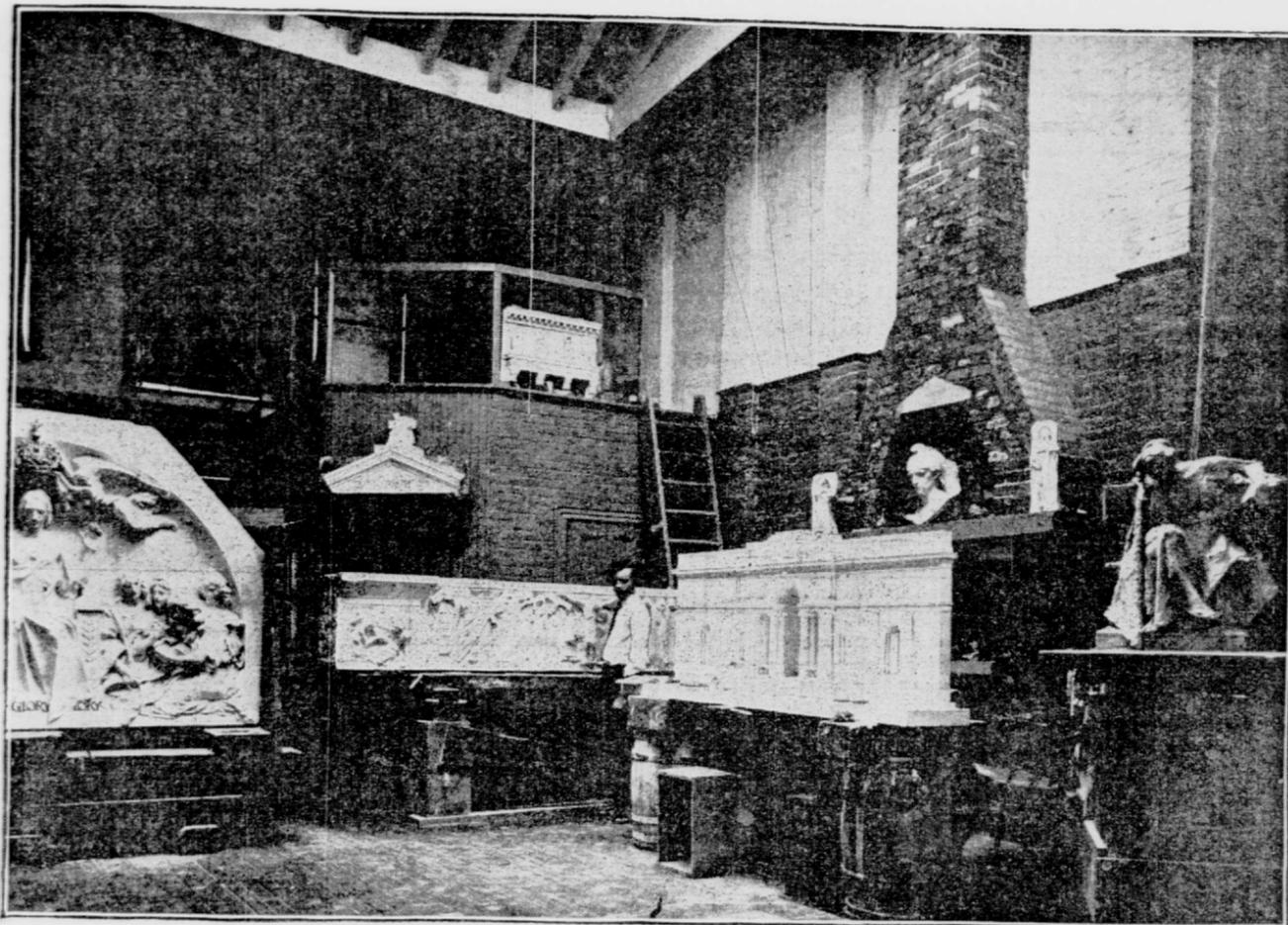


THE ARTISTIC DENIZENS OF MACDOUGAL ALLEY WANT IT RENAMED BOTTICELLI OR DONATELLO COURT



INTERIOR OF ANDREW O'CONNOR'S MACDOUGAL ALLEY STUDIO.

Model for J. P. Morgan's private library building rests on two barrels.

fare of their countrymen who have emigrated to the New World. Indeed, the new Pope, as Patriarch of Venice, was one of the moving spirits of a society specially organized and endowed with the object in view. Perhaps, from a purely American point of view, it might have been desirable that Martinelli, Satolli or some other member of the Sacred College possessing a more extensive acquaintance with the conditions of life and of the Catholic Church in the United States had been elected as successor to Leo XIII. But, after all, it is the so-called "Red Pope" at the head of the Propaganda who is more immediately concerned at Rome in the spiritual supervision of the Catholic Church in this country, and what Pius X may lack in acquaintance with America will be compensated by his remarkable ability as an administrator, by his liberality and enlightenment in religious matters, and by the fact that he brings to the Chair of St. Peter less the qualities of a brilliant statesman, such as Leo XIII, than those of a great bishop, worthy of "the Bishop of Rome."

EX-ATTACHE.

STUDIOS AND STABLES.

Shall MacDougal Alley Become Botticelli Court?

It is not likely that New-York will ever boast of a genuine artistic quarter like that of London, Paris or other cities of Europe, for interests here are too complex, the city too crowded to permit any one particular district being entirely given over to painters and sculptors. Yet little colonies that are in their way distinctive are springing up here and there. Of these none are more interesting than MacDougal Alley, a broad cul-de-sac which all but breaks into Fifth-ave., between Eighth-st. and Washington Square.

If the entire alley were given over to the men who make the beautiful out of marble, there would be room for forty studios. As it is, the majority of the little buildings on either side are stables, as their half dozen studio neighbors used to be. So one finds a strange mixture of bales of hay and enormous blocks of marble, boxes of plaster and barrels of oats littering the roadways. Truckmen in greasy jumpers touch elbows now and then with the sculptors in their clay spattered working garb. Models with wondrous arms and classic faces go in and out, adding a feminine flutter which otherwise would be wanting, and the stablemen rejoice at it.

The sculptors, on the other hand, say the only advantage there is in having the stables remain is that they do not have to go off the block when they need a horse for a model. They would like to see the stables cleared out and the buildings turned into studios. With one exception, these stables are not used for the private turnouts of the old families who live thereabouts. The property is mostly owned by one man, and he has promised to get the stables

away as soon as there are artists to fill the buildings.

Just now the alley is much worked up over the question of a name. The tenants have divided themselves into factions, none accepting the Shakespearian belief that there is nothing in it.

"MacDougal Alley! Horrid name!" say the sculptors, who occasionally give afternoon teas, private views or other social affairs in their studios. "It's not artistic; doesn't look well upon our engraved cards and note paper, and society friends hate to come to our alley. Let us call it, then, Botticelli Court, which is artistic



PART OF THE VANDERBILT MEMORIAL DECORATION FOR ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH.

Andrew O'Connor, sculptor.

and in accord with the eternal fitness of things. Besides, with such a name our mall would no longer get mixed up with that of the Italians on MacDougal-st., out of which the alley opens."

This faction is led by H. K. Bush-Brown, who has gone so far as to prepare a Botticelli petition to the authorities in the City Hall who have charge of street names.

Of the sculptors there is a minority faction, a representative of which says: "I have not time to bother with this name business. I have my studio for a workshop; not to entertain visitors. 'Alley' doesn't keep me from putting the proper wings on angels and 'court' would not help my sense of proportion. Let them call it what they will."

The stablemen, too, are mightily satisfied with alley, but for other reasons. Most of them are Irish, with an inborn disgust of Italian names and faces. MacDougal has certain qualities that appeal to them. They would likely shy a stone at Botticelli or Donatello, which is another name suggested. Then they are a little in awe of the men of art who have come among them. They have the idea with much of the world that men of genius are "daffy" and that little attention should be paid to them when it comes to practical, everyday things like street names. They say that if you doubt that the alley sculptors are geniuses just ask them.

There is still another faction—the old residents, the rear of whose houses is on the alley. They are men of means for the most part, and proud of the traditions of their city. One of them erected a few years ago an observatory on the top of his stable. It had the usual dome and in it was mounted a powerful telescope, but, unfortunately for the star gazer, MacDougal Alley vibrates exceedingly. He tried all sorts of methods of weighting down the floors of his barn to keep the telescope steady. He would get a sight on a star, only to have the telescope joggle out of range and into the Milky Way. He finally gave up in despair and moved the telescope into the country. The observatory dome, however, remains a picturesque novelty in the architecture of the alley.

"It is fitting to change alley to court," say these old residents, "but why cater to the artistic sense of these new arrivals? Let us call it Clinton Court, and honor a good American."

As a result of so much agitation it seems likely that the alley will remain an alley, and as such become known to fame. All of the sculptors are busy this summer, for much of the statuary decoration of the St. Louis Exposition is being done in the alley studios. Among the sculptors now at work on St. Louis commissions are Andrew O'Connor and Jamez E. Frazer, the latter a new arrival in the colony, and who has lately returned from Paris. C. E. Triebel, who has been living for some years in Italy, has a fine studio near the beginning of the alley.

The statuary for the new Hall of Records, which has from time to time been much in the public print, also hails from this MacDougal offshoot. H. K. Bush-Brown and Philip Martiny have been engaged for some time on this work.

A visit to one of these ex-stable studios shows how easily they can be turned to this new use. Take, for instance, the studio of Andrew O'Connor, where much of the Cornelius Vanderbilt memorial decoration of St. Bartholomew's Church in Madison-ave. has been worked out. It was an ordinary stable, housing half a dozen trucks and their horses, when Mr. O'Connor secured a lease upon it. It was the work of a few weeks to tear out the interior. An addition of twelve feet was made at the rear, and skylights and new floors were put in. Then the painters took hold, and soon had as fine a working studio as any one could desire. It proved particularly convenient when it came to moving in the five ton blocks of marble needed for the larger decorative pieces in the Vanderbilt commission.

Mr. O'Connor has just completed two of the largest pieces, and they stand side by side in



A VIEW OF MACDOUGAL ALLEY, WHOSE STABLES ARE BEING TURNED INTO STUDIOS.

Take for Your Vacation Reading  
MISS GWENDOLEN OVERTON'S  
**ANNE CARMEL**