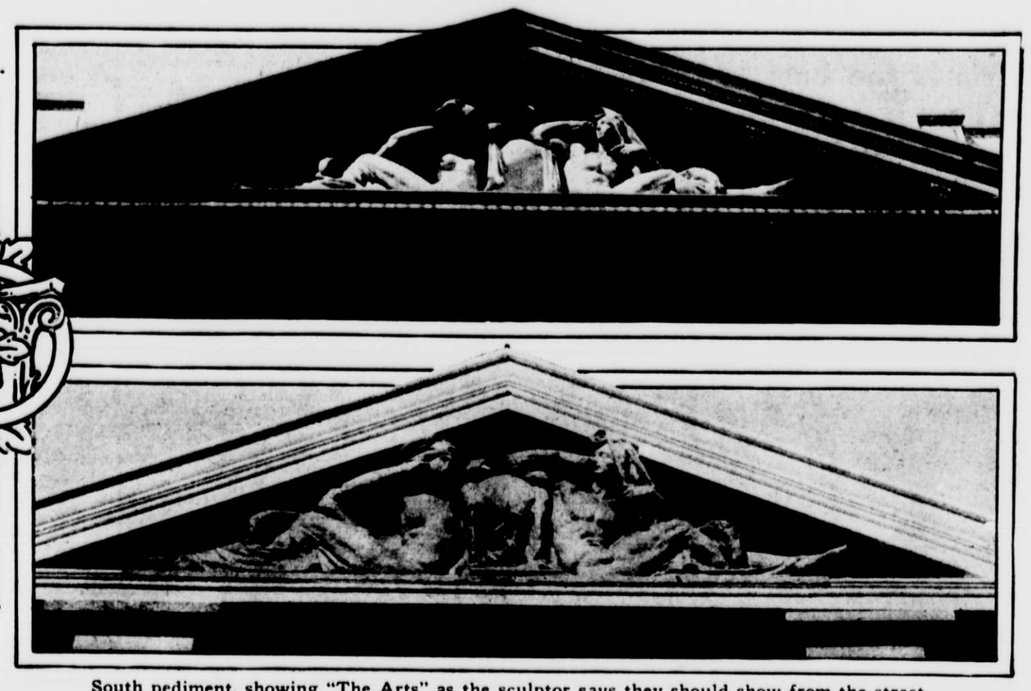
PUBLIC LIBRARY STATUARY RUINED, SAYS ITS SCULPTOR

North pediment, showing "History" and "The Knight" as the sculptor says they should show from the street.
Above—North pediment, showing "History" and "The Knight" as viewed from the street.



South pediment, showing "The Arts" as the sculptor says they should show from the street.
Above—South pediment, showing "The Arts" as they are revealed from the street.

George Gray Barnard Complains Architects Did Not Allow for Angle of Vision From the Street

CLIO, the muse who looks after matters of history, and Sir Galahad, the purest knight of the great Round Table, are the joint cause of two lawsuits growing out of their penned in strap-hangery sort of placement on pediments of the New York Public Library.

George Grey Barnard, the sculptor who called into being these particular representations of the two, wanted them to tip well forward in a free and easy way out of the ornamental confines of their pediment quarters. Leaning thus outward they could see and be seen from the street over the top of their cornice.

But, Mr. Barnard complains, the architects and sculptors who had charge of placing his groups did not at all carry out his designs. They, Donnelly & Ricci, set the muse and the knight well back in the pediment, altogether too far back, Mr. Barnard alleges, for a lover of either Clio or Galahad to identify them from the street or get the right appreciation of their full art values. As it were, Donnelly & Ricci refused to show the pair straining outward as if to gaze at the white light focus of Forty-second and Broadway.

Stand in the street with a photograph of the groups that Mr. Barnard says he intended for insertion in the pediments and then gaze upward to the groups as now set in the pediments and there is no doubt there is a great difference between the conception and the completion, as Mr. Barnard relates it. In the photographs of the groups the figures are shown so pitched forward that even when the gazer stoops down close to them and looks upward the entire figures of Clio and Galahad can be made out. But from the street the line of the cornice or base of the pediment cuts across the centre of the marble figures as now placed. In other words, the point of gaze from the sidewalk hides all of the lower part of the muse and the knight. Sir Galahad seems to be a rubberneck, and Clio, instead of gazing on the scroll where she is chronicling the doings of the district and elsewhere, appears to be gazing outward into space, her mind not on her work.

The figures designed by Mr. Barnard were intended as show pieces in connection with the library. There is no public library in the world excelling the New York building in magnificence of architectural design and artistic accessories, in the opinion of many persons. Consequently, if the groups on the north and south pediments of the structure are irretrievably spoiled, as Mr. Barnard charges, the entire edifice will suffer deterioration. Lovers of fine architecture from all over the world have visited the building and studied its construction. If it's spoiled it's a blow to the artistic side of New York, and New York hasn't anything it can spare of art to be spoiled. Mr. Barnard has shown what he thinks about it by bringing suit against Donnelly & Ricci for $50,000. This firm in turn has brought suit against Mr. Barnard for $1,000 for the work of setting the figures up. Their reputation is very high for work performed in New York and at the Panama exposition.

Mr. Barnard has his studio away up on Fort Washington avenue near the site of the battle fought during the Revolutionary War. Thither I went the other day to get Mr. Barnard's side of the controversy. The sculptor took me in and led me through a labyrinth of completed, semi-completed and newly planned models.

"Do you think the Public Library really seriously damaged because of the placing of your groups?" Mr. Barnard was asked.

"Undoubtedly it is damaged, and so am I," he replied. "The figures as they now stand mar the artistic symmetry of the building. They are a disgrace to me as well as to the reputation of a great city. I insist that these figures be taken down.

"If they were to be of value in the complete whole of the edifice their value has been destroyed. And if they were needed as a part of the completed whole of the building then in the same degree that they were needed is the building damaged or incomplete without them. Slipshod or haphazard work in city art ought not to be considered as serving the purpose 'just as well.'

"My figures were accepted from my designs because they were deemed the best. To place them in a way where they are not at their best is not to put them to the purpose for which they were chosen.

"The trouble is very understandable. It is the same old trouble that has so often marred art. It depends upon how the sculptured values are carried to the eye. You may call it the relation of the chiselled achievement to the point of view if you wish. It has to do with the difference between the mind's conception of an object and what the eye really sees of the object—the angle that it sees from, or the point of gaze.

"Now here we have the models of the knight and the muse designed for the Library building pediment. Stoop down and you will be able to view them in the manner they would be viewed if you stood in the street and looked up at the pediment. Do you catch the lines and the lights?

"Notice how these figures project. I made them that way so that from seventy-five or a hundred feet below they would still be seen practically in entirety. They slant from their base, or in other words are tipped out. Now when you stand in the street in front of the Public Library and look up what do you see? Why, your line of vision strikes the top of the cornice or base of the pediment where it crosses the figures horizontally, about their centre. Every bit of carved work below that centre is obscured. It might as well not be there, or might as well be just a piece of rough marble, for all you see of it.

"This allowance for how a figure will look fifty or a hundred feet up in the air from you is decidedly a part of the art of sculpture. If you design a figure that you can approach at any time so close that you may handle or touch, why of course your eye sees and your mind conceives the figure at close range. It must be chiselled accordingly. Its measurements and its aspects will be judged at 'handling' distance. But the further away you intend the object to be observed or studied the more you have to take into consideration how you shall fashion it so as to preserve the effect planned.

"Had my figures in the pediments of the library building been tipped properly—or rather had they been set properly, because the tipping or slanting had been allowed for in the sculpturing—the man who gazed up at them from the street would have seen all of the arms, hands and feet of knight and the muse as well as parts of the other figures now hidden in great part. The observer would have understood what the figures were doing, or were represented as doing.

"Just in detail what are the discrepancies between the figures I designed and the figures as placed in the pediments? Well, the papers connected with my suit set forth these discrepancies at length. In the north pediment I charge that the directions relative to setting the group plumb with the base of the pediment were ignored. The pose indicated in the model, I maintain, was never used. The knight in armor lacks eight to nine inches of marble on the chest and head. And the knight leans backward instead of forward. The sword and other details are in wrong places and lacking in marble.

"Likewise in the south pediment the head and torso, I contend, of one of the figures lack eight to nine inches of marble, and the leg has been set back from its proper position to avoid holes that had been negligently bored in the marble by workmen. The head of one of the women lacks marble on the face and head so that the face appears eaten away. The fingers, instead of resting on the forehead, are cut into the skull, leaving no place for the hair to be carved. The lower part of the leg is not in accord with the upper part. And the entire group is fully ten inches back of its proper position, and instead of being properly parallel with the street is set crosswise.

"Then again the models were not placed together in the right way for pointing. The groups are not set in right, relative to the foundation or to each other. Seen from Fifth avenue they appear grotesque and unnatural. Thus these groups have been made worthless in my own eyes and in the eyes of every artist who inspects them. They will have to be torn out and replaced. That is all there is to it. Such a thing must not offend the artistic eye of New York—nor of visitors to New York."

"How came it, Mr. Barnard, that you permitted the groups to be placed in the pediments so negligently as you say, without stopping the work while in progress?"

"I was ill for nine months. As soon as I got out of the hospital I went to the Public Library and mounted the scaffold to see how things were progressing. One glance was enough. I wanted to——"

The sculptor paused a moment. I expected some sort of good round threat. But he looked more sorrowful than angry. I waited a moment.

"You wanted to——" I reminded.

"I wanted to jump off the scaffold," said Mr. Barnard.

"How do you suppose workmen accustomed to such sort of placing could have made such a mistake as you say?" the sculptor was asked.

"I can tell you how it was botched, but I cannot tell you why they botched it," he answered. "I left my models, plaster on a canvas framework, with the firm who had the placing to do. For six months they were kept in the open, exposed to all sorts of weather. The plaster wore down to the canvas on the head of one of them, the faces of most all were soon gone. I tried to remedy it with my own workmen at my own expense, but it was no use.

"With a true artist it is of the greatest concern to get every conceivable shade of effect out of his marble. The colors, as we call the varying lights, must be just so to express just what we would achieve. For instance——"

Here Mr. Barnard caught up a little piece of plastercine, a plastic composition of wax, clay and oil, and began to make things. From the little formless piece of this instant he had fashioned gods, goddesses, nymphs and heroes the next. One pressure of the thumb, one creasing of the forefinger, and the little bit of wax and clay that was nothing in significance a moment before took on lines of beauty and grace.

Single figures and groups followed, one after another. The sculptor made a model of his Clio and Galahad and illustrated how they had been tipped forward. So startling were the results of the few manipulations of the plastercine that you felt a regret when one group or figure was destroyed in order to form a new one.

North and South Pediments Hopelessly Spoiled, He Charges, and Artistic Value of Edifice Impaired

"This is the way the figures on one pediment should have looked," said Mr. Barnard as he manipulated the wax and clay, "and this is the way they were jammed in by the workmen." And the miniature muse and knight were squeezed into the compass of a subway rush hour platform. It was a convincing illustration, far more effective than words bearing on the subject.

George Grey Barnard is a native of Bellefonte, Pa. He spent the years from 1884 to 1887 at the Ecole Nationale des Beaux Arts in Paris. He exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1894, and in 1900 was awarded the gold medal at the Paris exposition. Again at the Buffalo exposition in 1901 he received a gold medal. Among his best known works are "Brotherly Love," now in Norway; the "Two Natures," at the Metropolitan Museum of Art; the "God Pan," in Central Park; "The Hewer," "The Prodigal Son and Father," "Adam and Eve," a relief twenty-two feet high, and "Brotherhood in Suffering." Busts of Abram S. Hewitt and Collis P. Huntington are also from his hand.

KING COTTON—By Elmore Elliott Peake

Continued from Thirteenth Page.

stick a knife into me up to the hilt when I'm down?" he asked quietly.

"The word honorable has a strange sound on your lips, Skinny," answered Bonebrake sternly, though the man's haggard face touched him. "What was it your intention to do when you tried to dump this cotton on me at eight cents? Yet my knife isn't quite hilt deep. I could have offered you one cent a pound and you'd have taken it. I'm making you a present of the other two, which is more than you would have done for me."

"All right. Let it go at that." He drew out and unscrewed a fountain pen to sign the bill of sale. "How you goin' to pay me?"

"By personal check."

"How do I know your check is good for seventy-five hundred dollars?"

"You don't know it—and you won't until you present it at the Boatmen's Bank."

"All right. Shove it in! You want Kite and Delacroix to witness this?"

"Hardly." He called forward two of the bystanders.

Skinny slowly, reluctantly inscribed his signature. "Now show your hand!" he sneered.

Two minutes later a couple of darkies, galvanized into unwonted activity by the present of a silver dollar apiece, hastily heaped up such odds and ends of wood as lay near at hand and applied a match. When the fire was burning briskly they rolled on a barrel of rosin and soon a pillar of smoke as black as obsidian and capped like a mushroom reared itself heavenward. A moment passed and then the crowd on the platform stiffened into a hearkening attitude at the distance mellowed blast of a steamboat's chime whistle.

A vociferous cheer went up. Skinny McAfferty's sea green eyes glazed with astonishment and chagrin. He pursed his thick, unshaven lips and then thrust his hand at Bonebrake's.

"Congrats! The slickest rascals I've ever knowed were them with angel faces."

Twilight had fallen and the saffron tide was licking the store fronts on Main street before the Valley Belle, breathing hoarsely through her 'scape pipes, approached the scene. Then a sunburst leaped from the electric searchlight, scoured the water and the houses, routed the dusk from every nook, painted every face a ghastly white and finally rested on the spot where Woodford Bonebrake stood signalling with a handkerchief.

The call of the leadsmen then became audible.

"Quarter twain. • • • Quarter twain. • • • Mark twain. • • • Quarter less twain. • • • Nine and a half. • • • Nine f-eet. • • • Nine feet. • • • Eight and a half!"

The engine bells jangled. Half speed fell to quarter speed.

"Eight and a half. • • • Eight feet. • • • Seven and a half. • • • Seven and a half. • • • Seven f-eet. • • • Six feet • • • Six f-eet!"

Again the bells jangled, and with an expiring snort or two the engines were still. The boat, bulking darkly behind her blinding, cyclopean eye, forged almost imperceptibly nearer. The stage plank swung out like a huge antenna, an upright figure, with a hawser bight in his hand, balancing on its extreme end.

At a sharp command from Capt. Calvert the plank was lowered away; the figure—a deckhand—sprang proudly down and made his hawser fast; the capstan pawls tinkled over the rachet ring; the engines were set back a stroke or two, and the Valley Belle snuggled against the end of the platform so gently as hardly to stir it.

Capt. Calvert stepped ashore and greeted Bonebrake with ambassadorial dignity, accompanied by a wink.

"How much?" he murmured.

"Three cents."

"Bully for you! A cent too much, but good enough. Run—tell the girl. She's nigh crazy."

The "girl" was standing on the hurricane deck with one hand on the big landing bell, her face faintly illuminated by the lights below. She fluttered her handkerchief at Woody and he bounded up the forecastle companionway three steps at a time.

"I'll clean up better than twenty thousand!" he panted from his sprint.

She gave a little cry of delight and extended both hands. It was a tense quarter of a minute which followed, her hands in his, her quick breath upon his cheek.

"Deeda, is Hillcrest to be mine—or ours?"

From below came the creak of the forehatch windlass and the melodious, weird chant of the black roustabouts; "De las' sack! De las' sack!"

"Woody," she answered with faltering tenderness, "I have told you that I can never marry a gambler, whether his tools are cards or margins on exchange."

He tightened his grip on her hands.

"Deeda, if you'll marry me I swear never again to margin a stock, bond or package of produce."

She smiled sadly. "You couldn't keep it, dear."

"Try me," he begged.

She hesitated. "I will! I'll put you on probation for one year."

"Make it six months. If I can hold out that long I can a year."

"Very well."

He swept her to his breast, he showered her face with kisses. But alas!—the sleekest rascals are those with angel faces!

"Oh, make it three months, my darling! That will give you plenty of time to make your wedding pretties, and if I can hold out three months, I can six."

"Three months! • • • Oh, Woody, dear! This is shameless of me!"

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English as She Is Twisted by the British Pictorial Humorists

MOTORIST—And what's your longest drive?
GOLFER—Oh, a matter of 650 yards.
MOTORIST—That's not a drive; that's a skid.
BY HAWLEY MORGAN.

KIND OLD LADY—What is your name, little boy?
JULIUS—Julie, ma'am.
KIND OLD LADY—Oh, you mean *Julius*. Now what is *your* name, little man?
WILLIAM (discerning the formula)—*Billius*, ma'am.
BY CHARLES SHELDON.