NEWS AND COMMENT IN THE WORLD OF ART

Donatello statue of David.

THE director of the department of fine arts, Carnegie Institute, announces the rehanging of the Humphreys collection of American paintings. This collection, consisting of 158 paintings, affords a rare opportunity to study the history of American landscape art. We find the earlier exponents represented by Coleman, Hart, Moran, Whittredge and R. Swain Gifford. Inness has three works in the collection, Homer D. Martin eight, and Wyant seven; thus an adequate number of works is offered to study the culminating efforts of the early American landscape school, William Morris Hunt, John La Farge, Blakelock, Winslow Homer, George Fuller, Theodore Robinson and John Twachtman, artists of the late nineteenth century and early twentieth century, are among the men familiar to every American art lover. Examples of contemporary art are shown by the following well known artists: Beal, Brush, Bunce, Church, Curran, Dangerfield, Davies, Davis, Dearth, Dessar, Dougherty, Eakins, Foote, Foster, Hassam, Hawthorne, Hoeber, Homer, Murphy, Ochtman, Potthast, Ranger, Ryder, Sartain, Schofield, Tryon and Walker.

That American painting is finding its own is readily conceded by the very practical criterion of the sales record of the past season. We find $30,000 being paid for a painting by Winslow Homer. In the Dr. Humphreys collection is a group of five water colors by Homer which are considered representative of his best work in this medium. Ralph Blakelock is represented by four pictures. It will be recalled that $20,000 was the price which one of his characteristic moonlight scenes commanded at the Lambert sale.

The Humphreys collection will be on view for an indefinite period.

The Swedish collection, which formed a part of the Founder's Day exhibition, has been withdrawn and sent to Detroit in accordance with the itinerary arranged by Mr. W. H. Fox, director of the Brooklyn Museum. This collection proved of unusual interest, attracting 17,456 visitors in the twenty-four days on which it was on exhibition.

Director John W. Beatty of the Carnegie Institute announces the election of Robert B. Harshe of Oakland, Cal., as assistant director of the department of fine arts.

Mr. Harshe is at the present time director of the Oakland Museum, and he will come to Pittsburg about July 15 to take up his duties in the department of fine arts.

Mr. Harshe was the assistant chief of the department of fine arts of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, and previous to the opening of the exposition he visited all the principal American cities and many of the European art centres in the interest of the Panama exposition. During the period of the Panama Pacific exposition Mr. Harshe, in addition to being the assistant chief of the department of fine arts, was superintendent of the section devoted to fine, applied and manual arts of the department of education.

Mr. Harshe is a graduate of the Missouri University and was a student of fine arts at the Art Institute of Chicago, Columbia University and the Art Students League of New York; and for a number of years he pursued his art studies abroad and during this period was a student at the Academie Colorossi in Paris.

He was instructor in the department of fine arts for one year at the Missouri University and later was assistant professor of the department of graphic arts at Leland Stanford University; he was also assistant professor in the University of California in the department of fine arts. Mr. Harshe will therefore bring to his work in the department of fine arts in the Carnegie Institute much experience in this field of endeavor.

The New York University has perfected the organization of its unique post graduate art school conducted in its summer sessions. "This has been done," says Dr. James E. Lough, director of the summer school, "after some years of experimentation by Dr. Haney of the art department. This department is unique in that it offers a number of courses and has but one instructor, Dr. Haney giving all of the courses in a sequence, which extends over several years. Certain of these courses deal with methods of instruction in high schools, others with the elementary grades and others still with supervision of art work. The course to be given in the summer of 1916 is entirely new and deals with what Dr. Haney calls 'Demonstration Drawing.' This is the kind of drawing that must be done by lecturers and speakers on art who wish to make from memory large sketches in color before audiences.

"In addition to the course on methods the art department offers each summer some very practical work in applied design. This instruction is shaped on the lines of Continental practice, Dr. Haney himself having made an extensive study of the methods of industrial art instruction given in Continental art schools. This study he completed just before the European war began."

Dr. Lough says that this post-graduate scheme has met with the greatest success, so great, indeed, that the number of students had to be limited. Only 120 are admitted to the class each summer, the applicants being registered in advance.

The present number, that of July, of the *American Magazine of Art* is devoted to the memory of John Alexander. Many of the artist's most famous works are reproduced and many of his colleagues and associates contribute their reminiscences of his work. E. H. Blashfield calls his tribute "John Alexander, Recorder, Creator, Dreamer and Friend." Howard R. Butler writes about him as "Organizer and Leader," C. Dana Gibson as "Illustrator and Man," while a biographical sketch is the work of H. M. B. John W. Beatty writes some interesting memories of the painter, while Homer Saint Gaudens contributes a most interesting article of Mr. Alexander's work in the theatre, a field which he invaded late in life.

The Louvre Museum of Paris had, according to the will of the late Baron de Schlichting, the famous Russian collector, the right to select what its curators desired from his possessions. The rest was under the terms of his will to be sold at auction. This sale was recently completed in Paris with somewhat surprising results. Among the treasures which the Louvre declined was a "cabinet of satin rosewood ornamented with bronze and gilded in the style of Louis XV." This cabinet, which the Louvre did not desire, was bought by the Russian collector some years ago from a famous antiquary in the neighborhood of the Champs Elysees. This piece of furniture brought at the sale $1,400, or 7,000 francs. But the price paid by the amiable baron only a few years ago was $40,000. Other objects in the sale brought prices which were as sharp a decline from what the collector had paid. And the connoisseurs of Paris are wondering what his heirs are going to do about it.

In the revival of religious feeling which France has noticed since the war broke out there has been of course an impetus to painting of sacred pictures. Now Maurice Denis, one of the foremost of the painters of religious pictures to-day, has just completed some beautiful decorations for the Church of St. Paul in Geneva. He was commissioned to do the work on the eve of the war; so it is scarcely to be said that his efforts are a part of the present feeling in France. The artist was called to the front at the outbreak of the war and after his service was freed last spring. The works have now been completed and are said to be in their freedom from prejudice and conventionality and the simplicity and freshness of their conception among the finest of French painting since the war began. They are to be exhibited in Paris.

Two marbles which have been for nearly four centuries among the treasures of art in private hands at Florence are now added to a notable art collection. They were imported by French & Co. The marbles are by Donatello of Florence (1386-1463), the great forerunner of Michael Angelo, Rosellino, Cellini, Sansovino and other famous sculptors of the cinque cento.

One marble is a full length figure of the young David holding his sling with sling stone in it at rest on the ground beside his right foot, while the left foot rests on the neck of Goliath. In the forehead of the decapitated giant of the Philistines one sees the sling stone that has overthrown him. The left hand rests with palm outward on the left thigh of the youthful hero. The face is mild and thoughtful, without any look of boastfulness or pride and the figure is in perfect repose.

The other marble is the bust of a boy, the figure cut off just above the elbows. This boy has been called a St. John the Baptist because beneath the cloak that covers the left shoulder and left breast, leaving the right shoulder and neck and right breast uncovered, one sees a tunic or tabard of goat skin. Notwithstanding the goatskin undergarment there is good reason to believe that the bust is a portrait.

These marbles come from the Casa Martelli in the Via della Forca, Florence, and are heirlooms of the Martelli family well known to many generations of art lovers and tourists in the Tuscan capital. Mention of them is made in all the best guide books, and the volumes devoted to Tuscan sculptors usually include them in their illustrations.

The Martellis had the best reasons for owning sculptures by Donatello, for when his father, Niccolo Bardi, became involved in the civil broils between the Medici and Albizzi factions and had to flee for his life the little Donato was taken in by the Martellis. He was apprenticed to a goldsmith, the father of the famous sculptor Lorenzo Ghiberti, and learned to model in clay, cast in bronze and carve in stone and wood after the all round education of artists in the fifteenth century. All his life long, and he lived to be 80, he was intimate with the Martellis who brought him to the notice of Cosimo and Piero di Medici, those art patrons and tyrants of Tuscany. Reasons for believing that in the guise of a little St. John we have a portrait are many. Compared with two other statues of St. John the Baptist it lacks the gaunt, ascetic, fixed look that Donatello gave them. It has a sweet and innocent expression without a trace of sentimentality, earnestness without excitement, lovely modelling around eyes, mouth and chin such as hardly suits the dweller in deserts. Doubtless a boy of the Martelli family would be asked to take part in religious mysteries and processions wearing a goatskin, attendant to some lady who figured the Virgin, some favored baby who represented the Holy Child of Bethlehem. It has been argued that we have in this delicious child a portrait of Roberto Martelli, who was a score of years younger than Donatello.

Cavalozzi wrote in 1886 about this bust: "If in this portrait the sculptor appears a naturalist in the patient, minute study of the parts, this naturalism becomes poetry when, having obtained the resemblance as to lineaments, he impressed an ineffable sentiment upon this adorable little head.

"One feels that the small model was not merely an object to be imitated, a chance model, but a beloved being in representing whom the sculptor's affection has doubled his strength, has sublimated the aesthetic powers of the artist. The marble has given itself over to the will of the sculptor, has made itself flexible soft as flesh, lending itself to the most delicate finesse of execution, to the imperceptible gradation of the mezzo tints (half tones). Each stroke of the scalpel answers to the purpose; every accent is a note which increases the effect of the general harmony in an image which might be said to have begun with a kiss and have ended with a caress."

The "David, Conqueror of Goliath" was designed like the celebrated "St. George," now in the Bargello Florence, for a niche high up on some wall, perhaps outside of a church or palace. Donatello was like the anonymous sculpture of the Gothic cathedrals in his care to model his figures for the very places they were to occupy. When they are taken from the surroundings in which they belong they have to pay the penalty. The big locks of hair, the simple folds of the body garment, the belt around the waist and baldrick slanting from shoulder to left side, the Goliath head and restful sling at David's feet indicate clearly enough that the sculptor fashioned this figure for a lofty station. The nose, eyes and mouth are also modelled for a distant and elevated place.

During his life Donatello produced far more than a hundred works, varying in size from the colossal equestrian statue of Gen. Nardi, called "Gattamaleta in Padua" down to lovely little bas reliefs like the prolific St. John the Baptist in the Bargello, Florence, carved in stone and repeated in bronze.

Whether the latter by Donatello's or by a later hand is a question. The Perseus and Gorgon in the loggia dei Lanzi, Florence, the singing and playing boys to the cathedral of Padua, the "Judith and Holofernes" in Florence, are known to all tourists.

Semper, the sexual architect and writer, wrote a "Life and Works of Donatello" in German. Alfred H. Meyer has supplied a monograph on the sculptor to the Knackfuss series, which has been translated into English. Herr Dr. von Bode has also covered this ground and differs from Cavalozzi, Semper and other writers with regard to this bust of St. John the Baptist in question, suggesting that it is by the later coming Rosellino; but this opinion is not likely to make its way against the greater weight of probability for the belief that it is a portrait of little Roberto Martelli, made by the sculptor in recognition of the unusual favors he received when a boy from the Martellis. A French commentator said of Donatello, "He is the greatest sculptor of Italy," and an Italian biographer remarks, "For those who know, Donatello is the master." Looking at his statue of St. Mark in Florence, Michael Angelo said, "So noble a figure could indeed write a gospel," and he confirmed his high opinion of his predecessor by borrowing from one of Donatello's works the attitude for one of his own pieces.

We can sympathize with the feeling of discontent among Italians when marbles by the great men of the Renaissance find a new home across the Atlantic, but we must also remember that Italy is so rich in works of art that she can afford to give up a masterpiece now and then and scarcely realize her loss. No one can deny that these sculptures will gain more glory and do more good to students of sculpture over here than they could in Italy, where the very number of examples is apt to confuse the art lovers and nullify the effect of individual pieces. This argument however, will not commend itself to Italians who are exceedingly jealous of exports of art objects, and rightfully so. Perhaps they carry this to excess however, when they decline to allow foreign archaeologists to assist them with foreign funds in the excavation of Herculaneum, because some of the antiques thus obtained would of necessity go to the countries contributing to the fund. That is going too far. Italy is not ready to undertake these excavations alone, and less than ever now that the world war absorbs all her powers. She might reasonably and fairly accept foreign aid and share in the proceeds, which are by no means certain.

From the American standpoint we can only welcome these old works of art and honor the men who employ the surplus of their wealth in adding to the examples of the great masters of the past in a land where such things are far more useful to the world than they were in their old home.

"In the Harbor," by Jonas Lie, at the Montross Gallery.

Donatello statue of St. John.

JIM TEN EYCK IS THE "OLD FOX" OF THE HUDSON

But if You Ask the Crews That He Has Made Fit to Wrest Hard Won Victories From Their Rowing Rivals They Will Tell You He's Every Inch a Man

THE man of all the merry company of university rowing coaches most respected and feared by Charles E. Courtney has come into his own. Under dramatic circumstances there was effected at Poughkeepsie recently a change of sovereignty.

The Orange floated in triumph over the Carnelian and White. The eyes of Jim Ten Eyck as usual followed the efforts of his men. Those of his great rival, as usual, were averted during the supreme test of eight months laborious preparation. Moreover, in the Cornell boathouse at Highland a tragedy was in progress, the laying aside of a task of master hands. Charles E. Courtney had coached his last crews.

What manner of man has succeeded to the stellar position among America's rowing coaches? If you ask that question in Syracuse they'll tell you that "he's some man." And they'll be right. For Jim Ten Eyck is more than a crack rowing coach; he is every inch a man and possesses a good many inches.

Since their youth the paths of Ten Eyck and Courtney have lain curiously together. They fought out many a battle in the single sculling days, and years afterward it was given to Ten Eyck, in taking charge of aquatics at Syracuse University, to dimple a prestige that many had come to regard as unassailable. When Ten Eyck's "get there" stroke first flashed into the limelight through the medium of victorious Orange crews on the Hudson Courtney had been supreme so long that there was little else than Ithaca on the map. And since then it has usually been Syracuse that bothered the Cornell crews most.

How does he handle his men, this gaunt, rawboned, laconic expert, who put discredited Syracuse on the aquatic map years ago and has kept his humping, jumpy, get-there-any-old-way crews to the fore ever since?

The writer can answer from the standpoint of one who watched Ten Eyck and his men in their preparation season after season and enjoyed the full confidence of the veteran.

Jim Ten Eyck is a boy with the boys. Grant him knowledge of his business that he is successful in imparting to his charges. Well and good. But add to that an even greater factor, a quality of personal magnetism that welds the oarsmen to him in bonds of steel. The success of his crews upon the Hudson in past years is due, more than to anything else, to the fact that every man has always been ready to row his heart out for Ten Eyck. Not every Syracuse crew that started has finished in first place, or even in second, but the spirit was there always and defeat was not due to faint heartedness.

For this there are two reasons. The first is he overmastering personality of Ten Eyck. The second is that he is as keen a judge of the hearts of men as he is of their muscles. And in the gradual weeding out during the season the hawk eyes of the veteran detect any absence of sand, and youths lacking sand speedily walk the plank.

The writer has known Ten Eyck, in a year when candidates were discouragingly few, to make cuts shortly before the races of a slashing nature that left barely enough men to man the shells. There was a mere corporal's guard of substitutes. Said he on that occasion:

"It's been a bad year. I never had so small a squad of candidates. But I won't leave a man in any one of the three crews who does not measure up to my standard. I had rather, if worst comes to worst, forfeit Syracuse entries in the regatta than put in a crew I did not honestly consider had a chance either for victory or a commanding place."

Which, in a nutshell, explains why the Syracuse average has been so high at Poughkeepsie these past few years.

Let's steal a glance at Ten Eyck and his rowing recruits upon an autumn day, when they are just about to make the initial hike that will enable the cunning old mentor to get the first line on the wind and general stamina of the neophytes from whom he will select the three crews for the regatta of the following June. These cross-country hikes form an important feature in the Ten Eyck training scheme.

Old Jim's piercing, puckered eyes look them over. His lined and leathery face, terminating in a pointed chin that is at once a question mark and a bump of trouble if need arises, is about as expressive as a wooden Indian's. Upon his canny head is an old cap. He wears a sweater, old trousers and shoes of generous size.

Syracuse was started in a picturesque valley and now overflows east and west upon the heaven kissing variety of hills. Upon the eastern hill stand the university and the stadium that was presented by John D. Archbold. East of the university there are even higher hills.

Jim Ten Eyck, 50-odd years young, turns and fox trots for these, followed by the pack of youngsters. He could in years qualify as the grandfather of the oldest of them.

But in stamina, on this initial run, he's the youngest of the lot. Here may be quoted the mossgrown assurance, "There's a reason." The reason is that the shrewd old coach of the Syracuse navy keeps himself the year round as hard as nails. He wins the respect of his novices in the very first workout by setting them a pace that kills.

He starts out at an easy, deceptive Indian lope over smooth going. The boys, many of them soft from an easy fat summer, smile tolerantly and adapt their pace to his, to jolly him along. It's a merry little family party on a morning holiday.

So far it's been on a smooth macadam road. But now, for no apparent reason other than desire for variety, Ten Eyck swerves. As likely as not he jumps a fence into a furrowed field. And he continues on across that field with no diminution of pace.

The boys follow. Some of them have lost their tolerant smiles; those which remain fade a little later.

Ten Eyck comes to a hill with a slope like the roof of an old style Queen Anne cottage. Up this he walks as fast as many men would dog trot on the level. The boys follow as best they can. Most of them are now breathing like asthmatic flivvers. Jim Ten Eyck hasn't got started yet.

For the next hour he wholly proves this. It looks like a stunt race now. The coach does everything but climb trees, and he would probably do this were it not for common humanity and regard for the boys' vanishing wind.

Over more kinds of rough going than they knew existed the youths follow the gray and humping leader. He stops for nothing; he's got a message to carry to Garcia. And Garcia is a moving magnet. Old Jim hits it up like those runners of the Iroquois relaying it along the worn trail that led from a future Albany to a prospective Buffalo.

By the time Ten Eyck gets back to the university with his charges they are panting like the heroine in a critical moment on the movie reel. The veteran turns around with an inscrutable face. He notes those who have finished with him. He also remarks those who come straggling in. Those who walk the last quarter usually walk the plank later.

For in this initial hike Ten Eyck has been watching three things needed by a rowing candidate: legs, wind and grit.

Now the personal hold of Ten Eyck upon his crew men is just as strong as that always possessed by Courtney upon the men of Cornell, yet the two men are wholly unlike in personality and attain their results by vastly different ends.

For either of them his pupils would "break their necks." The men of Ithaca have always held Courtney in a species of awe. This could not be truthfully said of the Orange oarsmen with regard to Ten Eyck.

He attains his results through working strictly on a man to man basis. He is known and affectionately regarded as a boy among the boys. In his active career Courtney commanded, Ten Eyck appeals. And certainly both methods have led to gilt edged results.

The writer has heard the imperious Courtney megaphone instructions on Lake Cayuga that seemed likely to sizzle the hair of the young gentlemen cavorting in their slender shells. And on occasions Lake, in the launch with Ten Eyck, he has seen the Old Fox wrinkle his nose, crinkle his anguished eyes, seize his orange colored megaphone and impart in a shrill and tearful treble something like this:

"Oh, you No. 7! Will you please remember that you've got an oar there, not a spoon? No. 2, you must have hit bottom that time! Do you think you're handling a picnic line? Steady now—all together—there, that's better."

And he recorded that in both cases that of Courtney, who will coach no more, and that of Ten Eyck, who seems likely to visit Poughkeepsie in charge of Orange crews for many years, their young men have always turned themselves inside out to execute their teacher's bidding. By exactly opposite methods each veteran has always enjoyed wonderful influence over men.

But let it not be imagined that Ten Eyck cannot explode like a Krupp gun if there is reason for it. The boys are careful not to invite these little manifestations of the artistic temperament.

Said Old Jim once to the writer: "A lot of nonsense is written about my stroke. There's no secret in it and no mystery. It isn't the stroke, it's the men. I try to learn men. I have had fair success; I want more. In considering a man I consider his sand first, his physique second. The first is the big requisite. There are too many Sandows walking around without any hearts."

Ten Eyck works on the manhood of every one of his pupils, just as he did in the old days with his two boys, both of whom became champion scullers and oarsmen and later great coaches. And some of the greatest varsity strokes the country ever saw, developed by the Old Fox, have been his handiwork, just as was the skill of his crackerjack sons.

Here is an incident which throws a spotlight on old Jim's whimsical sense of humor. The big football event of central and northern New York each October is the match in the Syracuse stadium between the Orange and the Colgate elevens of Hamilton. The last game was won hands down by Syracuse, but there are other stories.

For years Colgate was the "giant killer" every fall. Syracuse, building up great football teams, would be beaten in the crowning contest of the year by little Colgate with depressing frequency.

Several years ago after one of these sad events the Syracuse sporting editor of a Salt City daily paper wrote a poem upon the inappropriateness of Syracuse's allowing herself to be walloped that like the famous cock fight ordered by Old Princess in the old time "Wang" held bites and scratches. It made a hit with everybody except the students of Syracuse University.

The hit, however, included the coaches. And Old Jim Ten Eyck pounced upon the poem with hideous glee. He posted it on the inside of the crew lockers.

"Now," he has told many persons, "whenever the boys get lazy and lose their spirit I march them up in a body and make them read that poem. Yes, it works. They work too afterward; they work like hell!"

Jim Ten Eyck.