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1
[Bettens, Edward Detraz]

2. Painter and patron.

SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY COPIES OF THIS BOOK,
PRINTED FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION,
ARE REPRINTS, WITH SOME ADDITIONAL MATTER,
OF WHAT WAS RECENTLY PUBLISHED
IN THE LESS DURABLE FORM OF PAMPHLETS

130 West 87th Street,
NEW YORK, July 20, 1918.

The provincial Museums of Art, in France, purchase paintings from painters living, at the time of such purchase, in the locality of such purchasing Museum.

Read pages 35 to 41 of
"PAINTER AND PATRON."

Should not such a custom prevail in the United States of America wherever there is now, or may be in the future, a Museum of Art?

Any suggestions by the Reader, as to the advisability of Museums of Art *cultivating the habit* of buying paintings direct from living painters, will be thankfully received by

EDWARD D. BETTENS.

Art
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NEW YORK, June 26, 1918.

DEAR CLARKE:

I am sending to you, herewith, the printed proof sheets of a proposed publication,

PAINTER AND PATRON.

As you know, "Pippa Passes" is the title of a fine poem by Robert Browning, showing that a working girl influenced, beneficially, the lives of some people far above her humble station.

I love to think that my Mother, through the publication of "Painter and Patron", may exert a beneficial influence in the Art World.

Sincerely,

EDWARD D. BETTENS.

SAMUEL B. CLARKE, ESQ.,
Class of 1874,
Harvard College.

LETTERS

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NEW YORK, July 24, 1918.

DEAR MR. FORBES:

A child keeps his eyes and ears open and gradually the wonders of the world unfold before him.

In the World of the Art of Painting, I am that child—and it is a delightful world.

Prior to 1880, a gentleman,—a Russian,—bought two large landscapes painted by a painter once prominent in the Düsseldorf School of Painting. The Russian paid \$1,500 for each landscape and they were the treasures of his fine house on 48th Street between Fifth and Madison Avenues, New York City. He died, then his widow died about fifteen years ago. Nobody would pay anything for the paintings and the Executors of her will gave them away.

The paintings that, to-day, we believe are works of art, our children may not look at. You may point to certain great periods of art. But how much of the present vogue of the art of these periods is genuine, and how much is due to the advertising skill of the dealers?

Carpe diem,—seize and enjoy the beauties of the paintings of any and all Schools of Painting. Why should we dogmatize about the Schools of the Art of Painting?

Sincerely,

EDWARD D. BETTENS.

Mr. EDWARD W. FORBES.

NEW YORK, July 24, 1918.

DEAR MR. LOW:

Day before yesterday I finished "A Chronicle of Friendships" and with regret put it aside.

But at this moment it is on a chair at my side. A friend, influential in the Art World, is of the opinion that it is better to collect the paintings of the great masters now dead rather than to purchase those of the present day whose vogue may not be lasting. His statement sends me to page 501 of your book—"A Chronicle of Friendships"—where you say that upon the death of Saint-Gaudens, some critic—the Devil's Advocate—lifted up his voice and suggested "that tried by the canons of the Greeks, Saint-Gaudens' sculpture would be found wanting."

Well, suppose that Saint-Gaudens is not Phidias. What of it? He is Saint-Gaudens, and his works can be admired—and so can, at the same time, those of Phidias. Admiration for the works of the one, does not exclude admiration for the works of the other.

Let there be as many Schools of Art as there are known centuries of time. If I were a collector of Paintings or a Director of a Museum of Art,

I would want the best examples I could get of each important School of Painting—buying but a very few, of each School—one good one of each School being sufficient.

I am, in Art, a layman—and do not quite understand why one painting, fine as an example of its School, should be refused admittance in a Museum of Art, because that School is no longer the fashion and because another School is in vogue.

When I think of Rembrandt's paintings being neglected for about 100 years—and those of other painters also—I cannot understand how any broad-minded man can dogmatize about the various Schools of Painting. Was it not only a few years ago that Monet and Manet were treated with scant courtesy?

Here I abruptly stop, for in writing of Paintings to you, I am carrying coals to Newcastle.

Sincerely,

EDWARD D. BETTENS.

Mr. WILL H. LOW.



ROSE
AND HER MOTHER
MRS. LOUISE E. BETTENS
1848

FROM A PAINTING IN MINIATURE BY
ALYN WILLIAMS

THE PHYSICIAN LAWYER AND PAINTER

I

The product of the services of the Physician and Lawyer cannot be handled as merchandise by a Middleman, put in the latter's store, there exhibited and offered for sale as merchandise to Patient or Client.

Therefore the Physician and Patient, the Lawyer and Client, deal directly with one another, with no Middleman between them to be interested in the Physician and Lawyer receiving low fees, and in the Patient and Client paying large fees—he, the Middleman to reap large profits.

II

The product of the work of a Painter is a painting—something tangible, which a Middleman can put in his store, and offer for sale, as merchandise.

Let it be established that a Painter must not advertise, that the Public is not capable of judging a painting, as a work of art, but that a Middleman can advertise the painting and is a competent expert, it follows that the Middleman is interested in buying paintings from the Painter at low prices and in selling them to the Patron at high prices.

Thus, at the expense of Painter and Patron the Middleman can become wealthy, and a dominant figure in the Art World.

Ought not the Painter and Patron to cultivate the habit of dealing directly with one another in the sale and purchase of paintings?

EDWARD D. BETTENS.

MRS. LOUISE E. BETTENS

DECEMBER, 1907

FROM A PAINTING IN MINIATURE BY

ALYN WILLIAMS

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF A PORTRAIT

PAINTED BY

WALTER FLORIAN



Painter and Patron

NEW YORK

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN

The William Hayes Fogg Art Museum in Harvard University controls a sum of money amounting, at present, to Twenty Thousand Dollars, as a principal fund, known as

THE LOUISE E. BETTENS FUND

ESTABLISHED BY HER CHILDREN

The income of this fund is to be used to encourage and advance Painting by citizens of the United States, including women, as well as men.

On account of that Fund, Harvard College owns the following paintings, which are now on exhibition in the Fogg Art Museum:

Lake O'Hara, an oil painting, by John Singer Sargent.

Bridle Path—Tahiti, a water color, by John La Farge.

Sunday Morning, Domberg, a water color, by James McNeil Whistler.

Monmouth, before James II, refusing to reveal the names of his accomplices, an unfinished oil painting, by John Singleton Copley.

Fishing in the Adirondacks, a water color, by Winslow Homer.

130 West 87th Street,
NEW YORK, May 1, 1918.

DEAR MR. FORBES:

It is false economy to purchase a painting because it is cheap. And no painting should be purchased, unless it is in fact a work of art.

The quality of a water color bought from Winslow Homer for \$300, is, at that price, *the same as a work of art*, as when \$3,000 is paid for it at a later time.

Fashion, or scarcity of his paintings in the market, may lead to the payment of very high prices for his works. But, *as works of art*, their qualities have not changed.

The Dealer in works of art is not, in any proper sense, a patron of art. He is a merchant, and to patronize him, is to benefit the merchant, and only very remotely, the Artist.

Fewer artists would live in straitened circumstances and die poor, if the real Patrons of art—Museums of Art, for instance—would deal directly with the Artist, and shun the Dealer.

How was it in all of the great ages of Art? In the Age of Pericles? In the Italian Renaissance? Cannot our age do as they did?

I know that it requires courage to do this, but Harvard College can afford to be a leader in a movement that looks to helping the Artist by buying from him, and should, as far as possible, have nothing to do with Dealers, whose main purpose is money making.

Am I asking the impossible? I think not.

I thank you for your valuable letter of April 29th ult.

Sincerely,

EDWARD D. BETTENS.

Mr. EDWARD W. FORBES,
Director Fogg Art Museum.

NEW YORK, May 7, 1918.

DEAR TAYLOR:

Recently there was some correspondence between Mr. Edward W. Forbes, the Director of the Fogg Art Museum, and me, looking to a purchase of some painting by the late Winslow Homer, with the income of the Louise E. Bettens Fund (the accrued interest of which amounted to \$1,200). On approval, Messrs. M. Knoedler & Co. sent to the Fogg Art Museum the following Winslow Homer paintings:

“Fishing in the Adirondacks”, water color	price, \$2,000
“Moonlight on Water”, unfinished oil painting	“ 1,500
“Rise to a Fly”, water color.....	“ 1,200
Total	<u>\$4,700</u>

I had not seen these paintings, but I was willing to add \$1,300 to the \$1,200 of the accrued income of the Louise E. Bettens Fund, provided:

(1) That all three paintings could be purchased for \$2,500.

(2) That all three paintings were approved by Mr. Forbes, Dr. Denman Ross, and the other advisers of Mr. Forbes.

“Fishing in the Adirondacks” having been approved by Mr. Forbes and his advisers, and the negotiation for its purchase having been turned over to me, it was purchased May 7th, 1918, for \$1,500—I advancing the needed \$300.

My personal views as to the high prices paid for paintings of dead artists are stated in a letter from me to Mr. Forbes dated May 1, 1918, a copy of which is enclosed.

Sincerely,

EDWARD D. BETTENS.

THOMAS FENTON TAYLOR, Esq.,
Class of 1875,
Harvard College.



LAKE O'HARA
JOHN SINGER SARGENT PAINTER
THE LOUISE E. BETTENS FUND

NEW YORK, May 10, 1918.

DEAR MR. FORBES:

The senior partner of M. Knoedler & Co. is Mr. Roland Knoedler. It was his Nephew who, through me, sold to the Fogg Art Museum, last Tuesday, for \$1,500, the water color "Fishing in the Adirondacks" by Winslow Homer.

This Nephew told me that he remembered taking part in an Exhibition, at Knoedler's, of 25 of Winslow Homer's paintings, during the lifetime of Mr. Homer. The Exhibition was well-advertised, he said, and the prices asked were from \$150 to about \$300, but only five were sold.

Last Tuesday "Fishing in the Adirondacks," by Winslow Homer, sold for \$1,500. Some one has told me that the Worcester Art Museum recently paid \$20,000 for an oil painting by Winslow Homer.

"Why is it," I asked this Nephew of Mr. Roland Knoedler, "that the Art Museums do not, as a rule, buy paintings direct from the Artists?"

He shrugged his shoulders, smiled, and said, "Lack of courage".

"Did not", I continued, "Mr. William T. Evans and Mr. Hearn buy American paintings direct from the Artists? The Evans collection of American paintings, a gift to the United States, is in the National Gallery at Washington, D. C. The Hearn Collection of American paintings is in the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art."

"Yes," said this Nephew, "they did buy direct from the Artists, but they bought for themselves. Directors of Museums do not buy for themselves individually, but for the Museums, and that makes them timid and unwilling to rely on their own judgment."

M. Knoedler & Co. are entitled to handsome commissions in effecting sales of paintings because their reputation and standing are high.

But one fact is clear so far as Winslow Homer is concerned. Alive he had difficulty in selling his paintings for as much as \$250 a painting. Now that he is dead (he died 1910) \$1,500 to \$2,000 is asked for some of his paintings and,

if I have been correctly informed, the Worcester Art Museum paid \$20,000 for one of his oil paintings, and M. Knoedler & Co. get commissions on sales by them greater than Winslow Homer, in his lifetime, could get for the paintings themselves!

“Are there not now alive any Winslow Homers, neglected at present, but whose works will be eagerly sought for after the Artists are dead?” I asked this Nephew.

“Yes, there are,” he replied.

Sincerely,

EDWARD D. BETTENS.

MR. EDWARD W. FORBES,
Fogg Art Museum.

316 ALBANY AVENUE
KINGSTON, NEW YORK

MAY 23rd, 1918.

DEAR BETTENS:

I am deeply interested in your correspondence with Mr. Edward W. Forbes, the Director of the Fogg Art Museum, and long have been of your opinion that if Museums would buy of the artist and not of the dealer it would be better not only for the artist, but the art lover. I suppose that Mr. Knoedler stated the exact truth when he said to you that the reason they did not do so was lack of courage. I have talked with the curators of many Museums, and find that the one phantom which haunts their imagination is the fear of making a mistake. Now it has always seemed to me that if they were entirely competent for the position they fill their mistakes would be few. Of course no one is infallible, but sources of exact information are as open to the officials of Museums as they are to art dealers.

With many thanks for your latest contribution, I am as ever,

Very sincerely yours,

A. T. CLEARWATER.

To

EDWARD D. BETTENS, ESQ.,
130 West 87th Street,
New York City.



MONMOUTH BEFORE JAMES II
JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY PAINTER
THE LOUISE E. BETTENS FUND

YALE UNIVERSITY
SCHOOL OF THE FINE ARTS

WM. SERGEANT KENDALL, M. A., N. A.
DIRECTOR

NEW HAVEN, CONN.,
June 1, 1918.

EDWARD D. BETTENS, ESQ.,
130 West 87th Street,
New York City.

MY DEAR MR. BETTENS:

I have been much interested by the pamphlet on the Louise E. Bettens' Fund which you were good enough to send me.

I am absolutely in accord with the opinions expressed in your own letters and I quite appreciate the answer to them made by the purchases of the Fogg Art Museum, as listed on the last pages of your pamphlet.*

I am

Very Faithfully yours,

WM. SERGEANT KENDALL.

*Page 8 of this book.

130 W. 57th St.,
NEW YORK, May 29, 1918.

DEAR MR. FORBES:

The uncle of an old lady I knew in Paris admired Chardins. Bought them from time to time at 25 francs apiece. Just before the war one of these was bought for the Louvre for 350,000 francs.

An old Paris schoolmate of mine married Rousseau's niece and heiress—she got a few hundred francs. A New York City capitalist bought a Rousseau about five or six years ago for \$175,000, the largest price ever obtained for any of the Barbizon art.

Heine says: "The artist is the fabled child of fiction whose tears were all pearls. Alas! his wicked step-mother, the world, beats him the more unmercifully that he may weep plenty of pearls."

Voltaire says: "Pegasus, the steed that carries the genius to fame—; closing his life is the nag that conducts him to the almshouse."

Are there any connoisseurs? I wrote these lines

ON THE CONNOISSEUR

"The Connoisseur, pray what is he?
Plain let the definition be.
Collectors buy what all do know,
No *unknown names* their pictures show.
The *Connoisseur* more early buys,
Nor waits until the plaudits rise."

I once offered a small work for \$10 to a number who had money. No one took it. It was sold later in Boston for \$500—when I *didn't* want to sell it . . . but fixing the price was obligatory at the Exhibit.

I write this as a sort of postscript to Mr. Bettens' letter and hope he may accept it as such.

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM SARTAIN,
A. N. A.

Mr. EDWARD W. FORBES,
Fogg Art Museum.

NEW YORK, June 14, 1918.

DEAR MR. FORBES:

A golden opportunity offers itself to you, the Fogg Art Museum and Harvard College. Nothing but honor and glory will be the reward of those who successfully champion Art as it was championed in all of its Great Ages.

I enclose a letter dated the 13th day of June, 1918, to me from Mr. Charles C. Curran—a National Academician, (and a member of the Faculty of the National Academy of Design).

Sincerely,

EDWARD D. BETTENS.

MR. EDWARD W. FORBES.

THIRTY-NINE WEST SIXTY-SEVENTH STREET

NEW YORK, June 13, 1918.

MR. EDWARD D. BETTENS,
130 West 87th Street,
New York City.

DEAR MR. BETTENS:

I wish to thank you for the little copy of various letters in the matter of the purchase of works of art directly from the artists.* The hearts of the artists will all warm to you for setting forth this matter.

The simple truth is that few of the people who could buy pictures know enough to pick the good ones from the indifferent.

It only requires a foundation of common sense and a modicum of feeling and imagination to become in the end a connoisseur. Looking at sufficient pictures, sculpture or architecture will do the educating.

I thank you most sincerely for the little pamphlet* so simple, brief and to the point. Next winter I mean to take the time to read the two books on Louise E. Bettens† which you were kind enough to present to the National Academy of Design.

Very sincerely yours,

CHAS. C. CURRAN,
N. A.

*The pamphlet No. II, entitled "The Louise E. Bettens Fund in the William Hayes Fogg Art Museum".

†The books entitled respectively:

LOUISE E. BETTENS
THE FAMILY OF MRS. LOUISE E. BETTENS



BRIDLE PATH, TAHITI
JOHN LA FARGE, PAINTER
THE LOUISE E. BETTENS FUND

NEW YORK, May 29, 1918.

1 LEXINGTON AVENUE.

EDWARD D. BETTENS, Esq.,

DEAR SIR:

I have just received your most interesting pamphlet,

“THE LOUISE E. BETTENS FUND

IN THE

WILLIAM HAYES FOGG ART MUSEUM.”

These letters and notes make clear in an irrefutable manner the reason for the constant struggles and frequent poverty of the American artist unless he can also be an astute business man and adopt dealers' methods for the disposition of his work.

The detriment to the artist's freedom and true development through these underlying conditions is obvious.

Evidently you have this matter at heart and I wish to congratulate you on the publication of your pamphlet in so good a cause.

About a year ago I became, with several other well-known American artists working in the graphic arts, a founder of the Painter Gravers of America. I beg to send you the first circular, &c., of the Society.

I have recently become the President of the Painter Gravers, and one of the intentions of the association is directed against the cause with which your pamphlet deals, viz.: the arbitrary prices made possible by dealer methods and the neglect caused indirectly, through such methods, of living American talent.

There is no doubt that the cure for the existing evil (and it is a great one) lies in the bringing together directly of artist and patron. The fight will necessarily be a hard one, as dealers' methods are “active” in contrast to the more retiring “passive” method of the true artist, who puts all his energy into his endeavor and should not be an advertiser!

I trust that your pamphlet will have wide circulation. I shall take pleasure in calling the attention of my friends to it.

Sincerely yours,

ALBERT STERNER,

A. N. A.

Pres. Painter Gravers of America.

NEW YORK, June 18, 1918.

DEAR MR. LOW:

Your very interesting letter dated June 18, 1918 received. Before printing the letters contained in the pamphlet entitled "The Louise E. Bettens Fund in the William Hayes Fogg Art Museum" I first obtained the consent of the writers to print and publish them. The same is true as to a letter from Mr. Charles C. Curran included in the folder herewith sent to you.

I am not a collector of paintings, nor a competent judge of Paintings, as works of art, but I am a Harvard Graduate, Class of 1873, and am interested in the Memorial of my Mother, Mrs. Louise E. Bettens, in that College.

My life in New York City since 1876, and my profession, have given me some insight in business matters in this city.

I had some part in the buying of all five of the paintings specified in that pamphlet. The business side of the buying and selling of these paintings startled me—and the pamphlet was distributed. I have mailed a copy of it to the President and Fellows of Harvard College, to all of the Overseers of Harvard University, and to all of the officers and Directors of the Harvard Alumni Association, and to Director Edward W. Forbes, Professors Ross, Sachs and Pope of the Fogg Art Museum and to every living member of the Class of 1873 Harvard College, whose address I knew, and to many others, not to mention all of the National Academicians and Associate Academicians.

The pamphlet was not meant, and is not meant, to be fault finding. Its sole object has been, and is, to obtain the views of competent experts as to a business matter, *i. e.*, as to whether or not it is advisable that Museums should buy paintings direct from the living Artist—or wait until after he is dead, and there is a demand, at steadily advancing prices, for his paintings.

Should you care to write me a letter on that subject, that you are willing should be printed and distributed, I will be glad to receive it—but I very much doubt whether it will be more interesting and valuable and to the point than the one received from you today.

Sincerely,

EDWARD D. BETTENS.

MR. WILL H. LOW, N. A.,
Lawrence Park,
Bronxville, N. Y.

NEW YORK, June 21, 1918.

DEAR MR. LOW:

One of my Harvard College classmates, acknowledging the receipt of the pamphlet "The Louise E. Bettens Fund in the William Hayes Fogg Art Museum", writes that "the fear of mistakes is a psychological disease that is deadly to success".

Perhaps the above pamphlet given to the right kind of people, may help to create a public opinion that will tend to cure this sickness, so far as Art is concerned.

Having in mind such a healthy public opinion, I have mailed that pamphlet to about one hundred College Presidents, for deposit in their libraries. Also, I have mailed the pamphlet to the Curators of about thirty of the principal museums of Art in this country.

A valued friend writes, that in distributing that pamphlet, I am "a benevolent and beneficent pioneer". I do not think so. The income of the "Louise E. Bettens Fund" is to be

"used to encourage and advance painting by citizens
"of the United States, including women as well as
"men."

Through that pamphlet, I am endeavoring to learn what is the best way "to encourage and advance painting", which makes me out a learner, a student, and not "a benevolent and beneficial pioneer".

However, I propose now to take a vacation—not by leaving the city, but by turning my attention to some other matters.

As requested by your letter of 19th inst., I will mail you a typewritten copy of your letter of 18th inst.

Sincerely,

EDWARD D. BETTENS.

MR. WILL H. LOW, N. A.,
Lawrence Park,
Bronxville, N. Y.

LAWRENCE PARK,
Bronxville, N. Y.
18 June, 1918.

MY DEAR SIR:

Your interesting pamphlet concerning the "Louise E. Bettens Fund" has come to me, and I welcome the interest you show in a question that touches so closely upon the wage to which an artist, like any other workman, is entitled, to ensure him that continuous production which, perhaps above all other influences, sustains the quality of his work, and permits the full exposition of whatever message he may bring to the world. Vast sums are paid in this country for works of art, for we are fast becoming the leading art market of the world, and most of this passes, and much remains, in the hands of the dealers. In the case of living artists, however, who have been able to enter into business relations with dealers, I am inclined to think, that the percentage of the returns to the artist is greater than he alone, and unassisted by the methods of the dealer would receive. From the artist who during his lifetime has been hampered in his production, has continually struggled with poverty, and, at the best, has only been able to show in a partial degree his potential merit, the collector and dealer profit perhaps too greatly, with the result that, the inflation of prices, of which we have seen many examples, makes the possibility of the purchase of a work of art one which is confined to the wealthy. Our exhibitions, where the works of living men are shown, and only a moderate percentage exacted on sales, go largely unattended, and, though the artists contributing



SUNDAY MORNING, DOMBERG
JAMES MCNEIL WHISTLER PAINTER
THE LOUISE E. BETTENS FUND

fix prices by no means exorbitant, the returns from sales are so small that I know of no other investment of the capital necessary for the production of the work offered, to say nothing of the sincere human effort of a body of men well trained and happily endowed, which brings such small reward. The ninety-odd years of the exhibitions of the National Academy of Design, for instance, show, with the possible exception of a short period after the Civil War, continuous deficits from entrance fees, sales of catalogues, and percentages on sales of pictures for the Association, and the returns to the artists contributing show equally that they and the Academy have made this long sacrifice for the benefit of art to an, as yet, unresponsive public. "Lack of courage" is undoubtedly responsible for much of the public attitude to the living and producing artist, and this attitude is often shown, as you point out, by Directors of Museums whose training should make them have the courage of their conviction that they know a good thing when they see it, without reference to its signature or the rarity which comes with the cessation of the artist's labours.

The summers of 1882-3 I passed at Milton-on-the-Hudson, staying in the same house as George Inness. During the most of one of these summers Inness was at work on two canvases, the choice of which he proposed to give to some Western man who had given him a commission for \$1,000. The pictures were about the size and importance of those which since his death have brought from \$10,000 to \$30,000.

Within a year of his death Homer Martin expressed to me his satisfaction at receiving the modest price he asked for perhaps the most beautiful of his works, "The Church at Criqueboeuf", from the collector, who within

a couple of years sold it for nearly ten times the amount that he had paid. In the case of this collector, Mr. William T. Evans, to whom American art owes much, his personal courage was vindicated here, as in many other cases; but, had Martin met many such men, his history would have been different, and once more and above all, his production in quantity and quality more sustained.

At the Hearn sale last year a picture by Theodore Robinson, purchased by Mr. Hearn at the Robinson sale which was held after the latter's death, at which very small prices prevailed, became the property of the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington, D. C., for the sum of \$5,000.00. I was one of the most intimate friends of Robinson, and I remember well his working on this particular canvas to fulfill a commission of \$150.00, and then laying it aside as a failure—which, though not finished, it is not. None of these men had real recognition, nor a decent return from their work during their lifetimes, and there are many today now living under the same conditions. The only remedy, so far as I can see, will come through a more enlightened public, who will take their courage in both hands, make mistakes, improve their taste, and treat the work of art, created with sincerity and without thought of commercial value, as an object which will bring gratification—yes, and mental and moral improvement—while it is in their possession,—and, more than possibly, a substantial profit when they part with it. Meanwhile, the American artist does not whimper, he has all the resourcefulness of his compatriots, and many amongst them have faced the conditions imposed by time and place, and in addition have won professional recognition that is international.

I have been led to write long and somewhat irrelevantly by an idle moment and the interest your pamphlet has held for me; for I seem to recognize in you a volunteer in a cause where no practicing artist can do effective work. For this service I thank you, and remain,

Very sincerely yours,

WILL H. LOW,
N. A.

To
EDWARD D. BETTENS, ESQ.

NEW YORK, July 2, 1918.

DEAR MR. LOW:

Your letter dated July 1, 1918, received today, suggests that the book "Painter and Patron" might be strengthened, if it stated the purchase prices for all five paintings, bought for the "Louise E. Bettens Fund". Here are the prices and some other details:

	PURCHASE PRICE
(1) Lake O'Hara, oil painting, size 45 x 37½ inches, painted by, and bought from, John S. Sargent.....	\$2,500.00
(2) Bridle Path—Tahiti, water color, size 19 x 20½ inches, painted by John La Farge, bought at public auction, February 15, 1917, at sale of Collection of Dr. Alexander C. Humphreys.....	1,300.00
(3) Sunday Morning, Domberg, water color, painted by J. McN. Whistler, size 9½ x 5½ inches, bought of M. Knoedler & Co., Dealers.....	1,500.00
(4) Monmouth Before James II, unfinished oil painting, size 63 x 91½ inches, painted by John S. Copley, bought of E. C. Hodgkins, 9 East 54th Street, New York City, Dealer.....	1,500.00
(5) Fishing in the Adirondacks, water color, painted by Winslow Homer, size 20 x 14 inches, bought of M. Knoedler & Co., Dealers	1,500.00

Under a separate cover I am mailing to you photographs of each of above paintings, which, at your convenience, please return to me.

The City of Boston commissioned Copley to paint for it two historical paintings at 1,500 pounds sterling each. One, completed, is in the Boston Library. The other is the Monmouth above mentioned.

Sincerely,

EDWARD D. BETTENS.

Mr. WILL H. LOW.



FISHING IN THE ADIRONDACKS
WINSLOW HOMER PAINTER
THE LOUISE E. BETTENS FUND

The part taken by me in the purchase of the five paintings for the Louise E. Bettens Fund was as follows:

I added \$1300 to the income of that Fund to help pay for the "Lake O'Hara". I personally bought the remaining four paintings, adding to the income of that Fund \$300 to help pay for the "Fishing in the Adirondacks"; \$1500 to pay for the "Sunday Morning—Domberg"; \$1500 to pay for the "Monmouth." I paid \$1300 for the "Bridle Path—Tahiti", and then presented that painting to Harvard College for that Fund.

EDWARD D. BETTENS.

Cragmoor, N. Y.,
July 6, 1918.

MR. EDWARD D. BETTENS,
130 West 87th Street,
New York City.

MY DEAR MR. BETTENS:

Thank you for sending me the pamphlet enclosing your letter to Mr. Edward W. Forbes, Director of Fogg Art Museum. I also want to thank you for the movement you have set on foot to induce the buying public to deal direct with the artist and not with the dealer in works of art.

The latter is, as you say, "a merchant, and to patronize him, is to benefit the merchant, and only very remotely, the artist". The dealer's estimation of a work of art is based on the profit he can make out of it. He may not be a connoisseur, but by advertising he has made the public believe he is, therefore the public is willing to pay him one hundred per cent. more for his opinion.

I do not blame the dealer for making all the profit he can; that is what he is in the business for. And I do not blame the public for turning

to the dealer for advice. He is the only one they know; he is the only one who has advertised. The fault lies with the artist; he should do the advertising; he should advertise his brother artist's work; he should create an art atmosphere. Artists should talk about their work, write about it, have shows, studio receptions; induce the public to mingle with the artists and learn from them the meaning of art; its terms, its mission and what constitutes a work of art.

The artist is the only one who knows, and when he finds a certain quality in a man's work that he recognizes as art he should tell the public of it. He should point out its quality and explain why it is great as a work of art. He need not become a critic of art; there are plenty of penny-a-liners who can attend to that part. Let *them* point out the faults and scribble on subjects they may know absolutely nothing about; the lack of drawing, color, quality and technique. The artist should point out to the layman the beauties only, and tell why they are beautiful. This would create an interest in art and teach the layman to use an intelligent judgment in choosing the works that appeal to him.

But the artist, unfortunately, is too busy trying to sell his own work in order to provide bread for his family. The struggle is so hard that he has

wrongly come to believe that if the other fellow had not sold he might have done so. This is absolutely absurd; the more pictures one fellow sells the more chance the rest of us have of selling. Make it fashionable to buy pictures direct from the artist and praise what you find good.

We have exhibitions, it is true, and award prizes, but these prizes have been donated and must be awarded. I do not believe in awards outside of the schools. I do believe in praising everything we find good in art. Show the public what is good in art and we will succeed, because we know our art is good. As I said before we are too self-centered. We must be generous and work to uphold all that is fine in art, and not be like the man in this story I heard some years ago whose interest could not extend beyond his own picture.

Mr. Hovenden and William Hart were on the hanging committee of the Academy of Design. Hovenden had a large and important picture and he spent the whole morning taking it from room to room and trying it in all the different lights. When he was finally satisfied he suddenly remembered that he had a very important engagement and would have to leave. Then said Hart, "Well, Mr. Hovenden, I'm very sorry you dinna like yur picture."



FRANK BETTENS

BORN JANUARY 14, 1844 DIED MARCH 10, 1864

FROM A PAINTING IN MINIATURE BY
ALYN WILLIAMS

Let us hang the other fellow's picture; he will look after ours. Don't blame the dealer, but blame the artist for not asserting his right, and showing that the dealer is nothing but a merchant, and may know nothing and care nothing about the art he is dealing in.

I am sending you under separate cover, a copy of my book "Life, Art and Letters of George Inness" in which I treat on this subject.

Assuring you of my hearty sympathy and cooperation with your movement of justice to the artist,

I am,

Sincerely,

GEO. INNESS, JR., N. A.

NEW YORK, July 8th, 1918.

DEAR MR. LOW:

Mr. Wm. Sergeant Kendall, Director of the School of the Fine Arts, Yale University, says in a letter to me printed in "Painter and Patron" that he is "absolutely in accord with the opinions expressed in" my letters to Mr. Edward W. Forbes dated May 1 and May 10, 1918, printed in "Painter and Patron".

On July 2nd inst. I mailed to Mr. Edward W. Forbes, Director of the Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University, a folder (copy enclosed). "The Physician, Lawyer and Painter must not advertise for business" is its subject matter.

Today I received a letter from Mr. Forbes thanking me for that folder.

If, through him, Harvard University should favor the policy of Art Museums buying paintings from living painters, it will be a considerable step forward. Harvard and Yale Universities are potent influences in forming Public Opinion—and Public Opinion is a great factor, in bringing about any habit. What is it that Painter and Patron want, but the habit of dealing with one another?

When the great sculptor, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, was told that a certain Painter had, on one occasion, avoided the society of some individuals, because they were not Artists, Saint-Gaudens exclaimed that such conduct was "*simply idiotic*".

And I say "Amen".

If the Artist scorns Demos, the latter tightens his purse strings and neglects the Art Galleries.

It does not lower Art, or degrade the Artist, to cultivate the good opinion of Demos.

Sincerely,

EDWARD D. BETTENS.

MR. WILL H. LOW,
N. A.



THOMAS SIMMS BETTENS
BORN MARCH 6, 1851 DIED JULY 2, 1907
FROM A PAINTING IN MINIATURE BY
ALYN WILLIAMS

A SUGGESTION

BY

MR. WILL H. LOW, N. A.

NEW YORK, July 12, 1918.

DEAR MR. FORBES:

There is in Boston a "Boston School of Painting".

Would not the Fogg Art Museum gain character and distinction, if, for the next fifty years, it purchased, at intervals, and with care, works of that School?

The idea is not mine, but is contained in a letter of Mr. Will H. Low to me, dated July 11th, 1918, a copy of which is enclosed.

Sincerely,

EDWARD D. BETTENS.

MR. EDWARD W. FORBES,
Fogg Art Museum.

LAWRENCE PARK,
Bronxville, N. Y.,
11 July, 1918.

DEAR MR. BETTENS:

There rises in my mind a criticism, or perhaps a query, as to the principle upon which this little collection (The Bettens Collection in the Fogg Art Museum) is being formed. I venture to say that there is not a Museum in the country which does not possess, or is not in the market for, works represented in the Bettens Collection, together with the work of some few others, mostly men "handled" by the dealers.

Now one of the qualities which strikes one, visiting the numerous provincial Museums in Europe, in France especially, which I know best, and where no town is too small to have its municipal picture gallery, is the distinctive character of each. Often they are even local, and one may discover artists of a certain merit whose fame has hardly reached beyond their birthplace, or having



EDWARD DETRAZ BETTENS
JULY, 1916
BORN APRIL 11, 1848
FROM A PAINTING IN MINIATURE BY
ALYN WILLIAMS

won fame far from home, their birthplace has taken pains to procure their work from local pride. Often these latter men have left, by bequest, the contents of their studios to the home town, and as even these men are likely to retain, against their will, a collection of their own work, it becomes necessary to visit Montauban, for instance, to see a comprehensive exhibition of Ingre's work, or La Roche-sur-Yon, to know the earlier work of Paul Baudry. A few years ago I ran across in a town in Brittany, Morlaix by name, quite a number of rather interesting works by a man whose name I am sorry to say I have forgotten. One of these, a large ambitious canvas, not ill done, was a scene in winter on Broadway! Painted sometime in the fifties, when New York left its snow on the ground, it showed cutters and long stage sleighs dashing to and fro, the buildings in the background, the "St. Nicholas Hotel" among them, evidently true to the fact, it was evidence that the painter had wandered far afield, and I, at least, was glad that his work had been preserved. Of course, we build Carnegie libraries instead of Museums in most of our towns, but where we have Museums we aim at an average

that makes one almost a counterpart of the other. Now there is in Boston to-day a quite flourishing school of painting (or something which likes to think itself a school) of which some of the members are quite prosperous and well "patronized" but others, I fancy, much less fortunate. Merely as a supposition, the Director of the Fogg Museum might keep his eye upon these men, and if, in forty or fifty years from now, one could find in the Fogg Art Museum evidence that a body of interesting painters had practised locally in these years of our century, I think that the collection would have a distinctive character and an interest not overshadowed by the greater collection of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. All of this has some relation to your contention, that, if Museum Directors had more courage they would invest the funds at their disposal and obtain more for less money, quantity without detriment of quality, and lead instead of following. Then perhaps the public would take heart and the painter instead of selling about one picture out of ten (which forces him to ask for the tenth a price that to some degree compensates for the nine unsold) would find his product taken at moderate but living prices.

If Demos is to be placated it will be largely through such effort as yours; the artist is too much suspected of the ulterior object.

Sincerely yours,

WILL H. LOW.

To

EDWARD D. BETTENS, ESQ.



THE LIBRARY OF MRS. LOUISE E. BETTENS.

JANUARY 1, 1884 MARCH 23, 1914
130 WEST 87TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

AS THE BOOK, "PAINTER AND PATRON"
IS THE OUTGROWTH OF THE
MEMORIAL

OF

MRS. LOUISE E. BETTENS

IN

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

A sketch *suggesting* Her Life and Character
May interest the Reader

NEW YORK, June 25, 1918.

DEAR MR. LOW:

With my compliments, please accept two books,* mailed to you under a separate cover, entitled, respectively:

LOUISE E. BETTENS
THE FAMILY OF MRS. LOUISE E. BETTENS.

"Pippa Passes"—even the lowly and insignificant may change, for the better, the opinions and practices of some who are influential.

Sincerely,

EDWARD D. BETTENS

MR. WILL H. LOW.

*Copies of the same books, published for private distribution, are in many libraries, among them:

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
THE GROLIER CLUB LIBRARY
THE LIBRARY OF THE
NEW YORK METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
THE COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
THE LIBRARY OF
THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN

MRS. LOUISE E. BETTENS



MRS. LOUISE E. BETTENS
AT THE AGE OF
THIRTY-SEVEN
1864

FROM A PAINTING IN MINIATURE BY
ALYN WILLIAMS

On a farm, near Ghent, Kentucky, there was born, January 7, 1827, Louise E. Rochat, the daughter of Jacob and Nancy Rochat. A reader of books, this father usually had one with him, even when at his work. When this daughter was old enough, she became his companion, and not infrequently, he would unhitch the horses from the plow, or stop whatever work he was doing, and read aloud to his daughter.

The Book of Job, the Psalms of David, the poetry of Moore, Burns and Byron quickened the mind of the girl, and a strong desire for knowledge and wisdom early came to this child, from such a father, but, at the same time, the neglected farm work soon ended in the loss of the farm. With his family, Jacob Rochat went to Vevay, Indiana, and there on January 31, 1843, Louise E. Rochat, not yet seventeen years of age, married Alexander Bettens. From that marriage were born, in Vevay, Frank, Rose, Edward Detraz and Thomas Simms Bettens, naming the children in the order of their births. Rose, born May 10, 1846, died June 28, 1849.

The girl, Louise E. Rochat, and the matron, Mrs. Louise E. Bettens, loved nature and ani-

mals. In Vevay a crow became her friend and the two would go together into the woods, the crow flying off among the trees, but returning to its friend at her call.

At the expiration of about ten years of married life, Alexander Bettens' health failed. He never regained it, dying August 11, 1870.

That sickness, and financial embarrassment, brought Mrs. Bettens face to face with the problem of supporting and educating her three young sons from her own earnings.

Teaching for a few years, in and about Vevay, gave her but a small and precarious income, and writing for the newspapers, none at all.

About 1857 she and her three sons were in Cincinnati, Ohio, and for about ten years she remained in that city, with them, supporting them with wages, never more than about twelve dollars per week.

No friendly bird visited her in her Cincinnati room. No books, except school books, were purchased by her during those ten years, but her boys entered and passed through the District Schools into the Intermediate Schools, Frank being in Woodward High School when he died March 10, 1864.

The poverty and grief of Frank's mother, the hopes, centered in him, shattered by his death,

at the age of twenty, did not interfere with the education of her two remaining sons. They passed through the Intermediate, and Woodward High Schools of Cincinnati, and entered Harvard College, and at the age of forty-six, their mother joined them in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in June, 1873.

In Appleton Chapel, she heard Edward speak on Hildebrand, and saw him receive, on commencement day, in June, 1873, his degree of A. B. from Harvard College.

She remained in Cambridge, and in June, 1874, Thomas gave her his Harvard College diploma of A. B. received by him that month, and the next year she received from him his Harvard College diploma of A. M.

From June, 1873, until she died she and Edward had one home.

Thomas was a teacher in Lake Forest Academy, Lake Forest, Illinois, during 1875 and 1876. In 1877 he joined his mother and brother in New York City, where Edward was a lawyer, and there the three lived united in one home until Thomas died July 2, 1907.

In the Harvard College Library (Gore Hall) Mr. John Fiske gave Mrs. Bettens an alcove and a special table, and talked with her about music and books. In Boston she attended the lectures

of the Reverend James Freeman Clarke. She absorbed the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Congenial friends met in her room to read books; and to discuss art, music and literature, and with some especial friends, she attended, in Boston, the concerts of the Symphony Society. So passed about three years of her life in Cambridge.

The last thirty-eight years of her life she lived in New York City. She was in Bar Harbor, Maine, for the summer, for about thirty successive years, up to and including the summer of 1911.

She went to the Grand Opera in New York City and was a constant attendant at the Concerts given in that city, by Theodore Thomas, Leopold Damrosch, the New York Philharmonic Society and the Oratorio Society. She did not neglect lighter music such as Gilbert and Sullivan's. She heard Salvini, Booth, Irving, Modjeska and Sara Bernhardt; was delighted with the acting at Wallack's and Daly's Theatres and with that at Harrigan & Hart's and Tony Pastor's.

At weekly reunions of a few friends in her home in New York City, music, art and literature, were, as in Cambridge, the subject of conversation.

Surrounded by her books as her friends, and by a few men and women, and by her sons, until Thomas died July 2, 1907, and then with Edward, she passed into the evening of life, losing her eyesight in 1909, her optic nerve dying.

But even then she heard re-read the poetry of Byron, Browning, and other poets, and the novels of Dumas. She still went to the New York Philharmonic Concerts, and in the Summers of 1909, 1910 and 1911, at Bar Harbor, she was an almost daily attendant at the Boston Symphony Concerts given at the Swimming Pool. This life continued until the evening of November 10, 1911, when, for the last time, sitting in her library, she listened to one of the glowing descriptions in Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. That night a stroke of paralysis made her helpless, from the effects of which she never recovered, dying March 23, 1914.

In the Treasure Room of the Widener Library, Harvard College, is a quarto volume of inlaid letters and illustrations, entitled Louise E. Bettens, bound in levant by Stikeman & Co., with no star on its back. These letters, written from her home, during this last sickness, to intimate friends, describe her life of about two years and

four months in that sick room, and show that music, literature of the highest kind, and conversation, sustained her and enabled her to forget her age, and physical infirmities.

The Reading of the Medea of Euripides to her on November 25, 1912, described in that book, is but one of similar readings occurring almost daily during that sickness.

In March, 1864, she lost Frank, her eldest child, and her grief and poverty were then extreme.

But she rose superior to that grief and poverty, and in her last sickness she was superior to the infirmities of age and sickness, being supported by the thoughts and visions spread before her by some of the world's great minds.

We may be living today in a materialistic age, but idealism is not dead when a Louise E. Bettens lives. The picture of the Reading of the Medea of Euripides shows that the mind and soul of such an idealist conquers even the grim visage of approaching Death which ceases to have any terrors for her. Perhaps her life and aspirations may have a good influence upon some who see that picture and understand its meaning.

READING
THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES
TO
MRS. LOUISE E. BETTENS

FROM A PAINTING IN MINIATURE BY
ALYN WILLIAMS
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH NOVEMBER 25TH, 1912. BY
ALMAN & CO.

MARIE M. THOMPSON
EDWARD DETRAZ BETTENS



THE LOUISE E. BETTENS
MEMORIAL
IN
HARVARD COLLEGE

NEW YORK, April 10, 1917.

DEAR WARE:—

Your letter received. I have always hoped that my Mother's character—one of aspiration under difficulties—might, if known, help and encourage others when in trouble. How to call attention to that character was and is the problem. I am still working at it, and perhaps will continue to do so, as long as I live.

The poet has described her life of Aspiration:

BUILD THEE MORE STATELY MANSIONS, O
MY SOUL,
AS THE SWIFT SEASONS ROLL!
LEAVE THY LOW VAULTED PAST!
LET EACH NEW TEMPLE, NOBLER THAN THE
LAST,
SHUT THEE FROM HEAVEN WITH A DOME
MORE VAST,
TILL THOU AT LENGTH ART FREE,
LEAVING THINE OUTGROWN SHELL BY LIFE'S
UNRESTING SEA!

For your consideration, and in answer to your letter, I enclose a statement of my Mother's Memorial in Harvard College. I prefer that my name be not mentioned in that statement except where it is unavoidable.

Sincerely,

EDWARD D. BETTENS,
Class of 1873, Harvard College.

MR. ARTHUR L. WARE,
Secretary Class of 1873, Harvard College.

THE LOUISE E. BETTENS MEMORIAL
HARVARD COLLEGE

Louise E. Rochat, born January 7, 1827, on a farm near Ghent, Kentucky, married January 31, 1843, in Vevay, Indiana, to Alexander Bettens, was the mother of Frank, Rose, Edward Detraz and Thomas Simms Bettens, naming the children in the order of their births.

Mrs. Bettens died March 23, 1914, in New York City, her husband and all of her children except Edward having predeceased her.

The book, Mrs. Louise E. Bettens, limited to 150 copies, printed on Japan paper, bound in Levant, with doublure and silk flyleaf, with illustrations, was for private distribution only.

There is in Harvard College a foundation for a memorial of Mrs. Bettens. Beauty and Usefulness have been controlling factors in establishing this memorial, and the Fogg Art Museum, the Phillips Brooks House Association and the Widener Library, have united in helping to establish it.

The Fogg Art Museum controls a sum of money, amounting at present to Twenty Thousand Dollars, as a principal fund, known as

THE LOUISE E. BETTENS FUND
ESTABLISHED BY HER CHILDREN

The income of this fund is to be used to encourage and advance Painting by citizens of the United States, including women, as well as men.

The Phillips Brooks House Association has set aside a room in the Phillips Brooks House to be known as The Louise E. Bettens Room.

The Phillips Brooks House Association has Twenty-five Hundred Dollars, as a principal fund, to be kept intact and to be known as

THE LOUISE E. BETTENS FUND
PHILLIPS BROOKS HOUSE ASSOCIATION

The income of that Fund is to further the activities of the Phillips Brooks House Association, but is not to be used for the maintenance of Harvard College buildings or for the expenses now met by Harvard College or by the existing Phillips Brooks House Fund.

The Widener Library, in its Treasure Room has Ten Books, to which the book, Mrs. Louise E. Bettens, is to be added, and also has seven miniatures painted by Alyn Williams, all the books and the miniatures contained in one cabinet.

The seven miniatures are as follows:

ROSE AND HER MOTHER.....	1848
MRS. LOUISE E. BETTENS.....	1864
FRANK BETTENS.....	1864
THOMAS SIMMS BETTENS, DON AND KEBO	1906
MRS. LOUISE E. BETTENS.....	1907
THE READING OF THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES TO MRS. LOUISE E. BETTENS	1912
EDWARD DETRAZ BETTENS.....	1916

Incidental to this Memorial, and helping to make it attractive and instructive, Harvard College has accepted the following paintings which are now in the following places, to wit:

In Room No. 790 of the Widener Library are:

THE HEAD OF A GIRL, BY A. ASTI.
A VESTAL VIRGIN, A COPY ON DELFT OF THE
VESTAL VIRGIN, BY ANGELICA KAUFF-
MAN IN THE DRESDEN GALLERY.

In the Louise E. Bettens Room, Phillips Brooks
House, are:

TWO PORTRAITS OF MRS. BETTENS AND ONE
PORTRAIT OF THOMAS SIMMS BETTENS.
A LANDSCAPE IN OIL, BY A. H. WYANT.
A LANDSCAPE, WATER COLOR, BY EUGENE
DESZAGG.

In the Fogg Art Museum are:

LAKE O'HARA, A PAINTING IN OIL, BY JOHN
SINGER SARGENT.
BRIDLE PATH—TAHITI, A WATER COLOR, BY
JOHN LA FARGE.
SUNDAY MORNING DOMBERG, A WATER
COLOR, BY JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER.
MONMOUTH BEFORE JAMES II, REFUSING
TO REVEAL THE NAMES OF HIS ACCOM-
PLICES, AN UNFINISHED OIL PAINTING,
BY JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY.

It is not out of place in connection with this
Memorial to mention the Fountain in the Har-
vard Union, placed there as a memorial of
Thomas Simms Bettens, by some of his pupils.

Nor should the Thomas Simms Bettens Fund,
established in 1916 by the Harvard Chapter of
Phi Beta Kappa Alpha of Massachusetts, be over-
looked.

NEW YORK, June 6, 1917.

DEAR CLARKE:

You and Beaman* will, I am sure, be interested in Dr. Charles W. Eliot's letter to me dated June 5th inst., a copy of which is enclosed.

The wise and experienced Dr. Eliot says in his letter to me:

"You, of course, have procured from the President and Fellows of Harvard College a statement accepting the funds on the exact conditions of trust."

Have I?

I have been less interested in those funds (although they are of great interest to me and to what I am trying to accomplish) than I have been in the book "Mrs. Louise E. Bettens", and what its contents *suggest*. It is particularly what that book suggests that I have had constantly in mind. Anybody who has the spare cash can give money to Harvard College, and buy pictures, and furnish rooms, all of which is very interesting. But to suggest a character and a life, omitting many details, is quite another matter. I do not know whether I have succeeded in producing that kind of a book.

Sincerely,

EDWARD D. BETTENS.

SAMUEL B. CLARKE, Esq.

*William S. Beaman, Harvard Class of 1872.

NEW YORK CITY,
April 1st, 1918.

DR. CHARLES W. ELIOT,
Cambridge, Mass.

DEAR MR. ELIOT:

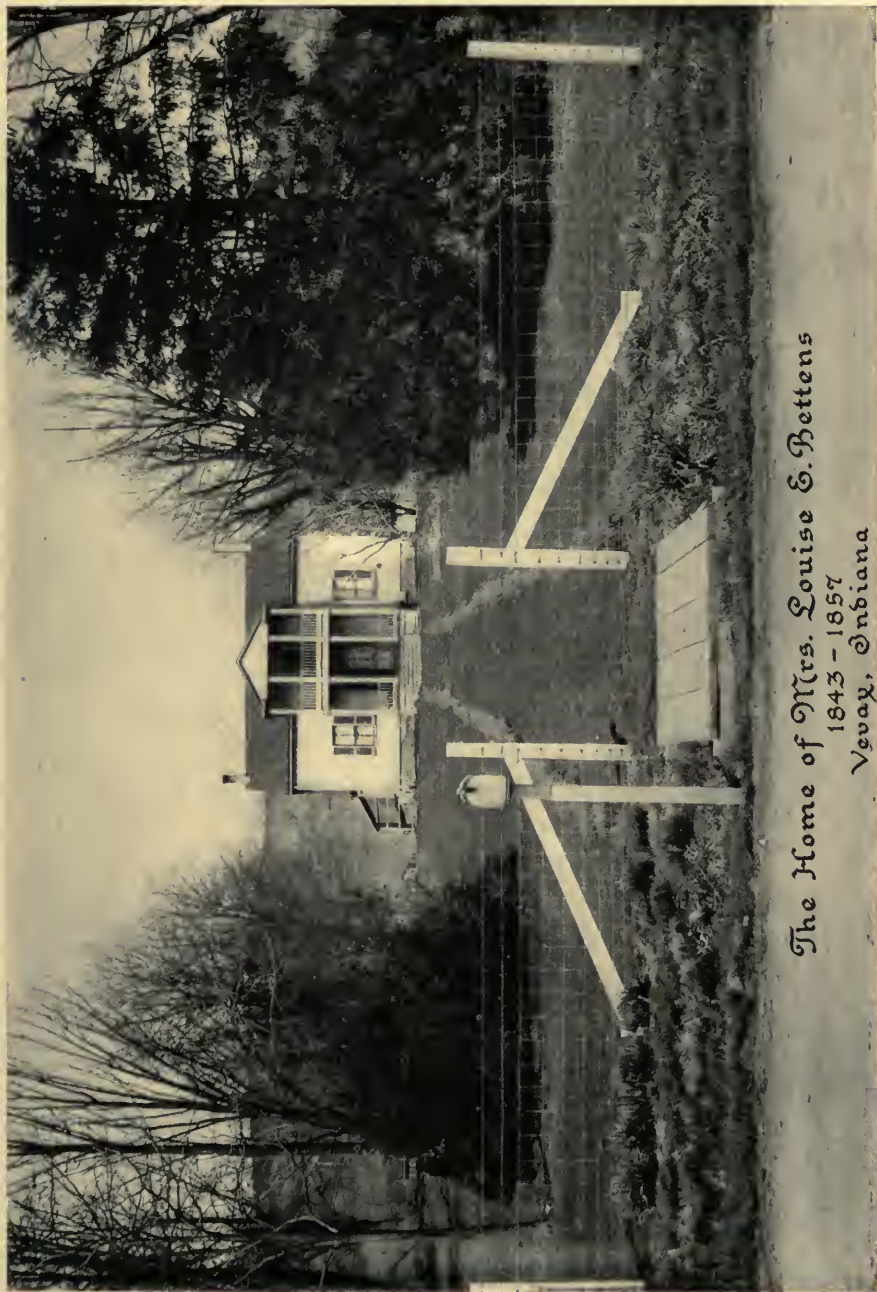
The house in Vevay, Indiana, in which all of the children of Mrs. Louise E. Bettens were born, and in which she lived from the time of her marriage, in 1843, to about 1857, is still in existence, its front porch having been replaced by a portico, and some additions having been made to it in the rear.

The house fronts south, looking over the Ohio River, towards the Kentucky Hills. At my request a Vevay photographer, last month, made three photographs of the house and its front yard. One photograph was of the front of the house, with the camera standing near it. Another was a photograph of the gate, yard, and front of the house, the camera being stationed a little south of the road. The third photograph is of the yard, road, Ohio River and the Kentucky Hills, with the camera standing in front of the house.

The weeping willow tree that was formerly at the gate is no longer there. Nor is there a vineyard, as formerly, from the road stretching north over the farm. Two pecan trees are still standing near the house. I am sending you herewith one of each of those photographs. The flower border on each side of the walk from the gate to the house is of daffodills. That border was there when I was living in the house.

Sincerely,

EDWARD D. BETTENS.



The Home of Mrs. Louise S. Bettens
1843 - 1857
Vevay, Indiana

PRINTERS

THE EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE, INC.
156 FULTON STREET

ENGRAVERS

GILL ENGRAVING CO.
140 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK, NEW YORK



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