The Conning Tower

On Behalf of Centipedal Verse.

Oh, why, unwarrantably in this late day
Dost thou, Dark Turreteer, make light of lines
That rule against monotonies of time
To lie full long upon the soul's emotions?

Clocks tick, tick, tock, drums beat, rat-ta-ta-tap;
But who by rime may scale Mount Ararat?
Who by a toe-rap meters running brooks,
Or heps the syncopating bobolink?

Dost thou not know the language of the soul?
Hast never thrilled to pæans David sang?
And wouldst thou call them meterless because
They do not tramp like regiments at drill?

Thou hast, I grant, allowed for Whitman's art;
But surlily, methought, as one who hates
To pay full tribute to half-deities
Which had been whole had craftship held them thrall.

(As if I held the musics of Lanier,
Which roll sweet-scented discs along his Hymns,
Had truer been with less of measured ease,
The finer for some gaucherie of rime!)

Instead of hinting: Whitman does not count,
Or: Great men, if licentious, still are free.
O that thou saidst: 'Tis thus that prophets sing,
Lo, peacocks need not tune with chanteclere!

Then had I said: He knows the varied range
And wide extent of Nature's many tunes,
So he may imitate the least or best
And I despise not signed insapience.

Entente Cordial.

Forbear, I bid, to lay thy stencil on
The unpent freedom of the hyacinth
Lest when Delilah Fate has cut and gone
The kids shall chalk thy fame on paving plinth.

BATTELL LOOMIS.

If Free Verse means a new way to express ideas, we are for it, though most of it gives us a dull ache. Our antagonism is a source of secret worry to us: we fear, at times, that we are getting Hardening of the Fine Arteries—a disease concomitant with senescence.

Our attitude about Free Verse is not unlike our position in regard to Joseph Conrad; and, like that position, it is misunderstood. What bothers us is the disproportionate amount of raving done over them by literary glass-crashes.

"'WHOM ARE YOU?' SAID CYRIL."

[From the New York Review]

If there remain any persons in the world who do not know what taking a scene means, it is, in brief, to divert the entire attention of the audience to one's self, regardless of whom else happens to be on the stage at the time.

"Both recognize," cyrils the Herald, "that in selling war munitions to whomsoever can come and buy them. . . . "

Fox Meadow Tennis Club Anthology.

It isn't that we have any delusions about the cup
Nor do we make any fatuous claims that women's
Doubles are WORTH watching of a Saturday afternoon.
But all we want to know, Dr. Ryan,
Is how YOU would like it if the MEN'S doubles
Had been postponed from Saturday because so few besides yourself had entered
And then had been stuck, arbitrarily, on some week day morning
When a clinic, or an operation, or your office hours,
Made YOUR participation
Impossible?

M. J. L. & J. F. W.

There is little doubt that Frank Holt is a crank. So perhaps, was Sir Isaac Newton; so was Darwin. A single hair divides the sane and insane, as any physician will tell you.

The crank has a desire, too strong for his constricted possibilities, to set the universe aright. . . . We were badly treated yesterday in a sporting goods store; we asked for the manager and expressed, clearly and moderately, our grievance. "Well," he said, "we're pretty busy here." "You'll never be busy again on my account," we retorted. And our first yearning was to blow up the store; to blow up all stores where insolent indifference drives away business. And then we thought that would be foolish, for it would put us in jail and fail to decrease human stupidity one-tenth of a last year's iota. Tell about the store and run the risk of an unnecessary libel suit? No. Sanity dictates the following revenge: When folks ask us what sporting goods store we referred to, we'll tell 'em. Gradually the store will lose all its trade; and then it will know why.

"RHYMES ARE SO SCARCE IN THIS WORLD OF OURS."

Darn it! Our ornery, white-spotted calf et a
Summer-girl's bathing-suit made of green taffeta.

E. Z. RIMER.

Dulcinea, who is at Bromidlewild again, was out rowing with that Princeton boy yesterday. "I'll bet," she said to him, "that it's hot in New York to-day." You lose, Dulcy. There's no place like New York in summer, you know.

Only our promise to Justice Hendrick, to devote two columns a day to not discussing the Thaw case, keeps us from commenting on Mrs. Evelyn Thaw's visit here yesterday. Sorry; a snappy comment, too; but a promise, as Antony said to Cleopatra, is a promise.

CONTRIBS I HAVE MET.

FLACCUS & BARON IRELAND.

I'd sing this pair a frenzied screed
Their modest ways immortalizing,
But somehow I don't think they need
The advertising.

EDAR.

* * * * *

AGATHA.

The one contrib I really met
(I went away entranced).
The things she lands I might forget
But never how she danced.

EARNEST GUY.

"All new designs and materials," advertises a Hackensack department store, "at modern prices." "This," offers Edar, "should interest women who are tired of buying at ancient and mediæval price."

If we were a baseball writer, the next time we had occasion to speak of the pitcher's mound we'd call it Pilliken. Rather apt, what, what!

Commercial candor by a Nassau Street tailor: "Flannel trousers, all made up ready to wear out. . . . $1.75.

"Prepare your mind, as well as your body," Dr. Frank Crane advises those of his readers who are still wakeful. "Whatever interests you intensely is fatal to sleepiness." Now, our habit is to write (slang for paste up contributions) The Tower, make it up, and go home. Frequently, on the way to the subway, we fall asleep against the World building. Can it be that the composition of The Tower doesn't int—but no. Dr. Crane is simply wrong.

Well, this is July Seventh, as expected.

See where the Giants are, as advertised?

'Ware the morrow morn!

F. P. A.

THE TECHNIQUE OF A WORLD'S FAIR

Further Light Upon It from the Exhibition at San Francisco.

AMERICAN SCULPTURE IDEALLY DISPLAYED

Some Notes on the Foreign Nations Represented in the Fine Arts Palace.

By ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

Repeatedly in the course of these comments on the fair at San Francisco I have had occasion to speak of the brilliant manner in which, as a big scheme, it has been thought out and given an extraordinary balance and finish. It is not by any happy accident that it surpasses its predecessors. The more I have seen of it the more I have felt that we have the rich fruit of experience and reflection in the beautiful spectacle on the bay. There have been, now, so many of these gigantic festivals and they have resulted in the accumulation of great stores of exact knowledge, so that men may put a fair together with surer ease and quickness than ever before. In this instance I seem to recognize the final establishment of a kind of specialism, making possible the clean cut and definitive solution of problems not previously handled with quite the same authority and success. It is as if San Francisco had gathered up all the threads of earlier ventures in the field and had organized them into a body of resources henceforth to be taken as constituting an art, a technique, the technique of a world's fair.

The operations of this technique are bound to vary in effect, sometimes even when under the control of the same hands, and the point is curiously illustrated in and around the Fine Arts Palace. The painters have the bulk of the space in the American section, their works considerably outnumbering those of the sculptors, etchers and engravers. But this is the only advantage they possess. As I have stated in a recent survey, the pictures are, on the whole, neither well arranged nor well hung. There the technique was fumbled. But for the exploitation of works in other mediums it was brought to a high pitch of efficiency. The prints are admirably displayed in a series of connecting rooms, and the sculpture, scattered not only through the building but about the grounds, is better shown than in any international exposition I have seen. In fact, the treatment of the sculpture will remain one of the leading contributions of this fair to the history of such enterprises, another of San Francisco's original additions to the subject, like the color scheme, the landscape gardening and the system of illumination.

Statues in big exhibitions have been placed in the open air before, but never so felicitously as on this occasion, because never hitherto has their environment been so artistically developed. The sky has been there, and the all-embracing light of out-of-doors, but not the background of green things looking as they look in an old park or garden, or an architectural ensemble likewise simulating the charm of age, the air of monumental permanence. It is, perhaps, a two-edged testimony to the success with which the sculpture outside the art building has been exhibited that one is bewitched by it into a certain indifference to the individualities concerned. Within walls, and studying this or that production for its own sake, as in the formal atmosphere of a museum, the professional, note-taking mood will not down. On the shores of the lagoon or rambling along the great colonnade and through the shrubberies who could pause to record minute impressions?

I recall more than one arresting figure—Saint-Gaudens's seated Lincoln, the incomparable little "Pan" modelled by his brother Louis, good fountain designs by Janet Scudder, Edith Parsons and others, and Olin Warner's beautiful "Dancing Nymph." But chiefly I preserve a broad impression of fine things happening in bronze or marble, things met at the turn of a path, lifted casually above the sward amid thick leafage. Some of the fountains are set in the water, where they toss their spray to the heavens and gather moss about their bases as though they had found their predestined moorings. They are weather stained already; they are part and parcel of the scene. Criticism subsides into mere sensuous enjoyment. It is enough to sit idle in the sun and yield to a peaceful sense of beauty—and wellbeing. Every sculptor seems then an accomplished artist. Could anything be more charming, or more completely demonstrative of the force of my contention that there is a technique of putting works of art on exhibition?

And the delightful thing is that this comfortable acceptance of much of the sculpture shown at the fair is pretty well confirmed when you come to closer quarters with it, out of doors or in the Fine Arts Palace. The collection of about eight hundred pieces affords the most cheering evidence of the progress of plastic art in this country. In one respect it nominally disappoints expectation. It contains little that is new and fresh. Right on the threshold of the show, it is true, we encounter the four fine reliefs made by Henry Hering for the recently dedicated Soldiers Memorial at Yale, panels not before publicly exhibited. These heroic symbolical figures, conceived with originality and feeling, designed with an almost classical simplicity and modelled with genuine power, form an important episode. In the main, however, for equally fresh affirmations of plastic invention we have to go to that mass of monumental and decorative sculpture which is associated with the other buildings. It has been in that direction that many of the artists represented in the Fine Arts Palace by familiar pieces have most recently wreaked their efforts. The net result, in the collection now under review, is what I may call an anthology of well known types, an exposition, as in the collection of paintings, of our canonized leaders and the younger supporters of their tradition.

The seated Lincoln is nobly representative of Saint-Gaudens, but it is the only souvenir of that masterful hand. It is a pity that more of his work was not secured. Some of the portrait medallions would have been especially welcome. Adams, French, Bartlett, Ward and Bitter all have their conspicuous places, which they fill with their accustomed authority. In their group, significant of a large handling of monumental subjects, perhaps the most resplendent figure is the late Olin Warner, whose memory is loyally served by one of his sitters, Mr. C. E. S. Wood. That collector has lent about a score of his friend's works—statues, busts and plaques. His must be the satisfaction of having done honor both to Warner and to the fair. The latter has nothing more distinguished to offer in the whole range of its artistic aspects. Warner was a rather baffling personality. On the surface he seemed almost commonplace. But within his brain he was always turning over the ideas of a man of genius. He was Greek in his sympathies, and the exquisite traits of such a statue as his "Dancing Nymph" or of such a portrait as his bust of Aldon Weir are purely classical. But those traits are tempered by the warmth of sympathy which caused him to turn with avidity to the modelling of Indian physiognomies; he was as keen upon the pulsing interest of human life as upon the serene ideal of antique art. To the visitor at the fair who has a special predilection for the nuances of charm in sculpture, for the last refinements of style, I would above all commend these things of Warner's. Let him seek them out and pay tribute to one of the rarest artists in our history.

In traversing the American sculpture at large I have observed one or two striking developments. The statuette has come into its own. The art building is full of little bronzes, many of them nudes, but not a few studies from the ordinary types of modern life, and, though such piquancy of style as is illustrated by Mr. Paul Manship is uncommon, the workmanship generally is adequate and often clever. Another pleasant point to be noted is the increasing vogue of the fountain figure. Evidently the popularity of the formal garden in this country has fostered a new movement among the sculptors. There seems also to be more scope here than ever before for what the French so neatly call the *animalier*. The school in which the late Edward Kemeys was a pioneer and in which Mr. A. P. Proctor has so long and so fruitfully labored to-day counts among its members a remarkable number of admirable artists. I may mention in passing Frederick G. Roth, E. W. Deming, Anna Vaughn Hyatt, Eli Harvey, Albert Laessle, Lila A. Wheelock, C. C. Rumsey, C. R. Knight and Grace M. Johnson. They count heavily in the interest of the exhibition. As for the ultimate object of an exacting scrutiny of all the sculpture on view, the rich personal touch in modelling, the sign manual of the new and inspired artist—that is still elusive. The characteristic modelling of our school is, as I have said, adequate and clever. With that we must be content, consoling ourselves with the reflection that a Saint-Gaudens or a Warner is not vouchsafed every day to any people. And I find a further comfort at this stage of my journey. Glancing at the sculpture exhibit in its entirety, an exhibit more comprehensive than any framed in the last few years, I judge that fatuous imitation of Rodin is dying out. Here and there it persists, of course, but American sculpture in its essence is all for a course more wholesome and sincere. It eschews the facile, tricky effect so feverishly sought by those who think that they share Rodin's taste but lack his knowledge, and it bases itself more and more upon honest study.

The hunt for really interesting artists, generously enough rewarded amongst the painters and sculptors, grows a little more arduous among those who employ other forms of expression. There is only one brilliant draughtsman to be hailed at this time, Boardman Robinson, whose cartoons in The Tribune transformed an old art. His work recalls in its linear distinction, in its vivid expressiveness and in its masterly placing of the blacks the supreme figure in this field, the Frenchman who has been to some extent his inspiration, Forain, of the "Figaro." In his large sense of form there are splendid traces of the influence of Michael Angelo. He is an artist who knows how to give the lasting value of composition and style to an ephemeral drawing. Though he has raised up a large following, his peculiar touch remains unique. The black and whites at the fair show too clearly the encroachments of that standardization, due largely to the magazines, which it is the mission of draughtsmen like Robinson to destroy. The best work in this category is old work, the drawings of men like Abbey and Pyle. The latter has two rooms, one containing his illustrations in color, the other filled with pen drawings and monotones. They give an exhilarating impression of his skill and picturesqueness. He, too, has his followers, but he, too, maintains his preeminence. There are drawings by Everett Shinn, McLure Hamilton, May Wilson Preston and John Sloan, which detach themselves from their surroundings in pleasing fashion, but otherwise there are no temptations for us to linger.

If there are several such temptations in the department of prints, it is nevertheless true that the particular artist is here of less importance than is the matter of the average. I would not ignore the urgent claims of certain personalities. To see again the etchings of the late Otto Bacher and the late Robert Blum is to rejoice anew over their sterling gifts. Bacher etched a Venice as alluring in its way as the Venice of Whistler, and that the greater artist influenced him only strengthened his work. Blum's "Witch" also has its derivative significance—it could not have been drawn in just that way if he had not sat at the feet of Fortuny. But what an enkindling bit of technique it is! I must remark also the consummate polish, the austere elegance—if I may risk the phrase—in Ernest Haskell's landscapes and portraits, and the deftness, the grace, the charm, in Mathilde de Cordoba's studies of children. There is still another artist of original character to be recorded, Allen Lewis, whose urban scenes are superbly drawn. Most assuredly there are reasons for going in leisurely fashion through the prints. But having thus surveyed them, I still come back to the question of the prevailing level of accomplishment.

It is with special reference to the etchers that this question brings itself up. They are all represented, all the leaders in that movement which has been carried on in recent years to revive one of the most delicate and fascinating of the arts. Ernest Roth, Donald Shaw McLaughlin, Lester Hornby, Anne Goldthwaite, Cadwallader Washburn, Hermann Webster, Earl Horter and J. Andre Smith are notable among the heroes of it. They have lately been doing what was done some years ago by Platt, Pennell, Smillie, Blum, Parrish, Anna Lea Merritt, Blanche Dillaye and others—giving the needle a new life, a new status. They confess to divers influences. Whistler, Legros, Cameron, Lepere and others have contributed something to the contemporary idiom in etching. But it is just American ability, I should say, that has slowly forced the whole group up to a healthy plane of thoroughgoing craftsmanship. That is the definite achievement to be recorded with respect to the prints. It shows the work of any number of etchers—far more of them than I have mentioned—and practically all of them know their trade. To the connoisseur that is immensely important. The amateur in etching is a bore. A plate, to have any interest at all, must be at least executed with certainty—"all shipshape and Bristol fashion." The American school is amazingly sound on that point. It is stronger in its handling of architectural motives than in the handling of landscape, and stronger there than with the figure. But everywhere it is instructed and confident, moving with unmistakable rapidity toward almost any possibilities.

In wood engraving we are not so auspiciously situated. Some of our skilfullest masters are still with us and still working. It is good to find at the fair a full representation of such men as Timothy Cole and Henry Wolf. All the old guard are assembled—Kruell, French, Closson, Davis and Johnson. But where death has not intervened, the mutations of fashion, the rise of the half-tone and kindred developments have seriously diminished the production of the wood block—surely a precious asset in the treasury of book illustration. There are signs that the wood engraver is not utterly neglected. Mr. Wolf's uninterrupted series of reproductions in "Harper's Magazine" is a testimony to that. The place given to the subject in this exhibition is another, and a valuable one. Will it produce an appreciable effect upon the future of the art in this country? I wonder, and I hope.

Meanwhile, a younger medium for the artist has been made the object of a cult. Lithography, when it had its modern revival, created devotees in and out of the studios. Artists battened upon it—Whistler among them—and collectors received it with the same enthusiasm. It figures creditably, but not as largely as one might wish, in the present display. Mr. Joseph Pennell is the principal exhibitor, sending a bewildering collection of travel sketches, made here and in Europe. He sends too many, including a quantity of work that is merely topographical, and therefore dull. But his best drawings are extraordinarily good, swift and sure in line and delightfully picturesque. He proves once more the wonderful potentialities of lithography in the delineation of architectural forms. But I wish that some of Albert Sterner's drawings had been included, to illustrate also what can be made of it in the treatment of the figure. Here, as in other departments of the American section, there are some odd omissions. Was there ever an exhibition in the United States or in Europe of which that has not been said? I keep that cheerfully in mind as I take leave of our compatriots in the Fine Arts Palace.

The Influence of the War Upon the European Section.

It is, obviously, of omissions that one has first to speak in approaching the foreign side of this exhibition. The European conflict has played havoc with the international character of the scheme as it was originally projected. Of the countries at war Italy alone has made the kind of display which she might have been expected to make in a time of peace. France has done astonishingly well, in the circumstances, but hardly as well as she probably intended when she was invited to take part in the fair. England and Germany are absent, save for a few pictures that have accidentally strayed into the building, and there is nothing from Russia. Some of the neutrals have played up, notably Holland and Sweden, and I have heard of an interesting collection brought from Norway, not installed when I made my last visit. Portugal is present, but not Spain. Because, then, of various hiatuses, and for other reasons which will presently be indicated, the foreign contingent is not on the whole impressive. It supplies the data for no full and conclusive report on contemporary European art. Only at a few points does the subject develop serious interest.

In the French section, which I saw just on the completion of the hanging and where I had a chance to turn over the paintings destined for the retrospective exhibition in that nation's separate pavilion, it was clear that all the commissioners could do was to mark time. They have made a little salon of the official sort, its characteristic names those of Cottet, Simon, Besnard, Caro Delvaille, Menard, Agache, Flameng, Dinet, Blanche and so on. Some of these names spell brilliance. There is, for example, Besnard. Then, of course, there are works by Degas, Monet and the other members of their group, and in the retrospective collection I observed paintings by Legros, Henner, Clairin and numerous other celebrities. As hints, so to say, of later phenomena there are some examples of Maurice Denis, Bonnard and Odilon Redon. The show is a good one, in its way, and it is put before us with so gallant a gesture, it is so much for us to receive from France at this tragic moment, that I would not understate its excellence by the smallest shade. Yet it cannot be regarded as rendering full justice to the present state of French art. What it does, rather, is to give us some brave glimpses into its more recent past and a mildly interesting, necessarily partial, view of its condition to-day.

The Italian school, affirming itself at the fair in its best estate, discloses no new talents of any imposing calibre and would seem to be cultivating much the same surface cleverness that has marked it for years. Ettore Tito, the Venetian, is still their strong man, the leader that he has approved himself in other international exhibitions. He is not a man of genius but he is wonderfully well equipped, technically, and he has a good color sense, dealing effectively in rich blues and yellows. His picture of a religious procession, which I remember seeing fifteen years ago, has lost nothing of its force as a conventional but well painted composition. He shows a full length of his wife, standing by the window with night light studied in the background. It is a handsome decorative piece. In a rout of centaurs, in a nude nymph frolicking on the vividest of blue seas, Tito—evidently the Tito of his latest culminating point of brio and dexterity—recalls the swinging brush of Rubens. He has no rival in his own land. But the men who surround him in the Italian section are clever.

Camillo Innocenti, painting a graceful girl in her room, with something of the golden glamour of the late Gaston Latouche, is not only a facile craftsman, but is on the way to some good effects of indoor light. The three members of the Ciardi family, a gifted group, exhibit Venetian and garden scenes painted with a more sensitive touch, with a more poetic feling, than is commonly to be looked for in the Italian school. The work of Nomellini admirably reproduces the subtle atmospheric vibrations associated in France with the art of Henri Martin. Brantale's funeral procession passing over a bridge in windy weather is done with capital spirit, and contains some quite exceptional grays. I may note finally the lovely flower subjects of Carlandi, the tender landscape sentiment in the pictures of Casciaro, the startling realism with which Luigi Bozzano portrays a Roman arch, and the delicately individualized plaques of Renato Brozzi, impressions of animals in very low relief. The sculpture generally, though distinguished by the usual mechanical adroitness of Italy, is superficial in quality. The predominating virtue of the painters is a certain nimble workmanship, reinforced by a light, pleasing taste. While it is not a great exhibit, it looms surprisingly well in the wide perspective of the fair.

Sweden presents a series of rooms more beguiling than I had supposed they would be, in view of the rather discouraging character of the well remembered Scandinavian exhibition in New York two years since. She makes the most of the open air. The snow scenes of Gustav Fjaestad, the wild birds and fowls of Bruno Liljefors, may not be masterpieces, but they illustrate an attractive decorative ideal and a considerable degree of technical power. The rank and file are not so well equipped, but they show the same zest for nature, and their paintings have an infectious vitality, if they have nothing else. Carl Larsson, the painter of children and the gentle humors of domestic life, has a room of his own—and this time the Scandinavian Boutet de Monvel seems to me to give a better account of himself. His graceful line follows in a lovable manner the simple facts of Swedish life, and his unassuming color schemes match their naivete. The quaint grimness in the fairy subjects of Ossian Elgstrom is to be observed with appreciation. He very nearly rewards the search for something new and brilliant which one pursues in this section.

The man who does actually crown that search is John Bauer, another illustrator of fairy tales. You wonder when you come upon his marvellous little drawings whether he invented Arthur Rackham or was invented by that amusing British draftsman; but you have no doubt at all as to who is the artist of the finer fibre, of the deeper, more poetical, more mysterious spell. I think if I could choose one picture from the Fine Arts Palace to make friends with for a long time it would be Bauer's tiny hut, nesting in the snow beneath the shadow of a tremendous mountain and menaced by a most fantastic goblin. The scene is of faery wonder and romance all compact. I like it best of all the twenty-odd designs he shows, but there is not one in the group without its imaginative charm. From a certain point of view, it is a case in the Swedish exhibit of Bauer first and the rest nowhere, yet, as I have said above, the rooms are really entertaining. They have been generously filled. There are sculptures, drawings, engravings and etchings as well as paintings. And though these register no specific triumphs they manifest, taken together, a healthy vigor, signs of the ardor which sooner or later denotes progress.

The Dutch, who are represented by a collection of about a hundred paintings and a few etchings and sculptures, demonstrate that they are most progressive when they are standing still. That is to say they are the more convincing exactly in proportion to the fidelity with which they uphold the tradition of Mauve and Josef Israels. One or two adventurous spirits try to break away from that safe harborage. Piet van der Hem paints his "Katwyk Fisherwoman" in the manner of Zuloaga—and achieves only a manner. The formula of Henri Martin, which we have seen making its way in Italy, is adopted by Hendrik Jan Walter—and the results are not happy. But wherever the low tones of Mauve and his school are emulated, wherever that sound ideal of simplicity is kept alive, there you recognize the true artistic gift of Holland, its racial sincerity, truth and beauty. The influences of alien types may creep in, the Paris Salon may here have its echoes, but the works that give the exhibit its national significance are those of Nicolas Bastert, Arend Hyner, Martinus Kramer, Rens Lemselink, Johan Mastenbrock, David Schulman and J. H. Wysmuller. They depict the prosperous fields of Holland, her gray streams and skies and her picturesque old towns, with that fusion of prosaic veracity and virile feeling which eventuates into something like style. They offer us no fresh sensations. But we can lean with a reposeful confidence upon the sober genius of their school.

The Netherlandish pictures are, to tell the truth, the last which invite the beholder to this mood of quiet enjoyment and security. There is much technical proficiency, to be sure, reflected in the considerable mass of Oriental art exhibited at the fair, but in neither the Chinese nor the Japanese sections are the modern pictorial contributions suggestive of a present distinctly worthy of an heroic past. The best pieces in both exhibits are those of earlier origin, or the examples of contemporary industrial art. A few of the South American countries are represented. They proclaim, at the best, nothing more interesting than a tolerably successful emulation of stereotyped Parisian methods. There remain the odds and ends, if I may so describe them, of the "International Section," the casual specimens of the German Curt Agthe and Franz Stuck, the British John Lavery, the Hungarian Louis Mark, pictures not unwelcome, but of no great consequence. There is scarcely more than this to be said about the retrospective wing, a modest array of old masters and of a few notabilities like Courbet, Puvis de Chavannes, Monet, Fortuny, Matthew Maris and Bastien Lepage. Some good things appear, but this side of the exhibition is so uneven and so untouched by system or discrimination as to be practically negligible. No, the foreign nations are not in perfect form at the fair. It is a matter for regret. But at this intensely American exhibition it is, perhaps, not inappropriate that the visitor should be thrown back upon American works of art.

SCULPTURE FINELY PLACED AT PANAMA FAIR.

Water Sprites, a fountain, by Anna Coleman Ladd.

Dancing Nymph, from the statue by Olin Warner.

C. A. CONANT DIES IN CUBA'S SERVICE

Was Aiding Financial System of Republic—Advised U. S. on Currency.

Charles A. Conant, retired banker and financial adviser to the United States government in several currency reforms, died in Havana on Sunday night, of hemorrhage of the stomach. He left this city on June 20 at the invitation of the President of Cuba, who desired him to supervise a reform in the financial system of the republic.

Announcement of his death was received yesterday at his office, 32 Nassau Street. No plans had been made last night for disposition of his body and it was not known whether it would be brought to this country or buried in Cuba.

Mr. Conant was fifty-four years old last Friday. He was educated in the public schools of Winchester, Mass., where he was born, and at nineteen became a newspaper reporter, devoting special attention to writing about politics and finance. In 1886 his specialties in journalism brought him to Washington, where for thirteen years he conducted bureaus for "The New York Journal of Commerce" and "The Springfield Republican."

In 1901 Secretary Root appointed Mr. Conant special commissioner to the Philippines to investigate coinage and banking conditions for the War Department. His report in favor of a gold exchange standard was adopted in principle in the Philippine coinage act.

Named Chief of Trust Company.

Mr. Conant's knowledge of foreign banking methods was recognized the following year in his selection as treasurer of the Morton Trust Company of this city.

Through banking associations he became a director in the Manila Railroad, the National Bank of Nicaragua and the Credit Clearing House. President Roosevelt named him as a member of the Commission on International Exchange which, in the summer of 1903, conferred with the European governments concerning the reform of currency systems in China and other Oriental countries.

In the same year, at the invitation of the Mexican government, Mr. Conant went to Mexico with Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks, of Cornell, and Edward Brush, of this city, to confer with a committee on the reform of the currency and the best means of securing the co-operation of other powers in giving stability to the currency of the silver-using countries. Mr. Conant also assisted the United States government in suggesting a currency measure for the Panama Republic somewhat similar to that of the Philippines. In 1910, and again in 1912, he was the technical delegate of this country to the International Conference on Bills of Exchange, which met at The Hague. In the winter of 1911-'12 he visited Nicaragua to prepare a plan of monetary reform for that country.

He was a member of the American Economics Association, the Chamber of Commerce of New York, the American Academy of Political and Social Science, the American Asiatic Society and the Société d'Economie Politique de France. He founded the Washington Economic Society, and was a member of the Cosmos Club in that city and the Lawyers and Reform clubs in New York.

Wrote Books on Finance.

Among Mr. Conant's books on finance are "A History of Modern Banks of Issue," "The United States in the Orient," "Alexander Hamilton," "Wall Street and the Country" and "Principles of Money and Banking," which was translated into French in 1905.

Mr. Conant was a strong advocate of a national central bank. In 1906 he, with Frank A. Vanderlip, as representative of the Chamber of Commerce currency commission, attended a conference with the American Bankers' Association commission at Washington, at which the central bank proposition was discussed. In an address made in 1911 Mr. Conant advocated a commission, with the object of bringing about full and careful consideration of the differences between the government and the big trusts.

Mr. Conant was unmarried. He lived at 123 East Fifty-third Street.

DIED.

Akerly, Charlotte M. Moore, Charles M.
Bryant, Lucy E. Thorne, Samuel.
Husted, Edwin B.

AKERLY—At Flushing, Long Island, on July 6, 1915, Charlotte Manigault Taylor, widow of the Rev. Samuel M. Akerly and daughter of the late Rev. Thomas House Taylor, D. D., of New York City. Funeral service at Grace Church, Broadway and 10th st., on Thursday, July 8, at 10:30 a. m.

BRYANT—At New York City, Monday, July 5, Lucy E. Bryant, after short illness. Funeral services Lenox Avenue Unitarian Church, corner 121st st., on Wednesday, 4 p. m. Interment White Hills, Conn.; private.

HUSTED—Suddenly, at Pleasant Valley, N. Y., July 5, 1915, Edwin B. Husted, son of Nathaniel and Almira Husted, in his 72d year. Funeral services will be held at Presbyterian Church, Pleasant Valley, Thursday, at 2 o'clock.

MOORE—July 6, 1915, Charles M. Moore, aged 80 years. Funeral services at the Methodist Episcopal Church Home, 92d st. and Amsterdam av., Thursday morning, 10 o'clock. Members of Grace M. E. Church invited.

THORNE—Suddenly, at St. Johns River, Province of Quebec, Canada, on July 4, 1915, Samuel, son of the late Jonathan and Lydia Ann Thorne, in the 80th year of his age. Funeral services will be held at his late residence, Millbrook, Dutchess County, N. Y., on Friday, July 9, at 11:45 o'clock. Special train will leave Grand Central Station, New York Central Railroad, track 30, at 8:45 a. m.; returning will reach New York about 4 p. m. Interment private. Friends are kindly requested not to send flowers.

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