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WATER-COLOUR SKETCH FOR A PORTRAIT OF
FRANK BRANGWYN BY JOSEPH SIMPSON, R.B.A.

THE STUDIO

RECENT DECORATIVE WORK OF
FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A. BY
ARTHUR FINCH.

I. MURAL PAINTINGS IN THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION.

BY that section of the British public—alas, all too few!—who have learned to enjoy the simplicity and breadth of design evidenced in the decorative compositions of Frank Brangwyn, it should be a cause for regret that his greatest effort was commissioned for the United States of America.

What England lost, however, the world, in this instance, gained. The choice of this artist for the decoration of the ambulatory in the Court of the Ages, officially designated "The Court of Abundance," the most beautiful and harmonious architectural work in the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, was, indeed, a happy one, and points to the fine discernment of Mr. Jules Guérin, the Director of Colour, with whom rested the selection of the band of mural painters to decorate the Exposition Courts.

The fortunate choice of the Exposition authorities, so far as the decoration of the arcades of the Court of Ages was concerned, was eclipsed by the affinity between the architect, Mr. Louis Mullgardt, and the artist. To understand the symbolism underlying Brangwyn's eight masterpieces, and harmony of colour in relation to the Exposition itself, I can do no better than relate the main ideas which the gifted architect sought to express. A combination of many architectural styles, it typifies, as it were, the world's progressive march from its nebulous state, out of which came the elementary forces of nature, symbolized in water by a basin, two columns on either side of the Tower represent Earth and Air, and Fire is depicted in the braziers and cauldrons. The upward advances, through the ages, are seen in decorative *motifs* on the columns to represent the movement of the animal kingdom from its preceding plant life. Then the Stone Age is indicated by means of pre-

historic types in nature mounting the arcade, within which are Brangwyn's murals set against an orange ground. Man next plants his feet on the altar tower, though he is seen engaged in fierce combat to withstand the onslaughts of the Powers of Darkness. The blazing torches above symbolize the Dawn of Understanding, and in the finials are set chanticleers, to herald the Dawn of Christianity. Man soars upward to his goal, represented by the central figure in the highest part of the tower, embodying, however ironical it may seem to Europeans, "Peace on Earth, goodwill toward Men." It is accompanied by Learning and Industry, with Thought close by; and, near at hand, in the form of masks are Intelligence and Ignorance.

For an artist of little imaginative power to have attempted a scheme of mural paintings on the enormous scale required would have ended in failure. Success necessitated that the mural painter, whilst expressing his individuality both in colour and subject, should conform to the limitations imposed by the medium, so that the designs would fit in with the architectural scheme. Frank Brangwyn possessed to the full these essentials.

The artist's robust mind sought a more difficult, yet more vital, theme than the mere rendering of work, which made possible the Panama Canal. His large, creative, restless brain directing the artist's brush and his colour vision stopped at nothing less than the representation of the dynamic forces of nature in the four elements—Air, Earth, Fire, and Water, each symbolized in two panels. In the sublimity of the conception, and the powerful execution, his work finds a worthy place in the architectural masterpiece of Mullgardt.

To grasp the magnitude of the undertaking, it is sufficient to say that the pastel drawings, from which the two colour illustrations are reproduced, measured, approximately, 4 feet in length, whilst the completed canvases each measured 25 feet by 12 feet.

Viewed as the complete expression of a great and moving idea, the designs are striking in their simplicity of subject; yet the symbolism

Mural Paintings by Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A.

embodied in each painting is wonderfully complex, the outpourings on canvas of a powerful imagination harnessed to a direct and unsophisticated nature. Modern in feeling, the designs are linked up with the best works of the Renaissance schools of Florence and Umbria by reason of their intrinsic power of execution, arrangement, and spacing of individual figures. As in his little-known Royal Exchange panel, he has allowed nothing to interfere with the essentials of composition, unity of design, and proper distribution of colour masses. Taking Nietzsche's "live dangerously," he has applied the philosophic dictum to his art. These panels soar beyond the mere technical. He has mastered design and colour; these paintings, more than any example of his art during the past epoch, represent his artistic heritage. Some individual figures may need a more finished execution; but each, without exception, is vigorously drawn, pregnant with life and human feeling, if of the workaday world. Perhaps the best examples are seen in the rendering of the fishermen drawing a net from an adjoining lake, in *Water I*; this group symbolizes herculean strength and intensity of human effort, yet they take their natural place in the *ensemble* of the composition.

Coming to the symbolism of these mural paintings, whilst some of them may, after close scrutiny, lend themselves to an easy explanation, there are others which will prove veritable enigmas, just as did Watts's imaginative compositions to the average Victorian. Of the first order are the *Earth* panels. The first of these shows the trelliswork of a vineyard, overhung with purple grapes against the indigo background of sky, being picked by the primitive grape-treaders, thrown into a large stone vat that is set against the soft shadows rendered by the arbour, and then pounded into juice, which is being drunk by the well-arranged foreground group. In the second composition is the intent group of fruit-pickers, a masterpiece of design, illustrated here in colour, though the reduced size makes impossible the adequate rendering of many of the individual beauties of colour. The brush tints on the dress of the mother, a happy characterization, are Japanese in their delicate hues of purple, brown, pink, and white spottings. As in other panels, the warm colours are relieved by the hues of the orange-tree backgrounds in neutral tones of green, etc.,

splashed with yellow. In the pickers on the ladders a fine essay in perspective is attempted.

Following the natural arrangement of the panels are the *Fire* murals. In *Primitive Fire* the right note is struck by the passive, wondering faces of the peasants, whose outstretched hands are held to the thin grey-white column of smoke, fanned by the blowers into flame, rising up to the illimitable beyond. It is a magnificent colour-scheme of leaves in autumn tints. A fine decorative ensemble dignifies *Industrial Fire*. Notice the pottery lying about the foreground, with the well-delineated, contrasted, duller tonal scheme of tall fir- and pine-trees.

There is no difficulty in comprehending the first of the *Air* panels. Here is seen the beautiful form of a massive golden-toned windmill set against a cobalt-blue sky, impassive to the oncoming storm which is heralded by the wind that sweeps along heedlessly the foreground group, whose forms are contrasted by the brightness of the golden corn. How complete is this composition! Brangwyn includes the rainbow in the distance, cleverly posed against the shaft of the mill, and a group of children, making use of the wind to fly their kite. In *Air II* an ethereal note is rendered. The hardwood trees are of a rich autumn tone, through which are observed birds on the wing, whose white coats harmonize with the trunks, beyond which is the finely distanced sky. The symbolism is concealed in the light moving group of bowmen with the listening hunter screened by the tree, straining his ear to detect the moving of the unsuspecting prey. A refined treatment is observable in the panel of *The Fountain*, the second of the last element, Water. Men, women, and children move towards the fountain, with their various rich-coloured vessels, the source of which is indicated by the inclusion of a pair of flamingos. The slender forms of the trees and the delicacy of the branches complete a magnificent theme.

The colour-scheme is mainly treated in autumn tones, contrasts being obtained by the employment of browns and greys against the bright colour masses of the still-life groups and blues of skies, varied purples and reds of leaves, and the speckled coloured dresses of the women and the scarves of the men.

Brangwyn's dexterity of design is seen in the medium of mosaic, which will form the subject of a subsequent article.



"THE FOUR ELEMENTS: EARTH, II THE
FRUIT PICKERS." PRELIMINARY PASTEL
SKETCH FOR MURAL PAINTING IN THE COURT OF
ABUNDANCE, PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION,
BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A. R. A.





"THE FOUR ELEMENTS: EARTH I—
GATHERING GRAPES." MURAL PAINT-
ING BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.



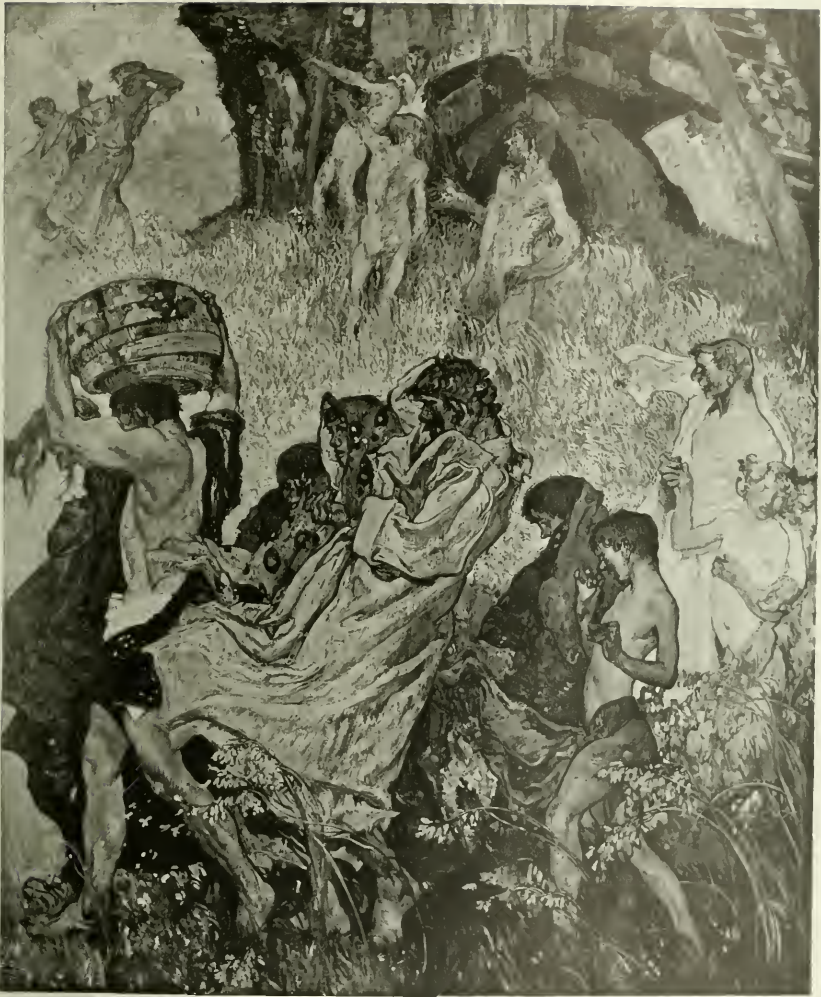
"THE FOUR ELEMENTS: FIRE I—
PRIMITIVE FIRE." MURAL PAINT-
ING BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.



"THE FOUR ELEMENTS: FIRE II—
INDUSTRIAL FIRE." MURAL PAINT-
ING BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.



"THE FOUR ELEMENTS: AIR I—
THE HUNTERS." MURAL PAINT-
ING BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.



"THE FOUR ELEMENTS: AIR II—
THE WINDMILL." MURAL PAINT-
ING BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.



"THE FOUR ELEMENTS: WATER I—
THE NET." MURAL PAINTING BY
FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.



THE FOUR ELEMENTS WATER II—
THE FOUNTAIN PRELIMINARY PASTEL
SKETCH FOR MURAL PAINTING IN THE COURT
OF BRIDGEMAN PALACE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION
BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.



IRISH ARTS AND CRAFTS. BY P. OSWALD REEVES

THE Arts and Crafts Society of Ireland are holding this year their fifth Exhibition of Irish Arts and Crafts.

The exhibition, which, having been open in Dublin during July and August, has now been transferred to Belfast, whence it will go to Cork for view during November, brings to notice again the good work that is being done by this Society, together with another most

interesting collection of exhibits by the Applied Art Workers of Ireland. It has been formed by means of the Society's wide organization, which is extended throughout Ireland, the Executive Committee in Dublin being assisted by Sub-Committees in the north and in the south. These Committees, together with the officers of the Society, all of whom are honorary, are to be congratulated on having secured a collection of excellent work, representative of the whole of Ireland.

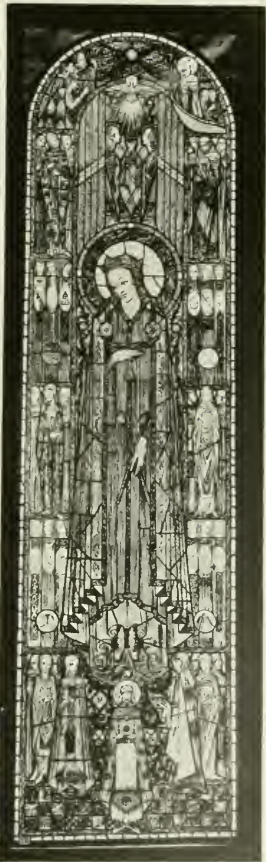
One cannot but be impressed by the remarkable development of the arts that this exhibition reveals in a land that is too apt to be thought one of unrest alone. Here we have, indeed, evidence of a steady striving towards peace and beauty, serious and sincere, on the part of a widely spread number of the men and women of Ireland.

The exhibition has points of especial interest when viewed generally, and in relation to the Arts and Crafts movement as one is familiar with it in England, its native home. In connexion with the movement, Ireland has been perhaps less fortunate than England in many re-

spects, and when the conditions under which the revival of handicraft has taken place in England are compared with those that have prevailed in Ireland, it may be realized how well favoured England has been. The remarkable personality of William Morris, his genius and the force of his example and teaching, are too well remembered to require enlarging upon here. It is sufficient to note that together they constituted a "call," one that raised, was destined to raise, a wide response, and brought into co-operation with him many whose names and

genius stand high—Burne-Jones, Madox Brown, Walter Crane, and how many others might be added to the list? Nor can it be forgotten that this movement arose in the most favourable surroundings—in a world-centre of genius and riches. It were strange had not the revival here attained a high level of achievement.

The strong influences which inspired the revival in England, however, never directly reached across the Irish Sea. Neither was Ireland favoured with equivalent genius of her own. Nevertheless, this has not been altogether without its compensations. Twenty-three years ago, when the power of William Morris was at its height, and craftsmanship in Ireland at about its lowest ebb, one Irishman rose to the occasion. It was then, in the year 1894, that the Arts and Crafts Society of Ireland was founded by their present president, the Earl of Mayo. The founding of the Society was marked by the rousing of great interest in Ireland, and the holding of the first of the Society's exhibitions, which included a loan collection of the best Arts and Crafts work from England and elsewhere, which acquainted the



CARTOON FOR STAINED GLASS: "OUR LADY," FOR THE HONAN HOSTEL CHAPEL, CORK, BY HARRY CLARKE

Irish Arts and Crafts



CHASUBLE OF WHITE POPLIN, EMBROIDERED
DESIGNED BY JOHN LEES
EXECUTED BY EGAN AND
SONS

people of Ireland with the qualities of true craftsmanship and, what is still more important, aroused a sense of what they themselves might achieve.

No attempt can be made to trace here in detail the varied efforts of the Society for the guidance and development of Irish applied arts since that time.

This, the Society's fifth exhibition, however, demonstrates what has been so far achieved, and this achievement has been due to the continuous untiring personal effort of the president, who for these many years has sustained and guided the work of the Society, taking the large share of the most arduous and difficult

tasks, and securing that the cause should not suffer avoidably through lack of funds. It is satisfactory to know that the Earl of Mayo considers that he has now gathered about him in the Society a body which enables him to feel the future is secured, and the Society's achievements having received generous recognition from the Department of Technical Instruction for Ireland, some further useful co-operation may yet be developed. This exhibition has been organized with the Department's aid, and held in conjunction with one of the Department's own, which shows the work of the craftsmen of the future in their training at the Art Schools under the Department.

Thus, in a few lines, has the revival of Arts and Crafts been brought about in a relatively poor country and by the effort chiefly of one man, who is not himself a craftsman. The revival has responded therefore to influences differing far from those that shaped the English Arts and Crafts. The "call" in Ireland has not been one for *followers*, and has not come from creative masters. Herein lies the secret of certain differences of character in the arts that



WHITE EMBROIDERY, DESIGNED BY SAMUEL R. BOLTON
WORKED BY MARY WOODS

Irish Arts and Crafts



SILVER PENDANT AND CHAIN, WITH JEWELS AND ENAMEL. BY INEZ M. HOLLOWAY

have developed in the two countries. Irishmen have been aroused to observe the principles of true craftsmanship as revealed in the best examples, and stimulated to find their own expression. On the latter point the following

paragraph from the "Foreword" to the catalogue of the present exhibition affords a view of the attitude adopted:

"Few countries require the inspiration of a native development more than Ireland. Few peoples would respond to it with more fruitful results. Our people have the rich tradition of an age whose powers were great enough to produce such works as the Cross of Cong, the Ardagh chalice, and the Tara brooch. A people capable of such triumphs in design and in

execution must have within them the power to revive their ancient glories—the germ of a new life of artistic achievement—or, better still, to direct their inspiration into quite new but equally vigorous modes of expression. Those who have faith in the craftsmen of Ireland believe that they will regain in another age and under different conditions the mastery of methods and materials which made their forerunners famous. No art which inspires the ideals and activities of eager craftsmen can live on the past alone. It must draw its inspiration from the movements of the present, although it may be grateful to the past so far as the traditions of other ages are helpful to the present. In passing, it may be noticed that the vigour of the aesthetic movement in France to-day derives its strength from its whole-hearted expression of the life of modern France and her people. It is therefore essential that no slavish reversion to ancient forms, however beautiful, or to traditions, however well established, should hamper—should do more than tend to help—the Irish craftsman of to-day. Art is the expression of the passion for beauty of the men who are devoted to the creation of noble things, and of all those who by sympathy are helping them in this splendid task. This task cannot be achieved without love of all that makes its home, the sea-girt isle, the mystery and the beauty and the sadness of an island cut off by the unplumbed, salt, estranging sea, kept green and fresh by her sea mists, made sad and strange by her clouds and rain. And

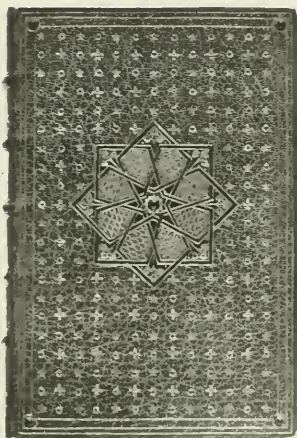


PENDANT OF GOLD WITH PLIQUE-À-JOUR ENAMEL: "THE WATER-LILY." BY MRS. NEAVE O'BYRNE-DOGGETT



CARTOON FOR STAINED GLASS: "THE PRODIGAL SON" BY WILHELMINA M. GULDIS

Irish Arts and Crafts



GREY MOROCCO BINDING, WITH JEWELS,
INLAY, AND GOLD TOOLING
BY ELEANOR KELLY

so also it must be the mode of expressing the hopes and fears and joys of her people. If it cannot be perfected without paying due homage to all that our forefathers have done in the service of beauty, still less can it exist on the recollection of past achievements, however splendid. It must draw its life from the ideals of the moment, or rather must be the expression of the strongest tendency in the current of feeling of the race. It is a consoling thought that Art cannot long be stagnant in any country, however poor, in which there is life and strength and progress. For strength and progress of any kind cannot fail for any length of time to inspire a love of and a demand for the things of beauty. Art depends on the vitality, the mental alertness of a people, and in all its long history it will not be found that great art of some kind or other ever was wanting to any people who were conscious of their own spiritual or national mission, or ever flourished in a people on the road to decay."

It was inevitable that under guidance of this kind, having regard to the peculiarly great Celtic traditions and to those strong national character-

istics that have been recognized in the Irish literary revival, the Arts and Crafts movement in Ireland was destined to bring forth work with a character of its own. There are many qualities in the English work that occur to the mind at once on the mention of "Arts and Crafts"—some of high excellence, others less worthy but more generally prevalent. Some of the latter are to be accounted for probably by the social views of the leader of the movement. Art, in English Arts and Crafts, is often prone to play: to quit the deep mystery that wraps life about with awe and wonder, for the childlike assumptions necessary to games: to assume the function of mere cheerfulness, of affording relaxation, rather than that of revelation. So it is that much of the English work seems allied to the nursery. This quality is not found in the Irish work. Art there is not sought among pretences to the ways of childhood. Yet in its suitability for association with children, could anything be more delightful than the Cot Cover (No. 170) embroidered in silks on fine blue linen by May Courtney from a design by Lily Yeats, of Dundrum, Co. Dublin? The delicacy of the design and drawing, the beauty of the colour and materials chosen, and the simplicity of the needlework, all unite in their



BLISTER COVER EMBROIDERED ON BLACK LINEN DESIGNED
BY M. COTTENHAM YEATS, WORKED BY KATY DILLON

Irish Arts and Crafts



STAINED-GLASS ROUNDEL (OF ONE PIECE OF GLASS WITHOUT LEADS). BY HARRY CLARKE

cated, and indeed is contrary to the aims of the Society and frankly discouraged, not merely because such work offensively degrades what may be in itself splendid, and can embody no vitality of to-day, but also because thieving of this kind, whether it be open or stealthy, from the living or the dead, is the sign of a mental attitude with which Art will not associate. These things will happen, however, in the train of a movement conscious of past achievements, and this must be passed by to seek rather the head of the movement, to see whither it is tending, and the nature of its products as it goes. The quality of the work as a whole, however, is good and one feels that something distinctive is in process of evolution and that the future holds work of increasing interest and merit. Respect for sound workmanship is obvious throughout the exhibition, and the mastery of technicalities

sweet refreshing restfulness, and sustain too the exquisite mood of the words that border the flowery field—"Take time to thrive, my rose of hope; Sweet joy I call thee; A little rest and then the world is full of work to do; Sweet joy befall thee." To see this Cot Cover is to feel what those lines contain. One is led to realize the beauty of childhood and what in sincerity should respond to it within us: to experience that beauty which pervades the "Songs of Innocence" of a great Irishman.

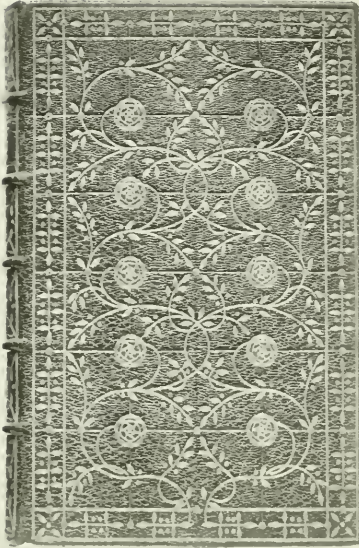
It cannot be said that the work in this exhibition rises as a whole to any exalted level. There is a tendency, for instance, inevitable perhaps at this stage of the process of development, to a sentimental regard for the ancient Celtic work, and to attempts at its resurrection. This is to be depre-



GREEN SILK WATCH-CASE, EMBROIDERED

BY GEORGIANA E. ATKINSON

Irish Arts and Crafts



RED MOROCCO BINDING WITH INLAY AND GOLD TOOLING. BY MRS. V. B. HONE

revealed in various exhibits is remarkable. The white embroidered handkerchief (No. 164) worked by Mary Woods from a design by Samuel R. Bolton, of Co. Antrim, for example, though somewhat heavy as a handkerchief and more suitable to some other use, commands admiration by reason of the extraordinary skill of the needlework. Similarly the enamels generally, and the cabinet-work of James Hicks, of Dublin, reveal high attainment in craftsmanship.

Turning to consider the work that shows in more or less degree the distinctive character that is developing in Ireland, there are several exhibits to which attention might be drawn. Among the many good pieces of embroidery there is a Watch-Case (No. 160) of green silk, embroidered in silks, by Georgiana E. Atkinson, of Portadown, which is a remarkably successful combination of art and craft. Anything more choice than this it would be difficult to find. The delicate feeling of the needlework and the colour-scheme, the sense of preciousness and of repose, distinguish this work and make one feel "how fair it is."

The bookbinding of Eleanor Kelly, of Dublin, of which there are three examples, is marked

by a reserve in the enrichments and the tasteful use of inlaid coloured leather and jewels. There is a charm in her work also by reason of the manner in which every part, to the least significant, is cared for and brought into the scheme of treatment adopted.

The revival of enamelling and of craftsmanship in metals is represented by many examples, which together form a feature of the exhibition. As these for the most part are the work of the present writer and his former pupils, he prefers to leave the critical notice of them to other minds, but may be permitted perhaps to say that the Dublin enamels have secured a certain reputation, not only in these countries but also in different parts of Europe and America, where they have been generally regarded as having distinctively Celtic yet modern character.

There is one artist represented in the exhibition, however, who has gone further in achievement than any of his fellows, and whose work illustrates more clearly than any of the foregoing how a genuine Celtic character marks the best Irish Applied Art. Harry Clarke, of Dublin, exhibits drawings for reproduction, stained glass, and cartoons for stained-glass windows.



EMBOSSED LEATHER SATCHEL FOR GOSPELS BY AILCE JACOB

Irish Arts and Crafts



PENDANT IN SILVER AND
ENAMEL
BY MARGARET O'KEEFE

His drawing for reproduction in black and white and colour is already very well known. It is in his stained glass, however, that the full scope of his undoubted genius is to be seen, and his best efforts, so far, now enrich the chapel attached to the Honan Hostel in connexion with the University College, Cork, in the building and furnishing of which

the varied work of the best Irish craftsmen of to-day has been brought together under the direction of Sir John O'Connell. Writing about the stained glass, Mr. Thomas Bodkin has well said :

" The windows which Mr. Harry Clarke has designed and executed for the Collegiate Chapel of the Honan Hostel at Cork are a very notable achievement. Nothing like them has been produced before in Ireland. The sustained magnificence of colour, the beautiful and most intricate drawing, the lavish and mysterious symbolism, combine to produce an effect of splendour which is overpowering. . . . The wide-eyed Bridget with her lamp and spray of oak, and the timid red calf that cowers beside her, and the saints and angels, all so individual, that through the background and the borders, leave me groping for adequate words with which to describe the wonder." And he adds, " The Honan Hostel will become a place of pilgrimage, for lovers of great art at least."

A craftsman, however, is equally impressed by other and just as admirable qualities. These windows reveal a conception of stained glass that stands quite alone. The remarkable power of expressing the subject is not greater than that shown in solving all the problems of design and application to a window, nor greater than the extraordinary command of all the technical resources of the art. There has never been before such mastery of technique, nor such application of it to the ends of exceeding beauty, significance, and wondrousness. No one has

ever before shown the great beauty that can be obtained by the leads alone, nor the mysterious beauty and "liveness" that each piece of glass receives at the hands of this artist, nor the jewelled gorgeousness of "pattern" that may be given to a window that teems with subject-interest and meaning. These windows accept their "architectural place" to a fine degree, with an ease and certainty that would suggest that rendering of subject held no temptations to pictorial excess. They are *windows* essentially, but in no small sense, and their qualities are not to be found on looking into the glass. The light as it passes through them is marvellously transformed, not alone by the colour, etc., but by ingenuity of individual craftsmanship, and it is this transformed, glorified, and vitalized light,



ENAMEL PLAQUE: "THE RESPONSE OF THE ROSE"
BY P. OSWALD REEVES



BOOK ILLUSTRATION BY WILHELMINA M. GEDDIS

in all its varied and "live" qualities, that holds the surpassing beauty and significance. And withal, the art of Harry Clarke has strong individual character, is marked by a fine sense of form and powers of draughtsmanship, and, too, is Celtic to a degree.

There are many other exhibits that are well worthy of special mention—the illumination of Joseph Tierney, of Dublin; the drawings and stained-glass cartoons of Wilhelmina Geddis, of Belfast; the stained glass by Austin Molloy, Ethel Rhind, and Michael Healy, all of Dublin; the Belfast Civic Banner designed by R. A. Dawson, and executed by a group of his students in the Municipal School of Art in that city; examples of leather-work and jewellery, among the latter especially the gold and pique-à-jour enamel pendant by Meave O'Byrne-Doggett; weaving by the Dun Emer Guild, etc. The work to which special reference has been made, however, has been chosen not merely as work of merit, but as showing also the distinctive character in the arts that is being evolved by the craftworkers of Ireland.

WILLIAM JEAN BEULEY: AN APPRECIATION. BY W. H. DE B. NELSON.

TO "arrive" and to "get there" are not synonymous terms when applied to an artist. There are many men who arrive quiescently without any semblance of a struggle. The public, by the mouth of the auctioneer more often than of the critic, has ascertained their value with the result that collectors and museum directors suddenly find it becoming if not essential to possess the work of these particular men. Very different is the advance of the man who, in the expressive vernacular of the United States, "gets there." It is by sheer indomitable striving that such success is obtained, and by the possession of noteworthy qualities.

A bright eye, alert bearing, decisive speech, square jaw mostly set, and a powerful chest, are a few of the compelling characteristics that at once stamp William Jean Beuley as a man who would battle his way to success any day, rather than placidly leave his reputation to look after itself with all the passivity of a lottery ticket. That he has struggled and will always do so is because to men of his nature it is only the struggle that counts.

To learn something about his art one must know something about the artist, and to go to the veriest beginnings we may at once state that he was born some forty years ago in Joliet, Illinois. So far Joliet enjoys a somewhat shady reputation as possessing one of America's largest penitentiaries, but it is hoped that in coming years it may also be known as the birthplace of William Jean Beuley, in which respect it will bear a certain analogy with that famous French seaport which is known for its incomparable *bouillabaisse* and as being the birthplace of Monte Christo—but there the analogy between Marseilles and Joliet ceases. To remove all ground for suspicion, however, we recall that at the time of the World's Fair in Chicago, three artists—a painter, a sculptor, and an architect—claimed Joliet as their home town. These three repaired to Paris and were speedily engulfed in the Latin Quarter. Beuley, aged nineteen, was an architect and had the great good fortune when at the World's Fair to meet M. Maurice Yvon, architect of the French Government. Between these two was a rapid



"SUNLIGHT ON ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S" FROM
THE PAINTING BY WILLIAM JEAN BEULEY.

William Jean Beuley: An Appreciation

rapprochement which resulted in Yvon inviting the young architect to enter his atelier in Paris.

Beuley will always look back tenderly upon those two years spent abroad under the fostering wing of Maurice Yvon, who guided his studies and arranged his itineraries throughout France, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Italy, and Greece. His enthusiasm and intelligence struck an answering chord in the master who had much to do in moulding Beuley's career during these most impressionable years.

The first sketching trip embraced the valley of the Loire, the so-called Château District, and on the eve of the murder of President Carnot he returned to Paris with a profusion of sketches and impressions in every known medium. These were duly submitted to the master and may be said to have heralded his career as a painter, though he was not destined for a long while yet to desert architecture. The work was all accomplished in a loose, free style, with a sympathetic feeling for softness of edge and an

elimination of detail that is not all too conspicuous in an architect's office. For this reason Yvon counselled his pupil to go in for painting, but Beuley's life thus far had been too much affiliated with the different departments of building construction. He had drunk too deeply of the Pierian well in matters concerned with mortar, lathing and plastering, steam-heating, masonry, cabinet-making, and kindred problems, and it was well that he followed his profession further, for no sooner had he returned to his native town than he was commissioned to build a residence for the mayor, and to reconstruct the city waterworks, after which all kinds of commissions flowed in upon him. Then followed departure to a larger sphere of activity. We next find him expanding in Chicago, where he constructed many town and country houses, churches, clubs, and business blocks.

Some fifteen years ago, on account of his valuable knowledge, an important firm—Hart, Schaffner, and Marx—secured his services for the



"A HOLIDAY"

BY WILLIAM J. BEULEY

William Jean Beuley: An Appreciation

purpose of evolving advertising on a highly artistic plane. Beuley proved himself more than equal to the occasion. He felt that no detail could be overlooked as unimportant, and even devised the stationery, the wrapping for packages, the very wagons and the harness on the horses. To-day this firm ranks as the highest-class advertisers in America.

It has been Beuley's ambition for years past to bring back beauty into common objects of daily life. He has never feared to point a menacing finger at municipal ugliness whenever encountered, and has worked on many committees with a view to ameliorating evil conditions and educating the public taste. He cannot comprehend why no sculptor has ever undertaken the task of creating a thermometer! His interests have run from brass bedsteads to piano frames and billiard tables, from stoves to radiators, always with a view to introducing refinement and taste in design. Only the artist and the expert can make life beautiful, and it is to be hoped that the public will some day

learn to differentiate between the blatant horrors of commercialism and the intrinsic pleasures of real art.

Beuley is the author of "A Peculiar Type of American Art," which for good common sense and caustic satire is a standard work, a classic indeed that won the unstinted appreciation of the late Augustus St. Gaudens, beside a host of living architects, painters, and sculptors. It is a scathing condemnation of the practice of entrusting ignorant committees with the commissioning of memorial sculpture, in consequence of which "granite concerns," ever since the Civil War, have flooded the country with infantrymen at parade rest. On all sides we observe the same soldier, same overcoat neatly folded over the back, same rifle, same position. A board of country supervisors or aldermen advertises for designs, and patriotic dealers in granite and bronze come bursting along with large bunches of designs. Why consult architects or sculptors? There are ready-made pictures of monuments all duly labelled and



"A NIGHT IN AVIGNON"

BY WILLIAM J. BEULEY



THE CITY GATE. FROM THE PAINTING
BY WILLIAM JEAN BEAULEY.

William Jean Beasley: An Appreciation

numbered, at prices ranging from \$1800 to \$50,000. Such art is akin to the toy cast-iron rabbit in the supervisor's geranium bed, or the spotted metal watch-dog on the alderman's front lawn. A peep into this diverting tirade has saved many a township from artistic disaster.

Before leaving this amusing and informing book, let us hear what the author has to say of Joliet's drinking fountain. A local dealer in hardware and harvesters came to the rescue of the city fathers with an illustrated catalogue issued by an iron and bronze concern containing numerous designs, from two chubby metal infants under a dripping umbrella to a weeping woman kneeling beside a cross, touchingly inscribed, "Lest we forget." The city fathers finally decided upon a fierce man on horseback thrusting his lance into the open jaws of a bounding jaguar. The composition reacted æsthetically upon the committee, who possibly remembered a similar design used in advertising a celebrated brand of bitters. In the passage of a year certain discolorations showed upon the bronze to the dismay of the aldermen. It actually showed green in places and still deeper green. The decision was rapidly made "to paint the bronze up." Now each year sees Joliet's art treasure "done up" in aluminium paint like that on the alderman's radiators.

Some five years ago Beasley may be said to have commenced his career as a painter, without, however, relinquishing his previously mentioned occupation. It is a noteworthy fact that each year has found him represented at the National Academy of Design in New York, which is, after all, the supreme test. The following pictures, *Sunlight on St. Bartholomew's*; *A Bit from the Bridlepath*; *Gray Easter, Madison Square*; *Wild West at the Garden*; *A Venetian Note in New York*; *The City Gate*; *The Shadow*; *A Night in Avignon*—have all found favour with jury and public, and he has had the satisfaction of seeing his work in the Vanderbilt Gallery, where one meets with the pick of the accepted canvases.

For studio Beasley employs taxis and tugs, scouring Manhattan on land and water for subjects of interest deeper than the mere picturesque angle. In New York he looks for that pervading character and distinctiveness which seems to demarcate between this and all other civilizations. His pictures represent the life and action of New York City, and no other.

In his *Pink Edition* we see a corner of the historic "Herald" Building with a newsboy pushing his way through the traffic. It is a telling *instantané*, a snapshot of oils of just the essentials. A canvas of more importance is a large two-spotter depicting some Mexicans and Indians with regulation sombreros and ponchos lounging in the shadows of the Madison Garden Arcade, while in full sunlight opposite one recognizes the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Building. He has unconsciously followed a favourite habit amongst artists of bringing opposites into apposition when an artistic result can be assured. Mexicans and Indians happened to be performing at the Gardens, and Beasley, true to instinct, seized the opportunity, during a pause in the performance, of blending exotic with familiar objects. His figures always belong to the surroundings and never lack spontaneity and character.

The City Gate is another imposing canvas full of the inner history of the locality, where carts of bright merchandise make charming colour-spots as they wind their tedious way like an anapaestic line beneath the imaginary portullis. Here the massive but simple architecture is well and solidly executed, while the view of the elevated railway beyond the gate is pleasantly suggested; here, too, the light and shadows are excellently balanced and cleverly repeated *in petto* in the distance. The life of the East end, pedlars' carts, squalor, bustle of the waterfront, subway excavations, all bring grist to an ever busy mill. The old and the new of the city are seen in a group of old colonial buildings, with an ancient cab and horse drawn up in front, behind which the new Woolworth building towers aghigh; the new here as always menacing the old with final extinction.

Beasley's chief claim to recognition is his ability to filch the spirit of what he sees, and with a pleasant palette to convey a direct and vigorous impression upon the mind of the beholder. His intimate knowledge of building gives a reality to what he portrays that is unusual. He paints rapidly, but of the dozens of sketches ranged round his walls only a few are ultimately selected from which a canvas will be painted, where subject and treatment will be in good accord. It is only of very recent years that a few artists have begun to see beauty in and about New York, and to record it. Of that small band is William Jean Beasley.

STUDIO TALK.

(From our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—Matthew Maris, the survivor of the celebrated trio of brothers whose work was reviewed in a Special Number of this magazine published ten years ago, passed away in London on August 22, at the age of seventy-eight, and the pathetic circumstances connected with his secluded life in the great metropolis, whither he came from Paris shortly after the war of 1870-71, figured prominently in the obituary notices which appeared in the daily and weekly press. On August 27, in the presence of a small group of friends and sympathizers, his remains were laid to rest in the quiet little old-world cemetery adjoining the Parish Church of Hampstead, among those present being the Consul-General for the Netherlands (Mr. E. S. J. Maas), Mrs. Van Wisselingh, Mr. J. C. Van der Veer, Dr. P. Geyl, Mr. and Mme. Lessore, Mrs. J. M. and Miss M. Swan, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Artz, Mr. Velten, and Mr. Harry Wallis and Mr. R. Firmin, of the French Gallery (the latter representing Mr. Croal Thomson, who was unable to attend). By special request no flowers were sent, with the exception of one handsome wreath that lay on the coffin, but at the conclusion of the ceremony many single blooms were thrown into the open grave by those present. The service, which was according to the Church of England rite, was of the simplest character, but none the less impressive, and at its close there were many who still lingered around the grave, talking in subdued tones, as though loath to sever their last link with a great personality who, with all his peculiarities of temperament, possessed in no small degree the inestimable gift of inspiring those who were privileged to have access to him with feelings of affection, admira-

tion, and respect. Of his genius as an artist the Special Number above mentioned contains a fairly complete record, for practically all his principal pictures were reproduced therein. One beautiful work, however, which does not appear among them, we hope to include in a forthcoming issue.

The decorative use of gesso and pearl shell, exemplified in work by Mr. Pickford Marriott which we have illustrated at various times, is again shown in the Roll of Honour board illustrated on this page. The board was designed by him for recording the names of the townsmen of Walmer who have taken up arms in the great struggle, and it has been placed in the Town Hall of the little Kentish coast town as a permanent memorial of their patriotism. The board itself, which measures over six feet in height and five feet in width, is made of teak, and the lettering, ornament, and figure of St. George—introduced into the design to typify the triumph of Right over Wrong—are in



ROLL OF HONOUR BOARD ERECTED IN WALMER TOWN HALL DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY PICKFORD MARRIOTT, A. R. C. A. LOND.



PROCESSIONAL CROSS IN GILT BRONZE. DESIGNED BY EDWARD SPENCER, MADE BY ERIC ROSS AND FRANK JOBE (ARTIFICERS' GUILD)

gesso gilt or coloured, pearl shell being used effectively for the nimbus with its gilded motto on raised gesso, and for the body of the dragon. The armour of St. George and the dragon's head, legs, and wings are gilded, the sword and rocky ground silvered, while the dark red lining of the white mantle and the red cross on the white shield form effective colour-relief in the general design.

The General Committee appointed in 1915 to carry into effect the decision of the War Cabinet to establish a National War Museum has submitted an outline scheme for the consideration of the Government. It is intended that the proposed museum shall commemorate "all the activities called forth by the war at home, in the Dominions, and in India, at all the fronts and on the sea," and it is proposed that one of its main features shall be a "Hall of Honour" containing portraits and statues of those whose pre-eminent achievements are worthy of special honour, while another important feature suggested is a memorial gallery in which future generations may see inscribed

in bronze the names of all the thousands who have given their lives in the gigantic struggle. The scheme which the Committee has in view is a comprehensive and ambitious one, and its realization must of course wait till the restoration of peace. There are indeed abundant reasons why an undertaking of this magnitude, if it is to be truly representative of the nation, should not be entered upon without ample opportunities for discussion. The site suggested by the Committee, on the south side of the Thames, near Westminster Bridge, is certainly open to criticism, and we should have thought that some better location could have been found on the northern side of the river. And then again, seeing that the co-operation of artists is to be invoked, it would not be right



BRONZE GRAVE CROSS. DESIGNED BY EDWARD SPENCER MADE BY C. MONEY (ARTIFICERS' GUILD)



ALTAR CROSS IN SILVER SET WITH AMETHYSTS FOR PARISH CHURCH OF KEIGHLEY, YORKS. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY ALEX. F. SMITH

that the claims of the younger generation of architects, sculptors, painters, and designers, practically all of whom are now under arms, should be ignored. -----

To France we owe in large measure the revival of lithography after the discredit into which the art had fallen as the result of the unlimited uses to which it had been put for commercial purposes; and among French lithographers a distinguished place belongs to Albert Belleruche. In point of fact, however, although French parentage and long residence in France led to his recognition as a French artist, Albert Belleruche is of British birth—Swansea being his native place—and has in recent years become a British citizen by choice. Across the Channel he was first known as a painter in oils—a picture of his is in the Luxembourg—and it was as a second love that he became an exponent of the method of pro-

duction devised by Aloys Senefelder. His work on the stone has been chiefly in black and white, his most characteristic efforts being drawings of feminine heads, and an interesting point about his work is that it is drawn direct on the stone and not transferred. Whilst as a painter he received the customary training, as a lithographer he is entirely self-taught.

To the many examples of artistic metal-work produced in the workshops of the Artificers' Guild which we have heretofore illustrated, we now add, on p. 31, two carried out in bronze, the grave cross being of particular interest, as bronze is not so often employed for monuments of this kind as its qualities deserve. With these illustrations we give here two examples of metal-work recently designed and executed by provincial craftsmen. The altar cross, by Mr. A. F. Smith, of Keighley, Yorkshire, is of silver,



SOUVENIR PRESENTED TO LORD PARMOOR AT OPENING OF A PUBLIC LIBRARY IN LIVERPOOL. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY J. HODEL







FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY
ALBERT BELLEROCHÉ

studded with nine amethysts, and is an excellent piece of work. The other example, a souvenir presented by the City of Liverpool to Lord Parmoor on the occasion of the opening of the Commercial Reference Library of the Liverpool Public Libraries, is also of silver, and takes the shape of a key, with a reading-glass in its bow; it was made in Liverpool by Mr. J. Hodel, Master of Metal Crafts at the City School of Art. There is a nice balance in the design, the classic details being well suited for the purpose, and here again, the craftsmanship is of the highest order.

MILAN.—The Sixth Exhibition of the Società degli Acquerellisti Lombardi, which was opened in Milan in Via Manzoni 12 at the end of May by the Prefect, achieved this year an exceptional success both in the quality of the exhibits and the number of sales effected. The work of the president, Comm. Paolo Sala, was exceptionally interesting and varied. His *Fine d'un bel Giorno* (The End of a Fine Day) shows a group of ladies and cavaliers in the Italian costume of the *Quattrocento*, with a background suggesting the hills and villas around Florence—in fact the whole scene, rendered with admirable technical freedom, might illustrate some *novella* of

Boccaccio. In his *Temporale* he has selected an Italian plain, with above it an expanse of cloud-swept sky which he has treated with the successful audacity which we find in some of the cloud-studies of Constable; but even more indicative of Sala's remarkable technical skill is his *Ritorno al Plano* (The Return to the Plain)—a group of cattle advancing along a dusty Italian road shaded by great trees. Here the sense of distance, of atmosphere, almost of the heat of summer, combined with the free, loose, masterly drawing, recalls the work of Sala's friend and predecessor at Milan, Filippo Carcano.

In figure subjects Mario Bettinelli was this year most successful with a female nude, whose somewhat conventional title, *Al Bagno*, scarcely does justice to the poetry of feeling he has conveyed in this figure, which suggests the Spirit of the Mist rising from some southern lake. A somewhat similar feeling and treatment appeared in the *Penombre* of Paolo Agazzi, where a draped female figure looks out over a distant landscape.

Other exhibitors in this as in other years were Leonardo Bazzaro, Emilio Borsa, Renzo Weiss, Luigi Rossi, and Ermengildo Agazzi, who showed two powerful studies of Venice, as well as



"THE END OF A FINE DAY"

Società degli Acquerellisti Lombardi

WATER-COLOUR BY PAOLO SALA



"THE RETURN TO THE PLAIN"
WATER-COLOUR BY PAOLO SALA

(Squadra degli Alpini, 1915, Lombardi)

Studio-Talk

Amisani, Andreoli, Fumiati, Fabbri, and Ferraguti Visconti. Among the artists from without were Onorato Carlandi, the well-known water-colour painter of Rome; from Tuscany, Plinio Nomellini and a Russian painter, Peter Besrodny, whose *Antiquarian's Shop* and other works showed originality of treatment. S. B.

Ernesto Bazzaro is a sculptor whose work deserves to be better known than it is. With his elder brother Leonardo, an ardent painter whose pictures are much appreciated, he studied at the Brera Academy of Fine Arts here in Milan, but, his academic studies at an end, he quickly began to find his own way, emancipated from the commonplace notions he had imbibed as a student. As a young man he fell under the influence of that genial painter Tranquillo Cremona, of whom I have already written in this magazine, and whose art captivated the young painters and sculptors of his day, among them particularly Ernesto Bazzaro. His influence on the Milanese sculptor is devoutly manifested in the Cavallotti monument on the

Piazza Rosa in Milan, in a fine nude figure, *Leonida*, almost Michael-Angelesque in its conception, and in other works. Nevertheless, under the shadow of this influence his own individuality asserted itself, and with his manipulative skill, his plastic sense, and devotion to form, he was destined to become a true sculptor and not merely the double of a painter. Holding aloof from professional associations, and devoting his life wholly to his art, he is the happiest man in the world with a block of marble before him, for with chisel in hand he knows how to extract from it the life that lies hidden within its mass. A sculptor in the largest sense of the word, he is an artist who can give agreeable form to sentimental themes—as witness his *Widow*, one of his important single-figure compositions—and scenes of passionate emotion such as the high relief for the Cemetery at Bergamo here illustrated. Official Italy, which has given rather too much encouragement to mediocrities, has taken no heed of Ernesto Bazzaro, a mistake which certainly calls for rectification. A. M.



RELIEF FOR THE FAÇADE OF BERGAMO CEMETERY

BY ERNESTO BAZZARO



KOBURI IDO CHAWAN (TEA-BOWL)
(Sold for 2219 yen at Viscount Akimoto's sale)

TOKYO.—A very important art sale took place recently at the Tokyo Art Club on the bank of the Sumida River.

A collection of rare treasures of the old family of Viscount Akimoto, a former feudal lord, was put up for sale and realized 1,460,000 yen (about £146,000). The collection contained 260 items, consisting mainly of paintings by old Japanese and Chinese artists in the form of *kakemono* (hanging pictures), *makimono* (rolls), *byōbu* (folding screens), and *gajo* (albums). It also contained some handwritings by famous persons, as well as a number of *chaki* (articles such as caddy, bowl, kettle, used in connexion with *cha-no-yu*, "an institution founded upon the adoration of the beautiful amidst the sordid facts of every-day existence"). Further, a collection of lacquer-wares formed no small part of the sale. Whatever the ware, each article, teeming with the tradition of the old feudal family to which it belonged, was of the best that could be procured. The sale drew connoisseurs from all parts of the empire and enthused our art world with a fervour hitherto unknown.

The highest price was brought by an album containing eight small paintings by Keishōki. The paintings, alive with strong brushwork in black with very slight colouring, depicted the "Eight Scenes of Shōshō," along the bank of Lake Dotei in China: a distant snowy peak at sunset, the descending of a flight of wild geese, a rainy night, the tolling of a temple bell at dusk, an afterglow, a sunset glow, a returning sail, and an autumnal moon. In these characteristic scenes, of which the second, third, and sixth, are here reproduced, the subtle beauty of sublime nature is presented with remarkable power for such small paintings. The album with the



"KOKEI SANSHO"

A PAIR OF KAKEMONO BY MASANOBU

(Sold for 82,000 yen at Viscount Akimoto's sale)



RED LACQUER CABINET
(Sold for 3608 yen in Viscount Akimoto's sale)

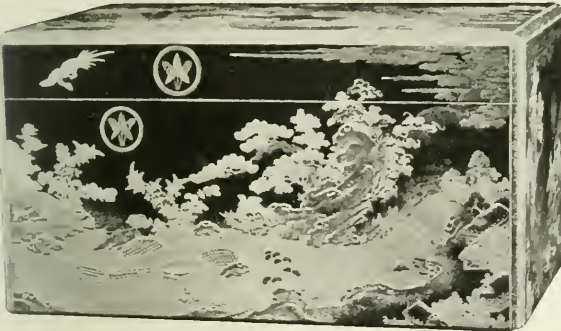
eight paintings was sold for 140,000 yen, a result which created considerable talk in Japan. The next highest sum was paid for a *makimono* (roll) named *Eiga Monogatari* (a story of prosperous life) by Nobuzane, with illustrations and handwritten text alternating. This roll was sold for 116,000 yen. A small piece of paper with the handwriting of Sadaiye, known as "Ogura Shikishi," having thirty-one charac-

ters in four lines of calligraphy, was sold for 17,000 yen. Considering the fact that in feudal times human lives were sacrificed when one of these sheets was lost from the godown of a feudal lord, the amount now paid is by no means too big. Nevertheless, it is an exorbitant price, which only one of the Japanese millionaires created by the present European war could afford to pay.

Most of the paintings offered in the sale were badly soiled and obliterated by time. Nevertheless, they revealed the great personalities of the ancient masters. Among the best works by Japanese masters was the *Waterfall* by Motonobu, which fetched 86,000 yen. It is one of Motonobu's masterpieces. The weight and strength of the falling water, the turbulence at the basin in contrast with the hard and jagged rocks that stubbornly resist the impact of the water, are excellently rendered. Another good work was Masanobu's *Kokei Sansho* (the three laughing sages of Kokei) in a pair of *kakemono*. This is one of the most favourite subjects for our artists, but generally it is treated in the form of landscape-painting, in which the figures are subordinated to nature.



THREE OF THE "EIGHT SCENES OF SHIOHO" BY KEISHOKU
(Complete set sold for 140,000 yen at Viscount Akimoto's sale)

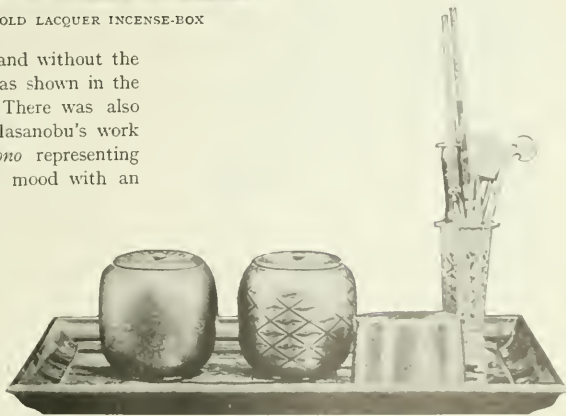


LID AND FRONT OF GOLD LACQUER INCENSE-BOX

But in this case the figures stand without the customary scenic background, as shown in the accompanying reproduction. There was also offered another example of Masanobu's work—a pair of landscape *kakemono* representing nature rather in its dramatic mood with an exquisite touch and finish. In the stately quality of the painting, in noble serenity of landscape, this work has few rivals. The pair fetched 67,000 yen.

A drawing of great dignity was *A Hermit*, by Mumonzeki, a famous priest who founded in the latter half of the thirteenth cen-

tury the Nanzenji, a well-known temple in Kyoto. This work was sold for 16,000 yen. The collection contained an excellent example of Shubun's work—a small landscape *kakemono* in the *shin* style, masterfully presenting a great expanse of nature. This was sold for 12,200 yen. The sale contained several Sesshyus, among which a landscape and *Monkey and Bamboo* stood prominent. In the former he has shown one of his characteristic angular peaks with rocks and pine-trees, revealing his strong brushwork, while in the latter his lighter brush-strokes were more in evidence. The former fetched 37,000 yen, and the latter 14,000 yen. There were also several examples by Kano Eitoku, of which a landscape, with rhythmic lines of the hills, and a pair of *kakemono*, *Kyoyu* and *Sofu*, attracted



ACCESSORIES OF GOLD LACQUER INCENSE-BOX SHOWN ABOVE
(The complete set was sold for 72,000 yen at Victoria's Auctions)

Studio-Talk

considerable attention. The former was sold for 7100 yen, while the latter went for 17,300 yen. Of several examples by Tsunenobu, a set of three *kakemono*—Narihira admiring a waterfall, cherry blossoms of Yoshino, and crimson maple-trees of Tatsuta—was one of the best. It fetched 17,300 yen. The same artist's *Yoshitsune* (an equestrian warrior) was sold for 17,300 yen. The best example of Tannyu's work was the *Three Sages*, which was sold for the modest sum of 1700 yen. The rhythmic lines of the gar-

ments and the different tell-tale expressions on the faces of the sages, who are represented in the act of tasting vinegar, show the unusual talent of the great master.

There were some excellent paintings by the Chinese old masters. Besides the album by Keishoki mentioned above, there was by the same artist a *san-puku-tsui* (three *kakemono* in a set)—a Kwannon (goddess of mercy) for the centre, a rugged landscape for the right, and a moonlight landscape for the left. This set was sold for 22,000 yen. There was Ryokai's *Kanzan Jittoku*, a *kakemono* which realized 35,000 yen. An important landscape by Kakei was sold for 27,000 yen, and another by Enjihei for 30,000 yen. Koyoun's *Crane on Rock* was among the best of the paintings, though it was sold for the paltry sum of 448 yen. In this painting nature seems to have been tuned to the splendour of a glorious morning.

Enormous prices were paid for *chaki* (utensils for *cha-no-yu*) at Viscount Akimoto's sale. A *cha-ire* (a small pottery caddy), named "Tazura cha-ire," and having a brilliant brown glaze, was sold for 28,300 yen. Another *cha-ire* of dark brown glaze was sold for 17,000 yen. Hundreds of yen were paid for tea-bowls and incense-holders. There were some excellent pieces in lacquer. A set of lacquer-ware for incense fetched no less than 72,000 yen. A *ryoshi suzuri-bako* (a box for papers and another for ink-stone) in gold lacquer, showing the cherry blossoms of Yoshino, was sold for 58,000 yen. A set of *suzuri-bako* (boxes for ink-stone), beautifully decorated with autumnal flowers in gold lacquer, brought 25,000 yen. There were also some excellent examples in *tsuishu* (carved red lacquer) which brought considerable sums. There was a cabinet in *tsuishu* with an excellent carving of a Chinese landscape. A set of musical instruments in gold lacquer, with a box to keep them in, decorated with Paulownia leaves and flowers in gold lacquer, fetched 38,800 yen.

There was a lively competition between the art dealers of Kwanto (which means East in which Tokyo is the centre) on the one side and those of Kwansai (which means West in which Kyoto and Osaka form a centre) on the other. This competition among dealers is largely responsible



"A WATERFALL"

BY MOTONOBU

(Sold for 86,000 yen at Viscount Akimoto's sale)

Reviews

for the enormous appreciation in value. The great enthusiasm for art created by Count Date's sale, which took place about a year ago, was brought to a still higher pitch by this sale of Viscount Akimoto's treasures. Another very important sale is to take place in the near future. A collection of art objects in the possession of Mr. Akaboshi, of Tokyo, is to be put up for auction, and it is expected that it will be a very much bigger affair than Viscount Akimoto's sale—in fact, according to a reliable estimate it will realize nearly three times as much as this. Taking advantage of the opportunities now offered, many old houses in Japan are selling out their family treasures. It is the prevalent opinion in Japan that art enthusiasm is now at its highest point in this country.

HARADA-JIRO.

REVIEWS.

Parables and Tales. By THOMAS GORDON HAKE. With a preface by his son, THOMAS HAKE. Illustrated by ARTHUR HUGHES. (London: Elkin Mathews.) 5s. net.—Forty-five years have passed since this collection of verse made its appearance with a cover design by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and the present edition appears to be part of that which was then printed, but a plain cover replaces that bearing Rossetti's design and the letterpress is supplemented by an introductory note from the author's son concerning his father's literary activities. In this he quotes at length Rossetti's review of the verse forming this collection, and it is of interest not only because it is one of the only two poetic criticisms he wrote, but also because it reveals him as a discriminating judge of poetic utterance. The qualities which Rossetti admired in these poems—their homeliness, and especially the warm human sympathy pervading them—are those which entitle them to be rescued from oblivion; but apart from the poems themselves, the belated issue of this remnant of the original edition is to be welcomed because it contains the eight drawings made for it by Arthur Hughes, and we doubt not that there are many who will share the admiration which Rossetti felt for them. Hughes, with whose death, just under two years ago, disappeared the last of the Pre-Raphaelite group, reached his highest point as a painter in *April Love* (Tate Gallery), but he deserves equally to

be remembered for his black-and-white work, about which comparatively little is known.

Silver: Its History and Romance. By BENJAMIN WHITE. With an Introduction by Sir CHARLES ADDIS. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) 21s. net.—As is the case with many things with which we come in contact every day, most of us have only a dim idea of the part which silver has played in the history of mankind. It is the aim of Mr. White's book to impart the knowledge we lack and to tell us something about its manifold uses in the past and present, and though its employment as a medium of exchange among people in all stages of civilization claims his chief attention, scarcely any aspect of the subject has been neglected in this comprehensive survey, including the metallurgy and assaying of the metal, and, of course, its widespread use for articles of luxury and ornament. If from the point of view of romance silver cannot compete with gold, its history has furnished the author with abundance of incidents which serve to enliven his pages and excite the interest of the general reader, for whom the book is primarily intended and for whom also the illustrations have been made as varied as the letterpress.

Quelques Images de la Vie d'un Artiste. Contées et gravées par EDGARD TIJTGAT. (Londres, 1916-1917.)—Affection for a departed friend and fellow-artist has inspired M. Tijtgat to the production of what must certainly be classed as a bibliographical curiosity, for in these days it is rare to find a book with so peculiarly autographic a character as this, which he has composed and printed from type cut by his own hand and illustrated with a series of woodcuts in colour similarly produced. The author is a Belgian artist who, like many of his countrymen, sought refuge in England when his native land was invaded, and in these "Images" he renders homage to the memory of Rik Wouters, who died a few months ago in internment in Holland, whither he escaped after fighting at Liège and Antwerp. From a typographical point of view his friend's memoir, with its crude type and naïve woodcuts, both reminiscent of book-production in its early phases, may raise a smile in those accustomed to the precise methods of modern printing, but the motive which has prompted this tribute to an esteemed confrère is so frankly sincere that technical criticism is disarmed.

The Lay Figure

THE LAY FIGURE: ON CEMENTING AN ALLIANCE.

"I FEEL that the moment is appropriate for a brief sermon on our duty to our neighbours," said the Man with the Red Tie. "We have been thinking a good deal about ourselves lately, and now for a change we might as well give a little thought to other people."

"A very proper sentiment!" laughed the Business Man. "But I am not sure that there is any need just now for a sermon on such a text, if by our neighbours you mean the countries with which we are in alliance in the present troubles. I think we are doing our duty to them pretty thoroughly."

"Oh, yes, in material matters we are no doubt doing all that could reasonably be expected of us," agreed the Man with the Red Tie; "but in matters of sentiment I believe we have not gone quite far enough as yet—and matters of sentiment, you must remember, affect in very considerable measure the relations between countries."

"What particular phase of sentiment have you in mind?" asked the Business Man. "We seem to have covered the ground as well as any one could wish."

"Have we? I am not so sure," returned the Man with the Red Tie. "In the encouragement of art we have not been as active as we should be, and in considering the problems of our own art world we have not kept sufficiently in mind the difficulties which have to be faced by the art workers of the other nations with which we are in sympathy."

"You are right!" broke in the Critic. "We could do a good deal more than we have attempted yet to help art abroad, and we have not remembered as we should that the art of our Allies has the most serious claims upon our consideration."

"But we have had many shows of foreign work here since the war started," argued the Business Man. "Is not that enough to prove our sympathy?"

"No, it is not enough, because these shows have been only casual and occasional," declared the Man with the Red Tie. "We want a serious and systematic recognition of the efforts of our friends to keep their art alive, and we want to second those efforts to the utmost of our ability."

The consciousness of our own difficulties ought to make us doubly appreciative of the struggles to which the artists in other countries are committed, and we ought to see that our duty to our neighbour obliges us to give some help in these struggles."

"Yes, look at France," said the Critic. "What opportunities have the artists there now of making their influence felt? Can we not give them the chances here which are for the moment denied to them at home and prove to the world that French art is still full of vitality and brilliant initiative?"

"And Italy, too, and the other nations with which we are associated in the war, why should we not show our sympathy with them all in the most effective way possible?" went on the Man with the Red Tie. "It seems to be so obviously something that should be required of us."

"I do not see it. Let each nation look after its own art," objected the Business Man. "Why bring the foreign artists over here to compete with our own?"

"Because art is not a matter of frontiers or boundaries," replied the Critic; "and because community of artistic sentiment is one of the strongest bonds by which nations can be linked together. I believe it has a power immensely valuable to cement the alliances between civilized peoples, and I believe we have a chance now to establish a permanent good feeling which will be greatly helpful to us all in the future. It would be lamentable to let the opportunity slip."

"How do you propose to set about the encouragement of art abroad?" asked the Business Man.

"By making the display of it here a regular and officially recognized thing," suggested the Man with the Red Tie. "By showing the most catholic appreciation of the efforts of our friends, and of expressing our sense of the importance of these efforts in a practical and, if you like, commercial manner. We are able to do it if we choose."

"Of course we can do it," cried the Critic; "and of course we ought to do it. But it is just one of those obvious things that every one agrees about and that comes to nothing for want of proper organization. That is the point we have to keep in mind."

THE LAY FIGURE.



HE IS COMING FROM THE
PAINTING BY MATTHEW MARIS

Matthew Maris

MATTHEW MARIS

IT holds true that in artistic affairs the ordinary laws of supply and demand do not always operate, for is it not a fact that the largest producers of good pictures are also the most valued as well as the best known—Turner, Corot, Rembrandt, Raeburn? Yet there are some notable examples of artists being both very rare yet very widely known.

In a general way, it requires a large number of good pictures to have been painted by an artist for him to be received into the ranks of those accepted as famous by the ordinary public; while at the same time being admitted to be so by the special connoisseur. There are a small number of painters whose names and general artistic characteristics are known to nearly every practising artist, as well as to the majority of well-read lovers of pictures, and of these, Matthew Maris, who died on August 22 last, is one of the most remarkable.

The art of Matthew Maris is diffused with that air of subtle mystery which, while being somewhat incomprehensible to the multitude, renders his work exceedingly precious and entrancing to those whose feelings are in accord with the artist's method of expression. But if it is given to few, at the first experience, to understand and precisely estimate the artistic value of his pictures, there is no doubt that the majority of lovers of art can arrive at a large amount of appreciation of these pieces; although this may be attained only after some careful study of their special qualities and charm.

Born at The Hague on August 17, 1839, Matthew Maris had completed his seventy-eighth year, and he died in London, where he

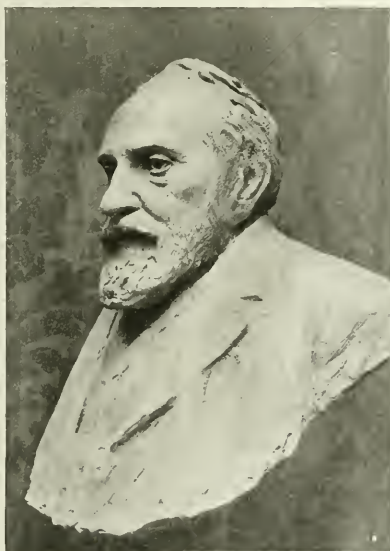
had lived for more than half his lifetime, although he never at any period entered into the life and movement of the metropolis.

The time is too near to tell the full story of the artist's later years, but it is a grievous wrong to say that he endured poverty or suffered any approach to penury. True it is that for nearly a decade he showed great reluctance to permit any work to leave his little painting-room; but also true is it that he was well cared for all these years by devoted friends; and

his material needs, very few and simple, were entirely satisfied by a sympathetic housekeeper, who understood his wayward temperament. The brief story of Matthew Maris's life was set forth in "THE STUDIO" SPECIAL NUMBER OF 1907: "THE BROTHERS MARIS," and to this there is little or nothing to add. His mortal remains were laid to rest in Old Hampstead Cemetery on August 27; and I know for certain that the grave will not lack loving hands to give it proper attention both now and in the future.

His last hours were soothed by the ministrations of most careful attendants, and he passed away in the early hours of the morning without suffering, while the previous day he had been unusually full of movement.

Matthew Maris had no studio in the ordinary sense, and he deliberately preferred and remained resolutely faithful to a tiny flat in Westbourne Square, Bayswater. One room was a combined bedroom and sitting-room, where he received the few visitors who sought him out, and the other he called his painting-room, and into this only one or two intimates were admitted. Here were placed the canvases, not quite a dozen in number, on which he had



BUST OF MATTHEW MARIS. BY FREDERICK LESSORE

Matthew Maris

begun his latter-day dreams. One or two are easy to understand, but the larger number are so far from completion that even the compositions remain obscure.

In the Special Number of *THE STUDIO* already mentioned, a large number of examples were reproduced which included specimens of Matthew Maris's art of the later years as well as of his earlier pictures. For this reason the works now reproduced are confined to several pieces which are very little known, and all are in the artist's earlier manner. In his latest years Maris called many of these pictures pot-boilers and refused to acknowledge any good qualities in them, but this need not prevent us from examining them with the greatest interest; and, notwithstanding the contrariness of the artist's judgment, they may safely be accepted as some of the most artistic and masterly pictures of the latter half of the nineteenth century both in sentiment and execution.

Blown on the canvas, as it were, and with the breath of angels, Matthew Maris's compositions require, more than the ordinary picture, an intimate knowledge which only comes after long consideration and study. This is the case even with the completely finished paintings here reproduced. In these times of uncommon experiences, when all conventionalities are thrown aside, it is permissible to recommend the reader either to knit a stocking or to smoke a pipe over each of these remarkable productions, and at the end of the process some progress will

have been made towards understanding and warmly appreciating them.

While Matthew's elder brother, James, the most virile landscapist of our time, stated cheerfully to visitors to his studio that his pictures ought not to be looked at for eight or ten years after they left his easel (for it would take at least that time for the colours to mature and harmonize as the master wanted), the works of Matthew himself have required even longer



"THE YOUNG COOK"

OIL PAINTING BY MATTHEW MARIS

(By permission of Messrs. Harcourt & Son, the French Gallery)



"THE GIRL AT THE WELL" FROM
THE PAINTING BY MATTHEW MARIS.



"THE GIRL WITH THE GOATS"

BY MATTHEW MARIS

to ripen. All the pictures we reproduce are, however, now fully matured. *He is coming* was painted in 1874, over forty years ago; *The Girl at the Well* a little earlier, in 1872; *The Young Cook* in 1871, and *The Girl with the Goats* somewhat later, in 1875.

He is coming has hitherto only been known by Mr. William Hole's splendid etchings, and it is by a special privilege that it is now reproduced in colour. In this small picture—the original canvas measures only 17 by 13 inches—the young Princess—seated at the spinning-wheel, and in her hand the distaff—hears the rustle of the Prince's presence. Her heart leaps within her as the handsome prince of her dreams gaily approaches with his cross-bow, and her thoughts, while still "where maidenhood and childhood meet," reveal in her face the realization of all her happiness.

Such is the Maiden of the Past. The Girl of the Present as well as the Future is more surely realized in *The Young Cook*, a subject the artist painted at least twice, one of the versions being in the Mesdag collection at The Hague, and the other, the one we reproduce, in a celebrated Scottish collection. This small canvas, a rich harmony in brown, is one of the most subtly beautiful of the master's works

The large painting which has always been called by the inadequate and prosaic title of *The Girl with the Goats*, although it has not been published before, is fairly well known because it has been in several exhibitions in different parts of the country. It has recently changed hands, but remains in the West of Scotland, where so much that is finest in painting finds a permanent home. The little Princess, again with a distaff, might very well be the heroine of a beautiful legend wherein she has changed her admirers into goats, who, even in their altered state, remain her devoted attendants. It has also been suggested that this composition is a realization of Maeterlinck's idea of Youth enveloped and directed by a mysterious Destiny. The artist himself would never say what his ideas were in this painting, so that every one is free to make a choice in accordance with the impression the picture makes.

D. CROAL THOMSON.

** An Exhibition of the Works of Matthew Maris is being held at the French Gallery, Pall Mall, during November and December. Over fifty pictures and drawings are shown, most of which have not been exhibited before, including several unfinished works from the artist's studio.



“LA PLAGE.” FROM THE PAINTING
BY HILMA AF KLIMT

Modern French Pictures at the National Gallery

MODERN FRENCH PICTURES AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY. BY T. MARTIN WOOD

THE French Impressionist school will take rank, I believe, with the greatest schools of the world. It succeeded so perfectly in what it set out to do that painting is already seeking a new direction, and what it achieved was in a field of experience which preceding ages had considered to lie almost beyond the province of artistic expression. Some day this school will be admitted to rank with the supreme schools of the Italian Renaissance—the more readily so from the very fact that it sought its triumphs in an entirely different field. Impressionism expresses an age the most short-lived the world has known, ending with the war that will change for decades, if not for ever, the atmosphere of everyday life. At no time, probably, did men live so vividly as in that swift age—if life is to be measured in degree of consciousness. There never was art so responsive as Impressionism; it registered every faint experience. At its best it is without a single accent of exaggeration. Life, it would seem to say, in its quietest aspect is so important that an art of pure response is sufficient. In

representing life it would add nothing to it. All that is evanescent, everything that will pass, not to return in the same shape, must be arrested and the image of it perpetuated. Of this art that of Manet, Monet, and Degas is the most characteristic, the most sure of lasting fame. It does not aspire to express romantic ideas or soft emotions, but it is so receptive to sensation that the world in its most everyday complexion affords it an inexhaustible theme. Any emotion which would make it difficult for the artist to sustain the attitude of pure receptivity was to be avoided. The painter's attitude was to be that of a mystic, and it was certainly that of one moved to ecstasy by the splendour of the appearance of the material world. We should expect, then, in the art that expresses such a frame of mind, a rare spontaneity and exquisitely nervous execution. In the painting of no other school do we find execution of such sensibility. It is most remarkable of all in Manet, whose touch refines expression as sensitively as any painter's.

No man seems to have loved the material world in every particle more than Degas. He is enthusiastic in his art about even the dust of a floor made visible in limelight. Unlike Manet's, Degas' touch does not transmute.



"UN JOUR D'ÉTÉ"

BY BERTHE MORISOT

Modern French Pictures at the National Gallery

Instead of removing things one stage from reality, it seems to intensify reality. Degas' interpretation of objects suggests much more than a merely visual impression. Things as well as people and places have souls, and Degas reveals them.

The Degas in this collection, which was bought by Sir Hugh Lane at the Rouart sale for £3200, is an early one, and the composition seems somewhat pieced together; it is not infused with a single passionate intention like later work by the master. The Monet is highly characteristic, and I believe it was one of the first pictures that the collector acquired with Dublin in view. The Berthe Morisot, *Un Jour d'Été*, is a true specimen of the lady's spirited dainty style, formed under the influence of Manet, and sometimes as sensitive as his own. The Renoir is important. It lacks the assurance of handling that we associate with some of his pictures, but it yields to few in the feverish eagerness with which nature is approached.

Renoir's art becomes unlike the work of any other painter, past or present, from sheer anxiety not to take a prepossessed view of appearances. The beauty of his art will seldom, perhaps, be found in the qualities of which he was most conscious. Impressionist art was never, at least in the ordinary sense of the term, "conscious art"—that description can be applied with more fairness to what is academic—it was almost unconscious of itself in its attitude of humility to nature. It was "conscious" only in the sense of representing a state of mind tuned to receive every faint impression.

With Corot we have something different from this attitude of sensitive receptivity. Corot improvises, and in spirit his art does not so widely differ from that of preceding schools. Sir Hugh Lane was always attracted to a picture that showed a well-known master's work in an unusual aspect, and he was therefore attracted to the uncharacteristic but exquisite picture *Avignon: the Pope's Villa* (see page 60).



"THE LAW COURTS"

BY J. L. FORAIN



"THE PRESENT"
BY ALFRED STEVENS

Modern French Pictures at the National Gallery

Those who immensely admire Daumier's art, which is now so much in fashion, will no doubt esteem his painting, *Don Quixote and Sancho Panza*, more than his oil-sketch of *Daubigny*. I cannot write as one who can see in the forced theatrical vehemence of Daumier the greatest achievement of the modern world. Yet this painting of *Don Quixote* is one of the most representative of his important canvases, and it vindicates the scope of the collection that we should find it beside the Manets and the Renoir.

Of the later Impressionists none is more interesting than Vuillard, and Vuillard's *The Mantelpiece* must be counted among master-pieces of still-life.

Forain remains in his painting *The Law Courts*, a graphic artist rather than a painter. There is a purely literary flavour in his art; the moralities are surprised there, as in Hogarth's work. But in this evocation of moral atmosphere Forain's art is far removed from that of the Impressionists. To them life does not merely mean human life and its surroundings. Their pantheism does not only discover a spirit in nature; it also regards as nature every phase of life in the recesses of the town. It will not regard one aspect of life as more noble, more worthy of representation, than another—not

from blindness to ideal beauty; but from an attitude of reverence to every manifestation of life.

The virtue of Impressionism was its exquisite sensibility; the mirror that it held to nature was the most sensitive that has ever yet received an image on its surface. But the greatest Impressionist art was not merely receptive, it knew what it wished to retain. It could not bear the thought that beauty involved in transient conditions would pass away with them as if it had never been. It strove to detain the elements that went to make the passing show enchanting, desiring that, as its tenement crumbled to dust, the spirit of the hour should enter into immortal life in art.

In forming his collection of continental pictures Sir Hugh Lane did not confine himself to French pictures. He took pains to secure a typical example of the work of the Belgian interior painter Stevens; while, with Mr. J. S. Sargent, he greatly admired the art of Mancini, and acquired several works by that painter. In representing French art he cast back as far as Ingres, with the head of the *Duc d'Orléans*—a study for the full-length at Versailles.

As I am adding the last words to this article the news comes to hand of the death of M. Degas, at the age of eighty-three.



"PRINTEMPS, LOUVECIENNES"

BY CAMILLE PISSARRO

Modern French Pictures at the National Gallery



"LA PLAGE, TOURGEVILLE"

BY EUGÈNE BOUDIN



"VETHEUIL, SUNSHINE ON SNOW"

BY CLAUDE MONET



"LE DUC D'ORLÉANS"

BY J. A. D. INGRES



"CHARLES DAUBIGNY"

BY HONORÉ DAUMIER



"LA DOUANE"
BY A. MANCINI

Early Persian Ceramics



"AVIGNON - THE POPE'S VILLA"

BY J. B. C. COROT

(See preceding article)

EARLY PERSIAN CERAMICS

"Once more within the Potter's house alone
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay,
Shapes of all sorts and sizes, great and small,
That stood along the floor and by the Wall:
And some loquacious vessels were; And some
Listen'd perhaps, but never talk'd at all.
Said one among them—'Surely not in vain,
My substance of the Common Earth was ta'en,
And to this Figure moulded, to be broke,
Or trampled back to shapeless Earth.'"

It is a singular coincidence that at a moment when public appreciation has revived a taste for the mystic poems of Omar actual specimens from the potter's hand, akin to those that occupied so prominent a place in his song, should for the first time be presented to us—shards that, buried in the desert sands, have by chance failed to return to "shapeless earth" and have after many generations been unearthed almost in their pristine condition, whilst in many cases the soil under which they have been buried has added an inimitable lustre to them.

Is it too fanciful a possibility to surmise that, maybe, among these drinking-cups, contemporaneous as they undoubtedly are with the poet, may have been the actual one which, when he touched it with his lip, "with fugitive articulation answered him" ? Be that as it may, the present generation is for the first time so fortunate as to see not only the actual types of which the great poet philosopher of Persia wrote, but also autocrats of the potter's wheel—

vases that once were filled with roses and flagons that held generous wines. These bowls, vases, and pitchers, products of a far different civilization from ours, in their graceful form, enchanting colour and glaze, in their naive yet grandiose conception, make a strong appeal to our æsthetic sense.

The wares illustrated here belong to the prosperous and interesting period which commenced with the occupation of Persia by the armies of the first Caliphs and ended with the last Mongolian invasion in the fourteenth century, and they belong to a collection of



1 EARLY PERSIAN BOWL, SASSANIAN PERIOD
(DIAMETER 7 INCHES)



MOSQUE LAMP FROM
SULTANABAD (HEIGHT 6 1/2 IN.)

Early Persian Ceramics

The iron rule of Islam, however, with its tremendous strength, which swept over the country and compelled the conquered to adopt the religion of their hated conquerors, was bound to assert itself in an artistic activity, thus giving rise in the case of Persia to an art of peculiar significance.

It may therefore be stated without exaggeration that it was given to this people, endowed with artistic instincts, and having the traditions of great Asiatic art of remote antiquity behind it, to produce at an early period of Islam some of the most exquisite specimens of art the world has ever seen and to set the standard of colour and design to the arts of medieval Europe.

The excavations that yielded the ceramics with which we are here concerned are of particular importance, not merely because they brought to light a wealth of great artistic significance, but, what is perhaps of greater importance, because we have thereby the first opportunity to become acquainted with the civilization of the people at a period of which there are but



2. VASE FROM SULTANABAD
(HEIGHT $6\frac{1}{2}$ INCHES)

which part was exhibited recently in London at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, where a further part is about to be shown.

The strong hand of a government which under the newly established Mohammedanism held sway over Persia, and put an end to the petty quarrels of the last Sassanian princes, stimulated the resources of the land, and gave the Arts and Crafts a free field for development.

The Arabs did not bring wealth to Persia (the contrary may be safely said) for we have on record that in consideration of a very heavy annual tribute agreed to be paid by the capital city of Rey* (Rhages) the Abassid Caliphs consented to grant self-government under their control.

* The ancient city whose ruins yielded by excavation most of the ceramics in these collections.



3. VASE FROM SULTANABAD (HEIGHT 12 INCHES)

Early Persian Ceramics



4. BOWL FROM SULTANABAD (DIAMETER 7 INCHES)

scanty records. In the frail art of the potter most phases of the artistic genius of Persia found expression. That is, however, a subject which would require many pages to deal with adequately; we must here rest content with explaining the few pieces which have been selected for illustration.

No. 1 is a bowl belonging to a class of which few specimens have been unearthed. It is of thick brick paste with ivory glaze, incised with lines and without colour, displaying animal

representations in a crude and almost grotesque fashion, but it is a good example of the declining art of the last Sassanians (*circa*, A.D. 600).

In No. 2, which was found at Sultanabad, and belongs to the series known by that name, assigned to the early thirteenth century, we see the same tradition of animal representations—lion, leopard, stag, etc. But the figures are etched or pencilled with greater precision under the glaze and are lifelike. The paste is of earth and fashioned in relief, and painted in green, blue, and a peculiar velvety black, the glaze being vitrious and transparent. This latter in



6. CUP FROM RHAGES (DIAMETER 6 1/2 INCHES)

all probability was borrowed from the Arabs, who in their turn had learned from the Phœnicians, who excelled in the art of glass-making; it was utilized by the Persian craftsmen to advantage, enhancing the lustre of their wares.

The vase of graceful Grecian shape (No. 3) and the shallow bowl (No. 4) also belong to the set of early pieces discovered at Sultanabad. They are quieter in tone, black and brown predominating, the reliefs are fashioned with greater care, the glaze is less glassy and more evenly distributed. The use of birds in decoration of Sultanabad ware must have been a favourite scheme which, although adopted in later productions of Persian designs and on some Korean potteries, is very seldom



5. BOWL FROM SULTANABAD (DIAMETER 8 1/2 INCHES)

Early Persian Ceramics

seen in earlier or contemporaneous productions of the Rhages atelier. The neat band of calligraphic inscription encircling the upper body manifests the exceptional skill with which the artist-decorator was able to use the beautiful verses of kindly benediction.

To a different type belongs the bowl No. 5. This shows the influence of the Rhages atelier, which can be distinctly detected in its refined shape and flaring lips, and also in the division of the inner decoration and the mock inscription which encircles the rim—a scheme of decoration commonly seen in pieces found at Rhages.



9. CUP FROM RHAGES (DIAMETER 6 INCHES)



7 AND 8. EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR OF BOWL FROM RHAGES
(DIAMETER $8\frac{1}{2}$ INCHES)

Of the two pieces reproduced in colour one is representative of the Sultanabad class assigned to the late thirteenth or early fourteenth century, in which the unequalled turquoise predominates and seems to be peculiar to Sultanabad ware. The graceful bowl is undoubtedly also from the Rhages atelier, as shown by the frail material, the shape and refinement of the etched decorations. It is of earlier origin than the last described and the turquoise colour is used to better advantage.

In No. 6 we have a specimen of distinct Rhages type—a cup of ovoid shape, with creamy white glaze decorated in polychromatic enamel displaying two personages, a man and a woman, seated beneath a vine, each holding a wine-goblet and attired in costumes appertaining to the nobility—miniature portraits, without doubt the work of a master hand. A band of Kufic calligraphy in white reserve on decorated lapis blue ground encircles the inner rim.

To another class of Rhages work belongs No. 7—a beautiful bowl on a small foot, with flaring sides, ivory-white smooth glaze over a delicate paste with underglaze decoration in black, blue, and brown, displaying on the interior a blue circular medallion surrounded by six

Early Persian Ceramics



10. PLAQUE FROM HAMADAN DIAMETER 8 INCHES.

smaller ones from which flow an elaborate scheme of Arabic scrolls dividing the surface of the sides into a number of medallions which are filled with diapered pendants and rosettes in black. The exterior has a bold scrolled leaf pattern coated over the surface with iridescent patina with patches of opalescence running throughout the surface.

No. 10 is one of those subtle specimens of Rhages in which the purple, blue, and brown are intermingled with a somewhat complex scheme of decoration of calligraphy and spraying foliage with an astonishing simplicity characteristic of artists of the Rhages atelier. In a tumulus at Hamadan (Akbatana) were discovered Nos. 10 and 11, a plaque and frieze, which, although they represent specimens entirely distinct technically, differ in both cases considerably from the products of the Sultanabad and Rhages ateliers. In No. 10 the technique is complex and laboured; the paste has been first carefully fashioned, then painted over in an uncommon turquoise green upon which polychromatic designs have been pencilled so as to accentuate the subject of decoration so fashioned. The glaze was then poured over and the piece subjected to a high temperature, after which it was coloured with enamel touches here and there, and again heated at a lower degree. Lastly the scheme of decoration was enriched in places with touches of gold.

The frieze No. 11, on the other hand,

is only moulded and a vitrious even glaze poured over it. This piece, however, is of importance, for in the interlaced scroll of pure Saracenic type we see the origin of Gothic pattern, so freely used in the design of mediæval Europe.

It should be remarked that several years have elapsed since the excavations which have brought to light these examples of the early ceramic art of Persia were commenced, and that numerous specimens besides those belonging to the collection from which these have been selected have been publicly exhibited in European art centres before the present year, as for instance in Paris, where a collection was shown seven or eight years ago. Illustrations in black and white can of course give no adequate idea of the subtle beauties of such wares, but a study of the specimens now reproduced will demonstrate that the artists of the Rhages atelier derived their inspiration from a loftier plane of imagination than the others.

In conclusion we should point out an outstanding feature seen throughout the decoration of these wares, namely, the utter disregard of the Persian artist-decorator of any attempt to imitate or copy nature. Persian artists of the period we are dealing with evidently derived their inspiration from nature, but only to obtain ideas which they presented in their own unsophisticated way. The result is that we have an art which has come down to us to merit our appreciation, and should serve much practical purpose in affording suggestions for our contemporary artists.



11. FRIEZE FROM HAMADAN, AKBATANA (LENGTH 11 INCHES)



INTERIOR OF BOWL FROM
RHAGES (DIAMETER 8½ INCHES).

Pre-Raphaelite Windows at Bradford



1. "THE BIRTH OF SIR TRISTRAM"
DESIGNED BY ARTHUR HUGHES



2. "SIR TRISTRAM SLAYS SIR MARHAUS"
DESIGNED BY D. G. ROSSETTI

STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS EXECUTED IN 1862 BY WILLIAM MORRIS'S FIRM FOR MR. WALTER DUNLOP OF BRADFORD, AND RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE CORPORATION OF BRADFORD FOR THEIR PERMANENT COLLECTION

PRE-RAPHAELITE WINDOWS AT BRADFORD.

BRADFORD has recently secured for its municipal art museum in the Cartwright Hall a set of stained-glass windows designed by some of the Pre-Raphaelite painters, and executed by William Morris's famous firm in its earliest days of enthusiasm. That the Pre-Raphaelite movement from its very beginning owed much encouragement to the art-lovers of the industrial West Riding is well known. Unhappily, not one of the several notable collections then brought together in the Airedale towns of Leeds and Bradford has survived intact, to be for Victorian art at its best the sort of memorial which exists to J. M. W. Turner's honour in the next valley—at Farnley Hall, Wharfedale. The authorities of the Cartwright Hall are the more to be congratulated, therefore, on having secured several souvenirs—of which these windows are the most important—of the Pre-Raphaelite episode and Bradford's association with it.

The windows were commissioned in 1862 by the late Mr. Walter Dunlop, a Bradford merchant. The name of that patron is known in

the Pre-Raphaelite letters and diaries only by an impatient reference by Rossetti to "that demon Dunlop" when a reply to a letter of the painter's—probably an application for what the Bradford workman calls a "sub," on account of a picture which Dunlop had commissioned—was somewhat delayed. The reference is, however, unjust to his memory. He was one of those men of culture of whom, from the days of Charlotte Brontë's "Yorke" family to our own times, there have always locally been a few to leaven the lump of the money-getters. Highly educated, travelled, generous in disposition, and a collector of fine taste, Walter Dunlop was a considerable figure in a Bradford which for a while, and under Ruskin's influence, rather "fancied itself" as the successor to Florence and Ghent as the wool metropolis of the world.

In 1861 Rossetti spent a month painting and drawing portraits in the house of Mr. Dunlop's next-door neighbour and business associate, Mr. J. Aldam Heaton, and it was probably through that association that next year, when Mr. Dunlop built himself a new music-room, he commissioned William Morris to furnish it with thirteen window-panels. "The firm" was hardly then on its feet, and this was the first commission for windows for a private residence,

Pre-Raphaelite Windows at Bradford



3. "SIR TRISTRAM DEMANDS LA BELLE ISOUDE"
DESIGNED BY VAL PRINSEP



4 "SIR TRISTRAM DRINKS A LOVE-PHILTRE WITH ISOUDE"
DESIGNED BY D. G. ROSSETTI

EXECUTED BY WILLIAM MORRIS'S FIRM IN 1862 AND RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE CORPORATION OF BRADFORD

or with a non-ecclesiastical subject, to come their way. It was a task after Morris's own heart. Inevitably he turned for subjects to the "Mort d'Arthur," and for designers to the friends who had under the same inspiration carried out the ill-fated decoration of the Oxford Union. The Oxford frescoes had dealt mainly with the life of King Arthur; for this series of windows the love of Tristram and Isoude was selected, and there exists a copy of a narrative put into Mr. Dunlop's hands in which Morris—one cannot mistake the style of the story-teller, though he had yet to discover his own genius in that direction—sorts out the tangled strands of Malory's story, and weaves it into an intelligible whole, annotating the margin with brief suggestions of the pictorial possibilities.

The first of the series of designs was furnished by Arthur Hughes—a picture so delicately beautiful that one may well regret that this was the only work which Arthur Hughes ever executed for the Morris firm. Edward Burne-Jones—Morris's principal designer—drew four of the drawings, and two are by Rossetti. The latter must have been among the first work which Rossetti executed after the death of his wife, and they were doubtless wrought out in the evenings in the drawing-room studio of his new home in Cheyne Walk, amid the

brilliant talk of that fascinating circle—Swinburne, Meredith, the poet-artist's own clever sister, and sometimes Tennyson and Carlyle. Minor artistic tasks like these were saved for such occasions. One of the designs—of characteristically uncouth vigour—was by Madox Brown, one by Val Prinsep, who had been among the original decorators of the Oxford Union, but did not do much work for the firm. Four were by Morris himself, two being incidents in the story, and two rather stiff figure-subjects with somewhat of the church-window convention.

The colour in all the windows is excellent—not only in comparison with the strident work of the day, but excellent even in the light of the better technical traditions which Morris did so much to establish, or to re-establish. Very deep ruby-reds and intense olive-greens make the pictures difficult to render satisfactorily by photography, but these difficulties have been well overcome in the accompanying reproductions, which are from negatives by Mr. W. E. Preston, the deputy-curator of the Cartwright Hall galleries.

It has been suggested that the Tristram and Isoude windows were originally executed for Birket Foster's beautiful house at Witley, and that the Bradford set is a replica. This is



How Sir Tristram was brought by King Mark and how he came into Paridore and all more great
 love for King Howard of Paridore who gave him for wife his daughter Isoude Les Blancher Mains

5. "SIR TRISTRAM WEDS ISOUDE"
 DESIGNED BY E. BURNE-JONES



How Sir Tristram fell into the woods and how he lay there for many days and how a bird
 brought him to King Howard's house in the forest who made him get his wife's name

6. "SIR TRISTRAM IN THE WOODS"
 DESIGNED BY E. BURNE-JONES



How Isoude being brought from Paridore into Cornwall, for seeing thereof and how
 King Marke would have slain herself for his wife with the sword had not King Mark been

7. "LA BELLE ISOUDE SAVED FROM SUICIDE
 BY KING MARK"
 DESIGNED BY E. BURNE-JONES



How Sir Tristram slew a giant who would have slain King Howard and how King Howard
 had brought him to Tintagel and how he got his wife's name and how Isoude's name was given to
 one of the knights which Tristram did give her with his sword upon her and that was

8. "REUNION OF TRISTRAM AND ISOUDE
 AT TINTAGEL"
 DESIGNED BY WILLIAM MORRIS

STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS
 EXECUTED BY WILLIAM
 MORRIS'S FIRM IN 1862



9. "TRISTRAM AND ISOUDE AT KING ARTHUR'S COURT"
DESIGNED BY WILLIAM MORRIS



10. "TRISTRAM SLAIN BY KING MARK"
DESIGNED BY F. MADON-BROWN



12 "GUENEVERE AND ISOUDE"
DESIGNED BY WILLIAM MORRIS



13. KING ARTHUR AND SIR LANCELOT"
DESIGNED BY WILLIAM MORRIS

STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS
EXECUTED BY WILLIAM
MORRIS'S FIRM IN 1862

STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)



11. "THE TOMB OF TRISTRAM AND ISOUDE"
IN CORNWALL"
DESIGNED BY E. BURNE-JONES

EXECUTED BY WILLIAM MORRIS'S FIRM IN 1862 AND RE-
CENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE CORPORATION OF BRADFORD

certainly an error. The marginal notes of the story sent by Morris to Mr. Dunlop clearly imply that the designs had not assumed definite form. Moreover, Professor Mackail has been good enough to verify from the books of the Morris firm the fact that the Dunlop commission was given in 1862, and it was not till the following year that Birket Foster commenced to build a house for himself, and probably early in the next year that Morris, going down to see the partially completed building, overwhelmed the landscape painter with the programme of decorations which in his enthusiasm he planned for it. Two of the original drawings for the Bradford windows are at the Birmingham Art Gallery.

With this series, but not of it, is a set of panels for a porch in Mr. Dunlop's house, but the style of this work is very different, and its artistic origin was unknown. THE STUDIO, however, in February last reproduced a number of exhibits at the Arts and Crafts exhibition at the Royal Academy. Among these were drawings by Morris himself of "designs for musicians," and some of these, it is now clear, were the original studies for the glass of the porch. The work is probably later in date than the Tristram windows.

HERBERT E. WROOT.

LONDON.—The death of Mr. Charles Napier Hemy, R.A., which took place at Falmouth, where he had resided for over thirty years, on the last day of September, has deprived the Royal Academy of a painter whose pictures of the sea have for many years been among the chief popular features of the summer exhibitions at Burlington House, where he made his first appearance over fifty years ago and his last in the exhibition of this year. Mr. Hemy was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne in 1841, and received his first training in art at the local art school before he reached his teens. From the first he appears to have been drawn to the sea, and though in the earlier years of his career genre subjects occupied his attention for a while, especially when he went to study at Antwerp under Baron Leys, the early fascination revived and increased, and river and sea thereafter claimed his entire devotion. The vigour which characterized the pictures of his mature years was well maintained in his later achievements, and his contributions to the Academy exhibitions of the past few years were indeed remarkable for a man who had passed the "allotted span." The deceased artist was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1898 and a full member three years later. He was also a member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, having been elected to the society in 1897. He is represented in the Tate Gallery by two works purchased by the Chantrey Trustees—*Pilchards*, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1897, and *London River*, from the exhibition of 1904.

It has long been recognized by medical men that the environment of a patient is a very important factor in the process of recovery from illness, and the value of sunshine especially has been definitely established in hospital practice by the speedier convalescence of inmates occupying wards or rooms on the sunny side. It has occurred to Mr. Kemp Prossor, whose experiments in interior decoration are well known to readers of this magazine, that the immediate surroundings of an invalid ought to receive consideration from the same point of

Studio-Talk

view, and he has recently carried out an experiment on these lines in the McCaul Hospital for Wounded Soldiers in the West End of London, where one of the rooms, destined for officers suffering from "shell-shock," was placed at his disposal for decoration. The walls of the room have been distempered in a pale yellow tint with a frieze of a greyish blue tint above, a picture-rail of an apple-green separating one from the other. This colour is also used for part of the woodwork, while the rest, with the bedsteads and other furniture, is painted in a tone approximating to that of the walls, and one set of curtains is of the same shade and another of purple. The artist's idea has apparently been to produce a scheme that is neutral or negative—that is, does not thrust itself on the consciousness of the occupant; its effect is certainly restful, and while the predominant tones are cool, they impart no sense of frigidity. The experiment points the way to others, and it will be interesting to watch future developments in the same direction, and to have the verdict of the medical profession on them.

Miss Vera Poole's decoratively treated landscape *The River*, which we illustrate below, was on view at the New English Art Club's summer exhibition of the present year, and the water-colour, *A Renaissance Doorway, Venice*, by the late Mr. Reginald Barratt, R.W.S., which we reproduce in colour on the opposite page, admirably represented that talented artist at the last spring exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours. Mr. Barratt, whose death took place last February, had before adopting painting as a profession studied architecture under Mr. Norman Shaw, and it was in the treatment of architectural themes that he excelled as a painter. He travelled much and has left behind him many reminiscences of his visits to the East and to the Continent of Europe, which bear witness to his gifts.

The autumn exhibition season in London opened early in October with the twenty-seventh annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters at the Grafton Galleries.



THE RIVER

OIL PAINTING BY VERA POOLE



"A RENAISSANCE DOORWAY,
VENICE." WATER-COLOUR BY
REGINALD BARRATT, R.W.S.



Studio-Talk

The exhibition comprised a small collection of portraits by the President, Mr. J. J. Shannon, R.A., which though not all apparently of recent date, nor we think in all cases fully characteristic of his work at its best, helped materially to give tone to what was on the whole a rather mediocre display. Portraits of officers in "khaki" were more numerous than at any exhibition we remember, but while implying a flourishing state of affairs from the point of view of the artists, this plethora of paintings, all very much alike in general aspect, imparted an air of monotony to the exhibition. This monotony was pleasantly relieved by Mr. John Collier's radiant study of *Miss Frances Torrens* in "*Chu Chin Chow*," and a few other "costume" studies and portraits, such as Mr. Fiddes Watt's *Sir Robert Inches, late Lord Provost of Edinburgh*, Mr. Skipworth's *Costume Study*, and Mr. Maurice Grøffenhagen's *Sir John Sutton* seated in his judicial robes of scarlet and ermine—a work remarkable for its uncompromising characterization, albeit disappointing in the huddled-up arrangement of the robes. Among the other members whose work was prominent on this occasion were Mr. John Lavery, A.R.A., Mr. Hugh Rivière, Mr. Glazebrook, Mr. Frank Salisbury, Mr. Frederic Whiting (whose exhibits included a *Self-Portrait* in khaki), Mr. Howard Somerville, Mr. Oswald Birley, Mr. St. Helier Lander, Mr. R. G. Eves, and Mr. James Quinn. In the exhibition of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters, held simultaneously in the same galleries, the chief items of interest were the groups of portrait miniatures shown by Miss Hepburn-Edmunds and Mrs. Emslie, a cleverly handled genre subject by Mr. Spencelayh entitled *Greenwich Time*, illuminations by Miss May Partridge and Miss Kimber, and a triptych in stained wood and gesso by Miss Hilda Joyce Pocock.

At the Leicester Galleries Messrs. Brown and Phillips inaugurated their winter season by an interesting exhibition of water-colours and drawings by a group of artists now serving with His Majesty's Forces—Sergeants John Wheatley, W. P. Robins, Montague Smyth, Mareco

Pearce, Gerald Ackerman, Lieut. A. E. Cooper, Second Lieut. Edgar L. Pattison, Lieut. W. Lee Hankey, and Lance-Cpl. Norman Wilkinson (of Four Oaks). With the exception of the first and two last, who contributed figure subjects, these soldier-artists were here represented mostly by landscapes reminiscent of those placid days of peace which the long continuance of war seems almost to have effaced from memory. With these drawings was shown some recent sculpture by Private Jacob Epstein, comprising five heads in bronze supplementing the remarkable series shown by the artist at these galleries a few months ago—notable among these more recent examples being the studies of *Miss Doris Keane* and *Josef Holbrooke*.

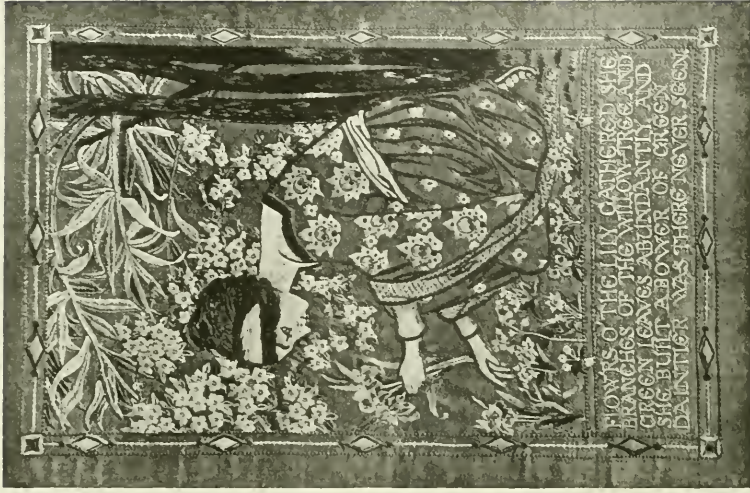
NOTTINGHAM.—The memorial tablet illustrated on this page was designed by a distinguished Belgian architect, M. Valentin Vaerwyck, now domiciled in this city, and it is said to be the first Belgian war memorial that has been erected in England. It has been placed in the Guildhall of the City, where it was unveiled on July 21, the day consecrated to Belgian Independence. The back slab of this memorial and the Belgian arms are of black marble, with gilt added to the figure of the lion. The main slab is yellow lamartine marble, while red marble with gilding is used for the Nottingham arms. Thus the colour-scheme of the memorial corresponds to the black, yellow, and red forming the Belgian national colours.



MEMORIAL TABLET DESIGNED BY VALENTIN VAERWYCK
EXECUTED BY T. LONG AND SONS



EMBROIDERED SILK PANEL FOR SCREEN
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY MURIEL JOYCE SMITH



EMBROIDERED SILK PANEL FOR SCREEN
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY MURIEL JOYCE SMITH



EMBROIDERED PANEL FOR SCREEN. DESIGNED AND WORKED BY WINIFRED HEAN (DUNDEE SCHOOL OF ART)

At the unveiling of the tablet an illuminated address on parchment, also the work of M. Vaerwyck, was presented to the Corporation.

WORCESTER.—On the opposite page we give two examples of needlework by Miss Joyce Smith of this city, who has devoted herself with much success to craft work, and especially to the craft of the needle, her pursuit of which has been fruitful in results interesting alike in design and in the varieties of stitch employed in executing them.

DUNDEE.—The two embroidered panels here illustrated were both executed in the past session by day students of the School of Art connected with the Dundee Technical College, and were among the work submitted by them to the Committee of Assessors for the diploma awarded by the Scottish Education Department. In both examples many varieties of stitch have been employed, especially in the panel by Miss Milne, which on that account and because of

its excellent colour-scheme elicited the admiration of the committee, among the members of which was Mr. C. F. Voysey. The war, however, has put difficulties in the way of the needleworker, for the scarcity of dyes has limited very considerably the range of colours in which silk thread can now be procured, and in the case of Miss Milne's panel this circumstance compelled a marked modification in the execution of her design. In addition to embroidery an



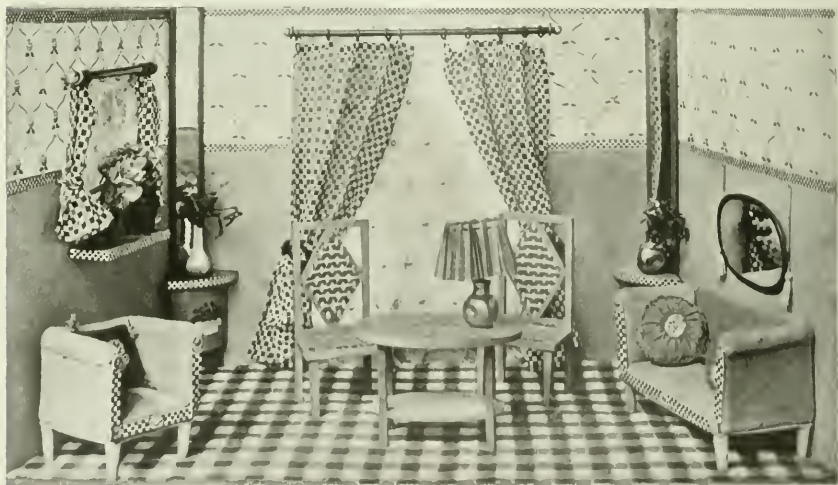
EMBROIDERED PANEL FOR SCREEN. DESIGNED AND WORKED BY LOUISE MILNE (DUNDEE SCHOOL OF ART)

important feature in the curriculum of the School of Art, of which Mr. Delgaty Dunn is head master, is weaving, which the day students learn as a craft, and the work executed last session included tapestry panels by Miss Milne and Miss Hean, which do credit to their manipulative skill and their capacity as designers.

PARIS.—The opposition being made in all the allied countries to German importations has given rise to a strenuous endeavour to revive such autochthonous industries as had declined by reason of Teutonic competition and to create others in which the Allies had hitherto been deficient. One of the latter has been the toy trade, hitherto practically a German monopoly. Offering, as it does, scope for invention and realization for artists, especially lady artists, who at the beginning of the war found leisure forced upon them, and were not so severely hampered by the difficulties experienced in more exacting crafts in procuring raw material, transport, etc., it quickly benefited by the results of the impetus it enjoyed from the outset. The French toy found as welcome a reception with the public as it had met with zealous application from artists. It is now an accepted fact.

The enthusiasm with which this line of work has been followed up has given rise to several branch crafts, of which children's clothes and nursery furniture are logically ensuing features. The modern note assumed by the French toy and which has ensured its success recurs in the designs for furniture carried out in the workshops for disabled soldiers directed by the decorators, MM. Le Bourgeois, Jaulmes, and Rapin ("Le Jouet de France"), as also in those by Mlle. Marguerite de Félice here reproduced. Having commenced to take part in the toy movement with self-made dolls' houses, shops, and so on, this artist, whose excellent leather-work was well known to habitués of the *arts-décoratifs* sections in the Paris Salons, has now made a bolder departure in ensembles for night and day nurseries, indoor and outdoor furniture, the town, the country, the seaside. Her wide experience in all matters connected with applied arts, extending from the joiner's to the glazier's crafts, from textile fabrics to "art" paper, and embracing all the secrets of carving, inlaying, stencilling, embroidery, and so forth, finds happy expression in all the details combining for results at once artistic and practical, modern and in good taste.

Hitherto the French have not given much heed



DOLLS' DRAWING ROOM

BY MARGUERITE DE FÉLICE



DOLLS' DINING-ROOM

BY MARGUERITE DE FÉLICE

to children's requirements other than purely educational. They are now fast waking up to the necessity of providing them with idealistic gratifications, and this in response to the enlightened and competent lead of such artists as MM. Jaulmes, Le Bourgeois, and Rapin, and Mlle. de Félice, who, by cleverly and aptly

responding to the demand with examples at once artistic and rational, satisfy the most refined modern taste as well as the latest exactions from doctors and hygienists. And it is a well-known fact that for thoroughness of execution and quality of material the French have not their superiors.

M. C.



DOLLS' BEDROOM

BY MARGUERITE DE FÉLICE



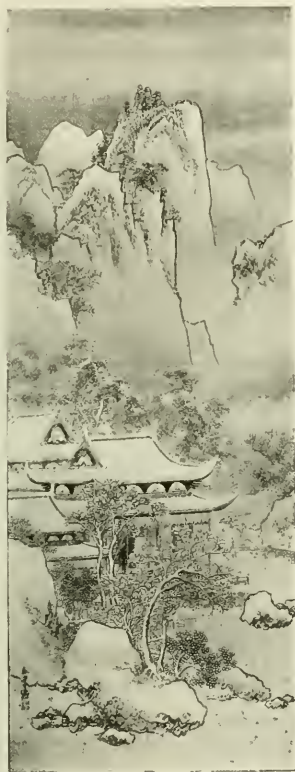
"THE VOICE OF THE AUTUMN"
BY SATAKE-EIRYO

TOKYO.—The fifty-sixth art exhibition of Nihon Bijutsu Kyokai (Fine Arts Association of Japan), which was recently held in its buildings in Uyeno Park, did not prove very popular, for the public at this moment is enthusiastic over new movements in art, and the Fine Arts Association of Japan still stands for the old principles as it has during the thirty-eight years of its existence. The exhibition did not draw a big crowd as it deserved, yet it held its own as an important factor in the art activities in Japan. There one found a struggle of the old spirit against new environment. There one found something substantial, some tangible form of an ideal, something that suggested the greatness of our old art, something of the atmosphere of the real Japan.

The exhibition consisted of paintings alone: about one hundred and fifty by contemporary artists, and about a hundred by old masters. There were a number of works by artists whose names have long been associated with the art activities of Japan. Gejo-Keikoku, one of the most influential members of the association and a member of the House of Peers, exhibited two paintings—one a bird on a dead tree and the other called *Kogo-no-Tsubone*, a favourite subject with our artists, depicting the scene of the arrival of Nakakuni, the Imperial messenger, at the humble hut where *Kogo-no-Tsubone* was playing *koto* (a thirteen-stringed musical instrument) to the autumnal moon. The painting teemed with romanticism, and was well executed with the bold brush-strokes characteristic of this artist's work.



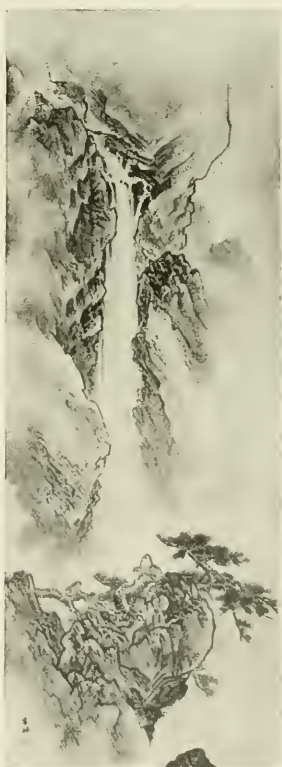
"SPRING IN THE VALLEY" BY TADA-BUNKI



"SNOW LANDSCAPE"
BY YAMADA-KEICHI

Strength and facility with the brush was well shown by Kano-Tanrei in his landscape in a style known as "haboku," meaning "broken ink" or "torn ink" because of the "torn" effect of the bold strokes of a big brush in the drawing. The number of brush-strokes could almost be counted, yet they were potent in suggesting a tolling temple bell from the height, a murmuring stream that reflects the brightness of the moon, an unexpected call of a distant friend, who, in his admiration of the beauty of the scene, forgot the hour of his leave-taking. In this drawing, Tanrei demonstrated his mastery over the technique of the Kano school. His other painting, entitled *Seiryō-den* (The Palace of Long Life), also possessed strength and vigour of expression.

Among other notable works found at this exhibition mention may be made of Satake-Eiryō's *The Voice of the Autumn*. It was full of the poetry of an autumnal moonlit night, when the wind rustles the dry leaves of the woods and blows away the soft rising mist. *Spring in the Valley* by Tada-Bunki teemed with the lyricism of the spring. It was full of romance. A snow landscape by Yamada-Keichu succeeded in depicting the beauty of silvery mountains and its cold atmosphere. *The Waterfall after Rain* by Koyama-Sekko showed freshness of nature and made one feel the power of the waterfall. Dan-Ranshyū displayed his skill on a six-panelled screen. The painting was entitled *Mountain Hamlet in Autumn* and expressed the immensity of nature in a range of mountains and



"THE WATERFALL AFTER RAIN"
BY KOYAMA-SEKKO



"MOUNTAIN HAMLET IN AUTUMN"

BY DAN-RANSHYU

the subtle beauty of the mist, for the expression of which the artist seems to possess a special talent. Notable paintings by such eminent artists as Ogata-Gekko, Kosaka-Shiden, Watanabe-Seitei, Kano-Tanmei, Tsubata-Michihiko, and Takatori-Masanari also figured in the exhibition.

HARADA-JIRO.

REVIEWS.

The Study and Criticism of Italian Art. By BERNHARD BERENSON. 10s. 6d. net. *Venetian Painting in America—The Fifteenth Century.* By BERNHARD BERENSON. 12s. 6d. net. (London: G. Bell and Sons.)—These two books, papers of criticism which Mr. Berenson has bound in volume form, work the same field. Perhaps the "Study and Criticism" has less sheer "expertise," and therefore more interest for the general reader than the other. It is certainly to be studied in England with less vexation of spirit, since so many of the works discussed in "Venetian Painting" were once the glory of English collections. In advancing such and such a work to favour, and disallowing some other, the critic does not withhold his reasons. He is the supreme exponent of Morrellianism, a system, it would seem, by which the soul of a work of art is to be plumbed by measurements of the limbs of figures represented. Even by

the light of the illustrations to the two volumes we should decline to follow Mr. Berenson every step of the way in the decisions he arrives at. In the "Study and Criticism" the author admits such want of sympathy with a certain phase of Leonardo da Vinci's work as is generally considered to place a critic's estimate out of court. Yet Mr. Berenson tries the great master by the very phase of his work that antagonizes him temperamentally, and seems to desire to reverse a judgment that has been given in favour of Leonardo for hundreds of years. *Mona Lisa* is singled out. But is that a characteristic work? Can the word "mighty" be withdrawn from the draughtsman of the cartoon *The Virgin with St. Anne*, to which Mr. Berenson pays his tribute.

The Great War in 1916: A Neutral's Indictment. Sixty Cartoons by LOUIS RAEMAEKERS. With an Appreciation by H. PERRY ROBINSON, and descriptive Notes by E. GARNETT and M. B. HUSH. (London: The Fine Art Society, Ltd.) 6s. net. Mr. Raemaekers occupies a place apart among the numerous humorists and satirists whose pencils or pens have been stimulated into activity by the great conflict which even yet shows no clear sign of terminating. The fact that he is a citizen of a neutral country and by blood a near kinsman of the

Reviews

nation whose policy and practices he has exposed so mercilessly is in itself significant, but what is more important is that he is an artist of remarkable calibre. It is this undoubtedly that has been chiefly responsible on the one hand for the antipathy which his cartoons have aroused in Germany, and on the other hand the emphatic success which has attended their publication in Allied countries, where they have been a potent means of bringing home to the public generally the gravity of the issues at stake in this greatest of all wars, for he has laid bare the true meaning of Prussian militarism with greater precision and force than any words are capable of. In the present series of Cartoons, as in that published last year, the serious or satiric note predominates, but in some of the drawings the artist's sense of humour takes a lighter turn, as in *Bunkered at Verdun*, in spite of its tragic implications. All the plates are accompanied by notes, which give such explanation as is necessary as to the particular incident upon which the drawing turns.

On Collecting Japanese Colour-Prints. By BASIL STEWART. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co.) 6s. net.—This volume appeals to the amateur collecting Japanese prints for the first time, and will be found especially useful to him in the detection of forgeries, imitations, and reprints. Much, however, still remains to be discovered in relation to these somewhat difficult subjects. For example, varieties of colouring are often observable in early issues of Hokusai plates; and these differences are not only noticeable in plates originally printed at different periods of the artist's lifetime, but also in later impressions from the same blocks. The translations of the script and signatures upon the prints illustrated are a praiseworthy feature of this volume.

Suggestions for the Study of Colour. By H. BARRETT CARPENTER. (Rochdale: Published by the Author.) 5s. net.—The importance of a systematic study of colour relations does not seem to be generally recognized in the training of art students, and to this defect is perhaps due in considerable measure the fact that not only the students themselves but many artists of mature years are shy of using pure, strong colour. This shyness might to a large extent be eradicated if they were encouraged to experiment freely in colour treatment, and as a

step in the right direction the suggestions put forward by the Head Master of the Rochdale Art School will be found deserving of attention. His own experiments have resulted in the verification of Rood's conclusions respecting the national order of colours and have led him to formulate a new principle, derived from the reversal of this order and suggested by the analogy of music, which he designates by the term "discord." Thirty-five illustrations in colour accompany the text, not as examples of beautiful chromatic arrangements, but solely to give point to the principles enunciated and as hints to the student for the exercise of his own initiative. It is to be noted that in the author's treatment of the subject the term "colour" is used in its commonly understood sense and does not include white or black, the employment of which—and especially the latter, as exemplified in a good deal of modern decorative design—adds greatly to the possibilities of colour treatment in its widest sense.

An Introduction to French Music. By G. JEAN-AUBRY. Translated by PERCY A. SCHOLES. (London: Palmer and Hayward.) 2s. net.—To those desiring to know something about the progress of French Music in recent times, this little volume may be cordially recommended. Beginning with a reference to the Harpsichordists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, some account is given of the influence of Berlioz (1803-1869), followed by an illuminating criticism of the work of Saint-Saëns, Chabrier, Lolo, Gabriel Faure, Franck and his disciples, Debussy, and others.

Serbian Songs and Poems: Chords of the Yugoslav Harp. Translated by J. W. WILES, M.A., English Lecturer, University of Belgrade. (London: George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.) 2s. net.—This little collection of Serbian national poetry, conscientiously rendered into English by one who has gained his knowledge of the language from intercourse with the people themselves, is to be welcomed as an aid to a better understanding of a nation that has endured untold sufferings in its long struggle for independence. These sufferings have left an indelible mark upon the utterances of the national muse, but though here and there one finds a suggestion of fatalism, the dominant note is one of manly perseverance against adversity—a characteristic which augurs well for the future of this courageous people.

The Lay Figure

THE LAY FIGURE: ON THE CURATIVE VALUE OF COLOUR.

"HAVE you heard anything about this suggestion that special colour-schemes should be used for hospital wards?" asked the Man with the Red Tie. "The idea, I believe, is to see whether shell-shock patients can be cured by a sort of colour treatment. Do you think there is anything in it?"

"About as much, I should say, as there was in the notion of some lunatic that Piccadilly should be painted green and orange to improve the spirits of the people," laughed the Plain Man. "I have no patience with such nonsense."

"But is it nonsense?" said the Critic. "Most people are to a greater or less degree susceptible to the influence of colour, and I can quite imagine that the sick man, and especially one suffering from any kind of nervous ailment, would be considerably affected by the colour of his surroundings."

"I think that if his surroundings are sufficiently clean and tidy and include a pretty nurse or two he is much more likely to be happy than he would be in an atmosphere of primrose-yellow and apple-green," chuckled the Plain Man. "You artist people are so taken up with your funny fads that you cannot understand the point of view of the ordinary human person."

"I suppose you would reckon yourself to be an ordinary human person," broke in the Man with the Red Tie. "Do you mean to say that it is a matter of indifference to you what sort of surroundings you live in?"

"Why, of course not! That is a silly question," returned the Plain Man. "It would be unpleasant to live in a room with black walls and a drab ceiling—that would give me the hump. But so long as my surroundings are cheerful I do not care whether my rooms are pink or blue or any other old colour you like to paint them."

"There you are! That is an admission that colour is a matter of importance to you after all," cried the Critic. "You have a colour sense, but you are unable to analyse your own emotions. Can't you see that what you call a cheerful room is cheerful only because the colour makes it gay and bright?"

"And can't you see that it is the absence of

colour that gives you the hump in a black and drab room?" added the Man with the Red Tie.

"Well, if you put it that way, I suppose colour does count," admitted the Plain Man. "But my point is that you need not fuss about any particular colour so long as the effect you get is lively enough."

"That is only because you have never studied the influence of different colours upon different temperaments," declared the Critic. "If you grant that any bright colour livens up one's surroundings, it follows, I think, that some colours are more likely than others to be enlivening to certain people, and from that it can be deduced that the man who has an instinctive preference for yellow would not feel quite so happy or comfortable if you surrounded him with blue."

"Yes, and from that it follows, too, that if that man were ill he would be more likely to feel stimulated and to be helped to recovery by being put in a yellow room than in a blue one," commented the Man with the Red Tie.

"Quite so; that is where the curative value of colour comes in," agreed the Critic. "Moreover, I believe that not only can sick people be helped to recovery by the appropriate use of colour, but that the sound man also can ward off certain disorders, nervous ones particularly, by keeping always about him the colours that are congenial to him. Some medical authorities are strongly of the opinion that the cause of many nervous troubles is simply eye-strain, and surely there could be no better safeguard against eye-strain and its consequences than a surrounding which was restful to the eyes and pleasing to the senses. If what you look at irritates your eye it is quite possible for this irritation, if long continued, to upset your whole nervous system."

"Well, we live and learn," laughed the Plain Man. "Perhaps the time will come when a blue room will make me want to commit suicide and a pink one make me feel as if I were out on the spree. I may even decide that it is better to paint the town green and orange than red. Who knows?"

"If you can be converted to such a belief I am sure it will be better for the nervous systems of the people you come in contact with, as well as your own," said the Man with the Red Tie.

THE LAY FIGURE.

Water-Colour Paintings by Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A.

SOME WATER-COLOUR PAINTINGS BY SIR EDWARD POYNTER, P.R.A.

IN approaching the pleasurable task of writing about such an eminent man as the President of the Royal Academy, the chronicler cannot fail to recognize the difficulty of doing it justice in a few pages. Sir Edward Poynter may be said to have been marked out by destiny to occupy the highest positions England has to offer to artists, and from those early days of great promise, when he met Frederick Leighton in Rome, to the time when his famous picture *Israel in Egypt* appeared on the R.A. walls, his career has been one continuous march onwards to the appointments that followed, as Slade Professor of Fine Arts, National Director at South Kensington, Director of the National Gallery, and finally the Presidential Chair at Burlington House. Yet those who know him are agreed that he never sought fame, preferring to work along quietly and sincerely for art's sake. Of a deeply reserved and retiring disposition, he is temperamentally opposed to notoriety of any kind. Fame and honours have come to him abundantly because of certain conspicuous qualities, exceptional ability, and untiring industry. He has never evaded responsibility, and though it has been his lot to succeed men of the highest qualifications, he has not only proved his capacity as their successor, but has also amply justified the confidence reposed in him. Notwithstanding the urgent claims of public duties, few painters have produced so many and varied works as he has, and in the evening of life he is still painting pictures, when it is interesting to note that he has reverted more and more to his favourite early medium, that of water-colour, also, that though primarily an historical figure-painter, he yet has a strong leaning to landscape work; many a leisure hour during the past summer has been spent immortalizing the endless subjects to be found in his old-world garden in Kensington, two of which are to be seen in the illustrations.

Sir Edward Poynter inherits his artistic gifts from both sides of his family. His father, Ambrose Poynter, was an architect, and his mother was the granddaughter of Thomas Banks, R.A., the sculptor. Those who are interested in heredity can find a confirmation of their theories in Sir Edward Poynter, for his

art shows a distinct leaning to these two branches of the Fine Arts, his feeling for design being both monumental and sculpturesque.

Sir Edward was born in Paris in 1836, and spent his childhood in a house at Poets' Corner, Westminster. He entered Westminster School, but on account of extremely delicate health was removed to Brighton College. For the same reason he had to forgo a University career later, and at sixteen was ordered to winter in Madeira, where he was under a tutor. It was here that he formed his taste for water-colour sketching under Mr. Thomas Shotton Boys. The following year was one of the most eventful in his life, when, at the age of seventeen, he met Frederick Leighton in Rome, and a lasting friendship was formed between the two future Presidents. During those halcyon days, as they worked together in Leighton's studio, Poynter was not long in deciding to specialize in figure-painting. His first studies towards this end were pursued at Leigh's Academy in Newman Street, whence he migrated to Dobson's Studio, and afterwards to Paris. Here he worked at Gleyre's Studio for three years, having amongst his fellow-students George du Maurier and Whistler.

On leaving Gleyre's, he started a studio of his own, with Du Maurier, Lamont, and Thomas Armstrong. In later years Du Maurier made this studio the scene of "Trilby," Lamont being "the Laird," but whilst Sir Edward says it was a faithful picture of student life in Paris, "Trilby" was solely a creature of the imagination. He did not exhibit in London till later, and then (let the unsuccessful aspirant for Academy honours note this) his first picture, called *Heaven's Messenger*, was rejected, though two years later it was accepted and hung, as was also a study called *A Bunch of Blue Ribbons*.

It would be beyond the scope of this article to trace Sir Edward Poynter's subsequent career as a painter through all its stages. Perhaps no contemporary painter's works are so widely known to the public as Sir Edward Poynter's. His art has found its way all over the world into public galleries and private collections, and no pictures have been more often reproduced in photography than his oil paintings. This remark, however, does not apply to his landscapes in water-colour, with which we are here more particularly concerned.

Water-Colour Paintings by Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A.

Sir Edward Poynter's love of nature and profound knowledge of plant life enable him to see and feel a keener enjoyment in landscape art than the generality of artists, and his pictures are evidently the expression of his own sincere joy in the beauty of nature. Amongst the distinguishing qualities of his art is his purity of aim, the outcome of his admiration for the ideal and beautiful, and so strongly is this trait in evidence that one feels how impossible it would be for him to select an ugly subject from choice, or to consent to paint one. He has the power to study and analyse exhaustively the materials he has gathered from nature with a scholarly discretion in the use of them which gives distinction to his art, whilst a sound knowledge of draughtsmanship and a sense of refined and beautiful colour enable him to carry out his ideas very rapidly.

The picture called *In the Sunshine*, reproduced in colour, was painted in Italy at the Villa d'Este. The figure is that of a young American lady who accidentally became Sir Edward's model through standing in the sunshine near the spot where he was painting. She made

such a charming addition to the scene, dressed all in white, that he asked if he might make this sketch of her. The whole aim of the picture was to get the effect of the sunlight with its brilliant reflections at noontide. He considers a picture should be full of interest, from corner to corner, as far as the painter can succeed in making it so, and also that it should be painted under the effect of light which gives it its most characteristic aspect, and the romantic feeling of his subject is ever insisted upon.

The Castle of Europe on the Bosphorus is a study in light and shade which leaves nothing to be desired. The rugged grey steps, the brown roofs of the town, and the sunlit foliage lead up to the castle keep and battlement, with its massive round tower in pleasant relief against a light-toned sky. As it stands in its security like "a strong man armed whose goods are at peace," it is the realization of the very spirit of this ancient stronghold, and it is an example of what good composition can do.

Beautiful indeed is the fair island scene he painted in Italy, *Isola San Giulio, Lake of Orta*,



"DUART CASTLE, ISLE OF MULL"

BY SIR E. J. POYNTER, BT., P.R.A.



"FALLS OF THE CARRON, GLENALVIE"
BY SIR E. J. POYNTER, BT., P.R.A.



"THE CASTLE OF EUROPE ON THE BOSPHORUS"
BY SIR EDWARD J. POYNTER, BT., P.R.A.



"MIDDAY ON LAKE COMO"
BY SIR E. J. POYNTER, BT., P.R.A.

Water-Colour Paintings by Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A.

a fairylike island surrounded by blue water, with picturesque houses nestling on the shore, and the mountains in the distance seen through a mist of pearly grey, giving a touch of mystery to the scene. Sir Edward is particularly happy in catching the true atmospheric tones, and a certain serenity of outlook and restrained colour ensure the sense of repose which is characteristic of his landscapes.

The same qualities and strong composition are evidenced in *Cypress Avenue, Villa d'Este*, where no figures or sign of human life distract attention from the grave majesty of the sombre cypress-trees, emblems of mourning, and the mountains wrapped in mist. As an example of aerial perspective and simple dignified design it cannot fail to attract the attention, whilst each tree, painted with an intimate knowledge, has its own individuality.

Another graceful souvenir of days spent in Italy is the *Midday on Lake Como*. There is something very fascinating in the vivid impression of sunlight which permeates the scene, and the feeling of stillness which pervades the

whole atmosphere. There is a fascination in the tall slender tower of simple design which breaks the horizontal line of the distant shore, while the ilex-trees and sunlit houses in the foreground complete a charming picture.

The Falls of the Carron, Glenalvie, a memory of Sir Edward's holidays in Scotland, presents a different subject, suggesting hurry and movement, and the noise of falling water as it tumbles from its rocky height. As a colour-scheme it is convincing; one feels the weight of the water, the deep tones of which are relieved by the foam-crested currents seen dispersing as it mingles with the river. The rugged character and greyness of the rocks forms an excellent contrast to the mass of Scotch firs outlined against the sky.

A subject which might well appeal to the painter is *The River Carron, Ross-shire*, a grand sweep of open and breezy country through which the river winds like a broad silver ribbon. To show this fully Sir Edward has made the line of horizon high, with the dark masses of trees acting as a foil to the distant range of hills beyond. In the distribution of masses he has



"A KENSINGTON GARDEN

BY SIR E. I. POYNTER, RT., P.R.A.



"CYPRESS AVENUE, VILLA D'ESTE"
BY SIR E. J. POYNTER, BT., P.R.A.

Water-Colour Paintings by Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A.

shown his skill, and the lines of the composition are very restful and pleasing.

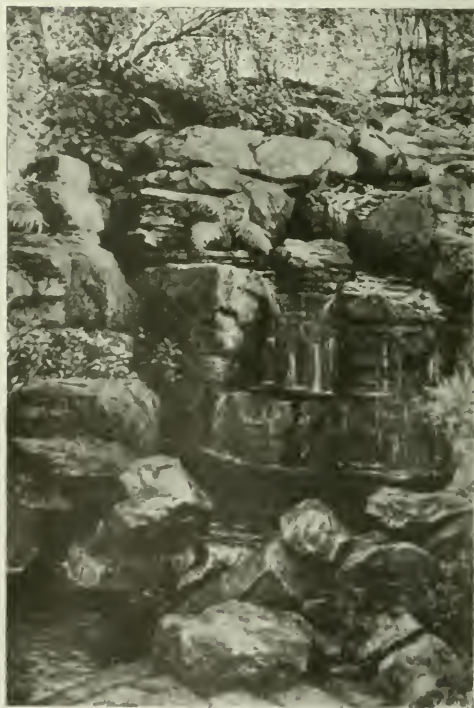
Duart Castle, Isle of Mull, with its low-lying shore and faintly expressed hills, so distant that they almost merge into the sky in tone, is a subject so difficult to render that it would baffle most people who attempted it. A boat in the foreground and the small figures engaged in pulling it on to the little pier are the sole reminder of any sign of life in this unbeaten track of Scotland, yet those who know the spot with an intimate knowledge wish that they could have seen it with the insight now revealed.

Exhibited in the Academy last year, *A Kensington Garden* is a beautiful presentment of Sir Edward's garden, showing the effect of the morning sun between eight and nine o'clock. Gardens are proverbially difficult to render, but Sir Edward has given us an example of what can be done with sunlight scintillating upon many different trees and shrubs.

Another charming spot is the President's *Rock Garden*, of which an illustration is shown. He has painted it with the shimmer of sunlight on the young trees above, relieving the dark-toned rocks and water which lies in shadow. When the daffodils and spiræa are in bloom it is transformed into a fairylike bower, which would make a fitting background for one of Sir Edward's mermaid pictures.

The President's garden might well be in the heart of the country, instead of Kensington. Enclosed by fine old trees, long stretches of lawn lead to winding paths and leafy walks. Roses growing in rich profusion on pergolas and beds of old-fashioned fragrant flowers flourish gaily, so that his garden is one mass of blossom throughout the summer. Flowers are so much a hobby with Sir Edward Poynter that perhaps if he had never specialized in art he might have been an eminent botanist and horticulturist. His house, too, reflects the tastes of its owner, and includes the many rare and beautiful objects of art attractive to the scholar and artist mind.

As Director of the National Gallery Sir Edward has done much for art in purchasing such examples of the Italian School as Mantegna's *Agony in the Garden*, the *Vision of St. Eustace* by Pissarro, the sublime *St. Gerome in his Studio* by Messina, and Perugino's superb *Baptism of Our Lord*. *The Legend of St. Giles* is a valuable Flemish addition to the Gallery, with such Dutch Masters as Jan Steen, Van der Meulen, and Birkc Hyde, besides our first example of Goya and the English Cotman. Special reference must be made to Albert Dürer's portrait of his father, as until then this master was unrepresented in the National Gallery. Sir Edward's knowledge of the Old Masters is profound, and his opinion was sought in the recent exciting case of the reputed Romney picture. Amongst a variety of theories and opinions, his judgment proved to be correct, and the result of the trial showed



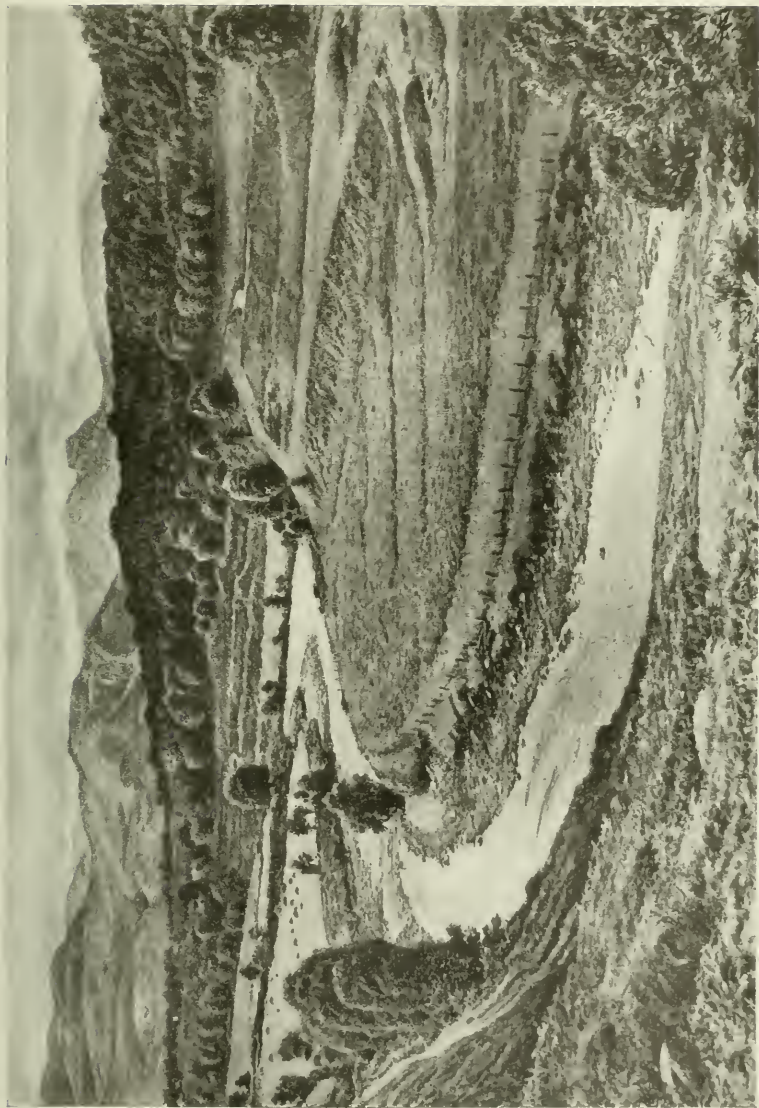
ROCK GARDEN

BY SIR EDWARD POYNTER, B.T., P.R.A.



"ISOLA SAN GIULIO. LAKE OF
ORTA. WATER-COLOUR BY SIR
EDWARD J. POYNTER. BT. P.R.A.





"THE RIVER CARRON, ROSS-SHIRE"
BY SIR E. J. POYNTER, BT., P.R.A.

The Recent Work of Gilbert Bayes

clearly that the practitioner in paint is best able to detect the technique and style of another painter.

As Slade Professor of the Fine Arts Sir Edward wrote a valuable book called "Ten Lectures on Art," which has proved helpful to the student and artist, and in which he has admirably refuted Ruskin's false arguments against those two supremely great masters Michael Angelo and Tintoret. His views on art and teaching are invaluable as the result of close association with the greatest workers and thinkers of his time, apart from his own personal experience.

His whole heart is centred in his Academy, and he has upheld the high position of President throughout twenty years with dignity and honour. Unmoved he has seen during a long life many cults and cliques spring up and wither away because their foundations were built upon sand and had no root. For men with a strong purpose of their own in view are never drawn aside by the passing fashions and caprices which arise and decline in art; and with a definite message to give to the world, they are not likely to borrow from others the language with which to express that message. Sir Edward Poynter began his life's work when the dreams of youth had more modesty and reverence for art than to-day, and his vision of the ideal and the beautiful has never been obscured for one moment. In giving his best to others he may be said to have fully realized the true guerdon of those who, in working faithfully, put themselves into possession of a great and enlarging happiness.

ISABEL G. McALLISTER

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THE RECENT WORK OF GILBERT BAYES. BY CHARLES MARRIOTT

THE decline of art began with the advent of the professional artist as distinct from the craftsman—painter, carver, glazier, or whatever he might be; and it is to men like Mr. Gilbert Bayes that we must look for its revival. He has the two chief qualifications for the purpose: a keen sense and trained understanding of materials, and an imaginative grasp of all the circumstances and conditions for which the work is intended.

These points are insisted upon because the time is ripe for a stricter consideration of the place of the artist in the community than was



"THE LATE MAHARAJAH OF BIKANER." OVER LIFE-SIZE STATUE EXECUTED IN MARBLE FOR BIKANER. BY GILBERT BAYES



"WAR." ONE OF A PAIR—"WAR" AND "PEACE" TO BE EXECUTED IN BRONZE FOR THE NATIONAL ART GALLERY, SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES BY GILBERT BAYES

The Recent Work of Gilbert Bayes

common in the recent past. In the future artists will be more necessary than ever; but, except from the dealer's point of view, which is essentially anti-social, there will be less need for the artist who merely paints pictures to hang anywhere, or carves or models pieces of sculpture with, in the structural sense, no visible means of support. It does not follow that all future art must be "applied" art, but if art is to play its proper part in the work of reconstruction there will have to be a much closer connexion between it and the material circumstances of life as it is lived. In practice this amounts to nothing more than renewed recognition of the dependence of all the arts on architecture; and therefore one speaks of it as a "revival" and not as a new invention; and Mr. Bayes will help it on because he belongs to the comparatively small class of artists who have never lost sight of the dependence. In everything that he designs, useful or ornamental, there is a tacit recognition of the house; using the word "house" to include every sort of building, sacred or secular, public or private, and regarding the garden as an architectural feature.

Some such preliminary is needed in order to place the work of an artist like Mr. Bayes. He is a sculptor not merely in the sense of making "statues and busts," but in the sense of working in plastic materials with some definite relation to the useful or ornamental

purposes of contemporary life in view. When you go into his studio you are struck by the variety of materials and the wide range in scale, from the miniature to the colossal; in conversation with him by the number of factors he takes into account in considering the artistic problem.

This last is important, particularly in England and in view of the future. English art has never been lacking in imagination, invention, or technical skill; where it has done itself less than justice is in the nice application of means to end. In this, of course, it has only shared in the general English neglect of organization; but beyond that there seems to be an idea in England that in art as in morals you ought not to consider the question of practical advantage to the community.

The virtue that distinguishes the work of Mr. Bayes in general might very well be called that of artistic organization. Everything is considered; not only the nature of the material and the character of the architectural background or surroundings, but climate, conditions of life, and even the artistic perceptions of the people

who are most likely to be brought into immediate contact with the work. This last raises the much debated question whether or not an artist ought to consider his public, and Mr. Bayes is to be congratulated on his courage in answering it in the affirmative. It would be a good thing for both art and literature if



"THE SEA-KING'S DAUGHTER" MARBLE
GROUP ON RED STONE STEM BY GILBERT
BAYES

*(Published by the National Art Club,
Sydney, N.S.W.)*



"THE FOUNTAIN OF THE VALKYRIES
(IN BRONZE, MARBLE AND MOSAIC)
BY GILBERT BAYES.





"SIGURD." STATUETTE IN
BRONZE, ENAMEL, AND MARBLE
BY GILBERT BAYES

The Recent Work of Gilbert Bayes

it were taken for granted once for all that nothing is too "artistic" for the ordinary person if it is done in terms that he can understand. In nine cases out of ten when a work of art or literature is "over the heads of the public" it is because the artist has been too lazy, conceited, or incompetent to translate his conception into intelligible terms; and to that extent the work is inartistic.

Broadly speaking, the difficulty of the public is over the question of realistic representation. The ordinary person likes to be able to see what the work is all about; and the problem for the artist is to let him see it without neglecting design or violating the nature of the material employed. A slight acquaintance with the work of Mr. Bayes is enough to show that this is a problem that he is always considering, and that his work owes a great deal of its artistic interest to the solutions attempted, generally with success.

In his case the problem is made all the more difficult on the technical side by the fact that he is before everything an illustrator. Lest the description be misunderstood, illustration in art is only a term of reproach when the medium is sacrificed in the process. Most of the good things in art, particularly British art, from illuminated missals and stained-glass windows to the paintings of Ford Madox Brown, are in fact illustrations; and, speaking generally, when British art abandons illustration it says nothing at all. In sculpture, of course, the task of the illustrator is complicated by the very definite and even stubborn character of his

materials. Unless he is to let down the business of art to the level of waxworks he has to reconcile intelligible representation with the characteristic treatment of stone or bronze or wood or plaster as the case may be. Leaving out ideas as beyond his control, his rank as a sculptor will depend upon the success of the reconciliation.

The general character of the works reproduced here is enough to show that Mr. Bayes is very little concerned with abstract ideas. Even when he attempts a symbolical figure he gives it a local name or character. Thus, in *Romance* he employs the accepted symbols of questing knights, and in *Destiny* he relies on classical allusion. All this is to the advantage of intelligibility with no prejudice to art. The



ARTEMIS BRONZE AND ENAMEL

BY GILBERT BAYES



*(Garden of Merchant Taylors'
Company, City of London)*

**"ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST" FOUNTAIN
FIGURE IN BRONZE. BY GILBERT BAYES**

The Recent Work of Gilbert Bayes

Aldeburgh Memorial, *The Water Cart*, and, though to a less obvious extent, *The Fountain of the Valkyries* all belong to the class of good illustrations. Their merit is that they are illustrations in terms of the material employed; and, in *The Fountain of the Valkyries* at any rate, there are several materials in the same work. In each case the idea is illustrated clearly and simply, with the addition of appropriate and easily understood emblems—as the corn and wine in the Aldeburgh Memorial—and both in the general form of the work and in technical treatment the character and habit of the material is scrupulously observed.

It will be seen that in his translation of life into terms of marble or bronze or plaster, Mr. Bayes does not depart very far from a naturalistic treatment of form. This is particularly evident when the design approaches the linear in character—as in the Aldeburgh Memorial and *The Water Cart*. Personally I would like to see the translation carried further. Whether the aim be illustration or expression of an idea, it seems to me that the final effect should be that the material itself had conceived the subject; and I can't help feeling that marble or plaster would conceive things in rather more formal terms than Mr. Bayes allows. Some of his designs, *The Water Cart*, for example, look rather applied to the material than conceived in it. Nor need there be any loss of intelligibility. It is astonishing what an amount of simplification the ordinary person will stand without losing reality, provided the artist keeps a strong hold of essential form and at the same time brings out the character of the material.

The child's wooden horse on wheels, of the flat-headed, barrel-bodied variety, is a good example. But the degree of simplification preferred is governed so much by the whole mental make-up of the individual that it would be rash to generalize. A great deal depends, too, on whether the artist approached the art of sculpture first as a designer or as a craftsman in a particular substance. A man who has graduated in the stone-mason's yard, so to speak, will naturally trust more to the material and be content with only a complimentary reference to nature. In everything done by Mr. Bayes there is at least full recognition of the material, and there are hints that his progress will be towards a bolder faith in its idiomatic expression.

On the vexed question whether or not the sculptor should carve his own stone or marble Mr. Bayes takes the common-sense view. The question is not really so vital as might appear. So long as the work is conceived and carried out in terms of stone or marble carving the question whether the sculptor did it all himself or employed assistants—or even machinery—is comparatively irrelevant. Granting a preference for naturalistic representation, the handling of marble in *Romance*, *The Sea-King's*

Daughter, and *The Fountain of the Valkyries* is characteristic enough. In bronze, as may be seen in *Sigurd* and *Artemis*, sympathy with the material is still more happily expressed. There is full enjoyment of the plasticity of bronze and its capacity for extension, but everything is articulated and not merely fumbled into shape.

The Lectern for the Royal Savoy Chapel, in



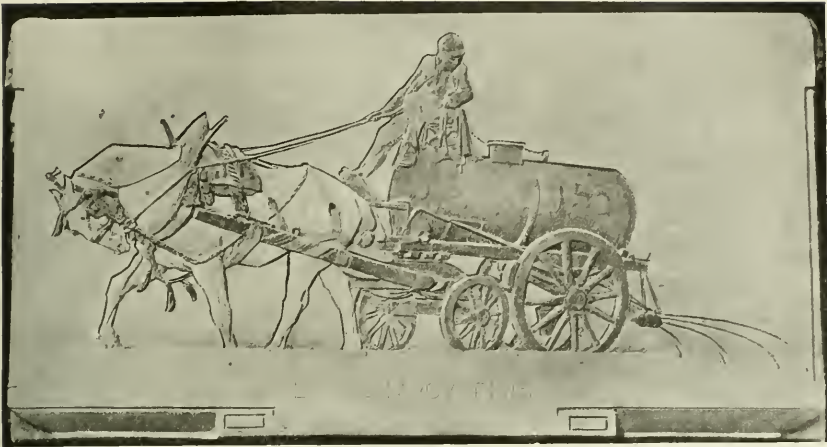
"ROMANCE" (MARBLE) BY
GILBERT BAYES



LECTERN IN BRONZE, ENAMEL
AND MOSAIC TO BE PLACED IN
THE ROYAL SAVOY CHAPEL. IN
MEMORY OF LAURENCE AND
MABEL IRVING. BY GILBERT
BAYES.



The Recent Work of Gilbert Bayes

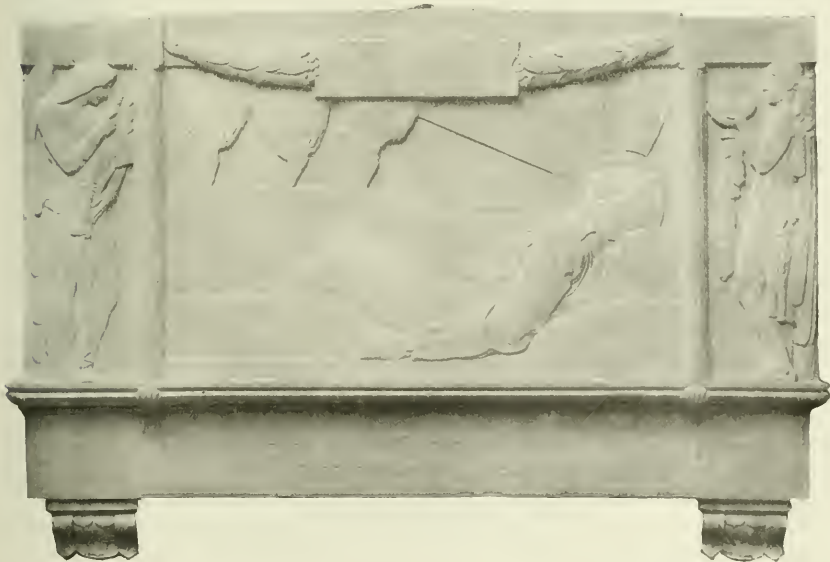


"THE WATER CART" (RELIEF INCISED AND COLOURED)

BY GILBERT BAYES

memory of Laurence and Mabel Irving, deserves particular attention because it gives us an opportunity to see how Mr. Bayes meets a

question of practical utility. The idea of support could hardly be expressed with greater economy, and yet there is a certain generosity



WAR MEMORIAL IN MARBLE TO BE PLACED IN ALDEBURGH CHURCH, SUFFOLK

BY GILBERT BAYES

The Recent Work of Gilbert Bayes

in the branching above as if to suggest the moral gravity of the book supported. The sources of light are made important, every turn of the structure is properly emphasized, and the decoration is relevant not only to the design but in symbolical meaning. The symbolism, moreover, has just enough reference to the manner of death of the persons commemorated.

This work, too, bears on the important question of colour in sculpture. It is not merely that Mr. Bayes likes working in coloured materials, but that his frequent use of them illustrates his unusually keen sense of the relationship between art and the conditions of life. To put it shortly, this is not a white-marble climate. Nor is this a new discovery. Putting on one side the doubtful origin of a classical tradition that the Greeks never intended, since it seems pretty evident that Greek marbles were highly coloured, the white-marble statue is a modern heresy in England. It has no sanction in the past. The British school of sculpture is a school of native stone, bronze, lead, and coloured and gilded wood and plaster. So that in his use of coloured materials Mr. Bayes is as traditional as he is mindful of a climate in which every touch of colour is welcome.

Not more than passing reference can be made to the work of Mr. Bayes on the colossal scale; to his *Maharajah of Bickancer* and the equestrian figures of *War and Peace* for the New South Wales Art Gallery; because reduced illustrations do not really give an opportunity for judging work in which scale is a factor. But the pictures are enough to show that Mr. Bayes can rise to the conditions; can enlarge the style as well as the size of his work, and amplify his

contours to meet the effect of outdoor illumination in a clear climate.

When all the qualities of his work are considered—his imagination and taste as a designer, and his tact and skill as a craftsman—one comes back to his unusually keen sense of artistic organization, of the nice adaptation of means to end, of the place of the artist in the community in respect of both material and social conditions. In view of the future this is extremely important. Imagination is a gift, and skill comes with practice; it is in their application to the needs and conditions of contemporary life that the artist can "pull his weight" in the work of reconstruction.



"THE WEALTH OF THE EARTH" STATUETTE GROUP IN BRONZE
BY GILBERT BAYES



"DESTINY." BY GILBERT BAYES

Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts

THE FIFTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.

AS all the world knows, art has at all times been the handmaid of war, embellishing its weapons, portraying its heroes, and commemorating its triumphs; but it has remained for this matter-of-fact age to turn the services of artists to practical account in the very midst of war. Orpen goes to the front to paint the commanders who stand between the Empire and ruin; a Royal Academy Committee turns its attention to *camouflage*; Raemaekers, for all time, pillories the Germans as fighting barbarians; Bairnsfather typifies the marvellous spirit of imperturbability manifested under every circumstance by the British "Tommy"; Muirhead Bone makes characteristically inimitable impressions of the Western "Front"; and Brangwyn, with a group of noted contemporaries,

emphasizes the Empire's ideals, resources, and achievements. This brief enumeration takes no note of the services rendered by the multitude of artists enrolled among the fighting forces, nor of those at home who have given us characterizations of our splendid British youth who have so freely offered their lives for country, home, and kin.

Art's connexion with war to-day is close and intimate, not remote and disconnected like Turner's, Orchardson's, Gilbert's, and Gibb's; there is indeed no parallel for the relationship. But even in war-time art has other manifestations, as the current exhibition at the Glasgow Institute testifies. In the seven hundred and forty-six examples of painting, drawing, and sculpture there is much merit, albeit a proportion, as in most exhibitions, calls to mind a well-known couplet adroitly used against a mediocre front bench by Cunninghame Graham in his first speech in the House of Commons.

As usual, the loaned pictures are a centre of



"AFTERNOON"

OIL PAINTING BY F. C. B. CADELL



"LIEUT. A. LESLIE HAMILTON, H.L.I."
BY SIR JAMES GUTHRIE, P.R.S.A.

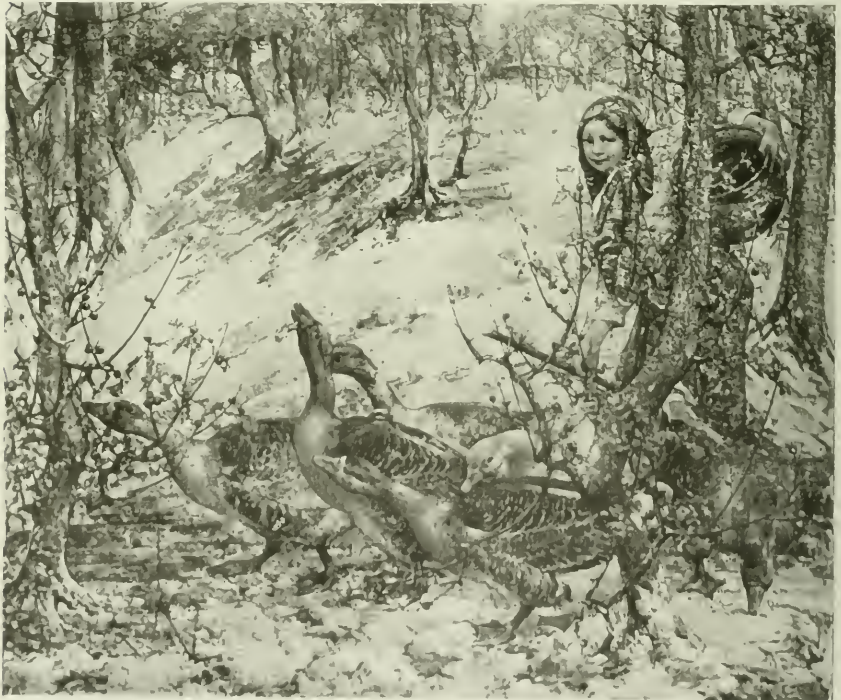
Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts

interest, the group including Furse's breezy *Diana of the Uplands*, and Sargent's aesthetic *Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose*, from the Tate Gallery; a big-scaled Sam Bough; a characteristic Orchardson; a rhythmic McTaggart; a sensitive Macaulay Stevenson; a richly toned Brangwyn; a subtle Nicholson, and others.

In portraiture, two young uniformed soldiers, by Sir James Guthrie, P.R.S.A., stand out prominently, *Flight-Commander the Lord Doune, M.C., R.F.C.*, and *Lieutenant A. Leslie Hamilton, H.L.I.* No descriptive gift could adequately convey the subtle characterization in the President's two portraits; there is a psychological quality that defies analysis, together with an artistry that makes them distinct from mere portraiture at its best. In the easy, natural sketch portrait of the young Lieutenant, the artist seems to strike an intimate note. In a uniform which but for a touch of red, black, and yellow in its accessories gives a complete

monotone in brown, the young subaltern stands the very embodiment of flesh and blood. There are other interesting portraits by Walton, Orpen, Greiffenhagen, Lavery, Henry, Roche, Fiddes Watt, William Findlay, Somerville Shanks, J. B. Anderson, and others, and a delightfully naive sketch, decoratively pleasing, of a youthful maiden, by Norah Neilson Gray.

F. C. B. Cadell, soldier artist, has not in time of stress lost his fine sense of colour. *Afternoon* is a fresh, vigorous, decorative treatment of a familiar theme; it comes upon the beholder like a breath of country air, particularly by reason of its propinquity with much that is aesthetically ordinary and commonplace. Black and white and emerald green is no novel combination—it was a favourite with the Empress Josephine; but even French artists of Napoleonic times could not play with it as does Cadell, who is doing good service, at a



"A GAGGLE O' GEESE"

OIL PAINTING BY E. A. HORNEL



"MOORLAND PASTURE"

OIL PAINTING BY A. R. W. ALLAN

time of depression and gloom, in issuing his sparkingly exhilarating antidotes.

A. R. W. Allan has a penchant for pastoral subjects; he lives the country life. His *Moor-*

land Pasture is a thoughtful, sincere, realistic impression of incident and environment with which he is intimately familiar.

E. A. Hornel makes rare departure from



"SPRING"

OIL PAINTING BY ALEXANDER ROCHE, R.S.A.



"SPRING IN AYRSHIRE"

OIL PAINTING BY GEORGE HOUSTON, A.R.S.A.

charming nymphs in leafy bower, or by seashore with roses and butterflies, and he seldom renders a seasonal subject when there is dearth of colour in the land. His *Gaggle o' Geese* is a huge canvas, every inch covered with the unique Hornel texture, all interesting, but the glorious summer colour was meant for Hornel, and he is riotously happy when the flowers are in bloom.

Alexander Roche, R.S.A., is doubly represented, by a delightful self-portrait, which has become the property of the Scottish Modern Arts Association, and by a sensitive rendering of *Spring*. Than this latter, there is no more interesting work in the exhibition; it is the triumph of an artist of indomitable courage and resource in face of difficulties that would have broken the heart and spirit of almost any man. *Spring* exhales the rhythmic delight of the early season, the atmosphere of the happy time; it is full of delight and the joy of rusticity.

George Houston, after an interval, is again

represented, and by a similar subject, but whereas Roche has painted spring at the time when it almost merges into summer, Houston's *Spring in Ayrshire* shows the last lingering traces of winter. Houston paints in the open air, and all the year round, but early spring is his favourite sketching-time; and in a charming Iona sketch he reminds the art lover that he has other sketching-grounds besides Ayrshire.

E. A. Walton, P.R.S.W., shows a characteristically interesting landscape with great spreading tree and cerulean sky, all in the master's unmistakable technique.

W. A. Gibson has another French landscape, unsurpassed in compositional charm and quality. No artist paints with a surer purpose, no work leaves his studio until all that matured idea and proved technique can command has gone into it. There are things in the exhibition giving the impression of being well started but stuck, and the show would not have suffered if the selecting committee had returned them

to be finished. Gibson's work, on the other hand, always bears the stamp of completion.

Two pictures by young Glasgow artists are worthy of more than passing notice—*George Square*, by Andrew Law, a hugely difficult subject, treated with infinite care and ability; and *The Red Parasol*, by Somerville Shanks, a still-life study of subtlest quality.

There remain to be added a few words about the water-colours, though many sentences might be written on a Crawhall gem that gives distinction to the section—*The Duck Pond*, lent by a fellow-artist, J. Whitelaw Hamilton, who greatly prizes it. There are charming drawings by W. Russell Flint; a clever figure-study by Mrs. Laura Knight; an interesting Egyptian drawing by A. B. McKechnie; a liquid Marine sketch by A. K. Brown, R.S.A.; an animate portrait study by James Paterson, R.S.A., and a delightful fantasy by F. Cayley Robinson.

The modelled section, while making less insistent appeal, is worthy of more attention than it receives, placed as it is in an unhappy position.

J. TAYLOR.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—When referring last month to the joint exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters and the Royal Society of Miniature Painters at the Grafton Galleries, the time available did not permit of our including the four illustrations we now give from that display, namely, Mr. Skipworth's admirably composed and in point of colour entirely agreeable *Costume Study* of Miss Evelyn Lichfield; Miss Kimber's *Mater Christi* and illuminated *Prayer*, and Miss Pocock's triptych in stained wood and gesso. Miss Kimber is an old student of the Brighton Municipal School of Art, where the art of illumination in which she excels has always been cultivated with signal success; and Miss Pocock was until recently at the Polytechnic in Regent Street, London, where decorative woodwork attracts an enthusiastic following.

Miss Bess Norriss (Mrs. Tait), whose work we



"COSTUME STUDY"

(Royal Society of Portrait Painters, 1917)

BY F. MARKHAM SKIPWORTH

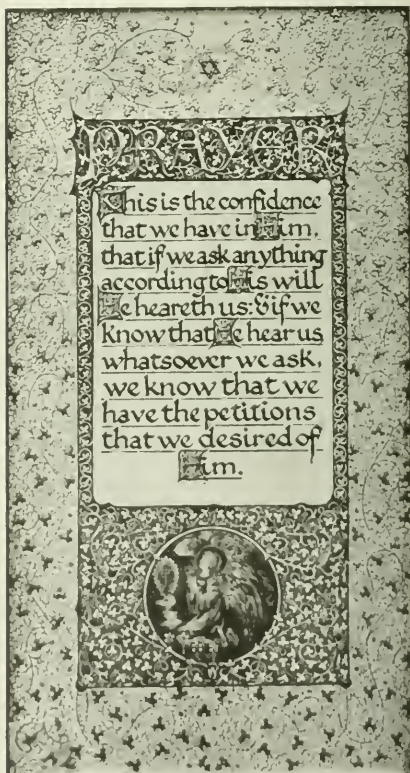


"MATER CHRISTI" BY MISS S. V. M. KIMBER
(Royal Society of Miniature Painter, 1917)

have on a previous occasion illustrated, is a member of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, but the two drawings we now reproduce were not among the things she showed at the Grafton Gallery recently, the *Autumn Portrait* (done on ivory), which forms one of our supplements this month, having been exhibited early last year with the National Society of Portrait Painters at the Grosvenor Gallery; and *The Chinese Costume* study (p. 122) at the International Society's exhibition a few months earlier. Mrs. Tait belongs to the group of Australian artists who have settled in this country, and besides the larger scaled figure-subjects which she handles with much feeling and freedom, she displays a marked gift for miniature painting

We have also on various occasions in these pages and in our "Year-Book of Decorative Art" illustrated or referred to work by Miss Florence Steele, who enjoys a well-deserved reputation as a designer and worker in metal, the multifarious decorative uses of which she has exploited with much success. That her work as a designer is not restricted to metal is evidenced by a recent commission for a monument, which we illustrate on the opposite page. This monument was designed for erection over the family grave of Mr. Waddell, of Glasgow, and has been carried out in Hoptonwood stone.

Following the Portrait Painters, three other "Royal" societies have opened their doors for the exhibition of pictures and drawings by their



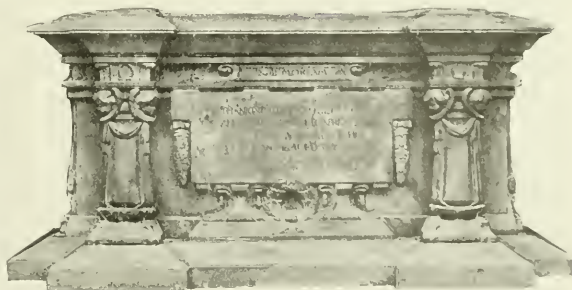
ILLUMINATED TEXT BY MISS S. V. M. KIMBER
(Royal Society of Miniature Painters, 1917)



TRIPTYCH IN STAINED WOOD AND GESSO. BY MISS HILDA JOYCE POCOCK
(Royal Society of Miniature Painters)

members and associates. The British Artists, in Suffolk Street, have nothing on this occasion from their president, Mr. Brangwyn, to help their well-arranged display, and lacking, too (apparently as the result of military exigencies), is the animation which recent exhibitions of this society have derived from the work of Mr. E. A. Cox, who, though obviously an admirer of Mr. Brangwyn's methods, has shown marked

individual qualities in his work, and especially a more courageous sense of colour than many of the members can own to. It would be difficult to single out any work in the present exhibition as being of outstanding importance, but there are a few paintings—among them Miss Dorothea Sharp's *Daisy Land* and *Shrimps*, and Miss Madeline Wells's *Backgammon Players*—and, as usual, a varied and interesting collection of water-colours and prints, which redeem it from being what would otherwise be a monotonous display. Much the same has to be said of the annual exhibition of the Royal Institute of Oil Painters. Here technical accomplishment is on a somewhat higher plane, but dexterity of craftsmanship is so often applied to trite and commonplace purposes that its results yield little or none of that gratification which comes from work of real inspiration, though maybe of less technical efficiency. "The Old, Old Story" as a title might well be applied to many pictures besides the one to which it belongs, because of the strong resemblance they bear to others



MONUMENT FOR A FAMILY GRAVE.

DESIGNED BY FLORENCE H. STEELE

Studio-Talk

that have hung on these walls in years gone by. Though rather unduly weighted, however, with things of this sort, the exhibitions of this society always contain a fair proportion of work that is worthy of serious attention, and the present show may be said to compare favourably with those of the past in this respect. Mr. Hughes-Stanton's *Autumn Rains*; Mr. Charles Pears' *Below Gravesend—War Time—Moonlight*; Mr. Norman Wilkinson's *H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth in the Attack on the Narrows. Gallipoli*; Mr. Gemmell Hutchison's *Her First Sorrow*; Mr. Oswald Moser's portrait of *Professor Clarke-Gainsford*; and Mr. Tom Robertson's *Peace* are among the more notable contributions to this show. Mr. Lynwood Palmer, whose portraits of race-horses have brought to him an extensive clientele among owners and other patrons of the Turf, makes his debut as a member of the Institute at this exhibition with paintings of *Fifnella*, the Derby and Oaks winner of last year, and Sir Abe Bailey's *Son-in-law*.

If comparison with previous displays does not, in the case of the two societies just named, justify more than faint praise of those under notice, it is otherwise with the winter exhibition

of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, which certainly seems to us to be an advance on the normal high average of this Society's shows—and that without any assistance from noted supporters such as Mr. Sargent and Mr. D. Y. Cameron, who are among the small number of absentees on this occasion. It is particularly gratifying to observe how well some of the members who have been exhibiting here for many years have maintained, if they have not improved upon, their past form, and also how ably the newer recruits uphold the high standard of achievement which the society's name has always connoted. To specify all the things that are worthy of remembrance would involve repeating a very considerable part of the catalogue, but while refraining from a tedious enumeration of this sort, we must not omit to mention a group of half a dozen works by the late Reginald Barratt—four of them Venetian subjects and the other two reminiscences of his sojourn in India—which eloquently proclaim his gifts as a painter of architectural themes and his refined sense of colour. The Society also pays respect to the memory of another recently deceased member—Mr. Jessop Hardwick—in a similar way.



"THE CHINESE COSTUME."

(See page 120)

WATER-COLOUR BY BESS NORRIS



"AN AUTUMN PORTRAIT."
WATER-COLOUR BY BESS NORRIS.





ST. AUGUSTINE'S PRIORY, EALING: ALTAR OF CHAPEL
PEACOCK, BEWLAY, AND COOKE, ARCHITECTS

provision has been made for school buildings of the most modern type to accommodate boarding and day scholars. For the use of resident pupils and the nuns there is an infirmary wing, and also a fully equipped laundry building. The interior of the building has been finished very simply throughout, but a feature has been made of the cloisters, which have a barrel ceiling decorated with enriched plaster, also a pavement of dull green tiles and walls of a grey colour. The buildings externally are finished with silver-grey rough-cast, the angle piers and the plinth being faced with thin bricks of a broken colour, and the roofs are covered with thick, hand-made, sand-faced tiles with bonnet hips. The chapel buildings contain, in addition to the chapel, a chapter-house, a priests' sacristy, nuns' sacristy, and a tribune. For bedridden nuns there are provided two rooms with windows overlooking the chapel. The chapel itself is carried out in the Byzantine style, and the walls inside are faced with rough plaster finished

BIRMINGHAM.—The three illustrations here given relate to an important undertaking recently carried out from the designs of Messrs. Peacock, Bewlay, and Cooke, architects of this town, for the Canonesses Regular of St. Augustine, a community which originated in Paris in 1634, and removed to England in 1911. The site of their new convent, a general view of which is shown on the next page, is a tract of twelve acres in Hanger Hill, Ealing, on the western outskirts of London. In addition to the cloisters, community rooms, parlours, refectories, and other requirements of the nuns,

white with a high skirting finished black, the



ST. AUGUSTINE'S PRIORY, EALING: THE CHAPEL
PEACOCK, BEWLAY, AND COOKE, ARCHITECTS



ST. AUGUSTINE'S PRIORY, EALING, MIDDLESEX

PEACOCK, BEWLAY, AND COOKE, ARCHITECTS

necessary colour being supplied by the windows, the heads of which contain mauve and blue panels on a dull green-and-white ground.

REVIEWS.

Thomas Woolner, R.A., Sculptor and Poet; His Life in Letters. Written by his daughter, AMY WOOLNER. (London: Chapman and Hall.) 18s. net.—Mr. Woolner, who died just a quarter of a century ago, was one of the original members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, the others being Holman Hunt, Millais, J. Collinson, F. G. Stephens, and the two Rossettis; and it was in his studio in Stanhope Street that the Brethren used to meet in the late 'forties and discuss art and poetry to the accompaniment of tea and tobacco. Though then only just over twenty, he had already firmly laid the foundations of his subsequent highly successful career, which was only interrupted by a voyage to Australia and a vain endeavour to court fortune at the gold diggings in the early 'fifties. Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, the poet Tennyson and his wife, Robert Browning, Coventry Patmore, and other people of note were already among his friends ere he embarked on this adventure; and when he returned, his circle of friends and acquaintances, and at the same time his practice as a sculptor, grew steadily year by year. The portrait busts, medallions, and statues he executed of great Victorians are set forth in the list of his works

appended to the volume, and the correspondence brought together by his daughter bears testimony to the high esteem in which her father and his work were held by many of them. Miss Woolner has been content to leave the letters to tell the story of his life, interpolating only brief explanations where necessary; but an additional interest is given to the compilation by the inclusion of the story of "The Fisherman" as told by Woolner to Tennyson, who based his "Enoch Arden" upon it. The illustrations include a number of the sculptor's works, including the *Puck* statuette which gained him many admirers in his early days.

Letters to Helen: The Impressions of an Artist on the Western Front. By KEITH HENDERSON. (London: Chatto and Windus.) 6s. net.—The war has dispelled a good many illusions harboured by people in general, and among others, that which represents the male artist as a somewhat effeminate individual utterly incapable of doing anything really useful according to the popular idea of usefulness. But disillusion has come slowly, and even now, in spite of the accumulating proofs of the splendid services which members of the profession have rendered to the nation ever since the early days of the great conflict, the old notion still lingers. To those who continue to cherish it we may commend the reading of these "Letters to Helen," from which they will learn how one who has followed with success the most peaceful of all secular pursuits has cheerfully endured

the rigours of a campaign without precedent in the slaughter and desolation which have ensued from it. Written from France without any idea of publication, these intimate epistles prove that the imperturbable sang-froid which is so characteristic of the British "Tommy" is also shared by the officers over him; there is no trace of "grousing" here but a resolute, soldier-like determination to "carry on." Not that Art is forgotten—it will out even on the battlefield, and as a result we have, besides an interesting budget of illustrations in colour from drawings made in the war zone, a vision of the future which in its buoyant hopefulness will elicit the sympathy of all:

The future's where *my* heart is. . . . We shall see the Christmas roses of the Cotswolds together one day, and I think the war will have given them a mysterious loveliness that we never understood before. Every year they'll come up out of the ground again and surprise us. I shall be getting older and older—and so will you, too. And all our little plans will have a quiet, peaceful joy for us that wouldn't have been possible but for the war. Art will be like angels coming and going. Effort will be intensified. The lives of the poor will be happier, because every one will be more ready to give and take. It won't be all at once. But there'll be a difference. The war will have made a difference. Thank God for the war!

The Romance of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Abridged from Malory's "Morte D'Arthur" by ALFRED W. POLLARD. Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM. (London: Macmillan and Co.) 10s. 6d. net.—The fact that this abridged edition of Malory runs to just over five hundred pages shows that the curtailment has not been drastic, and with the exception of a few readings adopted from Strachey's well-known Globe edition the old text is almost precisely that of the original. As the omitted matter is largely of a redundant character, the present edition will answer fully the requirements of readers in general, and with the pictorial features contributed by Mr. Rackham, consisting of sixteen illustrations in colour, a number of line drawings as well as headpieces and other decorative adjuncts, will assuredly prove very popular.

Water-colour Painting. By ALFRED W. RICH. (London: Seeley, Service and Co.) 7s. 6d. net.—*Modern Water-colour.* By ROMILLY FEDDEN. (London: John Murray.) 6s. net.—No artist living at the present time is better qualified to undertake a textbook for students on water-colour painting than Mr. Rich. Not only is he

one of the most distinguished exponents of the art in this country, but he has had considerable experience and success as a teacher. His methods are sound; and while his work bears the stamp of individuality, he has invariably upheld the great traditions of British water-colour painting. In this admirable volume he explains to the beginner and to the more advanced student, lucidly and fully, the methods he himself has adopted; he warns them of the difficulties they are likely to meet with, and he shows how these may be overcome. The chapters devoted to the various localities in which he has sketched are particularly interesting; while the instructive criticism which accompanies the sixty-seven reproductions of drawings by himself and other artists is illuminating and should prove of real value to the student. Mr. Romilly Fedden approaches the subject from a somewhat different standpoint. Some of his assertions are decidedly apt, if not invariably convincing. There is much in the book which students and others interested in painting will find helpful, while many of the author's aphorisms give the reader cause to think. Amongst the illustrations are reproductions of drawings by Girtin, Arthur Melville, J. S. Sargent, D. Y. Cameron, George Clausen, and four by the author.

Among this season's publications—fewer in number, of course, than in normal times—the budget of amusing rhymes by Hampden Gorden entitled *Our Girls in War Time* (John Lane, 3s. 6d. net), with their accompaniment of equally amusing and clever drawings by Joyce Dennys, ought to be in great demand, and our brave lads at the front will be sure to give it a hearty welcome, as they will to another publication from the Bodley Head—*The New Eve* (3s. net), with its vivacious drawings by "Fish" and letterpress by "Fowl."

The Christmas cards and calendars issued this season by the Medici Society are of a varied and interesting character, comprising an "Old Master" series of cards with colour reproductions from famous masterpieces at 6d. each, a "Carol" series with colour reproductions of paintings by Mr. Anning Bell at 1s. each, a "Water-colour" series with pictures by Reginald Barratt and Col. Goff (6d. each), and a "New Water-colour" series at 1s. with pictures by the same artists and Mr. C. J. Holmes.

THE LAY FIGURE: ON PROBLEMS OF RECONSTRUCTION.

"I NOTICE that a good deal of attention is being given just now to questions of reconstruction after the war," said the Critic. "It seems to me that among them the future development of art ought to be included."

"Is art likely to be any different after the war?" asked the Plain Man. "I should have thought it would have gone on again just as it was before. How can you change it?"

"There are lots of ways in which you can change it and there are lots of ways in which it ought to be changed," declared the Man with the Red Tie. "I am hoping that the war will really do a service to art and give it a new lease of life."

"But I suppose people will go on painting pictures just as much after the war as they did before," objected the Plain Man; "and I suppose there will be just as many exhibitions as ever."

"Picture painting is not the only purpose of art, and holding exhibitions is not the only way of showing its activity," broke in the Critic. "Personally, I should be glad to see fewer pictures."

"What else is there for an artist to do?" inquired the Plain Man. "If he does not paint pictures I take it that he ceases to be an artist. Do you propose to divert artists into other occupations? If you do, I agree with you entirely because I think it is time that most of them did something useful."

"There speaks the popular voice," laughed the Man with the Red Tie. "Pictures! They are the beginning and end of the artist's vocation. If he does not paint pictures he is not worthy to be called an artist! What a delusion!"

"Yes, that is, unfortunately, the popular attitude," agreed the Critic; "and it is an attitude I want to see definitely changed. We have been overdone with pictures of late years and we have taught far too many of our art students to look upon the exhibition gallery as their only legitimate sphere of activity. It is about time that we made people understand that a man may be an artist, and a great one too, even if he never painted a picture in his life."

"How can that be? A man is not an artist if he does not do art work," asserted the Plain Man

"Certainly, there I am wholly in agreement with you," returned the Critic. "But what you do not see is that there are a great many varieties of art work in any one of which an artist may become eminent and do valuable services to his country. I want the artist to be diverted, not from art into other occupations, but into those forms of art in which his help is especially wanted."

"Art in everything! Is that your idea?" scoffed the Plain Man. "Are we to live in an atmosphere of useless ornamentation, and are we all to pose as languid aesthetes?"

"Most decidedly not," cried the Critic. "Art in everything by all means, but not as a pose and an affectation. Let the artist have his fair share in directing the actual needs of life and make his influence felt in the creation of vital things. We do not want facts made ornamental or disguised by a veneer of decoration; we want them to be practically and essentially artistic."

"But art is not practical; it is only an ornamental accessory to existence and has nothing to do with our actual needs," argued the Plain Man.

"Then obviously the problem of reconstruction that we have to consider is how it is to be changed from an ornamental accessory into a practical necessity," exclaimed the Man with the Red Tie.

"Exactly; that is the whole point of the argument," replied the Critic. "If in the past art has failed to satisfy our practical needs, that is surely a twofold reason why in the future it should be developed along more useful and helpful lines. We want our houses to be not merely pretty to look at, but designed with the fullest sense of artistic fitness. We want the things we use to be artistically suited to the purposes to which they are to be applied. We want our manufactories and business houses to be directed by artists who will encourage efficiency in production and maintain a high standard of taste. We want the artist's intervention wherever things have to be done that can be made better by being made artistically. We want art to be recognized as one of the fundamental facts of life. That is why reconstruction is necessary and why we are so anxious to set about it as soon as possible."

"All right. Carry on," said the Plain Man.

THE LAY FIGURE.



LANDSCAPE FROM A WATER
COLOUR BY PAUL SANDBY R.A.

Paul and Thomas Sandby

PAUL AND THOMAS SANDBY.

BY FRANK GIBSON.

THE history of water-colour painting in England can never be written or spoken of without mentioning the names of Paul and Thomas Sandby in connexion with it. In fact, Paul Sandby has often been called "The Father of the British Water-Colour School," and the claim, though not precisely true, is not at all inappropriate. For at the time he began to paint there was certainly no such thing as a British water-colour school, and Alexander Cozens, one of the pioneers of it, had only just arrived in England. Of course water-colour was used in England and Europe long before Paul Sandby's youth. In the seventeenth century the Dutch landscape painters in oil, Phillip de Koninck and Van Goyen, frequently worked in that medium. Also it must not be forgotten that Van Dyck made sketches of the English countryside in water-colour. Gainsborough's landscape drawings, likewise, must have been familiar to Paul Sandby and his brother Thomas. At any rate they were not without models if they only knew

the work of the many topographical artists who were so numerous and accomplished in the eighteenth century. Though there is no record where the brothers first got their training, they both seemed to have been able from an early age to draw and paint well in line and wash.

They were both born in Nottingham, Thomas in 1721, and Paul in 1725. They must have soon acquired a local reputation, for in 1741, when Thomas was twenty years of age, and Paul sixteen, they obtained, through the help of their Member of Parliament, situations in the drawing school at the Tower of London. The drawing-room in the Tower at that time was the old map or survey office for those engaged as military draughtsmen, and they would there be employed in making topographical views of countries. Here their talents were apparently soon appreciated, for in 1743 Thomas was appointed draughtsman to the Chief Engineer in Scotland. In 1746 he was fortunate enough to be the first to convey to the Government the news of the landing of the Pretender, and thereupon to be appointed private secretary and draughtsman to the Duke of Cumberland. He was present at the Battle of Culloden, and



"THE ARTIST'S STUDIO AND GARDEN AT ENGLEFIELD GREEN, SURREY"

BY PAUL SANDBY, R.A.

(British Museum)

Paul and Thomas Sandby

made sketches of the field of battle and the camp which are now in the possession of His Majesty King George. Thomas Sandby accompanied the Duke to the Continent, where he saw a lot of fighting. On his return to England he devoted himself to the study of architecture, and also practised as an architect. In 1746 he was appointed Deputy Ranger of Windsor Great Park, a post he held until his death in 1798. The construction of Virginia Water was the chief achievement of his fifty-two years' tenure of this office, and he made many drawings of its beauties, some of which were engraved by his brother Paul. Both the brothers joined the Incorporated Society of Artists, and both were foundation members of the Royal Academy.

Thomas Sandby, though he sometimes practised pure landscape painting, was certainly at his best when he essayed architectural subjects. Here he may have surpassed his brother Paul, who, however, excelled him in the range and variety of the art of pure landscape painting. Thomas Sandby was a good precise draughtsman, and these qualities are seen more especially in his drawings of public buildings and streets.

In addition he displayed a good deal of skill in rendering atmospheric effects. The set of London views drawn by him and his brother Paul show this, and there is, too, a great deal of beauty in his drawings of architectural subjects. A good example of this is the exact yet delicate drawing *Covent Garden Piazza* reproduced on page 140, which belongs to Mr. Edward Marsh and was shown in the recent exhibition of the late Herbert Horne's collection at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. Another architectural subject, showing his feeling for aerial effect, is the drawing at the British Museum of *St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden*, a view taken from the east corner of the Piazza. From the reproduction given on page 139 it can be seen how well the elder Sandby could suggest the effect of warm misty sunshine on London streets and buildings.

The *View of Windsor Castle from the Great Park* in the Victoria and Albert Museum collection is an example of Thomas Sandby's treatment of a purely landscape subject, and though the figures and animals are well introduced, and the trees show careful study from nature, the artist does not surpass his brother Paul in artistic feeling and freshness in such



"THE ENCAMPMENT ON BLACKHEATH"

(British Museum)

BY PAUL SANDBY, R. A.

Paul and Thomas Sandby



"NEAR THE SECOND TURNPIKE OF OXFORD STREET"

BY PAUL SANDBY, R.A.

(*British Museum*)

subjects. This is obvious if the reader will compare the aforementioned drawing with the little water-colour *Windsor Park* (reproduced

and also belonging to Mr. Marsh) and he will see that the former is prose compared to the charm and poetry of the latter. A subject like *The*



"STIRLING CASTLE"

(*British Museum*)

BY PAUL SANDBY, R.A.

Paul and Thomas Sandby

Old Bridge at Windsor, by Thomas Sandby, displays his art to the better advantage. And there can be no doubt that as regards precise draughtsmanship and the skill to lay even and finely graduated washes of colour, qualities which are essential to architectural drawings, very few artists, except Turner in his early work, could surpass him.

Thomas Sandby was the first Professor of Architecture at the Royal Academy, and though he practised as an architect he did not let his profession suppress the artist in him. He had broad and enlightened views about the drawing of architecture. An instance of this is shown in his lectures to the students at the Academy, where he advises them not to trust too much to the use of rules and compasses, but to accustom themselves to draw real buildings in the manner of landscape painters. "In doing so they would gain a facility in drawing by hand which will correct that hardness which is generally too predominant in the works of those who never draw but by rules and compasses." If all architectural drawings, like those shown to-day at the Royal Academy, were as good artistically as those by Thomas Sandby, the

Architectural Room at that institution would be visited by a larger proportion of the public and picture lovers than is now the case.

As a landscape painter Paul Sandby was certainly the greater artist of the two brothers. His work had a larger range, and was more pictorial in character. He was not an architect, and though he made many drawings of architecture, he started on his artistic career as a topographer. But soon he became a landscape painter in the best sense of the word. When Thomas Sandby was appointed draughtsman to the Chief Engineer in Scotland, his brother and he were engaged together in surveying work. But in addition to this Paul made many sketches of the romantic scenery and antiquities of Scotland. It was in doing this that he began to endow his architectural drawings with effects of light and atmosphere which add to their charm. He lived with his brother Thomas for some time at Windsor, and was patronized by Sir Joseph Banks, who bought a large number of his drawings of Windsor Castle and town, and who took him on tours to Wales. The Hon. Charles Greville was another helpful patron. In 1768 he was appointed Chief Drawing Master



"CARFWR CASTLE, PEMBROKESHIRE"

(British Museum)

BY PAUL SANDBY, R.A.



"AN OLD CASTLE. FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY PAUL SANDBY, R.A.

Paul and Thomas Sandby



"WINDSOR PARK"

(In the collection of Edward Marsh, Esq.)

BY PAUL SANDBY, R.A.

of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, a position he held until 1796, when he retired on a pension of £50 per annum. Teaching seems to have been his chief means of support, and he had a good many pupils. He was selected by King George III to instruct his sons in drawing. In addition to this he had an extensive circle of pupils amongst the nobility and good families in London, which, however, did not prevent him from working hard at the profession of a landscape painter. There were two sides to his art. The best and most pictorial part seemed to be that which he did for his own pleasure, work which went farthest away from topography and showed foreign and traditional influences, and was not only of the classical landscape founded on Italy and Claude, but that of the Dutch School, Ruysdael and Hobbema. He was an artist of most versatile talent, and he not only painted in water-colour and oil, but also engraved, and very well too, in aquatint—an invention, it is said, he was the

first to introduce into England. He was greatly interested, too, in technical experiments in mediums and colours. For he had, like other artists of his day, to manufacture his own water-colours, both transparent and opaque. His drawings may be broadly divided into two classes—those where he used pure transparent colour, often simple outline and wash, and those where he used much body colour and other mediums.

The art of painting in opaque water-colour was practised in Europe and in the East, where it no doubt originated, for many centuries. In China and Japan it was used for important pictures. In India and Persia, as well as in Europe, it was employed for illuminated missals and miniatures. The miniatures by Holbein and Nicholas Hilliard, and, best of all, those by Samuel Cooper, are the finest examples of body-colour painting in England. Paul Sandby was the first to work with it in England in the eighteenth century. As he grew older he favoured that method more and more. Perhaps

Paul and Thomas Sandby



"IPSWICH"

(In the collection of Thomas Girtin, Esq.)

BY PAUL SANDBY, R.A.



"VIEW IN THE FILL OF WEJIT"

(In the collection of Thomas Girtin, Esq.)

BY PAUL SANDBY, R.A.

Paul and Thomas Sandby



"FIELDS AT BAYSWATER"

(British Museum)

BY PAUL SANDBY, R.A.

he liked it because he thought he could obtain better qualities of colour than he could achieve with pure wash and the transparent method, or else he thought he could make water-colour rival oil. He himself thought that his body-colour drawings were his best and would add most to his reputation. But a careful study of a good many of these leads one to think that at times he rather abused the medium. At any rate he often loses freshness and spontaneity and the result is heaviness. *The Artist's Studio and Garden at Englefield Green*, of which a reproduction is given, is a good example of one of his opaque drawings, and might at first sight pass for an oil painting.

It is when he works with pure tints unmixed with body colour or other mediums that Paul Sandby is at his best. Look at the drawing called



"ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, COVENT GARDEN"

BY THOMAS SANDBY, R.A.

(British Mus. etc.)

Paul and Thomas Sandby

Near the Second Turnpike of Oxford Street, which is pure water-colour. How clear the sunlight, and how transparent the shadows are! *The Encampment on Blackheath*, too, is a masterpiece in pure water-colour. In this how beautifully the light plays over the undulating country; and the figures are most admirably placed and their movements well suggested. The artist was especially good at peopling his scenes with figures that are of wonderful grace and beauty. These and other drawings have a charm and delicacy that J. R. Cozens, Girtin, or even Turner can hardly surpass in their early work. Indeed the *Carac Castle, Pembrokeshire*, shows what Turner owed to Paul Sandby. In his turn he was influenced by some of these men. The *Stirling Castle* (with the golfers in the foreground) shows how the artist was not ashamed to take hints from Girtin, who was a much younger man, though he died seven years before him. Other artists influenced Paul Sandby, notably Richard Wilson, as can be plainly seen in the two drawings here reproduced in colour, which have nevertheless Sandby's charming personality. They are typical of a phase in his art in which he especially excelled. The drawing of *Ipswich*, which belongs to Mr. Girtin and is here reproduced, is a particularly good example of Paul Sandby's way of rendering late afternoon sunlight on a town, and is a most poetical work. He was evidently also a great admirer of Gainsborough's landscapes, and drawings like the *View in the Isle of Wight* (also belonging to Mr. Girtin) and the *Windsor Park* clearly show what an influence the older artist had upon Sandby.

In spite of these influ-

ences the art of Paul Sandby has a style which is particularly his own. It certainly is one of the best examples representing what is now generally regarded as characteristic of the early British water-colour school, namely, tinted drawings outlined with a pen and finished with washes of local colour. In his early drawings he used the reed-pen elaborately for the outline and structure of his drawings. In his later ones he subdued the rigidity of his pen-strokes by drowning them in rich colour, especially in the foreground.

Altogether British landscape art, more especially that in the medium of water-colour, owes a good deal to Paul Sandby. The influence of his works, so thoroughly national in character, was undoubtedly very great on his pupils and the artists who followed him.

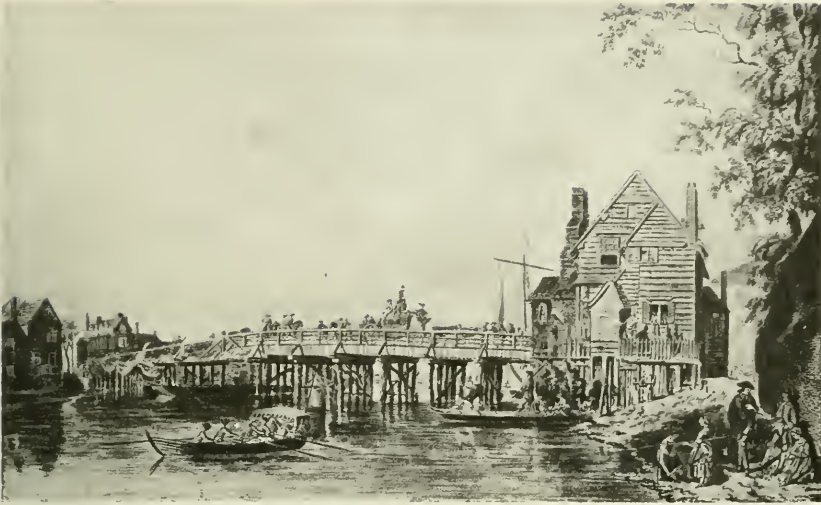


"COVENT GARDEN PIAZZA"

BY THOMAS SANDBY, R.A.

(In the Collection of Edward Marsh, Esq.)

Paul and Thomas Sandby



"THE OLD BRIDGE AT WINDSOR"

(Victoria and Albert Museum)

BY THOMAS SANDBY, R.A.



"VIEW OF WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE GREAT PARK"

(Victoria and Albert Museum)

BY THOMAS SANDBY, R.A.

RECENT DECORATIVE WORK OF
FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A. BY
ARTHUR FINCH.

II. MOSAIC DESIGNS FOR ST. AIDAN'S
CHURCH, LEEDS.

IF England has lost the finest series of mural paintings yet executed by Frank Brangwyn, she is fortunate in the possession of a unique example, on a big scale, of this artist's work in the much neglected medium of mosaic.

Living in a land which has not the advantages of the southern sun, whose warmth has proved such a great asset to the peoples of Italy, France, and Byzantium in the assimilation of, and consequent love for, rich and daring colour combinations, both in dress and public decoration, it is not surprising that we in England should possess few examples of what is, without a doubt, the nearest approach to permanent wall decoration possible in an imperfect world. Still, the lack of colour sense among Northern peoples is not the only cause of the neglect of mosaic as a decorative medium. At least two other factors operate. One is the divorce between the modern architect and the decorative artist, as in the crafts, accentuated by the prevailing subdivision of labour throughout industry. The other is the absence of accomplished artists who have also mastered the essentials of mosaic design. This requires an appreciation for spacing in conformity with the interior architecture, the handling of the cartoons in a broad manner with figures possessing solidity and clearness of outline; the avoidance of pictorial effects and unnecessary detail, both in colour arrangement and drawing. Then it has also to be remembered that the Gothic, Romanesque, and Byzantine churches and public buildings were pre-eminently suited for large wall decoration, while modern ones are not. Moreover, the Church, in the past a great patron of the arts, has lost its power, and with its decline her interest in art has weakened.

Even in France, whose heritage of mosaic is known to all, a decadent note is evident in much of the modern work, emphasized in the representation of trivial themes overlaid with detail, and the undue pro-

minence of the artist's personal qualities of form as against the importance of striving to keep the design in relation to the abiding scheme of the architecture.

When it is known how few modern mosaic designs have resulted in success, even in France and Italy, when judged by the accepted canons of art, it is not surprising that little new work should have been attempted. There is, of course, the scheme for the neo-Byzantine Westminster Cathedral and the recent excellent, bold design of Professor Moira, of St. George slaying the dragon, set in the tympanum over the entrance hall of the United Kingdom Provident Institution in the Strand.

That but recently a large and imposing scheme in the same tesserae as that used for Gerald Moira's work should have been undertaken, with no little success, in a north-country church is of great significance. It should presage a future for the employment of mosaic as a decorative and colour medium which the indifferent work of the last few decades would



INTERIOR OF ST. AIDAN'S CHURCH, LEEDS, WITH APSIDAL
MOSAIC DECORATION DESIGNED BY FRANK BRANGWYN,
A.R.A.

(Photo, Mrs. Julia Mason)



APSE OF ST. AIDAN'S CHURCH, LEEDS,
WITH MOSAIC DECORATION DESIGNED
BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.

Recent Decorative Work of Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A.

have led no one to expect or desire. St. Aidan's, Leeds, the church in question, is particularly suited architecturally for a large decorative wall-scheme. Basilican in design, with large wall-spaces in its spacious interior, the means were at hand for a favourable result. The east end, with its great apse, comparable to the famous Romanesque church interiors of Germany, was wisely selected for the experiment: for here the light of the sun passing through the windows and breaking up before the screen scintillates on the stonework. It might be questioned by the archaist steeped in conventional mosaic designs, as represented in the masterpieces of colour in Ravenna, the unflinching beauty of St. Mark's, Venice, and the wealth of Byzantine mosaic, whether an artist having such a modern outlook, with his powerful, almost fury-like, types, would be able to treat them with due regard for, and sympathy with, the architectural structure and its mystic purpose. But whatever other shortcomings

Brangwyn may have, he is at least versatile and appreciative of the purpose of church decoration. The fact that he is, above all, a representative of his own art epoch, does not presuppose his inability to design mosaic for church interiors. That view is absurd; for it must not be forgotten that even in the powerful days of the Church the influence of Greek art and the employment of antique technique was common in church mosaics. After all, the artist has studied the grammar of art, Occidental and Accidental. He now uses form as the shape which he clothes with his inimitable mantle of colour.

Frank Brangwyn aptly chose as the subject for his designs the representation of scenes from the life of St. Aidan. According to the legend, this saint, with a band of trusted monks, landed on the Northumbrian coast in the early period of Christianity, penetrated Yorkshire, teaching a doctrine of goodwill and happiness to the poor, and died there, beloved for all his kindly acts



"THE ARRIVAL OF ST. AIDAN IN NORTHUMBRIA" — FROM THE ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR MOSAIC DECORATION IN ST. AIDAN'S CHURCH, LEEDS, BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.



"ST. AIDAN FEEDING THE POOR." FROM THE ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR MOSAIC DECORATION IN ST. AIDAN'S CHURCH, LEEDS, BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.

of charity. At the outset it was the artist's intention to execute the work himself in tempera. But a visit to the church, situated in the smoke-ridden, industrial area of Leeds, soon convinced him that within a few years of its execution in that medium its charm of rich colour would be lost through the disintegrating action of dirt and smoke. The idea was abandoned, but not before the central design of the tripartite decoration had been finished.

The magnitude of the labour involved, both in the designing of the mosaic and its execution by Mr. J. B. Rust, will be at once apparent when I state that the panel covers an area of one thousand square feet, and the chancel screen, filled with suppliant, yet boldly drawn, well-spaced figures of monks and acolytes, has an area of three hundred square feet. It was planned to represent the three main incidents in the life of the saint, running from left to right of the enormous panel—his landing and

feeding of the poor, St. Aidan preaching, and his death.

Frank Brangwyn has got right away from the old conventional style of representation, of attenuated types; but his instinct for decoration and its purpose has not led him to abandon those fundamental principles underlying all the great mosaic work as represented, for example, in San Vitale, Ravenna, and Torrito's broadly treated composition in the Sta. Maria Maggiore, Rome, in the fourteenth century, eight hundred years after. One is not concerned as to whether the artist has based his design on a previous work in mosaic; though the resemblance to one of the famous Pantheon designs, that of Genevieve, may be noted in passing. Nor is it necessary to be overcritical to faults of individual form, for seen from half-way down the aisle, the exaggerated types fall easily into their places in the scheme. What does interest one is the brilliant technique of the decorative design. Employing a large

Recent Decorative Work of Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A.

number of figures, which handled by a less skilful designer would have resulted in a disturbing effect, Brangwyn has, by his clever method of grouping and spacing over the panel of each individual group mass, brought them into harmony with the simple expansive background of purplish blue sky, above the horizontal lined seascape, with its ingenious illusion of distance, so that the groups appear restful in the executed work, and do not obtrude from the wall. Take the treatment of the end design, *The Death of St. Aidan*. Unlike the tedious technique of many French schemes, and the lifelessness which has marred the otherwise clever work in St. Peter's, Rome, the central group, comprising the white-robed St. Aidan, and the purple-tinted robed monk on either side of the bier, is simple, yet full of expression. Then apart from the free treatment of the draperies, of which the bent figure in olive-green is a masterly example, observe how ably the artist has posed the concentrated

powerful type of monk athwart the tree, whose face aslant is the means whereby Brangwyn has been able to bring in the fine end group of peasant women, with their red, white, and orange head-dress lighting up the drabness of the black robes, to balance the intent group of powerful, eager, hungry, living humans forming the first part of the panel. The expressiveness in both end groups is somewhat lost in the completed mosaic, and a cross has been added, which the dying saint is holding. Brangwyn has eschewed the pictorial effect, which has blighted so much mosaic work, and particularly the spandrels beneath the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. Even in the landing group, where another artist might have been tempted to overelaboration, St. Aidan in white is merely outlined against the cleverly wrought yellowish grey sail, making the centre for the arrangement of the surrounding draped and undraped wading figures. Two sets of trees are employed to aid in bringing the composition together, so that it takes its



"ST AIDAN PREACHING." FROM THE ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR MOSAIC DECORATION IN ST. AIDAN'S CHURCH, LIFEDS, BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.



"THE DEATH OF ST. AIDAN." FROM THE ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR MOSAIC DECORATION IN ST. AIDAN'S CHURCH, LEEDS, BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.

place in the architectural scheme. Each figure-group has a background of ably poised trees, reminiscent of his landscape study *In Provence*, suggesting that dignity essential to successful mosaic design; they bring a unity of purpose into the theme as a whole, the faint outlines of the trees arranged over the entire panel surface against the blue distances completing the binding effect. Lightening the scheme is the foreground arrangement of tulips and geese, with pug dog, reminding one of the work of Early Italian artists.

In the execution of the mosaic, the method employed has been to use long perpendicular lines for draperies and horizontal ones for sky and background. A flat effect has been avoided by working in the medium of stained glass, so that the onlooker does not tire, his interest being sustained by the variation of tones, and the colour and definiteness of forms are well brought out. Flesh tones have been rendered in an

enamelled tone on the figures, so that a bright effect is obtained. This, with the added brilliance of the red hues of some of the draperies with contrasts of heliotrope against the whites and light tones of the monks' gowns, has resulted in a striking colour-scheme, whose beauty is heightened in the surface patterns of mosaic. It has, unfortunately, been impossible to include an illustration in colours of the work as executed; the difficulty of securing even ordinary photographs was very considerable, and the conditions in respect of lighting, etc., absolutely precluded a satisfactory reproduction in polychrome.

The portrait of Mr. Brangwyn by Mr. Joseph Simpson, of which we published a reproduction in colour with the article on Mr. Brangwyn's mural paintings for the Panama-Pacific Exposition last October, is the property of Mr. D. S. Meldrum, who kindly gave his permission for its reproduction.

Frank Huddlestone Potter

FRANK HUDDLESTONE POTTER,
1845-1887.

IF Frank Potter had survived until the present time he would have felt gratified that among the comparatively few works from the Tate Collection which are now temporarily housed in the National Gallery, one of his pictures, *Little Dormouse*, had been chosen for exhibition. It is regrettable, however, that in making the selection the authorities did not give the preference to the much more important *Music Lesson*, which was purchased for the Tate Gallery out of the Clarke Fund ten years ago, for that is one of Potter's most successful pictures, and the only one in which his practice of painting single figures (nearly always girls ranging from five to twenty years) is departed from. But the almost fantastically conscientious worker, worn out by the long-continued struggle against ill-health and unkind fortune, found rest and peace more than thirty years ago, and was thus denied the gratification which the belated recognition of his indisputable abilities would have caused

Since his death his artistic merit has been rather fitfully recognized by connoisseurs and critics, but he has never achieved popularity in the ordinary sense of the term. His output was somewhat small, even when allowance is made for the fact that it was covered by a period of less than twenty years, and that during fully half that time he was in more or less straitened circumstances; but he was always a very slow worker, not because he lacked either inspiration or industry, but because he took infinite pains to fulfil his ideals, and not infrequently, at least partially, failed in his purpose by over-elaboration and his inability to leave well alone. He was an excellent draughtsman and a brilliant colourist, and his pictures are invariably instinct with restraint and refinement. He was not a little influenced by the Dutch and Flemish masters, but his art is more nearly akin to that of the great Belgian painter Alfred Stevens than to any other model.

Frank Huddlestone Potter was the youngest of the twelve children of George W. K. Potter, a well-known solicitor of his time, who for half a century occupied the position of Secondary



"THE MUSIC LESSON"
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Tate Gallery

BY FRANK H. POTTER



MRS. WHELAN. FROM AN OIL PAINTING
BY FRANK HUDDLESTONE POTTER.

Frank Huddlestone Potter



STUDY OF A CHILD OIL PAINTING BY F. H. POTTER

(By courtesy of Messrs. Wallis & Son, the French Gallery)

of the City of London. Of the large family one only still remains. Frank was born in Bloomsbury on April 25, 1845; one of his uncles was Cipriani Potter, an accomplished musician of the period and first President of the Royal Academy of Music, which he was largely instrumental in founding. In his early years Potter met many interesting people: but he was always delicate and shy and had an incurable stutter, which became especially persistent when he was thrown among strangers. Throughout his life he made comparatively few friends, but those who enjoyed the privilege, such as Mrs. Whelan and her devoted daughters, Mr. J. B. Yeats, the Irish poet, Mr. F. Farrer, and Mr. Percy Thomas the etcher, had a very great

regard for his high character, his chivalry, and his love of children. Mrs. Whelan's portrait in a coloured reproduction appears on another page with two other studies from the French Gallery. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to attend to the creature comforts of his little models, to buy them dainty dolls, or to treat them and his other small worshippers to the pantomime or the circus. After leaving school Potter entered as a student at Heatherley's in Newman Street, and subsequently studied in the Royal Academy Schools. He spent a few months in Antwerp and on his return he exhibited a bright study of a *Girl's Head* in the Academy Exhibition of 1870, another *Girl's Head* appearing in the following year's exhibition. He did not show again at the Academy until eleven years later; but from 1871 until 1885 his pictures were shown at the 'British Artists', of which he became a member in 1877, and in other exhibitions. His pictures



"LITTLE DORMOUSE"

(Tate Gallery)

BY FRANK H. POTTER

Frank Huddlestone Potter

failed to impress very greatly more than a small minority of people who viewed them; but *A Quiet Corner* which was hung at the Grosvenor in 1887 had a fuller measure of appreciation; though the recognition came too late, for his death took place on the opening day of the exhibition, May 3 1887.

Besides the Tate Gallery pictures, the *Little Dormouse* and *The Music Lesson*, of which reproductions are here given, only a few of Potter's pictures have found their way into permanent exhibitions in the United Kingdom.

Embers, a very typical canvas, is in the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool. It is an almost full-length figure of a girl of about fifteen, seated on the edge of an upholstered stool near a fire, her head bent pensively gazing at the embers. It is a charming study full of poetic inspiration. In the Municipal Gallery of Modern Art in Dublin is exhibited a *Study of a Child*, which was presented by the late Sir Hugh Lane, and there are probably a few others in lesser known public collections. Just thirty years ago a wall was devoted to a loan collection at the British Artists' exhibition of thirty-three of his creations, including *The Music Lesson*, and other important canvases. Most of them have since found their way into the possession of appreciative amateurs, such as Mr. Stirling Lee, Mr. Edmund Davis (the owner of that fine work *The Lady in Muslin*), and Professor Brown of Richmond. Miss Whelan, of West Hampstead, always a faithful and generous

friend of the pathetically sensitive artist, still has a few of his works, including her mother's portrait mentioned above. His first exhibit at the Royal Academy was sold to a dealer for

£25, and the young artist was naturally elated. His great ambition was then and subsequently to secure a £50 commission, but he never reached more than about the £30 mark. One of his most beautiful pictures went to pay the rent of his studio at Hampstead, and another, *Laziness*, after being kept for several years, was sacrificed for a few pounds to meet a



STUDY OF A CHILD

OIL PAINTING BY FRANK H. POTTER

(By courtesy of Messrs. Wallis & Son, the French Gallery)

pressing debt. In 1882, worn out with disappointment and privation, he quitted the metropolis and went to live at Filey, where he took up his abode with a village cobbler until he managed to raise sufficient money on a reversionary interest to return to London free from urgent necessities. His health had been so seriously undermined, however, that he found it more and more difficult to pursue his work. When his slender life ebbed away his death was attributed to enteritis. The actual cause of death was, however, a long period of semi-starvation and chronic anxiety reacting upon a system which never at the best approached the robust.

Frank Potter's ideal was a high one, and so far as lay in his power he strove to realize it faithfully, with general and, on the whole, brilliant results.

H. W. WHEELER.



ON THE HILLSIDE FROM THE O.L.
PAINTINGS BY L. CAMPBELL TAYLOR



STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—In an article on the paintings of Mr. L. Campbell Taylor which appeared in these pages nearly two years ago the writer drew attention to the fact that this artist cultivated two distinct manners, "the one rather smooth and highly finished, though Whistlerian and unified in tonality; the other broad with short alert touches." The picture which we reproduce in colour comes undoubtedly into the latter category, and to those who are only acquainted with Mr. Campbell Taylor's carefully rendered interiors, with their charming inmates, bedecked in the dress of the Early Victorian period, this robust and direct *plein air* will come almost as a surprise. Yet this broadly treated canvas, with its strong brushwork and bold colouring, possesses all the grace and charm which we associate with the artist's more familiar compositions.

The death of Auguste Rodin leaves the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers without a head, and in this case certainly it may, without any exaggeration, be said that the task of finding a worthy successor will not prove an easy one. It was in 1903 that the great French sculptor accepted the presidency of the Society in succession to Whistler, and of the executive members of the Council who were then serving, several have predeceased him, as, for instance, Joseph Crawhall, Charles Furse, Frederick Sandys, and Fritz Thaulow. Though even then there were some who regarded his art with indifference, if not disdain, his pre-eminence among the sculptors of our day had

long before that time been acknowledged and proclaimed by discerning critics, whose judgment has been triumphantly vindicated by Rodin's lifework as a whole. The tributes of homage which his death called forth, eloquently witnessed to the universal esteem with which his achievements are now regarded.

The International Society—whose usual programme of a spring and autumn exhibition has not been followed for 1917, the autumn display having been cancelled—has suffered a further loss by the death of a notable member, Sir Charles Holroyd, who died on the same day as Rodin. Known to the world at large as Director for several years of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, and formerly as Keeper of the Tate Gallery, in the more restricted circles of art lovers he was known and appreciated as an artist of conspicuous gifts, which



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARYA K. CHAUDHURI

Studio-Talk

in spite of the onerous administrative duties which fell to him to discharge while holding these offices yielded a fruitful harvest of work. Born at Leeds in 1861, he studied at the Slade School under Legros, and quickly made his mark as a painter and etcher. A travelling studentship which he won as a Slade student enabled him to visit Italy and familiarize himself with the works of the great masters of the Renaissance, and his studies exercised a potent influence on his own art. He was one of the earliest members of the Painter-Etchers' Society, founded by Sir Seymour Hayden, and the recurring exhibitions of this body always furnished evidence of the ardour with which he pursued the art of etching. He was appointed Keeper of the gallery at Millbank in 1897, shortly after its foundation by Sir Henry Tate, and in 1906 succeeded Sir Edward Poynter as Director of the National Gallery. After holding the office for two terms of five years, ill-health obliged him to seek retirement.

Mr. Arya K. Chaudhuri, to whom we are indebted for the remarkably fine portrait of *Sir Rabindranath Tagore* and the other two photographs here reproduced, is a nephew of the distinguished author, and has recently returned to India after a course of professional study with the Architectural Association in London. At home he has employed the camera for the purpose of recording many interesting aspects of Indian life, and, as will be inferred from our illustrations, he does not seek to go beyond the legitimate functions of photography, as do so many manipulators of the camera in these days.

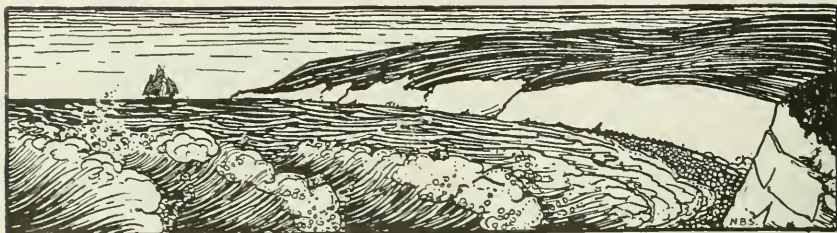
In place of an autumn exhibition of the International Society the Grosvenor Gallery has organized an exceptionally interesting Loan Exhibition of modern works, chiefly by British artists who are, or have been, associated with the International Society and the New English Art Club, but an international character is given



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARYA K. CHAUDHURI



"SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE"
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY
ARYA K. CHAUDHURI



PEN-AND-INK BOOK DECORATION

BY NAOMI B. SIMON

to it by the inclusion of works by a number of distinguished artists of the modern French school, such as Corot, Millet, Daubigny, Monticelli, Fantin Latour, T. H. Rousseau, Roybet, Jongkind, Cazin, Blanche, Monet, Mancini, and the two recently deceased stalwarts, Rodin and Degas. The last named is represented by a fan painting in water-colour, *Danseuses*, and a couple of pastels, one of which, *Les Blanchisseuses*, is a remarkably fine example of his art. All three works belong to the collection of the late Sir William Eden, Bart., from which the exhibition as a whole derives much, if not most, of its interest. Among works from other sources are a number of masterly water-colours by Mr. J. S. Sargent, lent by Mrs. Charles Hunter, from whom comes also a unique series of fifteen drawings by Max Beerbohm of "Rossetti and his Friends," which have never been publicly exhibited before.

Miss Naomi B. Simon, who promises to take a notable place among our black-and-white illustrators, was one of the clever pupils at Mr. Byam Shaw's stimulating art school in Kensington. As a painter of figure-subjects and landscape she has exhibited at the Royal Institute and other places, but it is through her deft handling of pen and ink that so far she has, like her master, found the happiest expression of her imaginative vision. From him Miss Simon has imbibed the true artistic principle of graphic illustration, seeking in the poet's words primarily a pictorial suggestion for the decoration of the page. This will be seen in her illustration to Browning's "Parting at Morning," reproduced here, in which she has used very effectively as a decorative motive the splendid sunrise with its "path of gold." Her feeling for decoration in black-and-white design

is seen also in the bold little tail-piece of cliffs and sea.

With the splendid series of war drawings made by Mr. Muirhead Bone on and behind the Western Front, the public are now pretty well familiar through the excellent reproductions in large and small format which have been published by authority of the Government departments concerned. The originals of these drawings have been presented to the British Museum, where future generations will be able to get some idea of the terrible ordeal which our brave armies have had to face in the stupendous struggle which from all appearances has not even yet now reached its climax. A similar rôle to that which Mr. Bone has so admirably discharged has been assigned to a few other well-known artists—among others to Mr. Orpen, who has already, we understand, sent home a number of drawings characteristic of his virile art. In the Palestine field of operations Lieut. James McBey, who until a few months ago was engaged on rather humdrum duties in France, has been busy sketching and before long the public will have an opportunity of seeing some of the many drawings he has executed in the Sinai region. It has been reserved, however, for an overseas organization to utilize the services of artists on a comprehensive scale for the purposes of establishing a permanent record of the scenes and incidents of the great conflict. Under this scheme, as announced last month, arrangements have been made for some fifty well-known artists to visit the battle fronts and execute paintings on behalf of the Canadian War Memorial Fund. The list includes the names of Mr. Clansen, Mr. Brangwyn, Mr. Orpen, Mr. C. H. Shannon, Mr. Augustus John, Mr. D. Y.



"PARTING AT MORNING"
PEN-AND-INK DRAWING
BY NAOMI B. SIMON

Cameron, Mr. Julius Olsson, Mr. J. W. Morrice (the well-known Canadian painter), Sgr. Ettore Tito (the doyen of the modern Venetian School), and many others of note in the world of art, including Mrs. Swynnerton and several other ladies. The pictures they are to paint will, it is announced, be exhibited at Burlington House before being dispatched to Canada.

Pending the completion of their new galleries in Chelsea, the directors of the Chenil Gallery, where the work of Mr. (or, as we should now say, Major) Augustus John is usually to be seen, have taken the gallery of the Alpine Club, close to Conduit Street, for displaying a collection of paintings and decorations by this distinguished artist, and the exhibition will remain open till the end of February. The collection comprises close on sixty works, diverse both in subject-matter and mode of treatment and ranging in size from small panels to the large-scaled *Tinkers* occupying almost the whole of one end of the gallery. There are numerous portraits among them, including the *Lord Fisher of Kilverstone*, which attracted much attention when exhibited for the first time some year or so ago, and including also a masterly portrait of *Ambrose McEvoy* the painter.

The wood-block print entitled *Apple Gatherers*, by Mr. John E. Platt, which we reproduce on the opposite page, was shown at the last spring exhibition of the International Society, which, true to its title, always contrives to offer it

patrons a good representation of the graphic arts. The subject here treated typifies the labourer's perpetual endeavour, despite rebuff, to wrest her increase from Mother Earth, and a sentiment of rural autumn is expressed by the warm, sober colour and the richness of the

printed surface. The other print by Mr. Platt of which we give a black-and-white illustration, was also included in the same exhibition. The subject, *Venantius Fortunatus*, was a bishop who lived in the sixth century and composed the Passion Sunday hymn beginning "Vexilla regis prodeunt." While a student at Ravenna he was threatened with blindness, but miraculously recovered his sight by anointing his eyes with oil from a sanctuary lamp, and it is this incident which the artist has represented. The scheme of colour is rich—the background being a positive vermilion, the cloak grey with black, dark blue, and purple ornament over a white tunic enriched with gold—and the print admirably displays the beautiful quality of flat colour characteristic of wood-printing. Mr. Platt is head master of the School of Art at Leek, Staffordshire, and the



"VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS. FROM A WOOD BLOCK PRINT IN COLOURS BY JOHN E. PLATT

technique followed by him in making his wood-prints is based on the methods practised in Japan, of which Mr. Morley Fletcher has given a full and concise exposition. Other work recently executed by Mr. Platt includes a series of coloured designs for mural figure paintings in the Church of All Saints at Leek, of which Mr. Norman Shaw was the architect.



APPLE GATHERERS. FROM A WOOD
BLOCK PRINT BY JOHN E. PLATT.

Studio-Talk

PARIS.—In the triple persons of Rodin, Degas, and Eugène Grasset, who have died recently within a short distance of each other, were represented three arts, in the first of which, sculpture, the French have for centuries been unequalled; the second of which, painting, they keep thriving and vivid beyond all other nations; in the third of which, arts and crafts, France was, up to the nineteenth century, in advance of the rest of the world. The death of Rodin has provoked the most universal mourning, and in his person the world of art suffers the severest loss it has known for many a long day. Outside France his name is venerated wherever art is held in esteem; within his own country it was the keystone binding together all the most divergent schools and the widest dissensions. This *union sacrée* seems fated to fall apart and to scatter its forces now the link connecting them has given way, for no artist-personality can be suggested in the place of the great sculptor who exercised his enormous influence with such prestige and forbearance for all manner of convictions. The funeral ceremony was expressive together

of his triumphs and of his vicissitudes—vicissitudes which were also and invariably triumphs. The national obsequies which had been granted Victor Hugo and to which Rodin was certainly no less entitled, were at the last moment refused by M. Clemenceau on grounds which might have been as valid for granting them—namely, the country's state of war. The time deemed unsuitable by the Government appeared to be particularly propitious to patriots and artists for rendering this unique and last homage to one who so unanimously personified France's superiority in the world. The unforgettable ceremony took place at M. Rodin's estate on the heights of Meudon, and the coffin was, according to his own wish, laid beneath the statue of the *Penseur* in the sepulchre made for his wife, who preceded him thither by a few months. Thus a characteristic desire for eternal communion with his home life and nature is realized by this burial in the gardens of his house, on the summit of a hill overlooking a vast expanse both urban and rural, under an immense sweep of turbulent sky.

Edgar Degas had reached that extreme term



AUGUSTE RODIN AMONG HIS BOOKS AT 77 RUE DE VARENNE

of life for which so many painters are reputed, for he was eighty-three years of age when he died, leaving M. Claude Monet and M. Renoir behind him as surviving representatives of the Impressionist school. Degas was a typically French painter in so far as power of draughtsmanship and freedom characterize those who have most contributed to the evolutions and transformations of that art, but the partiality he showed for subjects taken in daily life and the peculiar perspective he gave to their illustration, not to speak of his antipathy for the neo-Greek interpretation of the nude, indisposed the academic school towards him, and after one or two failures with its juries he gave up every attempt to take part in the Salons. Finally he stopped exhibiting altogether, after a few first displays at private views organized by the impressionists in the Rue Le Peletier. He was hardly less celebrated as a wit than as an artist, and many of his *mots* are historical.

The fact that M. Eugène Grasset (born at Lausanne in 1850, died in Paris in 1917) was, like the great Steinlen and M. Eugène Vibert the wood-engraver, of Swiss birth, having acquired French citizenship by right of naturalization, is reciprocally complimentary since he has always been assimilated to the French movement in arts and crafts which had its rise a little prior to the 1900 exhibition. He studied the English and Scottish tendencies in applied arts with profit but without plagiarism. He was the inventor of a successful pattern in printer's type, and designed much excellent poster-work, stained glass, furniture, textiles

and mosaics. His talents as illustrator had been appreciated by English and American publishers.

M. C.

The well-known Belgian artist Count Jacques de Lalaing, who died recently in Brussels, was both a painter and a sculptor. Two of his portraits, *Madame X* and *The Countess de Lalaing* (his sister-in-law), have been exhibited in the Royal Academy in London. When quite a young man he won the gold medal at the Salon in Paris, with a picture of a Belgian cavalry officer riding at the head of a squadron of Lancers. The Belgian Government secured this for the National Museum of Ghent,



PART OF FIGURE FOR A GRAVE MONUMENT AT GHENT
BY COUNT JACQUES DE LALAING

Studio-Talk



"KWANNON" KAKEMONO BY ISSHI
(Akaboshi sale, Tokyo, 4387 yen—see p. 168)

of Foreign Affairs, Baron Lambermont, Countess G. de Caraman-Chimay, Countess de Mérade, and Miss Katharine Adam. He was equally well known as a sculptor. An equestrian group of his graces the entrance to the Bois de la Cambre. His busts of well-known Belgian statesmen are many, and he designed and executed the great memorial statue erected at the Evere Cemetery in honour of the British soldiers who fell at Waterloo. This monument was unveiled by the late Duke of Cambridge, and Count Jacques de Lalaing was made a K.C.M.G. He was a member of the Royal Academy of Belgium and President of the Commission for the Royal Museums. His elder brother, the Count de Lalaing, G.C.V.O., was for twelve years Belgian Minister at the Court of St. James's. P. L.



LANDSCAPE KAKEMONO BY KANO-MOTONOBU
(Akaboshi sale, Tokyo, 36,000 yen—see p. 166)

and also acquired for the Brussels Museum another of his works—a picture of a primeval hunter with his dogs. The French Government bought for the Lille Museum a pathetic picture called *Prisoners of War*. In the Senate House in Brussels there is a large triptych of his representing incidents in Belgian history, and he also painted frescoes for the grand staircase at the Town Hall, of an allegorical nature. In later years Count Jacques de Lalaing took up portrait-painting. Lifelike and pleasing, with original poses and a sober tone, his portraits recall the old Flemish masters. Among others may be mentioned those of the artist's venerable mother, the Dowager Countess de Lalaing (*née* Julia Vibart), Cardinal Mercier, the patriotic Archbishop of Malines, Count de Mérade-Westerloo, Minister



CHA-IRE (TEA-CADDIES)

- (1) Tokunaga Katatsuki cha-ire (22,200 yen) (2) Yamaguchi cha-ire (44,300 yen) (3) Rikyū Jizō cha-ire (77,000 yen)

(Sold at the sale of Mr. Akaboshi' collection in Tokyo)

TOKYO. All art sales records in Japan were broken at the recent dispersal of Mr. Akaboshi's collection at the Tokyo Fine Art Club. It contained three hundred items, consisting of Japanese and Chinese paintings, calligraphs, lacquer wares and utensils for *cha-no-yu*, and realized the enormous sum of 3,930,000 yen (about £393,000). It was unprecedented also in the great number of masterpieces it contained. The highest price was paid for a *kakemono* (hanging picture) of a snow landscape by Ryokai, an eminent Chinese artist who attained a wonderful mastery in the art of painting with a few brush-strokes, though capable of most minute details as shown in his Buddhistic paintings. This snow landscape brought 210,000 yen (about £21,000) the largest sum ever paid for a single painting in Japan. The painting inspired a sense of awe, as Ryokai in his simple and impressionistic style con-

veyed with consummate skill the dreariness and severity of the winter landscape. It awakened in us our reverence for nature, giving us a proper sense of proportion between man and nature.

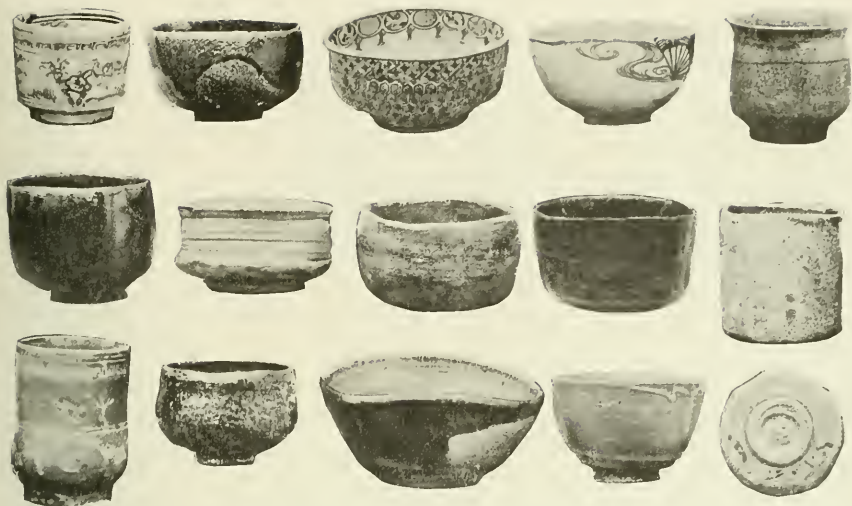
The next highest sum paid for a *kakemono* was for *Zenshin Kyū* (dragon showing the entire body), by Kano-Motonobu, one of the greatest painters Japan has ever produced, and who died three hundred and fifty-seven years ago at the age of eighty-four. It is painted wholly in black, and depicts the dragon about to dart through space. The merit of the drawing is in the ethereal quality of the dragon, the strange imaginary creature that can fly across the sky or hide in the earth or under water as it lists. The favourite way with our artists is to show only a small portion of the dragon, covering the rest with clouds. It is difficult to draw the entire length of the body and yet to give an ethereal quality to the dragon, though this difficulty was overcome by Motonobu in the *kakemono* in question, which brought 105,000 yen. Among other works by Motonobu included in the sale may be mentioned a landscape, also in black, which was sold for 36,000 yen. This landscape, of which a reproduction is given on page 165, has a big waterfall in the distance. There is a dignity in the unaffected use of the brush; with lines apparently carelessly drawn, the artist has given the essentials, imbued with life and vigour.



- (1) WATER JAR, SETO WARE (410 YEN) (2) PORCELAIN WATER-JAR (1000 YEN); (3) PORCELAIN WATER JAR BY NINSEI (2180 YEN)

(Sold at Mr. Akaboshi' sale in Tokyo)

Studio-Talk



CHA-WAN (TEA-BOWLS FOR CHA-NO-YU CEREMONY)

First row: Bowl decorated with pine, bamboo, and plum (8100 yen); black bowl (67,000 yen); Shonzui bowl (4000 yen); bowl by Ninsei (53,000 yen); black bowl, old Korai (438 yen).

Second row: Black bowl, Myokian (2000 yen); Goshomaru jawan (1610 yen); "Red Blossom" bowl by Kakkakusai (1800 yen); "Evening Crow" by Koyetsu (1410 yen); red bowl (226 yen).

Third row: Tsutsu jawan (4180 yen); "Ere Dawn" (700 yen); warped bowl, Taketore (2700 yen); Asahi jawan, "Young Grass" (1700 yen); base of red bowl shown above.

(Sold at Mr. Akaboshi's sale in Tokyo)

The most inspiring work in the entire sale was *Nachi Waterfall* by Kose-no-Kanaoka, a great master of Buddhist painting who lived a thousand years ago. This superb work was sold for 85,600 yen. It depicts the famous waterfall in moonlight, and is one of the paintings that will live in my memory throughout life. The autumnal colours on the hill-top, faintly visible, teem with poetic feeling. The thickly wooded mountain looms in the distance in all its sylvan tranquillity. The water falling in a silvery streak from a stupendous height is a symbol of power and might. There is dignity in the mighty torrent, and its grandeur is greatly enhanced by the water gushing down between stately cedars. The moon rising from behind the mountain seems to intensify the shadows, and the thunderous roar of the rushing water accentuates the silence of the night among the mountains. I know of no painting of a waterfall that can be compared with this in its grand nobility.

In the dignified simplicity of its lines, no

drawing was superior to a spray of orchid drawn by Jakubun, a Chinese priest of high artistic attainment and noble character. This very small *kakemono* was once in the possession of Shogun Yoshimasa, and undoubtedly this fact helped to secure for it a bid of 87,000 yen. Another simple painting of great artistic merit was a *kakemono* (sold for 13,100 yen) of two herons on a willow-tree painted by Sesson, a talented Japanese priest-artist who lived some three hundred and fifty years ago, and whose wonderful facility and dexterity with the brush were well shown in this picture. Still another gem in the sale was a landscape by Shubun, a famous Japanese priest-artist of about five hundred years ago. In a narrow strip of silk, the artist succeeded in presenting a vast expanse of landscape. This *kakemono* was sold for 15,010 yen.

The sale comprised a number of excellent Buddhist paintings, and prominent among them, though it did not bring much more than 4000 yen, much less than the price paid for



POTTERY WATER-JAR (700 YEN) AND PORCELAIN WATER-JAR DECORATED (3680 YEN)

(Sold at Mr. Akaboshi's sale in Tokyo)

some other Buddhistic paintings, was a work entitled *Mida Raigo* attributed to Takuma-Choga, who lived about 700 years ago and was famous as a painter of Buddhistic images. The title means "Amida's descent to welcome the souls of men" (*Mida* being an abbreviation of Amida, ideal of boundless light, *Rai* meaning to come, and *go* to welcome), and the subject is a favourite one with our Buddhistic artists. In the centre is Amida, attended by *Seishi* (a merciful Buddhistic deity who awakens in us the precious desire to become Buddha) and *Kwannon* (another Buddhistic deity of great compassion who looks after the growth of the precious desire created in the human soul by *Seishi*), one of them in stooping posture holding a *renza* (a seat of lotus blossom) for a human soul to step on, and to be guided to the land of eternal bliss. Thin lines of gold are profusely used. The stooping figure with a *renza*, in particular, is exceedingly graceful and persuasive beyond words. Another excellent Buddhistic drawing offered was a *Kwannon* (goddess of mercy) gazing at a waterfall, being one of the thirty-three different manifestations of this deity. This drawing, which was sold for 4387 yen, was by *Isshi*, a Japanese priest, artist of some four hundred and eighty years ago, and it was one of his masterpieces.

The sale showed how deeply our people have gone into *cha-no-yu*, which literally means "hot water of tea," but in reality is a cult or an institution founded upon the adoration of the beautiful amidst the common facts of everyday

life in which the drinking of tea is but a mere excuse. The sum of 100,000 yen (£10,000) was paid for a *cha-ire* (a small pottery caddy of a few inches in height to keep pulverized tea in) named *Saruwaka*, while another caddy named *Rikyu Jizo* fetched 77,000 yen. These two caddies are among the *meibutsu*, meaning that they have long been counted among celebrated pieces. Besides these there were seven more *meibutsu cha-ire*, which fetched from 13,800

yen to 44,300 yen apiece. Five *meibutsu chawan* (pottery tea-bowls), brought from 21,100 to 82,000 yen apiece. One bowl with a black glaze and frosty effect here and there fetched the enormous sum of 67,000 yen (nearly £7000). One of the most interesting *chawan* in the sale was a pottery tea-bowl made up of three broken pieces of different makes. Apparently when the bowl was first broken, the missing part was supplied with a piece from another bowl, and when again broken it was carefully mended with a piece from still another bowl. It realized 31,100 yen.

These are not the only articles for which extraordinary prices were paid at the sale. A porcelain water-jar fetched 35,338 yen, a Dutch cake-bowl 23,000 yen, a small porcelain incense-holder 66,000 yen, a porcelain incense-burner 39,000 yen, a *chashaku* (a piece of bamboo bent at the end to scoop out powdered tea from the caddy) 2400 yen, while the enormous sum of 86,000 yen was paid for a piece of bamboo cut to serve as a flower vase, and 83,336 yen for a Chinese porcelain flower vase. Some costly lacquer cabinets and boxes also commanded very high prices. Because of the exorbitant prices they fetched, and of the unusually large number of famous works of art, quite a sensation was created by Mr. Akaboshi's first sale, of which the above is a brief review. The second and third sales, though not without some splendid examples of Japanese and Chinese art, came nowhere near the first in point of importance.

HARADA-JIRO.

REVIEWS.

The Art of Painting in Pastel. By J. LITTLEJOHNS, R.B.A., and L. RICHMOND, R.B.A. With a frontispiece and foreword by FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A. (London: Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd.) 12s. 6d. net.—There has been of late years a considerable increase in the attention given by artists in this country to pastel as a painting medium, and a wider recognition by the public of its charm and value for pictorial purposes. With this growth in popularity has come, naturally, a demand for fuller information about the technical possibilities of the medium, and for practical guidance in executive details. This demand is admirably met by the book which Messrs. Littlejohns and Richmond have produced—a book which has the special advantage of having been written and illustrated by two artists of repute who have a thorough knowledge of pastel and use it habitually with power and distinction. Their technical directions are practical and intelligible, and are calculated not only to assist the student greatly in his work but to enable the art lover to grasp surely the principles by which all pastel-painting that is to be reckoned as sound and legitimate should be directed. The sections into which the book is divided cover adequately the whole ground over which the pastel-painter is likely to travel, and the explanatory text is ample for all educational purposes; and the illustrations deserve high praise for their artistic merit and quality.

Christ in Hades. By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. Illustrated by STELLA LANGDALE, with an introduction by C. LEWIS HIND. (London: John Lane.) 3s. 6d. net.—Perhaps poetry by reason of its purely intuitive genius cannot in any practical sense be illustrated. The most that the artist can do is to provide an accompaniment in the shape of design to the *motif* of the poem. And this design, in addition to being in the spirit of the poem, should in method accommodate itself to printed text. We hardly think that the impressionism of Miss Langdale, from which the page illustrations of the book we are reviewing are reduced, fulfil the last rule. Flat design is almost demanded in such a case as this. Miss Langdale's illustrations are but impressionist drawings reduced to the required size for the page. We are inclined to think, too, that a matter-of-fact interpretation such as the

artist has here given is less appropriate in the circumstances than design of a more abstract and conventional character. Nevertheless there is a spaciousness and energy in the composition and execution of her drawings which is often impressive, and as pictures they show sometimes much power of dramatic design. *Dreadful suspended business and vast life*, especially, shows breadth of feeling. Mr. Hind's introduction amounts to a history of the literary movement of the 'nineties, in which his own participation was by no means inconsiderable, and is written with evident enjoyment of the theme.

The Little White Town of Never-Weary. By JESSIE M. KING. (London: G. G. Harrap and Co.) 7s. 6d. net.—The exquisite drawings of Jessie King are well known to readers of THE STUDIO. In this work we see her in a new light as a writer for young children, and as her first effort in that direction, it gives promise of other good things from her pen. Always original in her conceptions, she has now produced a distinct novelty for the delectation of the little ones. Children are always pleased with something pretty to look at and especially when it gives them something to do. The idea of making out of cardboard and paper little houses, shops, and other buildings is an excellent one and has been well carried out by the writer-artist. Diagrams and drawings of these little toys are so figured as to give plenty of occupation in winter days for ingenious little fingers, and the chatty way in which the building operations are described cannot fail to excite the imagination and interest of the intelligent young.

By the Wayside. Translated from the Danish and illustrated by UNA HOOK. (London: Chatto and Windus.) 3s. 6d. net.—The collection of little tales and legends here presented to English readers was first published in Danish some six years before the author's death in 1905 at the age of forty-two. Literary gifts of a high order are revealed in these stories, which if in substance not without resemblances to the fairy-tales of tradition, disclose an unmistakable originality of idea and expression enlivened by a rare and subtle sense of humour. Miss Hook has done justice to the author both in the rendering of his text and in the charming pen drawings reproduced as head-pieces to each of the eighteen stories. From a typographical point of view the book leaves nothing to be desired.

THE LAY FIGURE: ON CULTIVATING THE FACULTY OF OBSERVATION.

"I NEVER can understand why in our system of art education so little attention is given to memory training," said the Critic. "We hear a great deal about its value and importance and yet it seems to be much neglected by teachers."

"But surely all art education is mainly a matter of memory training," objected the Young Artist. "The student learns at school the things that he has to use in his work in after-life—what do you call that but training his memory?"

"I should be more inclined to call it filling up his mind with a lot of stuff that is of precious little use to him in after-life," laughed the Man with the Red Tie. "Learning to remember is not at all the same thing as training the memory."

"Yes, that is true enough," agreed the Critic. "The student can learn a great deal at school that he will remember for the rest of his life and yet have a perfectly untrained memory. He will know all about the theory of art, he will be thoroughly up in art history, he will have a list of rules and regulations by heart, he will remember all the precepts and dogmas of his teachers, and with it all he will never have been taught how to exercise and apply his memory."

"You are pleased to express yourself in paradoxes," sneered the Young Artist; "would you kindly explain what you mean?"

"Well, what I mean is that under our present system of art education too much stress is laid upon mere book-learning and too much attention is given to the perpetuation of more or less obsolete formulas," returned the Critic; "and too few opportunities are allowed to the student for cultivating that faculty of observation through which alone the memory can be properly trained. To know what has been done in the past is, no doubt, of value to the artist because the guidance of fine tradition will be helpful to him, but he will profit far more by acute and intelligent observation of the present."

"And, I take it, only memory training will enable him to use the results of his observation in the right way," commented the Man with the Red Tie.

"I would go even further than that," declared

the Critic. "Only memory training will enable him to develop the faculty of observation. The two things act and react. If the memory is not trained, observation becomes careless and superficial and useless for the acquisition of knowledge; if observation is careless the memory is only incompletely exercised and does not retain anything which would be of service to the artist in his work."

"But is he not being taught all through his school course how and what to observe?" asked the Young Artist. "Is not learning to see the same as learning to observe?"

"No, not quite," answered the Critic. "A man may acquire a very accurate judgment of subtleties of tone relation or refinements of draughtsmanship, and may develop a most delicate perception of colour gradations without knowing how to look at the world about him; and if he does not know how to look about him he certainly cannot be said to possess the capacity to observe."

"Oh, at last I am beginning to realize what you are driving at," cried the Young Artist. "You mean that the ordinary school training tends to make the student see only what is put before him and not to look at things in general with a really independent vision."

"Just so, you have got my meaning exactly," replied the Critic. "I say that through want of proper training in wide and varied observation the student's vision is narrowed and his thoughts are directed into a groove; and I say that because no attempt is made to induce him to memorize what he sees, the inclination to observe remains undeveloped in him. In both ways his efficiency is diminished."

"His efficiency not only as an artist but as a member of the community as well," broke in the Man with the Red Tie.

"Certainly, that follows as a matter of course," said the Critic. "The faculty of observation is of vast importance to everyone whatever may be his walk in life. How important it has been proved, I think, by the way in which certain artists who have developed this faculty have distinguished themselves in their war service and have done work admirably which demanded peculiar acuteness of observation. But what they have done many others could do if their education were rightly directed."

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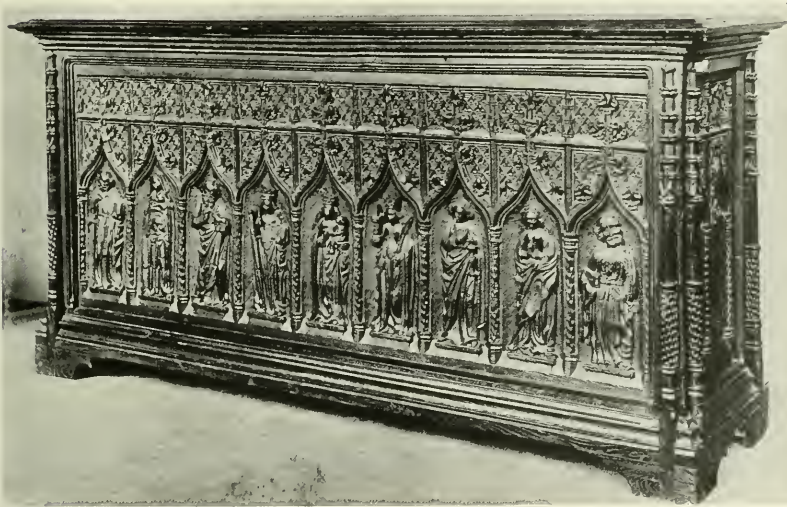


FIG. 1

FRENCH FURNITURE, GOTHIC AND RENAISSANCE, IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
BY STELLA RUBINSTEIN

THIRD ARTICLE*

As we stated in our previous pages, this article will deal with the transitions from the Gothic to the Renaissance period and will also show examples of early Renaissance furniture.

All these pieces belong to the sixteenth century and can be divided into three classes. To the first class belong pieces of furniture which are still Gothic in form and decoration. The second class contains objects Gothic in con-

struction but decorated in the Renaissance style; and to the third class belong pieces of which the construction as well as the decoration is in the Renaissance style. We know, indeed, that in spite of the infatuation of the kings and noblemen with Italian productions, which was a consequence of the so-called "Guerres d'Italie," the workmanship in France was still mediæval in spirit and conception. The communities, the corporations, and other associations, were naturally more attached to the old traditions. This is easily explained if we consider the past of French art, which was indeed so glorious in the Gothic period. Its forms were then so beautiful in their perfection and simplicity that it was hard for the workman artists to part with them. Never-

*For preceding articles see May and September.

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theless, little by little, being in continual contact with Italian artists and their productions, the French masters abandoned their own style of workmanship and adopted the imported method. Many Italian artists who followed the French kings and noblemen on their returns from Italy continued to live and work in France. It is well, nevertheless, to state that the Italian workmanship was already more or less known in France, even before the Italian expeditions. We know that Fouquet, the famous French painter of the fifteenth century, went to Italy between 1443 and 1447 to paint the portrait of the Pope, Eugene IV. When he came back, the influence of the Italian Renaissance manifested itself in the margins of the illuminated manuscripts which he painted. His work, however, remains essentially French in spite of these details. The architecture, on the contrary, was free even from these unimportant details until the late fifteenth, or the beginning of the sixteenth century. The furniture was likewise free from imported characteristics. The first application of the Italian methods began to be seen here and there in a little decorative detail, and later in the whole decoration, even while the body of the object remained Gothic. It is only afterwards that the construction as well as the decoration became Renaissance in style.

A chest in the George and Florence Blumenthal Collection, coming from the Spitzer Collection, is of about 1,500 (Fig. 1), and shows in its entire construction and decoration the French mediæval style except for the columns, which show a new spirit. The front panel is decorated with fleur-de-lis in small squares, and with nine Gothic arches under which standing figures are seen. In the center is the Virgin with the Infant Jesus. At the left are St. Catherine, St. John the Baptist, St. Veronica, and St. Paul. At the right is St. Barbara, St. John the Evangelist, an unidentified female saint, and St. Peter. A similarly constructed chest is in the Historical Museum in Orléans*. Two chest fronts in the Metropolitan

* Georges Rigault. Orléans et le val de Loire. Paris, 1914, p. 107.

Museum, one of which comes from the Boy Collection, are of the early sixteenth century, and show clearly the transition from the Gothic to the Renaissance period. The panel from the Boy Collection, which figured in the exhibition in Paris in 1900† shows in the center a shield



FIG. 2

with three fleurs-de-lis, and on either side three arches form compartments decorated with leaf-work, grapes, lilies, and acanthus leaves. This

† Catalogue officiel de l'exposition retrospective. Paris, 1900, p. 154, No. 2,854.

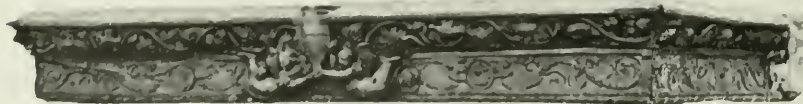


FIG. 3



FIG. 4

panel shows many analogies with a chest front from the Gaillard Collection.‡

The second chest front, divided into four compartments, is decorated with Gothic tracery, rosettes, and fleurs-de-lis. It is reproduced in the book on furniture by Champeaux, and shows similarities with another chest front reproduced in the same book.§

A very interesting example of the combination of the two styles is seen in the lower part of a lectern of the early sixteenth century in the Hoentschel Collection, of which the various constructions were described in our second article.¶ The

‡ Catalogue de la Collection Gaillard. 1904, pl. No. 12.

§ Champeaux, Louis Alfred de: *Le meuble*. Vol. 1, p. 127, 129.

¶ See INTERNATIONAL STUDIO, September, 1917. P. lix and lx.

part we are reproducing (Fig. 2), was used for holding books. Its architecture is still the same as was common in the Gothic period. The upper panels show the same style in their decoration of pierced Gothic windows, rosettes, and leaf-work. On the contrary, the lower part shows in its decoration the spirit of the new era. This decoration consists of foliage and medallions with busts in the antique manner, which did not come back into use before the Renaissance period, and which were brought over from Italy to France. This lectern is one of the very characteristic examples of the combination of two styles so different from each other and yet so well and harmoniously combined.

Another example in which the Gothic method is still visible is a chimney panel in oak, also in the Metropolitan Museum, and from the Hoent-

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schel Collection (Fig. 3). The upper frieze, much restored, is decorated with grapes and leaves showing a dragon on each end. Fantastic animals and birds are seen between the branches, which are still in the Gothic conception. The lower frieze, forming the principal part, shows a shield in the center, supported by two amorini. Other putti, the bodies of which end in foliage in the form of volutes, are distributed over the surface and support medallions entirely in the Italian Renaissance style. This interesting chimney panel, once belonging to the Recapé Collection, comes very probably from the private house of a seigneur or a bourgeois. In the royal palaces and other castles the chimneys were mostly of stone.

A dresser in the Blumenthal Collection, and coming from the Singher Collection (reproduced Fig. 4), will complete the series in which we see the two styles combined. It is of the early sixteenth century and of the same construction as the dressers of the Gothic period which we have described in the first article. The back is decorated with linen folds, the locks show Gothic tracery, and only the decoration of the front panels is entirely in the Renaissance spirit. The upper side panels show busts in medallions, and around are leaf-work, dragons, and other animals. The central panel shows two dragons facing each other with branches in their mouths. The lower panels in the form of a frieze show human busts in medallions, and on either side winged dragons.

The rest of the objects with which we have to deal belong to the early Renaissance period,

which comprised the reign of Louis XII and the first years of Francis I.

To fully comprehend the exquisite taste of the early Renaissance productions, one must understand the fine spirit which animates them. Though they are all inspired by Italian models, they breathe in France a spirit of their own. The mediæval qualities of the Gothic workmanship are felt even in productions transplanted

into France from another soil. Therefore, though it is obvious that every motif of the decoration is of Italian origin, not a thing created in France in this period could be found worked out in an identical way in Italy. The earliest of these productions composed in the Italian style are panels from a door coming from the Château de Gaillon, the famous residence of Cardinal Georges d'Amboise, who was also Minister of Louis XII. He had been with the King of France in Italy and was infatuated with what he had seen there. Although the inventories of the Château de Gaillon reveal no Italian names among the artists, the spirit of the productions at Gaillon is fundamentally influenced by the Italian methods. Very little

of this splendid residence is now left. This is in large measure due to the decree of the French Convention in 1792, when all church privileges were abolished. The Château de Gaillon, considered an ecclesiastical property, was consequently taken over by the government to be sold. Soon buyers, attracted by the idea of speculation, deprived the castle of most of its artistic contents. Other things were taken over by Alexandre Lenoir, who saved so many, many



FIGS. 5 AND 6



FIG. 7

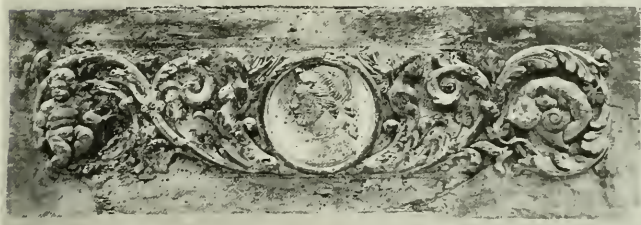


FIG. 8

other objects of art from destruction during and after the Revolution, and brought them to Paris.*

Four of the six panels in the Metropolitan Museum come from the door of the chapel leading to the stalls. This door was constructed between 1505 and 1510 and, as in the lectern, shows the combination of the Gothic and the

Renaissance style†. The upper part is Gothic, and the lower part, from which the panels in the Metropolitan Museum come, are entirely in the Renaissance style. The other two panels, made by the same hand, come from some other part of Gaillon. All of these panels are exquisitely decorated with rushes, leaf-work, vases, amorini,

* Deville, A.: *Comptes de dépenses de la construction du Château de Gaillon*. . . . Paris, 1850. Texte p. xlv.

† See the reproduction of the door in Deville: *Comptes de dépenses de la construction du Château de Gaillon*. Atlas, pl. xvi.

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and birds disposed most charmingly over the surface. The two panels we are reproducing, (Figs. 5 and 6), from this door, show clearly the successful arrangement. Caryatids, amorini, dragons, and birds are seen amid flowered branches and vases. Below are medallions, one of which shows the bust of Cardinal Georges



FIG. 9

d'Amboise, the other the image of his patron saint, St. George, killing the dragon. The medallions in the four other panels show hunting scenes, and angels holding shields.

These panels are but one of the many proofs of what was accomplished at that time in wood-carving, which attained such an unprecedented development. If we take only the Château de Gaillon, we find there more than thirty crafts-

men, all natives of Rouen, occupied in wood-carving. As seen by the inventories, the most important of them was Colin de Castille, who between 1503 and 1509 is mentioned over fifty times in the accounts of Gaillon. † He was also the principal wood-carver in the Rouen Cathedral. The panels in the Metropolitan Museum may have been executed by Colin himself. Other panels from Gaillon, showing exactly the same workmanship, are in the Louvre in Paris ‡, and the stalls from Gaillon, which also show a similar execution, are now in the church of St. Denis. §

Of a somewhat later period, about 1515 to 1520, is a chest in the Blumenthal Collection, coming from the Rikoff Collection, beautiful in workmanship (Fig. 7). In the center is a garland composed of grapes and leaf-work, and containing a bust of a man in a helmet. On either side is a vase with an amorino playing upon a musical instrument. The whole surface is decorated with branches, foliage, large birds, and human masks in the upper corners. The frieze in the upper part is composed of branches, human masks and dragons' heads. The right side panel shows a shield surrounded by branches bearing leaves and fruit suspended on a ribbon. The left side panel shows a similar decoration, but there is no shield and the branches end in dragons' heads. According to M. Bonnaffé's classification, this chest should belong to the school of Auvergne*, but its decoration is of such supreme fineness and beauty that it seems more natural to associate it with productions made for the royal palace or some other important castle. This chest shows analogies with a chest from the collection of the Marquis de Biencourt †, with another from the Château d'Azay le Rideau ‡, with a chest from the Gaillard Collection §, with a dresser from the Spitzer Collection §, and with

† Deville, A.: Comptes de dépenses de la construction du Château de Gaillon . . . Paris, 1850. Texte, p. lxxvi and cxxxix.

‡ Vitry et Brière: Documents de sculpture français (1904-1911). Renaissance, Vol. I, pl. vi.

§ Ibid. pl. vii.

* Bonnaffé: Le meuble en France au XVI^e siècle. 1887.

† Bajat: Encyclopédie du meuble du XV^e siècle jusqu'à nos jours . . . (1901-1909). Vol. III, pl. 23, under the division "Coffres."

‡ Paul Vitry: Tours, p. 57.

§ Catalogue de la Collection Gaillard. 1904, pl. 49.

§ Catalogue de la Collection Spitzer. Vol. II, pl. 3.

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several panels and pieces of furniture reproduced in the book by Bonnaffé*.

Of a somewhat later period, between 1530 and 1540, are two friezes and a leaf of a door belonging to a dresser. All three are in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and come from the Hoentschel Collection. They illustrate marvelously the decorative qualities of the Renaissance productions.

The first frieze (Fig. 8) shows in the centre a medallion with a woman's head, and on either side of the medallion is a winged chimera, the lower part of the body of which finishes in scrolled foliage.

At the extreme left a cupid is seen playing a musical instrument, and at the right is a snail's shell from which the body of a child appears. The second frieze is decorated with foliage in the form of volutes in which are seen amorini decoratively arranged on the surface.

Both friezes show many analogies with those from a house in Orléans, called the house of Agnes Sorel†.

The leaf of the door belonging to a dresser (Fig. 9) shows the same decoration that we will find in dressers with which we will deal in our last article. It shows in the centre a candelabrum with a human mask on the bottom, and on top a figure of a child with one foot pressing a globe.

His arms rest against foliage finishing in horses' heads. Below are horns-of-plenty filled with fruit and held by two fauns, the lower part of the bodies of which finish in flowered branches and scrolls.

This panel, probably made about 1540, shows many analogies with a leaf of a chest and with several panels in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, Paris‡.

It is the last piece of furniture we shall mention in this article, and it serves at the same time as an introduction to the pieces of furniture with which we shall have to deal in our last article.

* Bonnaffé: *Le meuble en France au XVI^e siècle*, 1887, p. 103, 105, 107, 127, 217.

† Vitry et Brière: *Documents de sculpture français: Renaissance*. Vol. I, pl. 25, No. 8, 9.

‡ Metman et Brière: *Musée des Arts Décoratifs*, Le Bois, Vol. I, pl. 43, No. 219-220.

THE FINE ARTS RELATED TO THE PEOPLE

BY EDWARD SIMMONS

WILLIAM HUNT is reported to have said that he would as soon listen to a lecture on Art as eat the receipt for a plum pudding. I heartily agree with him, and offer a few thoughts not so much upon Art as upon the man who makes it, who he is and where he stands.

Art is a queer word. It has a charm for us similar to that of "soul" or "God," due to the room it leaves for the imagination. Beauty, its sole pure aim, is a much more definite word, and quickly put aside as understood. The Fine Arts, those which produce visual and material beauty—the last crop that a nation seems to reap—must bear, in this paper, the burden of a painter's point of view—the only one I know.

After the Civil War, rapidly increasing wealth gave us an opportunity to go, for the first time, beyond the daily necessities of life, and we began to build for our descendants and buy works of art. The artists of the day made money, and the younger ones, returning from Europe, showed us, as a people, that there was much for us to learn. Parents, seeing at once that this work was contrary to their former belief, a paying one, sent thousands of young men and women across the water to study art—a vague word and one exciting deference in the parental breast.

I shall in this paper speak of the artist as a man, leaving out the women—as women take up the fine arts in one of two spirits, either with a passionate earnestness, or lightly as a pastime. To look at the worship of beauty as a pastime is an impertinence; as much so as if it were the pulpit of prayer. For beauty is but one of the faces the high God turns to us. If seriously—and I have never seen a man attack the painter's life with the passion that some women will—sacrificing all—a shocking pity. They spend their lovely youth in a vain attempt to rival men. They so weighted in the race—though in these days, perhaps, it is otherwise—they having at last won, as Barrie says, "the right to grow a beard as well as a man if they will."

A woman who seriously attempts creation in any way but one must be a man's superior to equal him. If she be his equal she falls behind.

Nature weighs her gifts in true scales, and gives, to the birds, eyes so wonderful that there

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is little left for the ears or nose: to a bear, a nose so keen that his eyesight is deplorable.

Again, women are born hero-worshippers—a fatal defect for creative work. The adoring eye is nowise critical, is unobservant, learns nothing, wishes to learn nothing, and resents any change. The true artist worships no art—the work of others—nor artists, but Nature, where beauty, to his hand—virgin beauty—has her dwelling.

The hero-worshipper is in the student period—a calf, living on milk, not to be trusted, not to be hailed as of value, till he, weaned, shall show that his artistic stomach is an alembic where the grass of beauty, indigestible to others in its natural state, shall become the milk of which we drink as art.

What urged these young men who, for more than a quarter of a century, in increasing numbers, have each year gone abroad to follow the fine arts? What was the mainspring of their action? Why did they leave the usual paths of man's labor, paths clear to the view, smoothly trodden, with finger posts at every corner, at every pit-fall a painted warning? To a very few, joining the usual ambitions that fire the youth, was an overmastering love of the beautiful. For the great majority, as they themselves have already proved, it was a hatred of restraint, that gypsy element in our blood, the love of liberty of action—which every young being feels—which sent the young man to California in the "Fifties," that which had a good deal to do with the founding of our colonies, a feeling that, here—in the following of the fine arts was a career where no man could stand as master over him, no man direct his hand, where a new life awaited him, tinged with romance, lofty in tone, a short cut—Ah, those quagmire short cuts!—to wealth and fame. They did not stop to consider that the great names Shakespeare, Beethoven, Michael Angelo, ring out as they do for a just reason; because their task is harder, the sacrifice greater than that of those who uphold the social structure, the men of science, of law, of finance.

That many of these young men should have been disappointed, that the percentage of failure should be great compared with their brothers who chose the trodden path, is but natural. In all but creative work, one must first learn to obey. Yet the word "pupil" seems to carry with it a sense of obedience. It is common to hear painters call themselves the pupil of X or

Y, leaving the impression that they have been in the same relation to the master that Raphael was to Perugino. This relation of master and pupil no longer exists—being needless for the master. In the Italian Renaissance the painters made their own colours. They? No, their pupils. We buy our canvas; they made their own.

In the painting of a great fresco, where the finished work must be upon the wall eight hours after the plaster is placed, or be cut out with a cold chisel next day, a hoard of young men and lively lads arose at dawn, took the enlargements of the master's drawings—enlargements they had made and laboriously pricked full of little holes along the lines—stenciled them with a charcoal pouncebox upon the wall, and stood ready with mixed colours and brushes that, when at last the master came, they might help him rush onto the surface of the setting plaster the plan that he had for months been maturing for that day's work. With little chance to see his work at a fit distance, with a short and fixed term to his labour, he could carry out, to his own satisfaction, but a very simple rendering of a broad conception, ending forcibly in flatness and great simplicity of design. Whence the modern technical word "mural" as applied to decorative effect—effect laboriously sought to-day by many, under totally different conditions, in adequate work shops, with all the time they wish at their disposition, with need of no helping hand.

So far they go that I was taught in my earlier days to draw with a crude quarried red stone which the old masters used, upon paper tinted yellow to look, *not* as their drawings did, but as they do now. I once, in California, split up for firewood a fence which held in a few thousand sheep. These sheep, coming in at night, had often amused me with the solemn way they hopped one after another over this rail, like machinery.

Two years after, camping there again, I saw the descendants of those very sheep stop and sedately skip, one by one, over the ghost of the rail I had burned two years before.

From the mass of workers or pupils of the earlier days sprang guilds, bands of artisans seeking a livelihood—not gentlemen in the sense of the day, but earnest workers at least, with no pretense of a lofty mission. Bands of artisans? Why not artists? Because artists do not band.

The artisan has as master-impulse—reward, pay.

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Love rules the artist. He finds his reward in the performance. Whatever advance mankind has made, praise the lovers for it. Those who have worked for hire have in no way helped us. There is no such great difference in the total happiness of to-day to that of 1800, that we may honour every blow struck in the building of our railways. So much is this true that I doubt if any blow has ever been struck that has done us good but that love was the impulse.

We of to-day, with our awe-inspiring advance in power over brute nature, what are we? Have we advanced in the same ratio?

Our goals, our asylums, our graves, say no!

Walter Crane, some time ago, had a question to ask: "How does Socialism appeal to the artist?" The answer is simple. It appeals to him in no way. *Vae victis*, the law of the creative mind, is a flat contradiction to the socialistic principle, and the law of the anarchist rather than of him who would co-operate.

Change the word to artisan and all goes well. He should and does co-operate. From the huge and vulgar shows of the Salon and the Academy (like a country girl's nosegay—all the flowers she can get, higgledy-piggledy—naïve, but hideous), to the plumbers' union, the law holds good.

Protection for the tolerable workman. Tolerable is a word as fitly applied to art as to eggs. Imagine a tolerable egg? The egg of which the humble curate said that "parts of it are excellent" was no work of art. To co-operative effort comes fixed hours of labour. George Moore says "After three hours of creative labour the rest of the day spends itself. It drops like seed."

Here in our United States, the government is the people and its voice is the newspaper.

In France, if a statue is to be unveiled, a cornerstone laid, the first to be mentioned—if there is—the president; second, the architect or sculptor. Here, it is the almost universal habit to leave them out—or, if in, coming after the wives of the commissioners and of those who gave the money.

The newspaper, the voice of the people—the thermometer of public interest—has as yet registered no sense of shame, no lowering of the pride of American citizenship in our national capitol being decorated (s:c) by an unknown Italian; by our president or vice-president having their portraits painted by unknown third-class foreigners. We painters blush in shame, but until the

public care, and stir, and the newspapers register their feeling, no advance in love of beauty has taken place.

We are, in such matters, the natural outcome of a band of men who, for many years before their landing on the shores of New England, had placed the eye and the ear among the baser things of the earth, to be refused as guides to a better life. Even in our day, Carlyle calls the sculpture of Rome and Greece "graven images." I shall not defend the Puritans. It is needless. To them the honour of the greatest advance in human happiness since the day of Moses; the second outgoing; the founders and beginners of a movement fifth in human history, through Egypt, Greece, Rome, England to America.

But they who, in 1800, might have been pictured as a lovely woman holding the child America to the breast, seem to me now to suggest, at times, the figure of an old lady in poke bonnet and mits, grabbing the reins which a strong man holds, who says, "Mother, if you don't quit that there'll be trouble."

These Puritans began, many a year before their crossing the sea, to sing psalms through their noses as a way of irritating those of the established faith, a sour protest to the place that music held in the worship of the day. The direct result is the Yankee twang. They mistook duty for beauty and delighted, down even to my day, in quoting

"I slept and dreamt that Life was Beauty.

I woke and found that Life was Duty."

Surely a good case of the cart before the horse! The moral beauty of the ten commandments, the beauty of motherhood, of protection, of caring for the weak and poor, the helpless, is plain.

Those who are so base that God has not given them this sense must be forced—for the good of the community—to take this view. We tell them that it is their duty.

They who remembered enough of what they had seen in Europe to build the houses of Salem Common, have descendants who paint the shingles of their houses red in imitation of the tiles in Europe. They are not themselves shoddy, but a blind man is not responsible for spots upon his clothing. How shall we get back our eyes?

There is, I find, a vague impression about that France encourages the arts from a love of them, deeply imbedded in her bosom, that we should have this love, and should therefore encourage also. That the Frenchman loves beauty is true. But, be-

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fore all other things, he is a good business man. Financially he seldom errs. Look at the swift payment of the great debt to Germany of 1870. Years ago he solved the problem of the government banking for the people. France sees the musician buying a little catgut and a few reams of paper each year, she watches the poet pass the barber shop with disdain to where he may buy a few pens, and turns her back to stretch out her hands full of decorations, medals, money, exhibition halls, and bounties, to the painter—who buys frames, pays models, hires studios, buys colours and canvases, and talented or not keeps trade flourishing. Count the thousands of American students abroad, multiply by the average letter of credit—say \$1,500—and reflect.

Why do we give this money to France each year? One of the great reasons is that she has the model, the work of art, that the young man must see, to learn. No nation that is neither just escaping from, nor lapsing into barbarism, has ever put a tax upon science, art, or religion.

The demagogue, classing art with laces and champagne, tells the people that art is a luxury. Is it? If we could get a gown for our wife which would never wear out, what would be its value? A bottle of wine is emptied—it is gone—the silken gown wears out, as quickly as humbler woolen, and it, too, is gone.

The painting stays, giving each day its satisfying crumb of comfort to the eye, and—following a law as fixed as any law of property—becomes finally the property of the nation. Is it a luxury? But, you say, that these young men go abroad for the advice of the great artists who dwell there. They did. They do no longer. They are merely, like my sheep, skipping where the rail used to be. Millet, Diaz, Rousseau, Corot, Gérôme, Cabanel, Harpignies, Delaunay, Bougereau, Manet, Puvis, these great men of the "Seventies" are either dead or no longer in touch with the young. Those who teach them are but little better than we here.

Laws for the encouragement of the arts are futile if the food for the plant you wish to see grow be not already in the soil.

"Beauty will not come at the call of a legislature, nor will it repeat in England or America its history in Greece. It will come as always, unannounced, springing up between the feet of brave and earnest men."

Now who is this artist? Mr. Emerson says,

"All men are poets at heart. They serve nature for bread, but her loveliness overcomes them sometimes. What mean these journeys to Niagara, these pilgrimages to the White Hills? Men believe in the adaptations of utility always; in the mountains they may believe in the adaptations of the eye. Undoubtedly the changes of geology have a relation to the prosperous sprouting of the corn and peas in my kitchen garden, but not less is there a relation of beauty between my soul and the dim crags of Agiocochook up there in the clouds. Every man, when this is told, harkens with joy, yet his own conversation with nature is still unsung."

The artist is he who cannot but sing his song to the eye, must sing or die. You need not fear, in withholding encouragement to the young who wish to follow the fine arts, that you are repressing a budding artist. If he be one, nor blood ties, nor poverty, shall hold him back; he must create. The strength of will, the power of self-sacrifice must be there, or money, prizes, encouragement, are all in vain. If he be not strong enough to break, if need be, the bonds of society and family, if the love of beauty be not great enough to force him to leave all and follow her, he shall lose her, and, in losing her, lose what for him is of more value than all—the delight in his work—which shall comfort him, when old, cheer him when weary, and keep him young at heart. "Whom the Gods love die young," can be read in more ways than one.

Here let me turn for a moment, to give my view of two words more often misused than any unless it be lady and artist—talent and genius. Talent is the power to successfully state what we already know. Genius leaves the known and adds new truth. For talent an instant recognition, with honour, money, renown.

To genius its certain cross. The greater the new thought, the more far-reaching the fundamental disturbance of existing conditions, the quicker the crucifixion. From Jesus Christ down to Whistler the rule holds good. For thirty years, while heaping honours and money upon Alma Tadema, London derided, hated and persecuted "this American charlatan," Whistler—then crowned him king. Millions of Bonnats, Delaroches, Leightons, Gérômes, Meissoniers, may live and we still see the world as we did before. Let one Manet be born, one Corot, and we may never again see nature as we did,

The Fine Arts Related to the People

but with the added line that the acid of his genius has bitten into the plate of our appreciation. The sign of a genius about is to be seen in the work of the younger men, the students, the hero-worshipping calves of art, who instantly, on the walls of the yearly exhibitions, show the effect his coming has had upon them. A school forms around him, great or small, as he has much or little to say that is new. This explains the birth and, in a way, the meaning of such words as "impressionism," "Whistlerian"; explains the derisive shouts of the fun makers, Gilbert and Du Maurier, for Kosetti.

Here let me call attention to the fact that though we have had women of talent in the fine arts, no genius is or has been a woman.

In the meantime let us not despair; although, like blind Orion, we may have lost our eyes, I feel that the morning light is near.

Motion is the one thing that we find it impossible to adequately express in art. A man hammering may be pictured, but at his two points of rest; with hand uplifted to strike, or having struck—and the latter is all but impossible.

An attempt to portray any other of the kinetoscopic positions of his arm and hammer reminds us forcibly of the Grande Duchesse with her "Voici le sabre de mon père."

The American people are in the ferment of a great youth, new and as yet undigested Greeks, Romans—and Little Russians interfering with the cynicism of our neo-Platonistic calm.

We need not despair while boys say, as the young German did, the other day in Chicago, when asked by the judge why he stuck a knife into his father, that he knew his father had whipped him justly, but that he'd be struck "by no damned foreigner."

Mr. Clemens, in an article I think in reply to M. Bouget, found but one characteristic purely American—that of drinking ice-water. Rafaelli, the painter, to whom I cited this, said that it was flatly untrue. That we had the character, the marked taste, of a mixture. "The Russian salad," said he, "is a mixture, but with its own peculiar taste. You are a Russian salad."

We are building up a great and new civilization. The motion is dazzling to the artist's eye; yet the time is surely coming when we shall have not American art, for, to paraphrase a word of Whistler's, there is no such thing possible—"you might as well talk of American mathe-

matics"—but another great birth of a worship of beauty, and of the man to interpret it.

Hypnotized by our great river moving down so majestically between its banks to the sea, lifted out of the bacterial levels of Europe, raised to a higher and purer self by our pure, keen air, ablaze with the electric current of life rising from our streets, with the plume of steam that floats from our house-top waving him forward, as an oriflamme of a new and mighty host, he shall fix in colour or in stone a new milestone on the road of human progress, another oasis in this waste of human struggle, where we may again halt and rest, and forget for a moment how transitory life is, how doubtful the reward.

In the meantime "The future rests on Jove's great knees."

There is but one exception that I dare to take to the view of the mission of the artist held by the writer of the "Ten o'clock," that first intelligible word which has come to us since Da Vinci. He alone dwells upon the artist's delight in his work for its own sake. I feel there is more.

In all creative work, from the procreation of the race to the building of the Parthenon, a desire to leave some enduring record, some continuance of oneself, some permanence to the fleeing beauty about us, underlies our act. A man walks upon the seashore and a wonder seizes him at the beauty of the curve of each succeeding wave. The scud, as it blows from the curling summit, takes to his delight a momentary flush to compliment its green mother. He must keep this. It must not go.

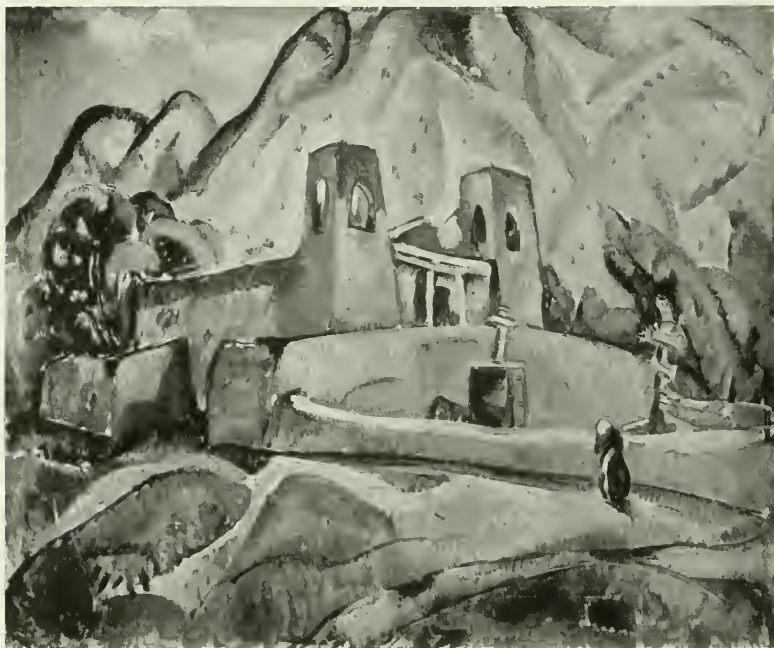
Someone dear to him must see what he has seen—and with the poor pigments he can get he tries to render permanent this beautiful thing. He sees upon the shores of the Adriatic a mother, half naked to the sun, tossing her child in the air, and catching it again to cover it with kisses. The lines of her body are a warm and human repetition of the grasses bending in the wind, of the clouds as they pass, of the wave as it turns.

He seizes some plastic thing and forces it to take these shapes, that they, too, may not die, that his love of them may endure.

To what does this fixed desire to render permanent, to eternalize, to what does this point? Is there no whisper here, saying:

"Verily, you who worship me shall never die"?

All roads lead to Rome, and it is an ever wonderful thing to me to find how many paths there are to the saving of one's soul.



Courtesy Daniel Gallery
PENITENTES' SANCTUARIO

BY H. PAUL BURLIN

A NEW ART IN THE WEST

A PAINTER whom the war kept at home has come to realize that in our own Southwest are sources of inspiration directly in line with the whole trend of modern art. And the silent fastnesses of New Mexico and Arizona are finding in Paul Burlin an interpreter who brings to his task the reverence of the thinker as well as the talent of the artist. For, that they might truly speak in art, these mute lands needed a human personality that could reflect in power something of the grandeur of those elemental forces that hurled the gigantic buttes and mesas against the sky and tumbled the black-crustled lava down the mountain sides. They needed a man so simple and sincere that the primitive soul of the brown-skinned native race could find through him a worthy utterance. And, so far, the work of Burlin promises to fill this need. He is painting the American Indian as has no other painter, with a touch as direct, an art as archaic

in quality as the red man himself. For Burlin has no one style for painting everything; the subject compels its treatment according to its nature. His art, with all its plastic strength and creative originality, is peculiarly sensitive. It is never merely personal. It seems greater than the individual just as his pictures seem bigger than their canvas; one cannot feel that they are bounded by a frame or cramped within a "manner"; they live of themselves.

Heretofore our artists have streamed abroad to nourish their talent, although before the war, art, like all our civilization, was growing so sophisticated, patterned and platitudinous that sculptors and painters were turning to earlier and simpler art-forms for inspiration. To express something new, they sought the old. As Rodin pored over Egyptian frescoes and carvings, so young men of to-day studied the African sculpture of the Congo in a conscious attempt to get back to elemental things through the influence of a more primitive art. Here in our own country, according to Paul



Courtesy Daniel Gallery

HOPI WOMAN
BY H. PAUL BURLIN

A New Art in the West

Burlin, lies at our very door, for painter, poet or musician, the same kind of inspiration. Here is the vital stimulus of a land and a people still at the dawn period, still close to the roots of things, and *alíe*—not belonging to an alien soil, nor to a vanished past whose culture has been part of our art-inheritance since Egypt's time, but co-existent with ourselves to-day, and a part of the actual contemporary history of this continent. Simplification in art, which with the Moderns is something of an abstract and intellectual problem, should become in our West the logical and inevitable thing, intuitive in process, and charged with an emotional reality.

George Moore tells us that art is dead—that it died with the Impressionists. Surely he must speak only of the art of the studios, not of that which springs from the eternal need of the human spirit to express itself and to interpret life. We can hardly believe that humanity will be voiceless in Europe after the cataclysmic emotions of the war, nor that America will remain dumb when a wide land, much of whose savage beauty is still unscarred by man, is for the most part unused. Nor have our ancient aboriginal peoples, the living descendants of cave-painters and cliff-dwellers, yet found their true, important place in the art of the country. In the West, says Burlin, *a new kind of painting might arise*. The land and its people demand it. And the painter who has deeply felt this should be a true prophet, for the real test of a big man's work is that it is rarely self-conscious: the artist does not know how or why he does a thing, the thing does itself, and only afterwards does the man ponder and draw conclusions. Under the profound impression of his new surroundings Burlin painted first—then talked afterwards.

He lived the life of the country, camping on the outskirts of Mexican villages, in the heart of tangled canyons or high in the Rocky Mountains. A nine-mile horseback ride from the old Spanish city of Santa Cruz on the Rio Grande led him through sun-baked sandy soil, past fantastically eroded cliffs and jagged mountains, up into a belt of fertile green and to the ancient Mexican town of Chimayó, far from the tourist's trail and uninhabited by any white persons save one unencouraged Presbyterian missionary. Here the painter did some of his best work. He threw himself whole-heartedly into the spirit of the land and made friends with the Mexican villagers. Across

the Chimayó river sleeps the little settlement called Sanctuario, which clusters around one of the most beautiful churches in the United States. Burlin's two noble paintings of this church reveal that mobile and harmonious merging of architecture into landscape which distinguishes the buildings of the descendants of Old Spain. The picture called *Upward Movement* shows the lift of the church spires against the stark up-jutting of one of New Mexico's abrupt mountain-forms. These mountains, "Rocky" indeed and forbidding in their bony severity, are ungraced by verdure except for the clumps of juniper, cactus and scrub-cedar that spot their tawny, sandy sides. Yet the flat-roofed Mexican villages at their base are singularly friendly and inviting, for, thanks to irrigation, the mellowed brown of their adobe walls is further softened by orchards which in Spring put out a flutter of pearly blossoms against the deep blue of the Southwestern sky. In contrast to the gaunt mountains with their giant ribs, two sumptuous trees frame the gateway to the church in luxurious green, their roots nourished by the "Acequia Madre," the Mother Canal, which winds lovingly around the church and then flows on to water the fields. *Penitentes' Sanctuario*, so beautiful in composition, is painted with an antique simplicity and emphasis of line that in itself suggests the early old-world feeling of Sanctuario, with its mediæval devotion, while the bold vigor of every stroke bespeaks untamed New Mexico.

Another interesting canvas shows a smaller church of the Penitentes, a fanatic cult whose members, during Lent, flog their bleeding backs with cactus whips, drag giant crosses on their aching shoulders, and on Good Friday, in remote regions, still secretly hang from the cross a brother of their order. The Mexicans are devout, and superstitious wooden crosses dot many a rocky hill-top to ward off evil spirits. But the Penitentes prove even better than the crude and half-barbaric church frescoes, which seem to belong to a pre-Giotto period, that these isolated groups of dark-skinned people within our United States have spiritually slipped back from their Spanish ancestors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and are now living mentally in the Middle Ages. And Burlin's pictures reflect this archaism, vigorous and primitive in outline, rich and glowing in colour as with the prismatic brilliancy of stained glass.

A New Art in the West



Courtesy Daniel Gallerv
NOMAD CHILD

BY H. PAUL BURLIN

The painter's camp, by a leaping river in a wild canyon half a mile beyond Sanctuario, was shaded by a group of fruit-trees which belonged to a Mexican of aristocratic Spanish type who looked like a pure-blood descendant of some noble "Conquistador." The traditional Mexican hospitality everywhere offered to "El Artista," as the village proudly called Burlin, was marked, by this land holder, with the grace of a baron. He bade the ragged little goat herds keep the flocks from running through the camp; he assured his guest that the land was his as long as he would stay, and at parting he gave Burlin his hand with grave kindly eyes, saying "Adiós—and may God go with you!" By day the gold and blue of the New Mexican heavens; at night a bright-starred sky and the song of the river; day and night spent in the open air; freedom, breadth, uninterrupted working-hours, long solitudes for rest—was it a wonder that art could grow in such environment?

The picture called *Labor* was painted in the "Box Canyon" near Santa Fé. The convulsive energy of volcano and earthquake that tossed up those troubled mountain lines is carried out in the human emphasis of the two forceful figures in the furrowed fields, like rhyme answering to rhyme in a poem. And in a semi-arid land, man must indeed labour to wrest his living from the lean hand of nature.

Burlin approaches the Indian with utter simplicity. Here are no stage Indians, no melodramatic poses, no sentimental conventions about the "Noble Savage." Just the real Indian, strong and silent, presenting that curious locked surface, that habitual sphynx-like, half awkward immobility that the race shows in its stunned impact with the outwitting dominance of its conquerors. Stoic, reserved, self-contained, baffling and impenetrable, the Indian looks on the white man with eyes that note every detail of appearance but reveal no sign of what is going on in the Indian's mind. Burlin's picture of the Pueblo Indian mother and child—a bit of elemental motherhood—has this monolith-like quality. The woman sits motionless, in a kind of pristine calm, never moving her head, but only her eyes. What dignity, what carven poise in this mysterious race beside whom we seem, for the moment only, superficial, restless, and wasteful of energy.

Burlin's sketches of the Navajos (a people still as richly suggestive to the painter as any in the world) strike deeply and instantly far below the surface to the essential mood-values, as it were, of the life of a nomad shepherd folk adrift on the Arizona desert. The profundity of observation and the philosophic insight that give weight to Burlin's work, make of these sketches veritable studies, permanent in value. Lit as they are with intensity of colour, a certain brevity of line—almost a symbolic use of form—suggests the art of the red man. Any one who knows the Indians' own drawings on buffalo-hide or tipi-wall, will at once be struck by the sensitive intuition of the white artist who, never himself having seen Indian painting, should yet unconsciously have treated "Men—Mountains—Horses" with such instinctive sympathy for the native manner. In the country of the Navajo one finds the Indian off his guard—arrogant, humorous, self-sufficing, still living in liberty his own life, the wide, wandering life of the desert herdsman. And through every one of these sketches, with their bold, though austere force of outline and their live impulse of movement, breathes the freedom of big spaces—of sand, sky and solitude.

"Mucho sabe!" the Pueblo Indians said, nodding their heads gravely and pointing to the artist at his easel. And "Mucho sabe" declared the Navajos, naming the painter in their own tongue, "Man-who-knows."

N. C.

Santa Fe, New Mexico, August, 1916.



Courtesy Montross Galleries
ADA BELLE OF NOANK

BY REYNOLDS BEAL



Courtesy Montross Galleries
THE SMUGGLERS

BY EUGENE HIGGINS

Oriental Rugs as Objects of Art

ORIENTAL RUGS AS OBJECTS OF ART

By WALTER A. HAWLEY

THE majority of people who enter, for the first time, a room that is elegantly furnished, keenly scrutinize the paintings, examine with almost equal interest the works in bronze and marble, observe carefully whatever porcelains and tapestries may be present, notice the furniture, and glance with some indifference at the Oriental rugs lying on the floor, or perhaps ignore them entirely. This mental attitude towards Oriental weavings is probably largely due to a lack of understanding them, since there are very few people whose admiration for them does not grow as soon as they study them with the care that is necessary to understand and appreciate any other artistic achievements.

Even a superficial knowledge of Oriental rugs discloses the fact that they have much in common with the works of other branches of art. For instance, those that now exist embody a history, since they are the result of centuries of development from a very crude origin; the drawing in the best examples represents the perfection of grace and symmetry; and many of the old pieces display a wealth of colour that satisfies the highest ideals. Furthermore, a large number appeal to the intellect as well as to the senses, since by their designs they suggest something of the life of the people, and by their symbols carry the mind into the realm of abstract thought. To enjoy Oriental rugs to the fullest, it is necessary then to know a little of their history, to consider critically their drawing and their colours, and as far as possible to understand their meaning.

It is perhaps unreasonable to assume that the weaving of rugs had its beginning as long ago as when primeval man crudely depicted animals on the walls of caves; yet it probably occurred before the first artist had applied a brush to pigments, before the potter began to mould clay, and not long after the first rude architectural structures arose. In a past antedating the records of history, the first weavers doubtless platted mats of reeds, and at length wove them on crude horizontal looms, as women are still patiently doing in parts of Asia. In time these mats were coloured with dyes brewed from the roots and leaves of plants; and finally they became the prototype of pile-less rugs of wool, similar in

character to kilims, of which the imperfect one discovered by Dr. Stein, near the ruins of Khotan, was probably made during the fourth or fifth century, A. D.

Most of these pile-less rugs were as simple as those now made by wandering tribes; but others, though consisting principally of warp and weft, were embroidered; a few were of silk interwoven with silver and gold; and rare examples were embellished with precious stones. In fact, long before the overthrow of the Sassanian Kingdom in 642 A. D., and during the succeeding rule of the Caliphs, some of these rugs probably represented the highest expression of Oriental art at that time. This was not alone because of their matchless texture and delicacy of execution, but also because they took the place of paintings, being woven to represent the portraits of noted people as well as important scenes and places.

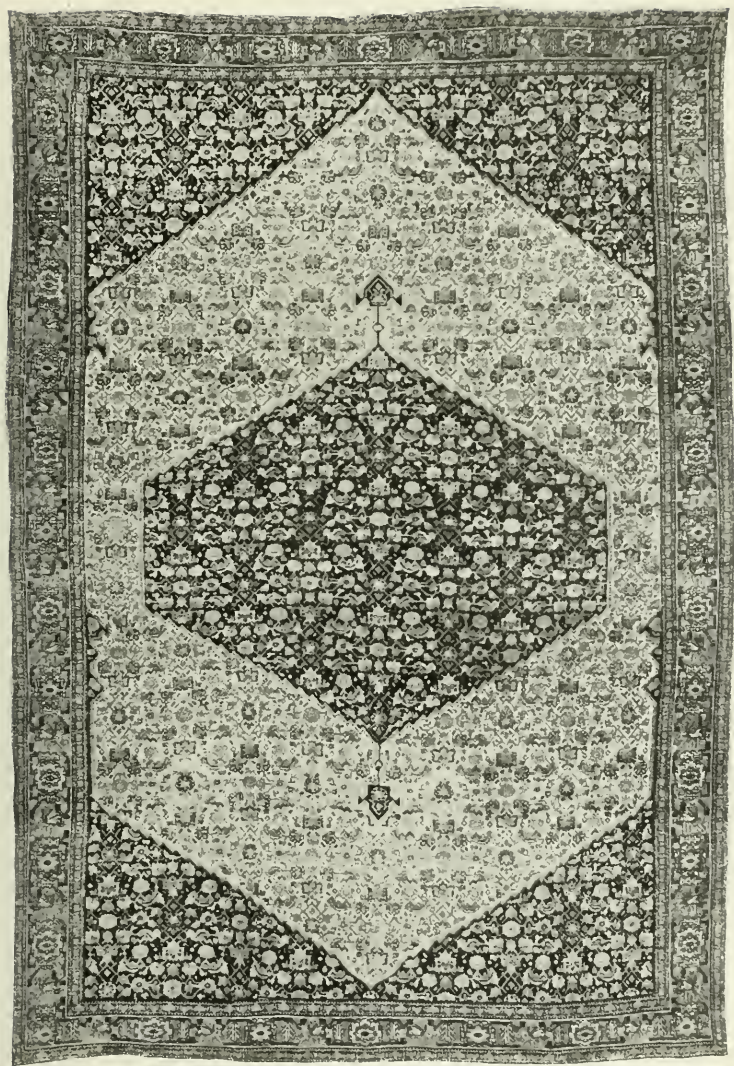
How long ago floor coverings with a pile made of knots were woven, no one knows; but the fragment found by Dr. Stein, under circumstances similar to the finding of the kilim, is sufficient proof that they existed much earlier than has generally been supposed. This piece, though only a few inches square, resembles so closely some of the modern nomadic rugs, that it seems not improbable that even fifteen hundred years ago rugs with a pile of knots were following a type that had been long established. Perhaps they appeared as early as the Christian Era.

Very naturally the rugs made for ordinary use became worn and quickly disappeared; only those of exceptional merit have been preserved. Of these, the so-called Armenian rugs and the rugs with large palmette motifs and thick-stemmed trees, that were woven in the extreme north-western part of Persia, are among the earliest examples that now exist. Their drawing is very archaic, but shows a powerful earnestness, as if back of their simple expressions was a great personal force. They were made when the first artists of the Italian Renaissance were beginning to break away from Byzantine traditions.

At a later period, probably about the time that Fra Angelico was painting his *Annunciation* in Florence, the weavers of northwestern Persia were similarly climbing to a more realistic interpretation of their ideals. This is evident from that splendid example of this time, owned by C. F. Williams, Esq., but loaned to the Metropolitan Museum, in which the field represents



FERAGHAN RUG.



SEHNA RUG

Oriental Rugs as Objects of Art

blossoming plants growing among stately cypresses. A little of the stiffness displayed in the earlier weavings is still present, yet in few other rugs is reflected so much of the innate refinement of the weaver.

While the spirit of the Renaissance continued to grow in Italy, the artist weavers of Asia were also advancing, for in the year 1530, when Titian and Michelangelo were at their palettes, Maksud of Kashan was completing that famous masterpiece, the Ardibil carpet, which displays an uncommon grandeur and nobleness of pattern, accentuated by contrasts of rich yet solemn colour. Then during the Safavid reign, when the artistic sense had permeated the whole people, followed the animal and hunting carpets; the more sober Ispahans, which contain no suggestion of realism, but merely expressions of abstract beauty; and also the so-called Polish carpets, sumptuous weavings with warp and weft frequently of silver and gold, and with pile of silk, in which is represented, with elegant precision, gracefully curving lines and pleasing harmonies of delicate colour.

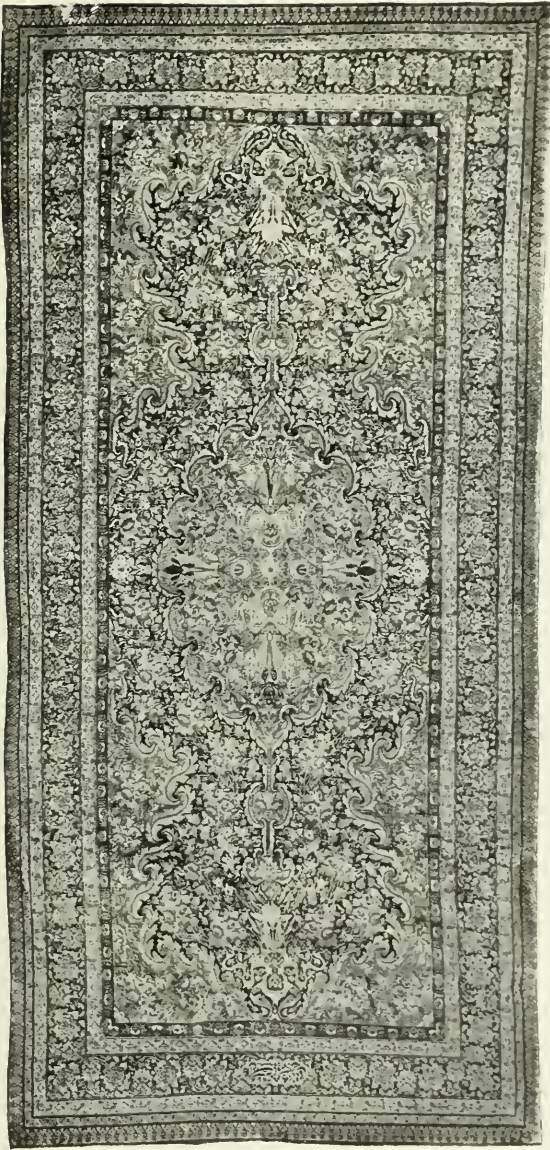
No one can carefully study such weavings, examining them day after day, until he grows to understand them, without realizing they are as surely works of art as luster tiles or porcelains or paintings. And the same is true of many comparatively modern rugs, woven a century or more ago, such as the old Feraghans, Serabends or Kirmans, though to a less degree, for while most of the antique rugs are masterpieces, in which graceful lines and delicate colours communicate the feelings and emotions of the weaver, the more recent rugs are largely modified copies, in which, despite all their charm, the artistic impulse has partly degenerated into mere mechanical expression. It would be wrong to suppose that the best of these comparatively modern rugs do not also deserve to be classed as works of art.

Whoever is beginning to analyze Oriental rugs should remember that their chief aim for recognition is based on what they express in their patterns, which are represented by lines, and in their colours. Neither in Europe nor in America has the line in art had such significance or attained such perfection as in Asia. In the old paintings of China and Japan it rises to a higher dignity than colour. Its delicacy and expressiveness exceed anything known in the Occident.

To quote a well-known authority, "the artist of the East reaches his ideal through the abstract perfection of beautiful lines." Unfortunately the technical difficulties of weaving impose special limitations in the accuracy of drawing; yet these very difficulties eliminate all of its harshness while they add to its sensitiveness. At the same time they place no barrier to the rhythmic movements of the cloud-bands, the scrolls and the arabesques of such antique rugs as Ispahans, nor to the exquisite grace of the rosette borders and to the delicate tracery of the spandrels of more recent Ghiordes, nor to the gently flowing movements of the tendrils, leaves and flowers in such rugs as Kermanshahs, Kashans and Sarouks, even if the latter are merely commercial products for western markets.

Such rugs as these have grace and beauty of drawing independent of any suggestion of ideas. And yet, in some, the spirited movement of lines indicates joy; while in others is displayed an austere intellectual quality that lacks all sentiment and imagination. There are also rugs that convey the impression of serene composure obtained by perfect balance of stately lines and by the elimination of every detail not absolutely essential for the expression of the whole. In fact, no one can studiously observe the best examples, whether truly antique or only moderately old, without being conscious of the suggestiveness and the artistic qualities of their patterns. It is the beautiful colours of rugs that more particularly appeal to most observers. As a result of long experience, the weaver has learned to produce with his dyes effects as rare and exquisite as any painter with his pigments. The blues and greens of Ispahans, the delicate fawn tints of the Polish carpets, and the deep reds of some of the Turkoman rugs are as beautiful as similar colours in the works of Titian and Rubens. Moreover the depth of the pile, and the glossiness it often acquires, occasions modulations of tones and marvelously changing hues that are impossible to create on canvas. And besides they often blend with far more perfect harmony than in painting, since the patterns usually followed permit the weaver to mass different colours in such quantities and in such positions relative to another as is most effective.

Probably the Oriental loves colour for its own sake far more than the Occidental. To him it is not alone an expression of beauty; it is an em-



KIRMAN RUG

Oriental Rugs as Objects of Art

bodiment of emotion. In the beginning, all weavers were nomads who constantly contemplated the yellow-tinted flowers of meadows, the velvety green of fields, the deep blue of the heavens, and the rich red hues of dawn and approaching twilight. For him particular colours had a special significance; some being sacred, some indicating joy, others sorrow. Ruskin once said that "of all God's gifts to the sight of man, colour is the holiest, the most divine, the most solemn"; and again, "I know no law more severely without exception than this of the connection of pure colour with profound and noble thought." The weaver of the Orient has realized these facts, and with wonderful creative power has produced with his dyes effects that denote noble feelings and lofty emotions.

To compensate for the technical difficulties in accurately representing familiar objects, weaving presents no barrier to introducing the subtle mysticism that underlies the thought of the East. Sir George Birdwood has even said that "a deep and complicated symbolism, originating in Babylon and possibly in India, pervades every denomination of Oriental carpet." This appears not only in the colours, and in the animal life where different beasts represent forces or qualities, but also in the innumerable designs which are particularly inseparable from nomadic rugs. They may be the swastikas or the water motifs, stars or trees of life; but some of them constantly appear to carry the mind from contemplating too long the beauties of line and colour into another realm of thought. And it would seem as if the weaver-artists, as a rule, regarded the depicting of symbols that awakened serious contemplation more worthy of his efforts than the commonplace objects of everyday life.

Probably after serious thought most people would agree that the woven masterpieces of three or four centuries ago, which display grandeur and nobleness of character accentuated by contrasts of rich, yet solemn colour, are as meritorious as the finest Chinese porcelains and most paintings; but would be unwilling to concede that any of the more modern rugs are works of art. And yet, as has been said, there are some only a century old that deserved to be so classed—some Bokharas, for instance, with deep dark reds that seem to glow with the fierce spirit of the wild tribes that not long ago roamed over the Trans-Caspian deserts; some Sehmas, with mo-

saic-like patterns of ivory, red, blue, and green, suggesting the tints of the tiles in old Persian mosques; some Feraghans, whose centres are covered with well-balanced Herati patterns or the dainty, bright flowers of the Guli Hinnai, and with the nap as velvety as the green hills in spring, encircling the Feraghan plain; some Kirmans, resplendent with realistically drawn roses, copied perhaps from the same flowers as those of which the attar is made. There still remain a few excellent examples of each of these classes which according to the accepted canons deserve to be classed as works of art; and the same is true of a few of many other classes of rugs woven long since Nadir Shah removed the most skilled weavers to the northern part of Persia.

Not long ago the writer saw a Kazak, one of a class that usually receives but slight consideration; yet its blues, greens, and reds were so voluptuous as to recall at once the sensuous magnificence and gorgeous luxury of the East. He also saw a Beshire, one of the Turkoman rugs that, as a rule, find but little favour; and yet its deep, dark reds, softened by association with blues and ivory, had a velvety splendour baffling description, and subtle qualities of beauty that appeal to the mind and soul. Even in these more despised classes, even in the smaller saddlebags of Bokhara, Beluche and Shiraz weaves are occasionally found pieces that, because of their inherent beauty, and because of their revealing something of the life and thought of the weaver, may justly claim high recognition.

If we are willing to accept the conventions relating to art in the East, if we concede that the highest mission of art is not to portray with wonderful realism external forms, but to create by suggestion a noble inspiration, we must allow that a very large number of the old Oriental rugs are works of art. For many of them have abstract beauty of line to a marked degree, and are resplendent with colour displaying marvelous delicacy and rare sensitiveness; in some appears the rendering of a lofty and pure emotion; in others is embodied a sense of the mysteries of nature. And furthermore, it must be conceded that beautiful as are the Persian lustre tiles, the Chinese porcelains, and the old Oriental paintings, in none of these did the artistic genius of Asia find higher and more complete manifestation than in the best examples of the antique knot-tiel rugs.



READING THE LATEST SCANDAL

BY LIONEL FEININGER

FEININGER—FANTASIST
BY CHARLOTTE TELLER

It is very easy to say glibly that the poet and painter live in their own world. But what we mean nine times out of ten is that they have coloured or garnished the world, which the rest of us endure, with some pretty bit of poetic fancy or decoration. An artist gives us his reaction to the world. He may, unfortunately, try to give us as well his explanation of why he reacts in this sort of colour vibration or that sort of triangle. And we are quite aware when we

gaze upon his work that it is *his* way of looking. Sometimes, if we try hard, we can for a moment perceive in what we are pleased to call the "actual world" around us the same sort of moonlight effect upon the waters or the same intersection of planes in a lady's ear. But it always takes effort. And how serious we have to be in the attempt!

Balzac, so his sister tells us, came in one day in tremendous excitement. He was going to create a world of his own. She says that his exaltation, which she had never before marked in him, was so great that she was frightened, so frightened, in-

deed, that she really did not grasp his idea. It was not at all necessary that she should. The idea itself was all the comfort he needed. The proof of that is that so soon as he was able to get the other comforts of life he died. Balzac's *Comedie Humaine* is a real world. You may take it or leave it, but there it stands, as though upon a planet of its own. It is not an interpretation of the life about us. Nor was it an interpretation of the life about Balzac.

In the heart of a war-worn country where I was weary of war bread and war philosophy I was searching for a copy of Balzac. It was a vague, intermittent sort of search, and I had almost forgotten it one day when I went out to tea, where I met a tall, thin man, so abstracted that I took him to be shy. But he had Balzac, and asked me to come out to his house to pick out the volumes I wanted. After I had promised him I would I heard that he was an artist. That did not interest me particularly. Artists don't. But when I got to the house and was shown into the salon I burst out laughing. And this in spite of the fact that my host was a very serious person.

What set me laughing was a bridge; a bridge which never grew in any country and whose architect must have scurried back to some far-away, fantastic planet after he had imprinted his design upon the brain—if that is what an artist uses—of Feininger. It was pale green, and it crossed a crimson street, a street of old French houses. When I tried to explain to myself and to my host why I laughed I found myself in great difficulty. It wasn't the bridge at all, I said. It was the houses. They looked so human. They had a sense of humour. But they were not at all dependent upon humanity laughing with them. There was humanity in the streets, quite a great deal of it coming and going; an artisan with a pick; a gentleman mildly intoxicated; some children; a woman sitting close to the arch. They were the really amusing things in the picture. They were just the sort of serious, self-important, long-legged, pin-headed creatures to live in grinning houses; and then, quite unconscious of how funny they looked, come walking out and down the street, and, not at all aware of their absurdity, walk under the bridge. Three of them were on top of the viaduct. But heaven only knows where they came from, or where they were going, with that earnest, plodding gait.

In a studio two blocks away and three flights

up, where there was hardly room left for the easel because of the stacked canvases and the innumerable portfolios, I found other streets quite as enchanting. Balzac's world enchants me. It can make me forget everything in my own world. And Feininger's world has the same power—I think because it is *not* an interpretation.

And I am not the only one who feels this way. Although from the modest way in which Feininger showed me his work, and received my comments, you might have thought so. The green arch had been hung only a short time before the war in a Paris exhibition. Matisse had come in to hang a picture of his own in the space alongside. For a long time he stood staring at Feininger's canvas. Then he turned around and took his picture out with him. Haled by his astonished coterie, he explained that he would have to do his painting over before he would let it stand comparison with Feininger's. And he did.

Poiret, known to the uninitiated as a maker of silks and to the art world of Europe as a connoisseur, chose another phase of Feininger's work, which I believe *is* an interpretation, and subjective. For want of a better term one might call it cubistic. He has done a great deal of this sort of work since the war broke out. It is sinister, desperate. There is no hidden laugh in it anywhere. Before some experiences—and war is the greatest of these—satire disappears. None of the artists in Europe to-day have remained unaffected.

But I turned back to the gayer pictures, gayer even when there was a grim jest in some corner of the canvas. When Feininger painted a green sky behind yellow houses he never explained that scientifically; the sky *is* green when you look at it a certain way. Nor, on the other hand, did he say that skies, considered mystically, ought to be painted green. He just got up in the morning and got out his brushes and paints and painted a green sky. That was the kind his world had that day. And he didn't care whether all the other people of all the other worlds liked it. Let them paint theirs purple, and hatch their theories to explain it. When you are really creating a world of your own you never have time to explain how you're doing it. Balzac was much too busy to write an essay on the begetting of novels.

Feininger is indefatigable. There is a great deal to do when you're making a world. Hans Anderson found that out. What with his snow queens and his tin soldiers he had little time to



GREEN SKY AND YELLOW HOUSES
BY LIONEL FEININGER

leave his Copenhagen garret. Feininger has literally thousands of finished oils, water colours, pastels, etchings, charcoal drawings, pen-and-ink and pencil drawings. If there were any other mediums he would use them with the same intensity and the same sure stroke. His work never stops, year in, year out.

He showed me things that he had done when he was a lad of fifteen. They were minutely accurate, and gave sign already of a mastery of draughtsmanship. He showed me hundreds of cartoons which appeared in the *Assiette au Beurre* in Paris and in *Lustige Blaetter* in Berlin. Feininger is an American—a typical American. That is to say, he has French blood and German blood and Italian blood in the two generations preceding his. He speaks, reads and writes fluently French, German and Italian. And he is better known in any country of Europe than he is here at home. His parents are both musicians. His father, Carl Feininger, the violinist, lives here in New York, where, in spite of being a Civil War veteran, he can still hold a large audience.

Feininger was educated in Belgium and then went to Paris. He married an artist, and together, when they are not in their studios, they write plays and build scenery and make costumes for a tiny theatre located on the library table, in front of which, in rapt attention, sit their three small boys.

But all this is quite unimportant. It is not Feininger, but Feininger's world, which captivates you. I never found out that he could speak so many languages and could play Bach like a master until long after I had entered his strange City at the End of the World. Creation originally began with a Garden of Eden. The ark and the animals came later. But by the time the passion for creation reached Feininger it demanded a city. And, strange to say, no sooner had that city appeared in a series of paintings in a rather important exhibition than all the young artists and poets around town began to dress like the figures on the canvases. Large, open collars and patriarchal-looking top-hats were the sign of having become a resident of the City at the End of the World, where, very often, the people were taller than the buildings; a stove-pipe hat more imposing than a church steeple; where the sun sometimes hung in mid-heaven, or, rather, midway between heaven and earth, and looked as if it might fall if someone cut the string. The streets

themselves looked as if they might walk off; and if the houses kept in the places where they were painted it was only because they themselves had determined to.

All the inanimate objects which Feininger paints look as though they had a will of their own and might at any moment leap into the air with an ejaculation, which would not, however, startle the people who were scattered about among them. For these people all look as though they were moving, not of their own free will, but because some purpose had been imposed upon them. If you have ever seen an animal "locoed" you can get the idea. It is an absurdly serious purpose which has seized these people, and Feininger paints them as large as they feel themselves to be, and each one so unutterably intent upon himself.

In Feininger's world, particularly in the City at the End of the World, houses and human beings insist, each one, upon himself. If a church thinks that its front entrance is the most important thing about it, it turns that entrance upon you, even though all the rest of the perspective bespeaks the fact that this is the side of the church. If any of Feininger's houses get tired they lean over comfortably upon the nearest neighbour, and you can almost hear them complain of a strange feeling in their heads. The law of gravity in the city is a law unto itself—and unto nothing else.

One of the quaintest of this series of paintings depicts a man hanging from a gallows, the gallows sticking out from a church belfry. No one is paying any attention to him. They are all scurrying about in the city square beneath. And the whole scene is lighted by a sun which hangs somewhat lower than the church roof, right over a park bench. A description in words can give no idea of the weird humour in this picture. I fancied that Feininger must have laughed while he was doing it.

"Oh no," he said. "I remember the morning I painted that. I have seldom been so depressed."

After you have looked at these canvases for some time the humour seems essentially satirical. And under the satire you perceive a philosophy of life, in its way very much the detached, aristocratic, Gallic philosophy of Voltaire. There is a certain fanatic intensity in the people he paints which expresses more completely Feininger's contempt for the petty obsessions of mankind than any lengthy essay could do. He makes a newspaper appear in the hands of some of these people

Feininger—Fantasist



IN A VILLAGE NEAR PARIS

BY LIONEL FEININGER

more important than a new evangel sent from heaven—that is, more important to them.

Yet these paintings are not caricatures, nor are they paintings which "tell a story," nor do they pretend to be expressing the environment in which he finds himself. They are *his* world. But whenever I came out of his studio and walked along the quiet streets of his suburb to catch a train I found

a subtle change had taken place. The houses were nodding or shaking their heads. Some trees looked deformed in spirit. A fence seemed to be leaping and bounding on its way. And I would have to pinch myself to see if I were awake. Nor was there lacking a glimpse, now and then, of whimsical despair, which was another characteristic of some of his work.

Feininger—Fantasist

Of Feininger's composition his sense of colour, the very powerful draughtsmanship in even his most evanescent work, there is little need to speak. Among artists he is well known. And he seems content to live among artists. He has little talent for publicity. Those who seek him out find him. But he is never the seeker. When it is possible, after the war, so his friends are trying

to persuade him, he may have an exhibition in this country.

But it will not be because he takes the trouble to arrange it, nor because it will be to anybody's profit. The only appeal, I believe, to bring it about is one that I tried to make. And that was the human appeal: we shall all have need then of a City at the End of the World.



THE VIADUCT IN PARIS

BY LIONEL FEININGER

In the Galleries



Courtesy Macbeth Gallery

A CLEARING—AUTUMN

BY D. W. TRYON

IN THE GALLERIES

THE art season in New York bears close analogy to a tempest. Some rumblings, growlings, and a few rain patters commence in October, increasing to steady rain in November; a downpour in December, with a deluge from January on. The patters of art are now holding the stage. Most of the important galleries are showing still their summer exhibitions or stock pictures just to keep their walls covered. At the National Arts Club there has been an exhibition of Dutch art, which can hardly be described as characteristic of their best art, and which can bear no comparison with the virile work of the Swedish artists still fresh in our memory. It is by no means a bad exhibition, but is certainly mediocre.

The Macbeth Galleries, though they may overlook a few outstanding artists, have certainly attracted a large portion of the best of American art to their attractive galleries, and no collector would

leave New York without paying them a visit. The Tryon here reproduced is an excellent example. Other pictures of unusual merit are Dougherty's *From Clodgy Point*, where he has kept his vision fresh and his colour restrained. Ben Foster shows continuous growth in his art which never lags. His pictures this year show a still finer colour sense, more bigness and freedom. Friescke's *Embroidering* is not the artist at his best.

The Snedecor Art Galleries, 19 East Forty-ninth Street, well repay a visit. Their opening exhibition, in excellently planned galleries, showed good examples by painters past and present. A striking sunset effect by Dearth, a little gem in landscape by Edward Gay, full of quality, a bright water-colour of bathing boys by Luis Mora, with a good up-and-down movement of boys and posts suggestive of waves, make bright spots among many canvases by Blakelock, George Inness and Homer Martin.

In the Galleries

The Ferargil Gallery, close by, is an unpretentious cosy little affair with some good pictures on the walls, some very attractive designs in metal lamps, and, best of all, a little nook where one is invited to sit down and look quietly over a big assortment of small-framed, small-priced pictures by American artists which Mr. Price keeps stacked up in cupboards and likes to

an exhibition in October, commencing the art season at Philadelphia in the Art Club. Some sixty canvases were hung representing scenes from Normandy, Venice, Tangier, Maine, Provincetown, Etaples and New Bedford—truly a wide itinerary even in days of peace. Many of the sea pieces and Biskra studies are very direct and characteristic. Slade is no pussy-footer



Courtesy Ehrich Galleries.

THE NATIVITY

BY BENJAMIN WEST

show to appreciative people. It is an unusual little gallery where one feels at home.

Mr. Caro Delvaile is working in his studio in Washington Square on many large decorative canvases that will be seen in January at the Gimpel & Wildenstein's new galleries. The exhibition is certain to be a great event in the art season.

C. Arnold Slade, who is busy at Plattsburg with a camouflage department, all his own, held

in art, but commands a slashing style which is very effective, especially in his rock and surf pictures.

Two paintings exhibited in the Montross Galleries are reproduced on page xviii. Other noticeable pictures in these galleries are Karl Anderson's *A Gothic Madonna*, Pène Du Bois' *The Striped Waist* and a couple of good canvases by Jonas Lie, who, by the way, has spent his summer in painting an Arizona copper mine—pictures which

In the Galleries



Courtesy Ehrich Galleries

SCENE FROM THE SPY

BY WILLIAM DUNLAP

when exhibited will prove a worthy sequel to his famous series of the Panama Canal, and will create considerable interest.

The Ehrich Galleries are exhibiting early American painters from the middle of the Eighteenth Century to the Civil War. The ensemble convinces one how closely these talented painters, such as Charles Wilson Peale, William Savage, Mather Brown, William Dunlap and Benjamin West, the last named represented by seven canvases, approached the good English portraitists of that period. We have reproduced here *The Nativity*, by West, a charming central composition with beautiful treatment of drapery, and in the right hand corner a pleasing tribute to Italian influence. Mather Brown's *George III Receiving Eastern Ambassadors* is a brilliant composition solidly painted and full of rich colour. This exhibition is one of a series of three.

In dazzling contrast to the somewhat sombre-hued Netherlands exhibition at the National Arts Club Galleries is the brightest exhibition of pure colour and luminosity that we have seen for a long while. This is at the Bourgeois Gallery, where a number of brilliant and clever pictures have been assembled and arranged with great taste by Mr. Bourgeois, who proves himself once more an excellent apostle of modern art. Main contributors to this success are Jérôme Blum, A. Walkowitz, Joseph Stella, John Marin, Arnold Friedman, James Butler, Emanuel Centore and, last but not least, the Boston painter, Arthur C. Goodwin, who exhibits for the first time in New York. One of his pictures, *Lafayette Mall, Boston*, with excellent spotting, is an admirable canvas in every respect and denotes a craftsman with an unusual vision.

An attractive display of modern art may also be enjoyed at the Daniel Gallery.

In the Galleries



PORTRAIT OF
FRANK DOUBLEDAY, ESQ.

BY WAYMAN E. ADAMS

We have been invited, repeatedly, to give our opinion upon the recently executed statue of Lincoln as to whether it would be a desirable thing to have a replica of it in London and Paris. Without casting any reflection upon Mr. Barnard, and his well deserved reputation, we certainly consider the one statue more than sufficient, and should be sorry to see such unpleasant characteristics as are predominant in this work of art perpetuated in other cities. Even supposing that Lincoln had possessed all these ungainly and ungraceful attributes, we can see no reason why the artist should have thought fit to glorify them. It is in direct opposition to the kindly recommendation of the

poet to be "to his virtues ever kind," and to "his faults a little blind."

A one-man show of the work of William Jean Beasley is now on at the Milch Galleries, 108 West 57th Street, and will continue till the 17th.

Mr. Gerald A. Kelly, formerly with the firm of Braun et Cie, has transferred his activities to that of Gimpel & Wildenstein.

The Prints Division of the New York Public Library adds its item to the list of exhibitions brought about by the completion of the Catskill Aqueduct. In room 112 there have been assembled a number of engravings after paintings by artists of the so-called "Hudson River School." These engravings emphasize the exhibition of original paintings of this "School" now on view at the Metropolitan Museum, and amplify it by including reproductions of paintings not in the Museum's collection.

The art of an interesting period in this country is thus illustrated in works by A. B. Durand, Thomas Doughty, J. W. Casilear, Thomas Cole, J. F. Kensett, J. F. Cropsey, Whittredge, Bierstadt, and others. But these prints tell us also of the days when artists such as Smillie, Jones, Hinshelwood, and others were engraving on steel plates these reproductions of paintings which dealt with scenes in our own lands.



INDIAN MOTHER AND CHILD

BY H. PAUL BURLIN

The INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

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DECEMBER, 1917

P. BRYANT BAKER
BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

THE brilliant pupil of the art schools is faced by a threefold menace, to wit: "Swollen head," stagnation and retrogression, which explains why so many youths and maidens of whom we expect great things drop out of sight as complete or partial failures in art, whatever distinction they may attain in other paths of life. This menace awaited P. Bryant Baker in full measure as a precocious student

basking in the double sunlight of monarchic and academic approval—after sweeping in most of the prizes at the Lambeth and R. A. Schools. As a novice he made his *début* at the Royal Academy, London, with a bust of King Edward, which was singled out by Queen Alexandra from amongst nine other portraits by distinguished sculptors as the most satisfactory likeness of the King that had so far been executed. A marble bust now stands in the drawing-room of Marlborough House. A replica of it may be seen in the new Middlesex Guildhall at Westminster,



DESIGN FOR A MEMORIAL TO KING EDWARD VII

BY P. BRYANT BAKER



BUST OF JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY
BY P. BRYANT BAKER



BUST OF PRESIDENT WILSON
BY P. BRYANT BAKER



STATUE OF SIR TATTON SYKES, BART
BY P. BRYANT BAKER



BUST OF MISS MARGARET LONGYEAR, DETROIT
BY P. BRYANT BAKER

P. Bryant Baker

and still another in Woolwich Town Hall. Added to this, Queen Alexandra purchased several copies in bronze besides commissioning the artist to do a marble bust of Prince Olav of Norway.

Baker seemed fated—from the outset—to pursue the career of a portraitist. Has not Emerson said, "Do one thing better than any other man, and even though your abode be in the wilderness, the world will beat a pathway to your door"? But in spite of the many demands upon him, those who know him and his work best will agree that he is at heart an idealist, and it is in his imaginative work that his greatest value and greatest promise lie. This was indicated in his student days by a beautiful four-figure group entitled *The Entombment*, which attracted considerable attention in addition to securing him the First Prize for Design, and later in 1909 his *The Fisher's Reverie* was considered by eminent critics to be the best piece of plastic modeling of that year's Academy. It represents a fisherman inspecting a frightened mermaid that he has captured in his nets. "And oft in fancy wondrous hauls I've had."

The only fault that could be found with this grand and ingenious composition was the fact that the artist had attired the fisherman with a sou'wester, but personally we like this somewhat humorous touch which has relieved the group of a too classic conception. In spite of the headgear, this piece received the place of honour in the sculpture room, high consideration indeed for a craftsman still in the twenties.

When it was decided to present a memorial to King Edward VII at Huddersfield, Baker was selected to perform the task. An heroic-size statue, eight feet high, in Garter robes, upon a granite pedestal, three sides bearing tablets depicting *Peace*, *Sympathy* and *Commerce*, was unveiled in 1912 by King George, it being the first and only occasion of his officiating at such a ceremony. The design, shown on our front page, for a national memorial, met the Queen's approval and support in fullest measure, but it was never executed, for the sole reason that Baker was felt to be too young to have such an important commission, and all the Queen's influence was shivered on the rock of academic opposition.

A fine piece of thoughtful work is his *Beyond*, of which our reproduction, page xlv, gives but a faint idea of this heroic ideal figure, representing a youth with one hand upon a skull and with the other shading his face as he gazes into the

future. The whole thing is rendered with great technical skill and has a rhythmic flow of line that is most impressive.

Here one seems to obtain a glimpse of the artist's soul, yearning and striving as in the figure to lift the veil. A fine mental and physical type has been produced, fit to gaze into the impenetrable mysteries of life; a great, impelling force has resulted, and the eye is captivated by the wonderfully modelled physique and the perfect torso calling to mind such pieces as the *Belvedere Torso* and the *premier matin* by Rombeaux.

The study of architecture has been of great value to Baker, and its fruits are noticeable in his large pieces. A Fountain just finished and erected at Brookline, Mass., for Mrs. Longyear, of which an illustration is given, and his excellent bust of our President are his most recent exploits and are further evidence of his talent. A bust of Mrs. Mary A. Huntington of San Francisco shows his ability to reach the inner nature when beautiful, and bare it to the gaze. This is particularly the case in his bust of Miss Longyear, where he has interpreted the lofty ideals of womanhood without sacrifice of characterization.

Eros, reproduced below, is a spiritual idea of love, with wings springing from the tem-



EROS

BY P. BRYANT BAKER



AQUARIUM FOUNTAIN DESIGNED FOR
MRS. GOODYEAR, BROOKLINE, MASS.
BY P. BRYANT BAKER



BEYOND

BY P. BRYANT BAKER

ples, as though to evince the intellectual apart from the physical forces, a look divine rather than human. The shoulders emerging from the ruggedly chipped marble would indicate the spirit rising above matter. This is an unusual rendering of a trite subject, and it would be difficult technically to surpass the charm and delicacy revealed in this appealing work.

At the inception of the war he was rejected for some trifling physical defect, and his offer to work in a munition factory was disregarded. Accordingly he came to this country, established himself in Boston, and very soon was singled out for commissions.

Baker was eminently fortunate in obtaining or choosing so unusual a subject as Miss Margaret Longyear of Detroit. Delightful technique and pleasing composition are displayed, and the charm of expression, youthful grace and tenderness show remarkable powers of feeling and observation. Such a portrait points to the idealism which is in fact the greatest factor in this sculptor's make-up. It is in his ideal pieces where judgment will reach him. That he is a great portraitist many of his busts and statues reveal, but underlying his ability to produce a fine portrait is the striving and mentality of the idealist who in time will eschew portraiture and will confine himself to imaginative creations.

THE GALLERY ON THE MOORS, EAST GLOUCESTER.

RESULTS have amply justified the laudatory article which appeared in our September issue, upon this unique gallery, which has just closed a very successful season with its two exhibitions of paintings, etchings and sculpture; successful not only in its attendance, which mounted into the thousands, but also in its sales, aggregating nearly \$4,000. Some of the pictures to change hands were as follows: Louise Upton Brumback's *Afternoon on the Harbour* and *The Deep Pool*; Frederick J. Mulhaupt's *Gloucester Harbour*; Felicia Waldo Howell's *Gray Reflections*; Marion Boyd Allen's *Child Reading*; Felicia Waldo Howell's *The Old Gray House*; Paul Conroyer's *Grand Canal, Venice*; F. H. Kidder's *Gloucester Wharves*; A. Sheldon Pennoyer's *The Turn of the Road*; Henry B. Snell's *Pigeon Cove*; Denys Wortman's *Harbour View*; Elizabeth C. Spencer's *Middle Street, Gloucester*; Henry B. Snell's *Pigeon Cove* (No. 2); Hayler Lever's *The Harbour*; Frederic G. Hall's *A Cave* (etching); John Sloan's *Ping Pong Photos* (etching); William A. Levy's *Faithful* (etching), and *Boats at Low Tide* (etching); Louise Allen's *Scottie* (sculpture); Henry B. Snell's *Road by the Water*.

It must also be remembered that, with the aid of musical and dramatic performances, many thousands of dollars were secured for the Red Cross and other patriotic purposes.

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

DECEMBER 1st marks the opening of an exhibition of the work of four women painters—Mrs. Johanna Hailman, Miss Alice Schille, Miss Helen M. Turner and Miss Martha Walter.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS

LOVERS of small pictures and sculpture have come to look forward to the Autumn Sketch Exhibition of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors; Mrs. Henry Mottet, President. It will be held through December, as in several seasons past, at the Arlington Gallery, Madison Avenue and 40th Street. Over two hundred pictures and small sculptures will be shown. The exhibition is free to the public.

Luxuriant Art in Leather



LEATHER BOX TO CONTAIN STATIONERY

LUXURIANT ART IN LEATHER BY LIDA ROSE McCABE

INDIVIDUALITY in desk-furnishing, as in the bindings of one's books, is an æsthetic indulgence, less restricted in this day of widespread wealth than generally suspected. Shops to recall Renaissance guilds bob up in most unexpected places throughout the states, revealing gold- and silver-smiths, jewel-setters, enamellers and leather-workers sustained for the most part by one or half-a-dozen patrons.

In a skyscraper of the uptown wholesale district of New York, for instance, flanked by lace importers' samples, is the atelier of Marguerite Duprez Lahey, acclaimed, at home and abroad, foremost among world master bookbinders. This atelier is a glass enclosure, twenty by twenty feet, equipped with five machines—same as used in sixteenth century when bookbinding emerged from the art of monks into a specialized trade—and six cases glistening with lace-like tools, dating from twelfth-century Aldine to present-day *Joux de Filets*. There recently came to fruition three articles designed for the personal desk of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan in his private room of the Morgan library, which in beauty of design, mastery of execution, challenge the days of the Medici.

The articles include a *buvard* (blotting-book), a *classeur* (box for stationery), and a telephone book

—the twentieth century's one distinctive contribution to desk essentials.

Each article is of royal purple levant, rich in blind and gold tooling in style of Grolier—tools of the third period and azured. Each design required a special tool made by a Paris master tool-maker. Leather in its full thickness—no splitting is used in the blotter, assuring wear, pliability and pleasant response to the touch. Full leather assures solidity to the tooling, quality that characterizes Miss Lahey's work.

The blotting-book's interior and exterior are blind tooled, while panel and flaps are purple damask silk of the period. On the blotter's face, richly tooled in gold, is the Morgan coat of arms: head of a stag with crest and shield. The shield bears a kriter. Encircling the shield is the name—John Pierpont Morgan. On two ribbons floating from the whole is inscribed "Upward, Onward."

In keeping with the blotter, the box designed for stationery is purple levant and similarly tooled. The interior of the box is divided into compartments to fit varied sized sheets and envelopes, and is lined throughout with purple damask to match the lining of the blotter. The hand-wrought brass lock, key, hinges and handles are reproductions from an old chest of the Strozzi family of Florence. The base of the handles form a triple crescent—the family emblem.

The telephone-book cover is of like leather, the

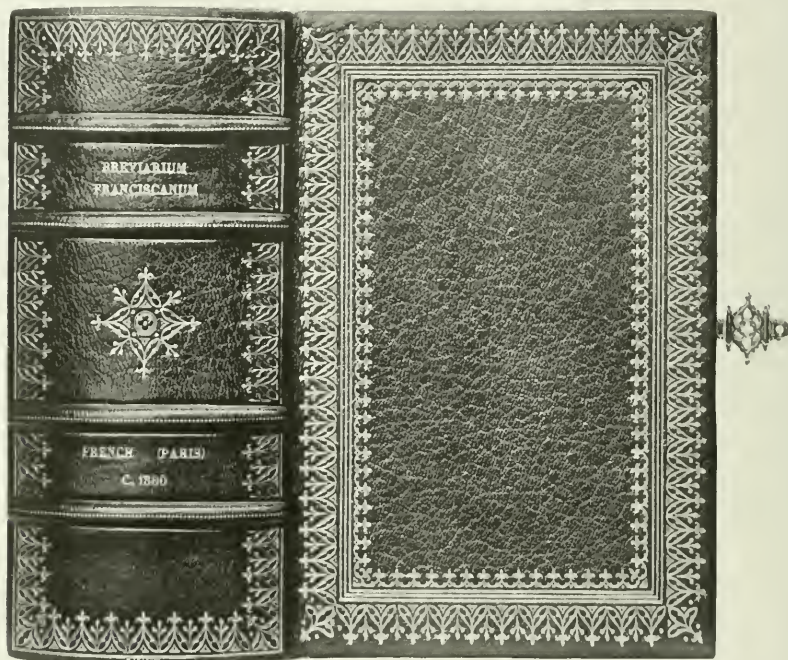
Luxuriant Art in Leather

gold tooling simpler in design. In the centre of the cover front is the Morgan coat-of-arms.

This is the second telephone-book cover Miss Lahey has made for this same desk. The first was so resplendent in gold tooling of intricate design that Mr. Morgan, whose sense of fitness rarely errs, reserved it for an illuminated manuscript.

A peep into this master craftsman's "Book of

to the material, how much to the personnel of their creator, is fancy's secret. Certainly few craftsmen—not excepting Cellini or his school—conserve more of the spirit, if not the letter, of the Renaissance than this master craftswoman of Huguenot-Virginia forbears, this offspring of Brooklyn and Adelphi College, who from inherent desire to use her hands early set out to master the bookbinders' art. And, curiously, it is with



CASE TO HOLD A 14TH-CENTURY ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT, BRIGHT RED LEVANT MOROCCO, LINED WITH RED MOIRÉ SILK; CLASPS, OLD GOTHIC

Hours"—it is by the hour crafter's gauge the price of their labour—reveals that the tooling alone on these three articles consumed three hundred and eighty hours!

These desk appointments already wear the *patina* of long usage, and in their setting, tempered by the library's windows of ancient Swiss and German stain glass, they easily pass for the one-time possession of a veritable Medician prince.

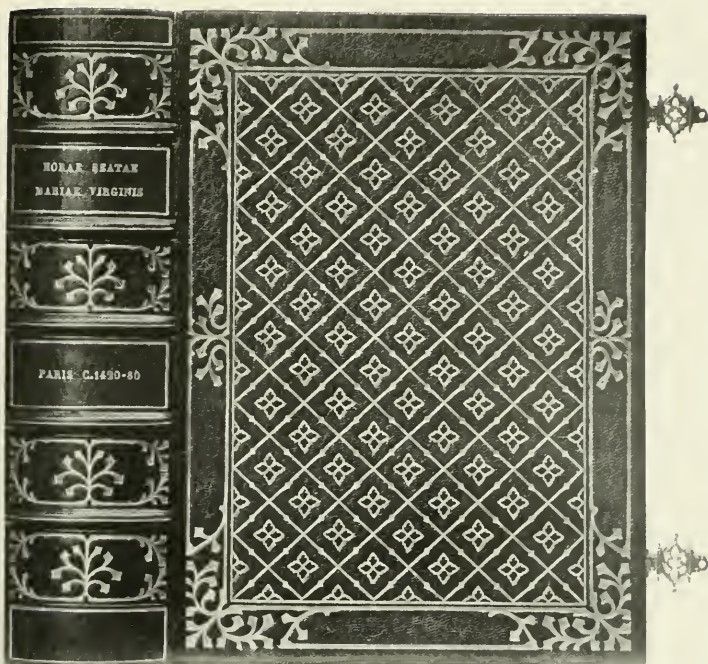
How much of this coveted time bloom is due

the left hand she works her miracles in leather.

In "Remarkable Hands of Remarkable Men"—a movie-picture series in which Miss Lahey is the only woman featured with Daniel French, sculptor, the late W. M. Chase, painter, and like celebrity—this left-handliness rarely fails to evoke audible comment, so keen the observation of movie audiences.

In these desk appointments Marguerite Duprez Lahey, after the manner of Renaissance crafters, is

Luxuriant Art in Leather



CASE TO HOLD A 15TH-CENTURY ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT, ROUGE ANCIEN LEVANT MOROCCO, LINED WITH CRIMSON OTTOMAN SILK; CLASPS, OLD GOLD GOTHIC

rounding out, rather than making a detour—as might seem from the *éditions de luxe* which link her indissolubly with that “most carefully and jealously guarded treasure-house of the world”—the Morgan library.

In the first catalogue of the Morgan library now in process of making she is credited with thirty *éditions de luxe* aside from fourteen Solander cases to hold the illuminated missals and breviaries of kings, queens and saints in which Mr. Morgan's collection is unrivalled. Sixteen additional Solander cases now await her skill, for Marguerite Duprez Lahey, in keeping with the library's mellowing adjustment to its new environment, has travelled far since 1908, when the late Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan commissioned her to make an *édition de luxe* of Frederick Masson's *Napoleon et les Femmes*.

Miss Lahey in her personal library has twenty-five *éditions de luxe* of her own making, for which

collectors will doubtless gamble some day in the world's auction marts. Not the least notable volume is the Masson work, which marks the turning-point of her unique career.

“I had bound for myself *Napoleon and His Women*,” she said to me in the hushed activity of her workshop. “I finished it at the work bench of M. Julius Domont, Paris master finisher. Mr. Morgan had an *édition de luxe* of the same work in the room where he kept his French books, but when he saw my edition he commissioned me to make a duplicate for him.”

Many arts go to the making of an *édition de luxe*.

Where in Paris—the cradle of bookbinding—a volume passes through ten to twelve specialists before completion, Miss Lahey does everything with her own hands—blind and gold tooling, gilding, binding, finishing.

Since her two years' drastic apprenticeship in

Luxuriant Art in Leather

Alfred Schleuning's Old Chelsea Bindery in West Twenty-third Street, New York, where for long Manhattan's Public Library books were rebound, Miss Lahey has worked more than a dozen summers in the Latin Quarter. As a fellow-craftsman she rents there, after the foreign manner, a bench in the shop of a master, works side by side, observing his method, sharing the guild's joys and sorrows. For as M. Jules Domont, Paris master blind tooler, has said, "*Mlle. est toujours fidèle*. While I have a bench she may share it. Bien sure!"

From master to master she passes, everywhere garnering and developing, her skill recognized *forte comme l'homme*, as M. Mercier, the world's master gold-tooler, said of her volume, *La Vie de Fragonard*. This volume was the key that opened to her the atelier of the rich, famous and exclusive M. Mercier, where she tooled the *Chronique de Chas. IX.*, that evoked from the master, "Perfect!"

The Paris binder's shop and home are one, too often—for American comfort—at the top of many winding stairs. His bench may adjoin his bed-chamber if it does not hold up a corner of the family dining-room, as in the case of the master with whom Miss Lahey worked while putting the finishing touches to the fourth volume of Anatole Frances' *Life of Joan of Arc*, which the late Mr. Morgan was destined never to see.

"The children coming home from school," gaily recounts Miss Lahey, "were wont to swarm into the dining-room, bent on bread and butter and curious to see the book's progress. How I trembled for its safety, for I little dreamed then that I would board the last train that left Paris after mobilization, with the precious volume done up in a shawl strap, to which I clung, as war-zone traveller to life-preserver, until it was personally delivered to Mr. Morgan's library.

"Yes," she continued, tacking to the atelier wall the poster, "*On les aura*," the soldier with bayonet that roused France to its second war loan, "war has made havoc of Paris bookbinders. On my return there after one summer's absence I found four master tool-makers killed at the front. Most of the guild's twelve hundred members are in the trenches. Fifteen days before I sailed for home last October I had to get a permit from the Minister of Finance to take leather out of France. The Germans destroyed France's largest tannery, Les Indes. Paris binders are dependent upon

stock in hand, which is very low. Many merchants have been forced from inability to replenish their stock to close their shops. I am dependent upon France for almost everything I use in my work. No tools like those of Paris master tool-makers; no leather like French levant *moroquin du Cap*. It is skin of a goat, indigenous to Cape Good Hope. The grain is large and firm. It is tanned and dyed in France. It will be two years after war before the leather market of France is normal. The embargo on gold covers gold-leaf, costly item in tooling.

"The second volume I made to hold the photographs of Mr. C. Ledyard Blair's art collection used up twenty-two books of gold-leaf, twenty-four leaves to a book."

Binding designed to hold one hundred photographs of the art collection of Mr. C. Ledyard Blair, The Blairsden Home, Vol. I, is twenty by fourteen inches and four inches thick. It is brown and tan levant interlaced with mosaics tooled in three periods of the Renaissance: Aldine, Hollow and Azure. Each field in the back where the title is gold-tooled recalls in miniature the design of the side.

The second Blair volume is in light-tan levant with twenty-two interlaced bands of gold pearls, each pearl put in singly. As fine gold tooling has the effect of metal inlay in leather, gold pearl gives like effect in *bas-relief*, its achievement possible only to the sure, steady hand of experience. This volume, which consumed twenty-two books of gold-leaf, was the work of one hundred sixty-two and three-quarter hours.

THE BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF ETCHERS

The Brooklyn Society of Etchers was formed in April, 1916, at a meeting called together by Mr. M. Paul Roche. As a condition of organization it was agreed that the Society's object should be "the promotion of the interests of good etching."

Their first exhibition opened on November 27th with a reception to associate members and their friends at the Museum. As a social undertaking, and as an expression of cultivated interest in the art, this reception was highly gratifying. At this formal opening and in the subsequent course of the exhibition interest was frequently expressed at the number of highly capable American etchers. Next Exhibition, December 3.



STATUE OF LATE PRESIDENT WILLIAM M'KINLEY
11 FEET HIGH, IN GEORGIA MARBLE

PRINCIPAL STATUE IN MCKINLEY BIRTHPLACE MEMORIAL
AT NILES, OHIO
BY J. MASSEY RHIND

An East Side Art Movement

AN EAST SIDE ART MOVEMENT BY WALTER A. DYER

AS HAS often been said, our American civilization is necessarily assimilative. The American type, to which all newcomers must conform, does not yet exist. Since the founding of the nation our culture has been in a formative state. Into the American melting-pot are still being cast many diverse elements of race, religion, temperament, and cultural ideals. These elements must be assimilated, not transformed, before we can hope to produce a distinct American type. It is not through the elimination of foreign elements, but through the adoption and adaptation of them, that we shall achieve the ultimate result.

Art is the expression of culture and feeling, of the soul of the people. If we are to achieve an American art it must be through an assimilation of the various art elements and soul qualities that come to our shores. Free immigration, a national policy to which we are committed, presents problems that must be solved in the field of art as well as in politics, economics, and civilization.

We are standing, it is said, upon the threshold of a new Renaissance. If this is true, it means that we are throwing off the shackles of convention and, with the new awakening, are throwing open our doors to every art impulse that is sincere and creative. That we may feel the stimulus of a new art current we must clear the way for every fresh, unswilled stream that seeks to gain headway. Liberty of thought and artistic development, so long as it is natural and genuine, should be our guiding principle. Only thus can American art have any true significance.

One of these little streams, of truly popular origin, is to be looked for among the humble lives of the dwellers in the foreign quarters of our larger cities. Among the teeming thousands of our immigrant population is to be found a depth of emotional feeling unknown to the smug occupants of prosperous uptown studios. Here we may discover those touches of Slavic genius, that Oriental mysticism and sense of colour, that our Western art so generally lacks. Even the Jew, for centuries restrained from artistic expression by the commandment prohibiting the making of any graven image or any likeness, is achieving here a certain artistic liberation, as he already has done to a noteworthy degree in Europe, and stands

ready to contribute to our American art something of the soul of one of the most virile and poetic races the world has ever known.

Any art movement, therefore, which originates among these people deserves the encouragement of all who would foster American art.

One modest instance, an indication that such an impulse is stirring, is to be found in the art classes conducted at the University Settlement House, corner of Eldridge and Rivington streets, in New York's East Side. Some seven years ago a young Russian painter, Abbo Ostrowsky by name, came to this country shortly after the massacres at Odessa. Close to the heart of the people by origin and temperament, he sought an opportunity to serve them, and at length the opening was found. For some three years now he has been conducting art classes at the Settlement House as a voluntary service. His pupils have increased in number from two to thirty, drawn from the immigrant population, largely Jewish, of the lower East Side. They range in age from thirteen to thirty-eight years, including both sexes, but the majority of them are youths and young men. With the exception of a few school-children they are all working people who spend their evenings in search of artistic education. Larger classes could easily be obtained if they could be provided for.

Mr. Ostrowsky's work is chiefly the teaching of technique in the use of oils, water colours, crayons, charcoal, and pencil. He conducts evening classes four nights a week, and in the summer he frequently takes his pupils into the country on Sundays for a study of landscape. The models for the life classes are interesting types from the neighbourhood who contribute their services for about \$1.50 a sitting. A small tuition fee has paid for the models and materials, and up to this time the classes have been practically self-supporting, but if their scope is to be enlarged something in the way of outside contributions will be necessary. Much of the work, of course, is of a primary nature, but not a little of it has already exhibited remarkable promise and talent.

One of the most promising of these young men is Elias Jacoby, aged eighteen, a Jew born in Palestine, where about a year ago, at the risk of his life, he escaped from the Turkish soldiers. He reached this country after three months of adventurous travel. He has already done remarkable work in charcoal, pastel, and water

An East Side Art Movement

colour, showing an intense feeling for facial expression and a sense of colour truly Oriental.

When the immigrant first lands on our shores his problems are chiefly economic; he must earn a living. But astonishingly soon he develops a desire for education, for culture. This is particularly true of the younger generation. It is this yearning that Mr. Ostrowsky, in one field, is seeking to satisfy. "In establishing this art centre," he says, "we did not intend merely to add another drawing-school to those already existing, but rather to attract the attention of those who are interested in the study of art, from either the professional or the cultural standpoint. If the cultural standard of a nation is determined by its popular and intelligent appreciation of art, then institutions of educational and social service should earnestly consider the value of authoritative popular art instruction. People who are willing to come after a hard day's work to study art—their only object being to cultivate their minds for a higher conception of life—cannot be neglected without a loss to the community."

Mr. Ostrowsky gives, on an average, fifteen hours out of each week to the instruction of these people. His reward is the ever-present possibility that a genius, a great painter, may emerge under his hand. It is this privilege and duty which should inspire more fully our American art and educational institutions.

His theories of art education, indeed, are well worthy of consideration. In Russia every attempt is made to encourage the art instinct among the peasants. There are free scholarships in the art schools. There are various forms of extension work throughout the country. Art exhibits are held in the rural communities, often in tents. In 1906 Mr. Ostrowsky was assistant director of the People's Traveling Art Exhibit in southern Russia. He has had an opportunity to study the relation between art and the common people.

As a consequence he found the relation between instructor and student in this country generally cold, formal, and ill calculated to develop individuality. He believes in the effectiveness of a closer, more intimate relationship, and it is such a relationship that he endeavours to maintain in his own classes. The object of the art school, as he sees it, is to develop talent, not to reduce all training to a fixed standard. He assumes at the outset that every student is potentially a great

artist, and he treats him as an individual. Attendance is voluntary, and the whole atmosphere of the classes is one of freedom. Mr. Ostrowsky directs and criticizes the work, but limits it as little as possible. Class tasks and exercises are avoided, and creative work is encouraged from the start. It is not improbable that he has hit upon a serious defect of our American art educational methods.

It is a praiseworthy work, this helping poor boys to a start, and American art lovers should consider it a privilege to encourage such movements, but there is something more in it than that.

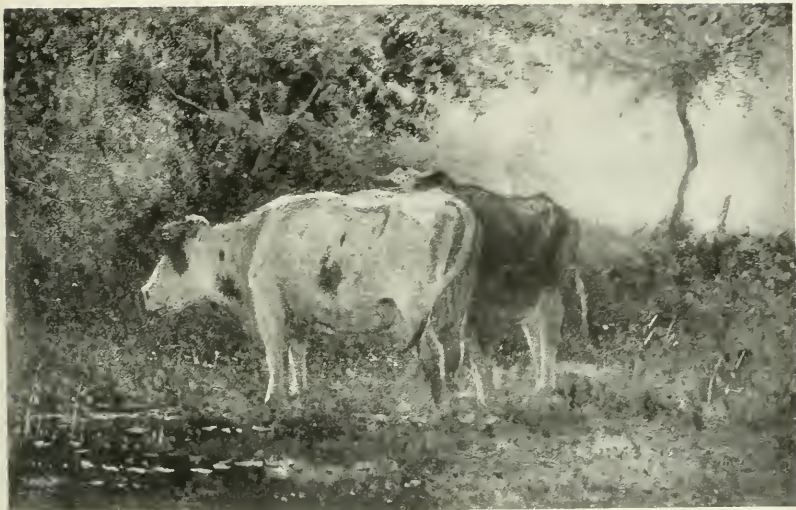
These students of drawing represent a class that can contribute something vital, something significant and colourful, to our American art if they are given a chance. Their predilections and tastes are peculiar to themselves; their abilities and their limitations reveal interesting contrasts. Still life they can manage with success, particularly when it involves a skillful arrangement of colour. Their landscapes, however, are, as a rule, crude. Living, as they have, the pent-up life of cities, with the economic pressure paramount and all life a struggle, they appear to have lost something of human appreciation of scenic beauty and the moods of Nature. It is in the human figure that the art of the tenements excels.

These young men come from people that have suffered, thought, and dreamed. Their tradition has been that of a bitter, often a hopeless, struggle upward. It has given them a serious rather than a fanciful cast of mind, with a hunger for improvement, an aspiration for better things. All this has created a type of understanding and sympathy which differs from that of the Anglo-Saxon. It is intensely human, and it appears to find its readiest and truest expression in the human attitude and countenance.

Looking at the matter academically, it is a good sign, this tendency of a class to express its artistic feeling in the delineation of the human face and figure. Our American artists have often excelled in portraying pure nature, the landscape and marine. Still, the noblest study of mankind is man, and our American art needs just what these Slavs and Jews and Orientals and immigrants from warm southern Europe can contribute. They can give us depth of thought and feeling, vividness, sympathy, mysticism, and emotion, and a fresh conception of the human soul as expressed in the human form and face.



STUART EDWARDS, ESQ.
AN AUTO-LITHOGRAPH
BY CARTON MOOREPARK



COWS

BY H. A. VAN INGEN

H. A. VAN INGEN, HIS LIFE AND HIS WORK
BY G. E. DE VRIES
*Manager of Netherlands Fine Arts
Department of the Panama-Pacific Exposition*

IN the tiny village of Renkum, in the very heart of the province of Guelderland, Holland—the country where such artists as Matthew and James Maris, Mauve de Bock, and others, made so many of their most notable paintings—lives that great little painter, Hendrikus Alexander van Ingen.

He was only discovered some five years ago, this shy, odd little genius. It was mere chance that my father, who was passing through the village, saw some paintings on the walls of the inn there and instantly knew them to be masterpieces. The innkeeper told him they had been done by an old man who lived down the street a ways, opposite the blacksmith's shop, and who supported himself by painting cows in the canvases of other artists for some two dollars apiece.

It was not hard to find the little painter. His bit of a house is flush with the main thoroughfare. Here he has lived for many years as a bachelor with Reikie, a rather simple-minded old relative

of his to do the housework. The whole establishment consists of a small living-room, kitchen, two bed-rooms and a room which Van Ingen calls his studio. Sketches of the blacksmith, across the way, decorate the walls of the entrance hall.

To reach the studio one must climb a very difficult stairway, which is about as straight as a ladder. And here sits Van Ingen working by a large north window in a room which does not bear the slightest resemblance to the luxurious studios in which so many of our painters delight. An old settee, a small slow combustion stove, and a little rug are its sole furnishings besides the simple easel and chair. In these, the days of his prosperity, he lives just as he did when my father found him. Fame and comparative wealth have not changed Van Ingen.

One can see by a glance at his face, with its furrowed lines and saddened eyes, that Van Ingen has been a man of deep emotional activity throughout those long years which he spent in such outward quiet that the near-by critics, who now hail him as master, knew nothing at all about him. Soon after Van Ingen was discovered, Dr. Frederick van Eeden, the great Dutch author, wrote: "I was far more astonished than at the discovery of Vincent van Gogh when, a

H. A. van Ingen—His Life and his Work

short time ago, I saw for the first time some work of the painter, H. A. van Ingen, who was entirely unknown to me, and heard that this genius had lived for over half a century in the centre of the Netherlands, that he has worked industriously and lived in poverty. One really ought to blame the critics for it. Such a man should have been discovered by people whose trade is art criticism."

Van Ingen remained unknown, I presume, for quite a different reason than did Vincent van Gogh. Vincent was not appreciated because his work was so extraordinary, so eccentric. Van Ingen's subjects, on the other hand, seemed commonplace, resembled the trivial, ordinary stuff which filled our periodic exhibitions. Nothing but cows, meadows, Dutch landscapes, and then again cows and cows. Yet cows form the inexhaustible motive of Potter, Cuyp, Berkemeyer, Kobell, Stortenbeker, Bilders Mauve, William Maris, Gabriel, and a few dozen others.

Van Ingen's paintings, many of which have probably sold for a few florins and been adorned with famous signatures, are jewels that can be distinguished as easily from paste, as work by Hals or Rembrandt may be identified, once experts are on the track. He paints the cow not as Potter painted it, in full vigour, fresh of colour, sweet of flesh; not as William Maris, who paints it shining in the fierce glare of the sun. To Van Ingen it suggests something entirely different. He sees the soft gray mist in the woods behind it—mist woven all around it and rising up from the grass like a sigh. He sees the kind, meek animal gazing towards the horizon with its big, dreamy eyes, or stretching its long neck towards the mother, seemingly less and less greedy, more and more satisfied at each draught.

He paints, deeply touched, joyful with the beauty of simple nature but also depressed by the melancholy influence of mist, silence and solitude. In consequence of his serious outlook on life, ever conscious of an unsatisfied ideal, his practised brush brings this sad, poetical mood into meadow, wood and sky, but most deeply into his grazing cows. His splendidly endowed soul stands in no need of the unusual. In Holland there is a sufficient number of able painters, but poetical souls are not numerous among them. And the great charm of Van Ingen is that through his poetical visions he surpasses the others in the art of stirring our emotions, although he may not always be

their superior from a purely technical point of view. The exterior subject is not his principal consideration, although he cares enough for it to allow it to be in harmony with the sentiment he desires to express. This pure harmony of emotion and execution lives in all his work. Even greater masters than he have rarely attained such harmonious combinations. The man and his work are stamped with individuality. All his work shows that he has given himself wholly to his art.

To do this he has had to fight constant poverty. He was born into a middle-class family in June, 1846, and as a boy worked in a bank as clerk. In his spare time he made sketches, principally of cows, and later he secured some guidance from an artist named Meinders, but never in connection with cows. Yet no one will deny that to-day he occupies the first place among the Dutch cow painters.

He has known few artists besides Meinders. Mauve was treated occasionally by him at the inn, since at one time he was even poorer than Van Ingen. And later on van Ingen met de Bock, who lived for many years in Renkum. Although not generally known it is, nevertheless, a fact that most of the cows in de Bock's best pictures were painted by Van Ingen for a mere pittance. But these men did not bring Van Ingen to the knowledge of the world outside of Renkum.

Only once is he known to have left his village, and that was when he went to see a special exhibition of his own work—the first one ever held. To do this he had to go one hour by street car to Arnhem, the capital of Guelderland. The time he spent at the exhibit was not fully five minutes and he did not seem particularly enthusiastic. His only comment was that he had known the pictures before.

This excessive modesty has not only kept him hidden all these years but has made it difficult for him ever to pronounce a picture finished. He constantly sees faults in his work and sometimes gets up in the middle of the night to change something. Not only this; he even changes pictures which he has sold. It is quite surprising to have a long-overdue canvas arrive with quite a different painting on it than the one which was bought. One would not mind so much if he would only use a fresh canvas for his new ideas, but no! he paints right over a completed masterpiece. It is hard for him to realize that he no longer needs to economize with canvases, that it is



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not necessary for him to use the pasteboard sample cards of button salesmen for his sketches, but the little habits of poverty cling to him yet.

His method of work is unusual. Some painters are able to move us to such an extent by what their colours endeavour to express that the medium they use, the paint, is not noticed. Van Ingen gave me an excellent opportunity to see how he accomplishes this phenomenon in which he so excels. He handles his paint boldly and yet so well that one grasps his concept of the subject and forgets the medium. The effect is magical.

Living in the frail and dreamily romantic atmosphere of Guelderland's nature, he was so filled with its radiance that, when he watched the cows drinking from a brook, with their rugged heads bent down and their massive rotundity contrasting with the green haziness of the landscape, expression of his emotions flowed from his brush. Van Ingen is certainly one of the greatest of a now almost bygone generation that made the Hague School famous. His is an art of pure love and entire surrender to a quiet, ideal nature.

To a certain extent one may deplore the fact that Van Ingen's art finds itself in the land which is the bustling centre of art dealers and art collectors, and doubtless the aged master longs for a return to former days when his solitude was uninterrupted. But he continues to paint what he likes without regard to public taste, putting ever higher demands upon himself, working without being influenced by anyone.

In Renkum they call him the little philosopher. He is always bright, always kind, and grateful for sincere appreciation. But neither fame nor riches have lured him. He remains untouched by the demands of the international art trade which so affected Mauve, Maris, and many others of our artists. He works on with restful industry, living for his art. And in each of his pictures there is recorded some fresh discovery of nature. The composition is always fine, the atmosphere powerfully felt. Van Ingen is an artist by the grace of God, a living example of the truth that education and academic training do not by themselves make an artist. Even now, at his advanced age, the paintings which he finishes—and these are very few—show all those qualities that we look for in the work of a man who is in the very prime of life.

It is a rare delight to roam with him through the fields. Wherever he looks it is "fine" or

"beautiful." But he prefers to be by himself because, as he says, "There is so much that needs to be done and I must study so much more."

There is one great obstacle to his plans, however—a very human obstacle. Poor little old Reikie has refused to work any longer. It is now Van Ingen who must do all the housework. He runs his hands through his hair and says in a distracted sort of way that he cannot take up many things he wants to, because he has his time full in looking after Reikie, whose infirmities have sorely tried her temper. But in all those years of poverty Reikie stood by him and worked hard, so, although he can now afford to pay for a good servant, he will not offend Reikie by turning her out. Can you not see him leaving some masterpiece to go and make a cup of tea for this little old relative of his?

Now at last some of his work has been brought to the United States. Although he was quite indifferent to the honour, six of his canvases were hung in San Francisco at the Panama-Pacific Exposition and I hope that before long it will be possible to show in various cities a retrospective exhibit of this little great painter, Van Ingen.

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS

AN exhibition of water-colour paintings by Winslow Homer and John S. Sargent was on view during November and was representative of the best work of both Homer and Sargent in this medium. Homer's group included some of the Houghton Farm series, the Tynemouth and Adirondack subjects, and also several from the Bahama Islands series. In the Sargent group were Venetian, Spanish, Swiss, Canadian Rocky Mountain and Florida subjects. These paintings were lent by many private collectors, notably Mrs. N. T. Pulsifer of Mountainville, New York; Mr. Martin A. Ryerson of Chicago; Mr. Desmond FitzGerald of Brookline, Massachusetts; Colonel Frank J. Hecker of Detroit, and also by public galleries, including the Smithsonian Institution of Washington (Freer collection), the Cincinnati Museum Association, the Brooklyn Museum and the Worcester Art Museum.

The art museums in Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, St. Louis and Rochester will give this exhibition during the season.



COWS

BY H. A. VAN INGEN



COWS

BY H. A. VAN INGEN



A NOAH'S ARK DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY ALLEN EATON AND FAMILY

ART IN TOYS

Now that America bids fair to secure a large share of the world's toy-making industry, it seems opportune to call attention from time to time to toys and toymakers that are far removed from the commercial mould, and to demonstrate instances where a true artistic spirit is at work striving that a different class of toy may arrive, with more chance of enthusing the child of to-day than the lifeless, unimaginative articles of yesteryear. In the enchanted realms of toy making as an art, Allen Eaton, family and friends, take a very high place. In their home, at Eugene, Oregon, nestling below a hill and girt in by oak and fir, about a mile from the State University, this busy family works with enthusiasm at different problems in toys which shall charm the child and also make it do some thinking for itself. The toys which usurp their greatest interest and expenditure of loving toil are a doll's house, a Noah's ark and an Oregon farm-house.

The doll's house, of which unfortunately there is no photograph at hand, was exhibited along with a Noah's ark in the Art Room of the Oregon Building at San Francisco, also in a New York exhibition of Art Associated with the Child under the auspices of the Art Alliance of America, where it provoked unusual interest. Chief credit is due Mrs. Eaton, Mr. Eaton supplying the enthusiasm for the more charming features. The fireplace

and chimney are made of clay out of the hill back of their house. They were fired in the pottery kilns, and the decorated tiles in the fireplace were done as larger ones would have to be done. The furniture has been made of the same materials and with as much care and more patience than would be required for real furniture. The rugs were braided or done on small hand looms. The curtains, draperies, bed coverings, etc., were made carefully by hand and from designs made for this room only. The curtains were printed from blocks.

The pottery and kitchen dishes were made of clay and baked in the usual way. The casement windows swing out. They are painted white, the exterior of the house stained gray. The floors all over the house are hardwood—maple—tongue and grooved little board flooring fitted, nailed and scraped as any hardwood floors. The boards are about the width of one's little finger. The electric light wiring is scientific and concealed, with separate switches for control. The little brick chimney that goes through the roof makes a charming incense burner. The smoke of good incense will curl up in lovely forms, as the smoke does from a little cottage chimney. The books on the long shelves, the kitten on the hearth, the real miniature piano, with a case to harmonize with the furniture, the miniatures that make pictures for the wall, and the little flower boxes outside and pots inside with their green

Art in Toys



AN OREGON FARM-HOUSE DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY ALLEN EATON AND FAMILY

and colored flowers, make this the most interesting doll house imaginable.

In the Noah's ark there are eighty-six animals with Mr. and Mrs. Noah. They are made out of boards—cedar, maple and alder—of different thicknesses, always thick enough to stand well alone. The more "bunched" the anatomy of an animal can be made, the less danger there will be of breaking. For instance, if a tiger's tail composes with his legs the toy will be much stronger than if it extends out behind him or curls away from his body. The material and its limitations

of strength must be observed. The forms are faithfully painted silhouettes in character.

The little Oregon farm is a facsimile of a real house and is made of a solid block of wood. The barn, sheds, fences of wood and little stones, the wagons, tools, machinery, horses, cattle, swine, sheep, chickens, ducks, children, hired men and girls, vegetable and flower gardens, trees and shrubs, all make up quite a complete little farm. The little figures, as a rule, are pointed at the bottom, so that they can be stuck into the earth or sand to hold them up.



MR. AND MRS. NOAH WITH MANY OF THE 86 ANIMALS

Students at Wanamaker's



Second prize for illustration in colour
AT THE DOG SHOW

BY HILDEGARD LUPPRIAN (PENNSYLVANIA)

STUDENTS AT WANAMAKER'S
In the past month Mr. Wanamaker, for the fourteenth time, has welcomed the Art Students and thrown open his galleries to a thousand competitive exhibits. We have already, in the past, lauded this great enterprise, which is the truest and most final expression of art patronage that can be imagined. The encouragement thus given to hosts of students who, at no cost to themselves, may exhibit their work,

receive prizes, and in many cases experience the satisfaction of seeing their pictures purchased by this untiring benefactor, is an encouragement to American art deserving of the highest recognition. We notice this year a higher standard of attainment, more vitality in the work; also a new class in jewellery and metal work has made the occasion farther reaching in its scope. It would be impossible in such an array of pictorial ambition to refer to individuals, but our illustrations reveal the good quality of the work done.



A prize in oil-painting class
EARLY MORNING, WINTER

BY GLADYS KEYSER SMITH (PENNSYLVANIA)



A prize in illustration class
SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE BY MARY KEATING (ILLINOIS)



A prize in illustration class
THE MISER

BY EDWARD RAMSDEN



THE ORGAN GRINDER

BY PEARL AIMAN (PENNSYLVANIA)



Special mention, oil-painting class
ABUNDANCE OF NATURE

BY CHARLES ST. PIERRE (ILLINOIS)



*Reproduction of an original drawing
Exhibited at the Ehrlich Print Gallery
Copyrighted by L. Raemaekers.*

THE ADVANCE ON DOUAMONT
BY LOUIS RAEMAEKERS



Courtesy Powell Art Gallery
CHILDREN BATHING

BY BERNITO REBOLLEDO CORREA

I N THE GALLERIES.

DESULTORY firing during November has become a veritable barrage of art with the approach of December. There is such a bewildering assortment of exhibitions that one can only touch lightly upon a few events. Of paramount importance is the great gathering of Italian primitives at the Kleinberger Gallery, representing a period of devotion to imagery and ritual, well described in Dr. Oswald Sirén's illuminating catalogue. We refrain from further mention of this exhibition for the reason that Mr. Raymond Wyer, the well-known critic, is preparing an article dealing with these pictures.

A private show of the Utah Coppermines, painted by Jonas Lie, to order, is a fitting counterblast to his Panama series and, in many respects, a great advance both in vision and technique. What Pennell and Vernon Bailey do in

black-and-white, Lie feels and expresses in luscious colour with admirable results. Lie has utilized the distant range of mountains, the great spaces that conjure up visions of pyramids and amphitheatres, with true dramatic instinct, making these masses integral with his portrayal of the busy day.

At the Macbeth Gallery is a one-man show, the work of Louis Betts, who in sincerity of purpose and great technical skill is rapidly attaining a very enviable position among that handful of American portraitists who have turned their backs upon the rank and file, satisfied only with a general's baton. Of particular allure are the two children portraits, Betty Smith and June Clarie, executed with glowing colour and the bravura of a Hals. The canvases of Miss Margaret Prendergast and Mrs. William Laimbeer call for particular notice for their fresh, unposed presentment. Betts might be truly recognized



THE WOOLWORTH FROM 23D STREET FERRY, NEW YORK

BY C. P. RISING



THROUGH THE WOODS

BY C. P. RISING



Exhibited at the Montross Galleries

YOUTH

BY CARTAINO SCARPITTA

as the portraitist-sans-pose. There is none discernible in himself nor in his sitters.

Scott & Fowles, through the instrumentality of Martin Birnbaum, have assembled a small collection of American art to illustrate the different tendencies to be found amongst our present-day painters and sculptors. The show is both diverting and educational in the juxtaposition of such contrasts as Dielerich and Korbel, Nadel-

man and Mrs. Whitney, Bellows and Dearth, C. H. Davis and Dougherty, who on this occasion makes his bow as a full-fledged symbolist. Chanler's azure screen gives an excellent tone to the exhibition. Lascari's beautifully drawn full-length figure of a woman, painted with subdued thin paint, is a noteworthy effort.

Water-colour shows are much in evidence, and when artists commence to take into consideration the limitations of the medium, interest will increase in leaps and bounds. At present everything that isn't oil is water-colour. A very false premise, indeed. The Pennsylvania Academy and New York Water Colour Club have been holding first-class exhibitions during November. At Philadelphia, miniatures, the great Pennell collection of English war work, shown in the Rotunda, and the serious murals by Violet Oakley in the North corridor, added immensely to the bright display of water-colours scattered through the various galleries. Amongst artists showing large groups were Gifford Beal, John J.



*Courtesy Klesinger Galleries
Loaned by Otto H. Kahn, Esq*

MADONNA AND CHILD
WITH ANGELS

BY BENEDITTO BONFIGLI

In the Galleries

Dull, Childe Hassam, Felicie Waldo Howell, Hayley Lever, E. Newell Marshall, W. H. de B. Nelson, Frederic Nunn and David B. Milne.

Two galleries very tastefully hung at the American Fine Arts Building housed the 400 and odd water-colours, miniatures and sculpture at the twenty-eighth annual exhibition of the New York Water Colour Club.

The *American Magazine of Art* published lately a description of the valley and adobe town of Taos, in New Mexico, which are attracting so many artists. Consequently the Taos Society of Artists has arisen and is displaying its initial exhibition at the Hotel Majestic Art Salon. The work of such men as Rolshoven, Duntton, Blumenshein, Couse, Berringhaus, Victor Higgins, Bert Phillips, Ofer and Sharp is guarantee of unusually fine production.

Dr. James P. Haney, Director of Art in the City High Schools, made some large pencil drawings for the members of the Art Alliance of America in their galleries on the afternoon of Saturday, October 6th. His talks dealt with drawings from nature and showed the methods used by artists when sketching in the open. Included in the sketches were several showing moving water in surf pictures of the Maine shore. The technique was also shown of some of the more difficult problems which present themselves to the



*Fine Art Alliance Exhibition, 1917, Philadelphia
Loaned by Dr. George Woodward*

NASSAU—WATER-COLOUR

BY WINSLOW HOMER

draughtsman who must render effects of light, shade and colour with his simple medium. Dr. Haney thus developed the drawings of the tree-covered New England hills, breaking storm clouds, and the sun baked marshes of the Massachusetts shore. This talk by Dr. Haney was coincident with an exhibition of the work of the New York University summer school of which he is Art Director. This work, together with work from other summer schools of New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Chicago, Minneapolis and New Orleans, was shown at the galleries of the Art Alliance of America, 10 East 47th Street, New York City, during October.

Thirty canvases and about the same number of etchings and drawings, the work of the late Wm. M. Chase, appeared in an exhibition opened to the public October 19th, in the galleries of the Art Alliance Building, 1823-25 Walnut Street, opposite Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia, continuing until November 2d. The collection is the property of Mrs. Chase, the widow of the painter, who was induced to place it on exhibition mainly through the efforts of Mr. Paul



Fine Art Alliance Exhibition, 1917, Philadelphia

SKETCH

BY WM. M. CHASE

King, Chairman of the Art Committee of the Alliance. Probably the most clever bit of painting there is his own portrait, absolutely individual in notation of essential character and executed with the master's finest technique. Two of his famous still-life pictures of *Fish* and two of studio properties, studies of brass bowls, ancient tomes from Spanish monasteries, and warm-toned draperies, are quite inimitable in their way. Portraiture by his hand was represented by creditable examples and a very fine figure subject entitled *Meditation*. A group of about twelve water colours by the late Winslow Homer, the property of Dr. George Woodward, were exposed in one of the rooms as a unit, lent by the President of the Alliance. Local living sculptors, Grally, Polasek, Laessle, and Dr. McKenzie sent a number of works in bronze and marble and most of them familiar to visitors of the annual exhibitions. The Arts and Crafts were represented by an extensive display of work by artists in wood and metal, jewellery, fabrics, ecclesiastical crosses and stained windows, book bindings and ceramics. The organization has just moved into the building from the old quarters at 17th and Chestnut Streets, and have taken possession prior to rebuilding, marking the occasion, by this show, the happy thought of Mrs. W. Yorke Stevenson.

Not much less than a million dollars will be the cost to the city of Philadelphia of acquiring the John G. Johnson collection of pictures, Federal and State inheritance taxes, insurance and maintenance forming the principal items that the testator provided should be paid by the City as one of the conditions of coming into possession. Appraisement of the collection at \$4,500,000 by Mr. Thos. E. Kirby and Mr. Wm. H. Goodyear, while probably far more than what was paid for it, must have been based on commercial values at the present day, when the work of many of the artists represented has disappeared from the market. Sufficient funds had not been appropriated by City Councils to pay the taxes, but the situation was met by transfer of money previously set aside for other municipal departments, to make up the deficiency. Following this step, an agreement to take possession was executed, October 11th, by Mayor Thos. B. Smith and the Pennsylvania Company for Insurance on Lives and Granting Annuities, trustee under Mr. Johnson's will. The recent death of General Edward Morell, one of the heirs of the estate, leaves his proportion

available as a fund for the maintenance of the collection, the will providing for that contingency and stating that \$25,000 annually should be used for that purpose.

The Philadelphia Sketch Club began its activities for the season with a dinner on October 13th, followed by a talk on "Architecture," by Mr. Theophilus P. Chandler, a director of the Pennsylvania Academy, and opening an exhibition of members' sketches made at Chester Springs, Provincetown, Addingham, and Ft. Washington.

At the Montross Galleries have been on exhibition two one-man shows, Allen Tucker, the painter, and Cartaino Scarpitta, the sculptor. The oils of Allen Tucker recommend themselves for their directness, simplicity and pure colour, especially interesting being a seated figure of a girl reading a book, and a couple of marines. His treatment of trees with the appearance of Chinese pagodas is a mannerism that he will overcome. Very few artists handle trees with reverence, and Allen Tucker is not of those. The sculpture of Scarpitta reveals some well characterized heads of marked ability in modelling. He is not the first artist to register a failure when it comes to Lincoln. At his best, and a very good best, too, he reveals himself in his scriptural bas-reliefs, his delicate treatment of the youthful girl figure, and in his masterly little piece representing a horse's head, not anatomically treated, but an epitome of equine suffering when compelled to toil for man.

The work of the Chilean artist reproduced on page lxiv, who is quite unacquainted with Sorolla, is an unusual study in life size. We may hear more of him.

In the daintily caparisoned galleries of The Touchstone (affiliated with the magazine) is an exhibition of singular attraction by a very bold student of colour, Violet Mège, an Algerian who paints her native land, showing rich colour effects where light is not forced by shadow, her shadows being almost negligible in values. Her figure work is good, especially in the portrait of a woman and a violinist.

BUREAU OF ADVICE ON PAINTINGS

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO gives authoritative opinions upon old and modern paintings. Mr. Raymond Wyer, who is a recognized authority, is in charge of this department and will give special attention to letters addressed to this magazine under the above heading.



IN THE SUNSHINE FROM THE
WATER-COLOURS BY SIR EDWARD J
POYNTER BART. P.R.A.

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THE FRENCH PAINTER, HENRI CARO-DELVILLE BY STELLA RUBINSTEIN

MUCH is heard now-a-days about decadence in art, and especially about the ultra modern painters who seem either to excite frantic admiration or complete disdain. In looking at these art productions people too often feel only amused instead of trying to find out at what the artist is aiming in his numerous studies and in his search of a new form of expression which he feels and foresees, but for which he has not yet found a definite form. We live, indeed, in a transitional period, when in all phases of life mankind

is striving to define its position and is also searching for an ideal which it feels is about to reveal itself. In art this uncertainty is most evident. It is not our aim nor is this the place to try to define the causes of this uncertainty. However, if we have touched upon it in a few words, it is simply because we are going to speak of a painter who by some is called ultra modern, by others is thought to be in arrears, but whose expression in art is quite different from either of the above views.

We shall briefly recall the artistic development of Mr. Caro-Delville, who, having fought for about a year in the trenches, came to America, where he had been known for some time as a



L'OFFRANDE DES AMANTS

BY H. CARO-DELVILLE

The French Painter, Henri Caro-Delvaile

very distinguished portrait and fresco painter.

Born in 1876 in Bayonne, in southern France, Mr. Caro-Delvaile has the good fortune to belong to a family whose intellectual talents and artistic qualities were notable. His grandfather was well known in the literary and scientific world. Among his writings are translations into French of Spanish literature of the 15th century. His mother was a poet and writer and it is probably these two persons, so tenderly beloved by the painter, who contributed to a large extent in moulding his soul. They both encouraged his artistic temperament, and his grandfather himself completed his education. As a child, Caro-Delvaile already showed a great interest in design. Encouraged in this natural inclination by his mother and by his grandfather, he was opposed by his father, who, being a banker, would have liked to see his son become a business man too. In accordance with his father's wishes, after completing his college education, he went into business at seventeen years of age. The two years following were a time of torture for both father and son. As neither was willing to concede to the other's views, the artist went into the army, where he stayed for nearly two years. An accident to his leg decided his future career, for it was after this that his father finally consented to let his twenty-year-old son go to Paris to study painting.

In Paris his new and real life began. Already in his native city Caro-Delvaile took courses in design and painting. Arrived in Paris he entered the atelier of the well-known painter Bonnat, but in spite of his great renown, Bonnat was no inspiration to Caro-Delvaile. Academic work was all that was offered him there, and what he wanted most was to study life in all of its aspects so that later he could transfer its beauty to canvas. Mr. Caro-Delvaile, therefore, soon abandoned Bonnat, rented an atelier of his own, and lived there in absolute solitude for about four years, working without intermission from ten to twelve hours daily. With the clear intelligence and subtlety so characteristic of him, he developed in perfection all of his natural qualities. He spent many hours in the Louvre studying the work of old masters, taking notes of them but never copying any of the pictures. During the four years which he spent in this way in complete retirement and study, he never exhibited any of his work, and when in 1901 he

sent to the Salon his first two pictures, *Le Thé* and *La Manicure*, they created a sensation. Everybody wanted to know who the great master was and how he had developed. Nobody, however, knew anything about him and the public has had to be contented with the works themselves.

What the public most appreciated in his works was their great simplicity, the perfect harmony of movement and colour scheme and the beauty of line in the pictures as a whole. They saw in him a follower of Manet, but Caro-Delvaile, though admiring Manet's work, never tried to imitate him. The reason perhaps for this comparison is due to the fact that they both were much influenced by the Spanish masters, whom they equally admired and whose works they studied intensively. As for Caro-Delvaile, he had the opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with them during his frequent visits to Spain, where he went with his father. Later he was essentially influenced by the Greeks, by Titian and by paganism as a whole. His especial enthusiasm was the study of the nude. Two years after his first exhibition, when he sent to the Salon a nude figure of a sleeping woman personifying Summer, the picture, so full of passion and life, attracted to him both frantic enthusiasm and adverse criticism. Among his admirers was the famous sculptor, Rodin, and the not less famous painter Carrière. His reputation was made. He received commission after commission, and among the numerous portraits asked of him were those of Madame Edmond Rostand, Madame Simon, Jane Rolly and others. But though continuing to do portrait work his favorite theme was the nude figure, in which he succeeded in combining the most modern tendencies with the beauty and spirit of ancient Greece. It is generally considered that portraiture and the study of the nude are rather rivals than associates. However this may be, with Caro-Delvaile these two tendencies not only went together but they succeeded in creating a third genre, that of the fresco. In this particular field of fresco painting he was mostly attracted by Giotto and by the productions of the Gothic period. Discipline, calmness and simplicity, so evident in his fresco painting, are consequences of his familiarity with mediæval art. He evokes in these canvases the atmosphere of simplicity in his grouping and in the expressions. The figures, move freely and uncon-



MA FEMME ET MA PETITE FILLE
BY H. CARO-DELVILLE

The French Painter, Henri Caro-Delvaile

ventionally. In this field he has already distinguished himself through the decorations for private residences, such as the one of Edmond Rostand, the great French poet, and James Hill, of New York.

If we try to define the different aspects of his talent, we find in him not only a painter of prime importance, but a very distinguished writer and lecturer as well. His book on Titian is highly appreciated among men of letters. The publishing of his book on Greek art was interrupted by the outbreak of the war. He is also about to complete an important work entitled *La Vie des Images et des Idées*. As a lecturer he distinguished himself in the Louvre and in other institutions both in Paris and in New York. However, his life-work is painting and, as we have seen, it assumes different forms. The picture which the French government bought in 1904 and which is now in the Musée de Luxembourg in Paris, *Ma Femme et ses Soeurs*, shows his characteristics in composition and in portraiture. One can admire in it the admirable simplicity of the poses, the fineness of execution and the atmosphere of intimacy and elegance which envelops the person seated at the table, playing checkers. Three of his sisters-in-law are absorbed in the play, while the wife of the artist, in a graceful attitude, full of maternal love, is nursing her baby and her youngest sister is bringing in refreshments. An atmosphere of poetry and elegance pervades the picture. This same atmosphere contributes much toward beautifying the scenes of every-day life which the painter finds around him. His brush-work is free—the unnecessary details are completely eliminated, the essential things brought out in relief, the personages draped and grouped with refinement. All these natural qualities of the painter can be observed in almost all of his works, where the feeling of poetry and beauty are associated with an exact observation of life. In his nude figures, so greatly influenced by Greek art and by Titian, we feel the joy which the painter experiences in evoking human forms on canvas. The Latin sensuousness of the painter and his love for Greek art are evident in them.

The exhibition of his latest productions, which is now being held in New York in the new galleries of Gimpel & Wildenstein, offers a rare opportunity for a comparative study of the various genres of his productive and matured genius.

For matured it is, and it shows us fine examples of portraiture, of nudes and of mural paintings.

Portraiture is well represented. Among other masterful examples there are the portraits of the well-known medal sculptor Spicer-Simson and his wife. The first shows us the artist working at a medal at a moment when he interrupted his work to gaze before him. The picture is in light-brown tones, which gives it an atmosphere of restfulness and harmony. The hands are modelled with a rare understanding and scientific knowledge, and the face is a remarkable example of expressiveness and likeness at the same time. The portrait of Mrs. Spicer-Simson, in which a pearl-gray tone predominates, is in its pose, simplicity and colour harmony a charming illustration of the artist's talent. The portrait, however, in which most clearly all his natural qualities are brought out, is the one of his wife and little daughter. It is an exquisite idyll of maternal love portrayed with much poetry and subtlety. All unnecessary details seem eliminated. The charming background, as in the French miniatures and tapestries of the Gothic period, does not overshadow the subject represented, which comes out in all its serenity and beauty. The mother and daughter stretch out their arms to each other in irresistible affection. The scene is full of intimacy and charm of expression and colour.

There is also the charming portrait of Madame Cartier and daughter, the one of Mrs. Mandel, the portrait, so full of life, of Mr. Denys Amiel, and the one of Mr. Bryson Burroughs.

When, from portraiture, we pass to the nudes, we are in the presence of some masterly examples. Two of them, the *Femme à la Coupe* and the *Femme au Voile Gris*, are treated in the manner of fresco painting and were composed for a patrician boudoir. They are most decorative. The colour scheme is of great interest in these two pictures and the ensemble is homogeneous and atmospheric. There are few variations in tones and only small details here and there accentuate and give poise to the whole composition, as, for instance, in one of the paintings the cap is in pure red, the hair net in rose, the very black flowers on the blue ground of the veil, and in the other picture the orange tassels in the gray scarf and the sea-green pearls in the hair. Arabesque borders frame, most decoratively the principal scenes.



LE BAIN
BY H. CARO-DELVAILLE

The French Painter, Henri Caro-Delvaile

The two other nudes, one representing *La Femme à la Grappe*, and the other *Le Bain*, are composed in quite a different spirit. They are examples of purely plastic art conceived as a solid plane in a coloured atmosphere. The colour of the flesh which has such a beautiful intonation is obtained through the superposition of translucent tones over a ground which is both luminous and solid. The combination of solid planes and the radiant power of the colours gives to the body its mystery and rectitude. This architectural conception which is so full of life and vibration can be observed first in the Greek productions and later in the Venetian school—especially in the works of Titian, also in some of the works by Rubens, Fragonard and Renoir.

Coming now to the wall decorations, we see on exhibition two quite important ensembles and very different from each other. One of them is composed of three decorations, *À la Jeunesse*, made for a rustic hall in a country house. The first panel is called *Le Retour du Printemps*, the second *La Fontaine d'Amour*, and the third *L'Offrande des Amants*. The first scene is conceived in the manner of a low relief and with very delicate modelling so as to show the whole scene on the same level. The rhythm is developed in the movement going from the left to the right through the repetitions of the same attitudes in moving and in the way the feet touch the ground. It is like a poem of the innocent joy of living. What the artist wanted to bring out in this representation is both the acidity and the charm of the awakening of Spring. The symbolical figure of Spring itself is conceived in the same ambiguous but charming manner. It makes androgynous appeal with its feminine smile and its masculine power combined with an undulating and flexible movement. The other persons representing Youth are following. Their unconscious sensuality is concealed behind the dreams of the purest ideals. The other two panels are calm visions of loves without agitation and without false shame, as they were regarded in classic times. In *La Fontaine d'Amour* is a clear atmosphere with light colours sustained by strong accents red and black. The young couples move harmoniously, lost in their innocent dreams of passionate love. The composition itself is conceived in the manner of a low relief and through its voluntary simplification does not leave any doubt as to the real meaning of the subject. The

third panel, *L'Offrande des Amants*, shows the same conception and execution.

The second ensemble of mural decorations is also comprised of three panels, but they have a different destination. Painted for a library or a reception room, they represent *Meditation*, *Dissertation* and *Contemplation*.

The three representations, so largely inspired by Eastern productions, are nevertheless in their final expression purely Occidental. They could be compared to fresco paintings of the Middle Ages through the artist's voluntary simplification, where accents here and there count as a medium of expression.

Mr. Caro-Delvaile in his article in *The New France* of October, 1917, on decorative painting, defines exactly what is required in fresco painting when he says, "Fresco requires not an imitation of reality, but its transcription in more intelligible terms. It is calculated to present its subject from a distance, playing an architectural as well as a structural rôle. It must be one with the room; it must neither 'bore into' the wall deeper than its deepest shadows, nor be more brilliant than its most brightly lighted regions. In a word, it must stay flat. Now the less apparent be the chiaroscuro of the fresco, the better will the quality of its tones preserve its limpidity and colouring power. Thus fresco gives intensive power to plastic eloquence: line, modelling, colour, values—all are as if separated by analysis and synthetically reassembled."

The three decorative panels which we have described are admirable examples of the artist's theory of fresco painting. In their grouping, colour scheme and composition they express the qualities the artist requires in this field of painting and they perfectly bring out the greatness of his latest production. In the *Meditation*, the atmosphere of the scene represented is kept in rose. The vivid red of the mantle of the thinker forms a harmonious centre in the picture. The black colour of the other personage contrebalances it happily, bringing into the light atmosphere more solidity. The rose-grayish rocks, the sky in which gray, light brown and mauve are predominant, and the vermilion mountains, complete harmoniously the principal scene. In the *Dissertation*, the atmospheric limpidity is in accord^{ance} with the precision of the ideological motive. The lapis mountains stand out against a jade sky and the sumptuous garments in green

The French Painter, Henri Caro-Delvaile



MEDITATION

BY H. CARO-DELVAILE

and blue, red and gold, gray and old rose, mauve and blue, are in perfect accordance with the subject represented. The same intimate association is seen in the third panel, the *Contemplation*, of which the atmosphere is phantasmagorical and where the mountains enveloped by the twilight harmonize with the intensely blue sky, with the black rocks and with the thinker dressed in orange.

We will close this article with a few words on several panels upon which still life is represented.

Two of these panels show baskets of fruits,

two others flowers. The fruits are conceived in an ample volume, with a perception of fecundity and abundance. The life of the substance itself is obtained through the quality of the tone in its most intensive value, and through the background in which blue reflects on the milky-white ground. The panels representing flowers show an exceptional harmony of full tones such as the vermillon red of the vase in opposition to the delicate tones of the flowers—and these accords may be compared, because of their contrast, to the music of Debussy.



DISSERTATION
BY H. CARO-DELVAILLE



Courtesy Philip Lehman, Esq.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY BY DOMENICO VENEZIANO

P RIMITIVES AND OTHERS
BY RAYMOND WYER

UNWONTED importance attaches to the recent loan exhibition of Italian primitives at the new Kleinberger Galleries. For one reason, it served as a dignified house-warming for an old-established firm that has just moved into more suitable quarters; then again it revealed an attitude towards a certain manifestation of art indulged in by several famous collectors, and last, but not least, the public open to æsthetic emotion had the welcome opportunity of beholding a rich assortment of quality pictures stripped for the nonce from private niches and walls to form an unique assembly of paintings which were hung about the different galleries with exquisite arrangement.

Before these various masterpieces were restored to their owners an evening was set aside

for an informal talk upon the exhibition by Professor Oswald Sirén, which besides adding to the funds of the Red Cross afforded fascinating comment upon the earlier periods of art in connection with many of the treasures around, which were shown upon the screen and subjected to expert discussion. And, whilst mentioning this fact, we would like to recommend a more frequent employment in galleries of such methods of making important exhibitions doubly attractive.

It has just been remarked that this display revealed an attitude towards a certain manifestation of art indulged in by several famous collectors. Now, if a peer or a peer's son should assert himself as a Tory, or being a Protestant should proclaim himself as attached to the Church of England, his frame of mind would be so logical that all comment might be spared, and, indeed, one would not necessarily harbour the feeling of being in the presence of an individual of marked spiritual attainment, but if the same person, regardless of your opinion or of mine, should pronounce radical sentiments, we may at least give him credit for thinking. Now this holds by analogy with the collector of paintings. In the pursuit or hobby of amassing canvases, anyone without mental stirrings may evince a preference for English or French portraiture of the 18th century, or again he may take æsthetic refuge in the sheltered domain of the Barbizon school, for it is a natural state of mind to approve such products inasmuch as they represent and recall conditions with which the mind is on familiar terms, being more or less part of the lives we lead. The acquisition of such pictures proclaims at best good taste. When, however, a collector pins his faith and affection to primitives, such allegiance can only arise from thought. He is in fact indulging in an acquired taste, seeing that primitives reflect conditions in their outward manifestation that are foreign to our experience and with which we are of necessity unfamiliar and from which the 20th century is sternly remote. The collecting of primitives therefore betokens a thinking mind. Whilst upon the subject it would be well if somebody would formulate exactly when a primitive may or may not be described as such. At present the appellation serves as a blanket description for any early uncouthly drawn painting of archaic character and extends over the centuries into Renaissance



Courtesy Michael Friedsam, Esq.

THE MADONNA AND CHILD

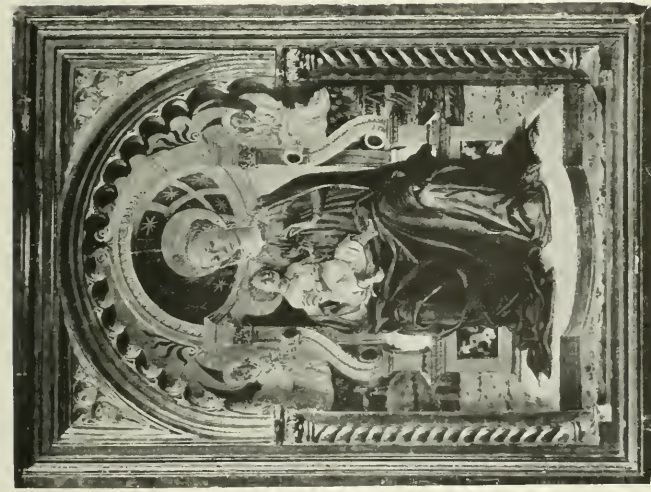
BY BASTIANO MAINARDI



Courtesy George and Florence Blumenthal

THE MADONNA AND CHILD

BY FOLLOWER OF FRA FILIPPO LIPPI



Courtesy Klenberger Galleries

THE MADONNA AND CHILD

BY MATTEO DA GUALDO



Courtesy Harold I. Pratt, Esq.

THE MADONNA AND CHILD

BY GOSIMO TURA

times, only halting where formalism and sacerdotal sanction have grudgingly yielded to unfettered and more realistic expression. In its present use the word primitive would appear to be too elastic in its application.

The very name Primitives demands a definition, but so far no one seems able to comply. To say that all art in Italy up to a certain date is primitive would be an easy explanation, but unsatisfactory for the reason that Italian cities developed at separate periods and their artists did not advance together technically nor did they adapt themselves simultaneously to the new spirit. To decide whether a painting is primitive, one must look for these characteristics: immaturity, lack of sophistry and a general feeling of archaism in drawing and presentment. This, I am aware, is no definition, nor do I propose to submit one, but rather content myself with remarking that primitive art is art in the cradle, technically and in spirit, not the art of a sophisticated age nor of the first enlightened period, but of a time when the craftsman was cognizant of his limited powers and ever a student of life's mystery, his technique being overpowered by individual and spiritual significance.

This collection bears witness not alone to the struggles and successes of the 14th, 15th, and 16th-century artists, but, reflected in their paintings, to the vicissitudes of mankind, the contests of committees and nations, their social, religious and moral problems expressed in tortuous and dislocated lines pure and beautiful in colour, suggestive of spiritual impulse, later with sumptuous colour, culminating their protracted research into ancient civilization, religious activity and upheavals, their worth marked by intellectual and moral introspection. Content arising from commercial prosperity produced an art reflecting glorious attainments, intellectual and aesthetic, likewise a people capable of enjoying the spirit of art whilst relegating the practice of religion to the Sabbath.

The space at my disposal permits only brief mention of a few alluring examples. Siense art dating back to *circa* 1220 is represented by a *Madonna and Child*, by Guido di Siena. In spite of Byzantine influence in general design, long narrow eyes and other minor earmarks, drawing and colour betoken certain qualities of refinement which characterize later Siense art. The small

Madonna and Child by Margaritone d'Arezzo, the earliest Florentine example in the exhibition, hints at a new enthusiasm springing from and nourished upon the embers of Byzantine art.

The *Madonna and Child* doubtfully attributed to a follower of Fra Filippo Lippi might very well have been accredited to the painter of *The Coronation of the Virgin* in the Academy of Fine Arts at Florence and the Prato frescoes. It has, however, characteristics which call to mind a lesser master, as Professor Sirén intimates, possibly Zenobe Machiavelli. Whoever the artist, the picture possesses distinction and is admirably composed, showing proportionate values of worldly and monastic sentiment.

Another distinguished picture, lent by Mr. J. P. Morgan, is the *Portrait of Giovanna Tornabuoni* by Domenico Ghirlandaio and too famous to call for comment. Bastiano Mainardi, brother-in-law and pupil of Domenico, is represented by the *Madonna and Child*. His art is ever pleasing, his types lovely and his colour satisfying. What he lacks in subtlety and originality is atoned for by sturdy and normal sentiment that can never be regarded as only sweet.

The Ferrarese school was represented by *The Madonna and Child* by Cosimo Tura, its founder. Slightly fantastic and mystical, Tura's work abounds in originality, vigour, angularity, combined with lyrical charm. It bears favorable comparison with a similar subject, also his work, in Bergamo.

The Madonna and Child by Matteo da Gualdo who worked at Gualdo and Assisi in the latter part of the 15th century is a picture well calculated to deceive the student, for though in design and arrangement it recalls the Ferrarese school, yet in spirit and execution it no more resembles a Cosimo Tura than a Signorelli might be said to resemble a Raphael. The rose colour of the Virgin's tunic, the green of her mantle and the white tunic of the child along with the repeated green of the grass make a delicate and harmonious composition. Though the fancy and poetry of Cosimo are wanting, we are compensated by an excessive refinement in form and colour with a spirit of gentle reserve and an absence of emphasized mannerism.

The seven panels by Giovanni di Paolo depicting scenes from the life of John the Baptist are well known in Chicago, having been seen with other primitives at the Art Institute. These are owned



Courtesy Kleinberger Galleries

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN

BY LORENZO LOTTO



Courtesy Kleinberger Galleries

THE ANNUNCIATION

BY A SICILIAN PAINTER (LATE 15TH CENTURY)

by Martin A. Ryerson, who has the unusual talent of appreciating and collecting the best in primitives as in modern art, especially French.

Very little is known of Domenico Veneziano. He is a reputed Venetian who worked, according to Vasari, between 1435 and 1461. Important paintings ascribed to him include *The Madonna Enthroned with Saints*, in the Uffizi Gallery, originally painted for the high altar of St. Lucia de' Bardi, in the National Gallery, London, a couple of heads of saints forming part of a fresco, and *The Martyrdom of St. Lucy* in the Berlin Museum. His *Portrait of a Lady* may be accounted one of the most charming pictures on view, being rich in design, beautiful in line and colour and exquisitely refined. Its previous attribution was given to Piero della Francesca. According to Professor Sirén, a portrait with similar qualities has recently been added to Mrs. T. L. Gardner's collection at Boston.

In conclusion, I must not overlook mention of a very fine Botticelli; a portrait by Giuliano de' Medici; an important Fra Angelico; *The Madonna and Child with Angels* by the Perugian master, Benedetto Bonfigli, very rich and transparent in colour with characteristic blend of loveliness and devotion; a Piero Pollaiuolo with his usual poise; an exceptionally fine Leandro Bassano; two Tintoretto portraits and very rich examples by Girolamo Mazzuola and Lorenzo Lotti.

BOOK REVIEWS

INTERIOR DECORATION FOR MODERN NEEDS. By Agnes Foster Wright. (The Frederick A. Stokes Co., Publishers, New York.) Price \$2.25.

How can we be artistic, practical, and at the same time economical? is the present cry of wartime decorators. To such perplexed individuals, as well as to readers who are not so vitally concerned, Mrs. Wright's book on "Interior Decoration for Modern Needs" will be interesting and of practical value.

There are detailed chapters on colour, the treatment of walls, wood-work, and lighting fixtures; and very helpful and original ideas are to be found in the chapters on kitchens and service quarters.

Several completed colour schemes are suggested. Every point is fully explained and clearly visualized, and presented in a practical manner which

should be generally appreciated—especially by those of us who have found the ideas expressed by some of the modern decorators somewhat bewildering.

The sixty-eight illustrations consist of photographs of artistically furnished rooms and sketches of particular problems.

The author's experience as an artist and decorator is manifest throughout the book, and it is one which we can highly recommend to every one who wishes to make the home individual, complete, and artistic.

CREATORS OF DECORATIVE STYLES. By Walter A. Dyer. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) Price \$3.00.

This book is differentiated from others on the decorative periods by the fact that the author has traced the development of the periodic styles through the *personalities* of the masters of applied art who were the creators of the dominant styles of each successive period. The knowledge of the lives and purposes, education and ideals of these leaders of artistic thought and creative ability gives us an understanding and interest which would not be derived from studying the periods classified merely as decorative eras.

Eleven of the creators of architectural and decorative styles in England are discussed, beginning with Inigo Jones, who lived in the latter part of the Renaissance, and taking us down to the Georgian period, which is distinguished by Chippendale, Heppelwhite, the Adam brothers, and Sheraton. We are given an insight into the lives of such men as Grinling Gibbons and Sir Christopher Wren, and a point of interest is the important influence of the social and religious life of the times on the character of their work.

The illustrations are photographs of furniture, architectural designs, and bits of detail, most of the originals of which are to be found in the museums and in private collections. There are also a few reproductions of paintings of the artists themselves.

Within the past few years a new interest has been awakened in America in that branch of decorative and applied art which is exemplified in the decorating and furnishing of homes. To understand and appreciate that which is best to-day a knowledge of the styles which have stood the test of time is necessary, and Mr. Dyer's book should give us a better understanding of the true significance of these styles.

Book Reviews

HOW TO STUDY ARCHITECTURE. By Charles Henry Caffin. (Dodd Mead & Co.) Price \$3.50.

Of books which are written to exploit some fad or "movement" of transient and problematical value, there may well be too many. We might well dispense, too, with the books which are written to exploit the mere personal opinion of an opinionated critic, who misconceives his rôle to be that of a dictator rather than an interpreter and mentor.

But among those books which are to be immediately welcomed, and placed in all public libraries, are those which are written with a view to making easier the road to a "liberal education."

When Thomas Jefferson designed the buildings for the University of Virginia, and made all the plans for "Monticello," his own home, the liberal education of a gentleman was regarded as including an intelligent appreciation of architecture and even some knowledge of architecture. Architecture was one of the "Classics."

To-day, however, architectural appreciation and knowledge are met with in instances so few as to be negligible. Most people honestly do not feel any interest in the subject; others shun it under the misapprehension that it is "technical," and therefore beyond their understanding. And this in an age when architecture is not only more vitally interesting in itself, but more vitally in need of popular understanding than at any past period of the world's history.

The year past, however, has seen the appearance of several essentially *popular* treatises on architecture, the latest of which, Mr. Caffin's "How to Study Architecture," must prove a valuable contribution to the ever-growing movement toward popularizing the subject.

It is not that a lay knowledge of architecture will enable us to dispense with the architect, for this is neither a possible nor a desirable hypothesis. The result will be, rather, that the lay student of architecture will find himself able to understand what the architect is doing, will become a competent judge of buildings in general so that he can intelligently determine when the architect has done a fine thing, or has failed.

Every building is an irrefutable testimonial or indictment of the architect who designed it, and reams of critical comment, one way or the other, are not worth as much as one glance in-

spired by knowledge and architectural perception.

Mr. Caffin's book is very thorough—perhaps too thorough in the amount of space devoted to the earliest phases of architectural development, at the expense of space which might, with more benefit to the lay student, have been given to the architecture of the Renaissance. Antiquarian by-paths, however, are fascinating, and their danger lies only in wandering too far away from the main highroad of architectural development. The author has kept to an excellent insistence upon the architectural fundamental of *expressiveness* in buildings of every period and every kind, and has not neglected the important bearing of local and historical influences upon the trend of style. He is, at times, in danger of seeming a bit empirical on the question of relating plan to exterior, and though the relation is one of basic importance, the lay student cannot but find it an involved one in the case of modern edifices which are treated with classic façades.

Although the whole of past architectural expression is inseparably bound up in the architecture of to-day, a little more detailed consideration might well have been given to the latter, since, as the author very truly observes, architecture is an art which is closely in contact with the lives of all of us to-day.

The book purports to convey no new discovery, nor to be inspired by new critical vision on the subject of architecture. Nor, fortunately, is it a vehicle for exploiting personal opinions on architecture—it is simply a readable history written for the non-professional reader, and made more valuable for him by its illustrations and the convenient reference for architectural terms found in the glossary.

In the last part of the seventh chapter, which Mr. Caffin calls "The Present Situation," more might be said, though the space which had necessarily to be devoted to the historic evolution of the past may have made such an enlargement impossible. Most of the observations upon "The Present Situation," however, are both sound and germane, and one of these may well form the conclusion of this notice of Mr. Caffin's valuable popular treatise on architecture. ". . . The architecture of to-day is true or false, good or bad, reasonable or admirable, not because it does or does not conform to such and such types, but because it succeeds or fails in meeting the practical and aesthetic requirements of to-day."

The New Yamanaka Galleries

THE NEW YAMANAKA GALLERIES

THE new art rooms of Yamanaka & Company, the newest home of oldest art on Fifth Avenue, the East is presented to the West in an atmosphere of reciprocal understanding most agreeable, and one is tempted to say altogether rare. The place—for one hesitates to call it a shop—offers, too, besides pleasure and opportunity, the possibilities of friendly instruction and study.

The entrance hall is taken in its permanent features from Horyuji—the oldest temple in Japan, dating from the Suiko period (A. D. 593-650?), at the ancient capital, Nara. Nara, in its very name, with the association of the temple, recalls to fortunate visitors of that beautiful region one of the most characteristic and interesting features of the country, the sacred spotted deer, who nudge the stranger's very elbow in friendly reminder if he does not take the initiative in offering them food and the tribute of age-long respect to which they have been accustomed. It revives, too, in memory, the soft music of one of the most wonderful-toned bells in the world. And to the unfamiliar, this borrowed design, transplanted to New York, opens an engaging way to the Island Empire—to old Japan, though in new guise.

The walls are of an Arizona stone which most Americans even do not recognize, selected by the Japanese architect Mr. T. S. Rockrise; and what a task the Japanese had to induce American workmen to rough-hew its surface, and turn the seams between the blocks from the abhorred straight and precise line. The effect justifies the effort, and otherwise would have been unobtainable.

The engaged columns are in a natural plain oak, finished with a quiet and impressive individuality; the ceiling exhibits *howo* medallions (Phoenix) in gold, and the floor is of blue stone. Here stand the great Cloisonné enamel lions from Peking, guarding the threshold traditionally and marking a transition from Japan to China. For just beyond the Japanese temple hall the capacity of this first story, for exhibition and utility, has been greatly increased by a balcony and bridge designed in effect after the tomb of Kuan Ti (God of War), at Kai-Feng-Fu, China, near the Lung-Men (or rock temples), the newel posts surmounted by dogs Fu, copied from the Kuan Ti Tomb originals. (These the imagination must at

present supply, as the statuettes, cast in bronze, have not yet arrived, owing to war's delays.)

The architect ascribes the happy selection of this Kai-Feng-Fu balcony design to Mr. D. J. R. Ushikubo, the New York manager of the Yamanaka firm. After adopting it, Mr. Rockrise determined to link Japan with China by way of Korea, and went for decoration of the balcony woodwork to Korean ornament of the sixth century; so that the Land of the Rising Sun, the Land of the Morning Calm and the Flowery Kingdom are all intimately united in art here on Fifth Avenue.

Opportunity to study Oriental art abounds, since the galleries on the floor above are given to carefully selected productions of the ancient artists and artisans of the three countries. This second floor, with its ten individual rooms, from Mr. Ushikubo's library on Fifth Avenue to the cosy roof garden with temple lanterns and garden seats, above John D. Rockefeller's grounds on the west, is in its aspect less a store than a home, and the personal impression it makes is graceful, hospitable and artistic.



ONE OF THE GUARDIAN LIONS
AT THE ENTRANCE

The Element of Choice in the Realm of Modern Furniture

THE ELEMENT OF CHOICE IN
THE REALM OF MODERN FUR-
NITURE
BY C. MATLACK PRICE

ALTHOUGH the subject of interior decoration has engaged popular attention to a remarkable extent for some years past, and although its principles (seemingly simple) have been extensively set forth in word and picture, it seems still a thing as veiled in ritual as the Eleusinian Mysteries, a thing regarding which one should consult an oracle or cast a horoscope, a thing "Whose presence, through Creation's veins, Running quicksilver-like, eludes your pains."

Like architecture, interior decoration has been too little regarded as the possession of every one of us, an intimate part of our lives, and has been too little viewed in the light of simple common sense, too little expressive of personal tastes, convictions and preferences.

In no other age or land have the essential materials of interior decoration been so varied or so accessible as in this country to-day. Even five years ago the amateur furniture fancier, the humbler relation of the wealthy connoisseur, had not at his call the remarkable range of really excellent adaptations of historic furniture now open to him, if he will but advise himself of its scope.

The scope of modern furniture reproductions, indeed, is too broad for the confines of one such modest essay as attempted here by the writer, and an effort will be made to show but three random instances, and to comment in brief upon the manifold opportunity which exists in furniture selection to-day, either for those who wish to acquire single pieces of worthy furniture, or to create complete interiors which will convey some essentials of the characteristics of the great old historic periods.

It might truthfully be said that the popular concept of interior decoration has been too much awed by "*thou shalt*" and "*thou shalt not*"—has imagined many stylistic restrictions which do not really exist at all, and as a result has defiantly ignored all sense of fitness, or has supinely fallen a slave to a too-arbitrary fitness. Thus there have been produced, on the one hand, interiors which were atrocious because of anachronisms which simple common sense might have shunned, and on the other hand, interiors which were so "correct" that they chilled the heart and checked

the imagination, being devoid of any virtues of literary or romantic suggestion, or of humanistic personal expression.

But, departing (in an excursion which may be sufficiently unusual to be interesting) from the consideration of interior decoration as a scientifically articulated and empirical thing of dates and rules and colour charts, let us take thought of the individual whose sincere wish is directed toward the furnishing of a room which shall convey, within four home-like walls, some sense of the spirit of the beautiful furniture styles of past periods. Or the wish might be a specific one, centering upon one sincerely admired style, but reluctantly renouncing it for fear of the impossibility of attaining that degree of minute historic accuracy which is the creed of the empiricist, but which, in point of fact, is not humanly necessary.

For this individual there are taken, somewhat at random, three interiors, broadly (not with the narrow accuracy which stifles art and humanism) characterized by three different historic styles. And with these three interiors there are offered a few notes upon available modern furniture which might pleasantly and appropriately contribute toward the creation of interiors of similar character.

The first is a room which happens to be a studio. The great fireplace, rather than any one other feature, declares the character to be Italian. There are many large rooms of this kind to-day, both in country houses and in duplex apartments, and it is partly for this reason that we are now enjoying a great revival of the fine old furniture forms of Renaissance Italy. The revival has been one of the last to take place, but it is safe to predict that the peculiar architectural affinity of Italian furniture, and the scarcity of good Italian antiques, will give the revival a permanent place.

Tapestries, of course, add a decorative value even greater than their monetary value to any interior of this type, and constitute the ideal background for Italian furniture—but we are concerned more immediately, here, with the furniture than with its environment.

Of prime importance is the great table, which achieved such a splendid combination of dignity and richness under the inspired hands of the Italian master craftsmen of the Renaissance. Italian tables, in their modern reincarnation, are usually



FOR THE LARGE STUDIO OR LIVING ROOM OF ITALIAN CHARACTER THE PRESENT REVIVAL OF ITALIAN FURNITURE HAS SUPPLIED A RICH VARIETY OF DECORATIVE PIECES

A CHAIR, TABLE AND "CAS-
SONE," OF WALNUT, ILLUS-
TRATING THE SCOPE OF THE
CURRENT ADAPTATION AND
REPRODUCTION.



The Element of Choice in the Realm of Modern Furniture



THE OAK-PANELLED INTERIOR CALLS FOR EARLY OAK FURNITURE OF ENGLISH RENAISSANCE DESIGN. RECENT YEARS HAVE SEEN AN EXTENSIVE REVIVAL OF SUCH FINE AND STURDY OLD TYPES AS THE REFECTORY TABLE AND BENCH, THE "HUTCH," "COURT-CUPBOARD," "JOYNTED STOOLS," AND THE LIKE

made of walnut, though sometimes of oak, with carving enriched by polychrome. Some follow the simple and unelaborated type, their merit lying in fineness of proportion and strength of architectural lines, while others exemplify all the complex richness of which the Renaissance Italians were masters.

To complement these tables there are Italian chairs, some with those magnificently tall backs



The Element of Choice in the Realm of Modern Furniture

and carved finials, resplendent in Roman velvet and gilt; some are of the type which is shown in one of the detail illustrations.

Nor, in view of practical seating requirements in a large room, is it improper to include a large upholstered sofa with similar chairs, if these be plain and of good proportion, and covered to conform with prevailing colours.

But the field of current furniture design offers further decorative incidents for the Italianesque interior in the form of carved *cassoni*, or chests, and cabinets in the manner of the Renaissance—beautiful pieces, usually of walnut, and often enriched by dull polychrome or part-gilt. There are even complete dining-room suites in admirable adaptations of the Italian Renaissance, and the current year has seen the development of a group of remarkable furniture designs which blend the picturesque and romantic charms of the Renaissance art of both Italy and Spain.

The second interior is of a type which, whether or not so happy as this example in its architectural manner, allows a fine latitude in the selection of furniture based on the staunch and solid forms of early English design.

This kind of furniture, like that of the Italian Renaissance, has but recently become the inspiration of a modern revival.

In such a room, as in the preceding example, the large table is one of the most important incidents which make toward the expression of the desired spirit, but in place of the richly carved Italian table here is the Elizabethan and early English type called the refectory table, because of its association with that very important department of the old monasteries. Accompanying the refectory table are benches and stools, in character with it, usually made of oak, but (with modern latitude) also seen in fine walnut adaptations.

Nor does the prodigality of current furniture reproduction suffer the refectory table to stand alone, in solitary Jacobean dignity, or in unhappy company with a jig-sawed Victorian whatnot, but it offers, as well, a fascinating array of cupboards and "hutches," with panelled doors, some with "Romayne" and linen-fold carving, transitionally Gothic to Tudor, and merging into the furniture of Elizabeth's reign. Furniture of this type, so decorative, so satisfying in its rugged solidity, is restored to a new life and a new place in modern homes by the able hands of modern designers and cabinet-makers.

Before the revived popularity of these earlier types of furniture, but after the revival of Georgian types, the styles of William and Mary and of Queen Anne were adapted by modern makers in this country, and because of their domesticity of character, so excellently suited to the modest home, it is apparent that they have come to stay, and to form a permanent part of our now available heritage from the past.

Since both these good Dutch styles possess many traits in common, they not only dwell in harmony with each other, but with many other types of simple or semi-formal furniture. We owe to the furniture of William and Mary and Queen Anne a great debt, if it had given us nothing more than the "highboy" and the "low-boy"—but it has given us, too, such furniture of immortal fitness as the secretary desk and, besides, a wealth of small, convenient, necessary things such as wall-tables, mirrors, tea-tables, stools and small cabinets.

And all these pieces, not to speak of revivals of the gorgeous lacquered furniture of the period, have been reproduced and adapted in walnut and in mahogany, the latter made companionable and usable by a mellow, brown oil-and-wax finish, not the glass-like "piano finish" which so long made mahogany a thing to look at but not to touch.

The modern adaptations of William and Mary and Queen Anne furniture offer, perhaps, more practical possibilities for the "non-period" interior than furniture of any other type. Windsor chairs may find their place in its midst, or certain of the less complicated Chippendales, together with much that we call "Colonial," since most "Colonial" furniture was only Queen Anne and Chippendale transported overseas from England.

Since it cannot be comprehensive, this article must refrain from entering upon any discussion of the Adams, of Sheraton, of Heppelwhite, or of Chippendale, which made up the great Georgian period. There is, however, considerable familiarity with these styles, and with their modern adaptations and adaptabilities. It has been my intention, rather, to set forth the present day possibilities existing in modern reproductions of styles less known, and to emphasize the point that current furniture, comprising every adaptable and pleasing style of the past, offers to the amateur a field for choice which is virtually unrestricted, and from which, governed by whatever

The Element of Choice in the Realm of Modern Furniture

personal taste or sense of eclecticism he may possess, he may draw whatsoever he requires for the creation of a living environment which will be as rich in historic association as it is permanent in material value.

Inquiries from readers regarding items described in Mr. Price's article or other questions arising therefrom will be given careful attention by our Service Department.

FOR THE DIGNIFIED AND UNPRETENTIOUS INTERIOR USUALLY CALLED "COLONIAL," GREAT POPULARITY HAS BEEN ACCORDED TO THE ESSENTIALLY DOMESTIC STYLES OF WILLIAM AND MARY AND QUEEN ANNE, AS WELL AS THE GEORGIAN STYLES.



A CHIPPENDALE SECRETARY OF QUEEN ANNE CHARACTER, ADAPTED IN MAHOGANY, WITH A TYPICAL MODERN WILLIAM AND MARY STOOL, CORRECTLY COVERED. NO HISTORIC FURNITURE FORM, PERHAPS, OCCUPIES SO INTIMATE A PLACE AS THE GATE-LEG TABLE, WHICH IS SEEN HERE IN A BEAUTIFUL WALNUT MODEL.





Exhibited at the Chicago Art Institute

ALBIN POLASEK MODELLING BUST OF PAINTER

BY CHARLES HAWTHORNE

AT THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO
BY ALBRECHT MONTGELAS

THE great Western art event, the exhibition of American oil paintings and sculpture, opened for the thirtieth time at the Art Institute of Chicago on the second Thursday in November.

I have often been asked the question, again recently, how the Chicago exhibit compares with the later New York Academy show, and I have always felt it difficult to give a precise and positive answer. You see, the standard of both exhibitions changes every year, and the change is not always to the better.

So, for instance, I think that last year's Art Institute show was more interesting and on the whole better than last year's Academy. Although, of course, not an absolute criterion, one might point to last season's prize winners in New York and in Chicago to prove the latter show more important. New York gave the Altman prize to E. Irving Couse, and Chicago its second award (the first went to the sculptor Zettler) to Frieeseke.

This year, however, I have my misgivings about possible comparisons. It should not be difficult for New York to assemble a more interesting collection of contemporary paintings than that which opened on November 8th at the Art

EXHIBITED
AT THE
CHICAGO
ART
INSTITUTE

LIGHTLY
FALLING
SNOW
BY
GUY C.
WIGGINS



EXHIBITED
AT THE
CHICAGO
ART
INSTITUTE

IN THE
HILLS
BY
CHARLES
REIFFEL

Institute. The average is a good one, but I miss the impressive high lights whose memory remains with you as of a new experience.

Again, a prize award may serve as a general, if not absolutely correct, indication of the aspect of the whole exhibit. The Potter Palmer gold medal went to Ernest L. Blumenschein for his laboured illustration *The Chief Speaks*. Let me add quickly that it is infinitely better painted than Couse's laboured editorial *A Vision of the Past*, which incidentally graces the Art Institute walls in all the dignity which its golden Altman prize label gives it in the eyes of the provincials. To the latter must be counted the local jury which evidently did not dare to refuse what New York had acclaimed among its best, and so missed a splendid chance to show Chicago's independent and better judgment.

I said that the awarding of the Potter Palmer gold medal to Blumenschein is not an absolutely correct indication of the show's standard. There are quite a number of paintings which would have better deserved that honour but were excluded because of being "invited" works, and not a few others among which the prize winner could have been chosen.

Among the latter is Sidney E. Dickinson's *The Fur Coat*, a strong character study and an excellent piece of painting. It reminds one of Duveneck or of Chase in his early manner. The expression of the pale face, and especially of the sullen, mean eyes of the girl, is grand. The hands, the only other light spot on the canvas, folded in her lap, are equally expressive of a nature in which indifference to the opinion of others is mixed with a desire to defy it. The black-brown coat with its suggestion of the bare body underneath is superbly painted. Altogether it is a "big" picture.

Dickinson has still another painting in the exhibition, an invited one, *The Beggar*, which owes much of its conception to Velasquez-Manet, and again testifies to its author's ability for strong characterization.

Then there is Childe Hassam's *The Goldfish Window*, decidedly in the prize winning class, more so even than his larger, invited, canvas *The South Window*. Both are good examples of Hassam's great talent for colour composition and light diffusion, but the usual stiff drawing of the figure in the larger picture takes away from the pleasure one finds in his exquisite sense

of colour and arrangement, his absolute control of atmospheric painting, and his manifest independence and originality.

Another picture which the jury should not have overlooked is Hawthorne's big composition *The Two Fishermen*, like all of Hawthorne's best works, a picture that combines technical excellence with a spiritual, human significance, sadly lacking in most of our modern genre painters. For in subject matter these scenes from the lives of New England fisher folk are genre paintings on a big scale, and it is due only to the quality of Hawthorne's art that we think of them more as portraits or character studies.

Searching further among the uninvited ones for medal candidates, we come to gallery 256 of the Institute, "the modern room," filled during exhibition hours with a throng of gesticulating, arguing, denouncing and praising men, women and art students.

The cause of so much excitement is a collection of paintings by Henri, Bellows, Gifford and Reynolds Beal, Hugh Breckenridge, Charles Reiffel, Vaclav Vytlačil, a young local painter, Zulma Steele, and a number of lesser exponents of what is vital in modern art.

The superb Henri, *Betalo Rubino as a Delhi Dancing Girl*, is invited, as are Bellows' *Doris in the Parlour* and Howard Giles' well-painted and technically fascinating picture of Maine rocks with figures, so we must turn to Leon Kroll. And we do it gladly. One of the two canvases by him in this room is a scene of lower Manhattan in his well-known virile, impressionistic manner. I like it very much, but it tells me nothing new.

The other is a new Kroll, so new that I had to look at the signature twice to make sure that I was not mistaken.

He calls it *In the Country*. In subject matter as well as in technical handling it is a tribute to George Bellows. The scene is laid in the open in front of a country home. In the foreground, leaning against the dark trunk of a tree, is Mrs. Bellows, and in the back, to the right, the master himself, an older lady, and a small child. Another baby crawls in the grass to the centre figure's left, while at her right, seated *à la Turk*, is a coloured maid peeling apples and otherwise lost to the world about her.

When I say that its technique is a tribute to Bellows, I mean that the picture looks enough

At the Art Institute of Chicago

like a latter-day Bellows to have been painted by the man who gave us that picture of a wooden ship in course of construction, I forget the exact title, which will ever be remembered by visitors to last year's Art Institute show.

I don't know whether Kröll wanted merely to demonstrate that he could, if he but wanted, paint just like Bellows, a motive not uncommon

I went to see and to enjoy myself, and I am indebted to Leon Kröll for having given me very real pleasure through this particular picture. Its rich and deep colours, its surface quality, its harmony of hues, its all-enveloping atmosphere, and finally its naive sincerity, combine to make it an exceptional work, which would command attention at any exhibition.



Exhibited at the Chicago Art Institute

IN THE COUNTRY

BY LEON KRÖLL

even among the painters of the Renaissance, or if he merely thought that the manner was fitting for this particular subject, or if he has become whole-heartedly a convert and joined the Beals, the Sloans and *tutti quanti*.

I don't know, and for the moment I don't care. I am not writing a biography of Kröll, nor did I go to the exhibition to collect data for a history of modern art movements in America.

But let us proceed in our search for medal metal among the uninvited. We find some more in this room, a Gifford Beal, *At the Skating Races*, ridiculously like a Bellows of similar subject in the permanent collection of the Art Institute, and therefore perhaps not eligible, and *The Squatter's Farm* by Charles Reiffel, a vivid, well-constructed landscape in the post-impressionistic manner, and as such a better example than his

other picture, *In the Hills*, which received the Norman Wait Harris silver medal at this exhibition.

Robert Spencer and Ross E. Moffett are the remaining first prize possibilities. The former is represented with two canvases, an early spring scene, *New Hope*, invited, and one of his typical genre pictures, *The Auction*. This last-named canvas is painted in low key, with gray and brown as basis of the colour scheme, and executed in line technique and with the pastel hues familiar to all who have seen Spencer's work. It does not only give the picture a soft and harmonious surface quality but is in keeping with the drab existence of the men and women who crowd around the auctioneer in the hope of carrying back to their homes a few useful householdens bought at a bargain price with miserable dimes. Moffett, too, expresses in the very manner of his painting the milieu which he chooses for his object. Here, too, is poverty, but the poverty which stares at you from his two paintings, *Ice in the Harbour* and *Winter Afternoon*, is a desolate poverty, as hopeless as the long stretch of ice before you and as miserable as his gray overhanging clouds and colourless people.

This is but a small selected list of prize possibilities, and it includes by no means all the paintings which, without being candidates for so high an honour as the Potter Palmer gold medal and thousand-dollar prize, are better paintings by far than the one that received it. There are two Redfields, for instance, three Garbers, and an excellent small Waugh, incidentally very badly hung, a picture, *Convalescent* by George Biddle, Guy Wiggins' *Lightly Falling Snow*, which received the Harris bronze medal, *Gaunt Trees* by Edward F. Rook, and three small canvases by Herman D. Murphy.

There appear in the catalogue three names which we are used to associate with good painting and whose bearers have badly disappointed us. Friescke has sent a mediocre canvas, *The Blue Kimono*, Leopold Seyffert a large composition, *Nude, Resting*, which is so dry and sweet that I first took it for a Gilchrist, and Richard Miller a picture of a girl bending over a fountain pool, which he calls *Goldfish*, and which we hope is an accident, for we like Miller's work very much indeed. But one should not send such unfortunate accidents out of one's studio!

Chicagoans are represented in the exhibit in

sufficient numbers but not as well and not always by such as one would liked to have seen. Victor Higgins leads in importance of canvases shown. He has technical ability, a pleasant stroke, good colour sense and an eye for artistic arrangement. The American Indian to him is not merely an object of curiosity, useful for preaching lessons of vanished human glory or illustrating wild-west stories. His flat decorative composition *A Shrine to Saint Anthony* is an excellent example of his work. Walter Ufer, although purely from the technical point of view perhaps the ablest and most facile painter of the Taos group, lacks artistic vision. His groups of Indians are for the most part matter-of-fact statements, sharp and defined like kodak pictures. Grace Ravlin, the third of the Chicago members of the Taos community here represented, shows two of her colourful, impressionistic sketches. Her forte is grouping and movement.

A young Chicagoan who has repeatedly attracted attention in local shows with his decorative impressions of animated out-of-doors scenes, Frederic M. Grant, received the Martin B. Cahn prize for his *Saturday Afternoon*, one of a group of four paintings. Other pictures by Chicagoans meriting mention are *The Valley* by Wilson Irvine, *The Village Street* by Flora Schoenfeld, a portrait of Mrs. John T. McCutcheon by Cecil Clark Davis, a large decorative screen (wood) by Frank Werner, and *Lilacs in May* by Alfred Juergens.

The aspect of the exhibition gains much by the presence of several of the invited canvases out of a total of forty-five. There are, besides the ones already mentioned, a large self-portrait by the late W. M. Chase, *October* by Emil Carlsen, *The Rialto* by John S. Sargent, *Winter Morning* by Jonas Lie, *Church in Locronan* by George Macrum, *Children of the Sand* by Max Bohm, *The Canal in Winter* by John Folinsbee, *The Piazza Door* by Charles Hopkinson, and good examples of Ernest Lawson, Fred C. Bartlett, Louis Mora, W. Ritschel, and Elizabeth Washington.

The sculpture exhibition, forty-eight pieces, is not important. Emil Zettler has an excellent bronze portrait head of a Mrs. W., and there is a group of medals by Manship. The portrait bust of Hawthorne in bronze, by Albin Polasek, which received the Logan medal and \$1500 prize, is mediocre and not as good as his portrait bust of Mr. W. K. in the same room.



St. Louis Museum, Missouri

THE ENCHANTED MESA, NEW MEXICO

BY ALBERT L. GROLL

IN THE GALLERIES

THERE is not such a plethora of good exhibitions to recall for December as the preceding month seemed to forecast, still up and down the Avenue there has been considerable activity. The Sargent portrait of Mr. Rockefeller in two presentments, at Knoedler's and at the Winter Academy, has occasioned the usual stir which a portrait by him always calls forth. The better portrait is at Knoedler's and with such unpromising material it must be admitted that a fine result has been obtained, though one cannot but deplore a certain thinness of painting, the paucity of tones and the smallness of design. The Winter Academy will be considered in the next issue.

At Macbeth's a most interesting display of pictures by Frieeseke alternated with New England street scenes—mostly in Provincetown—by Nancy Ferguson. The first two or three Fergusons charm one with their naive sentiment

and certain mannerisms, but an endless repetition is wearisome. This able artist should plough a new furrow and not bid us remember what a French monarch once had occasion to say to his minister on the subject of partridges. There may be a certain sameness about Frieeseke's pictures, inasmuch as you can tell a Frieeseke at a glance, but each picture has a different problem in light or colour arrangement so that every canvas demands separate study. Whilst on the subject of the Macbeth Galleries, we are glad that Mr. Robert Macbeth intends to carry on the good traditions of the Galleries and to continue that excellent little monthly brochure which his late lamented father published so ably as ART NOTES—a small matter to handle, but containing big matters to reflect upon.

Scott & Fowles have been introducing Kay Nielsen, a Danish artist of distinction. His drawings conspire at conjuring up memories of Dulac, Rackham, Crowley, Aubrey Beardsley and *tutti quanti*, but a closer inspection soon con-



Pencil Drawings by Dr. J. P. Haney



In the Galleries

vinces that his patterns and colours are his own. An unusual imagination and daintiness pervade his work, which transports one to enchanted realms replete with quaint figures, delicious accessories, pages of romance far removed from the commonplace.

Under the auspices of Mrs. Whitney's studio, the sculpture of Andrew O'Connor is on view at the Seligman Galleries, with a fifty-cent admission fee for the benefit of Edith Wharton's war charities. The fact that O'Connor has been working continuously for some twenty years and has built up a very enviable position in the world of sculpture without finding it necessary so far to hold an exhibition may have influenced Mrs. Whitney to some extent, but, if we mistake not, it was his heroic statue of Lincoln that made such a deep impression at a moment when so much discussion has been provoked by the Barnard statue. At all events, Lincoln has a big room to himself, specially decorated and lighted, with benches for self-appointed critics at a correct distance. Though we do not think the last word has been uttered in Lincoln portraiture, if it were a question of this one or the Barnard for London and Paris, we should not hesitate to cast our vote for O'Connor. A tour of the galleries reveals a wealth of fine examples which cannot be even touched upon in these limits. Visitors will do well to pause longest before his portrait in marble (page 79 of the catalogue), the statue of Commodore John Barry, his bronze doors and one of the very best statues in America, that of Lawton at Indianapolis.

People wanting to buy inexpensive presents would do well to look over the large assortment of water-colours and oils at the Ferargil Gallery, 24 E. 49th Street, where it is possible to find good examples of recognized artists at very low prices.

Our last issue made mention of the pencil drawings by Dr. James P. Haney, examples of whose facile handling of a difficult medium is here shown. These Maine sketches are ample evidence that Dr. Haney is a performer as well as a preacher in art.

The Bourgeois Galleries, 668 Fifth Avenue, will hold an exhibition of modern drawings, paintings, lithographs and etchings throughout January, these pictures having been selected from Mr. A. E. Gallatin's collection.

A feature of the exhibition will be a group of paintings and drawings by contemporary Amer-

ican artists, many of which show these artists in a new light. William J. Glackens will be represented by two paintings, nine pastel drawings, his only effort at lithography and his three dry-points, executed in Paris. Two of Ernest Lawson's landscapes will be shown, as well as canvases by Childe Hassam, Max Kuehne, Hayley Lever, Ernest Haskell, Howard G. Cushing, Eduard J. Steichen, and Guy Pène du Bois. Among the drawings are examples by John Sloan, Everett Shinn, Boardman Robinson, George Luks, Robert Henri, Middleton Manigault and William Zorach. J. Alden Weir, Childe Hassam, Walter Gay and John Marin are represented by water-colours, Maxfield Parrish by two drawings, and Sargent, George Bellows and Malvina Hoffman by lithographs.

Whistler's art will be shown by a group of pastels, drawings, etchings and lithographs. There are portraits of Whistler by Boldini, Walter Crane, William Nicholson, "Max" and Thomas R. Way.

Two of Rodin's dry-points will be in the exhibition, one of his water-colours, and a lithographic portrait of him by William Rothenstein. Steinlen and Forain will be represented by many drawings, and others are by Renoir, Daumier and Ibels. Manet is shown as an etcher and there is a monotype by Degas and a painting of Paris by Raffaelli.

An interesting series of drawings by Aubrey Beardsley will attract interest, as will others by Charles Conder, Charles H. Shannon, Muirhead Bone and the Russian Bakst. Several woodcuts by Gordon Craig, the son of Ellen Terry, are among the many other exhibits.

A catalogue, beautifully printed at the Merry-mount Press, will be sold for twenty-five cents, and an illustrated catalogue at fifty cents. The latter, limited to one hundred copies, will contain two hitherto unpublished drawings by Whistler. The net proceeds from the sale of these catalogues will be given to the American War Relief.

The Macbeth Galleries announce that the exhibition of the work of Arthur B. Davies, which is to be held throughout the month of January, 1918, will be retrospective and represent his activities for the last twenty years and a little over.

All the exhibits will be lent for the occasion, and the entire proceeds derived from admissions, the sale of catalogues, and so on, will be devoted



Courtesy Macbeth Galleries

DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD
BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES



FRANCES, DAUGHTER OF
MR. AND MRS. QUINCY GILLMORE
PHILADELPHIA

BY JOSEPHINE
STREITFELD

Grosjean Collection. The combined collection, valued at approximately \$300,000, is now on exhibition in the new galleries of the company.

The leading article in the February number will be from the pen of Dr. Christian Brinton, who will on this occasion discuss the modern paintings in the Wilstach Collection, Philadelphia. Several of the most important canvases in this little-known collection will be reproduced for the first time, and Dr. Brinton's text will as usual be notable for its discriminating and sympathetic attitude toward the contemporary school, both European and American.

BUREAU OF ADVICE ON PAINTINGS

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO gives authoritative opinions upon old and modern paintings. Mr. Raymond Wyer, who is a recognized authority, is in charge of this department and will give special attention to letters addressed to this magazine under the above heading.

to helping those men belonging to the Allied forces who have been blinded in battle. The catalogue will be the finest ever brought out in New York for a one-man exhibition.

Among the many things that may be attributed to the war are the tremendous strides Chinese arts have been taking in the United States. Ten years ago, there were few important pieces of pottery from the Empire in this country; to-day, no finer objects of this sort are known than those in the Metropolitan, Smithsonian, Field Museum, Boston Museum of Fine Arts, Samuel T. Peters, Freer, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Widener, Frick, and Judge Gary collections, and most of these are latter-day arrivals.

One of the largest importations of early Chinese wares this country has ever known has just been made by Parish-Watson and Company, Ltd., of 560 Fifth Avenue. These objects represent the fruit of seventeen years' work in the Orient by H. A. E. Jaehne, of Tokyo. In order to make the collection as representative as possible of the thirteen-hundred-year period from the Han to the Ming Dynasty, Mr. Parish-Watson has augmented the Jaehne Collection with rare examples recently acquired from the Adolphe



FRAZER HARRIS, JR.
PHILADELPHIA

BY JOSEPHINE
STREITFELD

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MODERN PAINTING IN THE WILSTACH GALLERY BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

In so far as art is concerned, Philadelphia is to the average mortal an undiscovered country. Everyone is, of course, familiar with the classic glories of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Few, however, are aware that this once placid city is at the present moment

undergoing a process of haussmannizing, which recalls Paris during the Second Empire, or that there are, within comfortable radius of City Hall, a number of art collections, public and private, which can scarcely be matched anywhere in America. The Widener Collection at Lynnewood Hall; the Johnson Collection, precariously sequestered in the Darley mansion on South Broad Street, and the stimulating succession of modern French masterpieces owned by Dr. Albert C.



From the Wilstach Gallery, Philadelphia

REPOSE

BY JEAN-FRANÇOIS RAFFAËLLI

CV

Modern Painting in the Wilstach Gallery

Barnes of Overbrook, constitute indeed but a portion of Philadelphia's artistic patrimony.

Among the municipal collections of the Quaker City, the least known, and in certain regards the most significant, is the Wilstach Collection, which is provisionally accommodated in Memorial Hall, Fairmount Park. This building, containing in addition to the Wilstach Gallery a heterogeneous assortment of objects antiquarian and industrial as well as æsthetic, belonging to the Pennsylvania Museum, is entering upon an era of rejuvenation, owing largely to the energetic and discriminating policy of its new director, Mr. Langdon Warner. And, since the Wilstach Collection falls within the sphere of Director Warner's dispensation and that of the Director *ad int.*, Mr. Hamilton Bell, it may not be amiss herewith to review this interesting assembly of art ancient and modern, European and American.

Let us pass with respectful obeisance the examples of early art in the Wilstach Gallery. There are a few primitives, a creditable display of the Italian, Spanish, Dutch, and Flemish masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, a sprinkling of the British school, and the customary quota of French and German romanticists of the first half of the nineteenth century. The appeal of these canvases is educational rather than inspirational. They constitute the historical background of latter-day effort, and as such are entitled to appropriate consideration. In its capacity of sponsor for, and protector of, modern art, THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO is nevertheless more in sympathy with attainments of a later period, so we shall limit our survey to the contemporary school and its immediate precursors.

Of the initiators of the modern movement, who figure more or less conspicuously in the Wilstach Collection, may be cited John Constable, who is credited with two canvases; the eloquent, impassioned Delacroix, and Gustave Courbet, whose sturdy terrestrialism is surcharged with personal fervour and an always convincing energy of statement. You will also encounter here that typical descendant of the Low Country little masters, Alfred Stevens, and the sumptuous Monticelli, whose symphonic visions suggest the *fêtes galantes* of Watteau and the chromatic opulence of the Venetians. And yet it is not the contribution of these men, to whose names may be added those of Corot, Millet, Diaz, Isabey, Decamps, and Roybet, that gives the Wilstach

Collection its particular prestige. We must, in order to appreciate this point, advance the clock of art still farther along toward the noontide of contemporary production. The chief appeal of this collection derives from the prominence accorded the leading Continental painters of the day, with special emphasis upon the modern French school. Sprightly Raffaëlli; earnest, restrained Simon; sober Cottet; Ménard, who harks back to the serenity of Hellas, and Le Sidaner, who with tremulous lyricism evokes the spirit of Old World garden or courtyard, are the men whose work makes the Wilstach Collection what it is.

In the selection of these canvases, manifest effort has been made to cover the field of current European and, in part, American artistic endeavour. International in scope, we note in succession paintings by the Frenchmen already mentioned; by the Belgians, Willaerts and Willems; the Germans, von Zügel and Voltz; the Hungarians, Munkácsy and Strobenz; the Norwegians, Thaulow, Munthe, and Eilif Peterssen; the Finn, Albert Edelfeldt; the Italians, de Nittis, Michetti, and Favai, and the Spaniards, Zama-cois, Rico, Rusiñol, and Sorolla y Bastida. From England we have Lavery and Swan; from Australia, Bunny; from Canada, James W. Morrice, and from America, Whistler, John W. Alexander, Miss Cassatt, Alexander Harrison, Tanner, Mac-Cameron, Tarbell, De Camp, Hopkins, Hubbell, Walden, and others of kindred calibre.

Many of the canvases have at various times figured at the Paris Salons, and they bear as a rule the stamp of Salon competence. The selection does not lead us adventurously forward either in the matter of subject or in technical treatment, but the average of merit is reasonably high, and one is above all grateful for that atmosphere of cosmopolitanism which is far too rare in the majority of American museums. The permanent collections of such institutions as the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, the Art Institute of Chicago, and the Albright Gallery, Buffalo, can alone compete with the Wilstach Collection in the matter of eclecticism of choice, even they fail to disclose so generous a representation of the different living foreign masters. You can in fact gather at the Philadelphia Museum a fairly adequate conception of contemporary European art. You will be disturbed by no undue radicalism. You will not come into contact with that



THE YELLOW BUSKIN
BY JAMES McNEILL
WHISTLER

From the Wiltach Gallery, Philadelphia

Modern Painting in the Wilstach Gallery

spirit of change which is so altering the complexion of latter-day painting, though you will, in compensation, be relatively free from those pictorial banalities that disfigure the walls of many of our leading galleries and museums. Measured by Parisian standards, we meet in the Wilstach Collection not the æsthetic ideals of the Old Salon, nor yet those of the Indépendants, or the Salon d'Automne, but are rather on the safe middle terrain of the Société Nationale.

Despite the prominence accorded the foreign element, the most important single painting in the Wilstach Gallery is nevertheless from the brush of an American. In Whistler's *The Yellow Buskin*, Philadelphia possesses indeed not only the artist's finest portrait in America, but what many deem the most satisfying of all his achievements in the field of portraiture. It is certain that he never more felicitously imparted the sense of movement to a figure, or more successfully suggested that distinction not alone physical but of the spirit which characterizes the author of "Rainbow Music" and kindred papers on matters æsthetic and social. The history of *The Yellow Buskin* has never adequately been presented. After making numerous ambitious attempts to transfer to canvas the subtle enchantment of Lady Archibald, Whistler finally painted her quite rapidly in the costume in which she happened to call upon him one day at the Tite Street studio. The previous adventures, which were known respectively as *The Lady in Court Dress* and *The Grey Lady*, were both destroyed by the artist, there remaining only this expressive apparition, which reveals all the charm of actuality and all the science and surety acquired after a year or more of study and observation. Various known as *Portrait of Lady Archibald Campbell: Arrangement in Black, No. VII*; as *La Dame au brodequin jaune*, and finally as *The Yellow Buskin*, the picture was finished in 1882, and was shown at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1884, the Salon of 1885, at Munich in 1888, at Messrs. Boussoil Valadon in London in 1892, and at the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. Following its appearance at Chicago it was exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and was purchased for the Wilstach Collection in November, 1895, for the sum of \$6,000, which at that period was a fair price for a Whistler canvas.

With the name of Whistler may be associated

that of another distinguished painter-etcher, Jean-François Raffaëlli, who also is represented in the Wilstach Gallery by one of his most typical productions. Called *Repose* in the catalogue, the artist's title for this delectable composition is *La belle matinée*, and certainly nothing could be more apt or more comprehensive. Only a Frenchman could do justice to such a subject, and the versatile Monsieur Raffaëlli has quite upheld the Gallic tradition. Technically the picture is an unailing source of delight, with its dexterous variations upon a single, consistently sustained theme. What Whistler achieved in *The Yellow Buskin* with black, Raffaëlli has accomplished with white in this luminous matutinal vision.

In any consideration of the portraits and figure compositions in the Wilstach Collection, mention must be made of the late John W. Alexander's seated, three-quarter-length likeness of Frits Thaulow; of Lucien Simon's family group, and the penetrant presentment of a young woman clad in light frock by Olga de Boznanska. The Thaulow portrait, which is one of Alexander's ablest works, discloses in his prime the facile, indefatigable devotee of northern snow scene and the fearless author of that diverting book, "I Kamp og I Fest." One of Simon's earlier canvases, the composition entitled simply *Portraits*, shows the Simon family congenially assembled in the green and gold living-room of No. 3 bis rue Cassini. Less formal than the *Evening in the Studio*, which is one of the treasures of the Carnegie Institute, *Portraits* ranks high in the category of Simon's art. If, despite his sense of domestic intimacy, Simon is inclined toward a certain austerity of statement, the same cannot be charged of Mlle. de Boznanska, whose recently acquired *Portrait of a Woman* is the epitome of suggestion. No artist saving perhaps the late Matthijs Maris has carried the subtly suggestive treatment of face and form so far. Olga de Boznanska paints with the soul as well as with eye and hand, and the secrets of character and those often subconscious indications of temperament and personality she never fails to conjure to the surface.

With a passing glance at Rupert C. W. Bunny's ambitious group entitled *The Shore*; at the ubiquitous Sorolla's *Young Amphibians*; at Henri Zo's *Spanish Family*, which is more Bayonnaise and Franco-Belgian than Castilian, and at Carodella's opulent *Woman Loosening Her Hair*, we



From the Wiltach Gallery, Philadelphia

PORTRAITS

BY LUCIEN SIMON



From the Wiltach Gallery, Philadelphia

MARINE

BY CHARLES COTTET

Modern Painting in the Wiltach Gallery

leave the figure pieces and turn to the quietude of landscape, marine, and wooded park or garden. Here again we are constrained to mention the Frenchmen first, for, aside from Lavery's *A Garden in France*, it is the work of such men as Ménard, Le Sidaner, Cottet, Dauchez, and other members of the New Salon and Société Nouvelle group which merits prior attention. Ménard's *Wood Nymphs* and the contributions of Le Sidaner and Cottet are in these artists' character-

tions are periodically made from the proceeds of a substantial fund. With but few exceptions the paintings have been obtained in Paris, some from the walls of the Salon, others direct from the artists themselves. Raffaëlli's *Repose* was bought in 1894, Whistler's *The Yellow Buskin* in 1895, and Simon's family group in 1897. Admirable as are these and similar purchases, it cannot be maintained that certain recent accessions are commensurately imposing. It would, for ex-



From the Wiltach Gallery, Philadelphia

THE HOUSE OF ROSES

BY HENRI LE SIDANER

istic vein. Their work as a whole reveals a unity of aim and execution, and a continuity of purpose beside which the offering of certain of our own men appears capricious and unconvincing. The value of a central tradition in art is in fact nowhere more eloquently manifest than in the work of these same Frenchmen whose minds are open to change, yet whose aesthetic affinities stretch backward to the imperishable heritage of classic days.

The Wiltach Collection contains in all over five hundred canvases, to which number addi-

ample, be difficult to justify the inclusion in serious company of such trivialities as François Flameng's *Île Puteaux*, Paul Michel Dupuy's *Seashore at Biarritz*, or Albert Guillaume's *In an Omnibus*, all of which were acquired during 1917. For the last-named canvas there may be some degree of sufferance, but the others are utterly inconsequential.

Viewed in a spirit of sober analysis rather than through the roseate lenses of local pride, it must be confessed that the Wiltach Collection in its present phase of evolution scarcely affords an

Modern Painting in the Wilstach Gallery



From the Wilstach Gallery, Philadelphia

WOOD NYMPHS

BY ÉMILE-RENÉ MÉNARD

ideal survey of current European or American artistic development. The ardent apostles of the new dispensation, Manet, Cézanne, Gauguin, and van Gogh, are conspicuous by their absence; nor do we discover upon these walls any of the master Impressionists, Monet, Renoir, Pissarro, and Sisley, or the isolated, intractable Degas. One misses also the Belgians, Claus and van Rysselberghe; the Englishmen, Orpen, Steer, and Connard, as well as the contemporary Danes, Swedes, and Russians. During the quarter of a century that has passed since the Wilstach Collection came into the possession of the city of Philadelphia much water has coursed under the bridges of the Seine, as well as those spanning the Schuylkill, and it is obvious that the powers entrusted with adding to this nucleus have failed to appreciate the full measure of their opportunity.

It is, however, precisely because the Wilstach Collection, despite obvious limitations, is so important that such strictures become impera-

tive. A policy that began so auspiciously should have been maintained, not permitted to lapse. Better fewer additions, as was formerly the rule, than to succumb to that which is momentarily pleasing or pecuniarily available. One of the essential points to remember in organizing a permanent collection is that it is not fashions in art that count but formative aims and achievements. There is, in aesthetic evolution, a single main current. This current may appear at times to be diverted. It may at certain periods become almost indistinguishable, yet it is nevertheless the duty of those in authority to divine its proper course and to act accordingly. There are, in the inception of every artistic movement possessing merit and potency, certain individuals who have the courage and discrimination to lend aid and support. Their presence upon the purchasing committees of art institutions is, alas, a matter of persistent infrequency.

The Wilstach Collection is, as has been stated, temporarily housed in Memorial Hall within the spacious confines of Fairmount Park. That these quarters are provisional is frankly conceded, and hence all criticism as to hanging and installation must be held in abeyance. Philadelphia is, in point of fact, looking toward the future, and trusts soon to salute at the head of the new Parkway, upon an imposing natural acropolis, an art museum worthy of its possessions and traditions. We shall then hope to see assembled under one roof and under one central direction the several collections now dispersed throughout the metropolitan district. It is then that the Wilstach Collection will be shown to advantage, and it is then that certain manifest deficiencies can be corrected. The history of art seldom reveals a lack of valiant aspiration upon the part of its producers. It is proper comprehension and encouragement, that are too often denied these delicate emanations of the creative consciousness.

TO THE WATER-COLOURIST:

We would recommend *presence of mind and absence of body*.

For any reader to whom "body" presents any misunderstanding we venture to add that "body" stands for body colour, the blending of colours with white. Some few exponents of the medium use body colours to advantage, but only a few.



MARGARET, DAUGHTER OF TRACY DOWS, ESQ.
RHINEBECK, N. Y.
PASTEL BY ARNOLD MOUNTFORT

The Recent Work of James R. Hopkins



A MOUNTAIN COURTSHIP

BY JAMES R. HOPKINS

THE RECENT WORK OF JAMES R. HOPKINS
BY ERNEST BRUCE HASWELL

"THE story of the beautiful is already complete, hewn in the marbles of the Parthenon—and brodered with the birds upon the fans of Hokusai—at the foot of Fujiyama."

Though this article has to do with the work of James R. Hopkins and more especially with the pictures painted by him during the past year in the Cumberland Mountains of Kentucky, we will for a background quote Whistler and a still more recent statement of the classicist Kenyon Cox to the effect that progress in art is an illusion.

In the face of this we can only feel as we look on the work of the past, that brings out unspoken and without detail the habits of life and manner of thinking of the people among whom the work grew, that though all that lives is builded upon tradition, it must be expressive of the moment.

There are those who claim that design is the ultimate art. Consciously or unconsciously the Egyptians and Japanese have felt this. It is the spirit of the East. To the Western mind, in-

fluenced by an entirely different philosophy of life, this has seemed very pagan and very unmoral. Since Whistler the Japanese print has exerted a marked influence on the art of the West. In recent years not a few have gone to Whistler's source of inspiration.

This is true of James R. Hopkins. China, Japan, Ceylon and Egypt have contributed to his art, for he visited the East at a time when an academic training in America and Europe had given him a hold on the actual. It is not surprising that out of this combination of the two influences there should come a beauty of design strengthened by a consciousness of structure and not by any means fricassees of Whistler, though for some time there was the same choice of subject and much the same mode of interpretation. When the war came, and Paris, where Hopkins had lived for some years, was no longer a place for creative work, he returned to America, and since his art career began at the Art Academy of Cincinnati he returned to become a member of the faculty of that institution, with Duvencek, Barnhorn, Meakin and Wessel.

All last winter he painted nudes against varicoloured backgrounds, and when summer came he

The Recent Work of James R. Hopkins



A CUMBERLAND SILHOUETTE

BY JAMES R. HOPKINS

took a studio in the Cumberlands. There he continued the more or less decorative treatment of the female figure. It was not until the season was almost gone that his eyes were opened to the possibilities of the country around him. Then he began to plan another year of work along very different lines. The first canvas was of "Andy," a "local preacher" and native of the woods, painted as he stood against the wood-shed, with

axe in hand. Quite a change from nudes to woodsmen, but the picture was immediately purchased by the Art Institute of Chicago. Much has been written of the Cumberlands, a few facts and a great deal of romance concerning the primitive people who for generations have lived and toiled on the barren slopes of those picturesque hills. The sentimental have found in the lives of these red-faced hill people many

The Recent Work of James R. Hopkins



THE CAVE WATCH

BY JAMES R. HOPKINS

themes for song and story. The sociologist has compiled statistics and the Rockefeller Foundation has striven to bring sanitation into lives where none had previously existed. Few painters have gone there—none has found in the people themselves inspiration for picture or sculpture, but American art has passed that stage where the painter ignores local colour and paints peasants

in wooden shoes for fear of his being thought provincial.

The mountaineer is a fast disappearing type, and what Sharp and many others have done for the Indian, Hopkins is now doing for the mountaineer.

The Circuit Rider sets down still another phase of life in the country where so many different



Courtesy Cincinnati Museum Association

FRIVOLITY
BY JAMES R. HOPKINS



A KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEER
BY JAMES R. HOPKINS

The Recent Work of James R. Hopkins



MARKET DAY IN THE MOUNTAINS

BY JAMES R. HOPKINS

types are frequent. Dressed in a "washed-and-boiled" black-and-white shirt, with Bible under his arm, the preacher—"Andy" himself in the garb of his chosen profession—sits astride a white mule. Back of him is the whitewashed barn. Perhaps it was a strain of Spanish blood that still shows itself in the face of the model and the thought of this resemblance in the mind of the painter, but the feeling in this canvas is very suggestive of the peasants of Zuloaga.

In every-day attire the same model stands against a bold lacework of leaves holding a chicken under each arm. From the wholesome rustic atmosphere of *Market Day in the Mountains* we turn to *The Moonshiner*, very different in spirit—for there is less thought of pattern and no attention is given to the modelling of the forms. The subject itself seems to demand such a treatment. The outlaw of the mountains sits just inside the entrance of a cave. The light plays over the tense face and the corded hands that grasp the gun. In the background is the

darkness where are hidden the still and the moonshine. Dramatic in the truest sense of the word.

A Mountain Courtship tells a story so poignant that in it Ibsen might have found inspiration. Two lovers walk along the banks of the Cumberland in the falling shadows of late afternoon. The girl is delicately beautiful with the freshness of youth, the man degenerated to a degree of idiocy. In front of the two walks, with staff in hand, the stern mother of the girl. There does exist the tall, magnificent mountaineer, but at times one finds a condition bordering on idiocy due to continued intermarriage of families in small communities, as in the case of the mountain courtship. With the spirit of the true artist, Hopkins has made no attempt to do a composite type embodying all the characteristics of the people, but has found models among them to paint, using the background of their lives to produce a picture. If the story told is sometimes unpleasant there is always the beauty of line and colour to appease the supersensitive.

We hear much talk of "emotion," feeling, soul and such phrases, but he has realized that a con-



A MOUNTAIN PREACHER

BY JAMES R. HOPKINS

scious aim can be nothing save the pleasing presentation of the visible. To attempt the abstract—to consciously force into one's work that thing called soul, is to achieve the maudlin sentimentality reached by a few of the Pre-Raphaelites. Far from ignoring this element, he lets it alone, knowing that this elusive quality is not a matter of deliberate exploitation, but always subconsciously expressed. Though he has not been before the American people for any great length of time, he has won the consideration of a discriminating public, such recognition as is claimed by artists of far greater experience than his. Certainly he has a style of his own, one that he might be said to have evolved himself, but very secondary to this is the amazing sureness of his arrangements—the precision and invaluable quality of each touch that calls the design into being. To the layman his methods are very disillusioning. There is no wild frenzy. On the contrary, the problem of composition is attacked in a most cold-blooded and systematic manner. Each stroke is premeditated, whether the spaces and harmonies of colour are to resolve themselves into the form of a nude or a preacher.

Of late years honours have come to him. The first was the Walter Lippincott prize at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and the most recent the Norman Wait Harris bronze medal at the Chicago Art Institute. But in between come the bronze medal at the International Exposition at Buenos Aires and the gold medal at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, with the sale of canvases for the permanent collections of such museums as the Cincinnati Museum Association, Memorial Hall Museum in Philadelphia, the Chicago Art Institute and the Museum Association of Atlanta.

And in this we have an excellent example of how a man imbued with a feeling for design may very often arrive at a result in which the pictorially beautiful and the subjectively interesting are happily united, if added to his inheritance from old tradition is an influence vital and poignant with meaning.

But words at best are literature, while good pictures do not tell stories save in the abstract. The futility of criticism and concretely expressed appreciation crushes any desire to go further save to suggest to all who read the story of the beautiful wherever written a more intimate acquaintance with the work of James R. Hopkins.

BOOK REVIEW

THE LIFE AND ART OF WILLIAM MERRITT CHASE, by Katherine Metcalf Roof, with letters, personal reminiscences and illustrative material. Introduction by Alice Gerson Chase, with reproductions of the artist's works. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1917.) Price \$4.00.

When, shortly after the unexpected death and, alas, all too private entombment of William M. Chase, it became known that a life of this distinguished artist would shortly appear, one was justified in the hope that the work would be equal to and would do full justice to the subject, and the hope was also expressed that some competent biographer would be entrusted with the work. We must confess to a feeling of grave and keen disappointment. A careful perusal of the book gives the unmistakable impression that the author—as she prefers to call herself—had no materials to work with and has been at no pains to seek any. It does not follow that one who can chat engagingly upon ephemeral matters is in any way qualified as a biographer. There is no sense of proportion or values in this book, and much of it is frankly a rehash of what was well known or has already appeared, and the greater part is really worthless gossip, much of which, if true, it would have been in far better taste to omit, simply because it is entirely trivial and pointless. In any biography, one naturally looks for the record of certain salient features in the life of the person concerned. In this case many of these are conspicuously lacking, whilst in their place we have, drawn out far beyond any possible legitimate interest, irrelevant material which seems introduced solely for the purpose of padding. For instance, the date and place of such an outstanding feature as his marriage are omitted, as is also the place of his burial, while pages are devoted to the antics of a monkey he possessed while a student, and the monkey finds a place in the index. From the introduction, where we are told of Chase's favourite amusement on his death-bed, right on through hopeless masses of confusion, expressed with no regard to grammar or elementary construction, we feel that the book represents an atmosphere against which Chase's whole life, work and teaching were a protest. We are assured in the introduction that the compiler had "the principles and feeling of art, not facts

about it"—whatever that can possibly mean. But, if this is admitted, it does not justify her as a biographer. There has been no attempt to edit properly the few letters which are published (chiefly to Mrs. Chase), and as they are they appear ludicrous. The first seven chapters could, with advantage, have been reduced to three or four pages and the book would have lost nothing, and it is a pity that even as it is the work was, apparently, not read in proof, as many awkward expressions occur, besides frequent ungrammatical use of double possessives.

The book of 325 pages has 27 chapters, yet only two chapters profess to deal in any specific manner with his art and teaching, and there is nothing whatever of any value or importance in them. Much has been written on Chase and his art in the last few years, and a reference to any catalogue of periodical literature would have provided the writer with material of real value. There have appeared in the pages of THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO alone articles on and criticisms of Chase's work which have greater value than anything we find here recorded. There is one very peculiar thing: Chapter XI is headed "In London with Whistler," and mentions as a fact that "Chase's recollections of that meeting, recorded by 'a writer' for the *Century*, and published in that magazine in June, 1910, runs as follows:" The article is then quoted more or less in full, but interspersed with wholly irrelevant matter. But this article was by Chase himself, and was entitled "The Two Whistlers." Why Mr. Chase should be deprived by his biographer of the credit of his own authorship passes our understanding. In any case, to quote a whole article without mentioning the author's name is questionable taste.

Former students and friends will find familiar, but garbled anecdotes of more or less personal interest, but we fear they will search in vain for anything of real value. The book is well printed, and the illustrations, such as they are, are well done, but there are several well-known canvases by Chase which it would have been better to include in the place of some of those given; for example, the particularly fine portrait of von Habermann to which more than one reference is made, and the portrait of Mrs. Clark, undoubtedly one of his masterpieces. No reference is made to portraits of Chase by such artists, as e. g., by Thomas Eakins and Annie T. Lang; the latter,

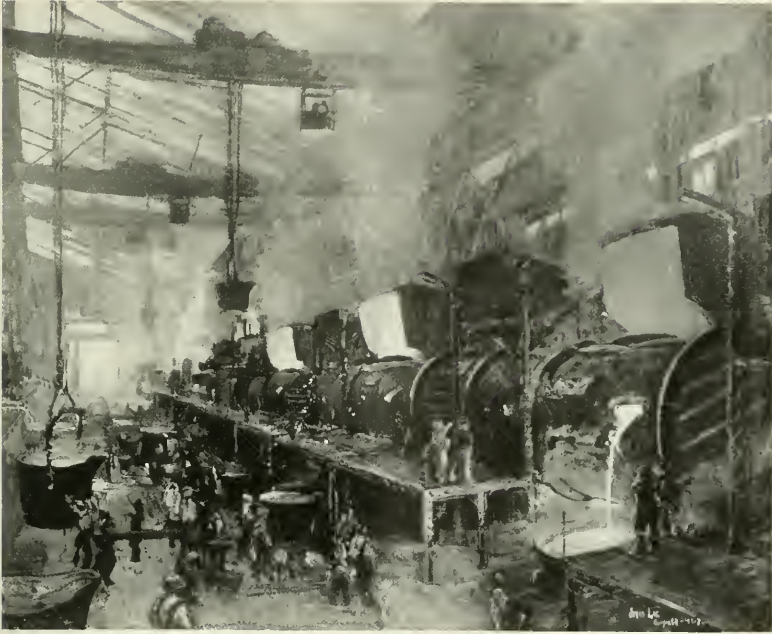
painted in Florence in 1910, has been exhibited and reproduced frequently. The portrait of his mother is reproduced, but no reference is made to the fact that, while his best work was not included in the recent sale, this picture was allowed to go to the hammer, and was purchased together with that of his father by his former pupil and assistant and presented to his mother, who is still living.

Of the writer of this book it can be said "*Stat magni nominis umbra*," and one cannot resist the impression that "The Life and Art of William M. Chase" was really a secondary consideration in the writing of this book.

It is a great pity that nothing in the way of a bibliography is given, though, as already indicated, there is much available material. The list of Chase's canvases is very faulty and also leaves much to be desired in other directions. One is especially struck by the fact that no attempt has been made to properly record any of his work as a teacher; his lectures at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts will long be remembered, and there are many transcripts of these extant which could have been easily used to the very considerable improvement of the book had they been sought. Our disappointment in this work is deep and sincere. So much could have been done, and so little (if anything) has been accomplished. We can discover absolutely no excuse for the book as it is. "The Life and Art of William M. Chase" still remains to be presented adequately, and we have no doubt that it will be done and done properly. The position occupied by William M. Chase and the influence he exerted both as a master and teacher demand that a worthy record and appreciation of his life and work be soon forthcoming.

THE Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, has reluctantly decided to suspend the publication of the *Print-Collector's Quarterly* for the duration of the war. The December number just issued will be followed by a full index of the entire series. Notice regarding subscriptions will in due course be given by the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company. The Museum acknowledges with satisfaction the support which the *Quarterly* has received among lovers of the art of engraving in this country and abroad, and hopes at a happier moment to renew the service which the *Quarterly* has rendered for the past seven years.

Academy Winter Exhibition



WITH OUR ARMIES AT HOME

BY JONAS LIE

ACADEMY WINTER EXHIBITION BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

ONLY a Scrooge among the critics could base an adverse decision upon the offerings of the National Academy of Design on the occasion of their 1917 Winter Exhibition, which for general interest has surpassed most previous experiences, and this in spite of the war which has drawn so many artists from their own to their country's colours, or into the engaging domain of camouflage, which we trust will be a popular parlour game when peace shall have finally been declared. The Academy may with all respect be likened unto a suet pudding with sultanas, such conglomerate occasioning dyspepsia or elation, dependent upon the skill and material employed by the cook. Its value and interest lie in the admixture. An indifferent cook permits the sultanas to congregate in one portion of the pudding. Analogously, a prejudiced hanging committee have often in the past spread a suet

trail through all the galleries except the Vanderbilt, reserving the Academy room for suet only. Well was it named the Morgue. On this last occasion, however, the sultanas have been evenly spread; in fact, the pudding was a success. Good pictures were discoverable everywhere and, consequently, visitors were in every room instead of huddled in the Vanderbilt gallery.

Complete successes under existing conditions are, of course, impossible. We must expect suet in plenty. The only remedy would be to have one of the rooms devoted "to the dear departed" where all artists who are dropping or have dropped from the race could be seen in amicable seclusion. The harm that a bad picture can do to its neighbours was exemplified in the Centre gallery, where one particular canvas infected everything around. One could observe sensitive people shuddering. But we have no desire to seek out the bad; let us rather advert to the canvases which in our opinion contributed to the general feeling of *bien aise* engendered by the exhibition.



HER DAUGHTER

BY WALTER UFER

With perfect good taste, the honour spot was accorded to Sargent with his portrait of Rockefeller. Though in design and colour hardly to be styled a great picture, it has the peculiar Sargent quality that places his head and shoulders over the ordinary portraitist. To take a single feature, the nose. If that had been the sole content of the canvas there would have been enough to reward a visit without admiring the nervous hands and that mystic, far-away expression compatible with extreme age.

On the whole, the prizes seem to have been bestowed where they belonged: The Carnegie prize falling to Redfield, the Proctor to William J. Whittemore, the Altman prizes to Daniel Garber and Karl Andersen, the Isidor to Alice Kent Stoddard, the Shaw to Malvina Hoffman, and the Watrous to Sherry E. Fry. We must confess to a feeling of disappointment in seeing

Max Bohm, with his *Crossing the Bar*, left out of the distribution. Bohm's canvas showing a fisherman and his boy battling with the tide, their boat topping the surge, is a noble subject dragged out of the commonplace and depicted in a virile manner with rich colour. It might be symbolic of the artist with his offering vainly attempting to cross the bar of a jury's judgment. His picture was certainly one of the best exhibits.

Luis Mora in *Somewhere in Arizona* depicted a number of villainous-looking Indians all gazing at something outside of the picture, a huge, gaily sketched illustration suggestive of a never-ending frieze, this being a fraction of it. Mora may always be relied upon for vigorous painting and unusual subjects. Indian pictures were much in evidence. Blumenschein shewed *An Indian's Life* in a decorative setting; Couse, *A Native Fisherman*, somewhat idealised; Sandor, a Pueblo



PAINING
CROSSING THE BAR
BY MAX BOHM



SCULPTURE
UNFINISHED FIGURE
BY SHERRY E. FRY



AZTEC SCULPTOR

BY WILLIAM F. KLINE

in moonshine (Wolpi, Arizona), a brilliant if somewhat colourless performance. Very few painters detect colour in moonshine. One artist we recall who does, A. P. Lucas, is unfortunately an infrequent exhibitor. Sandor has certainly given profundity and mystery to his attractive canvas. An unusual and interesting Indian subject was shown by William F. Kline, who represented an Aztec at work sculpting. The Natural History Museum should certainly acquire it. Another painter of Indians who contributed a noteworthy theme ably handled is Walter Ufer. *Her Daughter* is a delightful two-figure composition, the background of scrub-covered hills and the pots on the women's heads giving charm and pattern. William Cotton is another artist who selected a two-figure composition in *The Canoists*, and

except for some rather unpleasant purple colour in the faces succeeded admirably. The rich purple of the woman's skirt struck a resonant note. Beautiful in quality were *Woman and Child* by Marie D. Page and *Grazia* by Barone, where the artist's wife is seated in profile, her hands clasped upon her lap. Warner excelled with his *Manhattan Contrasts*, a corner of old New York by the Battery with the Woolworth towering above. A little less of this towering process might benefit a very excellent piece of painting. A fine arrangement marked the *Portrait of Mrs. Travis* by Leon Kroll, a highly decorative performance, everything well painted but the arms. Felicie Howell and Jane Peterson give sparkle, humour and originality to their pictures, avoiding the pretty and the commonplace.

Theresa Bernstein, another avoider of the pretty and the commonplace, may always be seen at a commanding height—it is her destiny

to reach for the stars and therefore to be skied. *The 18th Regiment* by this artist lacks concentration and selection. Rows of figures of uniform size in uniform savour of monotony. Where she characterizes with one or two figures, her talent is undeniable. Ruth Anderson showed a red-haired girl painted in a dashing style, all her own, entitled *Sally in Our Alley*. Ritschel sent in a beautiful marine full of rich, iridescent colour, and Rittenberg, resting from portraiture, executed a typical still life which formed an excellent companion to Ritschel's canvas. A good and dignified offering came from De Witt Parshall, *Sandstone Wall*. Gardner Symons could not break away from snow, but allowed much of it to escape in his *Melting of the First Snow*, a large snowscape handled in a masterful manner, with



PORTRAIT BUST OF
CHARLES R. VAN HISE
BY C. S. PIETRO

Academy Winter Exhibition

beautiful shadows and colour gradation, the road past some red barns twisting and twirling upwards till lost in a tangle of tree and distance—a happy *milieu* between realism and idealism. Another spacious panorama of hill and dale was *Upland Country* by Eliot Clark, well composed and solidly painted. Gifford Beal is always original and entertaining. His *Side Show* was the better performance. *On the Grand Circuit* was somewhat prejudiced by the greens and reds

his painting in *With Our Armies at Home*, a strong portrayal of smelters in full swing with rich colour contrasts. The Utah copper mines certainly provided him with fine material.

Joseph T. Pearson, Jr., continues to gladden us ornithologically. His wintry backgrounds to impeccably painted ducks with an arrangement all his own are immensely decorative, the restrained colour well considered.

Many interesting bits of statuary were in evi-



MELTING OF FIRST SNOW

BY GARDNER SYMONS

which lacked restraint. His brother, Reynolds Beal, in *Head Sea, No Wind*, revealed more reserve and quality than some of his recent work when he favoured a "spaghetti" technique which, while amusing, was hardly convincing.

When Jonas Lie in one of his Panama pictures displayed great buckets dancing in mid-air along heavy steel hawsers, he was inspired to call his picture—for pictures like infants demand baptism—*The Heavenly Host*, which narrowly escaped being improved upon when a compositor of non-Biblical tastes converted *Host* into *Hoist*. His nomenclature has deteriorated since, but not

dence. The group by Malvina Hoffman would be delightful if not so obviously reminiscent of a famous picture. An excellent portrait of the famous geologist and University president at Madison, Mr. Van Hise, is the work of C. S. Pietro and has the dignity and strength which mark that artist's work, especially in his recent busts of Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt and Mrs. W. E. Bock, of Toledo.

Paul Manship's well-known *Dancer and Gazelles* was also shown, and a charging herd of elephants, excellent in design, the work of Carl E. Akeley.



THEODORE SPICER-SIMSON
BY HENRI CARO-DELVAILLE

AN INTERPRETER OF LIFE: PRINCE
PAUL TROUBETZKOY
BY ANTONY ANDERSON

IT WAS borne in upon me, when I looked on a recent display of figurines, old and new, by Prince Paul Troubetzkoy, that Arthur Symons' dictum on Rodin might be applied with equal truth to the younger man—"Other sculptors turn life into sculpture, he turns sculpture into life." One's quick impression, indeed, as one stared with delight at the statues on their sprawling wooden pedestals, was that of a levee in Lilliput—a fête in Queen Titania's domain, in which everybody was on parade, all serenely joyous and elated.

For it is the joy of life that Troubetzkoy celebrates, no matter if he is modelling the portrait bust of a poet, the figure of a grand lady in silk and chiffon, a dancer, a child at play, a horse in action. This fine exuberance is what he himself feels, and therefore he knows and sees it in others. The pensive mood? Yes. We have it, and it is well that we should have it again and again, and sometimes Troubetzkoy interprets it. But it is also well to yield to the impulse toward happiness, and to permit it full sway and expression. For life is the big positive thing in the universe, and it may not be made manifest by a series of negations.

Yes, Troubetzkoy turns sculpture into life that may seem, at first glance, more intense than life as we know it, but that is surely not more ardent than life should be for every one of us. The sparkling eye, the full breath, the lifted head, the wide swing of legs that have the godlike length of Apollo's and Diana's—this is what life means, or at any rate this is what art means to our sculptor, who is half American and half Russian and was born in Italy. His American blood counts for so much that in temperament and spirit he seems to belong wholly to the Far West where his sculptures have just been showing at San Francisco and Los Angeles. He found his cowboys in New York, to be sure, but how perfectly he "realized" them on their heaven-aspiring broncos!

There was room for the ass in Queen Titania's train, and there is plenty of space for the wolf and the lamb in Prince Troubetzkoy's. Wolves and lambs, horses, dogs and buffaloes, with many other members of the menagerie, are among this

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"MY WIFE"

BY PRINCE PAUL TROUBETZKOY

artist's familiar friends, hardly less near and dear to him than the men and women he has known



BUCKING BRONCO
BY PRINCE PAUL TROUBETZKOJ

An Interpreter of Life: Prince Paul Troubetzkoy



MRS. ALMA DE BRETTEVILLE SPRECKELS AND CHILDREN

BY PRINCE PAUL TROUBETZKOY

and modelled. He offers us counterfeit presentations of his pet Russian wolf-hound that show the same clairvoyance as those of his old friend Tolstoy. He knew the dog and he knew the man, and he loved them both for the character he found in them.

Nobody, of course, not even Diana the huntress in her wildest moments, ever had such long legs as those Troubetzkoy puts upon each and every one of his glorified humans, who are more like fauns and nymphs than men and women in box coats and street gowns. He makes the least possible of the coats and gowns, that we may feel with him the shy, primitive wildness that dwells under the skin of even the most "civilised" person in the world. The fact that so many of the most civilised have "sat" for him proves that they recognise the power and insight in his portrayals—I had almost said betrayals—of them. His bust of Segantini is so like Michael Angelo's *Moses*—

"The captain's might, and mystery of the seer—
Remoteness of Jehovah's colloquist,
Nearness of man's heaven-advocate—are here"

—that you search instinctively for the horns, and feel that they must be budding, if not yet quite sprouted.

Presumably, the dancer is nearer to the dryad than the rest of us are, and nature's immortality still broods over the child. Therefore it is that Troubetzkoy models the dancer and the child more often and more lovingly than he models anyone else. What suppleness of limbs, what fine fervour of action, in the one; what soft curves and subtleties of expression in the other. They are like long-stemmed flowers, these with fragrant petals blown by the wind, those nestling quietly in the bud. If dancers were like that, and children like that—"But they are like that!" cries Troubetzkoy in his big, jubilant voice, and we believe him, for we are convinced that he knows. And so we look at Mlle. Svirsky, and Mme. Pavlova, and Mrs. Vernon Castle, and Lady Constance Richardson, with opened eyes that enable us to read and understand the poetry of the dance; and so we gaze into the faces of *Master Bourne*, and *Little Girl*, and *Master Smart*, and *Girl with Lamb*—"thou child of joy!"—

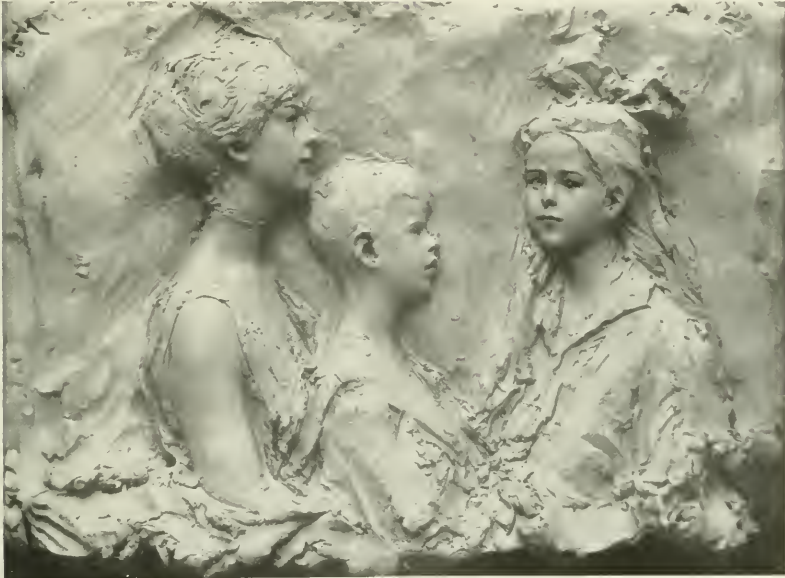
An Interpreter of Life: Prince Paul Troubetzkoy

and almost unlock the heart of childhood's mystery.

If coats are often rather summarily dismissed by our sculptor, not so with faces. With what loving care he follows the curves of a child's or a woman's cheek, how tenderly he places its bloom of innocence and beauty. The very texture of smooth and healthy skin is here. He gives to the faces of his men a more rugged boldness of lines, planes and surfaces, but these too have the ultimate note of refinement—the revelation of

Troubetzkoy it means life. There may be repose in action, and his statuettes have this repose. They do not disturb and excite you; they merely interest you profoundly. They are as thrilling as life, and at the same time as matter of course. They are ideal, but they are rooted in the real.

CHARLES CHAMBERS has just been commissioned to execute the mural decorations in the new St. Ignatius Church, in Rogers Park, Chi-



MRS. FREDERIC ALGER AND CHILDREN

BY PRINCE PAUL TROUBETZKOY

an inner sanctuary of the soul that has received no desecration from the stress of living. It is through the eyes that we discover the secret shrine, for the eyes of Troubetzkoy's sitters have a flashing intelligence that is almost disconcerting. They are like the eyes of no other sculptures that I know of, seeming to be alive with a vital spark. Needless to say that they are not modelled by a formula, as were the eyes in ancient sculptures.

Action, action, action, and yet more action—this may mean little beyond restlessness, but in the strong and capable hands of a man like

cago, pronounced one of the most magnificent and dignified temples of worship in the West.

Mr. Chambers has already started work on the first of the paintings of *The Stations of the Cross*. These will be followed by two large altar-pieces, and other of the paintings will depict the life of St. Ignatius in panels. The artist will execute most of the panels in his studios in Carnegie Hall, New York City, making frequent trips to Chicago, however, in the course of the work on the decorations. Mr. Chambers was born in St. Louis and is well known in art circles in that city.

On Instruction in Art

ON INSTRUCTION IN ART BY ANTONY ANDERSON

ON A RECENT visit to the ample gallery devoted to the exhibition of art in the Normal School of the State in which I live, and a further visit to the adjacent schoolrooms into which the annual exhibition of works by the students, then in progress, had overflowed, led me, from this particular showing, into a train of thought regarding art education in general.

It was my intention, when I entered the gallery, to jot down notes on the several—indeed, the very numerous—exhibits, and to write of some or all of them in detail. But I found that I had come into an embarrassment of riches, that every coin rang true, and that the mere counting of them would make a bookkeeper's column, with no space left for any description that could identify them to the seekers who might come after me. Too, I wished to avoid the mention of names, for these exhibitors were students, not professional artists; this was a school of instruction, not a studio.

Why, then, do I consider drawings, sketches and designs exposed by novices in art "of more value than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags"? Why do I think a students' exhibit important?

I regard this one of importance because it was interesting and delightful in itself, and because it connoted so many interesting things about you and me and every other American—how we think and feel and act. Art, as we all believe (or should believe), is only a record of the reactions that life has upon certain highly-organized and sensitive temperaments, and it is therefore the measuring rod of our civilization. (My metaphors are hopelessly mixed, but I trust I make myself understood.) Art schools are places where the measuring rod is whittled out and "seasoned" with the utmost care and precision. If the rod is straight and true—not the queer tool of a cubist, not the trowel of a futurist—it stands to reason that the civilization it attempts to measure is also straight and true.

There can be no doubt that the rod is thus being whittled and seasoned in the most of our art schools. Their exhibitions prove it. Those exhibitions—which are our doing as well as the doing of the little children and young men and maidens who attend the schools—also prove that we have progressed far from the condition of pre-

historic barbarism, in that we have gladly, willingly and helpfully made them possible. Don't imagine that such exhibitions are held every year in Timbuctoo. They are not, though we all wish and believe that such a consummation will some day come to pass. America was once as dark.

We may safely take this flattering unction to our souls, that if we were benighted citizens we should all be supporting a benighted system of art and art instruction, or, more likely, not be supporting them at all. No need of a rod where there is nothing to measure.

However, though we are not now living in outer darkness, there is plenty of need for more light. Semi-obscurity is apt to persuade us to the worship of half-gods, and it is only at high noon the true gods really arrive to stay. Such urgent illumination, and much of it, comes from the art schools of our country, all of which are anxiously watching the clock and speeding the great hour that shall make us free—free to reconcile the duty of life with the beauty of art.

Art is such a practical thing, after all, the most practical thing in the world. This truth struck me forcibly in the room at the Normal School devoted to the work of children of six years. How simple and sincere these studies were in massing and in colouring, how like the work, if you please, of the great masters themselves, and how near to nature. I discovered—what I had only vaguely guessed before—that it is but a step from nature into art, and that if you take that step without too much deliberation and forethought you will have no trouble at all.

The tiny students did not try to imitate nature. They were too wise for that. They merely yielded themselves to an impression of nature, and put that impression down on paper in the most direct way possible to them. They recognized that details were, for the most part, non-essentials. It is the man who "knows too much" who flounders in a morass of superfluities, and who is rescued only when he consents to throw aside the most of his painfully acquired baggage. Indeed, one of the instructors at the Normal School confessed that he had a great deal of trouble with one such grown-up over-educated pupil, whose pride in complexities suffered under the firm impact of simplicities, but who was finally led to admit the error of his former ways. The making of pictures with toned strips of paper seems preposterous and impossible to the man accustomed to an over-

In the Galleries

pliant brush. Yet this is what they do every day, wonderfully, at the Normal School.

This sounds like play, but it is a game that leads to the art of living—as, when it comes to that, all games do, from the hide-and-seek of childhood to the railroad magnate's manipulations. I was not surprised to learn that some of the painted designs for fans exhibited made such an impression on a fan manufacturer that he wanted to use them in his business, and that the design for a bedroom interior by another student procured a position for her in the largest furniture store in the city. Both fan and room designs showed that they were made with utility as well as beauty held in mind, and that if they were "artistic" they were also "practical." To see, to feel, to enjoy, and to create—this is the aim of all genuine art, and this must never be lost sight of in all genuine art instruction.

I N THE GALLERIES

THE Brooklyn Museum will open on Tuesday, February 5th, continuing until March 17th, the official loan from the French Government of the paintings, statues, tapestries, furniture, porcelains, rugs and other works of decorative art which were shown at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915. The proceeds of the opening day, when an admission fee of \$1.00 will be charged, will be given to the Brooklyn Branch of the American Red Cross Association. All the large galleries of the upper floor of the Museum will be devoted to the exhibition, so arranged that the gallery usually assigned to American art will contain the paintings and statues of contemporary French art. The rotunda will contain the tapestries, furniture and other works of decorative art, and the gallery usually assigned to European



Exhibited at the Arlington Galleries

PORTRAIT

BY ROSAMOND CONEY

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paintings will contain the works of art from the Luxembourg. By this arrangement is indicated the three various sources on which the French Government drew for the material shown at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. One of these is the exhibition of contemporary French paintings and statues from the Palace of Fine Arts at San Francisco. Another of these is the selection of works of art from the Luxembourg, which is retrospective from the year 1870 down. The third source of exhibits is the Mobilier National, formerly the Garde Meuble, a historic storehouse of French decorative art. As distinct from the contemporary exhibition in the Palace of Fine Arts at San Francisco, the objects from the Luxembourg and from the Mobilier National were installed in the magnificent pavilion which was built by the French Government at San Francisco as the Government's State Building. Of all these exhibits those from the Mobilier National have only been shown at San Diego in California outside of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. On the other hand, the exhibition of contemporary French art and of the works of the Luxembourg Museum have been shown in various Western museums.

The American public owes to the French Government the opportunity of enjoying the present exhibition of French art. Selected from distinguished sources, it is an exhibition admirably representative of painting and sculpture of our immediate epoch, and to a certain extent of the sumptuous decorative art which has through all modern history reflected and adorned French culture. Despite the great risks of war, France, never losing sight of her mission in the arts of peace, cordially accepted the invitation of the United States to co-operate in the Panama-Pacific International Exposition of 1915. Her commissioners organized the contributions of the French artists to the International display in the Palace of Fine Arts at San Francisco, and selected from the collection in the Luxembourg Museum some of the best examples of national painting and sculpture, and equally from the depository of decorative arts, the Mobilier National, many rare objects for the adornment of her beautiful official pavilion in the Exposition grounds. For the first time since the close of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, the French exhibit, excluding the contributed works which were sold at San Francisco, is assembled in its entirety. With French courtesy

the delicate compliment is paid to the Americans of confiding to their care these creations of artistic genius which is so truly characteristic of the gifted French people. If it were not for the strong ties that unite France and America, it is quite improbable that these treasures could be sent so far from home.

Visitors to San Francisco will remember that there was a collection of the sculptures and paintings of Belgian artists exhibited in a gallery fitted up for the purpose in the French Pavilion. As a mark of sympathy for her grievously stricken ally and neighbour, France assumed the entire care of the Belgian collection, and that too is included in the present exhibition. It is a situation full of patriotic significance that the United States lends to her allies France and Belgium the aid of her men and material resources, and in return receives from them the rare advantage of studying at first hand under Government auspices their cherished works of art which are the most impressive manifestation of European culture.

Three important exhibitions have just been opened at Carnegie Institute. The Americanization Exhibition is in two sections—one section devoted to a loan exhibit of laces and textiles from private collections in the city assembled under the direction of Mrs. William Thaw, Jr., while the other section includes objects brought from homelands by the parents of Pittsburgh school children. This exhibition, organized by the Phœbe Brashear Club, is installed in the galleries of the Department of Fine Arts.

Concurrently with the Americanization Exhibition, an Exhibition of Modern Applied Arts is being shown under the auspices of the Department of Fine Arts. Not only the master craftsmen of America but a number of workers more familiarly known in the fine arts are represented by objects in this collection. Notably in the latter group we find Arthur Crisp, Robert W. Chanler, Paul Manship, Maxwell Armfield, and Thomas Shields Clarke. Of the master craftsmen exhibiting fine examples of their work, Charles J. Connick, Adelaide Robineau, Pedro J. Lemos, Dorothea Warren O'Hara, Newcomb College, the Paul Revere Pottery, The Blanchards, F. C. Clayter, Hunt Dielerich, Douglas Donaldson, Frank Gardner Hale, Leonide Lavaron, Angela R. Vedder, Emile Bernat, Fannie Willcox Brown, Marion Garland, Bertram Hartman, Ethel Mars, the Noank Studio, Helen Reed, Olive Rush,

In the Galleries



From the Wiltach Collection, Philadelphia. (See leading article.)

THE SHORE

BY RUPERT C. W. BUNNY

Martha Ryther, Mary Tannahill, Sallie B. Tannahill, Jessie C. Kinsley, Marguerite Zorach, and Frank Koralewsky may be specially mentioned. A group of nineteen Pittsburgh craftsmen are included. Among the notable Pittsburgh exhibits is a group of hand-bound books executed by Miss Euphemia Bakewell and her pupil, Mrs. Roy Hunt, stained glass designed by George Sotter, decorative paintings by Edward Trumbull and Elizabeth Robb, pottery by Miss Margaret Whitehead, textiles woven by Mrs. Bertha Gill Johnston, and iron-work by G. G. Fyfe.

Joseph Pennell's war lithographs of munition work in America, France, and Great Britain are also on exhibition until February 28.

An exhibition of bronze portraits of men in the United States service was held last month at the Hunt Studio, 489 Park Avenue. The purpose of this exhibition was to bring to the attention and suggest to the families the appropriateness of having a bronze portrait of their men in the service, the spirit being that of the permanent service flag to hand down to posterity.

Page cxxvii reproduces a portrait of Theodore Spicer-Simson, the famous medallist, whose exquisite show combined so happily with that of

Caro-Delvaile at the new galleries of Gimpel & Wildenstein during the month of January. A special article in the January issue dealt with the art of Caro-Delvaile, and our next issue will pay tribute to that of Theodore Spicer-Simson.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN

THE death of Charles H. Caffin stays the pen of a writer whose view-point was specially valuable in quickening the layman's interest in and understanding of the various fields of art; and to Caffin these comprised the whole sphere of life. Through all his writings ran the doctrine—most directly developed in his volume, *Art for Life's Sake*—that art is not, as popularly supposed, confined to painting, or sculpture, or drama, or architecture, or music, but is, in its highest and broadest sense, organisation—susceptible of application to, or expression through, every kind of human activity, high or humble, practical or idealistic. His breadth of view derived from broad experience; he touched life at many facets. After taking his degree at Oxford, he went on the stage—and, though abandoning his career as an actor, he never ceased to be actively connected

with dramatics. His readings of modern plays exhibited all the artistry of the trained actor, and his dramatic criticism was informed with knowledge both of the drama and of the stage. His many books on painting, sculpture, and architecture, throw new light upon their subjects, and broaden the reader's powers of perception and appreciation—for the author's keenest sympathies were with the layman whose eyes had not yet fully opened to the beauty around him: to such Caffin was a vitalising teacher and guide.

His strong and keen individuality was, to those who were privileged to know him personally, a tonic to their appetite for the true and the beautiful; a challenge to their false or blindly accepted views; an incentive to their particular contributions to the art of human life.

HAROLD PAGET.

LEADING CAPTIVITY CAPTIVE

IN expressing a contrary opinion to that held by one of our esteemed contemporaries we feel it our bounden duty to protest against such authoritative opinions as are uttered by Petronius Arbitrator anent the well-known painting by Luke Fildes, R.A., entitled *The Doctor*.

Let the art-loving people of America pause before accepting such a picture as "a great work of art." Without going into the undeniable merits of the canvas, its failure to measure up to great works of art lies patently in three main causes: First and foremost, its significance is purely literary—in other words, it is an anecdote expressed in terms of paint instead of words. Secondly, it offends through its excessive sentimentality, and thirdly, it lacks greatness through over-elaboration, so many details interfering with the centre of interest and leaving nothing to the imagination.

If such a picture as this is to be rated so highly then we must pass over the big strides made in art since the '60s and call forth as a giant in art such a man as C. P. Frith.

The Doctor is a fascinating Christmas-number, Pears-soap type of illustration that may be seen in thousands of cottages and as such performs the task of satisfying people who would not recognise a real work of art if they saw it. In no home where art is appreciated and fostered would it be conceivable to find oneself confronted with such a type of picture. As a popular picture no

doubt it may carry its head high, always a companion to or substitute for antimacassars, wax fruit and daguerreotypes, but popular pictures do not ordinarily bear the stamp of great art.

There are two sides to everything, pictures included. Many will agree with the verdict of Petronius Arbitrator, many will not. And those who are prone to accept ready-made opinions will possibly reconsider the verdict in *The Art World* and may be tempted to employ their own thoughts now that they hear a contrary decision, a decision arrived at from very earnest convictions. It will be a bad omen, in our opinion, if American artists should turn to such examples of art as *The Doctor* for inspiration. Let us not lead captivity captive. W. H. DE B. N.

A NEW DIRECTOR AT WORCESTER

THE appointment of Mr. Raymond Wyer to the important position of Director of Worcester Art Museum is a matter of extreme satisfaction to THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO inasmuch as we recommended him very warmly to the committee entrusted with finding a successor to Dr. Gentner. Recommendations in this case, however, were of secondary importance. The committee very properly spent many months in considering the appointment, visiting different museums, communicating with others and conferring with the heads of the Fine Arts Departments at Harvard and Princeton besides paying equal attention to many other candidates for the post. It will thus be seen that Mr. Wyer has succeeded purely on his qualifications, outclassing all competition. He may be said to possess a peculiar combination of the analytical, intellectual, philosophical and emotional in his nature with the power to apply these qualities to art and life in a logical and enthusiastic manner.

Worcester Museum with its prestige and a fine initial collection of paintings will be a great inspiration to Mr. Wyer, and we have no doubt that he will prove himself the man they need. Sir Hugh Lane, who was unfortunately lost with the *Lusitania*, considered Mr. Wyer an excellent judge of paintings where quality was considered, and the pictures purchased by him for the Hackley Gallery attest his judgment in a high degree. We proffer our congratulations to Mr. Wyer in attaining his wish, and to Worcester Art Museum in obtaining the services of a first-rate director.



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