SEEN IN THE WORLD OF ART

TRIUMPH OF CEZANNE OVER HIS CRITICS IN PARIS.

The Camondo Art Bequest Will Take Him Into the Louvre—Steps by Which Claude Monet Arrived at Clear, Open Air Painting—Bad Day of a Master.

La Revue des Beaux Arts in a recent issue printed the opinions of various French artists and critics and busybodies on the all prevailing theme in Paris, the enormous bequest to the Louvre of the art works of the late Isaac de Camond. This legacy is worth many millions, and a part of it consists of pictures by the Impressionists, Monet, Renoir, Sisley, Pissarrio and the thrice abominated Paul Cézanne. THE SUN printed the list several weeks ago. M. Dujardin-Beaumetz declares that there is no obstacle which will prevent the Louvre from accepting this truly royal gift of old and new masters; besides the alternative looms up disagreeably, if not accepted as a whole, the collection is to be returned to the Petit Palais. This contingency is too much for any Fine Arts Minister or curator to stomach. Cézanne is a hard pill to swallow. But the La Tours, the Perronneaus, above all that magnificent Falconet time piece! The Louvre will submit, take the evil with the good, and Cézanne will be in the company of the immortals, as is already Manet. A few years ago Paris was hooting the pair. And Monet, still living, is to be with this choir of painters! No wonder Sâr Peladan is making an exquisite spectacle of himself, calling down from the high heavens the vengeance of the Ideal (he always capitalizes his indignations); or that M. Daumet raves over the "shameful nullity" of the Cézanne canvases. All in vain. France may err in matters artistic as in matters politic for a time, but she always recovers her sanity. Monet and the rest are to receive the definite and official consecration of a home in the Louvre.

Théodore Duret has told us of the friendship that sprang up between two such dissimilar temperaments as Manet and Fantin-Latour. Manet, full of electric life; Fantin, introspective, dreamy, melancholy. In 1870 the Paris Salon contained an important picture by Fantin entitled "Un Atelier aux Batignolles," a reproduction of which may be found elsewhere on this page to-day. As related a few weeks since, Fantin had painted a Hommage to Delacroix in which were the portraits of Manet, Whistler and Baudelaire. In the "Atelier aux Batignolles" Manet is seen sitting before an easel in the act of painting, surrounded by a group of artists and writers, the men who defended his art and those whom his art had influenced. Among them were Emile Zola, Claude Monet, Renoir, Bazille, Astruc and others. Of course there never was a Batignolles school; it was a derisive nickname applied to the group by the boulevard critics. The Fantin picture now hangs in the Luxembourg and is a historical document.

Last week we traced the influence of Constable on the French plein-airistes and ended with the name of Claude Monet. A book by Gustave Cahen "Eugene Boudin, sa vie et son œuvre" tells us some of the steps by which Monet had arrived at clear, open air paintings before his appearance in the Salon of 1864 and acquaintance with Manet. D. S. MacColl remarks that the affiliation of Monet to the older painters of landscape, Corot, Daubigny and Troyon, is through Jongkind and Boudin Jongkind studied for a brief period under Isabey and pushed out in the atmospheric truth of his marines beyond the romantic convention of his master. "J'entrai," says Boudin, "par la que Jongkind avait forcée." And Monet in a letter to Boudin (1892) writes: "C'est vous qui le premier m'avez appris à voir et à comprendre." Boudin led a somewhat obscure life painting sea, sky and harbor at Honfleur, and he found Monet sketching as a boy and taught him to see. Monet's parents gave him the option of dropping painting or taking it up after seven years military service. He served two years in Africa, painting in the sunlight there; then was released, entered Gleyre's studio, where he was a fellow pupil of Renoir and Sisley; but he could make little of that teaching. Gleyre said to him: "It's all very well, young man, but you see 'nature too grossly." The master found fault with the toenails of Monet's sketch, and when Monet protested that they were precisely like the original he was rebuffed by this answer, a truly academic one: "Il faut de souvenir de l'antique." But on this side Monet's imagination made no response, and he had to follow his instinct for another kind of beauty.

His real school was in the open air studies, a painters' camp near Honfleur, where a number of men were grouped around Boudin, and those others he made in his little painting boat on the Thames. The next step in his development seems to have been the influence of Turner. This fact has been strenuously denied by M. Duret, but that critic has calmly assigned to Edouard Manet the credit of originating the impressionist movement, though history flatly contradicts him. Manet, with his friend Camille Pissarro, was in London during the war of 1870, and it is said—Mr. MacColl will not commit himself further—that Turner's painting of snow had especially struck the Frenchmen, his discrimination of color in its lights and shadows. But his range of illumination, the daring of his flame colored sunrises and sunsets, must have counted in the impression, and the tendency of his later work to resolve landscapes into surfaces of shimmering reflection, the subtraction of the dark substructure to leave a ghost of light and color.

Turner found in architecture and water a material that gave full play to the color of those colored lights. Manet followed on this track, studying them in river and sea water, and in those snow effects when landscape becomes the simplest play of sky reverberations. Manet refused to compete with Turner's snow painting and called him the "Raphael of water." It is certainly in such effects and the handling he developed from their study that Manet justifies most nearly that paradoxical title, for the man whose sense of form and line was "gross" to find a means of reducing form and line to a minimum state of importance and bringing up into attention that side of nature to whose beauties he was sensitive. When landscape is mirrored in water the forms of trees, buildings and other objects are not only simplified and broadened but inverted and distorted, for in any troubling of the surface by ripple or wave the water is broken up into a series of mirrors tilted at different angles, and with various degrees of convexity and concavity. Into the shivered fragments of these elongated, shortened and twisted images of objects on the bank are worked kaleidoscopically bits of sky and cloud, and this ululating hash of half coherent forms which we can gaze at almost as abstract color and tone gives the nearest to a dream of an art that should be a play of color only.

Something of this state of mind Monet applied to his seeing of unreflected objects, treating trees, for example, by loose groups, touches that indicate roughly the place reflected and transmitted lights and shadows; the effect of exactitude is centred on seizing the leading values of these lights and shadows. Monet's drawing is the extreme case of the sacrifice of many constituent elements of a scene to one which has been tentatively pursued by his predecessors. Delacroix hankered after the suggestive force of the sketch. In Constable's sketches we often find the essence of what he sought more vividly than in his finished compositions, but his habit of considered composition told in his sketching. In Courbet there was a war between tradition and instinct. He refused to take the "flowerbed" view of color and constructed and finished his forms as if his aim had been a Raphaelesque beauty. Monet adopts the sketch method entirely, treating water, land and buildings as so much scaffolding for his effect, seeing the world as the subject of light, the mirror of events in the sky.

But his summary notation of form arose not only from seeing an object less for itself than for the lights reflected from its facets; there was a contributing cause in his anxiety to seize the character of a conjunction of tones in the short space of time during which it exists. Monet aimed at a stricter truth than Turner, at seizing the momentary balance of values that makes the beauty of an illumination. Turner mixed different moments of a sunset, different quarters of a sunset, and his notes went to make up a harmony elaborated in the studio. Monet took his canvas or set of canvases into the open and limited himself to what he could seize of a particular illumination while it lasted. Out of one subject, a haystack, a church, a tree, he made twenty pictures by discrimination of the successive lights that played upon them. From these various causes he made of painting a journal of effects noted in shorthand as compared with those rhythmical compositions that Turner based upon his notes.

Our critic cleverly contends that the advocate of the devil who would refuse the name of artist to Monet often attempts to settle the question by pleading that Monet's aim is scientific, not artistic. That he was influenced by the scruple of his time for keeping within the bounds of science is true enough, but the violently one sided character of Monet's interest in aspect might warn us that if the form is scientific the motive is not. At each

shadow out of doors; for example, the shadow of a tree cast by bright sunlight on a gravel walk. It is difficult for the inexperienced observer to believe this at first, but the holding up of really dark objects soon convinces the eye that what looks by contrast with brilliant light almost black, is, compared with black in shadow really a high faint purplish tone. A canvas and pigments in shadow, then, at their brightest will furnish us with a match only for shadowed parts in a bright out of doors scene, leaving absolutely nothing for the scale upward into the lights. It is evident then how illusory is the idea of painting outdoor subjects under direct light by matching of tones. The positive truth the plein-airist can arrive at is limited to truth of values in shadows, and by every degree that he lightens his shadows up to their natural value he must reduce the gap between them and the lights till it becomes trifling in comparison with the real gap. In a word, if truth to natural value in shadow is secured, the difference between shadows and lights becomes a difference rather of hue than of tone.

The new painting of sunlight therefore is a convention like the old; neither can render the lights positively; the old falsified the shadows, making them darker than in nature, so as to keep something of the truth of contrast between them and the lights; the new threw away this source of effect so as to gain a general truth of brightness in lights and shadows alike and a positive truth of fair, clear colors in the shadows. We come back to a casuistry of impression, concludes the distinguished authority. Against Monet's system we have to admit the glaring inadequacy of the step from shadow to light and as a consequence a general look of flatness. Like Turner, he has had recourse to forcing the color of his shadows so that to substitute this element of contrast for the force of darkness they have lost and the violet note often threatens to become as conventional as the old brown.

All these allowances must be candidly made. Monet's impression of light is so far from conveying the whole impression that it omits a dominating element, the contrast of tone. But it may be claimed for him that in his occupation with the sensations of vibrating light he has wrung some lovely harmonies close up to the abysses of the white, red or golden sun, at whose verge the way of painting ends. It should not be necessary to add that to claim this for Monet is not to argue that Monet's is the whole art of painting; yet this misunderstanding underlies all criticism that asks, Are we to have no more in

SCHOLDERER. RENOIR. E. ZOLA. ED. MAITRE. MONET
MANET. ZACHARIE ASTRUC. BAZILE.
FANTIN-LATOUR. "HOMMAGE A MANET." (MUSEE DU LUXEMBOURG).

period in painting when a special aspect of reality is explored for its beauties and significance the science of that aspect is inevitably involved; what is sought as fresh beauty can be described as fresh fact. The pursuit of the beauties of human form brings in the facts of anatomy, the construction of space and foreshortening of shapes involves the principles of perspective. Even so, the special modern delight in the beauties of aerial tone may be represented as a study of the science of light and color; but this stricter conformity with fact and science is like the others a result of art, of the search for beauty not of fact for its own sake. In our time the beauty of aerial tones has had a peculiar to excite in us the sense of reality; with the shift to some other aspect of reality as the most beautiful and important it may well come about that the landscapes of Monet will appear asa fantastic convention in which all facts are despised for the attractive beauty of this one, the aerial harmony.

The critic takes a more reasonable ground who pleads that in the pursuit of this one beauty Monet carries his contempt of others that they take their revenge and defeat him; that of these countless snatches at beauty many will appear but desperate, indecisive engagements and nearly all show birthmarks of accident and scramble, unconsidered forms showing themselves material not amenable to rapid summary, remaining sore and resentful for its brusque inclusion. It might be plausibly argued, moreover, that in wagering all on matching the passing effect and simplifying the processes of painting to the hurry of that effort Monet is the victim of illusion, because he is attempting to render beauties that exist indeed, but are beyond the resources of pigment, however strained. For the truth is that Monet's painting instead of being an exact scientific notation of values is forced, like the old painting, to traffic and bargain with nature, though the convention struck is a different one.

Here we are brought face to face with the limits of painting. To paint a bright source of light is impossible, but a considerable range of indoor and outdoor effect can be rendered positively in pigment so long as the objects are no more brightly lit than the canvas; and if we expose the canvas to direct sunlight we can render the same light falling upon surfaces that are not more highly polished than itself. But this possibility of rendering the force of direct sunlight really avails us nothing, because pictures are to are painted to be seen not in a dazzle of direct sunlight, but by reflected light indoors, and this means so great a drop in the scale that the pitch of a white canvas, i. e., our highest light, seen under these conditions does not differ greatly

in tone from what appears a very deep painting than these sensations? Enough that one way to the imagination lies through them. Monet's painting attacks singly by that way and has a character of extremity and climax. At every point on the road that ends in Turner and Monet painters could feel that they were passing from a more to a less conventional rendering of light. Now that the road has been surveyed to its limits the same thrill of approach can hardly be recovered. This is the handicap laid upon art as it grows old and learned. By the glory it caught in the pursuit of one impossible the painting of the nineteenth century will have its special stamp in history, as other times by the inspiration of a superhuman beauty or a movement and passion beyond the reach of graphic art.

While no exception can be taken to the scientific analysis of that eminently sound and brilliant author Mr. MacColl, nevertheless there are qualities in the great canvases of Monet that elude any criticism. He has been described as a merciless color chemist decomposing tonalities, a pantheist revelling in the colored appearances of the world; above all he is called impersonal. No personality has Monet; that the critics have decided. The same was said of Flaubert, and how uncritically. Monet is very personal, very intimate, very charming. What he is not is a sentimentalist. And it is given to all that run to him the gift of deciphering him. He is not an easy painter. Beneath the surface are other beauties. But to deny a man whose style is personal as his own profile an individual voice is sheer mental laziness or obliquity. There is just now at the Durand-Ruel Galleries an exhibition of works by Monet executed at various periods, also some Pissaros of a superior quality, also Sisley and a group of the younger men, Monet, Maufra, D'Espagnat, André, and it is interesting to note with what singular clearness the canvases of Monet shine forth. Each one is signed, if not actually at least spiritually, Claude Monet.

Mr. Taylor of the Madison Art Gallery relates that when he first called on Monet the master told him he would not accept him as a pupil; pupils were a nuisance. But the young American painter might if he cared to accompany him on his daily rounds. Taylor jumped at the offer. One day to his amazement he heard the usually calm Monet cursing at a refractory canvas. Suddenly he pitched the sketch into the river. "That will cool the colors off," he explained and noticing that Taylor was casting longing eyes on the water, he took him by the arm and led him away. Even the accomplished Monet had his bad days.

WAYS OF A GREAT ART DEALER

STORIES OF THE LATE CHARLES WERTHEIMER OF LONDON.

First to Do Business in a Private Residence—Dealt in Art on a Heroic Scale—Some Notable Purchases—Bought a Whole House to Get a Single Vase.

LONDON, April 26.—C. J. Wertheimer, the famous art dealer, who died in a London nursing home yesterday, was a son of Samson Wertheimer, who settled in England in 1830 and was for many years in business in Bond street as a fine art dealer. On his death the business was divided between his two sons, who elected to work separately. Asher Wertheimer purchased the lease of the Bond street premises, while his brother decided to dispense with a shop or gallery and to do his business from and at his private residence.

He was the first to carry on his business in a private house, occupying a large mansion in Norfolk street, Park lane, overlooking Hyde Park. This house is simply crammed with art treasures of every sort—pictures by old masters, miniatures with diamond frames, old bronzes and marble, old church plate—valued according to various experts at from £750,000 to £1,000,000.

It was an old curiosity shop in its most sublimated form. Peers and millionaires who wanted to buy or to sell came to dine with the famous dealer and over the cigars the deals would be arranged.

In many cases impecunious peers desired to sell their ancestral treasures secretly, and here it was that the advantages of a private house over a shop became particularly manifest, no doubt to the profit of Mr. Wertheimer.

From early youth Charles Wertheimer travelled all over the continent of Europe in search of rare objects of art. A superb suite of French furniture purchased by him from the monarch of a country in northern Europe was purchased by an eminent American at something like £80,000.

Charles Wertheimer's transactions during the last twenty years have always been on the heroic scale; he only wanted the finest things in the way of pictures and jewels and objects of art and he was always ready to pay the top price.

In July, 1905, he paid £15,600 for the Gabitas biberon of rock crystal, which he sold to the late Baron Schroeder and which he again bought at the Schroeder sale last year for £10,000.

In July, 1894, he paid 11,000 guineas at Christie's for Reynolds's "Lady Betty Delmé and Children," now in Pierpont Morgan's collection. Ten years ago he eclipsed all auction records by paying 14,050 guineas for Hoppner's "Lady Louisa Manners" at Robinson & Fishery's rooms and in 1896 he established a Romney record by paying at the same rooms 10,500 guineas for the famous group of the "Ladies Caroline and Elizabeth Spencer."

In 1903 an apparently battered wreck of a Gainsborough portrait of a young lady, for which, it is said, a London dealer had refused to give a £5 note, came up at Christie's, and Mr. Wertheimer had such confidence in it that he gave 9,000 guineas for it. After judicious cleaning the portrait proved to be quite undamaged and one of great beauty.

Only quite recently he purchased a much repainted Gainsborough portrait, which on being cleaned proved to be a gem of the first water, the dealer who sold it mournfully admitting that he had in effect made Mr. Wertheimer a very handsome present of at least £5,000 in selling him the picture.

Another of his sensational purchases—one of many in the way of decorative furniture—was the famous Hornby Castle Louis XIV. ebony and lacquer cabinets, for which he paid £15,000.

Mr. Wertheimer used to tell a story against himself with great glee. His father, the founder of the house, fearless of appearances, had the comfortable habit of taking the air at the door of his shop in his shirt sleeves if the day was sultry. Sometimes when the weather did not justify this undress style he would still affect it. Charles Wertheimer thereupon bought him a handsome fur coat costing about £200 and presented the patriarch with it, adding expressions of filial devotion. But the father would not wear it until he knew the price.

"One hundred pounds," said Charles at last, and the old man agreed that it was a great bargain.

He wore it for a week, to their mutual delight. Shortly afterward Samson was again in his shirt sleeves, to the horror of his son. Before, however, Charles could get in his remonstrance the old man began boasting about his superior business instinct.

"For," said he, "my son, I have made a splendid stroke. I have sold the coat for which you gave £100 at £50 profit!"

Charles Wertheimer once bought a house and its contents for the sake of a single china vase it contained.

Walking in Brighton he chanced to look in at an open window and caught sight of a large vase of ancient chinaware. His practised eye immediately saw its value. To offer the owner a sum of money for it would have been to put him on his guard at once. He had a better plan:

Hurrying to the nearest post office Mr. Wertheimer found the owner's name, returned, rang the bell and asked for Mr. X., giving the name of Mr. Hamilton. His own name was too well known.

He was shown into the study, the room containing the vase, on which of course he never allowed his eye to rest.

Mr. Hamilton explained that he was looking for a modest house in Brighton and had taken a fancy to this one. Would the gentleman entertain an offer for the place as it stood—"lock, stock and barrel"? The owner hesitated.

"If your offer is reasonable," interrupted Mr. Hamilton, "I will give you an extra thousand."

"Call to-morrow at 10:30 then," replied the owner. Mr. Hamilton did, and found him prepared to accept £18,000 for the twenty-two years unexpired term and the contents of the residence.

He afterward sold the vase for £35,000.

The great robbery which occurred at Mr. Wertheimer's house in February, 1907, will be fresh in the memory. The total value of the haul was £37,000, and included Gainsborough's "Nancy Parsons" and Reynolds's "The Hon. Mrs. Charles Yorke," a number of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. snuffboxes and two miniatures studded with gems. All the treasures were recovered except the two old masters, valued at £14,000, which are still missing.

ART GOSSIP.

George Gray Barnard, who returned to this country with his family a fortnight ago, will shortly open his New York studio and make his home in this city again.

William T. Evans lately presented to the National Gallery at Washington a valuable collection of wood engravings numbering some four score. More than half of them are by Henry Wolf, who has devoted his art for the most part to interpreting the works of American painters, in contrast to Timothy Cole, whose wood engravings are mainly reproductions of the works of foreign painters. Some of Mr. Cole's works are included in Mr. Evans's gift, as are wood engravings by Caroline A. Powell, F. H. Wellington, S. G. Putnam and Elbridge Kingsley.

Of the engravings by Wolf two are of foreign originals, the "Interior," by Ver Meer, which was done at the time of the Hudson-Fulton exhibition here, and Manet's "Boy With Sword." Wolf's other works include Chase's "Lady With the White Shawl," in the Metropolitan Museum; Abbott Thayer's "Virgin Enthroned," in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts; Winslow Homer's "Fox Hunt," in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and the same painter's "Eight Bells," which is in private ownership; Miss Beaux's "Little Miss Sherwood," Whistler's portrait of his mother in the Luxembourg and his portrait of Carlyle in the Glasgow Gallery, figure paintings and portraits by Irving R. Wiles, Frank W. Benson, the late Robert Blum, J. W. Alexander, the late Louis Loeb, E. H. Blashfield, J. J. Shannon and John S. Sargent, and landscapes by Homer Martin, George Inness, Melville Dewey and others.

The second annual convention of the American Federation of Arts is to be held in Washington on May 16, 17 and 18. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page give a reception to the delegates on the evening of the first day. Among the papers to be read are "The Federation as a Clearing House for Art Museums," by Harry W. Kent of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; "Cooperation With the Women's Clubs." "Art in the Schools," "American Handicraft," "The Future of the National Gallery of Art," by Secretary Charles D. Walcott of the Smithsonian Institution; "A National School of Industrial Art," "The Art Outlook," "Pageantry," by George Pierce Baker, professor of dramatic literature of Harvard University; "The Relation of Sculpture to Landscape," "Architectural Training in America," "The Artist, the Architect and the Client" and "The Value of State Art Commissions," by Walter Gilman Page, secretary of the Massachusetts State Art Commission.

On the evening of the last day of the convention there is to be a reception at the Pan-American Union, the new home of the International Bureau of American Republics.

Fernando A. Carter, director of the Syracuse Museum of Fine Arts, has arranged for a summer exhibition of works by New York artists. Among the canvasses he has obtained are "Mother and Child," by Charles W. Hawthorne; "The Cave," by Frederick J. Waugh; "The Blue Necklace" and "Joe," by Robert Henri; "Life-Bringing Sea," by Arthur B. Davies; "Winter Sunshine in the Wood," by Gardner Symons; "The Prize Fight," by George Bellows; landscapes by Joe Boston, Emil Carlsen, J. F. Carlson, Bruce Crane and F. W. Kost; two heads by Albert Herter and an ideal head by Mrs. Herter, the original of which was Miss Violet Westcott of Syracuse, daughter of the late Edward N. Westcott, author of "David Harum," who was recently married in London to Victor Morawetz of this city; "In the Garden," "Venetian Canal," "The Rendezvous" and "Venetian Lagoons, Morning," by John C. Johansen; "The Wild Rose" and "Sunlight Glow," by Jean McLane (Mrs. Johansen); "Golden Hours," by Paul Dougherty; "Connecticut River Farm," by Chauncey F. Ryder; "The Toilers," by Paul King, and "A February Morning," by Edmund Greacen.

The summer school of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art is to be held at Chester, Mass., in the Berkshire Hills, and will be in charge of Miss Martha Walter, who will conduct a studio class at the school in this city next winter.

The Indiana artists are holding their annual exhibition at the Herron Institute.

The Portland Society of Art at Portland, Me., had dedicated its new home, which was formerly known as the L. D. M. Sweat mansion, and is happy in the fruition of its thirty years of hope and endeavor. The house was built in 1800 from plans made by a Boston architect, and is described as a very handsome Colonial production. Some of the house's contents are a mirror adorned with gold and a French clock in gold and Sèvres porcelain, with side ornaments of similar design, which once were the property of Marie Antoinette, according to the Portland chronicles.

Eugene Napoleon Varin, the French medallist, died recently in his eighty-first year. He had produced many works, but of late years had not exhibited at the Salon, owing to failing sight. He belonged to a family of medallists which goes back to the time of Louis XIII.

The Maison des Musiciens, a beautiful thirteenth century building at Reims, has become the property of that city. A few years ago an American endeavored to purchase this house with the idea of having it taken down stone by stone and reerected in this country, as the Maison de François I. was moved up from Moret to Paris. The house at that time was the property of two owners who could not agree as to its sale, and that fact saved the building to France.

In 1905 a subscription was raised to purchase a part of the building, and recently the other half of the house was acquired by The Friends of Old Reims, so that the whole will now be the possession of the city. The façade of the Maison des Musiciens is adorned by five excellent statues.

One of the women artists whose work holds attention, Miss Harriet Keith Fobes, displays a variety of objects at her exhibitions in her Carnegie Hall studio in which color and form complement each other in an interesting degree. She used to do decorative work, some of which adorns some well known houses and has been written of in book form, but now she confines herself to the production of jewelry in special designs.

Miss Fobes has developed in this line a field of her own, as in the design, the method of mounting gems, the workmanship and the matter of color in the metals, she works out individual schemes, each complete in itself and only exceptionally to be duplicated. Whether she herself supplies the gems or whether an owner wants a gem or gems mounted not merely as a ring, brooch or pendant, say, but as a work of art and in a way suited to the owner's personality, the artist seeks an arrangement or composition with the same care that a painter uses in making up a picture or posing a person for a portrait.

With stones precious and semi-precious, regular or irregular in shape, from Egypt or Australia, California or China or elsewhere about the world, and of all colors, she has a good deal of a palette, which is increased by various tones of patena which the produces on some of the metals, and the resulting pictures in the form of jewelry are sometimes brilliant and sometimes subdued, but always individual. Some of the necklaces she has made embody stories of the assembling of the parts from different places and at different times as interesting as the quests of collectors of porcelains seeking to make a pair of vases or complete a garniture.

In the *Connoisseur* of London, in an article on "Silent Thespians" in the Cecil Duncan-Jones collection of Staffordshire figures, the writer brings New York over to England.

"It was Sir Henry Irving," he says, "who once said that a great actor's fame after a few decades was worth nothing more than some puppet images. Was the late ornament of the English stage thinking of those half humorous, half pathetic china figures so much in fashion when Victoria was a young and smiling monarch? Although that haunt of potters, the Staffordshire region, gave birth to most of them, admirers of their originals, having the love of 'little statues of affection' which has been in the heart of man since the anicent Egyptians, carried them all over the world.

"Thus it is that an apologetic Charles Kean in a kingly robe of scarlet and purple gazes stolidly at his father's rival, John Philip Kemble, in a shop window near the Blasieholmshamm in Stockholm. In like manner Kemble's erratic daughter, Fanny, grins upon the Broadway, seemingly forgetful that her goosequill once maligned that aristocrat of New York society Philip Hone and nearly every other light of vanished Gotham that held out such welcoming hands to her in the Battery promenades.

"The poet Burns, looking decidedly bibulous; the Duke of Wellington with a straight nose and two unknown Scotch chiefs on fiery steeds were recently secured for seventeen shillings. The King of Sardinia is a discarded royalty who was purchased at a country auction for a shilling. Queen Victoria, of various heights and thicknesses, always serene and always a trifle plump, still surveys her England from many a cottage chimney shelf.

"The mystery of the stage curtain—no one can ever resist it. Behind it are the fairy lands, and the little figures of the great actors in there famous parts are the frozen fairies. In the Duncan-Jones collection ther are nearly half a hundred of them, and probably there are many larger collections in England."

In the same magazine, in speaking of ancient and modern rings, Rhode Knight says: "From the first the rings of every nation that has habitually worn them—for the custom has never been absolutely universal—have possessed marked characteristics of their own. They are as distinctive in their way as the manners and customs, the art, music and literature of a people.

"The rings of the ancient Egyptians differ as widely from those of the citizens of imperial Rome as do the latter from those of our own day. Examples have been found which experts agree in assigning to a period anterior to the Deluge.

"Going to extremes in more than one sense of the phrase, Roman ladies of high degree were wont to bedeck their toes with gems—a fashion which, strange to relate, was revived in Paris in the days of the Directory, when noble dames promenaded the boulevards shod with classic scandals and exhibited their begemmed feet for the edification save the mark!—of the populace.

"As early as the seventh century of the Christian era we find the ring recognized as a mark of episcopal dignity. Bishops and other ecclesiastics, however, were not restricted to one ring and many old paintings represent them with their hands ablaze with jewels. One ring probably indicates the high water mark of this tide of extravagant display. The circular bezel is set with a cabochon crystal and the ornate shoulders of silver gilt are of sixteenth century workmanship. The diameter is 2½ inches. After all Falstaff was surely not guilty of very excessive exaggeration when in speaking of his slenderness in his youth he declared that he could have 'crept through an Alderman's thumb ring.'

"The death's head, or memento mori rings, depict a morbid sentiment. The story runs that they first came into fashion in France, when Diana of Poitiers yielded to the blandishments of Henri II. The fair Diana was a widow at the time and the obsequitous courtiers, in ironical deference to her grief, exchanged their usual butterfly raiment for the garb of woe, going so far as even to have their watches, pins and rings fashioned in the form of mortuary emblems.

"That these grewsome ornaments were rather an object of derision to the less serious minded is obvious from a remark made by *Biron*, who in 'Love's Labor's Lost' likens the countenance of *Holofernes* to 'a death's face in a ring.' The fashion, nevertheless, was widespread and of considerable duration. Luther wore a ring of this kind; so too did John Bunyan.

"The memorial and mourning rings are closely allied to the class just mentioned. The device and inscription, however, were not always so happy—or should we say apposite?—as for example when the device chosen was that of a phœnix revelling in the flames, and the motto: 'Be ye also ready.'

"It will be readily understood by those who have had experience, theoretical or practical, of the difficulties of a collector, that it is by no means an easy task to obtain examples of the various classes of rings alluded to. Opportunities of doing so are like angels' visits; and competition has already driven prices to an exorbitant level. Fortunately, however, this does not apply to what may be comprehensively termed peasants' rings and those worn by the primitive tribes of Asia and Africa."

In the third number of *Landscape Architecture*, the new quarterly of the American Society of Landscape Architects, in an article on "The Management of City Parks," Elmer O. Fippen of Cornell University has this to say relating to Central Park:

"Owing to the sandy and often thin character of the soil, particularly in Central Park, together with its low organic content and the excessive tramping to which it is subjected, it seems to us essential that a fairly thorough system of irrigation be established as the only sure means of preserving the plants.

"In a few places in the park grading has been done in such a manner as to leave the trees standing on ridges or knolls. Their roots have partially been pruned, and they are especially subject to lack of water. In all such cases special attention should be given to supplying water artificially during those seasons of the year when it is needed.

"We feel that the importance of the park and the money which is expended on it in other directions will justify the construction of underground water mains and distributing pipes, so that the trees and shrubs may be supplied with moisture below the surface, after the manner of sub-surface irrigation in the Western States.

"The situation is not hopeless in the case of our parks, but, like our farm areas, demands intelligent handling."

SIZE OF THE STRONG LADY.

She Is Almost 5 Feet 10 Inches Tall and Weighs 210 Pounds.

New Yorkers who have been taking the children to the circus and who noticed a somewhat solid lady by the name of Sandwina flipping a mere man up and down and casually holding him at arm's length by the scruff of his neck may be interested to know something about her.

Her measurements are: Height, 5 feet 9¾ inches; weight, 210 pounds; shoulders, 16.2; chest depth, 9.8; hips, 15.3; neck, 14.9; normal chest, 43.3; expiration, 40.8; inflated, 44.1; waist, 29; hips, 43; right thigh, 25.2; left thigh, 24.8; right calf, 16.1; left calf, 16.2; right biceps, 12.6; expanded, 14; left biceps, 12.6; expanded, 13.7; right forearm, 12, and left forearm, 12.

According to *Leslie's Weekly* these measurements are absolutely faultless so far as relative proportions go. Frau Sandwina, who was born twenty-five years ago and is still going stronger than any other woman of her age, has never been ill a day in her life.

Guide Shot for Deer Gets Damages.

Milwaukee correspondence Chicago Tribune.

The State Supreme Court to-day affirmed the decision of the lower court awarding Charles W. Harper of Mercer, Vilas county, a guide, judgment against M. E. Holcomb of Milwaukee for $5,000 for injuries sustained by being shot by Holcomb, who mistook him for a deer.

PARIS COLLECTION OF
M. Pierre Decourcelle
OLD PAINTINGS.
Works by: L. L. Boilly, J. B. Chardin, J. Constable, P. Danloux, L. David, L. Ph. Debucourt, Paul Delaroche, F. Desportes, J. Ducreux, H. Fragonard, Th. Gainsborough, J. Van Goyen, F. Guardi, P. A. Hall, J. B. Huet, N. Lavreince, Mrs. Vigee-Lebrun, G. Morland, Louis Moreau, J. B. Pater, Hubert Robert, A. Roslin, N. Taunay, J. B. Tiepolo, J. Vernet, etc., etc.
Watercolors, Drawings, Pastels, gouaches, miniatures. Works by: F. Boucher, M. Clodion, N. Cochin, H. Fragonard, J. B. Greuze, F. Guardi, Mrs. Labille Guiard, C. Hoin, J. Hoppner, J. B. Huet, N. Lancret, M. Y. de la Tour, Sir Th. Lawrence, N. Lepicie, J. B. Leprince, C. Marechal, Moreau l'Aine, Moreau le Jeune, J. B. Perronneau, J. Portail, P. P. Prudhon, Hubert Robert, Rosalba Carriera, John Russell, G. de Saint Aubin, J. B. Tiepolo, A. Watteau, etc., etc.
SCULPTURES by: Allegrain, Clodion, Couasnon, Coysevox, de Fernex, Houdon, Lemoyne, Marin, Pajou, etc.
OBJECTS OF ART AND FURNITURE.
Furniture of the 18th Century.
SALE by public auction at the GALERIE GEORGES PETIT, 8 rue de Seze, Paris, on May 29 and 30, 1911, at 2 P. M. Auctioneers: G. F. LAIR DUBREUIL, 6 rue Favart, Paris; M. Henri BAUDOIN, successor of M. P. Chevallier, 10 rue Grange Bateliere, Paris. Experts: M. J. Feral, 7 rue St. Georges; M. M. Paulme and B. Lasquinfils, 10 rue Chauchat and 11 rue Grange Bateliere; M. M. Mannheim, 7 rue St. Georges, of whom the catalogue may be had. On view: Private, Saturday, May 27; public, Sunday, May 28, 1911, from 1:30 to 6 P. M.

PARIS
Collection Maurice Kann
OLD PAINTINGS
by: Beyren, F. Boucher, J. de Bray, A. Brouwer, Chardin, Gonzales, Coques, A. Cuyp, F. Desportes, A. van Dyck, Fyt, Van Goyen, Franz Hals, J. van der Heyden, Hoppner, Jansen van Ceulen, Sir Thomas Lawrence, A. Van der Neer, Adriaan van Ostade, Isaac van Ostade, Sir H. Raeburn, Rembrandt, Sir J. Reynolds, Ribera, G. Romney, P. P. Rubens, J. Ruysdael, S. Ruysdael, Jan Steen, D. Teniers le Jeune, Carle Van Loo, W. van de Velde, Ph. Wouwerman.
IMPORTANT WORKS of the Flemish and Dutch Schools of the 18th Century. Portraits of the English School (18th century).
SALE by public auction at the GALERIE GEORGES PETIT, 8 rue de Seze, Paris, on June 9, 1911, at 2 P. M.
Auctioneers: M. LAIR DUBREUIL, 6 rue Favart, Paris; M. Henri BAUDOIN, successor of M. Paul Chevallier, 10 rue Grange Bateliere, Paris. Expert: M. Jules Feral, 7 rue St. Georges, of whom the catalogue may be had.
On View: Private, June 7; public, June 8, 1911, from 1:30 to 6 P. M.

PARIS
Studio Jules Breton
PAINTINGS, PASTELS AND DRAWINGS By JULES BRETON, COMPOSING HIS STUDIO.
SALE by public auction at the GALERIE GEORGES PETIT, 8 rue de Seze, Paris, on June, Friday 2, and Saturday, 3, 1911, at 2 P. M.
Auctioneer: M. F. LAIR DUBREUIL, 6 rue Favart, Paris; Expert: M. GEORGES PETIT, 8 rue de Seze, Paris. On view: Private, May 31; public, June 1.

THE PRINT-COLLECTOR'S QUARTERLY
THE April number of The Quarterly contains 174 pages and 65 illustrations. The Quarterly measures 7x4¾ inches, is fully illustrated, bound in gray paper covers, and is printed at The De Vinne Press, New York. The price of THE PRINT-COLLECTOR'S QUARTERLY is Fifty Cents a year.
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