figure is authenticated by Corot's own signature underneath.

Our old artist—Corot was then in his seventy-sixth year—found a certain delight in working on these drawings, and it is surprising that even at his advanced age he did not pursue the matter further. The only explanation is that he had been gently persuaded to it by his enthusiastic pupil, Robaut, and as soon as the strain of war time was overcome, he experienced still more pleasure in returning to the pursuit of what he called his ordinary work. It is noticeable, however, that Corot did not immediately proceed with the same character of landscape painting in oil as he had gradually been developing—that which he called the feather tree composition. Several of the pictures he painted immediately after the war were strongly tinged with his earlier and more precise and prosaic manner, and it was some months before he gave his trees the delicate

The Lithographs of Corot

quality he sought to achieve so that "the swallows could fly through"; nevertheless it is to be observed that many of his finest pictures—the most subtle, the most poetic—were painted in the brief period between the cessation of the war in 1871 and his death in 1875.

The question whether a drawing on transfer paper can be properly designated a lithograph has sometimes been disputed, and the fact remains that these are not drawn directly on the lithographic stone from which they are printed. The transference from the autographic paper to the stone is, however, merely a mechanical piece of work that any ordinarily intelligent workman can accomplish, and in my view it is quite proper to call these prints lithographs, as it is through the lithographic process that they are multiplied.

There was once a famous lawsuit over this very point. In the "Saturday Review" of December 26, 1896, an article by Mr. Walter Sickert appeared which argued that for Mr. Joseph Pennell, whose work was in discussion, to pass off drawings made on paper as lithographs was "misleading" and "amounted to a charge of dishonesty." An apology was demanded and refused, and in the following April Mr. Pennell, supported by Mr. Whistler, brought an action against the writer, and was awarded £50 damages. I remember the excitement of the trial, which made some good reading in the newspapers of the time; and as I was one of the witnesses, I attended throughout. When the case was half-way through I was unwise enough to declare that I was sure Mr. Pennell would win and that he would get £200 damages, and my disappointment at the smallness of the sum awarded was severe. But perhaps the amount was large from the point of view of a British jury, for the courts had awarded Whistler only one farthing in the famous Ruskin trial nearly twenty years before.

It was this transfer paper that Whistler used in his lithographic work, and he always carried it with him when not employing colour. I well remember sitting beside the fascinating artist in my own drawing-room while he sketched in and completed the now well-known lithograph of my daughter. And I also remember on another occasion piloting Whistler, who had his litho-paper in his hand, down to Blackheath to visit that sympathetic collector Mr. Alexander Young and his wonderful gallery; yet Whistler found no subject that day, and returned home with me rather disappointed, and with an empty drawing sheet.

Of the eight subjects we reproduce from the series

of 1872 four were executed in Arras and four in Douai, and the titles printed are those given by Alfred Robaut when he prepared a list of all the artist's work. Our first plate, *Le Repos des Philosophes*, is one of the most characteristic of Corot's subjects, and it was also the first in the 1872 portfolio. The little figures, as was almost always the case in Corot's pictures, are treated only as part of the general composition, and the real charm is conveyed in the interlacing tree trunks and above all in the softness and lightness of the foliage. In the next, *Le Clocher de Saint-Nicolas-les-Arras*, the feathery trees are again in full evidence, and altogether this is one of the most charming of the number.

Le Rencontre au Bosquet is the most hastily produced of all, and the indication of the trees to the left is a kind of shorthand sketching which is interesting to see when made by a master, but in a less skilful hand would be unintelligible. The figures are also hinted at rather than drawn. The fourth (of the mill of Cunchy near Douai) has points in common with the earlier and the later works by the artist. The cottages recall the form he employed in his earlier days; while the trees, and especially the one fallen across the foreground, remind one of the picture of the *Route d'Arras* in the Thomy-Thiery collection, where the same idea is employed to enrich the front plan of the composition. The fifth, *Souvenir d'Italie*, is a very careful and complete composition, and was certainly produced from one of Corot's earlier studies. The castellated building was frequently employed by our artist in his early years, and no point in a picture seems to have impressed itself so much on him during the whole course of his artistic career. He returns again and again to it, and it must be allowed with unflinching success. In this print the tones of the landscape are most carefully and accurately rendered, and altogether it is one of the best of Corot's lithographs.

Of the remaining three lithographs, *Le Coup de Vent* is only a brilliant recollection of one of his best known pictures, while *La Tour Isolée* is a pen-drawing made on transfer paper, and therefore has less quality of tone than the others, which were drawn with crayon or chalk. In the last, *Le Dormoir des Vaches*, the masses of the trees are much more heavily represented than in most of the others, and the general arrangement is almost suitable to be worked in tapestry.

A word may be added respecting the four remaining subjects of the portfolio which are not here reproduced. *Le Cavalier dans les Roseaux*

The Lithographs of Corot

is rather heavy, with trees and cottages and a horseman, who, although by no means accurately drawn, still moves along. Another is of Willows, with all Corot's finest qualities of tone and composition. In the other two there are large figures in the front plan, which are somewhat out of proportion to the landscape, and therefore not very attractive.

In addition to the twelve auto-lithographs described and four "direct" lithographs there existed also three subjects drawn on transfer paper, two of which were afterwards published. In 1871, when experimenting to execute the twelve folio lithographs, Corot made a sketch on paper, *Sous Bois* at Arras, of which only a few copies were pulled. The subject was simply some trees, with indications of a cow in the foreground, on paper ten by eight inches, upright, and very roughly executed, so that the artistic interest is at a minimum.

The other two were issued in July 1874, just a few months before Corot died, and one hundred proofs were published. Both of these are charming and characteristic drawings, with feathery trees, equal in quality to any of the portfolio dozen. They were entitled *Le Fort Détaché* and *La Lecture sous les Arbres*, and in both the foliage is very delicately drawn.

Of what may be called "direct" lithographs, *i.e.* drawings actually made on the lithographic stone itself, and not by means of autographic or transfer paper, there are only four examples known to have been prepared by Corot, and of these proofs of one only are in existence. In 1873, when the indefatigable Alfred Robaut was preparing his list of the artist's works, Corot, in answer to his questionings, could only remember these four; and, as stated, of three of these no proofs can be found. Corot made little drawings showing the designs of all of them for M. Robaut, but these were only vague recollections made fifty years after the originals were drawn on stone. Even their dimensions were forgotten by the artist, and all he could recollect was that they were about quarto size.

The one of which two proofs exist measures about seven inches in height by four in width, and was prepared in the year 1836 to illustrate a small brochure for a play called "La Caisse d'Épargne," by Edouard Delalain, with music by his brother Henri Delalain, who wrote under the name of St. Yves. These young men were sons of Corot's old friend Delalain, with whom he was engaged in business before he finally became an artist. In the lithograph Corot's

work consisted of the figure of Mdlle. Rosalie, a peasant girl in clogs, but piquant and full of life, and this design was placed in the centre of the page, and measured about four inches high only. It was therefore far from important, but being Corot's first and only existing example of such draughtsmanship, it is specially interesting.

It was in 1822, when the painter was still at Delalain's office, that he made the three lithographs vaguely indicated fifty years later to M. Robaut. Corot related that he remembered stealing out of Delalain's house to carry the lithographic stones to the printer. One of the sketches was *The Guard Dies but Never Surrenders*, and shows a Grenadier standing before a large tree trunk grasping his flag and surrounded by English soldiers who thrust at him with their bayonets; another was called *The Plague at Barcelona*, and showed a peasant seated in the foreground desolate and alone; and the last represented a village fête in the style of the Flemish Kermess, and it had a very large number of figures.

Therefore, when Corot again began drawing lithographs in 1871, his previous experience, being of figures only, was of very little service to him, but he would remember the general manner of working; and therefore the idea, when proposed to him at a time when he wanted something fresh, proved interesting and acceptable.

In order to complete this brief sketch of Corot's work outside his painting, it may be stated that he executed fourteen plates in etching, several of them being remarkably fine landscape subjects. These, which are not now difficult to obtain from the principal dealers in prints, will be found very interesting to the collector. Corot also made many experiments in glass processes, a character of work which various artists occupied themselves with about 1860—Millet, Rousseau, Daubigny all experimenting in it. The process consisted of pouring coloured varnish over a sheet of glass, and when dry removing it either by a brush or point, so as to make it partly or wholly translucent, thus forming a sort of negative of which ordinary photographic prints could be prepared on sensitised paper. Corot seems to have enjoyed this kind of work, for he prepared over sixty different plates, from which our great authority for these details, M. Nelaton, prints reproductions collected by M. Alfred Robaut. And finally it may be noted that Corot at his death left nearly six hundred drawings of various kinds, mostly in black and white, some of them complete but the majority very slight.

D. C. T.



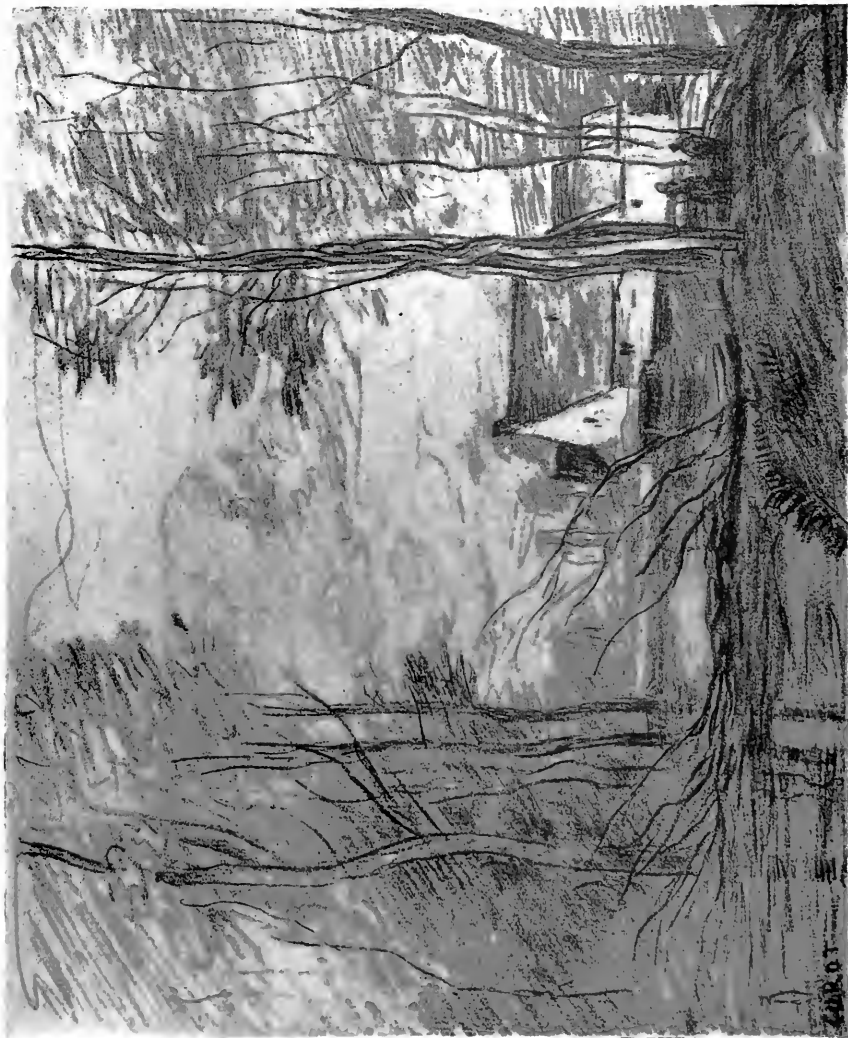
"LE REPOS DES PHILOSOPHES."
BY J. B. C. COROT.



"LE CLOCHER DE SAINT-NICOLAS-
LEZ-ARRAS." BY J. B. C. COROT



"LE RENCONTRE AU BOSQUET."
BY J. B. C. COROT.



"LE MOULIN DE GUINCHY PRÈS
DOUAI." BY J. B. C. COROT



"SOUVENIR D'ITALIE."
BY J. B. C. COROT.



"LE COUP DE VENT."
BY J. B. C. COROT.



"LA TOUR ISOLÉE."
BY J. B. C. COROT.



"LE DORMOIR DES VACHES."
by J. B. C. COROT.

An American Sculptor: Cyrus E. Dallin

AN AMERICAN SCULPTOR : CYRUS E. DALLIN.

WHAT the English sculptor, Herbert Ward, has done for the blacks of Africa, Cyrus Dallin has achieved for the American Indians. His genius has penetrated beneath the outward semblance to the soul of this misunderstood race, and has given us precious records in stone and marble of their true character.

Born in 1861, under the shadow of Utah's snow-crowned mountains, his earliest recollections are of the friendly Indians who traded in his village of Springville. His parents had come from England in 1851 to seek their fortunes in our western territories. Life there, at this early period, was a continual struggle; for the women especially, the hardships were very great. But Mrs. Dallin was one of those brave pioneer spirits without whom our West would be to-day an undeveloped country. With eight children there was much to be done in the little log-cabin, and many chores fell to the part of young Cyrus, who was so passionately attached to his mother that for her sake he was

willing to herd the cows, to cut the firewood, to go barefooted and wear the patched-up clothes of his father. When only fourteen he and a comrade contracted to drive a produce wagon for fifty cents a day between Springville and Alta City, a silver mining camp in the Cottonwood Canyon, to which they sold their vegetables. Forty miles was a long distance to drive over mountain roads, and the boys had to carry their supper and bivouac overnight in woods inhabited by the Piute and the Ute Indians. Fortunately the "Redskins" were always kind to the boys, teaching them all kinds of games and permitting them to play in their wigwams.

In spite of poverty and the impossibility of receiving technical instruction in the West, Cyrus made up his mind to become a sculptor. In order to earn more money he insisted on working as a common labourer in one of his father's mines. Here he was first employed to cook for himself and three others, then in sorting ore, loading it upon a barrow, wheeling it to the shaft, and screening it. One day the men struck a bed of soft white clay. This was the lad's opportunity. He improvised a few tools and modelled two life-sized



"THE HUNTER" (FOUNTAIN FOR ARLINGTON, U.S.A.)

BY CYRUS E. DALLIN

An American Sculptor: Cyrus E. Dallin

heads. These so delighted the miners that they spread the story of his genius far and near. It happened that there was soon to be a sort of country fair in Salt Lake City, and the heads were sent there for exhibition. Two wealthy men became so interested in the boy's evident talent that they raised money to send him to Boston, where he began his art studies with Trueman H. Bartlett, paying for his tuition by work in the sculptor's studio. At the end of a year he went to Quincy, Massachusetts, and worked for Sidney H. Morse. When twenty-one he began to receive so many orders for his own work that he decided to take a small studio in Boston. He remained here about six years, labouring with uninterrupted industry.

From this time on his progress has been a continual triumph, beginning with the gold medal voted him in 1888 by the artists of New York for his *Indian Hunter*. He was now sufficiently "established" to go abroad for two years and study in Paris. Here he modelled the *Signal of Peace* which received a medal at the Columbian World's Exposition and was purchased for the City of Chicago by Judge Lambert Tree. After his return to America and his marriage to Vittoria Colonna Murray, of Boston, he spent three years with his wife in Utah, working from Indian models, then went for another

three years of study to Paris. He entered the atelier of Jean Dampst that he might gain a greater mastery of technique. It was during this period that he modelled his now famous

Medicine Man, which was purchased in 1903 by the Fairmont Park Association of Philadelphia. At its unveiling the Indian La Flesche, a pupil of Hampton College, explained its meaning: "The prophets and priests, termed in Indian language the Men of Mystery, were called by Europeans 'Medicine Men.' The entire life of the Medicine Man was devoted to his calling. His fasts were frequent and his mind was occupied in contemplating the supernatural. His services were needed when children were dedicated to the Great Spirit; for the installation of chiefs; for councils of war. . . . Travellers believed that a very different character, a so-called 'Healer,' whom intelligent Indians held in contempt, was the real Medicine Man, to the serious misunderstanding of the religious beliefs of my race. . . . I cannot discuss from the standpoint of an artist the work of your sculptor, but in the expression, the dignified bearing, the strength of pose, I recognise

the character of the true Medicine Man—he who was the mediator between his people and the Great Spirit. . . . This artist has been gifted with the imagination to discern the truth which underlies a



"THE WARRIOR"

BY CYRUS E. DALLIN



"THE SUPREME APPEAL."
BY CYRUS E. DALLIN

An American Sculptor: Cyrus E. Dallin

strange exterior. The horns upon the head of the Medicine Man, or priest, symbolised the power of the Great Spirit: his nudity typified the utter helplessness of man in contrast to this almighty power." The deep impression that Mr. Dallin's sculpture has produced on this usually unimpressionable race is the highest tribute that can be paid his genius.

A sincere seeker after truth, this sculptor gives us all the characteristics of his individual models, but in them he perceives, with the vision of the seer, the prophet, types of a race that has fallen under that terrible law, "the survival of the fittest."

In talking of his work Mr. Dallin said: "I always strive to express some emotion because I believe that to be the only thing which constitutes art. Of course, we must have technique, the more perfect the better, but we care too much to-day for the manner in which a thing is done. Unless a statue, a picture expresses something, unless it has some message to convey, I consider it useless. Now

Rodin possesses emotion and the power of communicating it to his work, so that all who study it must know that he is a great man, that he has a bigger gamut than any living sculptor. I do not mean that I *like* all his things; often I see something that makes me feel 'I wish he had not.' But he is making visible the age in which he lives, and you know that this age has a neurotic side. Nearly all French sculptors make the external, the appearance, very perfect; their technique is marvellous, but they lack Rodin's powers of perception and expression; he sees and understands more profoundly; he gives us life. That is because he works as the Greeks worked, from Nature; he is their legitimate descendant. Rodin, Michelangelo, the Greeks!"

This eulogy of a fellow-sculptor shows the largeness of Mr. Dallin's mind; he possesses another un-failing quality of genius—simplicity. "We artists are always children, hoping, expecting something new and wonderful to happen. I tell my pupils that art keeps us young because it keeps us close to Nature. So long as we study her we have enthusiasm for our work, we grow; growth is a characteristic of youth, old age alone stands still. When we no longer progress we are old, no matter what our years may be."

Judging by his work, there is no danger of Mr. Dallin's growing old. His sculptural qualities continue to improve, his mastery of technique increases. His stooping figure of *The Hunter* is so alive that we watch to see this warrior leap, with a single movement, in pursuit of game or to defend himself from some hidden enemy. In order to be ever prepared, the Indians crouch to drink, tossing the water up with their hands, instead of lying flat and taking it in their mouths, as do more civilised woodsmen.

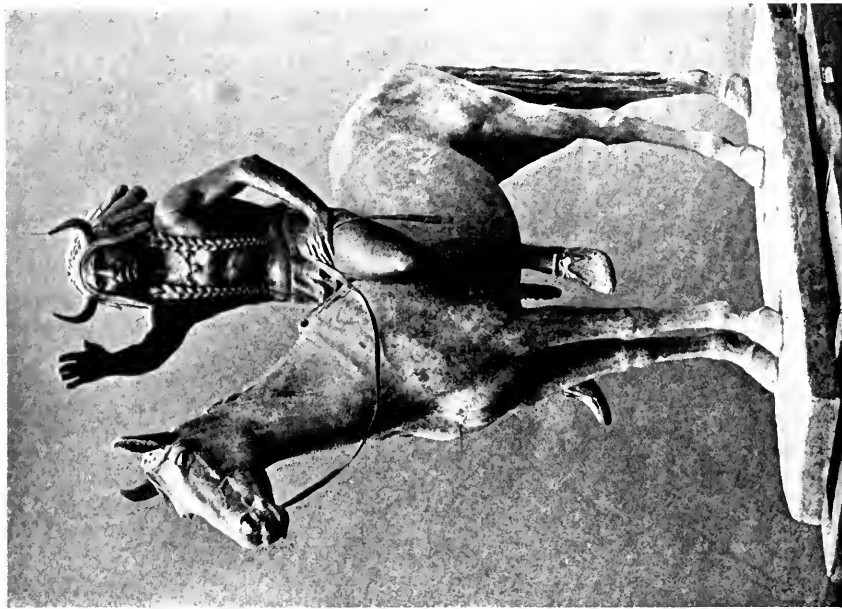


"MY BOYS"

BY CYRUS E. DALLIN



"THE ARCHERY LESSON"
BY CYRUS E. DALLIN



"THE MEDICINE MAN"
BY CYRUS E. DALLIN
(Fairmont Park, Philadelphia)

The Royal Society of Painter-Etchers

All the representations of his old friends the Indians reveal a deep insight into the character of this unhappy race, but in none does he express such perfect comprehension of the Indian's heartrending condition as in *The Supreme Appeal*, where the soul of the Red man seems to speak through the imploring gesture of head and hands, and his whole body is tense with desire, with supplication.

The artists of Boston, recognising this as a masterpiece, believed that it should be secured for the city with which the sculptor has been so long identified. They therefore petitioned the citizens to contribute twelve thousand dollars for its purchase, and they at once complied.

The portrait busts by Cyrus Dallin, though admirable in workmanship, do not always possess the vital, lifelike qualities of his Indians. The soldiers' monument recently erected in Albany, his equestrian statues of Lafayette, Sherman, Reynolds, all show a painstaking reverence for his art and a devotion to truth that are characteristic of the man, but they are not "the title-deeds to immortality on which fame rests" as are his psychic interpretations of the Indians.

A. SEATON-SCHMIDT.



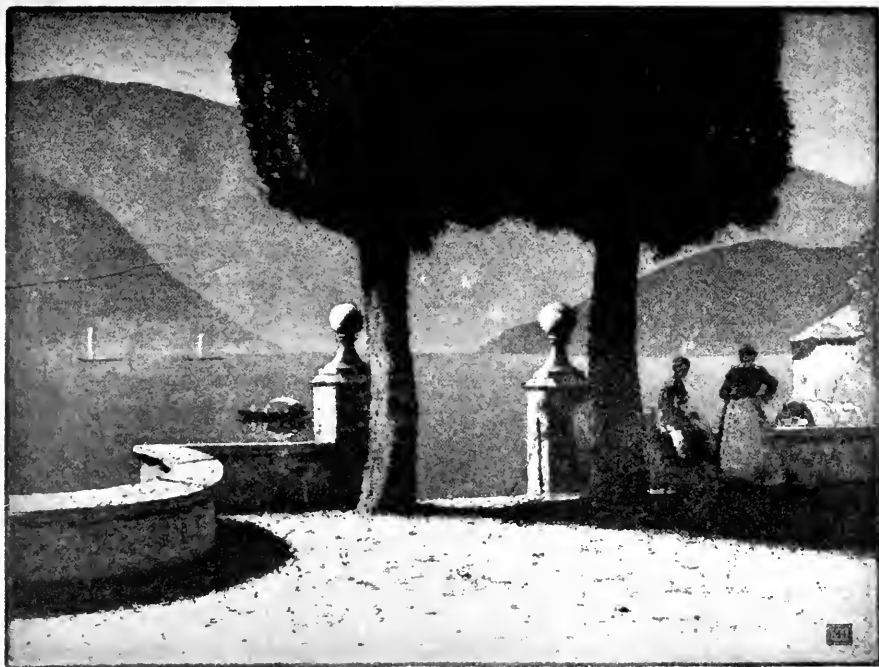
"MY MOTHER" (MARBLE BUST) BY CYRUS E. DALLIN

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTER-ETCHERS AND ENGRAVERS.

IF the recent annual exhibition of this Society—the thirty-fourth since its foundation in 1880—contained but few prints of exceptional importance, it can at least be said that the collection as a whole was quite up to the average of recent years, and that is saying a good deal, for the average is certainly one that entitles the members and associates to commendation. One would wish, perhaps, that the predominance of architectural motives might be less insistent at these exhibitions, and that figure subjects might claim more attention from those who practise the arts which come within the cognisance of the Society. In saying this we are not unmindful of the valuable work done by our etchers and engravers, past and present, in recording the aspect of numberless edifices of great historical interest, thereby rendering a signal service which future generations as well as our own will appreciate, and we should not like to see this work neglected; but we think that a greater diversity of motive would add to the interest of a large assemblage of prints which, restricted to monochrome effects, is from its very nature calculated to create an impression of monotony. That this impression is mitigated on closer acquaintance is largely due to the fact that the adherents of the Society are for the most part artists who, whatever influences they have been subject to, have an individuality of method and thought which asserts itself in their work, and also to the fact that between them they practise many varieties of technique.

The honours of the recent exhibition belong to mezzotint, although as a matter of fact there were scarcely half-a-dozen prints representing this species of engraving in the show. But *The Night Picket Boat at Hammersmith*, the sole contribution of the President, Sir Frank Short, R.A., would in itself entitle mezzotint to the honours, so admirably is it employed to interpret a nocturnal theme, even without the able support of Mr. Gaskell's *Harlech Castle* and Mr. Lund's *Spatie in the Highlands*. We noticed, too, a commendable example by Mr. Percy Lancaster, one of the Society's recent recruits and an artist who in his mezzotint *Old Age* and other prints has amply justified his election. Aquatint was well exemplified in the work of Mr. Gaskell and Mr. Alfred Hartley among others, and the effective use of the soft ground was demonstrated in prints contributed by Mr. Nelson

The Royal Society of Painter-Etchers



"HAZY MORNING, LAKE COMO"

AQUATINT BY ALFRED HARTLEY, R.E.

Dawson. Mr. Gaskell was again seen to advantage as an exponent of the dry-point method, in which excellent results were also displayed in prints by Mr. W. P. Robins, Mr. John Wright, and Mr. Sidney Tushingam (one of the very few artists represented by portraiture).

Turning to the general body of exhibits, etchings pure and simple for the chief part, we shall have to content ourselves with enumerating a few of the more notable contributions apart from those which are reproduced in our illustrations—such as M. BÉJOT'S *St. Malo vu de Dinard*, *Le Moulin de la Galette*, *Montmartre*, and *Le Pont Neuf*, Mr. Charles J. Watson's *Marsh Farm*, Mr. J. R. K. Duff's *Boy shearing Lamb* and kindred subjects, Mr. Axel Haig's *A Street in Toledo with the Cathedral*, showing that the veteran artist's hand still retains its vigour; a couple of portraits by Mabel Robinson and Mr. F. H. Townsend respectively, Mr. Malcolm Osborne's *Loches*, Sir Charles Holroyd's *Bent Beech*, Mr. Sydney Lee's *The Monastery*, Mr. Bernard Eyre's *Peña Collorado*, *Navarre*, Mr. Percy Robertson's *The National*

Gallery and *Storm-clouds over the City*, Mr. Fred Richards's *Old Houses on the Arno*, Mr. Albany Howarth's *The North Transept of Westminster* and *The Five Sisters of York*, two of the largest prints on view and both excellent in their handling of light, Mr. D. V. Smart's *King's Lynn*, and several plates by Mr. F. L. Griggs, who has joined the Society quite recently and made his *début* at this exhibition with etchings which in no wise discredit the renown he has won with the pen and pencil.

The exhibition included a collection of impressions (lent for the occasion by Mr. Martin Hardie) representing the entire etched work of Samuel Palmer, who died in the very year that the Society was founded, and it was interesting to contrast his intricate use of the etched line for the achievement of tonal effects with the economy of line practised by some of the artists whose work was seen on the walls, notably M. BÉJOT.

In the interval since the exhibition of last year the Society has lost one of its younger Associates, Mr. Boardman Wright.



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**"KILLIN, PERTHSHIRE," ETCHING
BY NIELS M. LUND, A.R.E.**



After the sketch

“SPATE IN THE HIGHLANDS,
GLEN DOCHART.” MEZZOTINT
BY NIELS M. LUND, A.R.E.

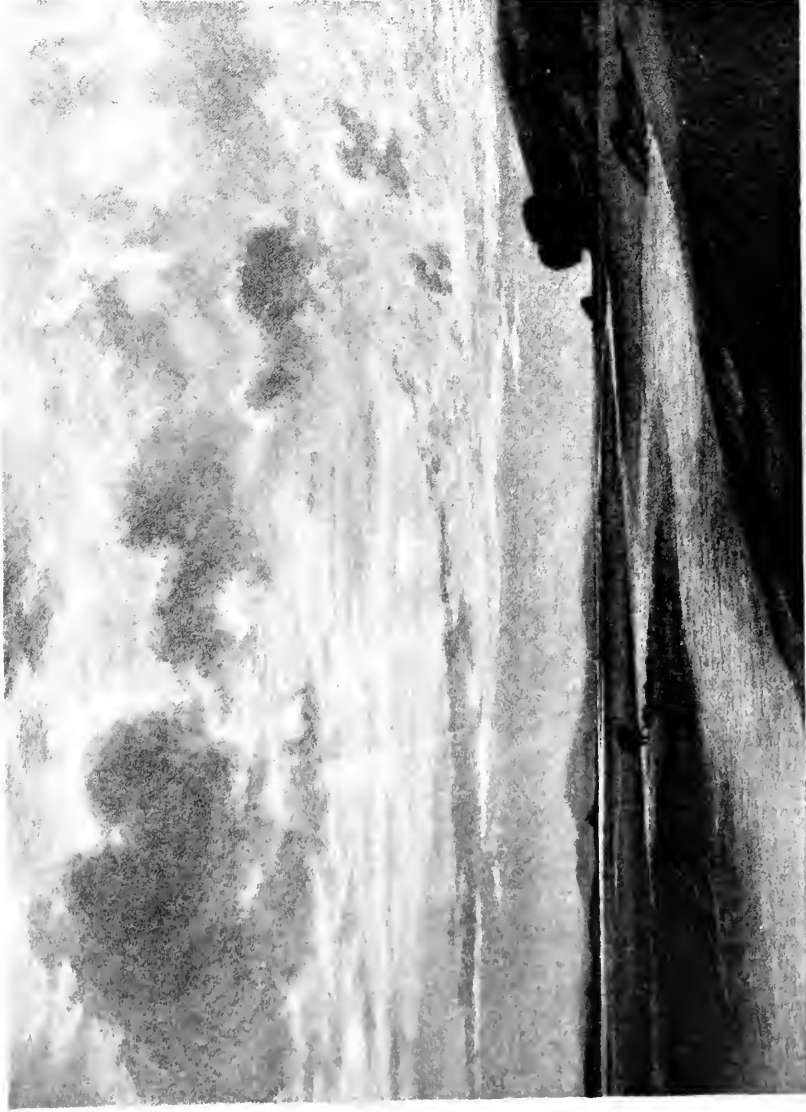
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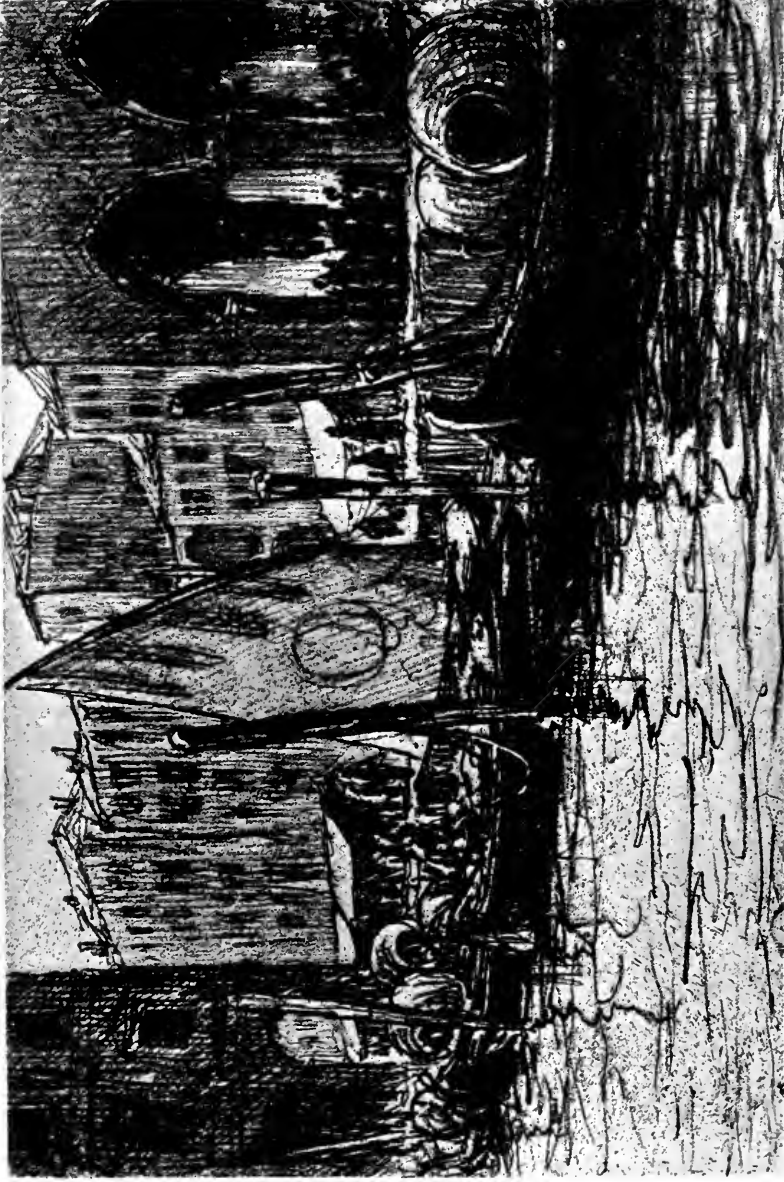
"ST. EUSTACHE, PARIS." ETCHING
BY CHARLES J. WATSON, R.E.



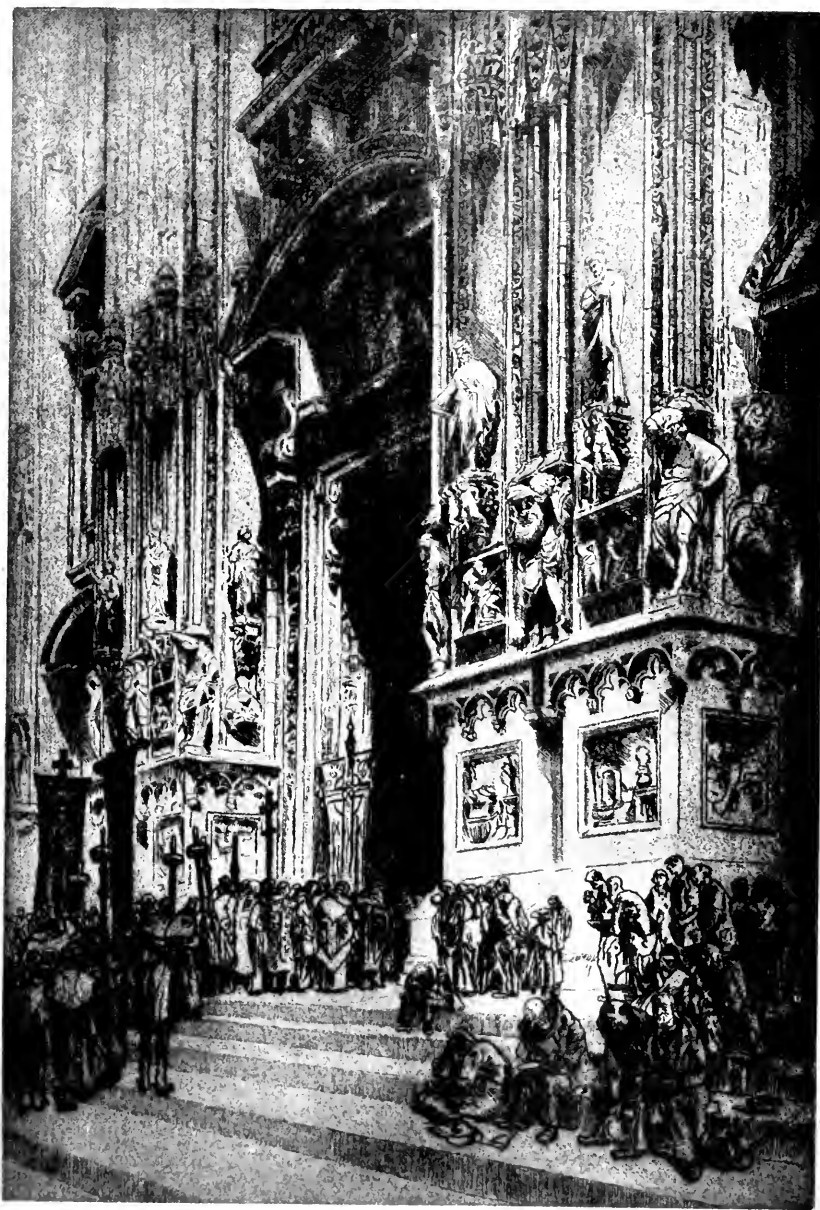
"TWO BEECHES." ETCHING BY
DOROTHY WOOLLARD, A.R.E.



"THE BAIT-DIGGERS." AQUATINT
BY PERCIVAL GASKELL, R.E.



"FISH MARKET, VENICE." SOFT-GROUND
ETCHING BY NELSON DAWSON, R.E.



“PROCESSION OF STA. MARIA DELLA
GRAZIA, MILAN CATHEDRAL.” ETCHING
BY ARTHUR J. TURRELL, A.R.E.

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Studio-Talk

STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The strong opposition aroused by the decision of the Government to close certain of the principal museums and art galleries until after the termination of the War, though it failed to secure anything but a slight modification of this drastic measure, afforded a gratifying proof that, while there may be many in our midst who apparently do not care a jot whether such institutions continue to discharge their important functions, there is at least an influential section among the leaders of public opinion who recognise their value as part of our national life. As a result of this decision the greater portion of the British Museum and the Natural History Museum, and the whole of the Tate Gallery and the Wallace Collection, will remain closed for an indefinite period. The

National Portrait Gallery was closed some time ago. There has been talk also of closing various provincial galleries which are under municipal control.

The war cartoons of Mr. Louis Raemaekers, after having been on view for several weeks at the galleries of the Fine Art Society, were transferred early last month to Paris, where, as we learn, they have made a great impression. At the New Bond Street Galleries they attracted day by day a huge crowd of visitors, and in view of the extraordinary interest aroused the Society decided, on the removal of the original cartoons to Paris, to replace them by facsimile reproductions to which the artist had given his *imprimatur*. The Royal Society of Miniature Painters has elected Mr. Raemaekers an honorary member as a mark of esteem for his work and appreciation of his great service to the cause of the Allies.



“THE LANE, CORNWALL”

(Leicester Galleries)

BY F. DOBSON

At the Mansion House on January 28, with the Lord Mayor in the chair, a meeting was held for the purpose of formally inaugurating the Civic Arts Association. The provisional committee of this new body has Sir Cecil Harcourt Smith, Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum, for its Chairman, and among the members are prominent artists such as Mr. George Clausen, R.A., Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., Mr. John Lavery, A.R.A., Mr. Henry Wilson, President of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, Mr. Harold Speed, Mr. W. Rothenstein, Prof. Lethaby, Mr. Alfred Powell, Mr. Harold Stabler, etc. The general object for which the Association has been formed is the amelioration of those civic arts without which no towns fit to live in can be created, extended or improved; and among its special purposes will be that of tendering advice to private individuals

and public bodies on the subject of War memorials, mementoes, and so forth. The Committee pleads earnestly for the employment of the many able artists in our midst, who on account of age or other circumstances are incapable of military service, on public work of one or other kind, and they point with pride to the high standard of skilled talent existing among craftsmen and craftswomen in this country. Our pre-eminence in this respect is, indeed, generally recognised, and yet, as the Committee points out, our towns, while the best organised in the world in some respects, are, in the visual or architectural sense, the worst organised. To remedy this national defect will be no easy task, but we are sure that everyone who has the best interests of the nation at heart will wish the new Association prosperity.

The programme of exhibitions this season appears to be much the same as usual in so far as the principal art societies are concerned, though, as was the case last year, the number of "one-man" exhibitions will be very much smaller than in normal times. The Pastel Society and the

Senefelder Club have already held their annual shows, and the thirty-fourth exhibition of the Painter-Etchers, with which we deal elsewhere in this number, has just terminated. Among the groups which have decided not to exhibit this year is the Women's International Art Club, but the committee of this organisation hope to arrange for an exhibition of special interest in 1917. The National Portrait Society is holding its annual exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, and of this we shall say something in our next issue.

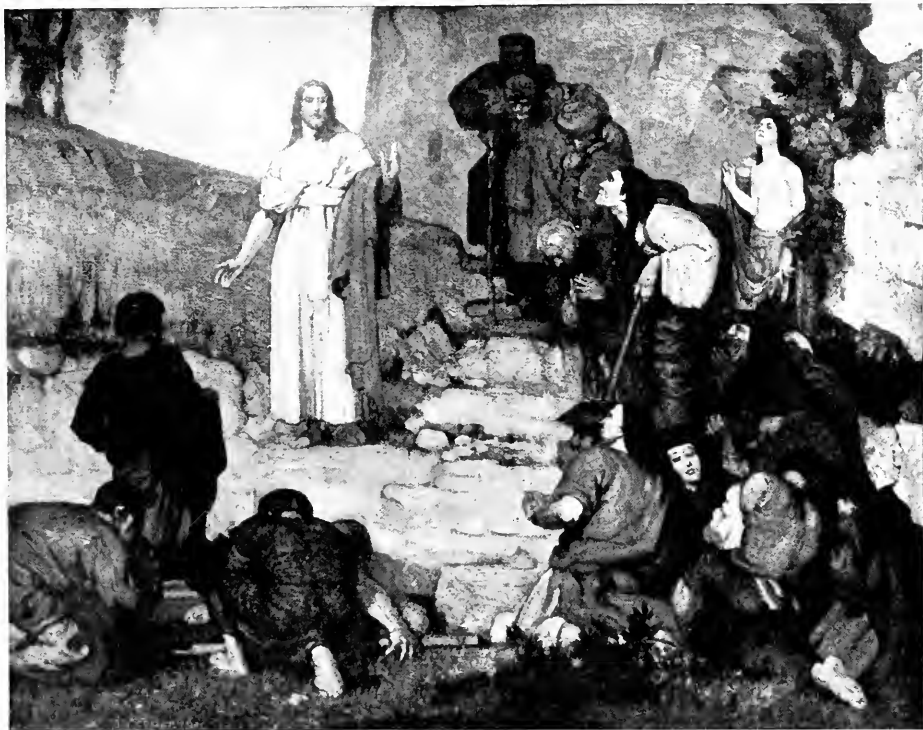
Of the exhibitions at other private galleries one of exceptional interest was that of a collection of drawings and etchings by the eminent Dutch artist, Mr. Marius Bauer, at Dowdeswell Galleries, New Bond Street. The drawings, illustrating certain portions of the Books of Genesis, Exodus, and Jeremiah, and executed with the pen supplemented by wash in varying proportions, revealed a draughtsman of extraordinary fertility of imagination and equally remarkable power of characterisation, and one, too, who has steeped himself in the very spirit of the episodes selected for interpretation.



"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

(Leicester Galleries)

BY E. HANDLEY-READ



"AND HE HEALED THEM"

TEMPERA SKETCH FOR A DECORATION BY A. E. COOPER

(Leicester Galleries)

We hope in a later number to speak more fully of this latest manifestation of the artist's genius and at the same time to reproduce a few of the drawings forming the series.

At the Leicester Galleries, following upon the Senefelder exhibition, came one composed of work of various kinds by about a score of artists who for the time being have relinquished the practice of art save in the small intervals of leisure which fall to them, and are serving their country as officers, non-commissioned officers, and "rankers," in the Artists' Rifles, an Officers' Training Corps to whose valuable services Viscount (then Sir John) French paid an eloquent tribute on his departure from France. The members of this corps who exhibited at the Leicester Galleries are nearly all of them men whose names are well known in the art world, and their work as seen here testified to a high standard of achievement. Space has obliged us to restrict our reproductions from this show to a small number, but among other items of interest we should mention the etchings of Mr. Lee Hankey,

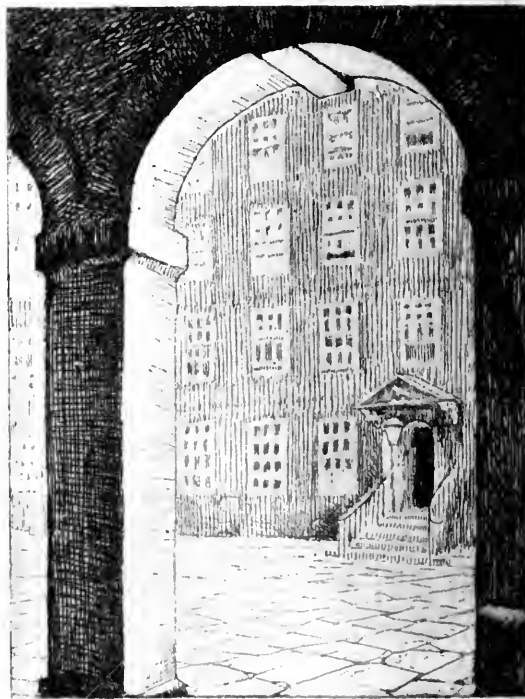
Mr. E. L. Pattison, and Mr. W. P. Robins, Mr. Malcolm Osborne's *Loches Castle* and *Chinon Castle*, Mr. Gerald Ackermann's *Across the Common*, Mr. Montague Smyth's *Entrance to a Temple*, *Yokohama*, Mr. Maresco Pearce's *St. Malo*, Mr. Denys G. Wells's *Mother and Child*, Mr. Mason's *The Landlord's Daughter*, and Mr. Blomfield's *House at Stansted*. In another room at the same galleries were to be seen Mr. Arthur Rackham's drawings in illustration of Dickens's "Christmas Carol" and a number of miscellaneous drawings, including some landscapes showing a side of his art less familiar than that which we encounter in the numerous books he has illustrated. In most of these landscapes he uses water-colour as the principal medium of expression, whereas in his drawings for illustration it is employed in subordination to line work, which still continues to be the artist's forte.

Readers of THE STUDIO will probably recall the name of Mr. Vladimir Polunin as that of the designer of some attractive wooden toys which we

illustrated some few months ago. They were a few out of a large number which he designed and made as models for the Board of Trade, who were anxious to stimulate the home production of toys which before the war were imported mainly from Germany. On this occasion, however, we are concerned with Mr. Polunin, who as we stated before is a Russian artist residing in England, in his capacity as an etcher and draughtsman, and in reproducing two examples of his work we give the comments of Mr. Alexander Bakshy on the artist's work in this field.

"It is a strange fact," he says, "that the dominating movement of the last two decades in Russia, which has generally been described as a graphic school, has scarcely shown any interest in etching. Drawing on paper and book illustration held the minds of the Russian artists to the exclusion of all the other methods of graphic statement. And yet, had it been otherwise, we should probably have a school of etching distinct from the schools of Western Europe. In the work of Mr. Polunin we can trace the influence of the Russian graphic school, cloaked under the forms of a later and more cosmopolitan origin. The manner developed by the Russian artists can be best explained by comparing it with modern English work. Since the time of Whistler a tradition has set in, in English etching, which may be described as a combination of naturalistic suggestiveness with decorative treatment. The first element, however, had the precedence, and was able for this reason to determine the use of the second. The consequence was that decorative, *i.e.*, in the case of etching, graphic, treatment was for ever confined to the narrow sphere of sketchy impressionism. Mannerisms in the drawing (in the treatment of the sky, for instance) and in the method of biting (a set gradation in the strength of bitten lines) have naturally followed, and becoming fixed and stereotyped, have set their stamp on all the average English work. A curious exception to this graphic style were the Pre-Raphaelites and Beardsley, but

their conventional forms have found practically no expression in the medium of etching. The Russian artists were nearer in spirit to the last-mentioned English artists than to Whistler and his followers. With them, in their graphic work, suggestion of nature was a matter of less concern than expression of a definite style. More independent of realistic nature they were able to concentrate their efforts on the graphic side of drawing, and to evolve a number of original graphic forms. This characteristic feature of the Russian school is also evident in the work of Mr. Polunin, for whom the graphic treatment is foremost, and suggestiveness merely an unavoidable attribute. Mr. Polunin's design is always complete and thorough, though it is never naturalistic. When one looks at his work it is his original manner of statement that immediately steps forward in one's impression. The peculiarity most conspicuous in his work is the persistence with which the artist tries to avoid outlining the object. By using parallel strokes varying in direction, he succeeds in indicating at



"LAMB'S COURT"

ETCHING BY VLADIMIR POLUNIN



"WHITBY OLD TOWN." FROM A
DRAWING BY VLADIMIR POLUNIN.



one and the same time both the planes and their boundaries. Were there nothing in this method but its originality, one would, perhaps, be justified in designating it a mannerism, or a mere trick. But I think it is not merely original. It possesses the solid graphic quality of enhancing the effect of a flat surface, and of emphasising the formal nature of a drawing. This last feature is particularly notable for the reaction which it denotes against loose sketchiness and 'poetic licence' in drawing. Then along with this formality of design, which in Mr. Polunin's work is, as I said, of Russian origin, we find in it something that is distinctly French—the simple and unsophisticated attitude with which the artist approaches his subject. He makes no attempt to go beyond what he actually sees, to juggle and wrestle with the subject in order to find in it some definite sentiment that would bring it within some preconceived idea of a style. For Mr. Polunin his subject is always a still-life, no matter what sentiment may pervade it or what feeling it may arouse in the beholder.

MANCHESTER. — A stained-glass window is one of the most permanent and perhaps one of the most beautiful ways to perpetuate the self-sacrifice and gallantry of the men and women who have given all for England. The window illustrated on this page was recently erected in St. Ann's Parish Church of Clifton, near Manchester, and is a small but exceedingly beautiful piece of modern craftsmanship; it has been designed and painted by Mr. Gordon M. Forsyth, and presented by the staff of the Clifton and Kersley Collieries, of which the late Captain Pilkington was one of the directors before the outbreak of the War. The glass invented by Mr. Edward Prior, and hence known as "Prior's Glass," has been used throughout the window; it is a material which properly handled gives a richness, brilliance of colour, and jewelled effect equal to if not surpassing the

quality of the finest thirteenth-century glass. The late Captain Pilkington—son of Mr. Charles Pilkington—was killed whilst leading his men against the Turkish position in Gallipoli on June 4. He belonged to one of the oldest and best known families in Lancashire.

BOLTON.—The term "museum" is really too narrow and stereotyped in meaning to be applied to the new form of exhibition which is in process of development at the old Hall-'t' Wood, Bolton-le-Moors. The usual things associated with institutions so named were to be seen there during the dozen years of its existence as an ordinary museum, but some



MEMORIAL WINDOW IN ST. ANN'S PARISH CHURCH, CLIFTON, NEAR MANCHESTER, TO CAPT. HUGH BROCKLEHURST PILKINGTON, KILLED AT THE DARDANELLES. DESIGNED AND PAINTED BY GORDON M. FORSYTH

months back all such features were removed to make way for the present exhibition, inspired by a new idea, which is much more in harmony with the picturesque old manor-house. It is now a "Folk-Museum," designed to give to people of the time that now is as realistic an idea as may be of the domestic life of their ancestors, and it would be difficult to find a building more peculiarly and romantically fitted for the purpose than the quaintly named Hall-i' th'-Wood.

The Hall is not and never has been a "lordly" dwelling. A comfortable, homely "folk" residence, it began in quite a small way as the "House in the Wode" in the late fifteenth century, put out a north-west wing as its owners grew and prospered in the sixteenth, and certain more elaborate southern additions, including a handsome stone porch and a fine oak staircase, in the seventeenth. A portion of wall in the kitchen has been stripped to show how our ancestors built their less pretentious dwellings of "wattle and daub." The wood from which the Hall derives its name has long since disappeared, and the Hall now stands high on a hard-paved roadway. The charming old black-and-white "post and plaster" work, quaint gables, and overhanging eaves of its Tudor portion are in striking contrast with the plain drab brickwork and tall smoke-belching chimney of the modern industrial buildings in the valley below.

In accordance with the central idea of the "Folk-Museum" the interior is now being furnished and fitted so that ultimately visitors of to-day may be able to picture for themselves the daily routine, the occupations and relaxations, and all that made the home-life of a prosperous middle-class family residing in such a house in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. This is by no means a simple matter, for specimens of the furniture, implements and utensils of this period are not at all easy to obtain. In industrial Lancashire itself, where old things are quickly "scrapped" to make way for new, it would be difficult, probably impossible, to make a comprehensive collection, but any or all the counties are being made contributory to the plenishing of the Hall by Sir William Lever, to whose generosity Bolton owes the museum in its new as in its old form, and in due time it will give a full and detailed picture of an old manor-house.

something of the appearance they presented in the time of the Brownlow and Norris and Starkie families, whose initials are to be seen in stonework or woodwork within the house, though to modern eyes they may look rather bare and chill. In the large hall the long oak table and solid carved settle and chairs—one of which is of especially noble proportions—the great open fireplace, the roasting-spits, the bellows, the polished livery cupboard or "panetiere" for storing loaves, and the "tranchoir" for cutting them up speedily, suggest such a gathering as Cowper pictured and Washington Irving regarded as splendidly typical of English home life in times gone by. Inside the cupboards and carved cabinets, the dishes and plates of fine pewter or white wood, the finely turned wooden trenchers, forks and spoons, salt cellars, some in lignum vitae, give an idea of the table furnishings of the past, and a fine mahogany "cheese-runner" on little castors shows how table-service was made easy. Vessels of varied form and material testify to the drinking customs and tastes of the hard-



HALL-I' TH'-WOOD, BOLTON: SOUTH PORCH

Already the rooms are beginning to assume

Studio-Talk



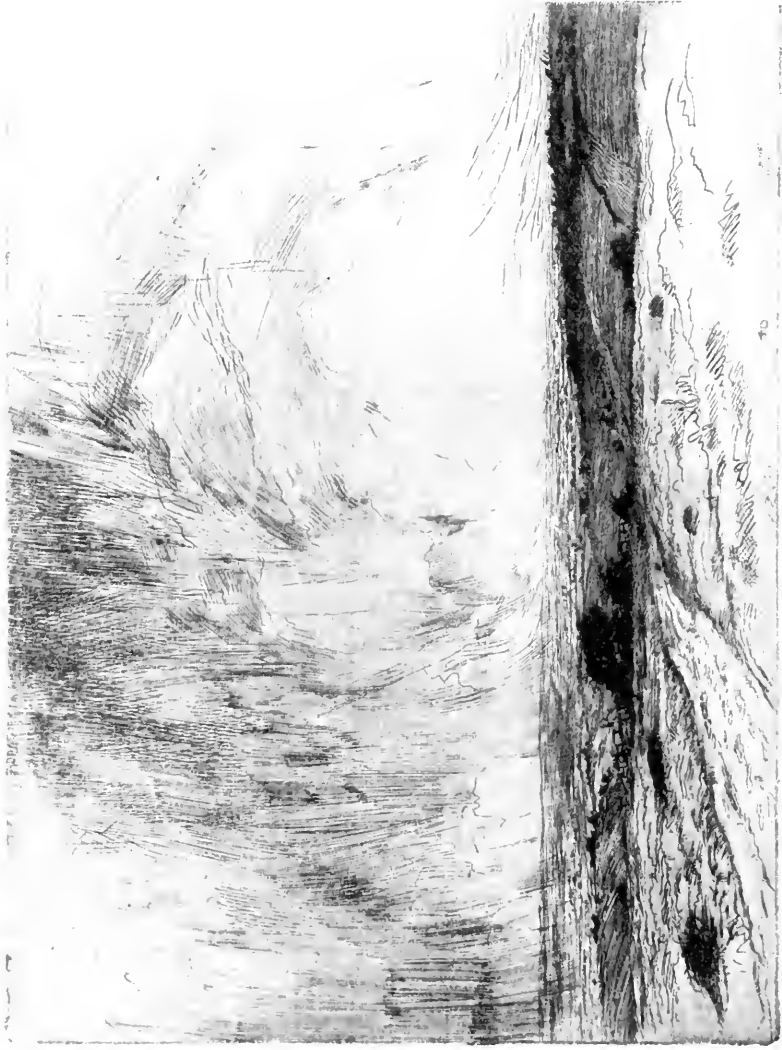
HALL-I' TH'-WOOD FOLK-MUSEUM, BOLTON : A SITTING-ROOM

drinking Stuart times and the early Hanoverian period when "decent people got drunk every night without criticism." The collection of quaint old implements of cookery hanging about the kitchen fireplace and walls shows how important

a part this art played in the life of the mistress of the Hall and her daughters or serving-maids, while pestles and mortars in beautifully polished wood call up visions of them crushing spices, pounding flower petals and sweet-smelling herbs, or grinding



HALL-I' TH'-WOOD FOLK-MUSEUM, BOLTON : A SITTING-ROOM



Chas. A. M.

"POTATO FIELDS." FROM AN
ETCHING BY F. C. JONES

Studio-Talk

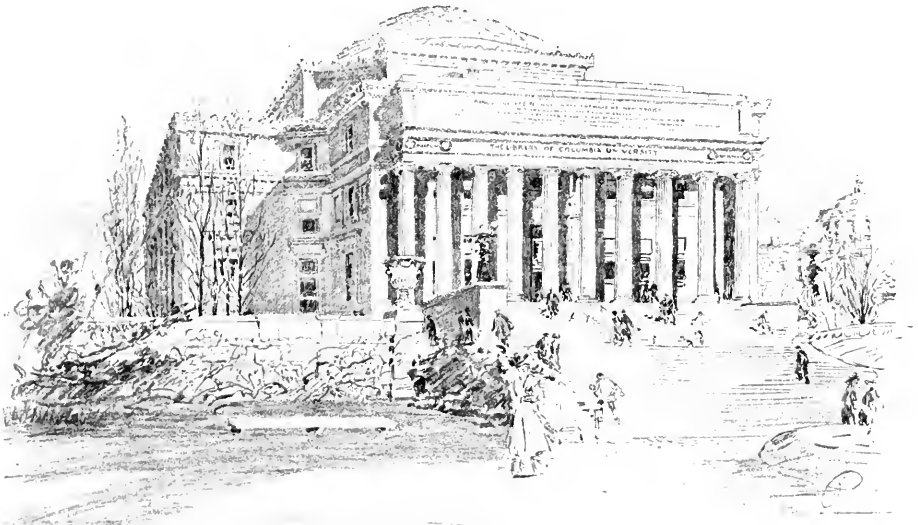
and mixing medicinal herbs for her medicine-chest. Carved "sweetheart spoons" in walnut bring in a touch of romance, but a very different picture is suggested by an ancient "ducking-stool." Other phases of old-time life are recalled by the beautiful old spinning-wheels and the carved press for the "lynen napperie," a pillow for lace-making reminding us that Flemish refugees taught our ancestors this and many other valuable industrial arts. The old leaden tobacco box and a snuff box may not have been sacred to the good-man alone, for in those days women and even young children smoked—it is even said that children took pipes to school and that a pause was allowed for smoking!

B. L. A.

BRADFORD.—Mr. Frederick C. Jones, whose etching *Potato Fields* is reproduced opposite, was until recently a student at the City of Bradford School of Art, where his aptitude for drawing and etching has been recognised by the award of medals. The son of a landscape painter, whose pictures are frequently to be seen on the walls of the Royal Academy, and whose feeling for landscape

he has inherited, he began to practise etching while still in his teens, and though still not far advanced in his twenties, he has accomplished a considerable amount of work in this branch of art. Some of his dry-points have been accepted by the City of Bradford Art Gallery.

NEW YORK.—The lead-pencil drawings of New York streets and Columbia University of which reproductions are here given are by Mr. Louis H. Ruyl, whose work is familiar to newspaper readers in America, the artist having for some years made drawings for several important papers in which illustration is a special feature, such as the "World," the Philadelphia "Press," and the Boston "Herald." His talent in this field of work was recognised by editors during the Spanish-American War, when he was sent on behalf of several papers to Cuba. His predilection, however, is for architecture, and with a view to studying it under a variety of aspects for which material was not available in the New World he made an extensive tour of Europe three or four years ago, gleaning much valuable help and inspiration therefrom.



Louis H. Ruyl

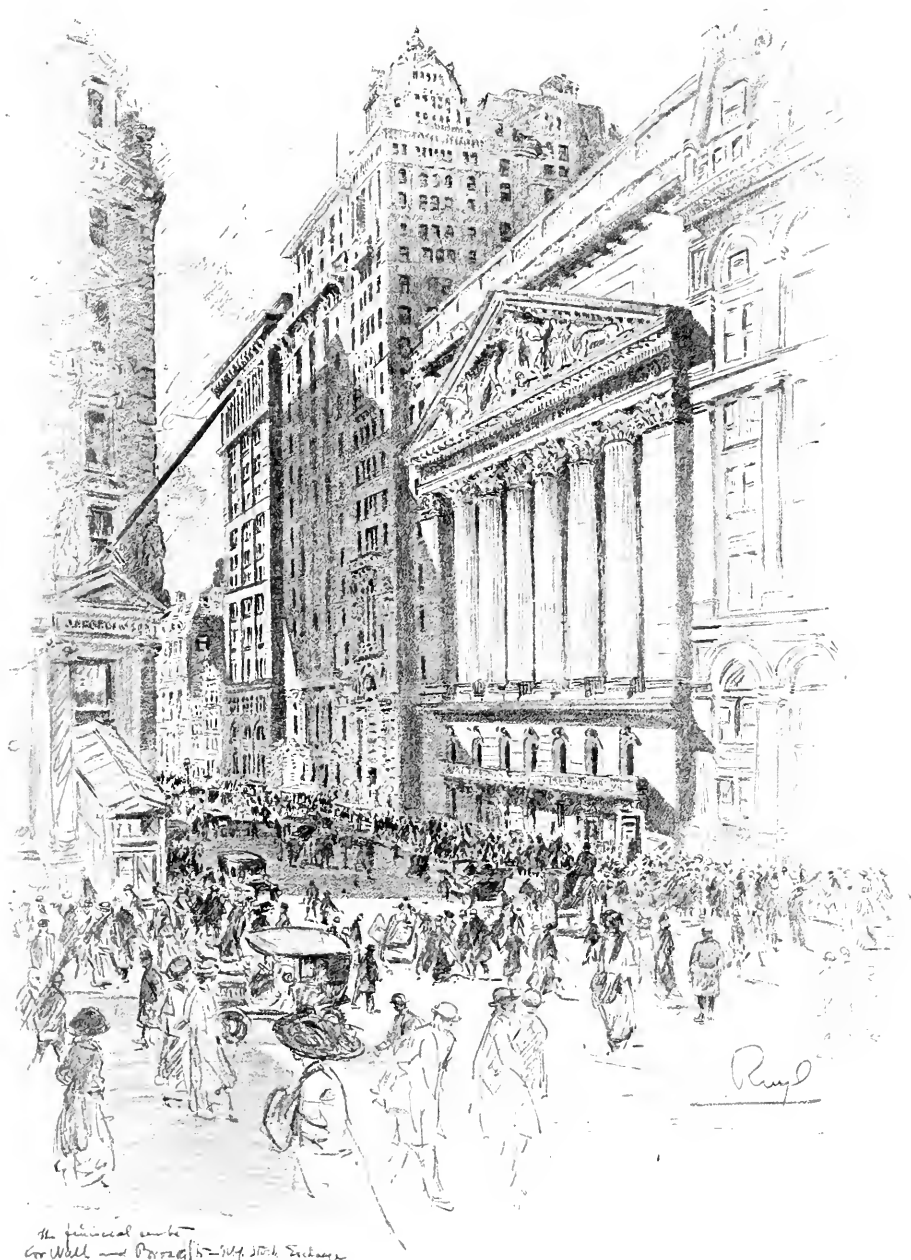
THE LIBRARY OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

PENCIL DRAWING BY LOUIS H. RUYL



Filed -
Wednesday - 4 pm - 1934

"Fifth Avenue—Looking up from 33rd Street"
Pencil drawing by Louis H. Ruyf



The financial centre
on Wall and Broad Sts. - N.Y. Stock Exchange

"The Financial Centre, corner of Wall Street and Broad Street." Pencil drawing by Louis H. Ruyhl



The beginning of Broadway

"The Beginning of Broadway"
Pencil drawing by Louis H. Ruyd

Studio-Talk

SAN FRANCISCO.—In the laying out of the Japanese garden and the construction of the Government pavilions in it at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, no effort was spared to make it representative. Credit should be given to Izawa-Hannosuke for the design and construction of the charming garden, and to Dr. Takeda-Goichi, Professor at the Higher Technical and Art School of Kyoto, for the pavilions built in the garden.

The garden, which is located in the Presidio grounds and is to be left as a memento of Japan's participation in the Exposition, is not a reproduction of any particular garden in Japan, though in general effect an attempt was made to suggest the garden of Kinkaku, Gold Pavilion, in Rokuonji, a temple of the Zen sect in Kyoto. The suggestion rests largely with the reception hall, which in general outline resembles Kinkaku, with a bronze image of a phoenix at the top of the gracefully curved roof and with the lakelet reflecting the slender pillars and artistic curves of the structure. If it

had not been for these two things there would have been nothing to remind one of the famous garden of Rokuonji.

But the Japanese garden has been beautifully laid out. More than 250 rocks weighing more than one ton each, and several weighing more than three tons each, together with tons of gravel, were brought over from Japan. There were rocks of exquisite colour and texture, grouped in a most artistic manner with some shrubbery planted about them. These groups of rocks in different parts of the garden form charming spots, each contributing to the rhythm and harmony of the whole. I have often stood in front of these beautiful groups of rocks and admired the harmony of colours and lines, and often have I marvelled at the effect thus produced. One day when I called the attention of a lover of nature to these beauty spots in the garden, he said "I have often come to this garden and have felt the charm of the place, but I have not particularly noticed how these rocks have been laid out. I see exquisite beauty in them now



INTERIOR OF JAPANESE HOUSE, AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION, SAN FRANCISCO



ENTRANCE TO THE JAPANESE GOVERNMENT PAVILION AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION

that you have called my attention to them. But I think that is a great compliment to the artist, for I have lived among the mountains so long and been inured to the beautiful way in which Nature works in her garden that I would have noticed them if they had not been in harmony with the charm of the place." Years of experience and a close observation of nature have taught our landscape architects the secret of art.

It is always the aim of our gardeners to make the best use of the piece of ground placed at their disposal. They lay out their gardens in such a way that from the house the effect will be one of limitless expanse. If, on the one hand, there are undesirable objects in the neighbourhood, they are hidden from sight by the placing of tall trees in the garden. And if, on the other hand, there is a beautiful view, it is incorporated in the vista of the garden. Herein lies the greatness of the Japanese art of landscape gardening. The position of each rock and tree is studied in its relation to the beauty and harmony of the whole. Each object in the

garden has its part to perform, and should contribute to the rhythm of the whole landscape.

But in laying out the garden at the Exposition considerable difficulty was encountered. There were so many unsightly structures all around. It was a bare and open place to begin with, and all the trees and shrubs had to be planted. Nearly 1300 trees, consisting of 36 species, nearly 4400 smaller plants, representing 21 different kinds, and some 25,000 square feet of Korean turf, were transplanted here from Japan. It was thought necessary to bring over even the turf, for coarser kinds of grass do not give the required harmony with the dwarfed trees planted in the garden. In spite of this difficulty, the garden has been beautifully laid out. Standing in the lower part of the garden, one can see the calm reflection of the pavilion, artistic trees and stone lanterns, in the pond, hear the water flowing down the waterfall from among the foliage, and see the tiled roof of the Japanese tea-house beyond, giving the effect of the garden being extended to the distant Presidio Hills.



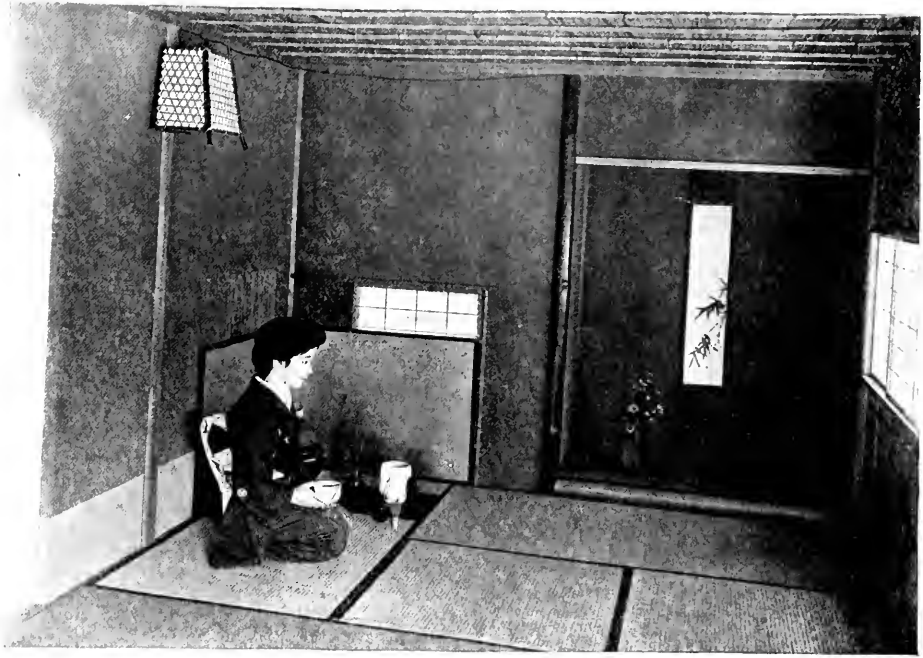
THE JAPANESE GARDEN AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION, SAN FRANCISCO

It is hard to realise that the garden covers less than two acres.

The purpose of the pavilion is to show the architectural style of some five centuries ago. The building is not in the style of a home, but rather in that of a temple structure with slight modifications to meet modern requirements. The grace and simplicity of the mural decoration of the building have been much admired. Besides the government pavilions, there is a house in the further corner of the garden, erected and furnished in the Japanese style by the Japan Central Tea Association, in which is the "tea ceremonial" room, a small regular-shaped room of about nine feet square. Like the real *cha-no-yu* room, it is so constructed that there is a rhythm of harmony in colours and materials. It has a marked tranquillising effect on the minds of the occupants. Its fragile construction and delicate finish do not give them the sense of being shut in and oppressed by the four walls.

The murmur of the waterfall and the whispers of the wind through the trees outside greet one's ears as one sits there, and they harmonize with the singing of a kettle in the room. Thus one sitting there does not feel the barrier, but in freedom his soul can expand to the uttermost limits of the universe.

Again, the simplicity of the construction of this room gives one an idea that it is not permanent, that the human habitation is but temporal. However strongly you may build a house, it will crumble in time. So it is with our human bodies. Soul finds but temporal habitation in our flesh. It is like gathering growing reeds in the field and tying them at the top with a rope. When the space inside is cleared, one could live in it and call it a habitation. But when the time comes the rope snaps and the reeds resume their former positions and grow in the same old field, as if nothing had happened. It is this idea of transient



THE CHA-NO-YU (TEA CEREMONY) ROOM IN THE JAPANESE GARDEN

life, of the evanescence of life, that is borne in upon one when sitting in that *cha-no-yu* room, which, in a way, symbolises this philosophy of life, and one feels constrained to humble oneself before the greater power, and to be moved by the desire to rise to an ethereal plane, so as to be in harmony with the infinite.

There in that room has been served tea in the true style of *cha-no-yu*, an institution of deep spiritual meaning, which has been observed in Japan for more than four hundred years. *Cha-no-yu* is indulged in for the purpose of tranquillising the mind and extricating oneself from the whirl and bustle of life's struggle and for concentrating one's thoughts on the higher things of life. It is "a cult founded upon the adoration of the beautiful among the sordid facts of every-day existence." By this institution not only etiquette is taught to Japanese young ladies, but patience is inculcated, the memory trained, a taste for art developed, meekness of spirit fostered, and concentration and discipline of mind cultivated. In fact, through it are given all those things that make

up the culture and accomplishments of ladies. Even business men of the present time in Japan take refuge in the *cha-no-yu*, where, leaving the hustle and bustle of life, they find much-needed peace and tranquillity.

HARADA-JIRO.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Six Portraits of Sir Rabindranath Tagore. By W. ROTHENSTEIN. (London: Macmillan.) 10s. net.—This book, of portfolio size, is prefaced by Max Beerbohm. That writer's art is hardly less self-conscious than Mr. Rothenstein's own. It justifies itself in this case by making the point: "Most men are not at all like themselves." Few men resemble their work. Mr. Rothenstein, we are told, has the power, that belongs to fine portraitists, "of showing through the sitter's surface what he or she indeed is." This is true, and it passes nearly all the necessary criticism on Mr. Rothenstein's book. For ourselves we find Mr. Rothenstein's style somewhat thin. And since style in its character corresponds with the thought of an artist, it is impossible for us not to

believe that there are heights and depths possible to Sir Rabindranath that go uninterpreted in the six drawings under review. The drawings are sensitive—that is their charm. The refinement of execution gives them a great artistic value, but they still seem to leave us standing quite at the threshold of the Eastern mind which they seek to penetrate.

Cubists and Post-Impressionism. By A. J. EDDY. (London: Grant Richards.) 20s. net.—From the point of view of interesting the plain man in the questions with which it deals, this book could not be surpassed. It is written in a clear and aphoristic style. It does not aim at more than inviting an attitude of receptivity to newer movements of art. Many of the apologies would apply almost equally well to Pre-Raphaelitism or any other phase of painting. The author sets out the principles of Cubism at some length. But when all is said the Cubists have only abstracted and isolated principles which could be abstracted from almost any picture. Their failure to infect the world with their own enthusiasm, as did the first Impressionists, is due to their intense self-consciousness. The rights of subjective emotional art are, however, well advocated in this book, rights as against demands for imitation of nature, or even for intelligibility. The author is happy in the discussion even when the illustrations in the book seem to give his case away. To claim to paint trees that will give "the feeling, the dignity, the power of trees," and then to paint something which breaks down every association of the mind with trees is to betray either the believer in the "manifesto" or the spectator of the picture. It must always be difficult to translate into words the effect of painting on the imagination, because the effect is to be received most directly from painting. The need for a manifesto-writer between us and a picture condemns the picture. Emotional experiences can be expressed but cannot be explained. Whistler himself never really attempted to explain his pictures, but only, very patiently, the intellectual shortcomings of those who failed to appreciate them.

An Art Philosopher's Cabinet. Passages from the works of George L. Raymond. (New York and London: G. Putnam's Sons.) 6s. net.—This volume consists of a classified selection of subjects from the works on Comparative Æsthetics of George Lansing Raymond, who was Professor of Æsthetic Criticism in Princeton University. The quotations have been brought together by Miss Marion Mills Miller, Litt.D. Written in the simplest language, and addressed to the general public, they cover

a great deal of ground in relation to all the arts. The book can be opened at almost any page and be found suggestive.

The Survey of London. Vol. VI. The Parish of Hammersmith. (The London County Council.) 21s. net.—Now a thickly populated London borough, Hammersmith was until eighty years ago a hamlet forming part of the parish of Fulham. In the seventeenth century many of the citizens of London had their residences there, and the portion along and near the river, nowadays a favourite haunt of artists, seems to have been to the wealthy merchant of those days very much what places higher up the river are to his successor of the present. It is with the old buildings of this riverside locality that this new volume of the Survey of London mainly deals, and the numerous illustrations which, as in all the preceding volumes, form a valuable feature of the Survey, show that among these old residential structures still extant are many of extreme interest, either on account of their architectural character or their associations or both. Prominent among them is the charming Georgian structure which since the year 1878 has been known as Kelmescott House, a name given to it by William Morris, whose home it became in that year, and whose memory is indelibly associated with it and the cottage near by, where the Kelmescott Press was carried on. It is stated that the dining-room is still hung with the original "pimpernel" wallpaper which Morris placed in it when he first went to reside in the house. There are other interesting houses close by, some a good deal older, while in the near vicinity there are numerous quaint passages which, with their humble abodes, serve to give this part of London an old-world appearance.

The new volume of *Who's Who*, published by Messrs. A. and C. Black (15s. net), is larger by more than a hundred pages than the last pre-war issue, in spite of the fact that the toll of death as indicated by the obituary list has been much heavier. The utility of this annual biographical dictionary is so universally acknowledged that further commendation is entirely unnecessary. And the same may be said of those handy works of reference which always make their appearance in its company—*Who's Who Year-Book*, *The Writers' and Artists' Year-Book* (both 1s. net), and *The Englishwoman's Year-Book and Directory* (2s. 6d. net), the last being of especial interest this year as containing a "War Supplement," with its gratifying evidence of the splendid part played by women in the great crisis through which the country is passing.

THE LAY FIGURE: ON THE VIRTUES OF SELF-HELP.

“WHAT is to become of us?” cried the Designer. “What is in store for us in the future? When the present turmoil comes to an end will there be any of us left or shall we all have disappeared from the face of the earth?”

“Ask me another,” scoffed the Man with the Red Tie. “Are you of any real use to anyone—that is the only question—and is there anybody who wants you? If you have any place in the world I suppose you will be expected to fill it. Have you forgotten what your Catechism teaches you about your duty to your neighbour?”

“My duty to my neighbour! That is all very well,” objected the Designer; “but has my neighbour no duty to me? Am I to give everything and get nothing in return?”

“‘It is more blessed to give than to receive,’” quoted the Man with the Red Tie. “You must seek your reward in the consciousness that you have duly fulfilled the Biblical prescription.”

“Wait a bit,” broke in the Art Critic. “The man who is always giving and getting nothing in return must sooner or later die of exhaustion. That, I take it, is the fate which our friend anticipates as a reward for having done his duty.”

“Precisely! That is what the future seems to offer me,” agreed the Designer. “After years of serious and strenuous effort, after doing what I think I may call without conceit good service to my country, I am to be thrown aside as useless and all my struggles are to go for nothing. I think it is rather hard.”

“Yes, it is. I quite agree with you,” assented the Man with the Red Tie. “I was only pulling your leg when I talked about your duty to your neighbour. Of course your neighbour, that is the whole community, owes you a debt which you ought to collect.”

“But how can I collect a debt which my debtor repudiates?” asked the Designer. “That is the present position. I am told that the community owes me nothing and can do without me. I am told that I have no claim to assistance or even recognition, and that I am of no account in national affairs. Who will see that justice is done to me?”

“It seems to me that the ascription of the rights of art must come from the artists themselves,” declared the Critic. “They must unite to force upon the country the understanding of their importance. They must prove that their work

has a national value and demand for it the measure of attention and support to which it is entitled.”

“Good Lord! Can you imagine artists ever agreeing to unite over anything?” exclaimed the Man with the Red Tie.

“I am quite ready to admit that hitherto they have suffered much as a result of their disunion,” said the Critic; “and that they have lost greatly by want of agreement on vital questions. But I do believe that they have sufficient commonsense to perceive that they are faced now with a serious crisis, and that they must band together to protect themselves from extinction.”

“Oh yes, they perceive that there is a crisis, but are they doing any banding together?” inquired the Designer. “So far the crisis has produced nothing but a lot of independent organisations which are all trying to do the same thing and are all jealous of one another. Who is going to solidify them into an efficient union?”

“Well, I am old-fashioned enough to believe that the proper body to take the lead in an united movement is the Royal Academy. It has the advantage of having been long established, it enjoys the prestige that comes from a not undistinguished career, and it possesses the confidence of a large section of the public,” returned the Critic. “If it will abandon its pose of splendid isolation and come into the arena as a fighting organisation, it can, I am sure, rally the scattered forces of art and make them irresistible.”

“But would it ever do anything for the particular branch of art which I represent?” asked the Designer.

“It must, if it is itself to escape the fate which threatens all artistic associations,” replied the Critic. “It must become, in fact as well as in name, an Academy of Arts and must exclude no form of art practice from its consideration. It must recognise that it is to be the head of a great self-help movement in which artists of all views and methods must pull together devotedly to save and keep alive what public and official apathy would condemn to destruction, and it must by its own comprehensiveness and solidarity set an example to all art workers throughout the country. It has an immense opportunity now if it will only take on its shoulders the burden of British art.”

“And Heaven help those who won't help themselves,” commented the Man with the Red Tie.

THE LAY FIGURE.

WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS BY THE LATE
E. M. SYNGE, A.R.E.

THE name of Edward Millington Synge is associated with etchings chiefly of France, Italy, and Spain. But he was also a water-colourist of rare charm. Endowed with poetic vision and sentiment, he chose his subjects from commonplace surroundings without ever yielding to the temptation of the obvious and the picturesque: no small achievement for a man who was practically self-taught, and forced by ill-health to work a great deal abroad, where the picturesque is rampant and insistent. To this poetic vision was joined a subtle sense for style and colour harmonies, combined with richness and depth of tone. What could be more satisfying than the scheme of *The Gateway, Tourettes*, reproduced here? How rich and deep, yet luminous, the shadow colour around and under the archway! How inevitable seems the juxtaposition

of the two greens and the blue in the woman's dress! It looks so easy to paint like that, but one has only to consider whether a novice would have got just that harmonious shade of green shutter, or have placed his figures with the same feeling for balance, to appreciate the world of difference that lies between what is and what is not a work of art.

The subtle gradation of shadows, so important a feature of the etcher's craft, is very noticeable in Synge's painting, especially in the *La Gaud* drawing. The beautiful tone and quality of the shadows on the near wall and inside the courtyard are repeated in a different key in the mauve, greys, and blues of the figures, and enhanced by the pure colour in foliage and sky. It reminds one of his wonderful treatment of shadow in his etching *The Gate of Justice, Granada*. Or take again the clever little sketch *On the Zattere, Venice*. Its keynote is a patch of blue water surrounded by mauve sky, black boats, and pale yellow quay,



“THE BRIDGE, VILLENEUVE-LOUBET, PROVENCE”

Water-Colours by E. M. Synge

relieved by one small splash of luminous scarlet in the figures which is repeated faintly in a bit of sail. It is perfect in its realisation of the working life of Venice. Just ugly, dirty black boats, and a stretch of sunlit pavement—Venice of the Venetians—full of light and colour, but no gondolas or palaces to spoil its simplicity.

The Bridge, Villeneuve-Loubet, an early autumn sketch, shows the Riviera in the gorgeous and beautiful dress it wears when few visitors are there to admire. Like other places, "the back of beyond" in the Riviera is at its best for painters then. After the torrents of rain that fall at the Equinox there comes a spell of perfect painting weather, while the trailing vines are slowly turning to vivid reds and yellows. There is then generally but little wind—that curse of Provence—so the glory of autumn lingers long on the trees and the vine terraces. The poplar trees of Villeneuve mixed with giant planes are a dream of colour. Synge loved the graceful branching of poplars, and he rarely passed a group of them without stopping to make a note of their possibilities.

The hill villages of Provence were Synge's hunting ground during the last years of his life, and furnished more subjects for his brush than for his etching needle. The first few weeks of every tour abroad were always given up to painting, and after months of work on plates and at the printing press, he just revelled in the freedom of brush work and the joy of colour. To be away from "sending in" days and all the worry of exhibitions added to his sense of freedom too. Those dreadful days when the final prints were seldom quite ready (for the occasions when he was satisfied with a plate were few and far between)

and when the troubles of frames and mounts, of backs and glasses, had to be faced, followed by a journey up to town with the bulky parcel—those were black days for Synge which it was a joy to leave behind. His health, too, improved like magic away from English damp, in the mountain air and bright sun of those wonderful little towns of the Alpes Maritimes. How he loved the old grey houses built out of the débris of the mountain side and roofed with the pale sun-baked tiles, their unhewn stone, covered here and there with patches of coloured plaster, their buttressed walls rising sheer from the edge of the precipice, broken only by the line of their rocky mule tracks, the whole set off so well by its background of olives and grey mountain—equally beautiful in sunshine or on the rare grey days of winter, and all so absolutely unchanged



"ON THE ZATTERE, VENICE"

BY E. M. SYNGE



'OLD COURTYARD, LA GAUD
(PROVENCE).'' BY E. M. SYNGE

Water-Colours by E. M. Synge

since the days when they were first built in their mountain fastnesses as refuges from the Moorish pirates.

Of all Synge's water-colours *The Thaw, Etaples*, is most representative of his attainment of style, that mysterious entity so impossible to define. The pale yellow sky, purple hills, dull red roof, grey and purple roadway, all obscured by patches of half-melted snow, combined with the sure brushwork in fore-ground and trees, form a perfect harmony, satisfying alike in its colour scheme and sense of values. The old road, beloved by artists of many nations, has seen some changes lately. It is deeper in slush and mud perhaps than even on the unspeakably dirty day Synge trudged along it, and went home to paint its beauties, for like some of his best work in etching and dry-point *The Thaw* is entirely a memory sketch. Unable to work out of doors except on warm days, he often painted under difficulties, but what seemed such a galling handicap to him was perhaps a gain, for on days when he sat long at his work it often lost its freshness and charm. Quick painting and quick etching are ever the best, and though Synge could put in weeks of work on a plate after its first biting, improving it steadily, it was not so with his painting. It was good for him to be forced to paint quickly, for it did not come naturally to a man of his temperament; all forms of hustling were an abomination to him. Fastidious, very, about his choice of subject and the placing of it, that once settled, he worked quickly and surely. He became completely absorbed in his work and never paused, except to re-light his pipe, which was out

again and forgotten a few moments afterwards. He would not even stop to pour out clean water, yet it was wonderful what clear, fresh colours he managed to evolve out of a dirty palette and the dregs of his water-can. Never was an artist more independent of his materials. Provided Synge had any sort of brushes and paper, a black glass, and a piece of paint-stained rag in which he carried about innumerable old tubes of paint, mostly dried up, he was perfectly happy and could produce charming work.

Like his cousin the Irish poet, with whom he had much in common, he was born with the gift of seeing beautifully his every-day surroundings, and also with the power to record his vision for the benefit of those who possess the artistic temperament yet lack, unfortunately, the great gift of expression. F. M.



"THE THAW, ETAPLES"

WATER-COLOUR BY E. M. SYNGE

(The Property of Mrs. E. M. Synge)



"THE GATEWAY, TOURETTES,
PROVENCE." WATER-COLOUR BY
EDWARD MILLINGTON SYNGE.



THE BIBLICAL DRAWINGS OF
M. BAUER.

THOSE who are familiar with Bauer's romantic etchings, his scenes of Eastern cities and of desert landscape, and who are susceptible to the glamour which he imparts to every subject of the kind, will readily understand that it has been only a step for him to pass to the drama of Oriental history.

Biblical narrative projects the great personality of prophet or king, but there is in every instance a background to which imagination refers. That is M. Bauer's subject—that background, in the set of drawings here reproduced. It remains his subject even when he allows the outline of a personality to appear definitely.

The selection of drawings here given was made from a set, illustrative of three books of the Old Testament, which was recently exhibited at the Dowdeswell Galleries in New Bond Street. It was made particularly with a view to showing how skilfully the artist gives importance to landscape and figure outlines on a small scale. To appreciate these drawings to the full they should be studied as wall pictures. They are pure "impressions," intended for wall or portfolio; they lack the finish of illustration intended for examination at reading-distance from the eye.

Bauer's debt to Rembrandt has frequently been suggested. The relationship to the great Dutch master appears in eloquence of line—line which carries us beyond itself to scenes which it evokes. It is what a line implies not what it is that gives it its character. It is not possible to esteem Bauer's achievement at the value at which the writer of this note does if it is believed, as some profess to believe, that the appeal of art is made *by* abstract form, and not *through* form, to our sense of associations. The inspiration of art of the highest kind is to be found in the endeavour to prepare in the mind of the spectator an atmosphere which will swathe for the time his every thought.

There have been several artists in our own day who have been able to charm us by directly appealing to imagination. But it is true the most imaginative artists of to-day have generally appealed by what delights the imagination rather than by what profoundly moves it. M. Bauer himself has not attempted to interpret his lofty subject, only to reveal the picture which it has made in his mind. That these pictures strike us, for all their slightness, by their majesty shows that his mind is constituted to deal with such a theme. In his drawings the splendour is not lost that adorns the narrative in the Bible.

T. MARTIN WOOD.



"CAIN AND ABEL"

BY M. BAUER



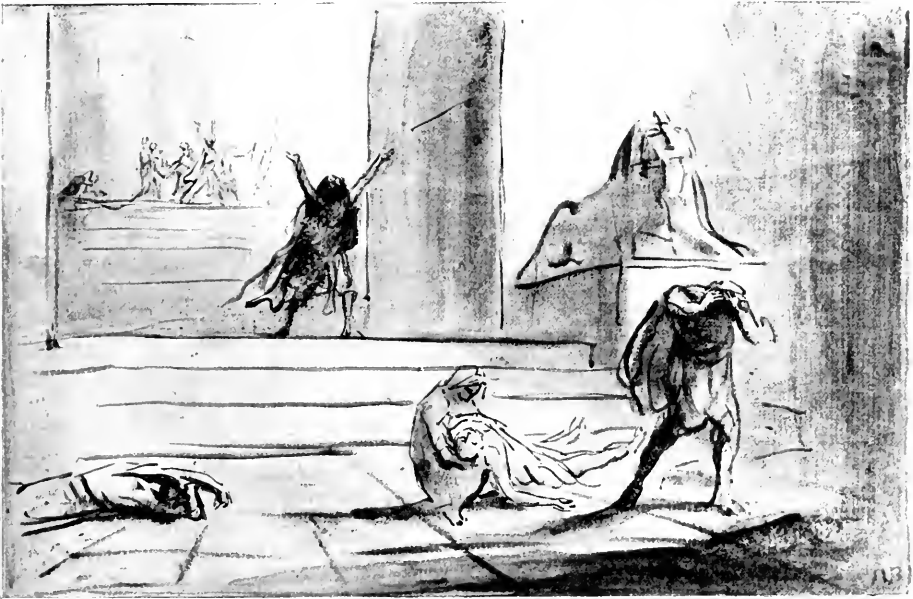
"AND THE PEOPLE TOOK THEIR DOUGH" (EXODUS XII. 34)

BY M. BAUER



"AND LOT LIFTED UP HIS EYES AND BEHELD ALL THE PLAIN OF JORDAN" (GENESIS XIII. 10)

BY M. BAUER



"AND THERE WAS A GREAT CRY IN EGYPT" (EXODUS XII. 30)

BY M. BAUER



"SO THE PEOPLE RESTED ON THE SEVENTH DAY" (EXODUS XVI. 30)

BY M. BAUER



"JACOB PRAYING"

BY M. BAUER



"SO ABRAM DEPARTED" (GENESIS XII. 4)

BY M. BAUER

Drawings by Percy Noel Boxer

PENCIL DRAWINGS OF GREENWICH BY PERCY NOEL BOXER.

IN these days of art decadence or renaissance—whichever term may suit one's point of view—when an art school or any other training is looked upon as an incumbrance in the career of an artist, it is a relief to turn to the pencil drawings of Mr. Percy Noel Boxer, which are notable for the evidences of severe training, craftsmanship, and intimate appreciation of the full resources of this charming medium which they reveal.

Both Blackheath Art School and the Goldsmiths' College, New Cross, claim a share in Mr. Boxer's art education, and living in the South East of London he naturally found on the riverside subject ready to his hand, and it is a matter of congratulation, now that the old order is giving place so rapidly to the new, that these picturesque corners of old Greenwich have found so accurate and sympathetic a recorder.

Apart from their technical excellence, on comparison with the original subjects it will be noted

that little has been suppressed and nothing added to these drawings for the sake of the picturesque. Like Whistler in his Thames etchings, Mr. Boxer takes his subjects as he finds them, and who shall say that, like Whistler, Mr. Boxer's maturer work may not present similar subjects in their more poetic aspects, transformed from prose to poetry by the varied phenomena of nature which alone makes a *picture* out of a *subject*? For Mr. Boxer is still wanting a few months of thirty, and as he uses oil paints, water-colours, and the etching needle with equal dexterity, we may hope for many pleasant surprises in his future work. Unfortunately, owing to prolonged illness he has been incapable of serious effort for some time, and those who now see his drawings for the first time will join with his many friends in good wishes for his speedy recovery.

It may interest workers in a similar medium to know that the large variety of tone in these drawings is obtained by the use of pencils ranging from 6H to 6B on a smooth chalk-surfaced paper.

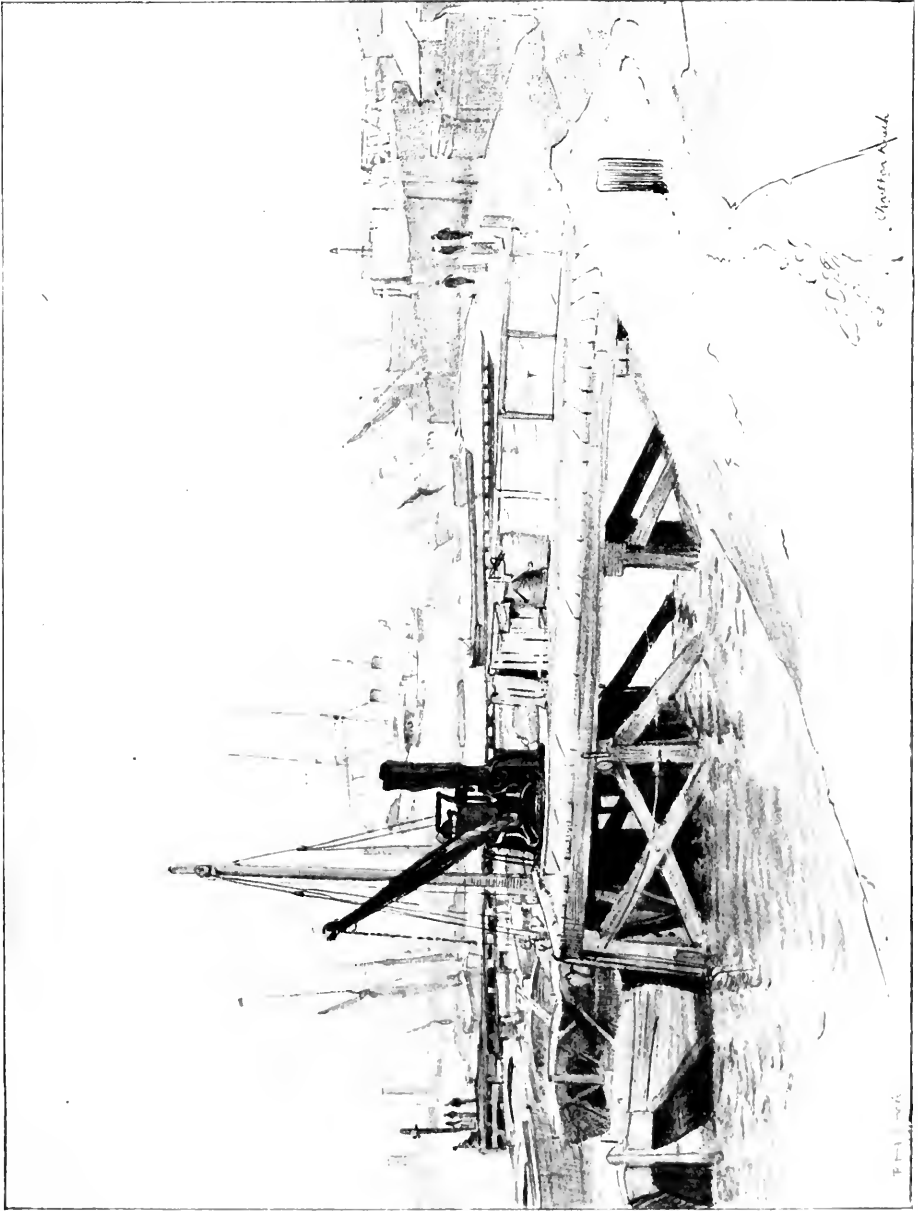
PERCY BUCKMAN.



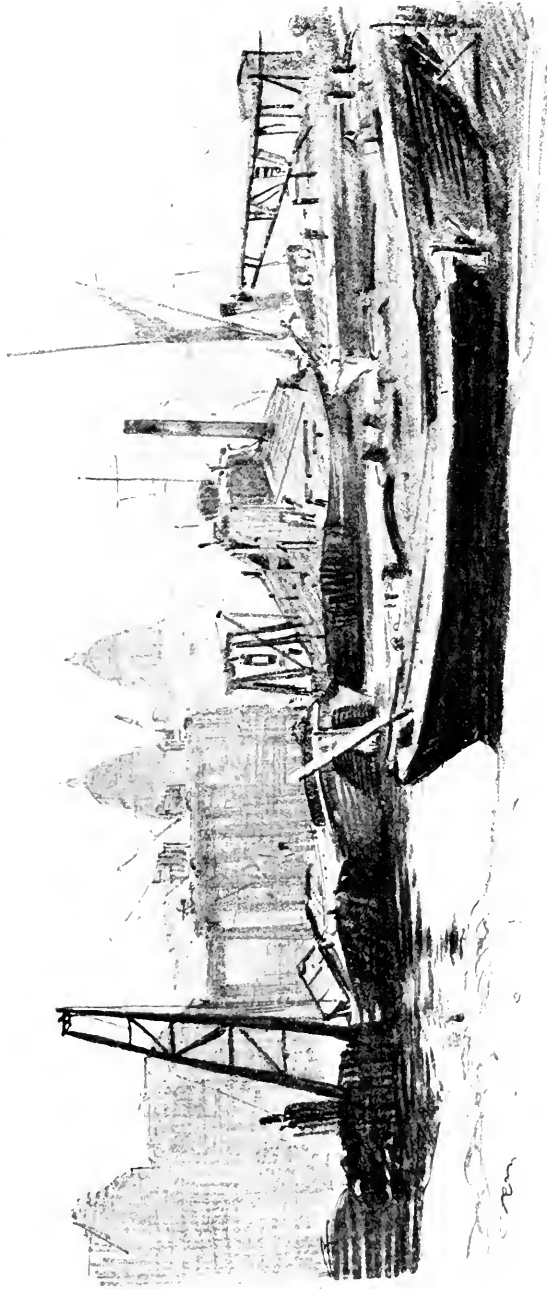
Greenwich

"A Corner Shop"

By P. Noel Boxer

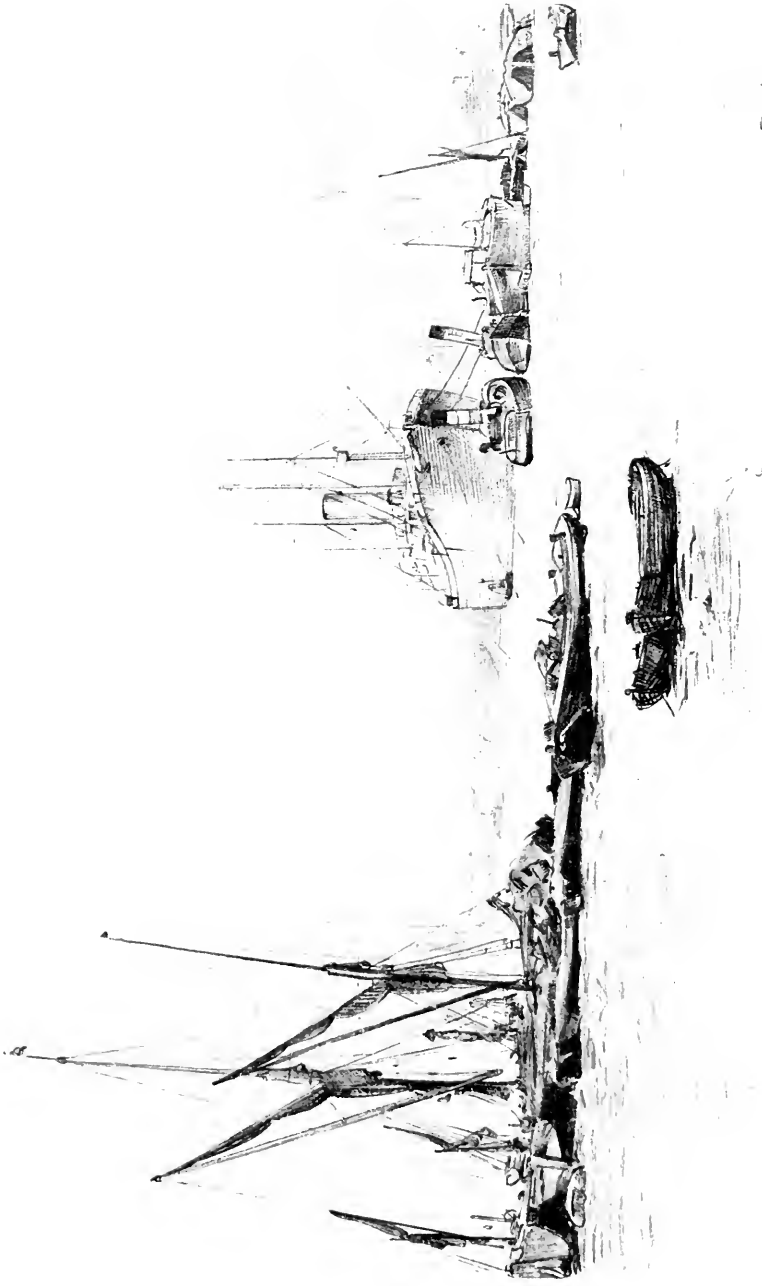


"Charlton Reach." By F. Noel Foxor



1874

"Greengranch Hospital from the River"
By P. Noel Fowler



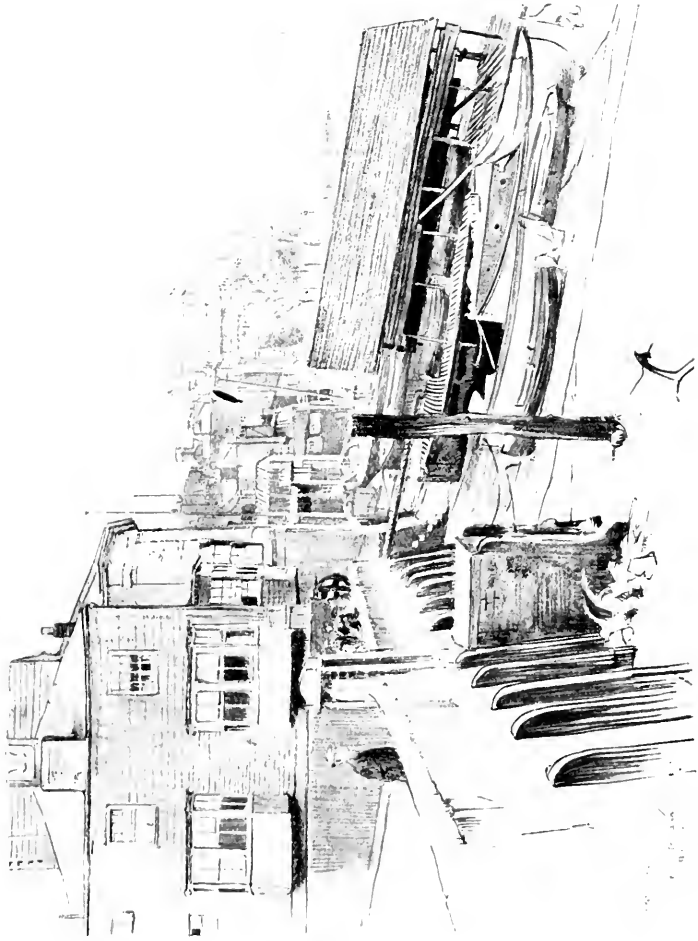
From Sun. 1851. Blackwall Reach.

From 1851.
1851.

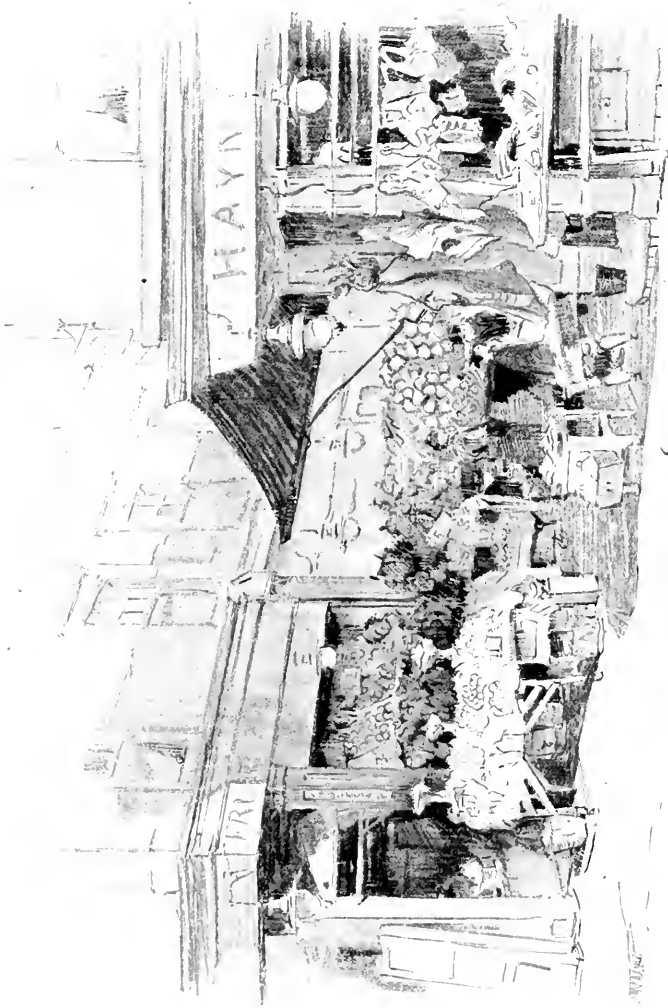
"Blackwall Reach, from Greenwich"
By P. Noel Boyer



"Blackwall Reach"
By P. Noel Paton



*"A Boatyard, Greenwich"
By P. Noel Boyer*

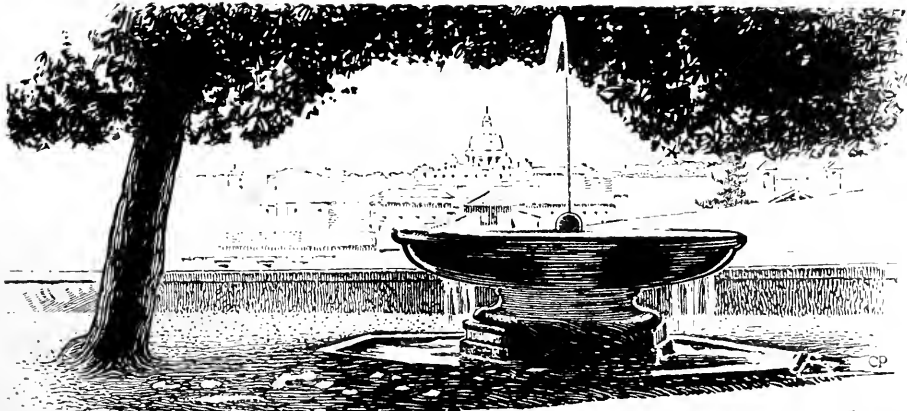


Greenwich - J. B. B. 1870

"Street Market, Greenwich"
By P. Noel Boax



"Off Greenwich"
By P. Noel Boxer



ROMAN FOUNTAINS

BY C. J. PRAETORIUS, F.S.A.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

THE city of Rome is a centre where people from the whole world converge; apart from historical monuments, no other city possesses such fine fountains in marble, stone and bronze, supplied with an abundance of water from sources of great antiquity.

At one time Queen of the Earth, she owes the beauty of her monuments to Greece; after centuries had passed two sovereigns appeared, the superhuman Michael Angelo and the divine Raphael of Urbino; and after them the fall, a decline which continued. Certain works produced in this latter period form the subject of the following notes (which are by no means complete), viz. fountains of a late period, executed by Italian sculptors who may worthily be ranked with the great name of the Renaissance—Bernini, the master hand of Rome under the Popes, of whom Zola said "The prodigal child who at twenty could already show a galaxy of colossal marble wenchens, the universal architect, who with fearful activity finished the façade, built the colonnade, decorated the interior of St. Peter's, and raised fountains, churches, and palaces innumerable."

Rome owes its excellent water supply to the ancient aqueducts, the splendid remains which form such a feature of the landscape to the south-east of the city. Of the earliest aqueducts, the Aqua Appia, B.C. 311, and the Anio Vetus, B.C. 272, no remains are known. The Aqua Marcia, B.C. 145, originated somewhere between Tivoli and

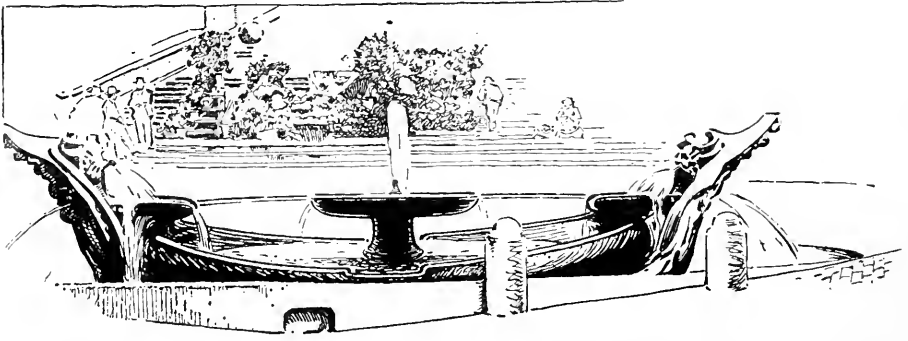
Subiaco; it was some fifty-six miles in length and was borne on six miles of arches, portions of which are still to be seen on the Campagna. Fragments of the Aqua Tepula, B.C. 126, have been identified near the Porta S. Lorenzo, and in the city wall outside the Porta Maggiore are remains of the Aqua Julia, built by Augustus, B.C. 34. He also caused to be made the Aqua Alsietina, afterwards restored by the Popes, and since known as the Aqua Paolina, now supplying the fountains of St. Peter's.

The Aqua Claudia, forty-six miles in length, was begun by Caligula, A.D. 36, and completed fourteen years later by Claudius, A.D. 50. It was built on arches for a distance of ten miles, some six miles crossing the Campagna. The longest aqueduct, however, was the Anio Novus built by Claudius: it was sixty-two miles long, and for forty-eight miles the water came underground.

From this list of aqueducts it can be seen Rome has always had a splendid water supply, with a force peculiarly suitable for the supply of fountains and baths. The old sources are still in use at the present day. Pliny mentions 105 fountains in Rome.

At the foot of the Scala di Spagna, the steps on which artists' models are supposed to wait for engagement, in the Piazza di Spagna, is the fountain called Fontana della Barcaccia, in the form of a boat as the name denotes. In the year 1598, after a great flood, when the water subsided a boat was left high and dry at this place. In commemoration

Roman Fountains



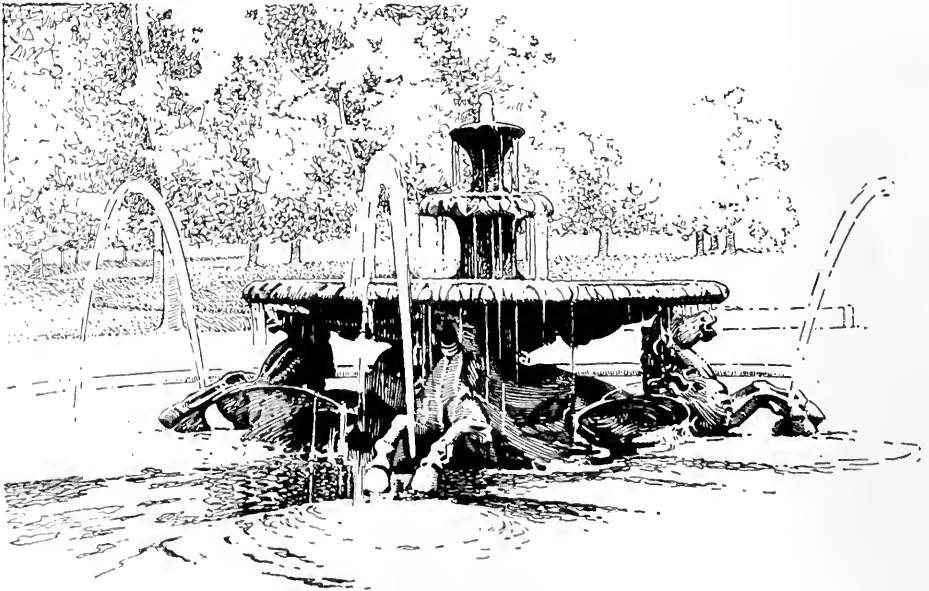
FONTANA DELLA BARCACCIA, PIAZZA DI SPAGNA, DESIGNED BY BERNINI

of the event this fountain was designed by Bernini. As a monument it is more curious than beautiful, but its form is suitable to the long flight of steps which rise from this point, in the spring a mass of colour, as here all the flower-sellers have their stalls.

Not far from the Piazza di Spagna, in the centre of Piazza Barberini, is the Fontana del Tritone by Bernini. Four dolphins support two large shells, upon which sits a Triton with uplifted arms, in his hands he holds a large shell from which he blows the jet of water; supported on the sides of the dolphins is the escutcheon of the Barberini family showing the three bees. This was a happy idea of Bernini's,

the design is so relative to the object of the monument, the fountain has become acclimatised, weathered and enriched in colour by the hand of time. The buildings which form the background are too new. If, instead, it had been erected in the Villa Umberto I., among the evergreen oaks, a more perfect combination would be hard to realise.

Lorenzo Giovanni Bernini, a remarkably clever and versatile artist, born in 1598, studied art under his father Pietro: together in 1604 they went to Rome, to which Bernini's first works belong. He had a great reputation for portraits, the most celebrated people of his time being portrayed by



VILLA UMBERTO FOUNTAIN, DESIGNED BY BERNINI



FONTANA DEL TRITONE,
PIAZZA BARBERINI,
DESIGNED BY BERNINI

Roman Fountains



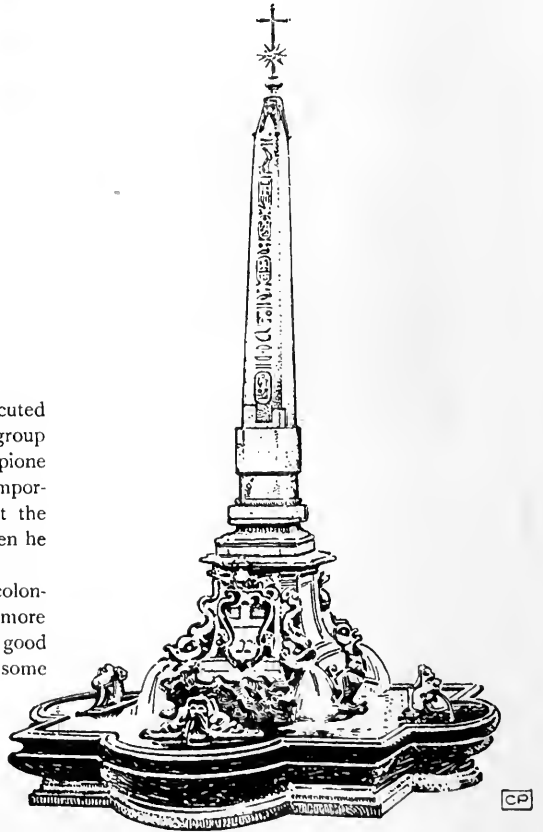
CENTRAL PORTION OF TREVI FOUNTAIN
DESIGNED BY NICOLO SALVI

his hand. One of his earlier works, executed when he was only eighteen years old, is a group *Apollo and Daphne*, made for Cardinal Scipione Borghese; but perhaps his earliest work of importance is *Anchises carried by Aeneas*, now at the Villa Borghese in Rome, which was made when he was sixteen years of age.

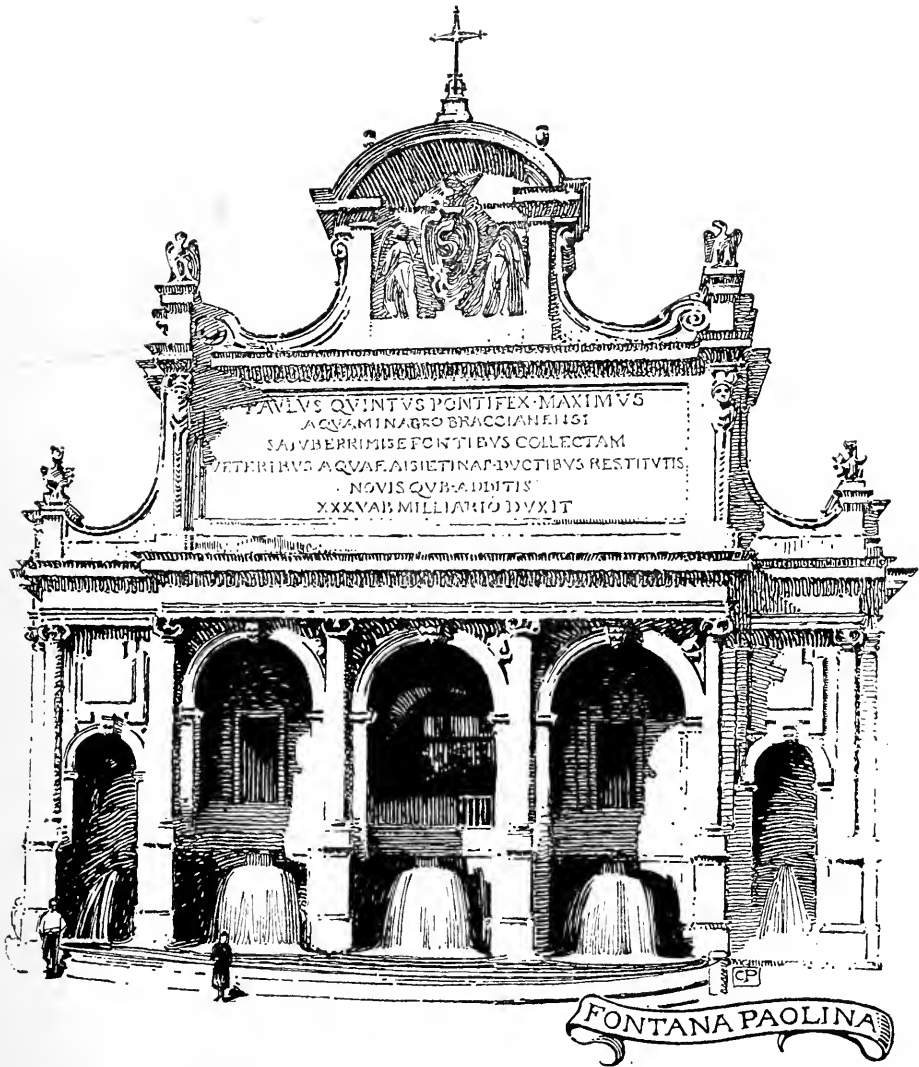
Though in parts extravagant, the great colonnade outside St. Peter's is an example of his more restrained style. He is said to have been a good painter and draughtsman, and even wrote some plays. After producing a vast amount of work he died in Rome in 1680.

One cannot but remember the remark "That delightful Bernini! there is more delicacy and refinement in his pretended bad taste than in all the hugeness and perfection of others" (Zola).

The Piazza di San Pietro, enclosed by its world-known colonnades, contains two notable fountains, each forming a centre of the colonnade; they were designed by Carlo Maderno, of Como. At first a worker in stucco, he afterwards went to Rome and became a pupil of his uncle Dom Fontana; in 1605 Pope Paul V entrusted him with the completion of the façade of St. Peter's, and probably the fountains were made at the same time. From the jets the water falls into a basin composed of a solid block of oriental granite, fifteen feet in diameter; running over the sides it falls into an octagonal basin of travertine, twenty-eight feet in diameter. In sunlight miniature rainbows are formed in the mass of spray. Between each fountain and the obelisk is a round slab, which forms the centre of the circle described by the colonnade, whose four radiating columns appear from this point as one.

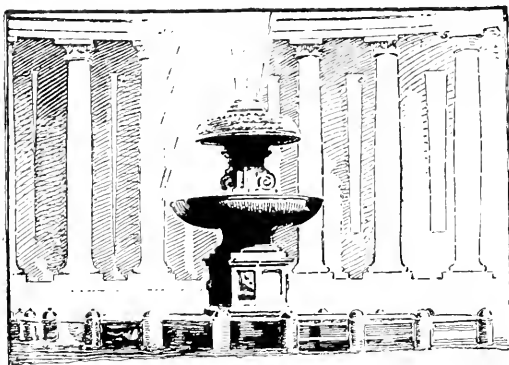


OBELISK FOUNTAIN OUTSIDE THE PANTHEON



FONTANA PAOLINA
BUILT BY POPE PAUL V.

Roman Fountains



FOUNTAIN IN THE PIAZZA DI S. PIETRO

Pope Sixtus V made use of the Roman Aqua Alexandrina of Alexander Severus A.D. 226, which formed a basis for another aqueduct, afterwards called *Acqua Felice*: the name was derived from his baptismal name Felice Peretti. The Fontana dell' *Acqua Felice* was designed by Domenico Fontana, born at Mili (Lake Como) in 1543; among other works he erected the obelisk between the fountains in the Piazza di S. Pietro, eventually he became head engineer to the King of Naples.

Although Fontana designed this fountain, the central figure of Moses striking the rock is the work of Prospero da Brescia; colossal in size and of little merit, it is said this work excited so much ridicule that the sculptor died of grief. In the side niches are panels in relief of Aaron and Gideon; the lions in front are modern.

The Piazza delle Tartarughe takes its name from the graceful fountain which stands there, made by Giacomo della Porta 1585. Four youthful figures support tortoises on to the rim of the *tazza*, from which the water falls into the lower basin. The figures are by a Florentine, Taddeo Landini, who died young in 1594.

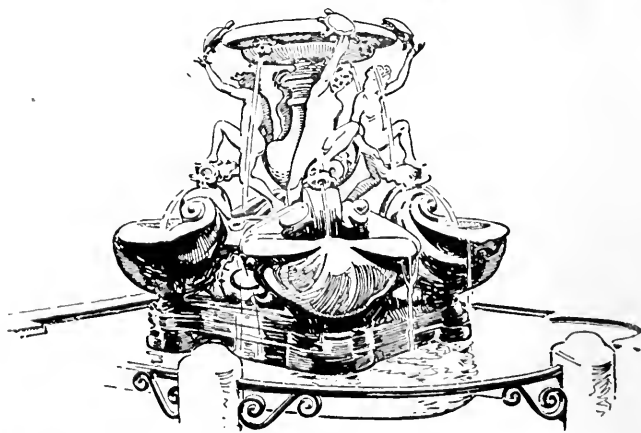
Another of Bernini's fountains will be found in the Villa Borghese,

now re-named Villa Umberto I. The motive is sea-horses, rising from the water, their heads supporting the basin, jets of water spurt from between the fore hoofs.

In the Piazza Quirinale a fountain was erected in 1818 (p. 170). The basin is ancient, and the obelisk was taken from the mausoleum of Augustus. On either side of this obelisk stands a group of horse-breakers in white marble, their original position was in the front of the Baths of Constantine; some people are of the opinion that these groups are the work of Phidias and Praxiteles, the assumption being based on evidence of old inscriptions of the date of Constantine. The two groups have the appearance of having been executed contemporaneously:

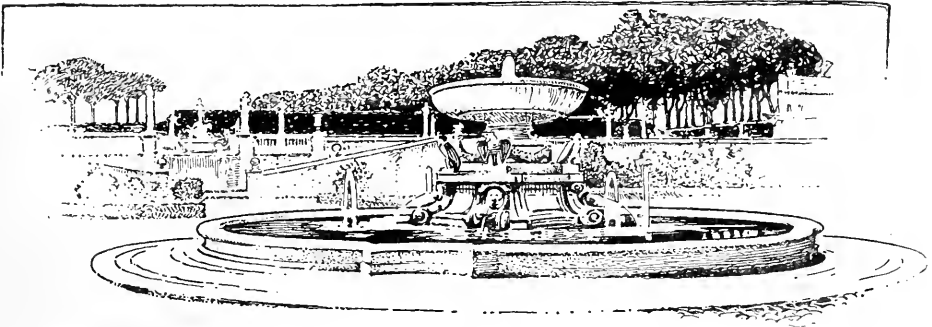
there was a century between Phidias and Praxiteles, so perhaps they are the work of neither.

Built by Paul V in 1611 and 1612, the Fontana Paolina is made up from materials taken from other buildings. From the vestibule of the old Church of St. Peter Ionic columns were taken; the marble was obtained from the Temple of Minerva in the Forum of Nerva. The fountain was the work of Fontana and Maderno: from niches between the columns cascades of water fall into the basin, in the niches on the right and left are dragons pouring water from their mouths. This water comes in pipes from the lake of Bracciano, 35 miles from Rome, whither it is partly conducted by the aqueduct of the *Acqua Paolina*, otherwise known as the ancient *Aqua Trajana*.



FONTANA DELLE TARTARUGHE, DESIGNED BY GIACOMO DELLA PORTA (1585)

Roman Fountains



FOUNTAIN AT THE VILLA ALBANI

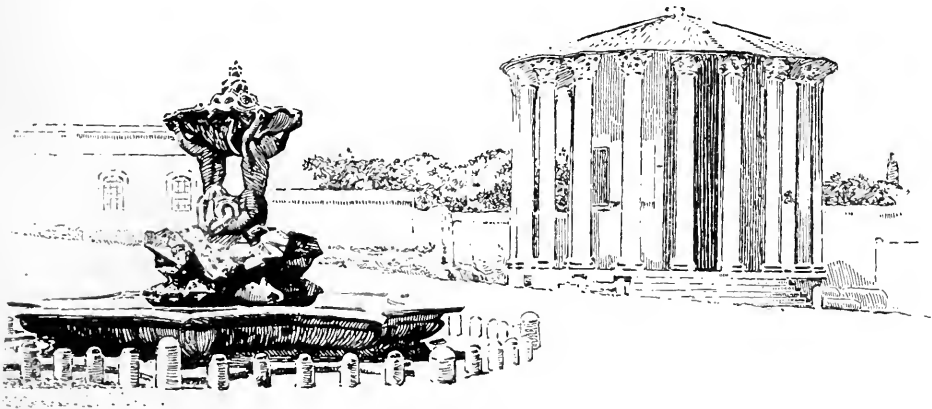
Paul V also built the Palazzo Borghese; it was begun in 1590 and has an inner court surrounded by a double arcade; it is one of the finest palaces in Rome. The ground floor is occupied by a dealer in antiques; here some good things can be seen as well as some excellent fakes.

The celebrated Trevi fountain, the largest if not artistically the best of modern fountains, was made in 1735, designed by Nicolo Salvi, who began by studying anatomy and medicine, and afterwards studied architecture under Cannivari. The façade forms the front of the Palazzo Poli. This fountain, also the boat-shaped fountain in the Piazza di Spagna, another large fountain in the Piazza Navona, and twelve others, are all supplied with water from the Aqua Virgo, deriving its name from the tradition that a young girl drew the attention of some soldiers to its source. *Tre-vie*, meaning the three ways along which the water runs, accounts for the name Trevi. According to an old tradition a draught of the waters will ensure the return of the traveller to Rome, and throwing a coin

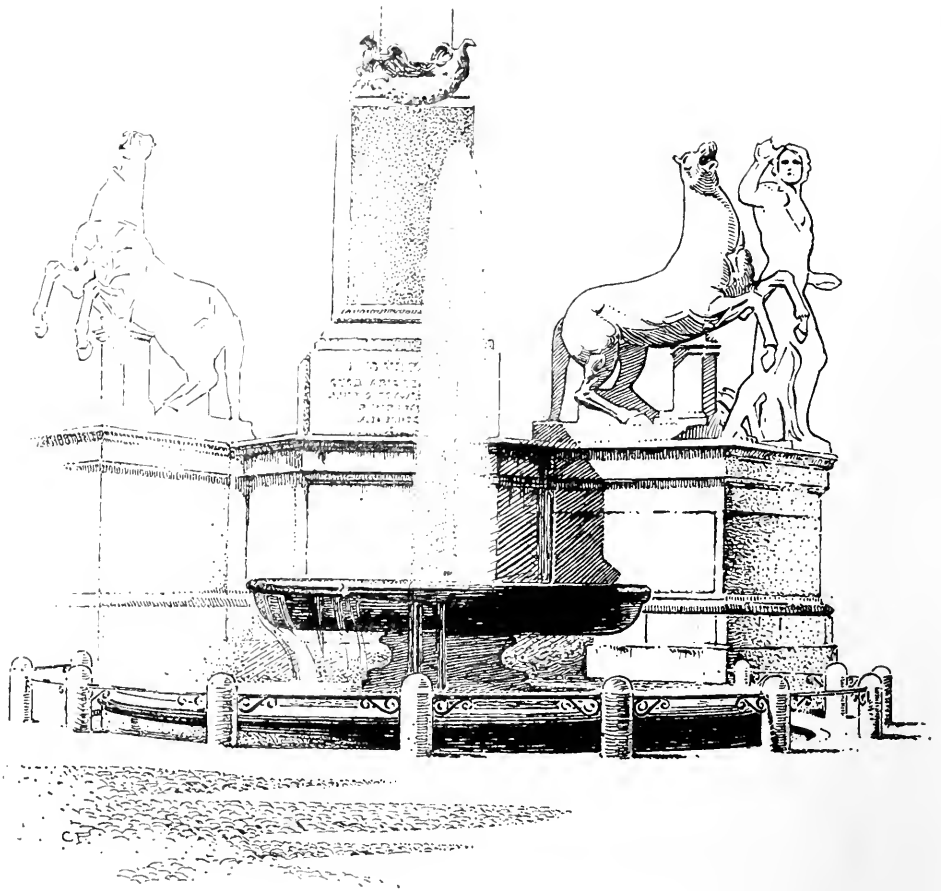
into the basin is said to be equally effectual. The central figure is Neptune, by Pietro Bracci, President of the Academy San Luca, Rome, 1756. On either side of this central figure are tritons and artificial rocks from which the water pours into a large basin. The façade has been made imposing by the addition of the fountain, and there is ample space allowing views from several points.

So much attention being paid to classical and ecclesiastical matters, many excellent works of later date go unnoticed. It is remarkable how much still remains when one remembers that Roman monuments were stripped of their gold and silver by barbarian conquerors. Other robbers were content with baser plunder of brass, lead, iron and copper (copper is rather in demand to-day!) Whatever escaped the Goths and Vandals was pillaged by Greek tyrants; many of the glorious structures were destroyed; even in recent times the marble of these ruins was burnt to make lime, and yet there remains a wealth of material for the artist to study.

C. PRAETORIUS.



FOUNTAIN IN THE PIAZZA DELLA BOCCA DELLA VERITÀ



FOUNTAIN IN THE
PIAZZA QUIRINALE

THE WORK OF HUGH BELLINGHAM SMITH: AN APPRECIATION BY ARTHUR REDDIE.

It will, I think, generally be conceded that a distinction may be drawn between a painter and an artist; and, further, that while there are many hundreds of what may properly be described as capable painters and draughtsmen, *artists* are somewhat few and rare. The craft of painting and drawing admits of being taught, and under our modern system of wide-spread education the numerous art-schools have been turning out well-trained painters, water-colourists, sculptors, etchers, etc., by the score,—heaven alone knows what eventually becomes of them all; but the possessor of the artistic temperament, of creative genius, is born not made. Genius is, however, often wayward, and the term “artistic temperament” one that may be open to reproach. It has been, and to a certain extent comprehensibly so, the butt of those downright plain commonsense folks who proclaim that they have no use for all that “damned æsthetic nonsense,” and can’t for the life of them understand why an artist should not conform to the same

standards as other people. But it is a spurious and not the real artistic temperament that has thus unpleasantly obtruded itself and aroused their ire. It is generally the mediocre artist, so-called, that finds time to pose; often the adroit stealer of another’s thunder who delights to stand like a showman and attitudinise beside his second-hand work. The possessor of the real artistic outlook does not wave it like a red flag in the eyes of the philistines; he only evinces it in the subtle *je ne sais quoi* which tinges all the work he produces.

With our very numerous exhibitions spurring painters to over-production, and with the extensive press *réclame* that they are sometimes accorded, it becomes more and more difficult for painters to preserve their individuality. Fresh impressions and suggestions come crowding thick upon them, not alone at first hand from Nature, but at second hand from the canvases of their brother painters: so that too often we find the man of less pronounced individuality content to yield to the engaging temptation of working in the style of Mr. So-and-So!!

But mere imitation, whether of nature or of the works of man, has no claim to the appellation art. More than ever to-day when we are all,



“THE VIADUCT, HAMPSTEAD”

WATER-COLOUR BY HUGH BELLINGHAM SMITH



"ON THE ARUN"

WATER-COLOUR BY HUGH BELLINGHAM SMITH

or should be all, awakened from placid dreams of peace times to a newer and sterner outlook, we cannot but be impatient of mere dexterity and cleverness of our artists, however amazing, where such ability in externals is not accompanied by a something deeper, something more vital, something that shall bring a relief, shall give a profounder enjoyment, that shall partake of the character of soul. And it is with regard to this aspect of the work of Mr. Bellingham Smith that I would mainly speak; in that it possesses a deeper significance and temperamental qualities beneath its outward charm of technical accomplishment.

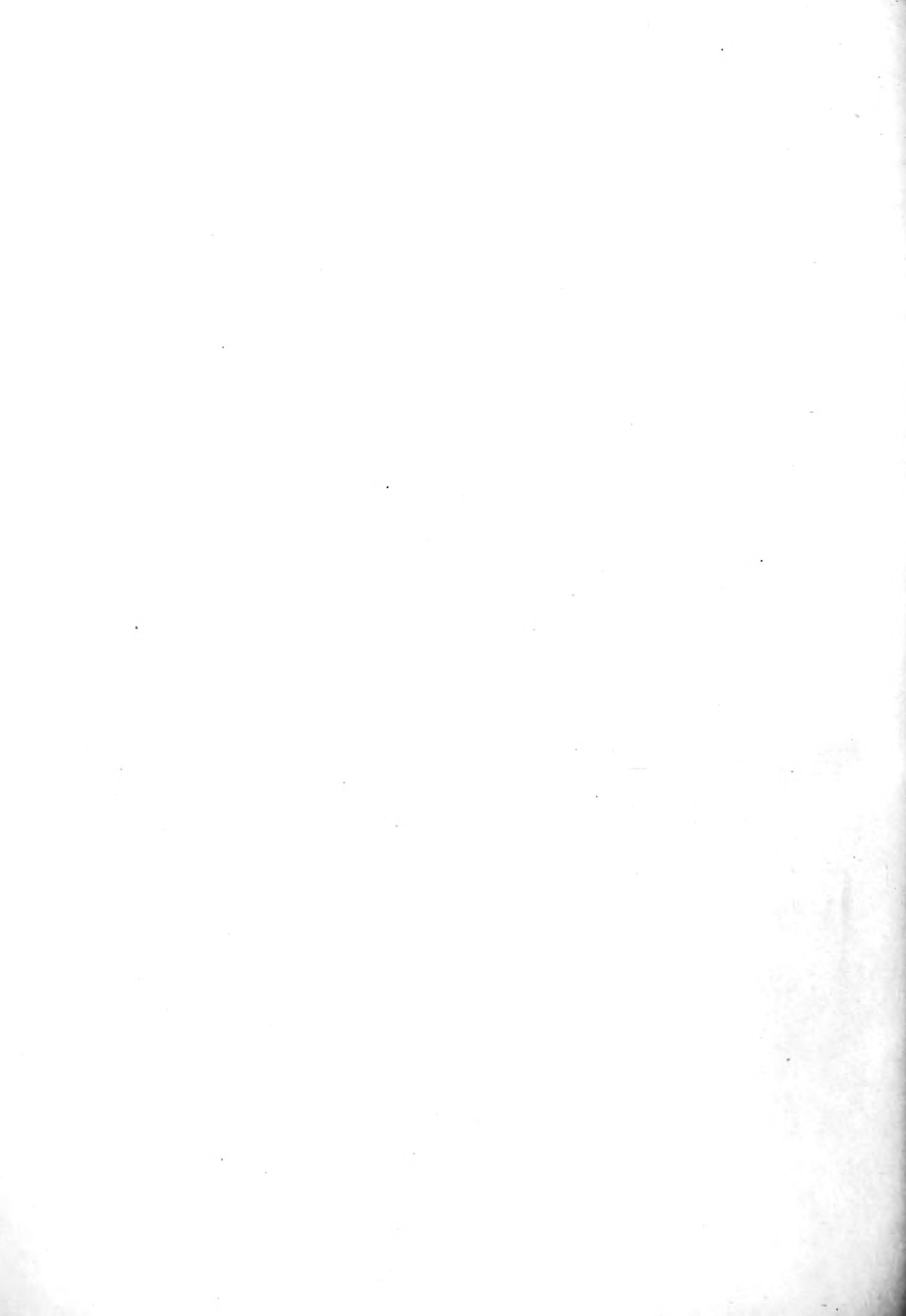
No doubt to very many of the readers of *THE STUDIO* the work of Mr. Hugh Bellingham Smith is familiar; they will have seen his regular contributions to the New English Art Club, where he has been a constant exhibitor since he became a member now over twenty years ago; they may remember his work occasionally at Goupil Gallery exhibitions, and the little show, about two years ago, at the Walpole Gallery. And wherever they may have come upon them they will have found these little pictures, water-colours on silk, or lightly touched in over a drawing of charcoal, always full of inspiration and charm, replete with a

decorativeness which fixes them in the mind as a delightful memory, and despite their extreme delicacy never weak or halting in either conception or execution. Their delicacy of drawing and the importance played in the whole scheme by the beautiful colour renders the task of reproducing such work a very difficult one, but the two colour-plates will serve to give an idea of what must, in the case of the black and white reproductions, be left to the imagination of the reader.

All truly sincere art forms a link in the continuous chain of tradition which unites us with the past, from the influence of which the artist of to-day can no more free himself than could the great ones, whose work forms the jewelled links in that chain, have freed themselves from the traditions which in their day they carried forward embellished and enriched. So the work of Mr. Bellingham Smith seems to take its place as continuing logically the noble lineage of Claude, Turner, Corot and other Barbizon men. But let it not be presumed that in citing such names it is desired either to enthrone him among the immortals—such placing must be left to posterity—nor, on the other hand, is it implied that a Bellingham Smith is merely a *pastiche* of one of these.



ROMANCE WATER-COLORS
HUGH BELLINGHAM SMITH



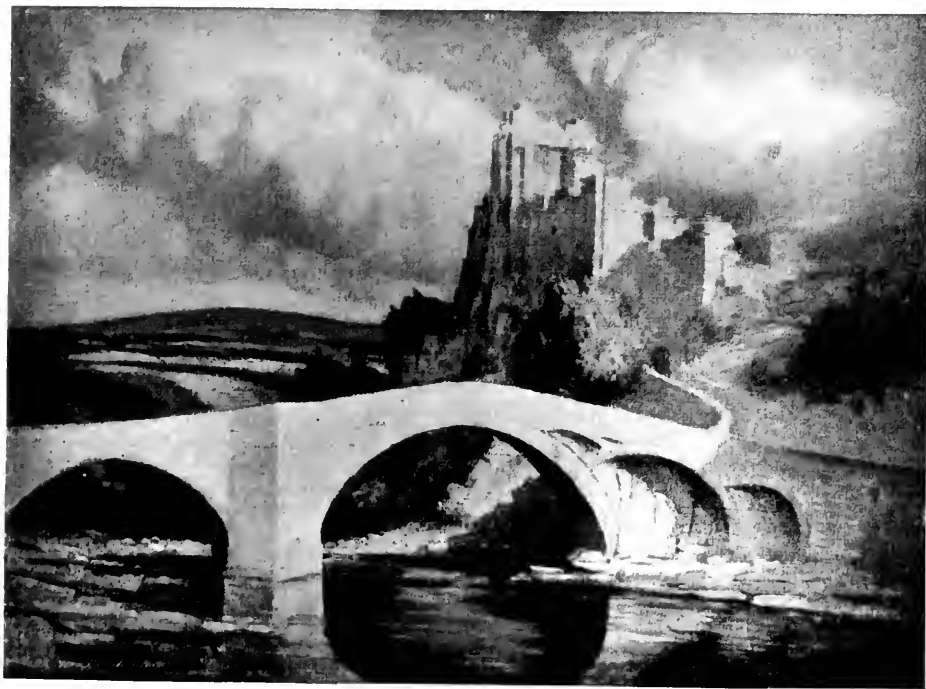
Hugh Bellingham Smith

One can find no suggestion of plagiarism in work so personal and sincere as that with which we are dealing, but yet there is the same spirit; the same poetic feeling, animating these modern works as that which compels our admiration of the productions of the masters just named. But of all, in a certain purity, in a certain classic restraint, it seems to me that it is with Claude that Bellingham Smith shows the closest artistic affinity. Claude has been described as "an admirable and impeccable master, who more than any other landscape painter puts us out of conceit with our cities, and makes us forget the country can be graceless and dull and tiresome. That he should ever have been compared unfavourably with Turner—the Wiertz of landscape-painting — seems almost incredible. Corot is Claude's only worthy rival, but he does not eclipse or supplant the earlier master. A painting of Corot's is like an exquisite lyric poem, full of love and truth; whilst one of Claude's recalls some noble eclogue glowing with rich concentrated thought." The quotation is from a footnote in Beardsley's "Under the Hill," and, though perhaps a little wide of the matter in hand, is

amusing for its hot-headed injustice to Turner; but the comparison between Corot and Claude is surely admirable in its lucid perception of the characteristics of the two masters.

It is in the fusion of intellectual with emotional qualities in the work of the artist we are discussing that one finds his kinship with the earlier French master to be apparent; in a certain clarity of statement, in the simplicity of his harmonies, in a purity of expression emphasised in the purity of technique. Beauty of form and beauty of colour go hand in hand in Bellingham Smith's work, and always with a quietness and restraint which seems content to await rather than actively to court appreciation. His landscape and figure subjects alike are instinct with charming poetic feeling, the more rare and pleasing because of its entire unaffectedness. The artist might desire us to spare his blushes, but one must write enthusiastically where one feels enthusiastically, and this article is concerned with an appreciation of his work, leaving it to those who have taken no pleasure in it to pick holes in it wherever they can.

Just a few words about the man before we come



"TEESDALE"

OIL PAINTING BY HUGH BELLINGHAM SMITH

Hugh Bellingham Smith

to look in detail at those works which are here reproduced as a selection from among the very many which Mr. Bellingham Smith has signed. He is a Londoner born, and received his first artistic training under Legros at the Slade School. It would best please him perhaps if one omitted all mention of his having here gained a scholarship, the medal, and most of the prizes. Four years at the Slade—and later on the artist was to appreciate to a still greater extent than when he was a youngster there the value of the teaching of Legros—were followed by a short period spent in Paris working at the Académie Julien under Benjamin Constant, and this concluded his art schooling. Subsequently he worked for the most part in the open air.

In 1892 Mr. Bellingham Smith exhibited his first picture at the New English Art Club and was elected a member two years later. To this group he has remained very faithful, for with the exception of the International Society in London, and certain international exhibitions abroad, practically all his work has been sent to the New English. In common with the generality of artists, his pictures have found their way to various parts of the world, and are dotted about in different

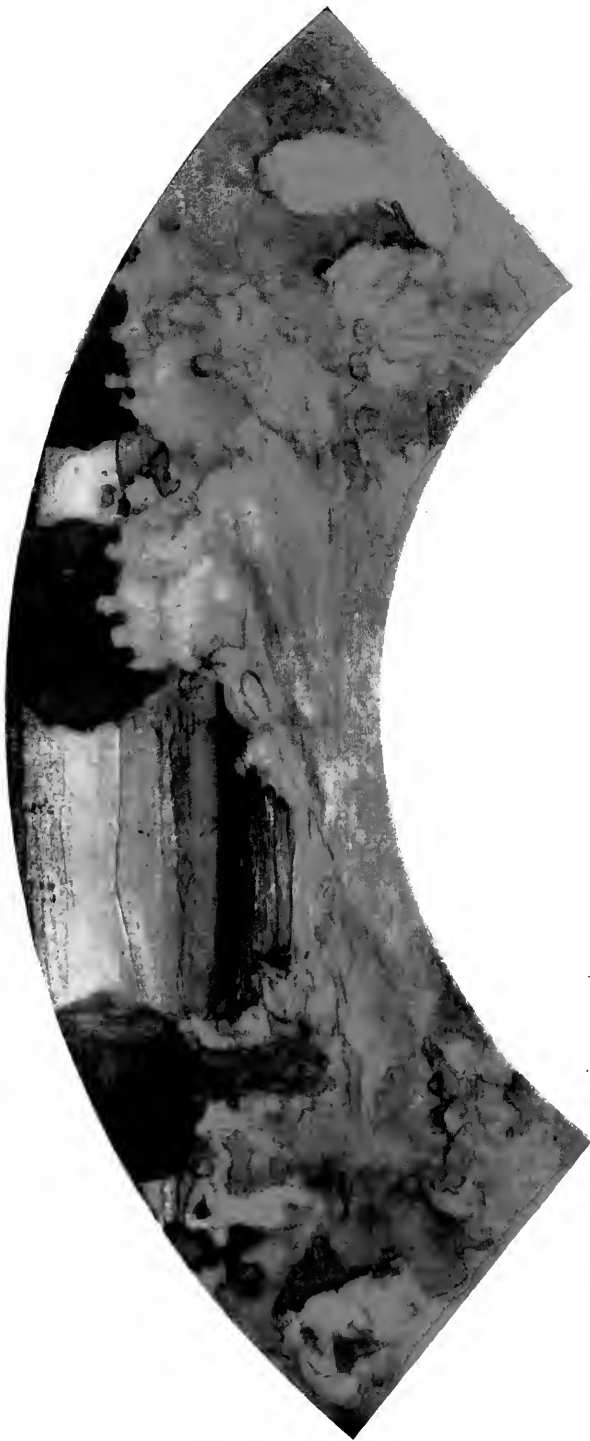
collections. The late Sir Hugh Lane acquired two for the National Gallery of Ireland, and Mr. Edmund Davis included a drawing in his recent gift of pictures to the Musée du Luxembourg in Paris.

The artist works in oil, tempera, water-colour, and on silk. The latter medium he must, one would think, find particularly congenial. We need only to look at the noble composition entitled *Romance*, with its pure, simple treatment, suited to, and indeed imposed upon the artist by the delicate silk ground upon which it is executed, or the exquisite fan, to both of which despite the exceeding difficulties of reproduction the colour plates do admirable justice, to realise this fully. The fan shape, too, appeals to Bellingham Smith as it did to Whistler, to Conder, and has done to others since, and examples of his fan designs are to be found in some of the best collections in London of work of this kind. *Romance* impresses me as being entirely characteristic of the artist, the only thing that seems quite foreign to him being the labelling of the picture with this title. Perhaps it is a concession to the requirements of exhibition catalogues, for the subtle aroma which breathes throughout the whole of his work, that delicate poesy which is a feature of the entire art of the painter, needs no label to proclaim



"BARNARD CASTLE"

WATER-COLOUR BY HUGH BELLINGHAM SMITH



THE DREAM FAN. WATER COLOUR BY HUGH BELLINGHAM SMITH.



Hugh Bellingham Smith



“THE DOWNS, LEWES”

OIL PAINTING BY HUGH BELLINGHAM SMITH

its presence, is something too indefinable to be captured and expressed, and least of all in a title which must inevitably smack a little of the commonplace. If I seem to labour a trivial detail it is that, despite its appearance of triviality, it forms an indication of what one conceives to be a fundamental characteristic in such work as this—that it is woven *ab initio* of a tissue of poetry and of restrained romanticism; and even in the delicate golden water-colour, where beneath the quivering foliage, through which indeed, as Corot wished, birds might fly, and between the graceful but carefully studied stems of the trees we see in the blue distance a bridge and the tower of a village church, even here, in a drawing executed in the neighbourhood of Amberley, a *plein-air* landscape study, we find fidelity to nature coexisting with a rare decorative harmony and exquisite lyrical sense infused naturally, as it were, into the composition with the artist's touch.

It is hardly necessary to speak in detail of the other works which are reproduced in this article. Some are characteristic of one side of Mr. Bellingham Smith's art, others of a different phase. The figure subject, a harmony of black and gold, is

reproduced from a large oil painting to which the enigmatical attractiveness of the girl's expression imparts an additional interest beyond that of its charm as a piece of decoration pure and simple.

Looking at Bellingham Smith's work one feels that here, unquestionably, is a man who has kept before him an unchanging ideal, built up of a love of nature and an unwavering search after beauty. He achieves in his work a harmony of composition and of colour which for all its sweetness is never cloying. One would describe him as modern in that he is never content to accept the dead letter of art that is past; though he is no iconoclast, there is always an element of vitality and a very personal standpoint in his work. He has continued working quietly in pursuit of his ideal, to please himself; and art such as his scarcely attains, and indeed never seeks popularity in the broad sense of the term. To the *amateur* and the person of taste such eclectic work makes its strongest appeal. But with the *volte-face* resulting from the war turning most people from much that is merely tiresome or trivial in painting to-day, such work as Bellingham Smith's, with its quiet charm, its purity and graceful formality, is more than ever welcome.

Lithographs by Members of the Senefelder Club



“THE CRINOLINE”

OIL PAINTING BY H. BELLINGHAM SMITH

SOME RECENT LITHOGRAPHS BY MEMBERS OF THE SENE- FELDER CLUB.

Of the nine prints reproduced on the following pages all save two figured in the recent exhibition of the Senefelder Club, held at the galleries of Messrs. Ernest Brown & Phillips at the close of last year, a notice of which has already appeared among our reviews of London exhibitions. The two prints which were not shown on that occasion are Mr. Walter West's *The Guiding Hand*, one of those Early Victorian subjects which he has in times past treated with so much charm in water-colour, and Mr. A. S. Hartrick's *The Sermon, St. Albans*, the distribution of which is restricted to the Lay Members of the Club. It may be explained that Lay Membership was inaugurated by the Club some three or four years ago with the object of uniting more closely collectors, amateurs, and artists interested in artistic lithography, and that

in accordance with the scheme then formulated, a lithograph specially drawn each year by one of the artist members of the Club is reserved exclusively for the Lay Members, each of whom receives a proof authenticated by the signature of the artist. It is also a rule of the Club that no edition of proofs shall exceed fifty, and this rule applies to the proofs issued to Lay Members, a second lithograph being issued if they are more than fifty in number. Quality of impression, however, is the supreme desideratum with members of the Club, all of whom are enthusiastic for their expressive medium, and so it often happens that after a few proofs are pulled the impression lacks to the discriminating eye of the artist some of the freshness of the first proofs, and the edition is therefore restricted to these. Thus in practice the limit of fifty

proofs is only reached in comparatively few cases.

The recent exhibition of the Club at the Leicester Galleries was the sixth held in London since it was formed in 1910, and in the meantime it has organised numerous successful displays at other centres both at home and abroad. In face of the prejudice which the medium it espouses has suffered through being employed extensively for commercial purposes, the Club has steadily persevered in its aims, and a hopeful augury for its future progress is the increasing recognition of original lithography by the authorities in charge of the chief public print collections in Europe and America. There are indications too that private collectors of prints are beginning to perceive in greater measure than they have hitherto that the lithographic print, preserving as it does “with unrivalled directness the very touch of the draughtsman's hand,” is just as worthy of being treasured as prints produced by any other medium.



"THE GUIDING HAND"
BY J. WALTER WEST, R.W.S.



"BOOKS." BY JOHN COPLEY



Ethel Gabain,

“LES BIJOUX.” BY ETHEL GABAIN



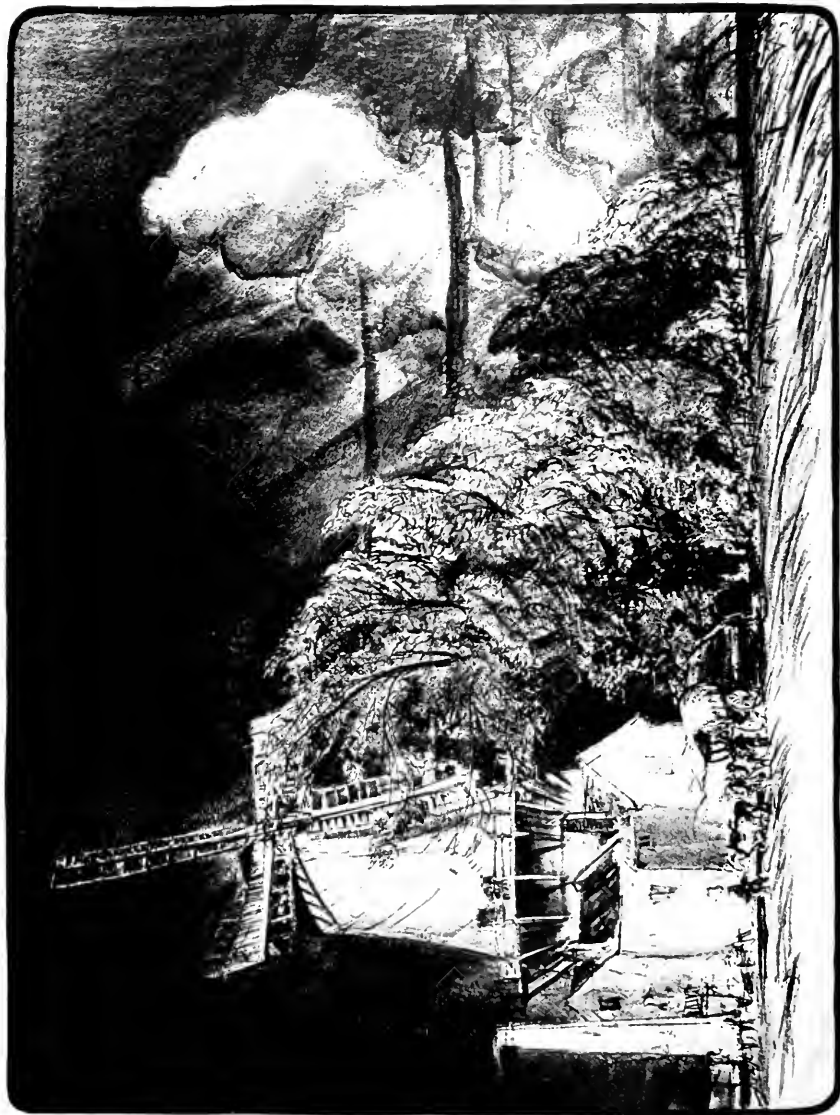
"THE SERMON, ST. ALBANS"
BY A. S. HARTRICK

(Lay Member Print, 1916)



(Lay Member Print, 1913)

“CHURCH OF ST. AIGNAN, CHARTRES”
BY F. ERNEST JACKSON



"THE WIND." BY
ANTHONY R. BARKER



"AN EPISODE." BY GERALD
SPENCER PRYSE

a remarkable revival in this field, and one now hears of painters who have as many as half a dozen commissions on hand at the same time. Painters who specialise in military portraiture have been particularly busy.

Military portraiture was rather a prominent feature at the recent annual exhibition of the National Portrait Society at the Grosvenor Gallery. Mr. William Nicholson's *Bobby Somerset*, Mr. Augustus John's *Captain Pringle*, and Mr. de Laszlo's *The late Captain Hon. Myles Ponsonby* were the chief works of this class, and each in its particular mode of treatment was a highly successful achievement. In many of the military portraits we have seen at various exhibitions since the beginning of the war, the general effect has been somewhat marred by the colour of the uniform,



STUDY OF A SPANISH GYPSY, BY J. KERR-LAWSON
(*Senefelder Club Exhibition, 1915*)

STUDIO-TALK

(*From Our Own Correspondents.*)

LONDON.—It was almost inevitable that a war of such magnitude as that which for more than a year and a half has been bringing sorrow and suffering to countless homes should seriously affect the activities of those who practise art in its many forms, and the statement made at the recent annual meeting of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution that the demands on their resources had increased very materially in the past year cannot have caused much surprise. Still there is good reason to suppose that things have not turned out so badly as they threatened to. The artists who have felt the effects of war least of any are the portrait painters, for though when the war broke out many commissions were forthwith cancelled, the intervening months have witnessed



STUDY OF A SPANISH GYPSY, BY J. KERR-LAWSON
(*Senefelder Club Exhibition, 1915*)



*(The property of
Lady Evelyn Lascelles.)*

WIMBORNE IN SOMERSETSHIRE.
FROM THE PASTEL BY
LEONARD RICHMOND, R.B.A.



but in the work by Mr. Nicholson we have mentioned the "khaki" has been subdued and the result is far more agreeable. Among the rest of the exhibits at the Grosvenor Gallery we noted some admirable examples of feminine portraiture, as for instance Mr. Lavery's *Mrs. Thorpe*, Mr. Charles Shannon's *The Embroidered Shawl* (*Miss Mirriam Levy*), Mr. de Laszlo's *Portrait Study: Countess of Pourtales*, Mr. Ambrose McEvoy's *Mrs. St. John Hutchinson*, several works by Mr. Gerald Kelly, including a fine study in brown of a Burmese girl, *Moung Ba*, Mr. Pilade Bertieri's *An Eastern Dancer*, and Mr. Fiddes Watt's *The Artist's Mother* and *Lady Monk-Bretton*. Mr. Dacres Adams's portrait of *Sir David Burnett, Bart.*, in his robes as Lord Mayor of London, was interesting, and among other painters who were seen to advantage were Mr. and Mrs. Harold Knight, Mr. Harold Speed, Mr. Spencer Watson, Mr. William Strang, Mr. Howard Somerville, and Mr. G. W. Lambert, while in the small gallery, where some excellent drawings were to be seen, there was an engaging example of portraiture in pastel by Mons. Albert Besnard, the distinguished French painter, in whose hands this delightful medium has yielded many charming results.

In this country the successful revival of the art of pastel painting has been brought about chiefly by the energy and activity of a number of our younger artists who have studied intelligently the capabilities of the medium and have applied it judiciously to a wide variety of subjects. They have done much to convince the public that pastel as a means of technical expression is deserving of the sincerest respect, and that when it is handled with a due measure of sympathy it will give results of very real importance. Among the artists whose services in this direction claim the heartiest acknowledgment prominent places must be assigned to the two accomplished pastel painters, Mr. Leonard Richmond and Mr. J. Littlejohns, examples of whose work are reproduced in this number. There is a certain kinship in their methods: they both use the medium with a certain decisiveness and directness of handling and they both have a decorative inclination which controls the manner and character of their expression—and they both look at Nature with an appreciation of her broad essentials rather than her smaller and less significant detail. As craftsmen they are admirably resourceful and ingenious, but there is no trickery in their methods and they make no attempt to evade what may be called the legitimate limita-

tions of the medium. Their work is very well worth studying for the technical qualities it possesses and for the originality and power by which it is distinguished.

The lectern illustrated on this page was recently executed by Mr. Frank T. Haswell, of London (with the co-operation of Mr. G. G. Walker in the earlier stages), and has been placed in the Chapel of St. Leonard in Chester Cathedral, one of the two which some four or five years ago the Dean and Chapter set apart as a central memorial for the use of the Cheshire Regiment. This Chapel is in the South Transept, and the figure represented in this lectern, which is of oak, is that of the patron saint of the South Transept (formerly the parish



LECTERN FOR THE MEMORIAL CHAPEL OF THE CHESHIRE REGIMENT IN CHESTER CATHEDRAL. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY FRANK T. HASWELL

church), Oswald, King and Martyr, who is here shown resting upon a double-handled sword under a canopied niche, upon which is a revolving desk serving the dual purpose of lectern and pulpit. Our illustrations also include a reproduction of the illuminated address presented last month to President Poincaré on behalf of the municipalities of the United Kingdom, and the binding in which the address with its accompaniment of signatures and seals was enclosed; and two further examples of wood-carving executed for Urswick Church by Mr. Alec Miller, of Chipping Campden, whose figure of a palmer or pilgrim for the same church was illustrated in our pages some three years ago.

Described in the catalogue as "An Exhibition of some recent Developments in Modern Art," the collection of works shown recently at Messrs. Dowdeswells' Galleries in New Bond Street suffered somewhat by comparison with the series of Rembrandtesque drawings and etchings by M. Bauer which hung on the adjoining walls. The quiet beauty and dignity of these modern masterpieces—small in dimensions, but so great in feeling and expression—served to emphasise the somewhat aggressively modern character of a few of the works in the miscellaneous exhibition. Nevertheless there were several pictures amongst the latter which aroused one's interest, notably some characteristic drawings by Mr. John, a wonderfully powerful and brilliantly executed landscape by Mr. Sargent, a delightful *Blossom, Sun and Mist* by M. Lucien Pissarro, a clever portrait of a lady by Mr. Peploe, and examples of the work of Mr. C. J. Holmes, Mr. Walter Sickert and Mr. Henry Tonks.

The Chenil Gallery, Chelsea, has been exhibiting paintings and drawings by Mr. Augustus E. John, the paintings consisting for the most part of

small panels of figures in landscapes. It is not improbable that in pictures of this character, with their revelation of untried *motifs* of colour, we are viewing the work by this artist which will be most far-reaching in its effect upon others. While the exhibition was in progress Mr. John's "Red Cross" portrait of Mr. Lloyd George, the Minister of Munitions, was placed on view. The portrait was painted for that staunch patron of modern art, Sir James Murray, as the highest bidder for the artist's empty frame at the famous Red Cross sale at Christie's last year, and it is said to be the intention of Sir James to present it to the Aberdeen Art Gallery of which he is Chairman. In view of the public interest in this work Messrs. Chenil & Co. introduced an innovation by opening their Gallery on Sundays.

An important exhibition of Belgian Art was held by Messrs. Knoedler, Old Bond Street, in February. The flower and still-life paintings of Mlle. Alice Ronner are particularly to be remembered for



MOROCCO BINDING CONTAINING THE ADDRESS TO THE FRENCH PRESIDENT FROM THE MUNICIPALITIES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY THE MISSES WOOLRICH



HIS EXCELLENCY
THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC
YOUR EXCELLENCY.

WE, THE LORD MAYORS,
LORD PROVOSTS, MAYORS
AND PROVOSTS OF THE UNITED
KINGDOM, SPEAKING IN THE
NAME OF THOSE WHOM WE
REPRESENT, DESIRE TO OFFER
THROUGH YOU, OUR HOMAGE OF RESPECT &
GRATITUDE TO OUR GALLANT ALLIES, THE FRENCH
NATION. THROUGHOUT THESE ISLANDS THE
HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE HAVE BUT ONE SENTIMENT
TOWARDS THEM, A SENTIMENT OF DEEP SYMPATHY
FOR THEIR UNMERITED SUFFERINGS AND OF
PROFOUNDEST ADMIRATION FOR THEIR
GALLANTRY IN THE FIELD. SIDE BY SIDE
WITH THEM WE WILL FIGHT TO THE END OF
THIS WAR THAT HAS BEEN THRUST UPON
US, UNTIL A LASTING & RIGHTEOUS PEACE
HAS BEEN WON, AND IT IS OUR EARNEST HOPE
AND PRAYER THAT THE CONCORD BETWEEN
OUR TWO GREAT NATIONS, FOUNDED ON COMMON
SACRIFICE & CEMENTED BY THE BLOOD OF
THOUSANDS OF THEIR BRAVEST AND BEST
MAY CONTINUE AS LONG AS THE WORLD ENDURES.

ADDRESS FROM THE MUNICIPALITIES
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM TO THE
PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH
REPUBLIC. WRITTEN AND ILLUMI-
NATED BY JESSIE BAYES



CARVED OAK CHERUBS. DETAIL FOR ROOD SCREEN, URSWICK CHURCH.
CARVED BY ALEC MILLER

the artist's appreciation of material beauty and pleasant style. A case of *terre sèche* figurines by M. Victor Rousseau, in appearance resembling somewhat Tanagra statuettes, but showing the influence of the late Renaissance in their general feeling; recent paintings by André Cluyssenaar, Albert Baertsoen and Theo van Rysselberghe, together with a well-remembered work by Fernand Khnopff, *L'Encens*, already reproduced in these pages, made the exhibition, which was open to the public free, exceptionally representative.

Belgian Art was further in evidence at the Leicester Galleries where Messrs. Ernest Brown & Phillips as part of a tripartite programme showed a series of "Etchings of the Belgian Ardennes" by Marc-Henry Meunier, a member of a family that has given to art a great sculptor. In these etchings, pathetic reminders of the cruel fate which has overtaken a delightful region, the artist shows himself to be animated by a sincere love of Nature and to possess a sure command over the resources of the medium he employs. A still more forcible reminder of the grim tragedy we are witnessing was forthcoming in the adjoining room containing a striking collection of paintings, drawings, and lithographs by Mr. Joseph Pennell, labelled "Germany at Work," the collection representing the result of several visits to that country—the last on the very eve of the War—in search of the "Wonder of Work," as manifested in its great centres of industry and commerce, and notably the Krupp works at Essen. Mr. Pennell

of course has looked at these subjects as an artist with an eye for the monumental aspects of human activity, which he has depicted with such great power; but with the memory of outraged Belgium indelibly imprinted on the mind and intensified in presence of the Meunier etchings close by, it was impossible in viewing these records of the Teutonic Wonder of Work to concentrate one's attention solely on their artistic qualities. The other exhibition at these galleries comprised a number of "Pastorals" by Mr. George Wetherbee, whose keen appreciation of natural

beauty, seen with a romantic vision, was feelingly expressed.



DETAIL OF CARVING
FOR URSWICK CHURCH ROOD SCREEN.
CARVED BY ALEC MILLER



"A SPANISH BRIDGE
FROM THE PASTEL BY
J LITTLEJOHNS, R.B.A.



MILAN. — The annual exhibition at the "Permanente" organised by the Society of Fine Arts, always an event of first-rate importance in the annals of modern Italian art, cannot be said to have been in all respects a success this year, owing mainly of course to the exceptional circumstances amid which we are living, though in regard to the general arrangement of the display a marked improvement was perceptible. But several artists whose works in past years have rarely failed to arouse enthusiasm at these shows were entirely unrepresented, such as Paolo Sala, Pompeo Mariami, Cesare Tallone, and Gaetano Previati; and their place was taken by a crowd of young artists, most of them quite unknown and very few of them showing any such freshness of conception or technical ability as might have justified the committee of selection in accepting their work.

Nor were the older painters of Lombardy represented at their best, though in certain cases the work was not unworthy of the renown they have

earned. Thus of two pictures by Leonardo Bazzaro, the one entitled *My Friends* exemplified admirably the type of painting into which he is wont to infuse all the charm which his artistic soul can conjure forth. Giorgio Belloni's *Cloudy Weather*, a harbour scene, and *Chestnut Wood* were notable for the able way in which atmospheric conditions of contrasted kinds were rendered, and Lodovico Cavalieri's marine painting *In the Harbour* and his vernal landscape *First Flowers* were both interesting. Two landscapes by Roberto Borsa unfortunately suffered from juxtaposition to a number of unimportant works. Raffaele Armenise and Mario Bezzola showed good landscapes, and Carlo Balestrini revealed himself as a fine painter of snow effects in his *Tempest on the Simplon Road* and *The Wet Dock, Port of Genoa*. Carlo Agazzi's three landscapes in the same room displayed excellent use of colour.

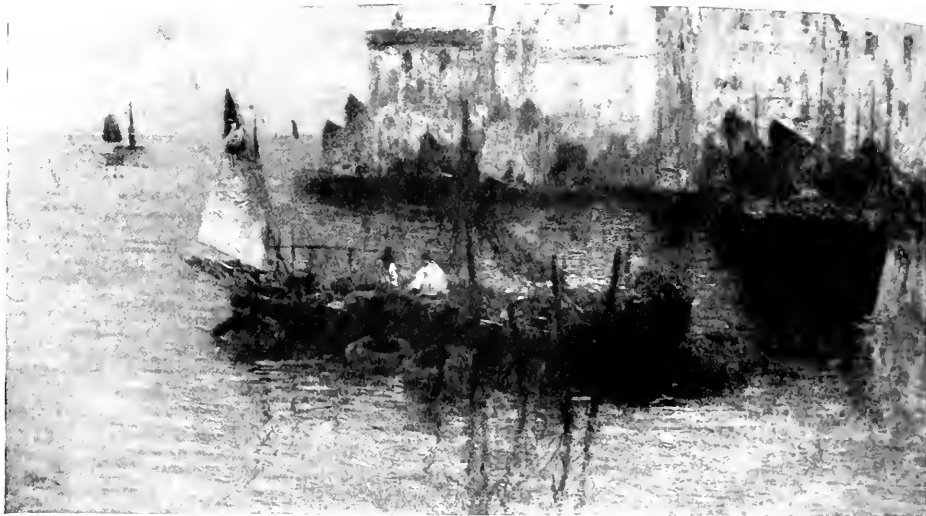
Among the young men, two in particular must be named as having impressed critics and public alike—P. de Francesco and Dante Comelli.



"PORTRAIT OF MY FATHER"

(*"Permanente," Milan*)

BY ANTONIO PIATTI



"IN THE HARBOUR"

(*"Permanente," Milan*)

BY LODOVICO CAVALIERI

A trio of landscapes by the former were notable for their clarity of tone and strength of colour, and above all for the decorative feeling which materially enhanced their attractiveness, while Comelli's landscape triptych *Winter* was really masterly in the rendering of the effect of sunlight on snow. Mario Ornati, professor at the Brera Academy, displayed uncommon qualities in his three paintings, among which the *Nocturne sur le Tessin* should be noted for the poetic feeling pervading it, as well as its excellent technique.

Turning to the portraits, there is first of all to be named Prof. Antonio Piatti's *Portrait of My Father*, a work which attracted much attention and which from all points of view is to be regarded as a very successful performance. Lodovico Zambelletti, having abandoned—though only for the time being—his favourite rôle as portrayer of elegant femininity, exhibited a virile portrait of a man which clearly demonstrated his

capacity to depict the sterner sex. Romo Vaccari, a discreet portraitist, was seen to better advantage in his pastel of a young lady, with its simple, clear colour, than in his other female portrait, which, however, showed careful execution. Bestetti and Cazzaniga also exhibited portraits which did them credit. Among figure subjects other than portraits mention should be made of a couple of nude studies by Riccardo Galli, Malerba's studies of children's



"CLOUDY WEATHER"

(*"Permanente," Milan*)

BY GIORGIO BELLONI



(*"Permanente," Milan*)

"THE INTIME." BY
LODOVICO ZAMBELLETTI

Studio-Talk

heads, the pastels of Bettinelli, Mlle. Zago's *Pierrot*, and Zambelletti's *The Intime*, a work pervaded by that air of elegance which this painter knows so well how to impart to his pictures.

Other contributions to this exhibition which have not already been mentioned but are worthy of being recorded include a tempera painting by Lentini *In March*, Ermenegildo Agazzi's *Canal at Burano*, a work entirely worthy of this able Lombard artist, P. A. Rimoldi's *Naviglio (Little Fleet)*, inspired by the French impressionists, studies by Camboni, portraits by R. Menni, Bracchi and Bompard, and a fine landscape by Lazz. Pasini. Then there was an entire room set apart for works inspired in one way or another by the war. Prominent among the things here displayed was a painting by Daniele de Strobel entitled *The Wounded*, a group of wounded soldiers seated in a wagon and followed by horses also wounded. There were also some good drawings by Chiesa, Mentessi, Rizzi, Buffa, and Rossi,

some impressions executed at the Front by Anselmo Bucci, who has been showing a larger collection of his work at the "Famiglia Artistica," some military sketches by Argentieri and Mazzoni, landscapes from the Trentino, Trieste, and Istria by Cambon of Trieste, and some by Zanetti Zilla from the same regions.

Of the contents of the gallery in which were shown a miscellaneous collection comprising drawings, water-colours, etchings, and sculpture, there is not much to be said. Etching has not the vogue among Italian artists that it has in Northern countries, and consequently not much work of importance in this field is to be seen in our exhibitions. But among the dozen or so prints shown at the "Permanente" those of Carlo Casanova certainly deserve notice, especially his *Old Italian Church*, a little gem, in which the artist has expressed all the unpretentious charm of these refuges of the devout. The sculpture as a whole was inferior in quality, but amongst the few things that



"THE BROOK: AUTUMN"

(*Pennsylvania Academy*)

BY CHARLES ROSEN



(Pennsylvania Academy)

" PENNSYLVANIA LANDSCAPE "
 BY EDWARD W. REDFIELD

Studio-Talk

must be singled out as well above the average are two works by Eugène Pellini, especially his *Little Mother*, and worthy of note also are the contributions of Alberti, Thea Casalbore, Castiglione, Del Bò, a child's head by Romeo Rota, and a fine example of wood sculpture by Aurelio Bossi. There were a few exhibits of applied art, the most important being the ceramics of Galileo Chini, the wrought iron work of Mazzucotelli, and the chased metal work of Brozzi.

A. C. T.

PHILADELPHIA.—The opening, on February 10th, of the One Hundred and Eleventh Annual Exhibition of Oil Paintings and works in Sculpture in the galleries of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts was one of the important events in the movement of the year's art in America. The artists represented numbered 371, exposing 439 paintings and 217 pieces of sculpture. Addresses in the United States were given by all the exhibitors with but one or two exceptions, showing that the

war has driven home many of the large contingent usually residing abroad.

The effect of this return to the native heath was quite appreciable in a certain national character this collection of works assumed, as distinguished from those of former years when peace existed and our painters drew much of their inspiration from the scenes and life of Europe and the Orient. Nothing startling in the way of modern fads and fancies could be observed, the jury of selection being evidently influenced by a certain amount of conservatism in their choice, without being, at the same time, prejudiced in favour of any particular kind of work. As an example of this broad view let us take the most highly favoured canvas in the exhibition, Mr. Joseph T. Pearson's *On the Valley*, awarded the Temple Gold Medal and the E. T. Stotesbury Prize of one thousand dollars; a piece of mural decorative art intended for the overmantel in the dining-room of the University Club, it is a work of most unusual and original design, yet



"WINTER GLOW"

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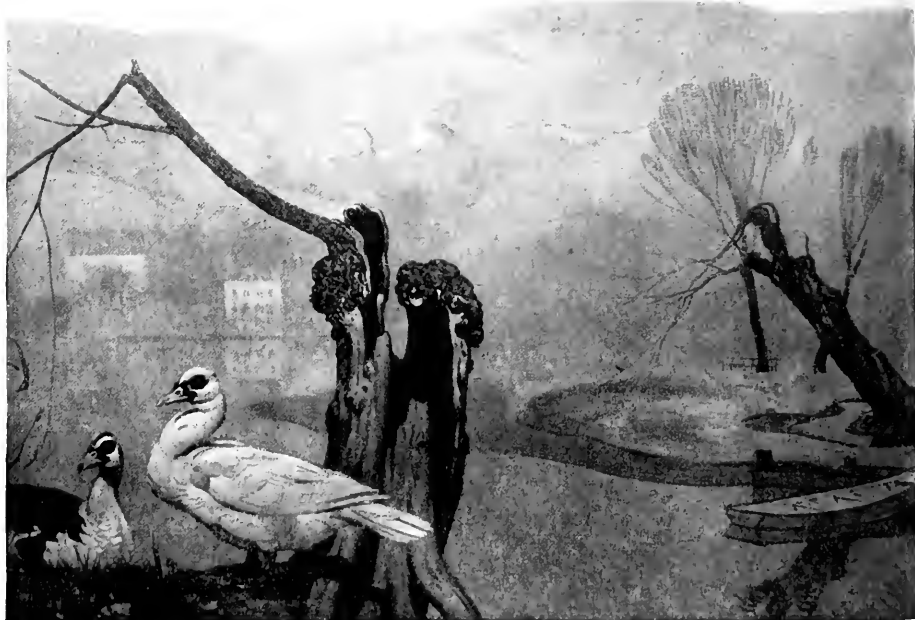
(Pennsylvania Academy)

BY GARDNER SYMONS



(Pennsylvania Academy)

"THE LETTER." BY
W. M. PAXTON



“ON THE VALLEY”
BY J. T. PEARSON

(Pennsylvania Academy)

Studio-Talk

altogether successful in conveyance of the artist's message to the attentive observer.

The Gold Medal of Honour of the Academy was conferred upon Mr. Alden Weir, President of the National Academy of Design, New York, in recognition of his eminent services to the cause of American art. He was represented in the exhibition by a group of ten works, among them a fine portrait of *Robert W. Weir, Esq.* The Jennie Sesnan Gold Medal for the best landscape was awarded to Mr. Emil Carlsen's *Entrance to St. Thomas' Harbor*. The Carol H. Beck Gold Medal for the best portrait went to Mr. Douglas Volk's *Dr. Felix Adler*. The Walter Lippincott Prize of three hundred dollars was secured by Mr. Karl Anderson for his canvas entitled *The Heirloom*; and the Mary Smith Prize of one hundred dollars for the best work by a woman went to Miss Nancy M. Ferguson for her picture entitled *In Provincetown*. The Widener Memorial Gold Medal for the most meritorious work in sculpture by an American citizen was awarded to Mr. Edward

McCartan for his life-size bronze figure entitled *The Spirit of the Woods*.

Notable works by landscape painters exhibiting included Mr. Gardner Symons's *Winter Glow*, *Carolina Sunlight* by Mr. Elliot Daingerfield, *Pennsylvania Landscape* by Mr. Edward W. Redfield, *Autumnal Note* by Mr. J. Francis Murphy, *Brook, Autumn* by Mr. Charles Rosen, *The Stone Boat* by Mr. Chauncey F. Ryder. Mr. John Singer Sargent exhibited one work, a *Moorish Courtyard*, beautifully subtle in colour and atmospheric envelope. Good examples of work in figure-painting were shown by Mr. William M. Chase in his *Sunlight and Shadow*, by Mr. Daniel Garber in *Tanis*, awarded second Altman Prize at the New York Academy Winter Exhibition; by Mr. Wm. M. Paxton in his highly finished performance entitled *The Letter*; *The East Window* by Mr. Childe Hassam; by Mr. Richard Miller in his *Reverie*, by Mr. Thomas Eakins in *Music*, Mr. Frederick C. Frieseke in *Torn Lingerie*, brilliant in high-keyed colour, Mr. H. A. Oberteuffer in his boldly attacked



"THE REVERIE"

(*Pennsylvania Academy*)

BY RICHARD MILLER



"SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW"

(*Pennsylvania Academy*)

BY WILLIAM M. CHASE

Portrait of a Young Artist. A fine group of fisher folk by Mr. Charles W. Hawthorne, entitled *The First Voyage*, deserved particular notice.

The official portrait was present in its most dignified form in Mr. Robert Vonnoh's *Charles Francis Adams, Esq.* Mr. Julian Story sent a very life-like portrait of *Samuel Rea, Esq.*, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Mr. H. H. Breckenridge a portrait of *Hon. Rudolph Blankenburg*, the recently retired Mayor of Philadelphia. *Arthur C. Goodwin, Esq.*, by Miss Margaret Richardson, and *Mr. C. Spizzirri*, by Mr. Cesare A. Ricciardi, were good studies of character. Presentments of young American womanhood were shown in Mr. Leopold Seyffert's portraits of *Mrs. Henry S. Paul* and *Miss Gladys Snellenberg*, in Mr. Joseph de Camp's portrait of *Pauline*, in Miss Mary Cassatt's *Woman sitting in a Garden*, Mr. Harry Watrous's *Just a Couple of Girls*. Some excellent still-life painting was seen in a pair of canvases by Miss Adelaide Chase and very boldly

touched flower groups by Mrs. Maude Drein Bryant, entitled *Vermillion, Rose and Blue*. The exhibition remained open until March 26th inclusive. E. C.

MELBOURNE.—Mural decoration is an art specially adapted to the needs of a young country—a country wherein new cities ought to be asking architects, builders, and artists of their best. In Australia the meaningless "beautification" of walls and ceilings is giving place to something simpler and more distinctive, and many artists are sufficiently optimistic to believe that future developments will call for a legitimate and wholesome expansion of their energies. Among the craftworkers who are doing noteworthy work may be singled out Miss Bertha Merfield. She is particularly happy in dealing with typically Australian subjects, and especially in her treatment of Ti-tree and various members of the extraordinarily decorative Eucalyptus family. She sees the Australian forest and

SCREEN PAINTINGS OF
AUSTRALIAN TIL-TREE
BY BERTHA MERFIELD





SILHOUETTE BY ELISAVETA KRUGLIKOVA.
FROM "PARIS ON THE EVE OF THE WAR"

sea-coast with understanding eyes, and with wonderful sympathy transfers what she sees to panels, screens and friezes. Dealing with pure, fresh colours, her work suggests much of the intense climatic clarity of Australia, while her fine sense of form enables her to deal convincingly with the majestic proportions of Australia's unique timber.

Miss Merfield's training as an artist began in the School of Arts at Stawell, a Victorian country town, whence, after an interval of study at Melbourne, she proceeded to Paris, where she worked for some months under Mr. George Clausen. Subsequently after touring for a time in Tasmania and on the coast of Victoria, where she made her Ti-tree studies—which are done in water-stains on hessian—she once more visited Europe for the purpose of studying purely decorative work at first hand. Six months' work in the Slade School, London, brought her in touch with some of the leading English decorators. In 1912 an exhibition of work by mural decorators at Crosby Hall drew attention to the Australian artist, and further interest was manifested at an exhibition in Manchester, while at a third exhibition, held in London in 1914, special tribute was paid to her efforts. Miss Merfield, who is a member of the Society of Mural Decorators and Painters in Tempera, is ably demonstrating the theory that the easel picture fails to hold the monopoly of useful pictorial art. Much of her work has been well placed in some of Melbourne's newest and finest buildings. H.C.W.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Paris on the Eve of the War. (Petrograd: Publishing Department of the Red Cross Society of St. Eugenic.) Limited edition. 25 and 35 roubles.—This sumptuous volume, emanating from the "Union" Graphic Art Institution, is a fine example of modern Russian book production, and is issued with the laudable object of raising funds for the relief of Russian artists who were living in France when war broke out, and being unable to get back to Russia were left in straitened circumstances. The publication owes its existence entirely to the initiative of Mlle. Kruglikova, an

etcher whose work is held in high esteem in Russia, but who for some years prior to the war had resided in Paris. Latterly this artist has devoted herself in the main to the production of monotypes in colour, a method of work which in her hands has resulted in some very felicitous effects. Only a few weeks before the great conflict began she executed a whole series of prints by this process, chiefly impressions of everyday life in Paris, of particular interest being those recording glimpses of the haunts of the artist fraternity and the gay street life of La Ville Lumière on the occasion of the July fêtes. It is this series of monotypes which in the form of colour reproductions forms the *pièce de résistance* of the volume by the sale of which Mlle. Kruglikova is anxious to befriend her distressed compatriots; and as a literary accompaniment she has secured the co-operation of a number of leading Russian writers, who here n



SILHOUETTE BY ELISAVETA KRUGLIKOVA.
FROM "PARIS ON THE EVE OF THE WAR"



VIEWS OF MOSCOW: SILHOUETTES BY ELISAVETA KRUGLIKOVA

divers modes, but all in complete unison, sing the praises of Paris and testify to her charms, her art, and her renown as a centre of enlightenment and culture. The literary contributors are K. D. Balmont, Alexandre Benois, M. Voloshine, V. Ivanoff, V. Y. Kurbatoff, A. M. Remisoff, N. K. Rerich, Fedor Sologub, Count A. N. Tolstoi, G. Chulkoff, and A. Chebatorevskaya. The book is, moreover, rich in decorative ornament, the whole of which, including binding, end-papers, etc., is the work of Mlle. Kruglikova, a special feature being a large number of silhouettes, representing her first essays in this direction. In the form of initials, head- and tail-pieces, portraits or simple text illustrations, these deftly cut silhouettes are dispersed at intervals throughout the volume, scarcely a page being without one, and especially attractive are those which have for their subject characteristic Parisian street types and scenes from the National fête, which are at once very expressive and decorative. Both in its contents and the mode of presentation the volume does credit to Mlle. Kruglikova and Russian book production. In addition to the silhouettes which figure in this book Mlle. Kruglikova has executed a series of Moscow subjects, two of which are here reproduced.

What Pictures to see in America. By LORINDA MUNSON BRYANT. (London: John Lane.) 10s. 6d. net.—It is common knowledge that during recent years a large number of masterpieces of pictorial art have been transferred from Europe to America, chiefly owing to the readiness of wealthy American collectors to pay prodigious prices for really first-rate examples. In England, which perhaps has been the principal source of supply, the migration of art treasures across the Atlantic has caused great concern, and it will be remembered that only a few months ago a report on the subject was made to Parliament by a commission which had investigated the question. But though from the point of view of the English art-lover the exodus of masterpieces is to be greatly deplored, there is some consolation in the fact that most of them find their way sooner or later to the public museums of the United States, where they can be enjoyed by multitudes of people, whereas if they had not changed hands they would probably have remained secluded and unknown to more than a privileged few. In America the numerous public collec-

tions have come into existence almost wholly through the munificence of wealthy citizens, and to this circumstance is mainly due the fact that it is now possible, as Mrs. Bryant points out, to find in these collections paintings that “form a consecutive history from Giotto through Fra Angelico, Botticelli, Raphael, Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, and Velasquez to the modern masters of European and American art.” It is, of course, for Americans that this book is intended by the author; she takes them first to one gallery and then to another, beginning at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, where masterpieces by Velasquez, Rembrandt, and other great Old Masters may be seen in company with Turner, Corot, and other great moderns, and ending at the Crocker Art Gallery at Sacramento, in California, where are examples of Rembrandt, Hals, Rubens, Dürer, Holbein, Tintoretto, Ribera, Luini, and del Sarto, as well as some by the men of Barbizon. Over 200 of the works referred to in the text—and these, it need hardly be said, represent only a selection from each of the numerous galleries visited—are reproduced in excellent half-tone illustrations, so that the book is of interest to others than those for whom it is primarily intended.

THE LAY FIGURE: ON ART
IN DAILY LIFE.

"I am in some anxiety," said the Art Critic, "about the future of art in this country. There seems to me much danger that it may be swept away by a wave of materialism, and that its importance may be forgotten under the stress of present-day conditions."

"Has it any importance?" asked the Plain Man. "All this talk about the importance of art rather irritates me. I cannot see that art is anything but a superfluity, a sort of embroidery of our existence, something that we can do perfectly well without; and, if it comes to that, something that nowadays certainly it would be a sheer extravagance to maintain."

"Oh, would it," cried the Young Artist. "That is where your beastly materialism leads you astray. Because you are too mentally deficient to appreciate either the significance or the value of art you would deny it to all those people who regard it as a necessity of intelligent and civilised life. Have you no ideals?"

"Do ideals pay?" demanded the Plain Man. "I have to make a living, and to do that I find I must use practical common sense, and must not give way to silly fancies. There is no money in art, and therefore it is unworthy of the attention of a business man."

"No money in art! Hark to him!" exclaimed the Man with the Red Tie. "Listen to the business man when he really lets himself go and divulges the true state of his mind!"

"Well, I am not ashamed of being a business man," declared the Plain Man; "and I am talking of things I know. I do not deny that large sums of money change hands over art deals, but I do say that this money is wasted on what is really an extravagance, and that it could be far more usefully employed."

"What you mean is that you would like to employ it in your business, and that you hanker after it to make more money out of it," rejoined the Young Artist; "but as art is my business, why should I not have some of this money to help me along? I can make quite as good a use of it as you can."

"No, you can not," objected the Plain Man, "because your business, as you call it, is to supply a non-existent want. The people for whom you cater are the useless spendthrifts who waste their substance on a luxury and hamper the real material progress of their country. Art is not a

thing that anyone actually wants—it does not satisfy a pressing need."

"Stop a bit!" broke in the Critic. "That is where I join issue with you. Art is a necessity of civilised life and is as essential to promote mental development as food is to ensure bodily growth. If you withhold art the mind of the people atrophies and the intelligence of the nation decays."

"And if the intelligence of a nation decays its power to deal profitably with any form of commercial enterprise disappears," commented the Man with the Red Tie.

"Precisely. The nation which aspires to be commercially successful must have highly developed and organised intelligence," agreed the Critic; "and art is one of the most important of educative factors as well as a commercial asset of infinite value. The nation which makes art a prominent fact in its daily life is without doubt laying the best possible foundation for commercial prosperity."

"How is it possible to make art a prominent fact in daily life?" scoffed the Plain Man. "We cannot all buy pictures or stick statues about our rooms. I have plenty of other ways of using my money."

"I do not expect you to buy pictures," sighed the Young Artist; "but at any rate you need not interfere with other people who do want to buy them."

"That is not quite the point," said the Critic. "Buying pictures or statues is not the only way of encouraging art production; it is not even the most efficient way. The best encouragement would be in a frank recognition of the fact that nearly all articles in everyday use can be and should be of genuinely artistic quality. Art should enter into our lives in every possible direction, and to have anything about us that is not artistically sound should be regarded as an offence against propriety. We ought to feel as ashamed of committing an error of taste as we should be of a lapse from strict morality."

"And pray what do you expect us to spend on all these artistic accessories to existence?" sneered the Plain Man.

"Nothing more than you are spending already on things that are not artistic," returned the Critic. "Indeed, as it is truer economy to buy a good thing than a bad one, it is from the disregard of art that real extravagance comes. You, my business friend, are the spendthrift, not the art-lover."

THE LAY FIGURE.

A GIRTIN COLLECTION. BY
FRANK GIBSON.

IT is always pleasant to hear that good examples of a Master's work are not only handed down but also remain for some time in the possession of his descendants. This is rarely the case, and it is an agreeable fact that, after the lapse of more than a century, many important and unique drawings by Thomas Girtin have come down to his great-grandson, the present Mr. Thomas Girtin, to which inheritance he, and his father before him, have, from time to time, added a goodly number by acquiring characteristic examples of their great ancestor's art when the occasion occurred. And in order to give their collection a representative character of that period of water-colour painting, they have also collected some very good specimens of Girtin's contemporaries, viz. J. R. Cozens, Hearne, Rooker, Malton, Turner, Cotman, Cox, De Wint, Edridge, Francia, and others.

Mr. Girtin not only possesses rare and exceptional examples of the great artist's pictures, but

his collection consists also of all the phases of his distinguished ancestor's work, from which the illustrations for this article are chosen.

One of the earliest drawings here is *The Temple of Clitumnus*, after the engraving by Piranesi, most likely a souvenir of Girtin's student days and one of those historical evenings when he and Turner, for half-a-crown each and their supper, met at Dr. Monro's or Mr. Henderson's house, to make copies of the works of their predecessors, Turner choosing the drawings by J. R. Cozens and Hearne, and Girtin those of Malton, Canaletti, and Piranesi. This particular copy after Piranesi's engraving, reproduced here, shows the strength and accuracy of the young artist's draughtsmanship. But the colouring of the drawing, with its bluish shadows and russet lights, is of course Girtin's own. He has made slight alterations in the original composition, showing more sky and less foreground, but keeps the character of Piranesi's subject perfectly.

The *Savoy Ruins*, another early drawing, is also associated with Turner. This view of the



"DUMBARTON ROCK"

LVIII. No. 232.—JUNE 1916

PEN AND WASH DRAWING BY THOMAS GIRTIN



"THE SAVOY RUINS"

PEN AND WASH DRAWING BY THOMAS GIRTIN



"THE TEMPLE OF CLITUMNUS" (AFTER PIRANESI)

BY THOMAS GIRTIN



“ JEDBURGH ABBEY ”

PEN AND WASH DRAWING BY THOMAS GIRTIN

water-side fragment of the old Palace of John of Gaunt was sketched on the spot by Girtin, and another drawing was afterwards realised from it in an exquisite water-colour with the addition of a dog in the foreground. Turner making use of Girtin's drawing, for his own picture, only omitted the dog. The method used in Girtin's sketch is simple enough: on the smooth paper the outline and structure are timidly but sensitively drawn with the pen, and the wash of grey, more or less gradated, is used for the shadow. This was Rembrandt's procedure, and Girtin doubtless adopted it from studying this master's drawings, of which Dr. Monro had several. Indeed Girtin's work, for the greater part, was based upon the principles of landscape painting pursued by Rembrandt, whose great power of abstraction enabled him to select from his subject the essential qualities that were required for its pictorial expression.

The *Dumbarton Rock* and *Jedburgh Abbey* are treated in a similar way, but the wash is used with the utmost delicacy of gradation, and the outline not so visible. How well, too, in the latter drawing

do the figures of the horseman and the donkeys bind the composition together. This drawing was engraved in the "Copperplate Magazine" in 1797, and though the engraving is inscribed *After James Moore*, the drawing was made by Girtin in 1792. Moore, who gets credit for being the author of the painting, was an amateur who is said to have taken Girtin and his master Edward Dayes to Scotland on a sketching tour, during which Girtin and Moore may have sketched the same subject; hence the confusion of authorship.

The *Old Mill at Stanstead* is a monochrome drawing in sepia, which is most impressive in its feeling of repose, and the sentiment of it reminds one somewhat of the grandeur of Rembrandt's *Mill*: a painting that profoundly impressed not only Girtin but also some of his contemporaries: for Turner must have had it in his mind when he conceived his *Windmill and Lock*. Constable too praises *The Mill* in the lectures which he delivered at Hampstead and at the Royal Institution. Crome also must have liked it, for he copied it more than once.

A Girtin Collection

Tynemouth Priory is rather an elaborate drawing done in the studio. It is very firm yet delicate in touch, and full of the artist's cleverness in suggesting the weathered look of stone with only two tints: owing to this the drawing is practically a monochrome of bluish greys and browns. But a good many people will prefer the little sketch called *Tynemouth*, a magnificent and powerful rendering of the coming storm which will soon envelop the distant cliff and curving beach with the tiny specks of human figures upon it. Here, in so small a drawing, is a vastness which is perfectly rendered by simple washes of grey and brown! This drawing alone would rank Girtin as one of the truest and greatest of landscape impressionists. The sketch of some unknown locality (perhaps Porlock) is shown as a similar work of this kind. In this the artist was impressed with the extensive bird's-eye view over hill and cultivated flat land bordering on the sea, and has achieved it completely with great power and simplicity.

Mr. Girtin possesses a drawing which is unique! This is the *Helmsley Castle*, and is the only snow piece by the artist known to exist. The drawing is simple enough in colour, with the greyish blue

of the snow as opposed to the warmer tones of the building, and the figure of the sportsman in it, stalking his quarry, reminds one of Morland's art. *Carnarvon Castle*, one of Girtin's matured works, is a glorious drawing, representing architecture of ruined masonry and piled up masses of clouds. It is a work that must have influenced Turner and pleased Girtin's contemporaries, for in fact it was formerly owned by one of them, the landscape artist Henry Edridge, and W. B. Cooke engraved it in 1821.

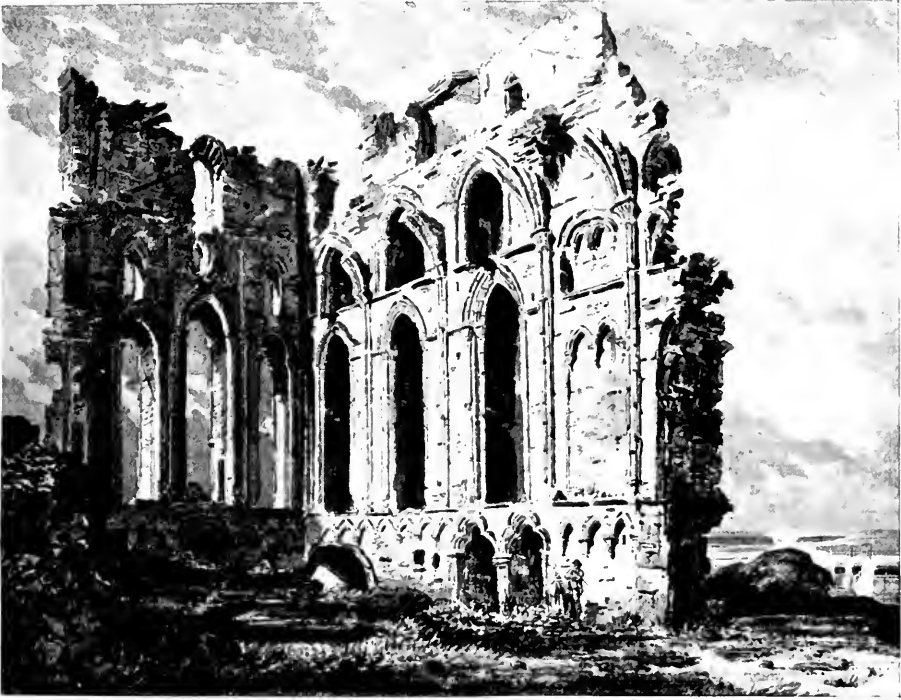
A drawing that was expressly executed for the engraver is the *View of Pont de la Tournelle, and Notre Dame*. This was done by Girtin as a working direction for F. C. Lewis, who engraved it in aquatint for the Seine series made by the artist in 1802 when in Paris, where he had gone for his health. The drawing is in Indian ink, and although it is one of the last he ever produced, the pen lines of it, though tremulous, are nevertheless expressive.

One of the most consummate drawings in Mr. Girtin's collection is the *Valley of the Aire*, here reproduced in colour. It is delightful to let one's eye travel up this vale with its sunlit flats,



"OLD MILL AT STANSTEAD"

SEPIA DRAWING BY THOMAS GIRTIN



“ TYNEMOUTH PRIORY ”

WASH DRAWING IN TWO TINTS BY THOMAS GIRTIN

ruined abbey, and shadowed hills, to the luminous sky beyond. This drawing well exemplifies Girtin's qualities of simplicity and largeness of design. The rough liney texture of the cartridge paper helps to give atmospheric quality to the drawing, and the whole is a perfectly poetical rendering of a vivid impression.

The Old Wooden Bridge (also reproduced in colour) is one of the finest examples of those “golden drawings” which are said to have pleased Turner so much. The actual scene is unknown, but it is possibly some Yorkshire village. Signed and dated 1802, the last year of his life, it well shows to what a height his power and genius had carried him. This is a water-colour of which it can be said that, like so many of Turner's drawings, it is a puzzle to know how it was done. Seemingly it is made up of only two colours, a warm brown and indigo. But what a magnificent result! A golden vision, indeed! Turner quite early in his career began to experiment with the medium of water-colour, and found out that certain effects were quite beyond the reach of straight-

forward manipulation, but with perseverance and ingenuity he soon devised effects by the employment of which he gained results which have never been surpassed. Girtin, on the other hand, retained all his life the old traditions and method of water-colour drawing, namely that of laying freshly and at once upon the paper one clean broad wash, and never retouching it. Ruskin in his lectures on “The Art of England” especially praises Girtin for his skill in this respect. Turner, on the other hand, prepared textures by various mechanical means such as sponging and taking out colour by friction. Girtin used the old tradition more finely and consistently than any artist before him. Moreover, in such a glorious work as *The Old Wooden Bridge* he succeeds in suggesting local colour, which even Rembrandt and Claude never attempted to introduce into their drawings, owing to the loss of luminosity and unity which they incurred if they introduced colour at all. They therefore avoided those difficulties by working only in monochrome. Girtin's best work in comparison with their drawings can quite hold its

A Girtin Collection



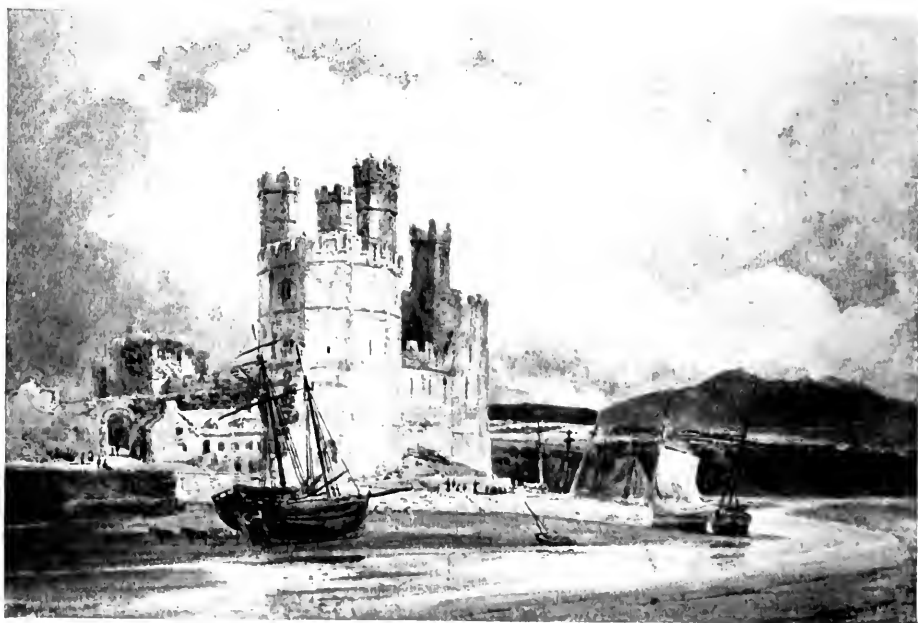
"PONT DE LA TOURNEELLE AND NOTRE DAME"

INDIAN INK DRAWING BY THOMAS GIRTIN

own, because he gets, as they do, luminosity and strength by using only two or three subdued colours to represent the many tones and tints he saw in nature, and which were just those required for pictorial expression : everything else he omitted that did not suit his purpose.

A careful study of the collection from which these illustrations are chosen clearly shows that the chief characteristics of Girtin's art are poetry, breadth, and simplicity. He, like Rembrandt, rejected from his subject everything that was petty

or superfluous. He tried to grasp the larger truths of nature, and succeeded. Girtin was at once a poet of sunshine and shadow, choosing by preference those effects of light which were soft and diffused, and which divided the subject into broad masses of colour and tone. Always careless for the most part as to choice of subject, he accepted it as it came, and as a thing whose nature and beauty were to be revealed. But he never treated and altered it, as Turner did. Girtin invariably surrendered himself to his subject, and



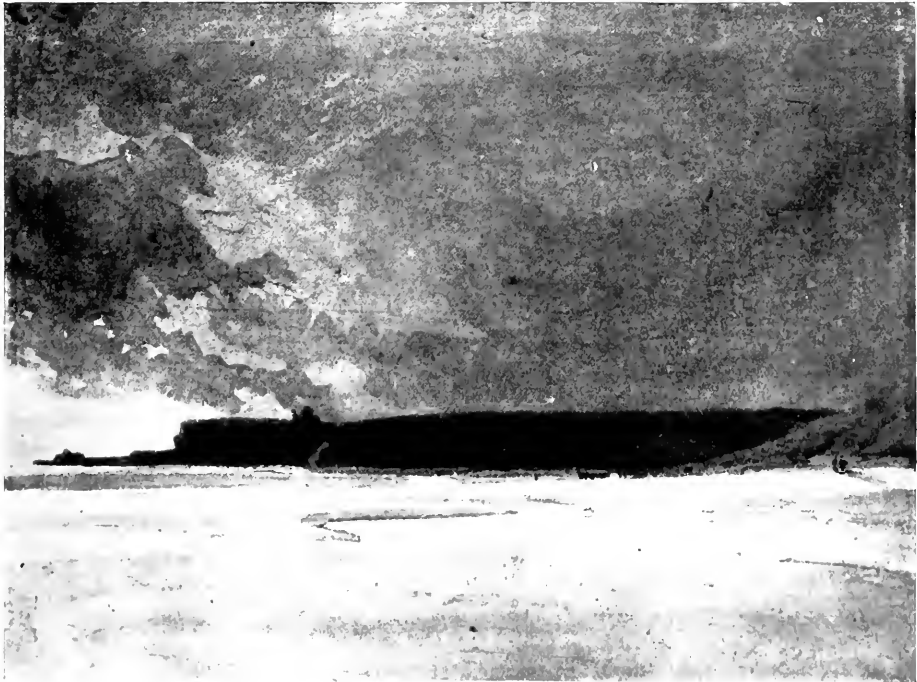
"CARNARVON CASTLE"

BY THOMAS GIRTIN



"PORLOCK"

BY THOMAS GIRTIN



"LYNEMOUTH"

WASH DRAWING BY THOMAS GIRTIN



"HELMSLEY CASTLE"

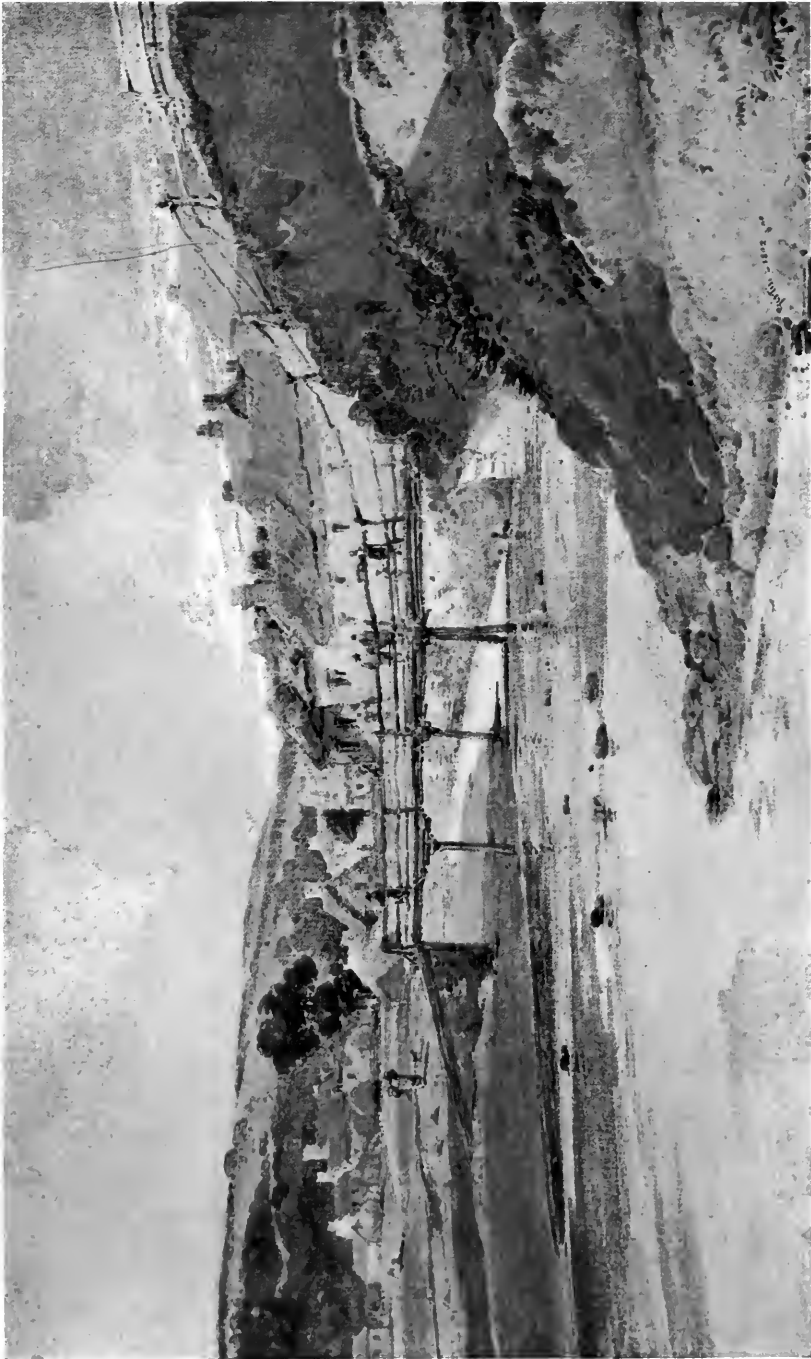
BY THOMAS GIRTIN

his ideas were expressive but not creative. Yet at the same time his imagination was keenly alive to fine impressions. The *Valley of the Aire* and the *Tynemouth* are only two of many examples of this, and also of his pure landscape work in which he seized the effects of light and shadow so well. It was the same thing when he noted the most impressive and interesting view of a ruin or even a simple street. Fine as he invariably was with architectural subjects, and sympathetically as he treated the bridges, cathedrals, and abbeys of England, he was perhaps at his best when he realised his impressions of natural landscape, and recorded the grand effects of light and shade upon rocky hills, undulating moorlands, and the sea coasts of England and Scotland, with a breadth, simplicity, and yet a regard for truth, which had never been equalled before, and have rarely been surpassed in its way since, except by Turner, whose art, of course, had far greater range. Girtin's art was more spontaneous, and at the same time less intellectual and less creative than that of his great rival, but it was more certain within its own

limits, and in a way more perfect because it was composed of fewer elements.

It seems a pity that Girtin spent so much time on his panorama of London, a work which was not successful financially, and that he did not devote himself more to oil painting, of which there is only one recorded example by him—the *Bolton Bridge* shown at the Academy in 1801, where it was much admired at the time. Some of his drawings, one cannot help thinking, would have been still more successful if carried out in oil. *The Old Wooden Bridge*, which in size is almost too large for a water-colour, and the *Bridgenorth*, now in the British Museum, are both examples in point.

It is useless now to speculate what he might have accomplished had he lived longer. The marvel is, how in his short life he acquired the power of becoming a master so soon, and how he accomplished such a great quantity of work, the quality of which is so excellent. His career was like that of Shelley, or Keats; and surely the name and reputation of Thomas Girtin will live for ever in the annals of landscape painting.



THE OLD WOODEN BRIDGE. I.
BY THOMAS GIRTIN



The Line Drawings of W. Heath Robinson



GROTESQUES FOR AN ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF RABELAIS (DE LA MORE PRESS) BY W. HEATH ROBINSON
(By courtesy of Messrs. Alex. Moring Ltd.)

THE LINE DRAWINGS OF
W. HEATH ROBINSON. BY
A. E. JOHNSON.

MR. HEATH ROBINSON has an artistic personality which excites considerable interest. The singular quality of his imagination and the wholly individual methods of expression which he employs alike provoke curiosity. As an illustrator he may please, disappoint, or even annoy, but whatever

Mr. Heath Robinson is never happy unless he is exploring some new vein of whimsical fancy, and one may observe the same tendency in his technique. He is a great experimentalist, and though he has certain very definite idiosyncrasies of style which everywhere proclaim his work, he has escaped that slavery to a formula which is one of the chief temptations that beset the busy illustrator.

The artist has now been long before the public, and his work during a period of some seventeen years has comprised numerous and very diverse subjects. It is interesting to note, in his treatment of these, the facile play of his unique imagination and the successive steps through which his technical accomplishment has passed. On the whole the imaginative quality of his work has remained constant, maintaining with insistence



GROTESQUE FOR RABELAIS BY W. HEATH ROBINSON
(DE LA MORE PRESS)

the result he engages the attention. He has the peculiar courage of shyness, that rare audacity which can set down, with the utmost seriousness of purpose, those fleeting whims which more solemn and sophisticated folk might feel abashed to own to. The elusive nature of the thing thus embodied invites a pursuit which may intrigue or tantalise, but is seldom refused. One may say of Heath Robinson's fancy, as Alice remarked of "Jabberwocky," that "somehow it seems to fill my head with ideas—but I don't exactly know what they are." By just so much as this constitutes, to the artist's legion of admirers, the chief imaginative charm of his work, one supposes that to others it must prove an exasperation.



GROTESQUE FOR RABELAIS BY W. HEATH ROBINSON
(DE LA MORE PRESS)

its individual note: but the technique, while preserving a continuity of development, has been subjected at various points to some notable modifications.

Practically all of Mr. Heath Robinson's black and white work is done in line, and even when he

The Line Drawings of W. Heath Robinson



ILLUSTRATION TO "ELFIN MOUNT" (HANS ANDERSEN) BY W. HEATH ROBINSON
(By courtesy of Messrs. Constable & Co. Ltd.)

draws for half-tone reproduction (as in the case of his well-known comic grotesques) his use of the brush is quite subsidiary, the drawings being essentially the work of the pen, with wash added. In this predilection for line there is a sentimental propriety, for the artist's grandfather was a well-known engraver of Bewick's time, and his father practised the same craft. An hereditary instinct perhaps accounts for those diligent experiments in the manipulation of the pen which Mr. Heath Robinson's drawings continuously reveal.

But it should be borne in mind that all the artist's work has been done expressly for reproduction. It is a constant principle with him to reckon most carefully with the special requirements of the method of reproduction to be employed, turning them to advantage rather than allowing himself to be hampered by them. That happy result, it is his ultimate conclusion, can only be obtained by surrendering to the conditions imposed by process reproduction, not by endeavouring to triumph over them, which is impossible. To quote the artist himself, he has always regarded line work for process reproduction as subject to the same discipline which is imposed upon the etcher and the engraver by the exigencies of the medium in which each works, and even upon such craftsmen as (for example) the iron-worker. The latter uses only such designs as can be fittingly wrought

in iron, and by obeying the limitations of the material discovers artistic possibilities in iron which no other material possesses. The artist condemned to the process block, of which the manipulation is purely mechanical, naturally has to contend with the most arbitrary and rigid of all methods of reproduction, and it specially behoves him therefore to be craftsman as well as artist, to accept his limitations, and through submission to conquer.

Certainly much of Mr. Heath Robinson's success as a book and magazine illustrator arises out of the careful thought which he has given to the question of reproduction, and the skill and ingenuity by which he frequently copes with what prove hampering, if not destructive, limitations to those less patient.

The early work of Mr. Heath Robinson exhibits his experimental tendencies very amply. No drawings are perhaps more typical of the methods which he still pursues, though now, of course, with much more finish and accomplishment, than his illustrations to the poems of Edgar Allan Poe. Previously he had made his *début* as an illustrator with "The Giant Crab," a book of Indian tales

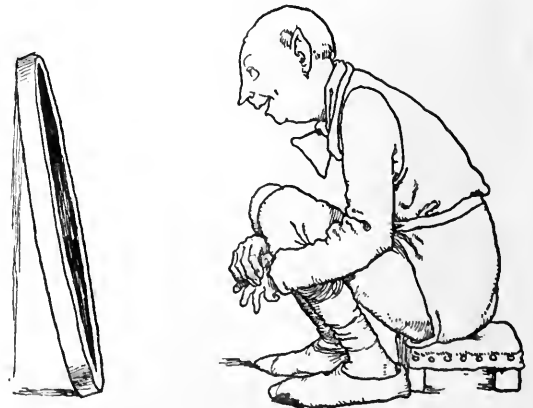


ILLUSTRATION TO HANS ANDERSEN (CONSTABLE)
BY W. HEATH ROBINSON



ILLUSTRATION TO "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S
DREAM" ACT I, SCENE I (CONSTABLE).
BY W. HEATH ROBINSON



ILLUSTRATION TO "A MIDSUMMER
NIGHT'S DREAM" (CONSTABLE).
BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

The Line Drawings of W. Heath Robinson

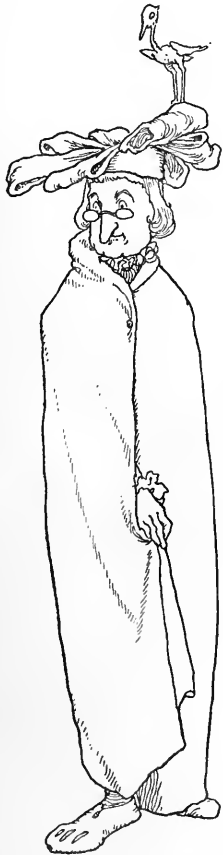
published by Mr. Nutt, and had collaborated with his brothers T. H. Robinson and Charles Robinson in a series of drawings for Hans Andersen's tales, published by Mr. Dent.

Following upon the Hans Andersen volume (in which his contributions formed the least part) Mr. Heath Robinson prepared an extensive and somewhat elaborate series of illustrations to "The Arabian Nights" for Messrs. Constable. Then came the drawings for Poe issued by Messrs. Bell, which perhaps mark his real starting-point. At all events he developed in these a style which, though still experimental and far from matured, expressed more definitely the individuality which previous efforts had tentatively suggested.

Poe's mystic vision and the vague but vast imagery which he employs made a strong appeal



A STUDY BY W. HEATH ROBINSON



DECORATION FOR HANS ANDERSEN
(CONSTABLE) BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

to the artist's temperament. He found himself at work upon a subject with which he felt in sympathy—a subject so congenial to his own imaginative instincts as to relieve his mind of that concern with the author's *literary* motive and idea which to illustrators of Mr. Heath Robinson's type is always something of a bane.

It was natural, perhaps, that with this liberty he should vent considerable energy upon the technical details of his task, and it is for this reason that the Poe drawings provide a clue to the native peculiarities of Mr. Heath Robinson's technique.

Briefly, the most outstanding feature of these drawings is the artist's frequent endeavour to produce a variety of tones in his pen and ink medium. He is often merely concerned with the arrangement of masses, including that solid black of which he still greatly favours the use, and of line work, as ordinarily understood, there is comparatively little. The pen is sometimes used rather as a general utility tool-of-all-work than the delicate instrument of pure line.

The Poe volume was succeeded by a series of illustrations for "Don Quixote," issued by Mr. Dent, which exhibit a notable development of the artist's method. The Poe drawings were more

The Line Drawings of W. Heath Robinson



ILLUSTRATION TO HANS ANDERSEN
(CONSTABLE) BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

or less conventionally conceived, but in "Don Quixote" the effort is towards a realistic treatment, and the artist seems to have been inspired by a desire to see how far he could substitute pen for brush, and "paint" his picture in the restricted medium.

These two books represent two distinct phases of Mr. Heath Robinson's method, which are seen combined in the next set of drawings which he published. This was the long series illustrating Rabelais, a few grotesques from which are here reproduced. The realistic effort is maintained, but modified by a reversion in many respects to the simple principles upon which the Poe illustrations were based. The compromise was prompted, no doubt, by the nature of the subject. In Poe the illustrator had to deal mainly with abstractions, in "Don Quixote" with actual persons. The fantastic creations of Rabelais come midway between the two extremes.

After the publication of "Rabelais" there came a pause in Mr. Heath Robinson's activities as an illustrator. He had begun to exploit, in "The Sketch" and elsewhere, that curious vein of absurdity which has earned for him so great a vogue as a humorist, and to this he devoted himself almost exclusively for some time. When presently he resumed illustration, it was to undertake "Twelfth Night" in colour for Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, and he took up work in line again

only when commissioned by the same publishers to prepare a special edition of Mr. Kipling's "A Song of the English."

At this point the use of a flowing line begins to appear in Mr. Heath Robinson's work, and with it a lessening reliance upon the manipulation of masses, including silhouette. Many of the drawings in "A Song of the English" exhibit the characteristics made familiar by the earlier work, but a considerable number indicate, like the three here reproduced, the further quest upon which the artist had now embarked. It will be noticed that the effort at realism which is to be observed in the "Don Quixote" illustrations has been greatly modified in favour of the conventionalisation to which an imagination of Mr. Heath Robinson's peculiar quality is naturally more prone.



DECORATION FOR HANS ANDERSEN
(CONSTABLE) BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

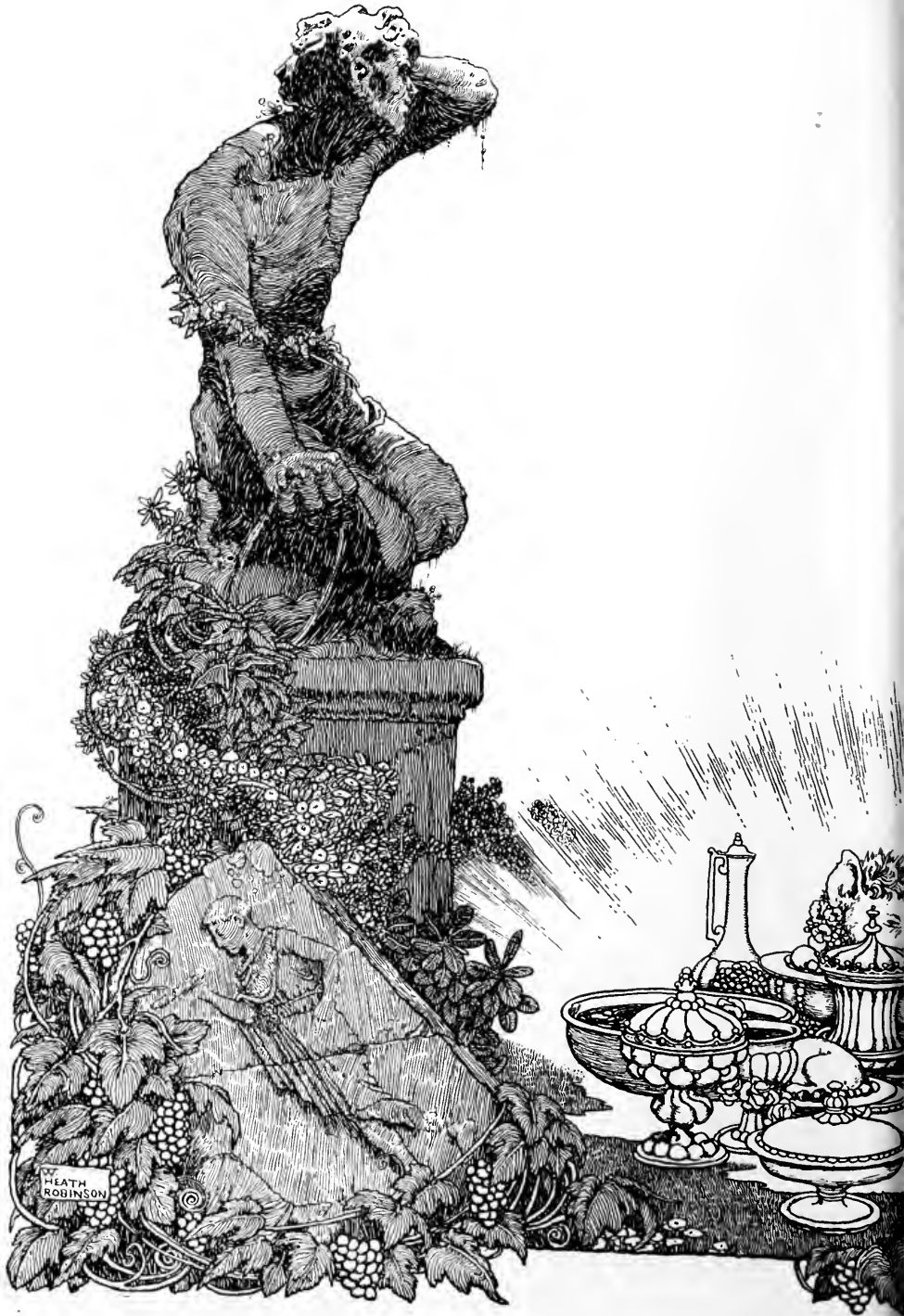




ILLUSTRATION TO THE FAIRY-TALE "A HATFUL
OF SOLDIERS." BY W. HEATH ROBINSON
(By courtesy of Messrs. Geo. Newnes)





"STARK AS YOUR SONS SHALL BE"—
ILLUSTRATION TO "A SONG OF THE
ENGLISH." BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

(By courtesy of Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton)

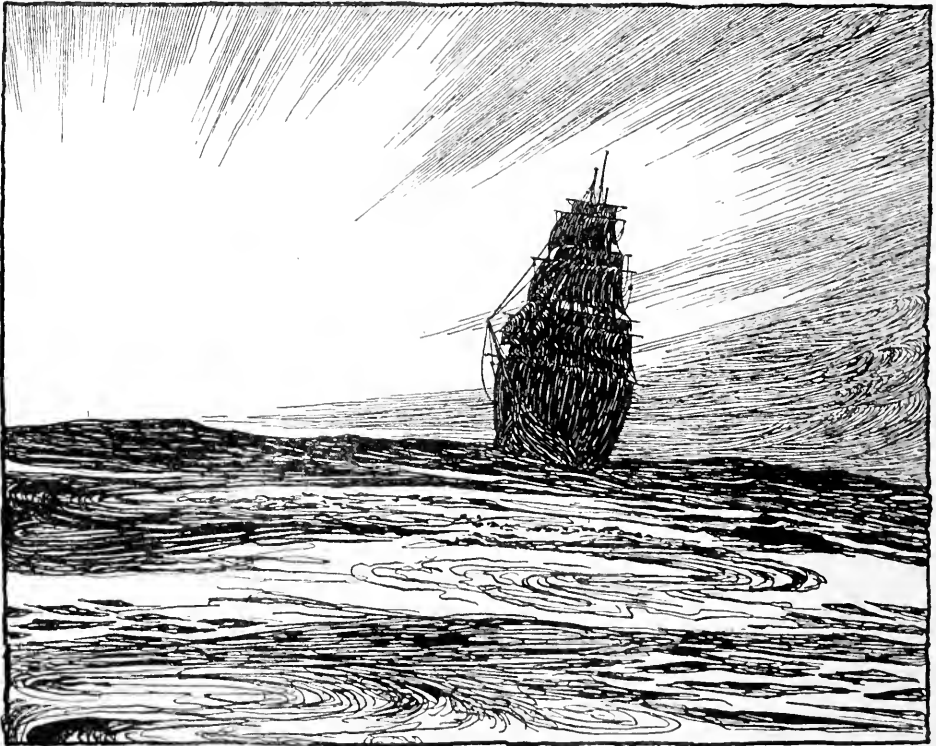
The Line Drawings of W. Heath Robinson

More recently the artist has returned to that illustration of fairy tales and the like, with which he began his public appearance and to which his fanciful mind is so well suited. "Bill the Minder" (Constable) furnished a unique opportunity for his special talent in this direction, for the sequence of tales comprised under that title was written by himself. There are several instances of an author who has illustrated (not always with the happiest results) his own writings, but the converse case of an artist who has turned author in order to provide material for himself as illustrator is rarer. On the present occasion the experiment was exceedingly fortunate, for "Bill the Minder" is a book which one may fairly claim could have been written by no one but Heath Robinson. As a result the drawings, treated in the simplest manner, often practically mere outline, belong to the stories with an intimacy which rarely exists between text and illustrations.

Other volumes recently illustrated for Messrs. Constable include Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales

and "The Water Babies," and in all one notes with interest a recrudescence (in polished and highly accomplished form) of the ideas and methods which were embodied in such early work as "The Arabian Nights," the poems of Poe, etc. A most engaging comparison, indeed, can be made between the Hans Andersen volume to which the artist contributed some of his first published drawings, and that only recently issued by Messrs. Constable. The advance in dexterity and accomplishment is naturally considerable, but the personality behind the work in either case is visibly the same.

Intervening amidst these fairy-tale illustrations is the elaborate series of drawings for "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which represent, perhaps, Mr. Heath Robinson's high-water mark of achievement at the present moment. This was scarcely an interlude, for though the play seemed to call for more "important" drawings (as the dealers would say), its nature was in keeping with the vein



W. H. R.

ILLUSTRATION TO "A SONG OF THE ENGLISH" (HODDER AND STOUGHTON)

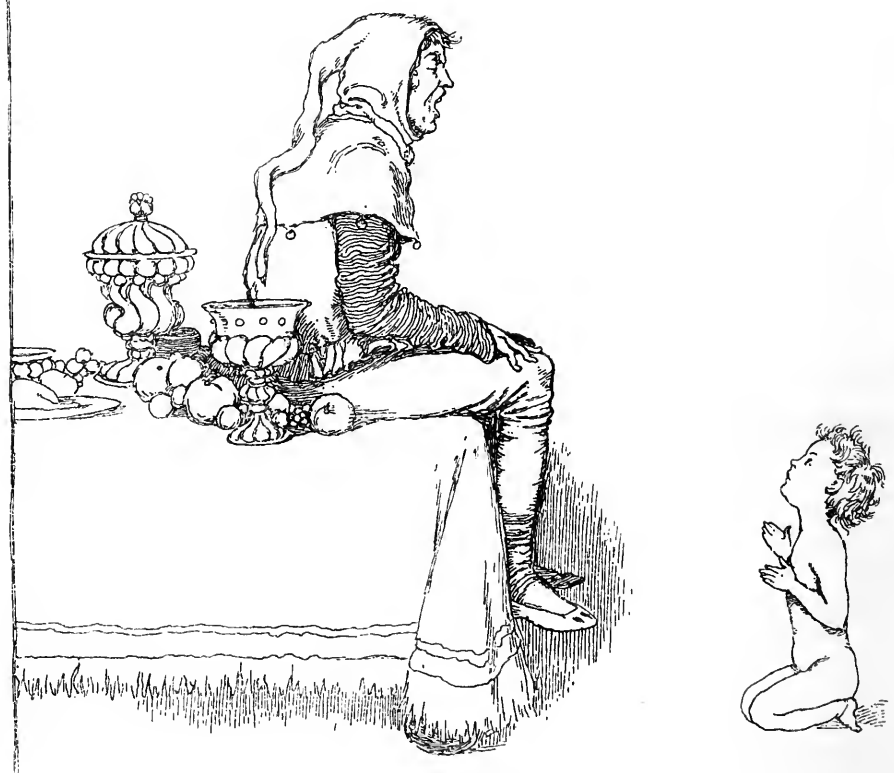
BY W. HEATH ROBINSON



THE NIGHTINGALE

"THE NIGHTINGALE." ILLUSTRATION
TO HANS ANDERSEN (CONSTABLE).
BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

W HEATH
ROBINSON



SKETCH FOR A PANEL.
BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

The Line Drawings of W. Heath Robinson

of fancy which the illustration of fairy tales had stimulated.

Some of these drawings for "A Midsummer Night's Dream" are here reproduced. They display very clearly the individualities of Mr. Heath Robinson's style, the blend of fact and fancy, of realism and convention, which are characteristic alike of his invention and his method. They also exhibit, in common with the drawings selected from other sources, that instinct for decorative arrangement and harmonious balance in design which is one of his chief preoccupations.

At the present moment much excellent work from Mr. Heath Robinson's pen is to be seen in the pages of the "Strand Magazine," many of the stories for children which are a recognised feature of that periodical having been entrusted to his care of late. One such illustration is the large double-page drawing given here, which is an interesting epitome of the many inventions that the artist has sought out. One finds here

assembled and "consolidated," if the phraseology of the hour may be employed, the results of all those tentative explorations and experimental essays which make the earlier phases of his work so interesting, in spite of relative immaturity.

One might suppose, from that capacity for painstaking application which must be evident to the most casual observer of his work, that Mr. Heath Robinson, having found a comfortable groove, would be content to settle in it. That seems hardly likely, however, for the history of his development so far has been one of continual experiment, and even when he has felt most satisfied with his work he has never fallen into the deadly trap of complacency. It is understood that the artist is now engaged upon a new series of illustrations, which will doubtless be seen in the near future. They will be awaited with no little curiosity, and it will be matter for surprise if they do not show the artist still feeling after something new.

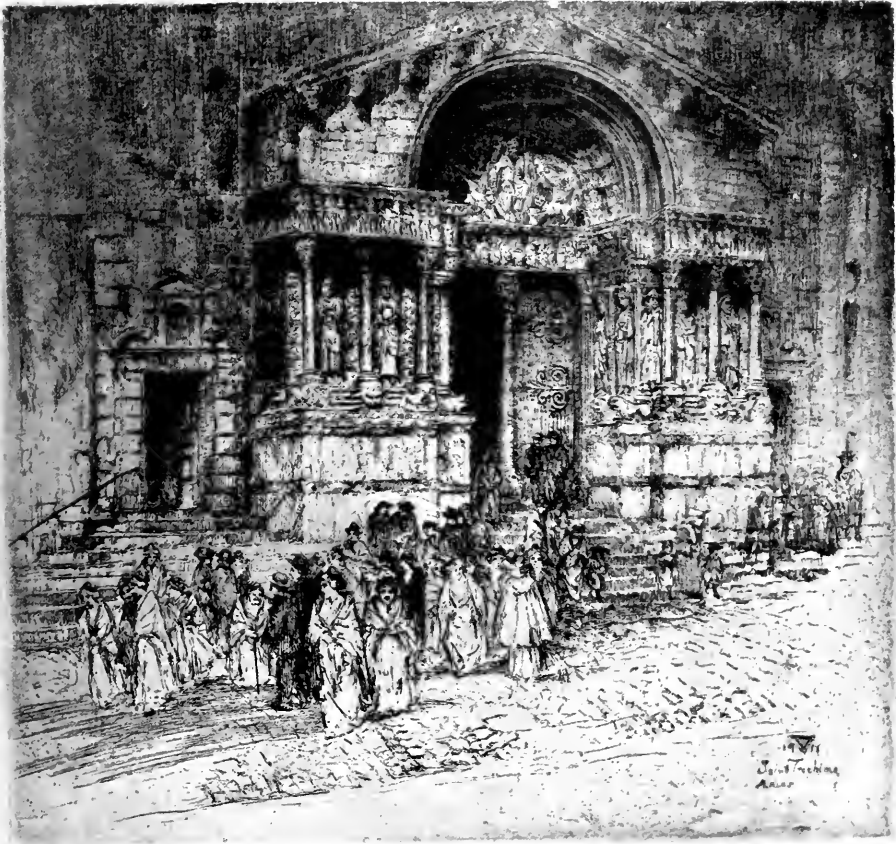


ILLUSTRATION TO "A SONG OF THE ENGLISH" (HODDER AND STOUGHTON)

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON



HALF-TITLE TO "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" (CONSTABLE) BY W. HEATH ROBINSON



"ST. TROPHIME, ARLES"

BY VAUGHAN TROWBRIDGE

THE ETCHINGS OF VAUGHAN TROWBRIDGE. BY E. A. TAYLOR.

AMONG the many who have visited Paris there must be few who have not at one time or another climbed the steeps of Montmartre to the old Moulin de la Galette, where a magic view over the wondrous city has greeted their eyes. Yet apart from this fascinating vision there is little in outward appearance to indicate that one is in the centre of a romantic world of art and artists—artists who amuse Paris and artists who portray the subtle tragedies of her vivacious life. All around their studios lurk hidden in unpretentious-looking

buildings and old-world gardens. Not far away, in the rue Caulincourt, the inimitable Steinlen weaves his visionary thoughts of the gay and sad, Paulbot captures the humours of the little street arab, and A. Roubille his fantastic merriments, and near by that generous master of wood-block cutting and printing, Henri Rivière, may be found; while close at hand are the haunts of the supreme Degas. Up the slopes of rue Lepic, Whistler's jesting laughter may be recalled with his visits to his etcher friend Eugène Delâtre and his printing presses.

It is in the rue Lepic, close to the old mill, that Vaughan Trowbridge is to be found busy with his etching in line and colour. Trowbridge is an

Etchings by Vaughan Trowbridge

American born in New York, but one might almost call him a Parisian, as he left his New York home and a business life in 1897 to study art in Paris as a pupil of Jean-Paul Laurens and Benjamin Constant, and Paris is now his home, though exhibitions of his work are now and again seen in his native land. Chiefly known by his line and colour etchings he is nevertheless an able painter, exhibiting from time to time in the Salons. Etching, however, he has made his principal medium of expression, and the fascinating characteristic about him is that he is an artist. One meets in one's walk through life so many who employ the mediums of the artist's craft as a means of livelihood, men who have industriously gained a complete mastery of their materials, yet lack that quality and character which alone can give to their achievements an enduring value. Drawing and Painting have been so systematised that almost anyone can be trained to produce work that will pass a prescribed standard and even excel a little amidst an exhibition's mass of mediocrity. Fashion in technique and modes of manipulating pencil and brush may and do change periodically, meeting with applause whether the work be good or bad, but Art throughout the ages will always be Art and can never be bad, no matter in what guise it does appear. Everyone of course has his personal likes and preferences, but one need not rush to close the door on those whose work does not fall within the category.

To some etchers Trowbridge's work may not appeal, though amongst the genuine, who have followed his output, I have found none who have not recognised his sincerity and the artist behind the work; and if amongst his many plates there is found anything with which one might quibble on technical or other grounds, the artist will be the first to forestall criticism by pointing it out himself. His method of work is simple, and though he has attained a unique success with his colour etchings, all his plates have in the first place been produced without any thought of painting in colour. His first and only desire is to obtain a good black and white print, which in line is not only more rare but more difficult. He is an emphatic worker from nature, taking always his waxed plates with him into the open, and he seldom, if ever, works from pencil sketches.

When satisfied with his line print, Mr. Trowbridge's method of procedure in colour is to apply a thoughtful scheme of crude general colour masses to the plate, which he then passes through the press, after which the plate is cleaned to a

certain extent and prepared for a neutral hue; a second printing is then made and, thirdly, the plate is washed in preparation for the darker masses, whereupon the final printing takes place. It will at once be seen that there is nothing machine-like or apt to be utilised commercially in his method, as each completed print may be entirely unlike another in colour result. His method is one that leaves him free, by always having his original line plate as a key, to use his ingenuity to vary the colour effects; as to the colour itself only oil pigments are used and no retouching ones of any kind, the artist relying entirely upon his care in printing to gain the desired results. The prints he has thus produced have had an uncommon success, as is shown by the eagerness with which they were claimed by various collectors from a special exhibition of them some few years ago in the Klackner Gallery, New York, and also the interest they excited when shown in Messrs. Tooth's galleries in Paris.

It is, however, in his pure line black and white prints that I think one will find the greater personality of the artist expressed. When I visited him in Paris on his return from America, shortly after the closing of his exhibition, I was fortunate in seeing a rare collection of what he might call his neglected plates and prints made in Venice or in Paris and its surrounding villages and provinces. Amidst the whirring noise of watchful aeroplanes hovering over the sunlit city his quaint old studio was a rare haven of peace in which to spend a few fugitive hours away from the turmoil of war and sadness. There one could turn over virile little prints of places devastated by great guns and be glad that they had not found out other haunts of artist and country lover. There was one of that delightful ancient church *St. Trophime, Arles*, evoking memories of the charming old town and that eccentric artist, Vincent van Gogh; other and varied memories would be aroused by prints such as the peacefully designed *Cour d'Albane, Rouen*, *The Ancient Chapel of the Chartreuse, Avignon*, the *Storm, Champagne sur Seine*, reminding one of gorgeous July storms that sweep over the city and country, the *Central Doorway, St. Mark's, Venice*, with its recollections of numerous other artists who have found an alluring attraction for their etching-needle in the same subject, and then, lastly, his colour-print *Bassin du Dragon, Versailles*, which in its play of sunlight and shadow brought forcibly to mind the sad associations of military glory and the human wreckage of war with which the place is now haunted.



1880

V. Trowbridge



BASSIN DU DRAGON, VERSAILLES.
BY VAUGHAN TROWBRIDGE.





"CENTRAL DOOR OF ST. MARK'S,
VENICE." BY VAUGHAN TROWBRIDGE



"THE ANCIENT CHAPEL OF THE CHARTREUSE,
AVIGNON." BY VAUGHAN TROWBRIDGE



"COUR D'ALBANE, ROUEN."
BY VAUGHAN TROWBRIDGE



St. Dunstons, St. Dunstons, St. Dunstons

"STORM, CHAMPAGNE SUR SEINE."
BY VAUGHAN TROWBRIDGE

1894

STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents)

LONDON.—We regret to record the death of three artists whose work has, we are sure, given pleasure to many of our readers. Mr. Niels M. Lund, who died suddenly early in March, was of Danish extraction and was born in 1863. Trained at the Royal Academy Schools, he showed at first a predilection for painting classical subjects, but later devoted himself to landscape, and especially Scottish landscape, in which he gained considerable renown. He was a constant exhibitor at the Royal Academy shows and the Salon in Paris, and as long ago as 1894 one of his paintings was acquired for the Luxembourg. In later years Mr. Lund took up etching and became an Associate of the Painter-Etchers' Society, at whose exhibitions some fine plates have vouched for his excellent accomplishment in this field. He took temporary charge of the etching class at the Central School of Arts and Crafts when Mr. Luke Taylor received a commission in the Army last year.

Mr. Douglas Almond, whose early work as an illustrator will always be remembered with pleasure, was some few years younger than Mr. Lund, and his untimely death, traceable to a cold caught last year when he was serving as a special constable, is a severe loss to the Langham Sketching Club, of which he was a leading spirit, and his work will be missed, too, from the walls of the Royal Institute, to which he was elected in 1897. Our readers will recall his illustrations to an interesting article on "Brittany in War Time," written by his wife and published in our issue of September 1915. The drawings then reproduced were the last examples of his work to be published. He had gone to Brittany

to recuperate, but his condition became gradually worse, until in February it was deemed advisable that he should return to London. He died in Charing Cross Hospital on March 10, a fortnight after returning from France.

Miss Amelia Bowerley, well known as a black and white illustrator and an etcher, also died in the first days of March. Her *forte* was the drawing of children, in which she displayed much sympathy and insight. She was of foreign extraction—she changed her name from Bauerle to Bowerley some three or four years ago—but her family had been settled in this country for many years. The deceased lady was an Associate of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers.

The Board of Trade announced last month their intention to organise a British Industries Fair in London next spring on the same lines as the Fair recently held at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and last year at the Agricultural Hall,



PAINTED WOODEN TOYS DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY CHLOE PRESTON



WAR MEMORIAL MEDAL DESIGNED AND MODELLED BY ALFRED DRURY, R.A.

whose judgment is better than their own, would find any occasion to regret such co-operation. There cannot be any dearth of designers capable, like Miss Chloe Preston, whose toys we illustrate on page 247, of furnishing models that are at once attractive and amusing in appearance and easy to duplicate without the use of elaborate appliances.

Islington. From the commercial point of view these events appear to have given great satisfaction, judging by the monetary value of the orders placed by traders with the various classes of producers whose goods were exhibited. From the point of view of industrial art, however, the recent display was not so satisfactory—less so, in fact, than the inaugural display at Islington. In two sections especially it was disappointing to find so little evidence of a general endeavour to improve the artistic quality of the goods offered—namely pottery and toys. In the former the exhibits, apart from those of firms like the Pilkington Tile and Pottery Company, the Ruskin Pottery, and one or two others, were of a more or less commonplace character, displaying decoration that savoured more of artifice than art. We should like to impress on pottery producers in this country, who, so far as technical processes are concerned, enjoy a high reputation, that there is a great virtue in dignified simplicity of design and decoration, especially in the case of utensils destined for everyday domestic use. The toys, too, left much to be desired, though considerable mechanical ingenuity was in evidence. This trade is of course one in which the Germans have for generations had an almost complete monopoly, and they have always shown themselves quick to exploit any new ideas that are brought forward—witness the astonishing growth of the Steiff productions which, originating in the casual efforts of a girl, eventually provided an occupation for thousands of work-people in Württemberg. With such an example before them, it surely behoves our manufacturers to be on the alert and make the best of suggestions offered to them. It is a branch of industry in which the co-operation of artists ought to be of great value, and we do not think producers, if they are really keen on developing the industry and willing to be guided in matters of taste by those

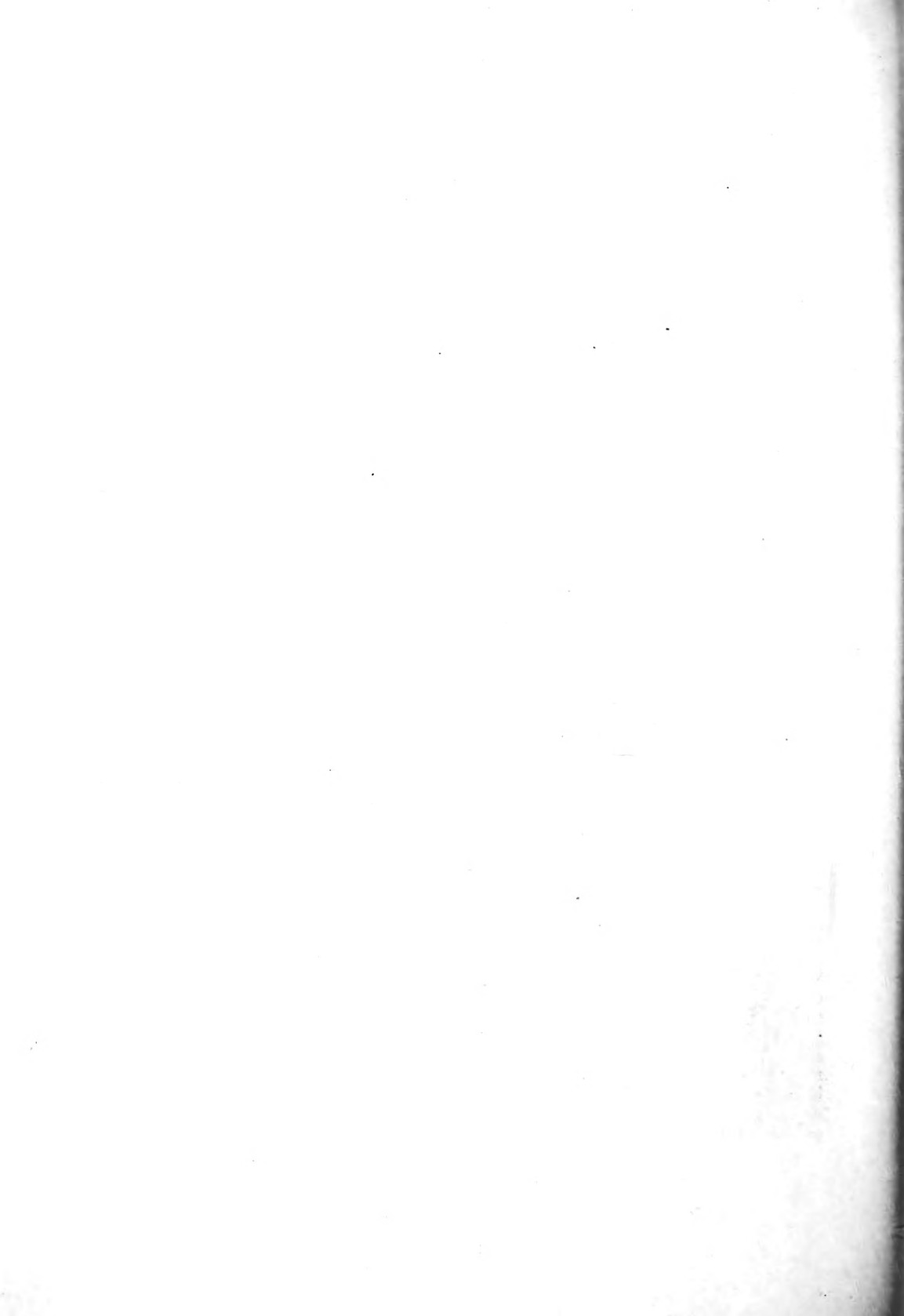
We illustrate on this page the obverse and reverse of a war medal designed by the distinguished sculptor, Mr. Alfred Drury, R.A., the size of the medal as issued being three and a quarter inches in diameter. Mr. F. Lessore's bust of the late Sir Charles Tupper, which we also illustrate, is one of numerous works executed by the artist on the occasion of his visit to Canada some time ago, when many of the prominent public men of Canada gave him sittings. With these illustrations we give a reproduction in colours of a delightful water-colour by Mr. W. Russell Flint from the last winter exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, of which he became an Associate two or three years ago.



BUST OF THE LATE SIR CHARLES TUPPER
BY F. LESSORE



"THREE DAMSELS." WATER-COLOUR
BY W. RUSSELL FLINT, A.R.W.S.



Studio-Talk

The exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours this spring contains a very characteristic water-colour of the *Giudecca*, Venice, by Mr. Sargent, and in pure landscape a small picture very admirably combining decorative value with a realistic impression of storm-swept fields by Mr. Charles Sims, R.A. Mr. S. J. Lamorna Birch comes to the front in this exhibition with his *Bickleigh Vale*, *Devonshire*, having rid his palette of that order of colour which speaks of the artist-colourman before it makes any reference to nature; and in *Primrose Song* Mr. Russell Flint expresses himself at the height of his powers, preserving to his subject the charm of the pastoral sentiment that evidently inspired it. *Penarth Head* by Mr. D. Murray Smith, with other pieces by the same artist, whom we are glad to see enrolled among the Associates of the Society: *Hullo* by Mr. Arthur Rackham, and his *Arcadians*; *Autumn in Strathway* by Mr. D. Y. Cameron, A.R.A.; the original little illustration for a work by Voltaire by Mr. J. W. North, A.R.A.; *Bignor Mill*, *Sussex*, by Mr. Oliver Hall, R.E.; *The Green Glade* by the President, Mr. Alfred Parsons, R.A., do not exhaust the list of works to which we could wish to devote more space than the bare reference to them occupies.

At the spring exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours we noticed an interesting departure made by Mr. Wynne Apperley in *Spanish Memories*. In this fanciful vein, recently adopted, he shows greater originality than in water-colours closely following the method and class of subject associated with the name of Mr. Sargent. We were also agreeably refreshed by encountering in a rather dull section of the exhibition Mr. A. J. Munnings's *Harriers in Ireland*. There were two or three other pictures by this artist not less full of animation and pictorial charm, reminding us of the old hunting-print come back to life in a new impressionist form. A *Landscape* by Mrs. Eleanor Hughes lingers in our memory, and for its skilful handling of a terrible theme Mr. Charles Dixon's illustration of

the "Anzacs" landing at V Beach. As usual, the Society of Miniaturists exhibited with the R.I., but we are afraid it must be recorded that it is unsuccessful in supporting the best traditions of the miniaturist's art. The very spirit of the art at present seems killed by the overpowering influence of the photographic ideal.

The spring exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists, now drawing to a close, stands unique among the long succession of exhibitions held by the Society since it was founded over ninety years ago, on account of the presence of a collection of works from a foreign society forming a distinct section of the exhibition. To the Society in question, the Associazione Italiana Acquatristi e Incisori, who had expressed a wish to find a locale in London for a representative display of their work, the Council of the R.B.A. gracefully conceded the whole of the large central



"ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH FROM THE GROAT MARKET, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE." AQUATINT FROM THE PAINTING BY T. M. RICHARDSON, SEN.

(Laing Art Gallery, Newcastle-upon-Tyne)

Studio-Talk

gallery, the works of their own members being confined to the smaller rooms. In this Italian collection, comprising more than two hundred prints contributed by some seventy artists, etching is the medium most in evidence. In many of the prints the influence of Mr. Brangwyn is discernible, while in a few one can see that the late Sir Alfred East's work has its admirers in Italy. On the whole the etchings leave the impression that the medium is one which has not yet become fully acclimatised there—that to many, if not indeed most, of the artists who practise it, it is a foreign language which they have learnt to speak grammatically but not idiomatically. It is otherwise however with the wood engravings, which, if fewer in number, are undoubtedly the *clou* of this show. We noted especially (among other examples worth naming did space permit) some fine prints by Adolfo de Karolis, Ettore di Giorgio, and G. Barbieri. We hope in a later number to reproduce some of the work of these artists. In the galleries containing the exhibits of members of the R.B.A. there is little if anything that can be singled out as above the usual average either of the Society itself or of particular members. Work of an interesting character is contributed by Mr. Littlejohns and Mr. Leonard Richmond, whose pastel paintings we referred to and illustrated in a recent

issue, and also by Mr. Davis Richter, Mr. T. L. Shoosmith, Mr. A. Carruthers Gould, and Mr. Alfred Hartley among others, and there are some pictures by Mr. Percy Lancaster which show that in him the Society has a recruit of much promise.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.—The Director of the Municipal Art Gallery and Museum recently brought together a remarkably interesting and valuable collection of pictures, prints, etc., illustrative of Old Newcastle and neighbourhood, and the display furnished an admirable example of war economy in connection with the administration of museums, for the whole of the exhibits, numbering nearly a thousand, were secured on loan from the public institutions and private collectors in the immediate locality at a trifling cost. Newcastle and district have played no inconsiderable part in the history of our country, and this important collection presented a valuable survey from the Roman period to the present time.

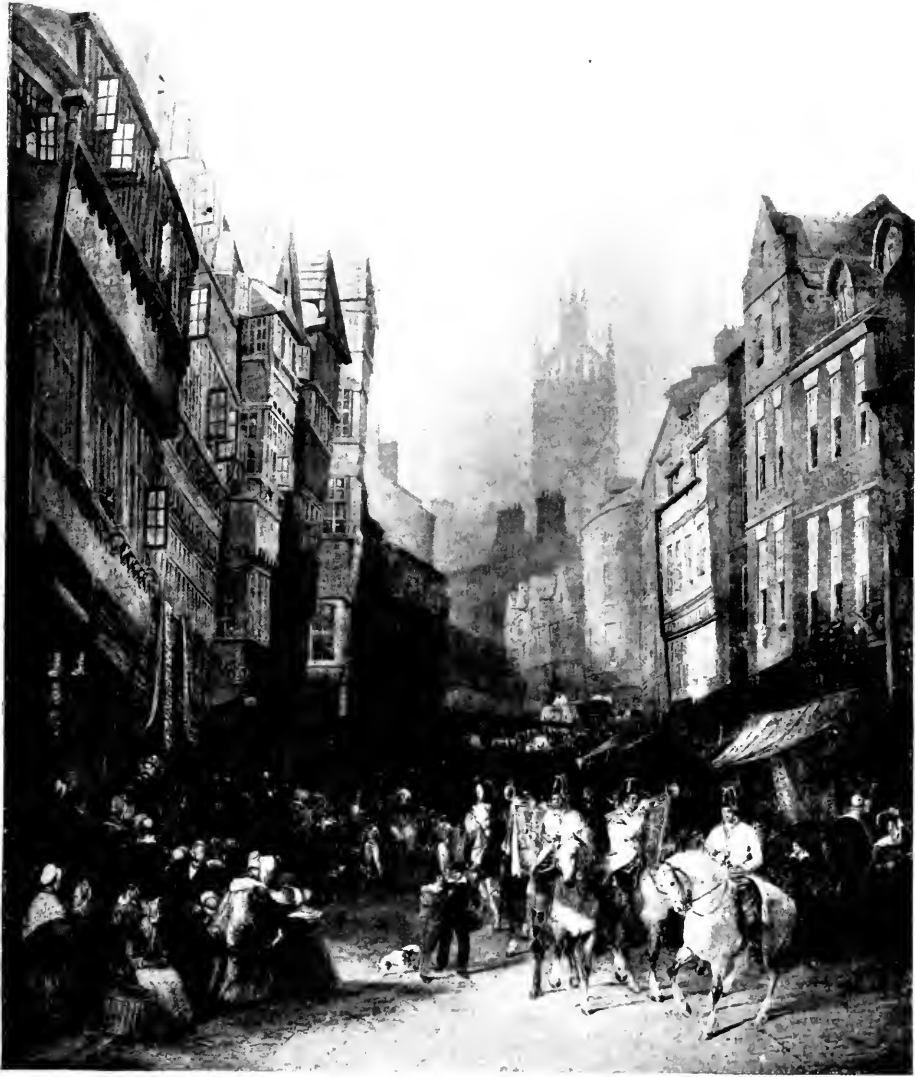
An important section of the exhibition comprised paintings in oil and water-colours by J. Hoppner, Thomas Girtin, T. M. Richardson, J. W. Carmichael, H. P. Parker, John Dobson, and many other artists of repute, recording many valuable



“VIEW OF THE RIVER TYNE, 1835”

PAINTING BY J. W. CARMICHAEL

(*Laing Art Gallery, Newcastle—Lent by Mrs. Crawhall*)



*(The property of the
Newcastle-upon-Tyne
Corporation)*

“THE SIDE, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE—
SHERIFF'S PROCESSION TO MEET THE
JUDGES.” BY T. M. RICHARDSON, SENR.



"NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, 1868"

(The property of Sir Riley Lord)

PAINTING BY NIELS M. LUND

landmarks which have disappeared, and serving to illustrate the conditions of life in the past. Included in this section were portraits of celebrities who have played a great part in the history of Newcastle, and notably such men as Stephenson, Grainger, Dobson, Bewick, Hutton, Sir Matthew White Ridley and many others whose works survive to remind us of their great genius and power.

In the Museum space was devoted to engraved portraits, views, maps, objects of historical interest, collections of Newcastle plate dating from 1664 to 1791, pottery, glass, etc., a large model of Newcastle in the sixteenth century, made by Mr. John Thorp of London and presented to the Museum by Lord Joicey and Mr. John G. Joicey; collections of local coins, medals, and seals; and examples of various kinds of safety lamp, with engravings illustrating its evolution. The naval and military section contained an important series of engraved portraits of officers of the 5th or Northumberland Fusiliers, and a collection of badges, buttons, medals, books and drawings relating to the famous "Fighting Fifth," and the Loyal Newcastle Associated Volunteer Infantry. With these exhibits there was a case containing letters written in 1805 by Admiral Lord Collingwood, and his diary for 1808. These collections formed a noteworthy feature of the exhibition. Over 6000 senior scholars attending the elementary schools of the city have taken advantage of this

unique opportunity of studying local history, and large numbers of sailors and soldiers have found intellectual relaxation in the exhibition.

BIRMINGHAM.—The Royal Birmingham Society of Artists, in common with the "Old" Water Colour Society, has lost an esteemed member by the death of John Parker, and the English water-colour school an artist of mature powers whose long professional career recalls many interesting personalities who went to make the art world of the last half-century. Mr. Parker was born in 1830 at Birmingham, and received his early artistic education in the classes then conducted by the Birmingham Society of Artists, and which have since developed into the well-known Municipal Art School. When quite a young man Mr. Parker received an appointment under the Science and Art Department to teach in the Government College at Mauritius. After some years he was appointed to the charge of St. Martin's Art School, which flourished under his direction and became a much frequented centre for art tuition. Many artists who are now members of the Royal Academy, the Old Water Colour Society, and the Royal Institute, studied under him. His private practice was mainly in water-colour, much in sympathy with the Walker and Pinwell school, maintaining in a remarkable degree the vigorous delicacy and skilful handling which distinguished his work to the last.



*(The property of Viscount Ridley.
Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs.
Mawson, Swan & Morgan)*

"SIR MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY, BT."
FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN
HOPPNER, R.A.

Studio-Talk

GLASGOW.—In 1878 the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water-Colours was founded, under the presidency of the late Sir Francis Powell, a relationship which remained unbroken for thirty-six years, and the Society has greatly stimulated and encouraged the pursuit of painting in its particular and delightful medium. At the recent Exhibition held in the McLellan Galleries, Glasgow, Alma-Tadema's virile portrait of Sir Francis, hung prominently, testified to the Society's esteem and regard for its long-time President, whose big-scaled marine picture of *Ailsa Craig*, the home of the wild sea bird, denoted the position he held amongst painters of his day.

In this exhibition, the first held under the new President, Mr. E. A. Walton, R.S.A., there were not lacking evidences of the new spirit engendered by the great crisis through which the country is passing. Characteristically and appropriately the artists agreed to abate twenty-five per cent. on all money received from the sale of pictures, for the benefit of blinded soldiers and sailors. Then, though several exhibits seemed to contradict the delicacy accredited to the Society's medium, almost challenging oil in robustness and solidity, and

others belied its purity by a superabundant imposition of body colour, there was an all-round excellence and sensitiveness and charm in the one hundred and fifty-nine works hung which must be accounted rare in an exhibition where members have a prescriptive right to representation. The grouping of the pictures, with three striking works, by the President, Mr. D. Y. Cameron, and Mr. Edwin Alexander respectively, as the central feature in each group, was on an excellent plan, and the fine galleries, draped for the nonce in ecru-coloured greenhouse canvas, formed a fitting environment for the art displayed.

Mr. E. A. Walton has created such expectation in his sensitive decorative painting, that *The Blacksmith*, in the centre of the first group, had no need of a signature as a means of identification. A Westmorland smith, typifying the energy of England; a wounded soldier; a nestling flax-haired child; a quaint inn, with white-faced masonry; a green, grass-grown court; willow trees and blue sky; a purling stream, with vapoury steam curling from the cooling wheel rim, all composed and phrased and harmonised in a manner possible only to a consummate master of decorative art—such is the Walton *Blacksmith*.



"UPLANDS IN MENTEITH"

WATER-COLOUR BY D. Y. CAMERON, A.R.E.A., A.R.S.A.

(Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water-Colours)



*(Royal Scottish Society of
Painters in Water-Colours)*

"THE BLACKSMITH"
WATER-COLOUR BY
E. A. WALTON, R.S.A., R.S.W.

Studio-Talk

The Bryony Wreath and *The Corn wain* are alike charming in their way, but *The Blacksmith* dominates by reason of its interpretive subtlety, and perhaps in some degree because of its topical character.

In the centre of the second group was placed Mr. Edwin Alexander's *Memento*, a study of a dead peacock. Mr. Alexander is on intimate terms with the feathered tribe, and he has such unerring powers of expression, such dexterity of execution, such naturalistic definition as to make one marvel. In his *Woodcock* and *Bullfinches* the artist is expressive; in *Memento* he is above all impressive. *Bullfinches* is drawn with rare artistry, the twigs, grasses, leaves, and birds are worked into a fine design, instinct with realistic feeling.

Equally distinctive, though antithetical in various ways, was Mr. D. Y. Cameron's *Uplands in Menteith*. Rarely has an artist conveyed so much with such apparently slight effort. The merest indication, the most delicate colour impression,

the faintest compositional distinction, is sufficient to convey the undulating landscape, its pattern, its promise, and its atmospheric characteristics.

In versatility, as in mastery of mediums, Mr. James Paterson is supreme. His *Still Life* was positively arresting; in draughtsmanship, in depth and purity of colour, in decorative quality, it was irresistible. Mr. R. B. Nisbet went far afield to the rarefied atmosphere of the North for subject in *Near the Cromarty Firth, Ploughing*—a great sweeping landscape, with a fresh accent, depicted by an artist who is distinguished by his faithful interpretation of Nature's phenomena in the water-colour medium. Choice of sketching ground has much to do with the success of an artist, and in this respect Mr. J. Whitelaw Hamilton is particularly happy. In *The Tweed at Coldstream* the artist has employed with effect his predilection for poetic subject, his subtle colour sense, his sympathetic intimacy with Nature's complacent moods.



"NEAR CROMARTY FIRTH, PLOUGHING"

WATER-COLOUR BY R. B. NISBET, R.S.A.

(Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water-Colours)



*(Royal Scottish Society of
Printers in Water-Colour.)*

"BULLFINCHES." WATER-COLOUR
BY EDWIN A. ALEXANDER,
A.R.S.A., R.W.S.



"THE WOOD OF OWLS." WATER-COLOUR
BY NORAH NEILSON GRAY, R.S.W.

*(Royal Scottish Society of
Painters in Water-Colour)*



*(Royal Scottish Society of
Painters in Water-Colours)*

“THE TWEED AT COLDSTREAM”
WATER-COLOUR BY J. WHITELAW
HAMILTON, A.R.S.A.

Studio-Talk

Amongst the younger members of the Society, Miss Norah Neilson Gray holds a distinctive niche. Naive, imaginative, and decorative, these are the three qualities that make her work acceptable. In *The Wood of Ozels* there is a fine fancy, a bewitching delicacy that could surely only come from the hand and by the touch of sensitive woman. A small work by Mr. Charles Napier, one of the younger men, claimed special attention. His *Farm at Dolphinton* expressed the spirit of country life, conveyed the open-air feeling, with a fidelity and reticence that often come only with long and ripe experience. Then there were some Scottish landscapes, poetically expressed, by Mr. A. K. Brown, a master of the art; Highland transcriptions by Mr. Tom Hunt, faithfully recorded by an artist intimately familiar with every feature of his subject; sea, and river, and Continental pieces by Mr. R. W. Allan, thoughtfully and masterfully rendered by this painter of wide experience and rare ability; contemplative themes by Mr. Ewan Geddes, sensitively expressed; decorative renderings by Mr. Charles Mackie and Mr. Charles Oppenheimer respectively; architectural studies by Mr. J. Hamilton Mackenzie and Mr. A. B. M'Kechnie; and marine interpretations by Mr. Patrick Downie.

Amongst the portrait and figure-studies those by Mr. Henry W. Kerr, Mr. P. A. Hay, Mr. James Riddel, and Mr. John P. Downie claimed attention: and there were some effective flower-pieces by Miss Katherine Cameron, Miss Constance Walton, Miss Agnes M. Raeburn, and Miss Annie D. Muir. The exhibition also gave opportunity for a further study of the genius of two lately deceased members in a fine architectural interior by Mr. James G. Laing, and one of those animated market-places by

Mr. R. M. G. Coventry, in which the geniality characteristic of the gifted artist is revealed.

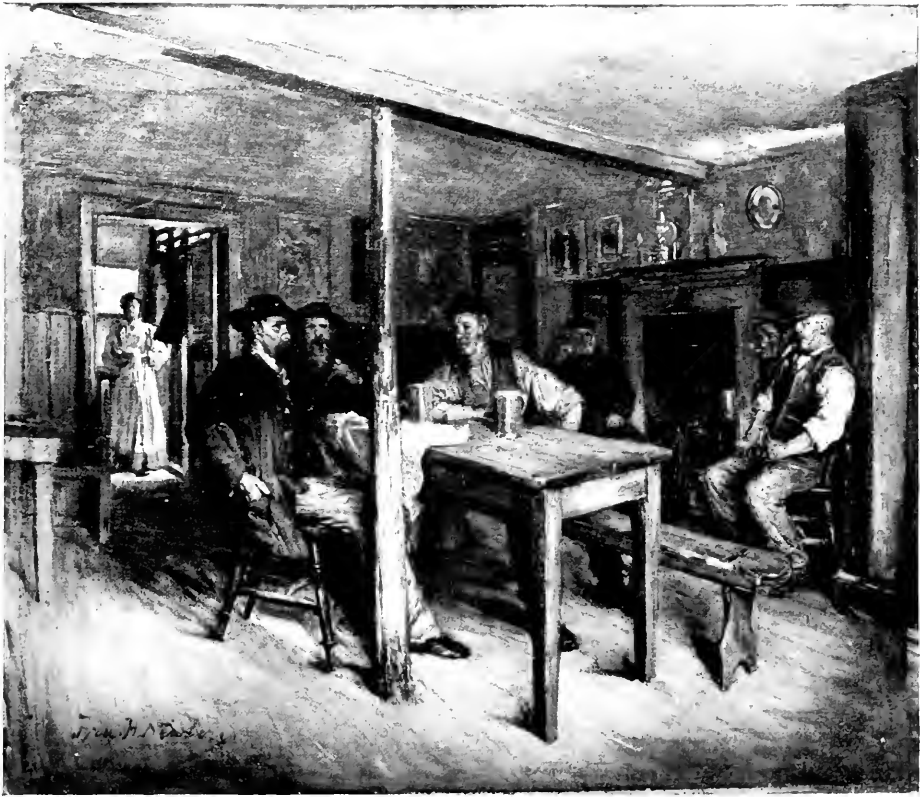
Glasgow School of Art is a centre of many activities, and its able Director is restless in the cause and service of Art. Mr. F. H. Newbery has long held that the art teacher is at a disadvantage by lack of University recognition, and he has laboured unceasingly to bring about affiliation between the School and the University; but alas! the outlook of University Professors in regard to Art is restricted, and so the scheme has not materialised. The founding of the Artist Teachers' Exhibition Society, while in no sense antagonistic to the University scheme, provides immediate stimulus and encouragement to the art teacher, and establishes a medium for making his work known. The constitution of the society is wide enough to admit to membership executive



"ELIZABETH"

(Artist Teachers' Exhibition, Glasgow)

BY ANDREW LAW



"THE COACH AND HORSES"

(Artist Teachers' Exhibition, Glasgow)

OIL PAINTING BY FRA. H. NEWBERY

teachers of painting, sculpture, architecture, graving, and decoration, and many of the distinguished artists of the day are already enrolled.

The fourth exhibition of this society open to all art teachers was held recently at the School of Art and comprised one hundred and fifty works, all given by the artists for the benefit of a War charity fund; admission was free, the exhibits were distributed on Art Union principles, and the sale of tickets was phenomenal. The hanging committee, while doing their work creditably, indulged in a daring experiment, such as might only be expected from the most modern of art societies, by coating the back boards at this exhibition in full-toned lilac colour. The first visual sensation was startling, and when the mind tried to concentrate on the pictures the eye was distracted, and afterwards, as memory recalled some striking

exhibit, it would become inextricably mixed up with lilac hue, its characteristic qualities would be discounted. It is but fair to add, however, that the lilac background, temporary in character, was much appreciated by many artists, exhibitors, and others.

But this apart, there was much to arrest attention on the walls. Interest centred in *The Coach and Horses* by Mr. Newbery, a clever handling of a difficult subject, in which the lighting effect is successfully carried into the furthest recesses of the big inn parlour; in *A Winter Landscape* by Mr. R. W. Allan, an open-air transcription of the dreariness of a Northern winter's day; and in *Elizabeth*, by Mr. Andrew Law, a charming study of young womanhood, fresh, sensitive, and tonally pleasing. Other striking contributions were *The Washing* by Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen, a turbulently



ALTAR-FRONTAL DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY MARY S. NEWILL
(Needlecraft Exhibition, Glasgow School of Art)

coloured figure and architectural subject, conveying an idea of hastiness in execution; *A Norfolk Sketch* by Mr. Robert McGregor, a character-study of a robust peasant type which this *doyen* amongst Scottish artists has made his own special field of investigation; and two water-colour drawings, conspicuous in subtlety and charm: *The White Goats* by Mr. E. A. Walton, and *A Sketch in Galloway* by Mr. Edwin Alexander.

Sir Frank Short contributed a striking etching, *The Strolling Players*; Mr. Cayley Robinson sent a characteristic drawing, *The Star-Gazers*; Mr. Philip Zilleken was represented by an etching entitled *On the Maas*; Mr. D. Forrester Wilson by a portrait study of *Youth*; and Mrs. Newbery by a water-colour drawing of *The Manor House*. Interest also gathered around a set of four pastel drawings, executed in the trenches close to the German lines, by Mr. Hugh C. Wilson, a Cameron Highlander. They were important enough as an art contribution, but their great significance lay in their direct evidence of the unshakable nerve of the boys at the Front. There were also examples of sculpture, miniature-painting, pottery, jewellery, beaten metal work,

and embroidery, making altogether a comprehensive exhibition worthy of the distinguished artists represented and of the great school in which it was held.
J. T.

Without doubt one of the most interesting collections of ancient and modern embroidery and needlecraft that have been brought together outside of any museum solely

devoted to that craft was that which during the past few weeks has been on view at the Glasgow School of Art, thanks to the careful organisation of the Director, Mr. Fra. H. Newbery, and the governors of the School. Even a hasty glance at the many exhibits at once proved its marked



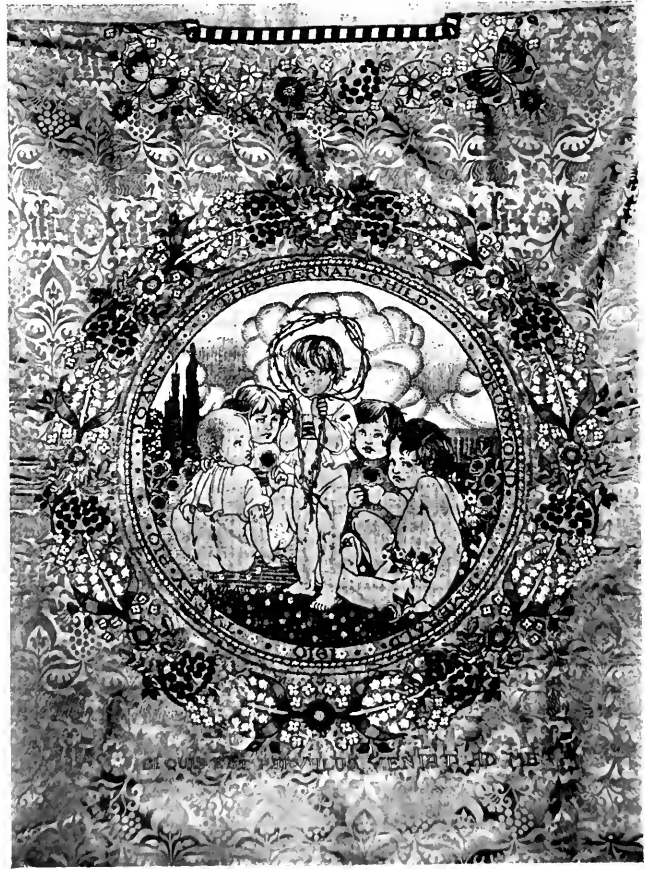
EMBROIDERED DALMATIAC OF BLUE BROCADE, WITH BORDER AND MEDALLION OF LINEN, DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY CHRISTINE D. SICKERT
(Needlecraft Exhibition, Glasgow School of Art)



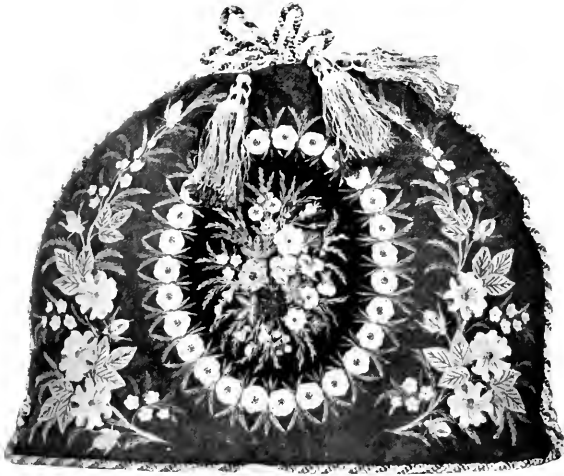
should have found in the recent exhibition few other than genuine specimens of the past along with a number of rare examples of present-day work was therefore rather surprising.

Throughout the various exhibits of elementary and advanced pupils were to be found many charming designs and essays in craftsmanship in which the character and personality of the worker had not been lost in extreme technicalities, and with them

superiority in comparison with similar Continental displays. That such an exhibition should have been organised and held in Glasgow is especially interesting when one recalls the energetic enthusiasm shown by Mrs. Newbery as long ago as 1894 by her formation of an embroidery class when the school was then situated in less palatial buildings in 3 Rose Street. In the best work shown by past and present pupils her spirited influence in design, colour and thought was clearly manifest as the dominant note. Design, in those early days in Glasgow, had to contend with much commercial opposition, and with few exceptions no enterprise was shown by firms whose status could easily have withstood the lack of encouragement—one notable exception being the firm of Wylie & Lockhead, whose staff of designers were free to display an untrammelled interest in any progressive decorative movement. That one



DETAILS OF DAI MATIC ILLUSTRATED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE



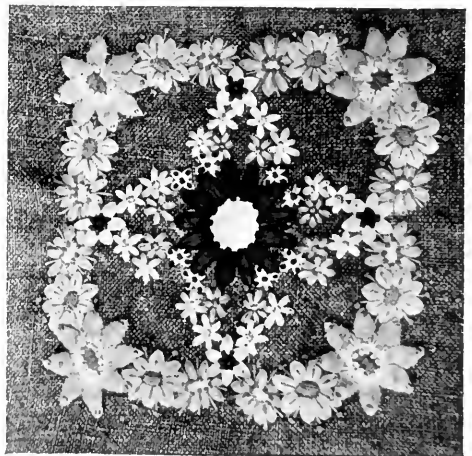
APPLIQUÉ COSY (FRENCH)
 (Needlecraft Exhibition, Glasgow School of Art—
 Lent by Mrs. Brown of Kilmacolin)

were some remarkable examples of work by their chief instructor, Miss Ann Macbeth. The exhibition, too, provided abundant scope for comparison. Charming examples from Royal Households, unique private collections, and various art schools were all judiciously arranged. Priestly vestments, altar-cloths, and other embroideries pertaining to the Church formed a rare galaxy of colour. Amongst the more modern examples a dalmatic of blue brocade, designed and executed by Mrs. Christine D. Sickert, was particularly attractive. Its medallions of linen embroidered with portraits of children completed a distinctly fascinating robe. Worthy, too, of careful study for its marvellous skill, the little round panel *Richard Cœur de Lion*, embroidered by Madame Elise Prioleau from the design by Jessie M. King, was uncommonly distinguished. Amongst other interesting examples of embroidery incorporating the figure was a child's bedspread, with an angel centre and lily surround, designed by Miss Helen Gorrie and executed by Mrs. W. Inglis, its delightful motive being one well calculated to charm the slumbers of some fortunate little one. Quaintly interesting, too, was a pair of christening gloves on a cushion of pink silk with small pearl at each corner, embroidered by Miss May Morris from a design by Mr. Charles Ricketts. Some cushion covers by Miss Mary Newbery were at once arresting by their thoughtful use and harmony of material. Mention must also

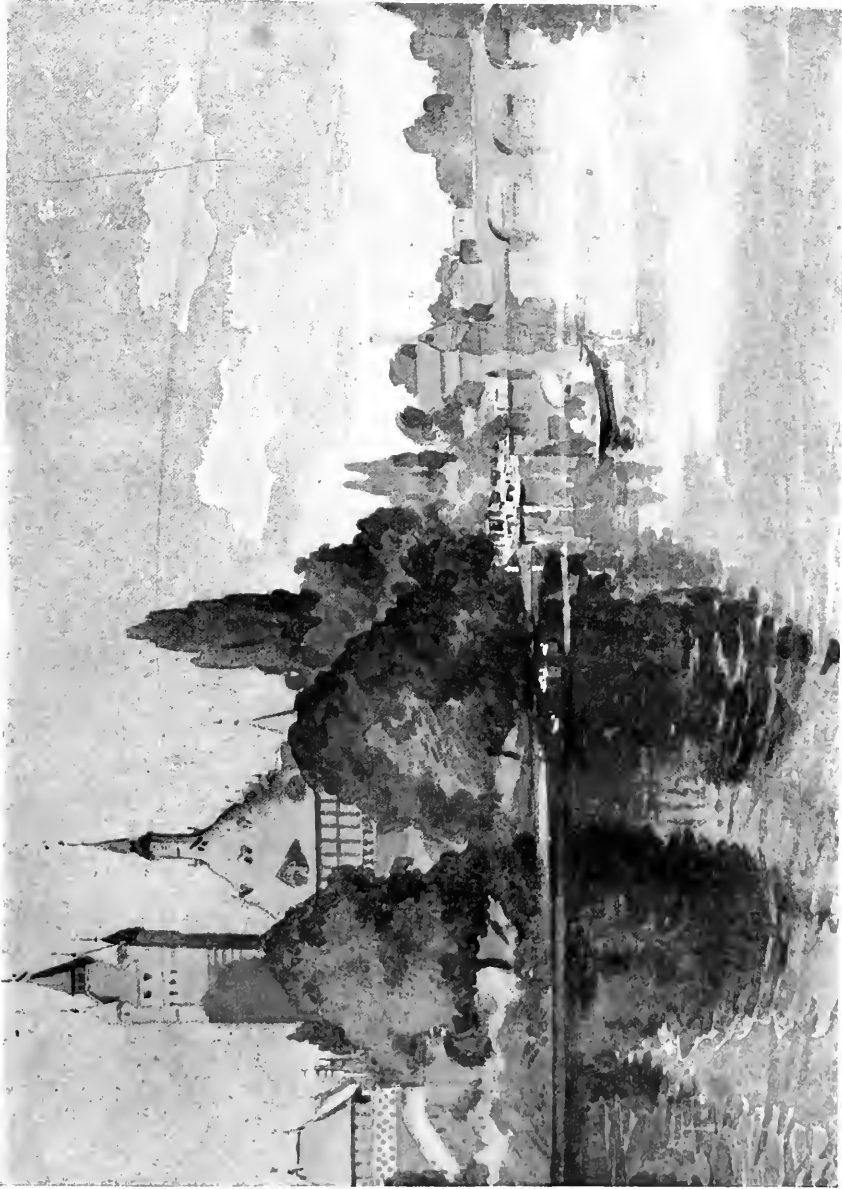
be made of the various rag-mats designed and executed to avoid dirt and dust by Mrs. Thomson. Instead of the rags being passed through the canvas ground and left loose in the usual manner, the strips of material are passed up and down through the ground each time in a series of wave-like folds. There was a varied display of samplers, and peasant art figured conspicuously throughout the exhibition, including capital examples of old Ayrshire lace, caps and shawls. E. A. T.

NORTH WALES. — Miss Budig A. Pughe, whose water-colour of *The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon*, we reproduce opposite, has travelled far and wide in search of subject since she

studied at the Liverpool School of Art under Mr. Finnie, but no place has evoked her sympathies more deeply than the little Warwickshire town on the banks of the Avon, as testified by many drawings she has made of its buildings and scenery. The work of this Welsh artist is often to be seen at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, and also at the Royal Academy, the Royal Institute, and other important exhibitions in London and elsewhere.



CUSHION
 BY CATHARINE OLIVER
 (Needlecraft Exhibition, Glasgow School of Art)



"THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE,
STRATFORD-ON-AVON." FROM A WATER-
COLOUR BY BUDY G. A. PUGHE.



TORONTO.—The Canadian Art Club was formed eight years ago, chiefly with a view to inducing the small and growing coterie of Canadian painters who had won an established position in other lands to "come home": that is to say, to exhibit their newest works in their native country and to take an active interest in its artistic progress. Its further purpose was to gather together resident men who had "found themselves," so to speak, who had developed a definitive individuality and had passed the stage when they could be described by that adjective which is frequently used in mere courtesy—"promising." The fastidiousness with which the Club's membership was chosen and which has characterised the decisions of its hanging committee from year to year has not escaped censure, but from year to year the Committee has escaped the temptation of trying to make a large showing, and has contented itself with the presentation of a comparatively small number of works really deserving of serious consideration.

The Club's most recent exhibition was the best that has been held since the brilliant inaugural

display in 1908, and the soundness of execution in nearly every picture, the individuality of style and vision, the atmosphere of sound and ripe attainment, made it a subject of pride to native Canadians, who wish their country to stand in the eyes of the world for something more than wheat and marvellous development in the matter of transportation. It had moreover a topical importance for the general public, because it afforded them a sight of the three large canvases painted by Mr. Homer Watson, R.C.A., the first president of the Club, by order of the Dominion Government, as permanent records of the training at Valcartier Camp, Quebec, of the first Canadian Overseas Contingent. More in keeping, however, with the general purposes of the Club, which aims at the exhibition of works painted from a primary artistic impulse and not to order, were some of the smaller canvases of this painter, who has long been noted for his intensity of feeling and his strength of brushwork in the treatment of landscape.

No pictures in the display were better worthy of study than eight canvases from the brush of Mr. Ernest Lawson, a Canadian now resident in New



"SUGAR BUSH IN AUTUMN"

(Canadian Art Club)

BY A. SUZOR COTÉ

Studio-Talk

York, whose work attracted much attention in American exhibitions last year. Mr. Lawson makes one feel, as do few other painters, the thrill that pure sunlight imparts. There is something ecstatic and mystical in his feeling for light playing on large vistas. His subjects are not definitely Canadian, but the environment in which he works in climatic characteristics so resembles that of Eastern Canada that his artistic emotions readily appeal to his fellow-countrymen. What he feels he has the technique to express brilliantly. His composition is decorative in style, but it also in every picture gives the effect of something actually seen. Mr. Arthur Crisp, another Canadian living in New York, was represented by several charming decorative pieces, somewhat after the manner of the brilliant American painter Frieseke. The work of Mr. Crisp, it may be noted in passing, won a good deal of attention at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco.

The present President of the Club, Mr. Horatio

Walker, is also a venerated figure in the National Academy of the United States, although he was born in the province of Ontario and has his studio on the Island of Orleans, Quebec. His chief offering was *Lime Burners at Night*, a heavily painted picture, remarkable for its depth. Mr. Walker delights in deep green tones, and contrasted with these were subtle effects of moonlight in the background, and the red sparkle of the kiln in the foreground—the whole giving a dramatic and mysterious quality to the picture.

The Club did a great service when it induced Mr. J. W. Morrice, a native of Montreal but long a resident of Paris, to exhibit once more in his native land. On this occasion he sent several pieces which expressed that dreamy detachment in feeling, that soothing and mellow colour vision which distinguish most of his later works. The sober yet lovely tones of his picture *Market Place, St. Malo*, had an appeal not easily expressed in words. The characteristic poetry of his style was



"A VILLAGE STREET"

(Canadian Art Club)

BY A. SUZOR COTÉ



*(Canadian Art Club.—By courtesy
of Norman Mackenzie, Esq., K.C.)*

"SUNDOWN"
BY ARCHIBALD BROWNE

Studio-Talk

also shown in his rendering of such a familiar subject with painters as *Doge's Palace, Venice. Westminster, London*, a sketch rubbed in with a few elementary colours, showed that back of Mr. Morrice's shadowy definitions, there is mastery of the basic craft of drawing.

One of the most versatile of Canadian painters is Mr. Franklin Brownell of Ottawa. In the past Mr. Brownell has been noted for the brilliance and harmony of his colour arrangements in depicting West Indian scenes. Though he has not abandoned this field, where he has spent much of his time, he showed that he was equally happy in the rendering of typical Canadian woodland in his canvas *In Junc*, while in *Habitants Watering Horses* he depicted felicitously another aspect of Canadian life.

The woodlands and the inland lakes of Canada have no more poetic interpreter than Mr. J. Archibald Browne, whose canvases almost invariably combine harmony of arrangement with tenderness of colouring and smoothness of brush-

work. *Sundown* lingered in the memory of all who saw it because of these qualities, and in another canvas, *After Rain*, he conveyed inimitably and poetically the effect of moisture rising from the earth.

Mr. William Brymner, C.M.G., of Montreal, President of the Royal Canadian Academy, is a sterling painter who is usually represented by a variety of soundly painted subjects. At this exhibition an excursion into the nude, showing a recumbent figure sleeping, won much approval not only because of the admirable flesh painting and suggestion of repose in the relaxed muscles, but of the felicitous colour arrangement in the surroundings. Mr. Maurice Cullen of Montreal, a most gifted painter of Canadian winter scenes, particularly distinguished himself by his pastel *Solitude*, showing the reflection of trees on an ice-bound stream in opalescent tones, contrasted with the dun of the plantation.

The brilliant French Canadian painter, Mr. Suzor Coté, was represented only by diminutive



"SOLITUDE"

(Canadian Art Club)

BY MAURICE CULLEN



(Canadian Art Club)

"HABITANTS WATERING HORSES"
BY FRANKLIN BROWNELL

Studio-Talk

pieces, yet in *A Village Street, Quebec—Winter*, he showed that individual vision in the matter of colour and mellow charm which at all times characterises him. A painter of somewhat similar inspiration is Mr. W. E. Atkinson of Toronto, whose studies in low tones are good things to live with and who is a prolific worker. The best of his many canvases was *January Thaw*, at once decorative and thoroughly realistic. Mr. H. Ivan Neilson of Quebec is another man habitually rich in colour and harmonious in his patterns. Especially good was *Sandy Point, St. Lawrence*, in which the suggestion of wind on waves was intimately conveyed.

Mr. A. Curtis Williamson of Toronto, though he is a slow and meticulous worker, is perhaps the best portrait painter in Canada. He rarely exhibits, and his *Portrait of an Old Lady* was therefore doubly welcome. It showed an exquisite psychological analysis of every wrinkle and shadow of expression on the aged face, and the eyes had a peculiarly tender and haunting quality.

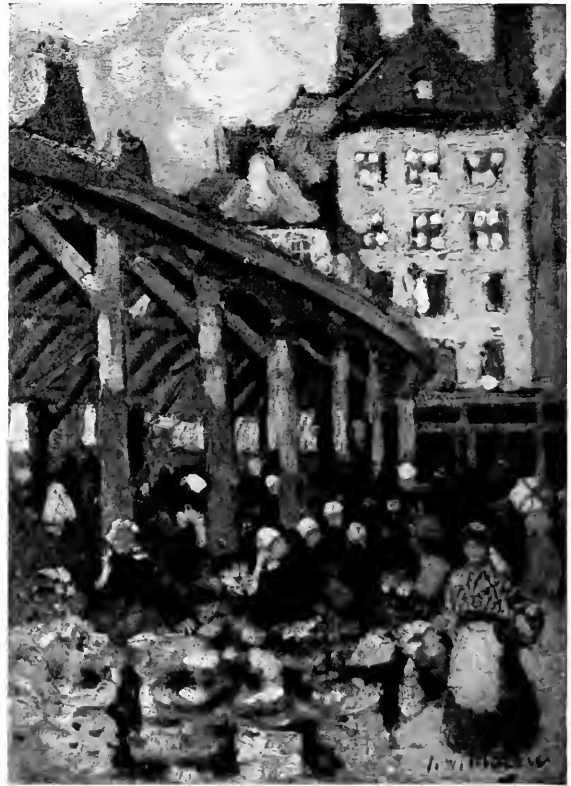
Britishers know much more of the later work of Mr. J. Kerr Lawson of Chelsea than do his fellow-countrymen, and it was a special pleasure to get a glimpse of several of his exquisite lithographs, the fame of which had already crossed the Atlantic.

H. C.

MOSCOW.—Those who ascribe to art the task of mirroring in rapid succession the important events of the times would on visiting the recent exhibition of the "Soyouz" (the Union of Russian Artists) have experienced a severe disappointment. Of the World War which now for more than a year and a half has disturbed our social and intellectual life to its very depths there was no trace, and indeed in its external aspect it differed scarcely at all from the exhibitions of previous years. Not a single battle picture, nor a single motive, in fact, emanating from the field of operations, the barracks or the hospitals

with their tragic tales of suffering, and the sole portrayal of the Russian soldier was an expressive statuette in wood by W. Massiutin, who, though known best as an etcher, has in this work proved himself to be an equally talented sculptor.

Apart from this single exception the display of the "Soyouz" this year presented very much the same appearance as it was wont to in peace times. Russian landscape was perhaps more prominent than in recent years, a circumstance which gave to the exhibition a certain monotony, all the more apparent because the members of the Union who were represented by works of this class had very little that was new to offer, and for the most part claimed attention merely by the evidence of mature technical accomplishment which their work afforded. Amongst the most successful of them was N. Krymoff, with his verdant symphonies of bright



"THE MARKET PLACE, ST. MALO"

(Canadian Art Club)

BY J. W. MORRICE



"A BLUE DAY, WINTER"
BY KONSTANTIN YUON

(Union of Russian Artists, Moscow)



"IN THE PARK"
BY I. BRODSKY

(Union of Russian Artists, Moscow)

Studio-Talk

summer days, but these were really only variations of motives already treated, and a fresher note was perceptible in some small studies contributed by this capable landscape painter. A. Ryloff again evoked admiration as a true poet of nature and a portrayer of the stern, virile north of Russia, especially in his decorative painting, *Morning Dawn*, in which the dark silhouettes of fir-trees stand out with striking effect against a sky of shimmering greenish hue.

Of numerous works exhibited by Konstantin Yuon, a broadly conceived landscape *Winter* should be particularly mentioned; it depicts with intense realism one of those frosty, sunny days with deep blue shadows falling on the white expanse of snow, which are at once the joy and pride of the all too long Russian winter. By the side of the artists just named, all of them born masters of the art of painting, the impression created by I. Brodsky was a little insipid, yet a quite distinct individuality continually reveals itself in his almost linear method of painting and in the minutiae elaboration of his landscape motives. It is a pity that Brodsky, instead of turning out so much and frequently repeating himself, does not bestow more thought on a narrower range of production.

In the midst of this sea of landscapes the figure compositions at the "Soyouz" merely formed so many islands, and most of them were of course portraits. S. Maliutin, who showed several portraits of men, among them one of the painter Victor Vasnetsov, appears to have already elaborated a certain formula for himself, which from an artistic point of view is not particularly interesting. L. Pasternak,

on the other hand, made a very favourable appearance on this occasion, especially notable being his portraits of a beautiful woman of Oriental type and that of an elderly gentleman of the Moscow mercantile world, while his large and not quite finished canvas, *Congratulation*, was almost the only painting in the exhibition in which a problem of considerable complexity appeared to have been assailed. This work, a life-size group of youths and girls bearing gifts for presentation to an elder of the family, displayed fine pictorial qualities and the rhythm of its lines was especially striking. Mention should also be made of a portrait drawing by Mlle. K. Goldinger representing a well-known Moscow actress in the costume of one of Turgenieff's plays, and of a large religious



PORTRAIT OF Mlle. KORENEFF

BY Mlle. K. GOLDINGER

(*Union of Russian Artists, Moscow*)



"MORNING DAWN"

(*Union of Russian Artists, Moscow*)

BY A. RYLOFF

composition by Victor Vasnetsov,* with whose work readers of this magazine are familiar, but this unfortunately did not reach the level of the painter's earlier achievements.

This year's exhibition of the group known as the "Mir Isskousstva" (the World of Art) once more proved that in its essence this society is in a state of continuous evolution, as a result of which the character of its exhibitions is more and more subject to change. Amongst the founders of the group two were altogether absent on this occasion, namely, A. Benois and N. Roehrich, while Konstantin Somoff was represented only by a quite

* Apropos of the article by Dr. Hagberg Wright on Vasnetsov's wall-paintings in Kiev Cathedral, which appeared in our issue of January last, we are asked to state that two of the paintings reproduced as the work of that artist, namely *The Crucifixion* and *Christ's Entry into Jerusalem*, were not painted by him but by P. A. Svedomsky. In common with Dr. Wright, who was under a misapprehension regarding the authorship of these paintings, we regret the error.—THE EDITOR.

insipid portrait-drawing, and Mme. Ostroumova-Lebedeff merely by variations of earlier work. E. Lanceray and M. Dobuzkinsky exhibited numerous drawings from the Russian Front—those of the former from the Caucasus, and the latter's from the European field of operations—but for the most part their interest was purely illustrative.

The features of chief interest in this display emanated from two members of the Petrograd section, B. Kustodieff and K. Petroff-Vodkin, and the latter especially, with his more than life-size Madonna picture, reaped great *clat*. In this work the artist's attempt to combine the style of the Old Russian ikon with a modern mode of pictorial treatment must be regarded as entirely successful, and it was a religious painting in the truest sense that here confronted the spectator. The red and green of the Madonna's garment struck a particularly agreeable note, and the artist's penchant for painting heads larger than life-size did not in this case arouse any of that dissent which his life-studies have often called forth. B. Kustodieff's great technical ability was



(“*Mir Isskousstva*,” Moscow)

PORTRAIT OF A BOY
BY N. ULIANOFF



"A MOSCOW MERCHANT'S WIFE"
BY B. KUSTODIEFF
(*"Mir Isskousstva," Moscow*)

again effectively displayed in the life-size figure of a typical Russian merchant's wife and an entirely nude "beauty" more or less of a type that appeals to the Russian middle-class civilian. In spite of their good qualities and certain masterly painted details, both works failed to carry conviction of the working of a strong temperament, and as compositions they suffered from the undue accentuation of the backgrounds. Kustodieff's beautiful designs for stage decorations were greatly admired.

Amongst the Moscow artists two representatives

of the left wing of this school, I. Mashkoff and P. Konchalovsky, figured at the "Mir Isskousstva" exhibition with works characteristic of their particular bent, as also did M. Saryan and P. Kusnetsoff, whose numerous Oriental motives fascinated by their original notes of colour. Eloquence of expression and rhythm of line distinguished N. Ulianoff's portrait of a boy (here reproduced), one of several portrait studies in colour which this artist exhibited. On the other hand, the landscapes and still-life pieces of Igor Grabar, who made a reappearance at this exhibition after an absence of several years, left a rather cold impression.

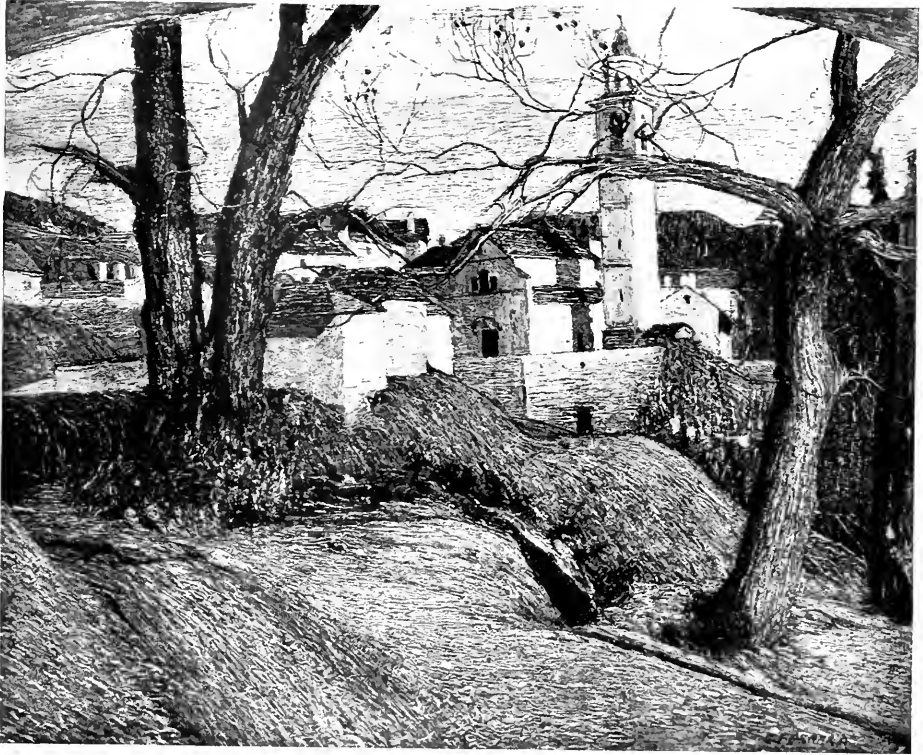
As usual at the "Mir Isskousstva" displays the graphic art section was abundantly supplied. Amongst the book decorators and illustrators I would name particularly S. Tchekonin, who exhibited some very fine pages and some miniatures executed in enamel, and P. Charlemagne, while of the silhouettes of Mlle. Kruglikova I have already spoken on a previous occasion (see April number, pp. 208-9). Boris Grigorieff and N. Tyrsa both gave evidence of talented draughtsmanship and marked individuality, and amongst the sculptors some interesting work by I. Koort, I. Yefimoff, and S. Mezentseff was to be seen. P. E.



"MADONNA"

(*"Mir Isskousstva," Moscow*)

BY K. PETROFF-VODKIN



"JANVIER RADIEUX"

(International Gallery, Venice)

BY CARLO FORNARA

MILAN.—In the galleries of the Society of Fine Arts, commonly known as "La Permanente," there was recently held a collective exhibition of the works of Gaetano Previati and Carlo Fornara, two artists of indisputable merit, though neither of them has enjoyed here in Milan the recognition due to him. Among the pictures of Previati in this collective exhibition the principal interest centred in the middle panel of a large triptych on the completion of which the painter is now engaged, representing *The Battle of Legnano, A.D. 1176*, a work of great importance, marking, perhaps, that revival of historical painting on which the artist has set his mind; the academic conventions which have brought this kind of painting into disrepute find no place in it but are replaced by an extraordinary feeling of modernity and sincere emotion. The exhibition also contained a number of the artist's religious pictures which have been on view in many parts of the world, among others at the Italian Exhibition in London some five years ago.

Carlo Fornara is a landscape painter of a quite different type from Previati, but equally important. He, too, has had to wait for recognition in his country; here in Milan indeed the art public did not begin to appreciate him at his proper worth until after he had exhibited with success in foreign countries. It was in fact only his "one-man" show at Venice two years ago that saved him from the same fate as Segantini. Fornara's works at the "Permanente" are the best things he has done, and they are very striking in their freshness and vivacity of colour; light holds sway in them and their drawing is impeccable. Such are the *Coucher du Soleil*, the *Matin sur les Alpes*, *Fin d'Automne en Val Maggia*, *Janvier Radieux*, and *Fontanalba*, with its admirable rendering of light. Fornara's work recalls Segantini, and indeed he is the direct descendant and sole disciple of the great master of the Engadine. Like his famous predecessor he has an ardent love for the mountains and has successfully conveyed their mysterious charm.

A. C. T.



(*"Permanente," Milan*)

"FONTANALBA"
BY CARLO FORNARA

Reviews and Notices

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

The Appeal of the Picture. By F. C. TILNEY. (London and Toronto: Dent.) 6s. net.—In this volume the author examines principles in picture-making, illustrating his points from well-known pictures and by diagrams. "The pictorial photographer," he says, "often becomes a much better artist than many an art-student of the schools who has been pitchforked into his course of training, partly on the strength of some ill-judged childish attempt, and partly by the greed of the schools for scholars. It is from both these classes that picture-makers come, and it is to both that this book is offered in the hope that its arguments will prove profitable." We are not friendly to the encouragement of picture-making, except by artists, and as regards the pictorial photographer, we believe that there are laws accounting for successful artistic photographs which are not to be discovered in paintings, and that photography is suffering from a want of faith in its own character and from the continual reference to the art of painting for its laws. But having said so much, we commend this book alike to painters, photographers, and lovers of pictures. The author will, however, allow us to dissent from the conclusions drawn in the last chapter, in which he condemns the conscious employment of a naïve outline in decorative illustration. As he says, "the word decorative written up over things is supposed to disarm criticism," but he misses the point that avoidance of naturalness may bring decorative embellishment into closer agreement of style with text, and into conformity with the circumstances in which a composition is seen when it is on a flat page at but a little distance from the eye. Satirical imitations of such style in "Punch" are treated by the author as if they were of the same value as the thing they "take off," but in no case can we remember them exhibiting the sensitive autographic charm on which all such license with line depends for its appeal.

Decorative Design: A Text-book of Practical Methods. By Joseph Cummings Chase. (New York: J. Wiley & Sons; London: Chapman & Hall.) 6s. 6d. net.—This text-book, embodying the results of some years' experience in teaching and designing, is what it professes to be—practical. Students who contemplate embarking on what is called the "commercial" kind of art will find here many valuable hints as to the treatment of designs of various kinds, such as posters and advertisements generally, book covers and jackets, and so forth, as well as lettering, and there is some

good advice as to materials and a list of books worth consulting. The notes are accompanied by numerous illustrations.

The Medici Society has through its publisher, Mr. Lee Warner, now completed the issue of the ten volumes of Mr. Gaston de Vere's translation of Vasari's *Lives of the Painters, Sculptors, and Architects*, the tenth volume (25s. net) containing besides an index to that volume a general index of the craftsmen mentioned in the work as a whole. The Society announces that owing to circumstances arising out of the war progress with the projected series of volumes embodying a complete Apparatus Criticus, epitomising the results of modern criticism and research into the entire subject matter of the *Lives*, has been interrupted, but all who are interested in this project are invited to communicate their names to Mr. Lee Warner.

The seventh annual volume of *Art Prices Current*, edited by G. Ingram Smyth, and recently issued by "The Fine Art Trade Journal" (31s. 6d.), contains in order of date a record of all the pictures, drawings, and prints sold at Christie's during the season beginning in October 1913 and ending on July 30, 1914, the prices realised being stated in each case. Included also are all the more important sales of the same class of works by Messrs. Sotheby and Messrs. Puttick & Simpson. The Index occupies some 250 pages or thereabouts, and as the titles as well as names of artists are here repeated it is a very easy matter to trace a work sold at those well-known establishments. Great care has been bestowed on the compilation.

The new issue of *The Year's Art* (Hutchinson & Co., 5s. net) contains the usual information brought up to date on a multitude of matters relating to art institutions, and the various ways in which the war has affected the course of events of which this useful annual takes cognisance are reflected in this issue. In the directory of all workers, which fills some 150 pages, the names of those who have joined the Forces are indicated by a distinguishing mark.

Mr. W. S. Williamson, who recently migrated from Taunton to London, has issued a book containing numerous original designs of useful articles for Art Wood Carving, set out on nine sheets, each containing instructions for carving, working drawings, directions for making-up, and other explanatory matter. The designs are of a character which a student without any extensive training can work out and if need be vary by himself. The price of the set of sheets is 5s. 9d. post free from Mr. Williamson's Studio, 404c Fulham Road, S.W.

The Lay Figure

THE LAY FIGURE: ON THE IMPORTANCE OF LITTLE THINGS.

"I AM afraid that there is in existence a considerable misconception about what is desirable for the proper encouragement of art," said the Art Critic. "People seem to have very vague ideas on the subject, and to be quite uncertain what they ought to do."

"People in this country always have had vague ideas about art," sighed the Young Artist. "There is hardly anyone who understands it or takes it seriously."

"Well, is not art itself rather a vague thing?" asked the Plain Man. "I know that you think me a hopeless idiot when I offer any opinions on artistic questions, but really I can find nothing of practical importance, nothing to lay hold of, in them."

"And you are nothing if not practical!" interposed the Man with the Red Tie. "Oh, we all know your attitude towards existence and we are prepared to make allowances for your obvious limitations."

"But I do not want to make allowances for limitations which cramp the activities of other people," cried the Young Artist. "On the contrary I resent them, and I say they ought to be got rid of. The business man is the enemy of art, because with his limited intelligence and narrow outlook he cannot grasp either its meaning or its importance."

"It is, as you have just heard, because he can find in it nothing that corresponds to his notion of what is practical," commented the Man with the Red Tie.

"Ah, yes! That is just the point," broke in the Critic. "The business man's imagination is bounded always by a balance-sheet, and his profit and loss account forms his horizon. He cannot conceive an idea which goes beyond these boundaries, and he dismisses as unpractical everything that cannot be handled by the clerks in his counting-house."

"But surely that is the right attitude for the business man to take up," argued the Plain Man. "He has to deal with the realities of life, with the little everyday details, if you like to put it in that way, and he has no time to spare for the fanciful abstractions which seem big things to other people."

"They do not *seem* big things, they *are* big," declared the Young Artist. "They are the things

which determine the national character and are of paramount importance in directing the development of the country."

"That is so," agreed the Critic. "But the big things can to a very great extent take care of themselves—their bigness will carry them through. What I want the business man to appreciate is that art enters intimately into the little things of life and comes therefore definitely within the scope of his limitations."

"How can it enter into my life?" asked the Plain Man. "I am not an art dealer and I do not buy and sell art objects."

"Are you sure about that?" answered the Critic. "You are a trader and you handle many things in the production of which a great deal of artistic ingenuity is displayed. In that sense you are certainly an art dealer, and it is your duty to see that the art in which you deal is of the best possible quality."

"Ah! That comes as a shock to you," laughed the Man with the Red Tie. "You see, you have been touching the unclean thing after all, and didn't know it."

"But surely you are joking when you say that the odds and ends which the trader handles are art objects," expostulated the Plain Man. "They are ordinary articles of commerce; how can they be artistic?"

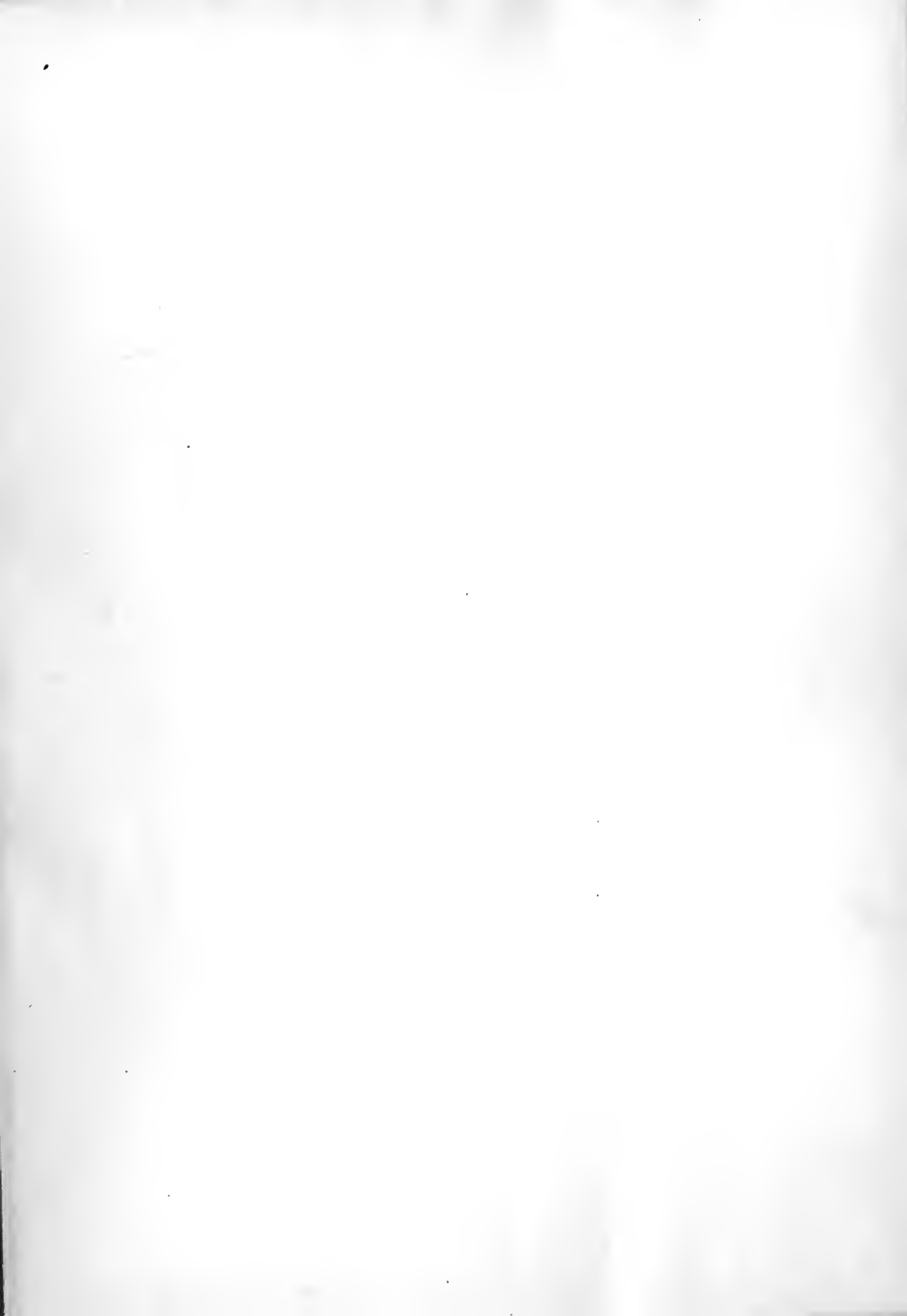
"Because every article, no matter how small and trivial it may appear to be, is an art product if in the making of it artistic skill is required," returned the Critic. "These little things are of the utmost importance in the general scheme of art production, and the more their artistic significance is recognised by those concerned in their exploitation the more likely are they to fulfil their commercial purpose."

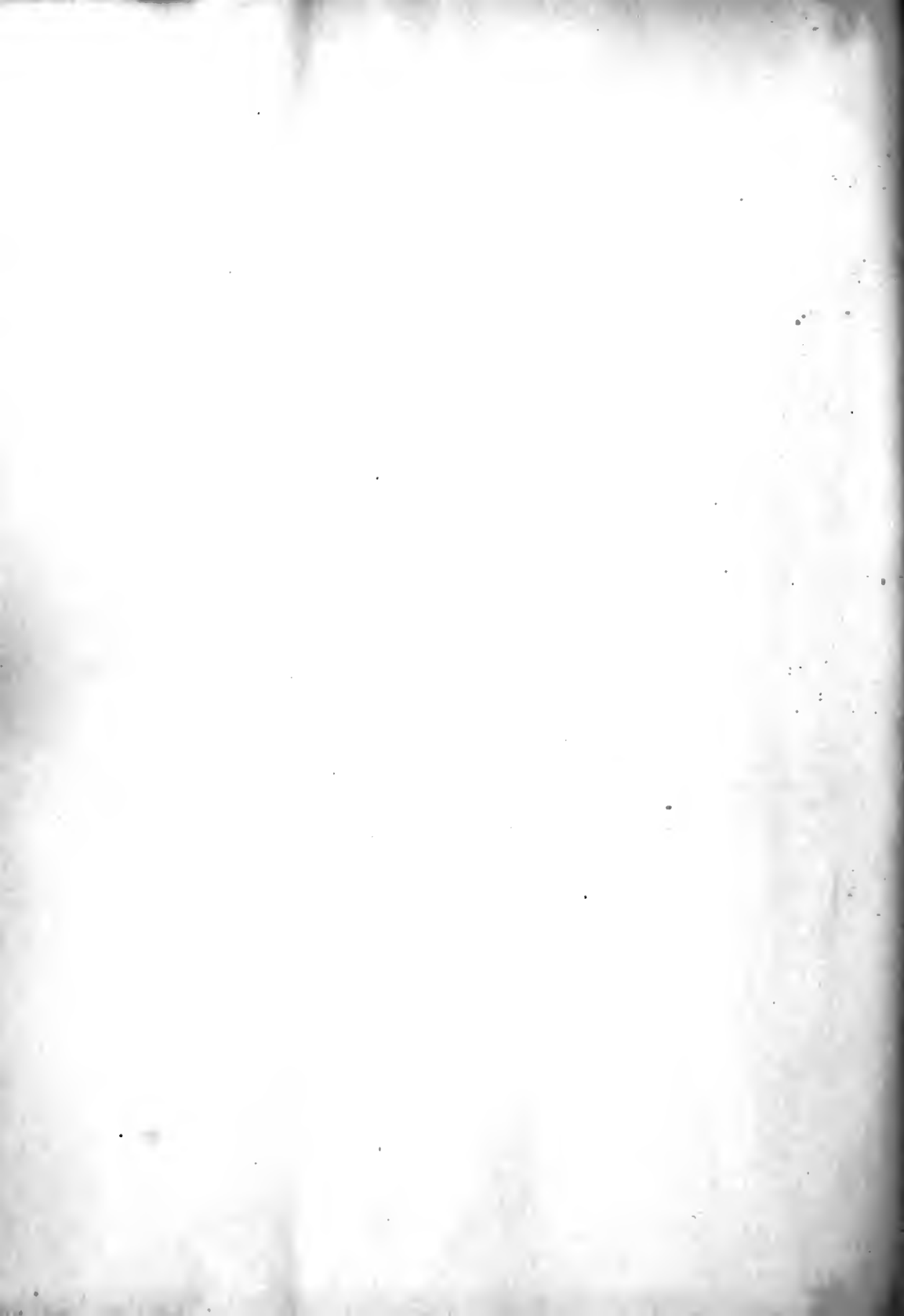
"Yes, their commercial purpose is to be sold at a profit," agreed the Young Artist; "and the better they are artistically the more saleable they become."

"Exactly! The trader who encourages the artistic quality in the little, commonplace, everyday commodities which everybody wants, benefits himself," declared the Critic; "because he increases the demand for his wares. His profits increase with the increase in the artistic merit of the things he offers for sale. If he neglects art he hurts his own business and endangers his commercial success."

"That is quite a new point of view to me!" gasped the Plain Man.

THE LAY FIGURE.





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