

ART EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON.

The New Art Centre—An Austrian Artist Who is a President's Grandson.

LONDON, Aug. 7.—So many noteworthy events have occurred in the art department of London this summer that it has become impracticable to mention all. Some omissions may now be briefly remedied, but first it must be pointed out that the ever increasing number of good exhibitions indicates the truth of Rodin's observation that London is becoming the chief art centre of the world.

When Rodin's remarks were chronicled in THE SUN a couple of years ago several American artists fired off letters of protest. Yet there are still no signs to show that these have arrested the normal progression of centres of influence from east to west on the way to New York, though it is perhaps rather much to expect the muse to leap the tariff barrier without resenting it.

John Quincy Adams seems a curious name for an Austrian artist, but it is signed to a large painting called "The Death Prayer in the Porphous of Volendam, Holland," which is shown in the fine art section of the Austrian national exhibition now being held at Earls Court.

Four gray headed men and two old women are grouped about the foot of a shrouded and lighted coffin, their heads bowed in prayer.

The author of this picture, executed with simplicity and sincerity, is a grandson of the sixth president of the United States, and is a naturalized Austrian, resident in Vienna; a leading member of the Artists' Association of that city and of the Salzburg Art Union; and a delegate to this Austrian exhibition.

As many as ten associations of artists take part in this display, and there is so much merit and even originality that one regrets the show is not held elsewhere. Nobody goes to Earls Court to see pictures, but rather for flirtatious fun, military music, colored lamps, or dancing, water, sparkling wine and cigarettes. Incidentally there is an exhibition every year, but to look at it stamps you as a provincial.

Works by Flemish and modern Belgian painters form one of the series of excellent exhibitions held at the art gallery of the Corporation of London; at the Guildhall. The pictures go back to the fourteenth century, to the days of the brothers Van Eyck, the fathers of oil painting in so far as they brought unsatisfactory methods to perfection.

Very serious and conscientious artists were those old Flemings, working not for the public but for a small number of highly cultivated individuals. The notable painters were members of guilds, and the inspectors of these guilds had the right to enter the establishment of any member and seize any materials that were bad, such as panels with knots in them and gold, silver and azure of inferior quality. Any so-called work rendered its producer liable to punishment.

The first gallery is given up to the works of these old painters and their followers; eighty pictures, chiefly lent from English collections. Then come forty works representing Rubens, Jordaens, Van Dyck, Hals, Teniers and others, and in a third gallery are the moderns, about 100 pictures.

Three exhibitions of German art have already been dealt with as long length in THE SUN. French art; if one excepts the Duveen show of eighteenth century masters and the numerous works to be seen at the International and other annual exhibitions, has been seen chiefly in the form of one man show.

Early in the year the fine Millet drawings from the Staats Forbe collection were shown and sold at the Leicester Galleries. Some of these small studies in black and white were priced at \$3,000 apiece.

A rather poor lot of Barbizon pictures followed and presumably found purchasers, this bringing the slow dispersal of the Staats Forbe pictures practically to an end. The exporters considered them worth about half that amount.

Harpignies and Jacques Blanche have also had shows at the Leicester Galleries; and at present are to be seen there, besides a collection of English water colors, thirty-three pictures by Boudin and Albert Lebourg. Boudin is the Corot of the sea and shore. It is difficult to understand why his broadly expressed, delicate, beautiful work is not yet fully recognized.

Boudin is at least as big a man as Daubigny and when he is as widely recognized his work will probably have much the same position in the market. Now a fine Boudin can be got for about one-tenth of the price of a fine Daubigny.

Lebourg, somewhat famous in France is not really of much account. He has studied Boudin, Monet and others to some purpose, but had they not existed he would have studied somebody else and been quite different. It is work of the hand and brain, but not in the least of the heart.

Among the works on view are Fernand Desmoulin, an art disciple of Monet and in life the friend of Zola—he had his windows broken in that cause—and Augustin Rey, an architect employed by the Paris Rothschilds, among others. He spends his holidays in a manner suggesting both a street poster and a Japanese color print, yet often escaping the special coloration of both.

The exhibition of the Faure collection of paintings by Monet has been mentioned in THE SUN, and the work of one less famous, M. Jules Cayron, who came to do portraits of ladies, has been described and illustrated. It remains to be said that he has a success. Constantly he goes to a frame maker and talks French; and though the frame maker knows no French, he guesses that more frames are wanted. He is right every time.

he does not seem quite to know what to do with it.

A house which should have special interest for Americans has recently been taken by John Ballin, whose specialty is the discovery of promising young artists. Probably few people know that these prizes, now 4 Baker street, were formerly occupied by Richard Rusch, whose father, Dr. Benjamin Rusch, signed the Declaration of Independence.

In 1817 Richard Rusch came to London as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States, and in the following year, to quote from his "Memoranda of a Residence at the Court of London":

"The house I took was in Baker street at 450 guineas (\$2,302) a year. It was four stories high, exclusive of the basement story; had three rooms communicating with each other on a floor, and upwards of thirty feet front and from fifty to sixty deep."

Now his well lighted reception rooms form the Ballin Gallery, and are at present filled with a memorial exhibition of the work of the late Arthur Tomson, painter and critic. He wrote a sympathetic book about Millet and the Barbizon school, and the influence of these artists was manifest in his painting, though not to the detriment of his individuality. He died on the way to do something of consequence in art, at the age of 47. Elizabeth Robins Pennell contributes an appreciative note to the catalogue.

Sargent's five contributions to the new English Art Club exhibition have been mentioned in a special cable despatch. The society maintains its position as one of the most important exhibiting bodies; but this year's display does not differ essentially from preceding ones.

In the Carfax gallery is to be seen the recently purchased Butts collection of William Blake's works. Mr. Butts was of course the chief patron of this mystical poet painter, who saw angels sitting in trees, spent much of his time in Paradise, and once took off his hat to the Prophet Elijah in the Strand. Of its kind the show is probably the most notable ever held, illustrating Blake's majestic conceptions, his frequent failure to express them, and his rare, splendid success.

Sir William Eden, the villain of Whistler's "Patience and Buttery" puts forward a discreet, dreamy, delicate progress in water colors at the Dutch Gallery; and Augustus John shows masterful etchings, a strange mingling of force, style and crudity, at the Chentl Gallery in Chelsea. This young artist's talent, still rather untried, amounts to genius.

At the moment of writing comes the news that the famous collection of pictures formed during the last forty years by Alexander Young of Blackheath has been purchased en bloc by two firms of dealers, Thomas Agnew & Sons and Messrs. Wallis. A few years ago a well known expert valued this collection at upward of \$2,500,000. It contains some of the finest Corots that exist, including "Le Lac" and "The Bent Tree."

There are said to be fifty paintings by Corot, and some other pictures are "The Hay Cart," "Going Home" and "Driving Over the Dunes," all by Mauve; "The Family Meal," "The Bird and the Fish," "The Windmills," by James Maris; "The Goose Girl" and "The Ferry," by Troyon; Millet's "Solitude," Daubigny's "Hauling the Nets," Jacques's "Sheep and Sunlight," and Harpignies's "Sheep on St. Pierre." Probably the rest will be acquired for the national collections.

Another item of recent news is that Maurice Greiffenhagen has been appointed head of the Glasgow School of Art. His fine work in black and white will be known to readers of American magazines. He is also a very able painter in oil and water color. In the market pictures in oil have sold badly at all the leading exhibitions for the last two years or more, and numerous artists have turned their attention to water color.

Perhaps the most successful of the new schools of art is the one founded by John Swan, R. A., and Frank Brangwyn, A. R. C. S. The American art world regarding house all to themselves. Their fond parents may like to know that the first exhibition of students' work indicates that all are rapidly becoming Brangwyns.

HERE'S A BRAVE MAN. Dares Call Mrs. Browning Greater Than Her Husband in Pure Poetry.

This year is the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Elizabeth Barrett Browning; who first saw the light March 6, 1806.

One reason why the anniversary hunters overlooked this fact, says the Bookman, may be found in the fact that Robert Browning's hundredth anniversary does not come until 1912, and possibly few persons are aware that Mrs. Browning was six years older than her husband.

If we were going to make a point of renascence we should certainly make more of a to-do over Mrs. Browning than over her husband. The writer of the article was undoubtedly in pure poetry a greater genius than he. His intellect was the more powerful; but for sheer beauty of diction and for perfect mastery of the best work rose above the level of anything that he achieved.

Had she done nothing more than her "Sonnet from the Portuguese" she would have deserved this praise, since there is no doubt that they remain quite unsurpassed in English.

It is a pity there exists no veracious, unmodified portrait of Mrs. Browning. She was extraordinarily fascinating, yet to feel her fascination one had to be near her. On a long holiday in France she was undoubtedly in pure poetry a greater genius than he. His intellect was the more powerful; but for sheer beauty of diction and for perfect mastery of the best work rose above the level of anything that he achieved.

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FORMS WORTH READING.

The folks who live in Ithaca must all be millionaires. If Sam had only hung on to those Grand Mountain shares:

If Jim had known his backwash beds were on "Petroleum Heights," he'd be a millionaire now. If Bill had known his backwash beds were on "Petroleum Heights," he'd be a millionaire now.

The folks who live in Ithaca put little faith in pluck. When other people hit the mark they call it merely luck.

Oh! citizens of Ithaca, the morning dew is sweet. The earth is panting in its thirst for foods of honest sweat.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

You have mentioned bouillabaisse as a characteristic dish of Marseilles. In your description of the dish you mention that it is a fish soup. It is not a soup, but a stew.

In your reply to my question as to the authorship of the "Daisy Miller" story you mentioned the name of the author. It is not a story, but a novel.

It is not entirely a hopeless day for those who are at home in the "Daisy Miller" story. It is not a story, but a novel.

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PULLING FOR THE SHORE.

Specific directions for the man in the boat. To the Editor of THE SUN:—A solution of the marine question is as follows: Let's denote the location of the boat by the letter x, which is straight.

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SCHOOL FOR CARD PLAYERS.

Auction Pitch, J. J. J. says in a two hand game A wants 2 to go, while B wants 1. B bids two, and A bids one. A has the high card, and B has the low card.

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INSTRUCTION.

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Boards and Day Scholars. Conducted by the Franciscan Brothers. GRAMMAR, ENGLISH, HISTORY, SCIENCE, COLLEGE COURSES complete. Empowered to confer University Degrees.

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