

discarded the severe tradition of David in the modelling of medallions, but they all have refinement, they all have wonderful aptitude, and their little disks of silver and bronze are among the most satisfactory things in the French section. Mr. St. Gaudens, too, abandons the classical idea, but he equals Chaplain and the rest in technique, and in respect to feeling for character, in respect to picturesqueness and artlessness of design, he surpasses them all. In the Shaw monument, with its marching soldiers dominated by the horseman in the centre, he is so realistic as to give the feeling of ebullient life—and fuses his many figures into a well balanced composition. "The Puritan," of which the original is at Springfield, is chiefly remarkable for its picturesqueness, a free and energetic portrait of a typical Puritan in the capacious cloak of his time. Of the beautiful "Love and Charity," the angel bearing a tablet aloft, something has already been said in an earlier letter. All these works are known at home. The equestrian statue of Sherman, however, is new. The composition is old, in one sense. It represents simply a man on horseback. But walking in front is a winged Victory, and not only in this addition, but in the whole web of line and light and shade Mr. St. Gaudens has used the subtle invention of a master, surprising you not by any startling innovation, but by the general freshness of his design. One equestrian statue may be very like another save when this indefinable touch of creative art is bestowed upon the work. Then something intangible but potent changes the familiar bulk, gives it nervous elasticity, urges each outline into delightful combination with its neighbor, and leaves an impression of greatness and beauty. The Sherman provokes these reflections, standing, in the plaster, amid a thousand distracting mediocrities. How much more impressive it will be when cast in the bronze and erected upon a stately pedestal against some leafy background it is not difficult to imagine. In the American section Mr. St. Gaudens rather overshadows his colleagues, but one quality they and he undoubtedly have in common, a quality sadly missed among the French. Seriousness is at the bottom of nearly all the work sent over here by our countrymen. There is excellent technique, too, in Mr. French's equestrian statue of Washington, in Mr. Grafly's portraits and allegorical pieces, in Mr. Phimister Proctor's animal subjects, in Mr. Barnard's huge compositions, and in the figures and military groups of Mr. MacMonnies. But the main point is that American sculpture has generally a certain grave intention; its aim is lofty. One might easily neglect this at home and dwell more largely on questions of technique, where there is still much to be gained. But here, alongside the vapid and vulgar things of the European sculptors, our seriousness takes on a new significance. The English are serious, too, and to good purpose in rare instances. Mr. Swan's lions and leopards are admirable essays in a manner founded obviously to some extent on that of Barye, and Mr. Onslow Ford is also engaging, whether in the rather heavy lines of his bust of the Queen, in the lighter vein of his statuettes, "The Singer" and "Applause," or in the ingenious design and apt spirit of his "Shelley Memorial," with a nude figure lying on a kind of platform, which, in its turn, is supported by crouching figures. But, aside from these two men, no one in the English section rises above dull commonplace.

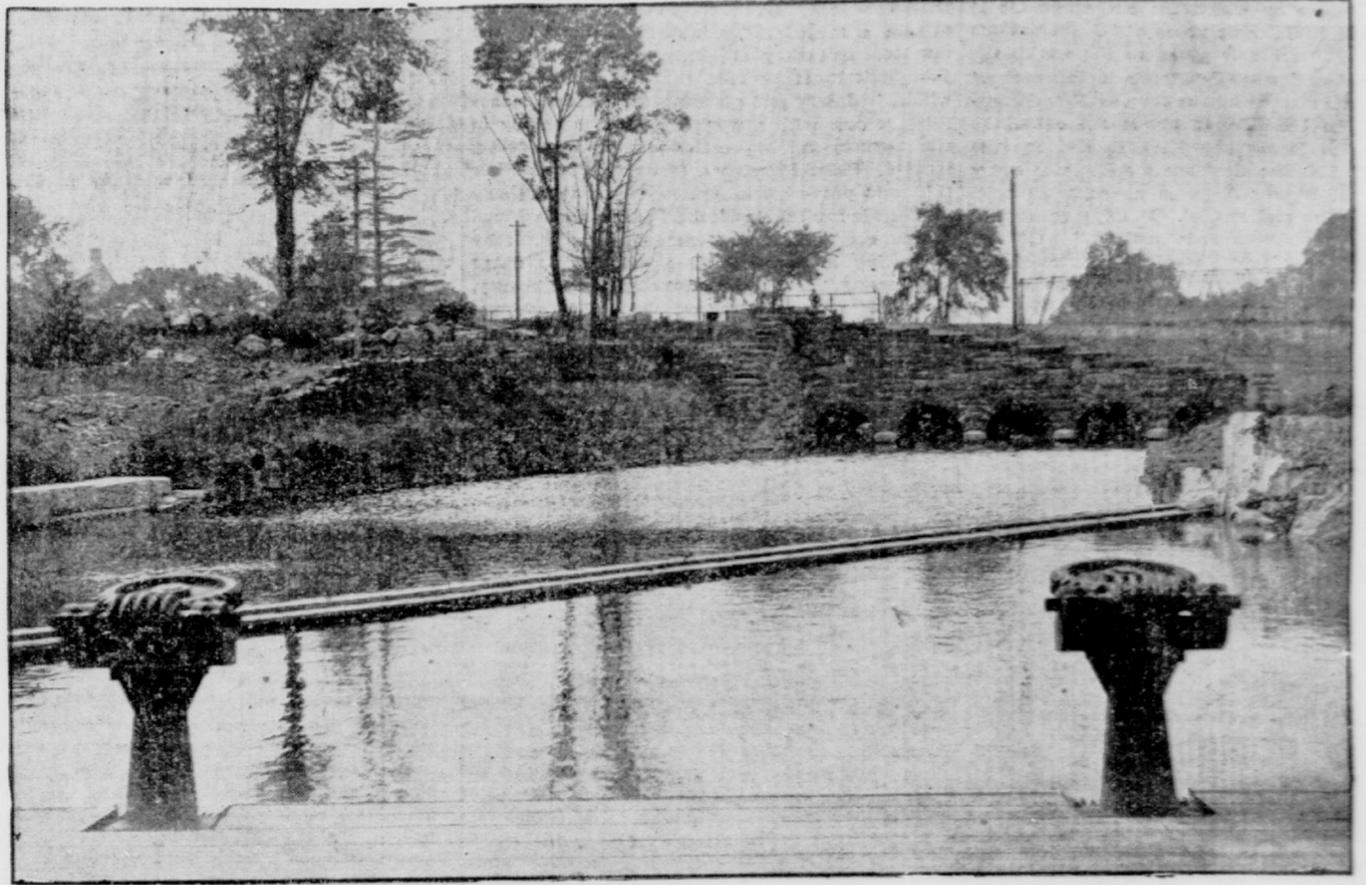
On the Continent, outside of France, the sculptors are rarely worth serious attention. Russia has Prince Troubetskoi, a modeller of charming statuettes, vivacious, clever and original. Ginsbourg, too, has facility, and Antokolsky, in his historical and poetical figures, has something more, a shade more vigor, something that seems more Russian. But the Russian sculptors, taken altogether, are disappointing. The Germans are heavy and uninteresting. Franz Stuck is their most noticeable man, and he is more eccentric than artistic. Among the Austrians there are some fair medallists, and one sculptor, Franz Matsch, has secured a bizarre but pleasing effect in a fountain for a winter garden by coloring the figures set in low relief against a white marble background. Hungary is merely depressing through the coarseness, crudity and thorough incompetence of its sculpture. The only Italian of genuine ability is Gemito, the Neapolitan sculptor of little bronzes of fisher folk and peasants, but he, it is said, is afflicted with an illness that has long since made it impossible for him to work. The Spaniards, the Portuguese, the Scandinavians, yield nothing that is not hopelessly weak and trashy.

R. C.

AUTOMOBILES FOR THE KAISER.

From the London Telegraph.

The motor car has not made so much progress in Berlin as it has in Paris; but a number of persons connected with the Berlin Court are trying to do business with it, and there is a good deal of enterprise and readiness to speculate among the courtiers on the Spree. More than a year ago the Kaiser's Master of the Horse inquired of a well known carriage manufacturer in the capital if he could supply him with cars for the conveyance of visitors from the station to His Majesty's country seat, at Wildpark, near Potsdam—the new palace. Since then the Imperial Postoffice has secured some heavy vans propelled on this principle; and now Kaiser Wilhelm himself is going to try this mode of travelling. In the month of August the Kaiser has arranged to visit the military drill ground at Alten-Grabow, in the province of Saxony, and proposes to travel the distance from Wusterwitz to Ziesar, and thence to Nedlitz, in a motor car. The carriage maker above referred to has offered His Majesty a present of three of such vehicles, which he has graciously accepted. The roads in the neighborhood are now being put in order for the convenience of the Imperial party.



FEED CANAL AROUND THE REMAINS OF LITTLE FALLS.

EVICTING A RIVER.

HOW THE PASSAIC HAS BEEN TURNED OUT OF ITS BED FOR A PUMPING STATION.

Because Jersey City, Paterson, Passaic, Lake View and other places have many thousand thirsty inhabitants, the Passaic River has been driven out of the channel which it has occupied for centuries. Massive red stone buildings—the pumping station of the East Jersey Water Company—occupy the old bed of the stream, and a long coffer dam, strongly built of chipped rock, keeps the water away. Of course, when capital decided to change the course of the river a new bed had to be made for the stream, and in it the Passaic is running a sluggish, indifferent race toward the sea. That is, part of it is running, for many millions of gallons are daily enticed into the quiet, grassy banked canal which feeds the great pumps. After being thoroughly cleaned this water is picked up by high pressure pumps and sent coursing through dark, underground pipes to the thirsty cities.

When settlers first pushed back from the coast to carve homes for themselves in the forests which covered the rocky hills of New-Jersey the Passaic was a noble stream. Its flow, vastly larger than at the present time, was unobstructed, except for the natural rocks which added to the coloring by the foamy whiteness which they caused. Little Falls was one of the most beautiful spots on the Passaic, and for years and years it roared to its heart's content. Then came a silkmaker who stole its power by disfiguring the crest of the falls with a dam. As if angry at the intrusion, the water backed up, and, when a favorable opportunity presented itself, overflowed into the meadows. Great was the wrath of the farmers when this had been repeated several years in succession, and they hurried off to Trenton with a long protest. The petition resulted in a Government crew blowing off the top of the falls and leveling it down, until it had scarcely more dignity than an ordinary rapids. This act of vandalism (looking at it from the falls' point of view) was sufficient to break its heart. It roared no more; rather moaned like a hundred wild beasts in distress.

The falls were still moaning in 1897, when Jersey capitalists, looking for a pumping site, decided to locate at this point on the Passaic. The falls kept on moaning, and the big school of black bass which kept house in the shady pools just below were sorry. The bass had a turn next. The river covered the most available site for the new water system, therefore the river had to be moved. Crews of men came with their horses, scrapers and rock carts. They split up a part of the hill and carried the splinters down into the stream. They piled on rock until the river was more than divided. Then they shut off the water from above, and several acres of riverbed were reclaimed. The bass wondered as their pools became deeper and darted downstream like little flashes of black lightning when the first charge of powder told them that the new bed for the river was about to be blasted out.

The men with money sent more laborers to Little Falls, and opened a great sore in the grassy hillside just below. They called it a quarry, and took out heavy blocks of brown and red stone, moved them up into the old river bed and piled them into massive buildings of fantastic shape. Then they brought tons of heavy machinery, great pumps, and boilers and engines to run them with. When this work was done they blasted a canal from

a point above the falls, banked it with the same red rock used in the buildings, and fitted it with gates and filters. Then the pumps were started and the falls began to feel the strain. Forty million gallons a day were swallowed up by the thirsty pipes which led to the pumps. Of this 20,000,000 gallons were sent to Paterson daily, and two high pressure pumps forced a similar amount to the great reservoirs at Great Notch, whence it dropped into Jersey City. The falls were hardly able to moan, and took to murmuring. Rocks which had not known a dry day, perhaps, since God made Jersey, became bare, and the bright sun caused them to fade. And this drain is still going on.

When the plant is enlarged by erecting new pumping stations on foundations already laid there will be pumps enough to take seventy-five million gallons of water out of the Passaic every day, but the river in its present condition will not stand so great a drain. Even under the forty million gallon withdrawal the citizens of Paterson and Passaic are complaining. They say that the water works are practically putting the Passaic River out of business, and they fear that the health of their cities will be affected. The sewerage systems of these towns were planned on a certain flow of water in the river. The same amount of sewage is going into the river, but the water supply has fallen off. The river above the highest point which the

hot sun it comes to the surface in a few hours and materially adds to the hardness of the deck and to its life. The penetrating properties of teaseed oil on wood are superior to the ordinary bright varnish or pine oil in common use for preserving wood in Europe, and, like coconut oil, it possesses the peculiar property of shrinkage.

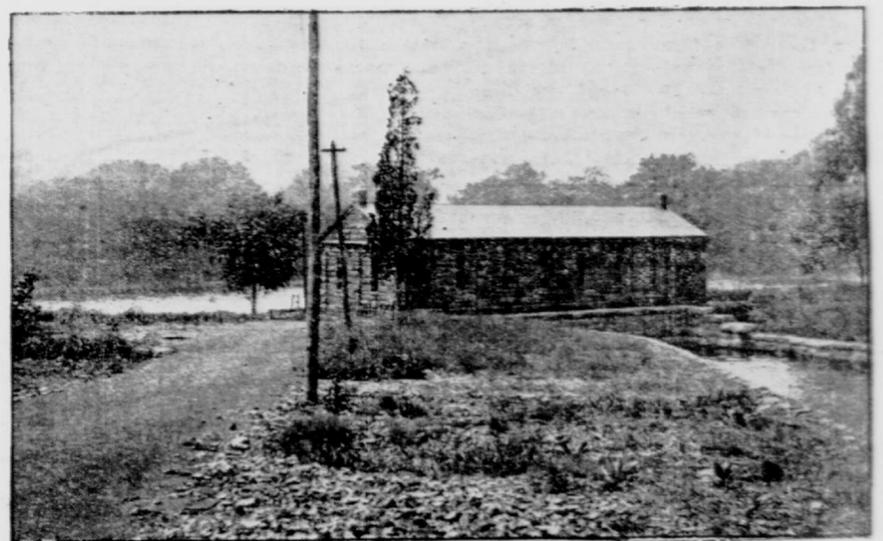
ENGLISH TOY SOLDIERS.

A NEW FACTORY TO DRIVE OUT THOSE "MADE IN GERMANY."

From The London Chronicle.

The British army—the army of lead and paint, whose battles are won not on the field but on the nursery floor—is on the point of receiving an important addition to its strength. For many years past it has been "made in Germany," with more or less success in the matter of coloring and accoutrements, but, thanks to the inventive genius of a Frenchman who has lived nearly all his life in the metropolis, it will in future be "made in London." The small commanders-in-chief will no longer have their patriotism affronted by the reflection that their batteries and squadrons are mere foreign mercenaries.

"We anticipate a very large trade," said a representative of Faudel Phillips & Co., who have secured for five years the right to the output of the new factory. "The idea of Mr. Renvoize is most ingenious. The men and horses are cast in hollow form, thus reducing the cost of production and enabling us to place on the market miniature reproductions of all the famous regiments at a retail price below that of our foreign competitors. We have already



ELECTRIC GATE HOUSE OF THE EAST JERSEY WATER COMPANY. Above Little Falls.

tide reaches is not being flushed properly, consequently they are worried. Engineers at the pumping station say that the pumps will not be worked to their full capacity for years, or perhaps never. They say that it will be necessary to turn lakes or other streams into the Passaic before the full capacity of the station can be drawn out. In the mean time the falls, the black bass and the people who live below are all murmuring, but their troubles are not the same.

OIL FROM TEASEED.

From The Merchants' Review.

Teaseed oil is used for illuminating purposes in the South of China, but, according to "The Indian Planters' Gazette," it will not burn in cold climates. An old skipper who has had considerable experience in the China seas informs "The Gazette" that in the China trade teaseed oil was looked upon as the best vegetable oil for preserving wood, owing to its possessing great penetrating power on dry wood, and that if it is put on fairly thick on the underwater side of a ship's wooden deck exposed to

some sixty regiments in hand, to say nothing of a naval brigade and a most ingenious mountain battery, the guns of which are 'practicable,' and in course of time we shall be able to supply children with representatives of the whole British army.

"Since the South African war began the demand for miniature soldiers has far exceeded the supply which even Germany could afford, and this led us to cast about for a method of home production which should render us to a large extent independent. How far we have succeeded will be seen when our army gets on the market, which will be very shortly, but we have no doubts on the point. One of our special points is attention to detail, and you will see from these specimens that our soldiers conform to all the army regulations in the matter of uniform and equipment. The Welsh Fusiliers have their goat, the C. I. V.'s their slouch hats, and the Naval Brigade their 4.7 inch. More than a hundred people are now employed in the production, the coloring being done by women who have been specially instructed in the process. Each regiment will be in a box, on the cover of which will be its colors and its achievements, and 'Made in London' will be a prominent line."