THINGS TO BE SEEN IN OLD RUGS

AN EXHIBIT OF RARE LOANS AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

The Richness of Private Collections Opens Unusual Opportunities of Study to Visitors—Dr. Valentiner Abolishes the Enchanting Tradition of Polonaise.

It is a very unusual exhibition that was opened at the Metropolitan Museum of Art on Tuesday, the loan exhibition of Oriental rugs which for too short a time will occupy the gallery that last year was called the Whistler room in the new wing. The museum itself would not be able to present such an exhibition out of its own possessions, and no general loan exhibition under less dignified and secure conditions would be likely to be able to obtain such masterpieces from their owners, who are naturally unwilling to part with them even for a time, to say nothing of the hazards involved in handling and transporting them.

There are forty-nine of the rugs, and a rare treat they offer to admirers of the rich beauty in color and the fascinating intricacy of design of these ancient fabrics. With the Oriental rugs that in common parlance are spoken of as antique Americans are fairly familiar. In organizing this exhibition the museum authorities purposed offering visitors the opportunity to examine the really old rugs, products of the centuries from the fourteenth to the eighteenth, including the periods when these expressions of the genius of the Near East appeared in their highest perfection. The exhibition serves at the same time to reveal what is not fully understood, the remarkable richness of the private collections of this country in these works of the patient Orientals in the days when their art and their artisanship were at their best.

There were to have been fifty of the rugs, but at the last minute and too late to exclude a description of it from the catalogue word came from the Kaiser Friedrich Museum at Berlin that permission could not be obtained to lend a rug which that museum had promised to send, its famous fourteenth century rug with the Ming coat of arms, the ancient Chinese motive of the dragon fighting the phenix. Other rugs of this class, however, are in the exhibition. And though the Berlin museum was unable to get permission to lend its treasure, which is one of the oldest rugs known to exist, another sister institution has contributed to the Metropolitan's exhibition. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts has sent to New York the finest rug in its possession.

Aside from this one the rugs loaned are all from private collections, those, namely, of Dr. Denman W. Ross of Cambridge, Gen. Brayton Ives, Benjamin Altman and Senator W. A. Clark of this city; Mrs. Herbert L. Pratt of Brooklyn, John D. McIlhenny of Philadelphia, P. A. B. Widener of Elkins Park, P. M. Sharples of West Chester, Pa.; Theodore M. Davis of Newport and C. F. Williams of Norristown, Pa. The Metropolitan Museum displays a few rugs which it owns as a part of this exhibition, but they are placed in an adjoining gallery so that those lent may have the Whistler room to themselves. The result is plenty of room for a satisfactory placing without crowding.

A singular beauty pervades the room. It is varied but not confused, notwithstanding the great diversity in pattern and color and the intermingling of pieces or fragments a few feet in dimensions and carpets more than twenty-six feet long. Most of them necessarily hang on the walls, or on easels erected for them where they can be well seen, but by the use of enlarged model stands or sitters' thrones the gorgeous Polish rugs, as we have been accustomed to call them (this nomenclature is to be changed now), are shown practically as they would appear on the floor, raised only a few inches above it.

And what a sight they are, like a tessellated pavement of gems, glistening in changing hues as the visitor changes his position, but retaining always one dominant tone. Joyous as a full blossoming garden in midday brilliance, bright as a table of jewels, these products of what must have been a happy day lift the spirits. Eight of these rugs are shown and one of them is of a size rarely seen, being more than thirteen feet long and nearly six feet wide. It is one of the largest Polish rugs in existence. One of the Polish rugs is woven without the usual gold or silver threads, but light yellow and silver gray suggest the precious metals," as the catalogue says truly.

Sombre as compared to these are the other rugs, yet they present a wonderful variety of color. Merely to enumerate some of the hues tells a story of the weavers' comprehensive vision, for here are yellow, blue, light blue and dark blue, and blue green, red, cherry red, deep rose and scarlet and pink, salmon pink, fawn and mouse gray, peacock blue, green, silver, white, cream, orange, emerald, violet, violet brown and claret color. These western Asiatics knew as well as the easterners of their continent, the Chinese, how to combine red and blue into beauty, a thing many western Europeans and Americans, including some artists, fear to do to-day. And the greater variety of the elements of their design—human faces, human figures, hunters, elephants, tigers, lions, leopards, giraffes, goats, boars, deer, Chinese ducks, the rhinoceros, crocodile, bullock, besides imaginary animals, birds, partridges, bushes, trees, the peony and other flowers, archaic dragons, conventionalized leaf forms, bouquets, geometric designs, escutcheons, arabesques, foliations, Koranic inscriptions made decorative; the lily and Chinese symbols telling of influences when the trade relations between the Near and the Far East were intimate, in earlier times.

Dragon rugs, hunting rugs, animal rugs and compartment rugs, all present workmanship as interesting to study as it is good to look upon. A fragment of a beautiful Indian rug from the imperial factory, its date placed at about 1580, from Mr. Altman's collection, with a rich ground of dark claret color, is made with 400 knots to the square inch, a wonderfully fine texture. Imagine a rug such as one of the fifteenth century Armenians shown, which exhibits a blue green stepped lozenge about a four pointed star in white outlined with fawn and stepped bands in this sequence, scarlet, red, violet, scarlet, yellow, scarlet outlined in white and blue and repeating the lozenge outlines.

A Turkish rug from Mr. Williams's collection, with repetitions of three balls in light blue and cream white on a gray field, and a border with the same motive in violet, brown and red, separated by tiger stripes, is a unique piece; no other rug of the type is known. It is about twelve and a half feet long by eight feet in width. Another rug from the same collection with a field of four pointed stars separated by diamond shapes enclosing arabesques is the only complete rug of that kind that is known.

No element of the exhibition is more portrayed of it or of the museum, however, than the interesting catalogue, which will win the thanks of many visitors. The museum has taken occasion to make the exhibition as serviceable as possible by publishing a special catalogue compiled by Dr. W. R. Valentiner, curator of decorative arts, a compact and enlightening volume of which only a thousand copies have been printed. Dr. Valentiner's work aroused spirited discussion, for his classifications upset some long accepted traditions, and speaking with the authority he does, his little book has set some of the rug lovers to renewed study. Some of them so far are frankly unable to abandon their positions, while others are endeavoring to bring themselves around to his views.

An important element in the charm exercised by the Polish rugs has been the mystery of their origin. Were they Polish, Persian, Indian, in their inspiration and manufacture? And why did they appear to have been a spontaneous creation, presently extinguished, a short lived race without forebears or progeny? At any rate the name Polish clung to them, a putative paternity which was sufficiently satisfactory to the few possessors and the many admirers of the charming Polonaises. Now comes Dr. Valentiner and brushes all the mystery away.

He says that the date of their manufacture can be almost exactly fixed as a brief period in the first half of the seventeenth century, as many of them were presented to European courts by Shah Abbas of Persia at that time and were very probably products of the imperial manufactories. He goes further and destroys another charm which they held for many, the idea that there were very few of them in all the world. The devotees have said that it would be difficult to find perhaps fifty of them, and when they have enlarged the possible number to a hundred it has been with the idea of carrying refutation by the very exaggeration of the figure. Dr. Valentiner, however, says that there are at least three hundred of them and that the best ones are in various royal palaces of Europe, particularly those at Moscow, Stockholm, Munich and Copenhagen, although he points out that there are superb specimens in some of the private collections of the United States. Indeed, some of these are here to be seen.

Some of the students of rugs among the collectors put forth in support of their recognized positions regarding the origin of these rugs the statement that in their judgment the "stitch," if it may be so called, the method of weaving employed in the manufacture of these fabrics, is distinctly not Persian, and they want more light from Dr. Valentiner. In the present catalogue the doctor merely states that "there is absolutely no evidence that silk rugs of the Polonaise types were ever woven in Poland in the seventeenth century," and that documents have lately come to light "which show conclusively that these rugs were not made in Poland."

He does not identify the documents spoken of, to the disappointment of the anxious. He does, however, explain the origin of the name Polish rugs, or Polonaises, and dismissing that designation classifies them thereafter as Persian, with the parenthetical explanation "so-called Polish."

And the origin of the name, it seems, dates back little more than thirty years. It causes no special surprise that certain Turkish rugs (of which there are some in this exhibition) have come to be called Holbein rugs owing to the appearance of one of them in that painter's Darmstadt masterpiece, for the reason that most minds are rather misty regarding a time so long past, however vividly it may live in the annals of art. But that the name by which the world knows these ancient "Polish" fabrics should be the accident of an international exhibition so late as 1878 seems a bit odd.

Dr. Valentiner says, however, that that is just what has happened. At the Paris exposition of 1878 several of these rugs were exhibited. They had been sent by the Prince Czartoriski from Warsaw, and they bore the coat of arms of his family. Hence the assumption and confusion. The simple fact was that this emblazonry had been embroidered on them at a later date than their manufacture.

Much more widely known in this country than the Polish rugs are the Ispahans. Dr. Valentiner gives them to Herat, and refers to them as "so-called Ispahans." Those who contend for the more familiar designation set forth that the Persian court travelled and that the royal weavers moved with the court, and that therefore Herat may prove to be no more final as an attribution than Ispahan. Everywhere, however, Dr. Valentiner's classifications and statements arouse renewed interest. There is another instance of these changes of his. Some rugs long known as Persian he has carried to India, among them the Boston museum's rare contribution to the exhibition, the seventeenth century hunting rug which is its choicest possession among Eastern carpets.

Dr. Valentiner says that the market for modern Oriental rugs in New York is the most extensive in the world, only Constantinople and Paris being comparable with it, but that public knowledge of the superior old weaves is lacking; that is one reason for the present exhibition. The distinction is seldom made or perhaps even known, he says, "between the fine old rugs and the seemingly old types." A most interesting catalogue to a delightful exhibition.

It is the purpose of the Metropolitan, Director Robinson says, to organize other exhibitions from time to time of rare works of art in private ownership which would not otherwise in the ordinary course of events be accessible to the public.

IN CAMPAIGN DAYS.

Features That to Mr. Blinkinton Are a Constant Source of Cheerfulness.

"Well," said Mr. Blinkinton, "the liar and hoss thief period is about over, day after to-morrow we vote, and after that I suppose we'll be friends again. Not that we've been very bitter enemies; in fact far from it; I think we conduct political campaigns in this country in a pretty amiable sort of spirit, when you take everything into account. We do hear occasionally somebody saying from the platform that so-and-so, the candidate on the other side, is an anaconda in the clover, that his record shows, my friends, all things that are dreadful; and then the other man replies and shows conclusively that all these charges are untrue and moreover that they were known to be false by their malignant utterer; and then he comes back, and then there's another reply. Pretty soon it all gets so mixed up that we forget it and go back to the man we calmly thought we were for when the fight began before as the poet says, the issues were clouded. I confess that I stop reading serious political news about two weeks before election.

"One thing I never tire of is the news given out at headquarters of the progress of the campaign. One chairman tells us that throughout the State there are everywhere evidences of what amounts to nothing less than a revolution. A farmer who has just come in to Little Falls, a man most highly esteemed and respected in the township where he resides, reports that up his way the whole country is in revolt. Men who never in their lives voted but one way are this year going to vote the other way; the sturdy farmers are sharpening their scythes and they are going to fairly mow down the old time Demolican majority.

"The chairman tells us that there's a landslide in Canastota, and an earthquake in Canajoharie, and so it goes all around the State; it's in the air; and a carefully compiled canvass of the entire State shows a majority of 314,811; but there's to be no letup; from now on the campaign is to be a whirlwind.

"At the other headquarters the chairman gives out that a farmer who has just come in to Palmyra, an old time resident who enjoys the confidence, esteem and respect of all his neighbors, reports that in his community it is nothing less than a complete overturn; men are everywhere casting loose from their moorings and preparing to go the other way. Throughout the country the solid farmers are getting out their bushhooks and they are going to tear the old time Repubocrat majority up by the roots. At this headquarters thy have the earthquake in Canastota and the landslide in Canajoharie, but these are matters of detail; on the main question, the matter of majority, they're all right. A carefully made and complete canvass of the entire State shows a clear majority of 322,814. But there's to be no letting down. From now on the campaign is to be conducted with cyclonic energy."

SEEN IN THE WORLD OF ART

PAINTER WHO HAS DISCOVERED CONEY ISLAND.

Ernest Lawford's Work in the City and Near By—The New York Water Color Club's Exhibition—A Suggestion of Some Artists for the Hall of Fame.

Ernest Lawson has discovered Coney Island. Rather let us simply say that Coney Island itself has been discovered by a painter. There it was for years, sprawling in the broiling sunshine in all its joyous vulgarity, men, women and children promenading or bathing, sitting or outstretched upon the sand, a wriggling mass, not in the least attractive when viewed at elbow length, yet a singularly racy theme for the artist—why then hasn't somebody placed the lower end of the island on canvas? It has been snapshotted and an occasional refined painter has "selected" a sweet orange sunset effect behind the Highlands and has purred with satisfaction over his celestial harmonies. Coney Island, rank, unsavory, running over with "powerful uneducated persons," as Walt Whitman puts it, not a spot for poetic invocations, but smelling of clam chowder, beer, hot sausages, the air crammed with the hoarse rude voices of "barkers" and baby squallings, in a word, the real Coney of 1910, this Lawson has studied, and the result is to be found in a dozen canvases on which actuality wars with beautiful tonalities. It may be remarked in passing that the vibrating color hatches and patches of this artist never suggest the niggling mannerism of so many impressionists.

There are not painting to-day half a dozen realists possessing a tithe of Lawson's robust vision and gift as a colorist. Two Spaniards, Zuloaga, Sorolla; several Frenchmen, and among the English only Augustus John. His eye carries with precision the shape and gait of things, above all their density and weight. It is a material vision, a pagan vision, if you will (better say pantheist; that's more popular) not concerned with the manifestations of the spirit, though keenly cognizant of their beauty and significance. Lawson does not miss the poetic note, he can sound it clearly enough, but it concerns him less than the ripe realities of normal life. Decorative prettiness has its meanings for him; he always weaves a pattern, elliptical as it is, and he has learned enough from the Japanese to detest symmetry for symmetry's sake. "The obvious poetical," that thin sentimental vein which is the bane of the majority of American landscapists and the pride of the dealers in saccharine, to that temptation this eminently virile painter has never succumbed. His pictures exhale health; his touch is as forthright as Gustave Courbet's, and like Courbet he finds relish in facing the problems of every day life. (Indeed he is much less romantic than the Frenchman.) He has shown us corners of New York, the upper West Side, that were new and in whose presentation he was quite as much poet as painter. His "Gulls," with the stretch of frozen Hudson, Jersey in the distance and the greenish tonalities peculiarly subtle, is a canvas that will not be soon forgotten. He has just finished a superb view of lower New York and the Battery as seen from a Staten Island ferryboat.

But Coney Island! A lot of people in bathing suits reclining under gaudy green yellow umbrellas stuck in the sand by ingenious advertisers. Some women walk by in all the showiness of bathing costumes. Across the top of the picture run the hard, graceless lines of the pier. Sunlight is felt rather than seen; that is, it floods the scene, though not in the fluid, quasi-dramatic contrasts of Sorolla. It is New York, not Valencian sunshine. As Lawson believes less in composition cookery than nature unselected, he has painted without rearrangement the story of a summer afternoon as it unrolled before his eyes. However, despite his impromptu quality he knows how to "place" his subject. The umbrellas, seven in number, make a picturesque pattern, and what with sky and lighting that awful pier becomes positively eye enchanting. And how the sensitive ones will shiver as they enter the Madison Square Gallery, where hang two of Lawson's latest works.

The other picture is of exceeding charm, a May party within Central Park. This theme is hardly novel; Glackens, Sloan, Jerome Myers have set it before us. Lawson is himself. His rich hues so artfully valued and the weaving lines of trees, children in festive mood, and all enveloped in a seductive atmosphere are his alone. This particular canvas will be admired where the other will give a dynamic shock; the painter is dynamic in all the Coney Island episodes.

At his studio are a dozen, the most striking being a string of passengers leaving the iron steamboats and moving up the pier. This was painted directly from the second story of the pier. Why didn't some one think of the possibilities of such a sight? In Lawson's clear, gay colors this group of pleasure seekers produces a stunning impression. He has never been given to peopling his canvases, the landscape usually sufficing. His boy bathers are well known, but generally speaking he avoided figure compositions. That has now been changed. Another Lawson—let us call it his second period, just for fun and history's sake—has come into view. When in January he exposes these Coney Island pictures he will create a sensation. The further we get away in America from the artificial "finished" surfaces in art the better. Our native drama is crude, but isn't it better than our inane, sickly, anæmic fiction? American landscape art is superior to either; nevertheless it must avoid that stumbling block, the "merely pretty." Mr. Lawson has been pronounced "unfinished" by those whose ideal is the licked up, shiny, pretty article of commerce which abounds in every dealer's gallery and every exhibition. "Finished?" Yes, the art is surely "finished," but of life there remains none. Really, you know that art and life are not so divorced as some would have us believe. Lawson is always vital. And he has that much to be envied quality, distinction of style and unabashed fidelity in observation.

There are other excellent pictures at the same exhibition now in progress. Mr. Taylor has solved the question of hanging his color dynamiters so that no premature explosion need be feared. George Bellows, a genuine talent, shows two examples, "The Warship" and "In Virginia." We prefer the former with its realism, tempered but not softened, to the rather commonplace scene on the lawn. Allen Tucker's "The Bridge" is dangerously close to Lawson's "Umbrellas," but holds its own delicately observed and rendered harmonies. Jonas Lie, deserting for the nonce his remote peaks and snowclad hillsides, shows old houses on the border of a canal full of Thaulowlike water. The canvas also recalls Baertsen, the Belgian, and his splendid canalboats. Elmer Livingstone MacRae is always welcome. We admired Edmund Greacen's "At the Wharf" with its discriminating values in lighting. Will Howe Foote's "Summer Night," recalling in subject the moonlit house at Lyme first made memorable by Willard Metcalf, is there, and there are pictures by W. Sherman Potts, D. Putnam Brinley, Charles Ebert and Karl Andersen, all worth seeing. The exhibit holds to November 14.

If you consider the New York Water Color Club exhibition now on at the Fine Arts Building as a sort of *Vorspeise*, or *hors d'œuvre*, preparatory to the more solid banquet of the Academy show next month, then it may pass, though there is little caviar or paprika, or indeed any other provocative to the appetite artistic. Some one asked the other day, Why is the Water Color Society? and a wit answered, "Despite the drought." Well, there is less water than color at this exhibition. In fact, the old fashioned medium is rarely encountered. And of the 367 entries at least 350 could have remained unhung. The same exhibitors, the same venerable stunts. Alexander Robinson leads artistically, Edward Dufner pleases, and Miss Tony Nell with her clever study in black and white wins this year the Beal prize of $200 for the "most meritorious water color." Meritorious it is, nothing more. H. B. Snell, Rhoda Holmes Nicholls and a hundred other ladies with triple barrelled names—Everett L. Warner, MacRae, Kaula, Jane Petersen—always good to gaze upon—Charles Warren Eaton, Jerome Myers—wholly delightful—Cinnotti, Hilda Belcher, M. O. Kobbe, Marion H. Beckett, Colin Cooper Campbell, with new themes, with a few others, about fill the bill. A mild appetizer, that's all.

At the Haas gallery is an exhibition of paintings by A. G. Schulman, a young man of talent, personality and technical ability. His forest interiors reveal some study of Rousseau and Diaz, with some individual traits. Schulman is sincere. His weakness seems to be a sentimental tendency. This he might attenuate with advantage until he has better command of his material. His paint leans in the direction of the glistening varnished quality of the North American Tonalists, of which Ranger, Blakelock, Dearth, Daingerfield, Bogart, Bunce and others are distinguished exponents. We think a course of Davies, Lawson, Glackens and Luks would clear Mr. Schulman's too fat palette. He contrives open air atmosphere and shows feeling for trees. The more accurate study of values should be his resolve.

At the new Louis Katz galleries there are several exhibitions in progress. A group of examples by Boulton, Coit, Brown, and by American painters such as William Keith, G. H. Bogart, Everett Warner, John F. Carlsen and H. W. Ranger may be viewed; also miniatures by Anna Belle Kindlund of Buffalo. Pierre Tozzi is holding an exhibition of portraits at the Folsom galleries, among the rest one of Countess Thamara de Swirsky, the dancer and pianist.

Apropos of the admission of Poe to the Hall of Fame (Fume?) the *American Art News* in a recent number editorially refers to the strange neglect of American artists in that cemetery of reputations. Mr. Townsend said among things that Gilbert Stuart was chosen at the first election in 1900, and Samuel F. B. Morse was chosen at the same time, as an inventor; strangely enough it is not generally known that he was one of the best of early American portraitists. The selection of Gilbert Stuart appears to be thus far the only recognition of American artists by the judges of the hall. At the election of 1910, several weeks ago, John Singleton Copley received 78 votes out of 97 cast and the 51 necessary for election; F. L. Church only 6 and William M. Hunt only 4, while Hiram Powers, the sculptor, captured 7. That only the names of three painters and one sculptor were placed in nomination, continues Mr. Townsend with justifiable indignation, and—with the exception of Copley—that they received an almost beggarly vote, furnishes a sad commentary upon the regard in which are held our dead American artists. It is to be hoped that at the next election in 1915 the names of Benjamin West, Rembrandt Peale, Homer Martin, A. H. Wyant and George Inness will be placed in nomination. The names of Saint-Gaudens and Winslow Homer will not be eligible under the ten years rule.

In addition to a reproduction of Winslow Homer's "The Lookout—All's Well" (in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston) *Art and Progress* for November contains an article on some American marine painters by Anna Seaton-Schmidt. The work of W. T. Richards, Paul Dougherty, F. J. Waugh, Emil Carlsen, Winslow Homer and others is satisfactorily dealt with. Mr. A. E. Gallatin writes of Whistler's pastels with his accustomed sympathy and William M. Ellicott, delegate from the American Institute of Architects and the State of Maryland, deals with forests as pleasure parks in a paper proposing the establishment of a national forest adjacent to the city of Washington.

The art critic of the London *Morning Post* writes of the Goupil Gallery Salon that the present exhibition constitutes the fifth of a series inaugurated in 1906 by William Marchant & Co.; also that it maintains the usual standard. It is on a small scale what the Academy ought to be on a large scale. At Burlington House out of 2,000 pictures there are generally some twenty or thirty worthy of inspection and even public recognition or the prestige accorded by a public institution. (We pause to clap hands and cry bravo! Please take note, President Alexander and all those sorrowful souls who are clamoring for more space, bigger exhibition halls for our own Academy. The truth is a careful culling of the genuinely artistic pictures in an Academy exhibition would hardly fill both of Mr. Montross's admirable galleries—there would be room to spare for the admission of, say, a Lawson or two, or even—be firm N. E. and bear this blast like a brave Scot!—of a George Luks.) At the Goupil Gallery Salon out of nearly 300 items not more than about thirty are thoroughly bad pictures (a low estimate, we suspect; at the exhibitions of our local ten there are as a rule not more than two or three who are first class artists). There are no great epoch making canvases, adds the English critic, but a good many typical of the epoch, typical of the faults and virtues of the present age. There are several notable and beautiful examples of work by artists such as Nicholson, Wilson Steer, William Orpen, Walter Russell, Jacques Blanche, Sauter, Simon Bussy and, above all, the veteran Harpignies, the doyen, if not the greatest, of Continental landscape painters. The drawings of Orpen, four in number, a singularly fine and varied collection, are specially praised for their supreme accomplishment, astounding fidelity and complete mastery of his art.

ART GOSSIP.

Everywhere the appointment of Edward Robinson as director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which was announced by the trustees the last week, has been received and discussed with words of pleasure and satisfaction. The third director whom the museum has had, Mr. Robinson is the first American director, and gratification at this fact has mingled in the conversation heard in various places with felicitation upon Mr. Robinson's equipment for his post, which he combines with an engaging personality that is not confined to the seclusion of a limited circle. The feelings of the public toward the Metropolitan have undergone a change in recent years which is apparent in many minds with a greater though dignified geniality that has come to be felt in the institution. There was a time when some visitors felt, wrongly perhaps, that there was toleration rather than welcome in their presence there, a feeling that has disappeared fortunately at the same time that the museum has come forward so remarkably fast to take its place among the great ones. These things and many more have been said and talked of during the week among people who go often to the museum.

Shall Rome go again to Avignon—the National Academy of Design move from the metropolis to Chicago to give the greater exhibitions which it wants to hold? It cannot get a building in New York large enough for "such exhibitions as the Royal Academy and the Salon," and behold, Chicago is already planning such a building. Director French of the Art Institute, speaking of the exhibition of American paintings there, is quoted in the *Tribune* of that city as saying:

"This exhibit is but the entering wedge to a new era in the world of art in Chicago. We are now contemplating in fact the plans are almost decided upon, the extension of the Art Institute buildings over the Illinois Central Railroad tracks.

"This will permit us to build a spacious gallery on the plan and magnitude of the one in the Grand Palais in Paris. This central gallery we expect to divide into three subdivisions, reserving the two side ones for oil paintings, water colors, pastels, engravings, etchings, drawings of architectural designs and objects of art. The central gallery is to be reserved for sculpture, medal and stone engravings and such architectural designs as are executed on a reduced scale in constructive material."

Think of a Chicago Salon while the Academy is without a home.

Those plaster lions which a little while ago were placed in front of the Public Library for the purpose of giving the sculptor and architects opportunity to study them in place got a good deal of attention from persons passing who saw them, and a good deal of lay criticism of one sort and another. Some people wrote to the newspapers about them.

J. Scott Hartley, who is secretary of the National Sculpture Society, in talking of some of the discussion heard, and particularly of a letter published in THE SUN from a correspondent who signed himself "Anti-Nature Faker," said the other day:

"The writer said that the heads looked like Cheshire cats and advised that the lions on the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square, London, by Sir Edwin Landseer, should be reproduced instead. The Cheshire cat, as I understand it, is purely an imaginary animal and I am not acquainted with it, but heaven forbid that the Landseer lions should be copied. They look like animals suffering from the mange, dipped in molasses, probably to cure the disease, and lack correctness and simplicity both in construction and surface treatment. But I think they are better than the monument on the base of which they rest, which looks like a sixteen story chimney on which is perched a pygmy. I presume the idea was to keep the great Admiral's head as much out of the fogs as possible.

"Now if 'Anti-Nature Faker' had said Barye, it would be a horse of a different color. E. C. Potter, the sculptor of the library lions, is universally respected in the profession as an animal sculptor. He has treated the lions in a somewhat severe manner intentionally, as all sculpture must be treated in harmony with the architecture. The two lions also were in plaster, placed to consider the effect.

"An ancient sculptor characterized the three phases of sculpture as clay, the birth; plaster, the death, and marble, the resurrection. I should wait for the last phase before criticising. The 'Anti-Nature Faker' is probably, to speak in his own language, no 'a bloody himage maker'—an expression I heard used in London. If he was he would not have written the letter."

Miss Evelyn Longman is at work upon the handsome doors which she has designed for the library of Wellesley College. Severe, simple, direct, the panels representing Wisdom and Charity speak with strength as well as grace and a sense of fitness. They show once more why this sculptor's work has been so much admired.

Miss Longman spent last summer in Europe and knows just the degree of wetness beyond which England cannot go and remain England, her point of total saturation. At least that seemed to be the case there last summer, and with all the charm of the moist fresh green countryside Miss Longman felt that just one day of sunshine would have come in agreeably.

Miss Longman is also at work upon a bas relief portrait of the late Gen. Corbin, which is to be placed as a memorial in Corbin Hall at Governors Island.

Hobart Nichols, who has found such satisfactory compositions amid the varied topography of Westchester, is building a home at Bronxville which is to contain a studio arranged to his liking. At present he is wondering whether to count a builder's promises among the Christmas presents and hoping that the builder gets a ride with the holiday saint. In going to Annisquam and Gloucester for the summer this year Mr. Nichols got some motives which represent quite a departure for him and has brought back canvases depicting rocks and the surf and children on the beach, some of which are to be seen at Macbeth's.

Milton Bancroft picked out the spot that suited him at his summer home on Shelter Island just before the summer closed and built himself a studio for next summer's work. Notwithstanding that it is possible to sail picturesquely up to Mr. Bancroft's doorstep if the tide is kindly, and that artists usually dislike mechanics, Mr. Bancroft has abandoned the sailboat for the motor boat and freed himself from the bondage of the ferries. Here in town this season he adds one to the list of deserters from Fifty-fifth street, having gone up to the Sherwood.

The Union League Club is extending its accommodations for porcelains and objects of art which on suggestions of a member were added to its art collection a few years ago. These have probably looked handsomer since that exhibition of paintings last winter which brought down such laughter that the art committee was disrupted by wholesale resignations.

The Architectural League listened to a lecture last Tuesday on the architecture of Mexico by Henry Hornbostel. It was illustrated by slides made from photographs which Mr. Hornbostel and Lloyd Warren took in that country.

There are to be some important sales in the auction room this winter, bringing out works of art and historical objects of varied classes, and the season's record in dollars paid is likely to be a high one. It will have to be high indeed to equal London's last season, however, when in the principal auction rooms paintings were sold to the amount of about $6,500,000 and ceramics and other objets d'art in one sale alone for more than $600,000. There is the keenest personal interest in the auctions here, the collectors all watching for what may be the last chance at a coveted object known to be in some one collection, and no matter the wealth of productions thrown under the hammer the fine things never fail to bring forth free and liberal bidding, to the expressed surprise of some foreign visitors.

The Government has some very studious and conscientious experts in the customs service at this port to pass upon works of art of different sorts and nowadays they are kept very much occupied. With the modification or removal of tariff restrictions permitting free entry of paintings and sculptures twenty years old and other works of art 100 years old, the task put upon these men has been greatly increased.

It is the practice of the authorities to invite to the aid of these paid experts various amateurs, collectors and others with specific knowledge of the several arts. These gentlemen are invited to give the Government the benefit of their knowledge and judgment as a courtesy or as a citizen's duty, for the most part, although there are men in New York who expertize for money at times. Some of them are artists. The art productions are rolling in so fast these days, however, that here and there one hears some demurring among the unofficial experts at this part of "citizens' duty."

Contrary to what has at times been said about the Government's experts, a man who is in position to know said yesterday that it is a fact that the Government is getting for moderate salaries the services of men who could readily obtain much higher figures if they chose to enter private employ.

"The other kind of talk," he said, "I guess you'll find comes largely from dissatisfied dealers. With the dealers, you know, a man is a good expert who puts a low value on your art importations and a high one on your competitor's, and he is a bad expert who in the Custom House can't see how really old your things are."

Collecting fosters in some men optimism as bringing them in close touch with the productions of men who have put their soul into their work and lived on a pittance instead of producing solely for commercial rewards. In others who started with an optimism sweet and guileless as a youthful ideal it has induced a scepticism which rises like a tall hedge between them and true enjoyment of their hobby. There are others still who collect for the love of it that neither the beckoning of Art to the higher life nor the shattering of confidences can disturb or wean from their devotion to the beautiful in many forms. It was one of these who remarked cheerily: "Do you know, I really think the old days of faked antique furniture in this city have gone for good? There are so many frank reproductions which are beautiful now that the other game no longer pays, I believe, and pretty soon the old story of shooting birdshot from a third story window into Fourth avenue furniture will itself be a subject for the antiquarians."

How persistent and welcome optimism always is, even if you can't always share it.

Who does not know the habits of a teacher and know them well enough to pick out the teacher among many though a stranger? They follow the teacher through life in whatever walk he may go, even though he become an artist, and make him share with clergymen the trait which Whistler enjoyed of "not arguing with you," but "telling you." Sometimes the teacher knows it. There is a teacher of art in town who was recounting the other night an experience of his many years ago during some transatlantic travel, and though prone to severe looks he could not refrain from chuckling at the humor of it.

"I had got into a heated discussion with a man on a point of science about which I believed that I knew something," said he, "and when I had made a final and absolute demonstration without convincing him I told him that he didn't know enough to acknowledge an error.

"That man is now Lord Kelvin."

Probably not many Americans have been close enough to the late King of England to lay hands upon him, but there is a teacher of drawing in New York who actually laid hands on him. It was in the most genuine friendliness, that of childhood in distress, and was wholly unpremeditated.

"I had been sent down town by my father," he said, "and was on my way through Chatham street (Park row) to lower Broadway. I knew that Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, was in town, but I never expected to see him. In fact I'm inclined to think I wouldn't have gone any further out of my way then to see him than I would have done in later years.

"Anyway I was walking along the edge of the sidewalk in front of Barnum's Museum at Ann street when an open carriage of the Victoria shape that had been coming down Broadway turned around and swept up to that curb. Immediately the people on the sidewalk jammed toward it and I was shoved by the force of the throng right up onto the step and over the knees of the nearest occupant of the carriage. He was Albert Edward. He took it good humoredly. I guess they could probably see that I was as much frightened as anybody, not at the Prince, for I did not know him until I heard the people hail him, but at being jammed against the carriage. However, there weren't so many anarchist scares in those days and no to do was made over my being thrust upon royalty."

Pittsburg is to have the first show of the exhibition of 250 original works by American illustrators that is to be sent through the West this winter by the American Federation of Arts. The exhibition is assembled by the Society of Illustrators of New York, of which Charles Dana Gibson is president. From Pittsburg it will go to Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis and Denver, where fifty of the works will be segregated for a circuit of Pacific coast cities, while the remainder of the exhibition will go on to Minneapolis and Chicago.

In Paris signs cannot be put on buildings except as permitted by the owner in the lease, yet it would be absurd to say that Paris is not as glaringly defaced by advertising signs as is New York. The movement here, small as it is as yet, which has led some property owners to place restrictions upon the size and character of the advertising signs that shall be permitted on their buildings, is one that offers pleasing inducement to greater activities on the part of the societies given to agitating for a handsomer city.

In England it has come to the pass where even a soap manufacturer offers prizes for bill posting stations which shall be architecturally commendable. An attractive opportunity along that line—not the soap line, but the architectural line—is apparently open here, and in fact originality might be worse expended than in joint and several efforts to turn sign advertising into artistic ways, say those who hope for better sights.

According to word which comes over from Italy fear is expressed over there that the Rome international exhibition which is set to open in March will fall far short of what it was designed to be if it does not fail of success altogether, owing to the cholera epidemic and the consequent scare both at home and abroad. It is hoped of course that the gloomy fears will not be realized.

There is a student in Baltimore's Charcoal Club school who has made a discovery which is reported in a local paper.

"I believe in starting at the bottom in art as in other things," said he in telling about it. "It struck me when I saw Johnson, our model, that his feet constituted his lowest extremity. In my determination to draw them with the perfection of nature I have worked incessantly for a week. I have given him so many feet in my effort to get a perfect foot that my sketch makes him look like a centipede. There is no doubt about it that it takes a master to make a good foot."

"The Pittsburg mark upon him!"

Who would have thought that this would ever be applied in art? The remark has been heard, but in other directions and employ. It remained for Mr. Carnegie to bring it into the arts. To a banquet given to an English painter which he was unable to attend Mr. Carnegie sent a letter in which he wrote of the guest of honor: "We of America have grown to recognize his merits as an artist, and that means that he is on the sure road to fame and fortune. He bears now the Pittsburg mark upon him."

ONE PLACE DIDN'T CHANGE.

Whiskey Purveyor Found a Saloon There Just as It Was Thirty Years Ago.

"You New Yorkers boast a lot of the changes that come over this town in a short time," said a Scotchman at the Imperial yesterday, "but in some respects the lack of change is almost startling.

"Now this is the first time I have been in New York in thirty years. I sell Scotch whiskey. Of course New York in this part of the town is absolutely different from what it was on the occasion of my first visit, but yesterday I went down to see the Battery. I wouldn't be able to describe to you its exact location, but not very far from the South Ferry I came across a public house, or saloon as you would call it, which was one that I patronized just thirty years ago. And this is not all, for when I entered the place and looked about the interior looked as if it had not changed in the slightest, and I was amazed to see hanging on the wall the very same lithograph I had personally given the proprietor thirty years ago.

"I may say that I was one of the pioneers in introducing Scotch whiskey over here. At that time you could not call for Scotch at the public bars and get it. Rye and bourbon whiskey had been the refreshment to which the American palate that craved spirituous drink had been long accustomed and the jobbers simply refused to handle the imported article in anything like quantity. So I had to spend a great deal of my time interviewing the proprietors of retail establishments.

"I remember that one bar man told me that if he suggested to a patron that he should try Scotch for a change the consequences might be fatal for himself. 'Americans,' he said, 'don't like anybody to suggest drinks for them.' In some places I left bottles as samples. I went into one saloon about a week after I had left a bottle there and finding a bar man who did not know me asked if he had any Scotch whiskey. He took down the bottle I had left and I poured out a drink. I tasted it and the liquor was not Scotch at all, but rye. I asked for the proprietor and when he came I demanded to know why he was selling rye whiskey for Scotch. He laughed.

"'Well, to tell the truth,' he said, 'the day after you left that bottle here two young English clerks who come in here every day noticed it standing on the shelf and seemed so pleased to find it that they finished the bottle that night before they got away from here. So I just ordered the boy to fill up the bottle with rye.

"'The two Englishmen came along the next day and asked if there was any more of that Scotch and the bottle was handed to them, and they have been coming in here every day since, and so far they haven't made any kick. So if they still think they are drinking Scotch why should I tell them different?'

"I don't suppose, with your pure food law, it would be possible to sell rye as Scotch nowadays."

A King's Hobby.

From the London Daily News.

The late King of Siam had an extraordinary hobby—that of collecting empty match boxes of all nations. In this connection an interesting story is related. During one of his visits to this country the King while passing down Bond street one afternoon accompanied by two members of his suite espied an empty match box which had been discarded by its owner and thrown away into the middle of the thoroughfare. Without a moment's thought the monarch dashed into the middle of the crowded traffic, grasped the much coveted treasure and was nearly run over by a passing cab. The fact, however, that he was able to add a new specimen to his collection—gathered under such circumstances—more than compensated him for the risk which he had run.

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