

Effect of Painting as a Peace Agent

By W. VERESTCHAGIN,

Famous Russian Artist Who Paints the Horrible Rather Than the Heroic Side of War.



W. Verestchagin.

I am sometimes asked why I paint war in its habitual horrible aspects. Do I intend that my pictures shall teach a lesson?

In reply I say: I am not a preacher. I DO paint things AS I SEE THEM. When I paint the snow-capped mountain peaks I try to place upon the canvas that which has impressed me. I am an artist in proportion to my ability to make him who looks at my paintings have the impressions that I have had. If I am struck by beauty I am translating to you the impression so that you get the same feeling.

I HAVE SEEN WAR AND I HAVE PAINTED IT AS I HAVE SEEN IT. Many people do not believe that what I have painted is true. They say to me: "You have looked through blackened spectacles. If war is so bad, why have not other painters also shown it in this way?"

I reply: "I have exaggerated nothing. On the contrary, some things which I have seen I dare not paint, because they are too revolting. Others have not painted as I have because they have painted war from the official reports or have seen it from afar through field glasses. THEY HAVE NOT PAINTED WAR AS IT IS BECAUSE THEY HAVE NOT HAD CLOSE VIEWS OF IT. They have never taken any active part in it. I have passed through all the sadness of the war—hunger, thirst, sun, rains, weariness, wounds.

While at the front in the Russo-Turkish war of '79 I was badly wounded. I remember well the night when I lay waiting for death, which I expected hourly and which almost came. The carnage which I had seen upon the battle field passed before my mind's eye in pictures which I shall never forget. Vividly do I recall the gentle ministrings of the sister of charity who attended me. I recovered to paint some of these scenes and they were so vivid that people would not believe them to be true.

Wishing to paint Napoleon and his battles I studied closely the descriptions of his conquests as given by Segur, Chambray and others. Reading what these writers' eyes had seen, I recalled the very same scenes witnessed by myself. My imagination reconstructed immediately these famous battles, these imposing arrays of forces, the wounded, dying, dead, with snow roads filled with corpses. My imagination did not overdraw it, for, as I say, my own eyes had witnessed similar scenes.

Some critics were harsh because I sometimes painted some of the greatest men in very human dress—in heavy furs instead of showy uniform, the famous gray coat and tricorne. They had not studied the true accounts of his campaigns as rendered by their own historians and artists. I insisted on the fact that, putting aside all historical evidences, our muscle and flesh and skin cannot withstand everything; when it is too cold it freezes, even when it belongs to an emperor or a king. NAPOLEON WAS A MAN, NOT A GOD.

I camped with the American soldiers in the Philippines. One day a wounded man was brought into the hospital. He was very badly hurt. Before he died he asked the nurse to write for him while he dictated a letter to his mother. In an instant my own experience came back to me with double force, and the picture that hangs in my gallery was composed.

I do not always see the dark side. I am only very glad to paint cheerful scenes. I have many such pictures—I think the work of a sincere artist will show every side.

I am far from wishing to preach; NEITHER DO I WISH MY PICTURES TO TELL EXAGGERATED STORIES. If one should examine my inner heart perhaps he would find there a certain impression unfavorable to war; but I have been careful always never to allow this feeling to show in my war pictures. THEY WHO SEE MY CANVASES MUST DRAW THEIR OWN CONCLUSIONS OF WAR. I have striven, as every sincere artist will do, to put on canvas my actual artistic impressions. If they have influence upon you it shows that they have been received by me and transmitted to you in a right way.

The American manufacturer, in looking about the world for possible markets for the surplus products of his mills, takes into consideration many things before deciding upon a place where he will make a particular effort to secure foreign trade. There was a time when the possibility of European competition would have figured as a strong factor against the ultimate success of a foreign trade.

Our Manufacturers in Foreign Fields

By O. P. AUSTIN,
Chief of Bureau of Statistics, Treasury Dept.

Of Great Britain, looked upon as the greatest manufacturing nation of Europe, were we especially afraid, and yet to-day THE HEAVIEST INCREASE IN OUR EXPORT TRADE IN MANUFACTURED PRODUCTS IS COMING FROM BRITISH TERRITORY.

By this I do not necessarily mean England itself, but from English colonies. Localities in which the English manufacturer not only has sentiment and transportation facilities in his favor, but in the majority of cases has the import duties as well.

A few figures by way of illustration: Our exports to British North America (principally Canada) in 1901 was \$108,000,000; to British Africa, \$22,000,000; to Australia, \$31,000,000. Comparing these figures with the exports to these countries at a period ten years past and we find that our exports to Canada have increased 150 per cent., while those of England to Canada show a slight decrease in that time. To British Africa our exports have increased over 400 per cent. in the ten years, while those of England to the same territories have increased but 40 per cent., and to Australia our exports have increased 125 per cent., while England has shown a decrease.

From these few figures it is evident that American manufacturers are meeting European competition, and meeting it at that in countries where every natural advantage lies with the European manufacturer. THE DAY HAS COME WHEN THE AMERICAN MANUFACTURER CAN PICK HIS PURCHASERS WHERE HE PLEASES WITHOUT FEAR OF RUINOUS COMPETITION FROM EUROPE.

THE 'COON AND THE 'POSSUM.

Former Will Fight a Dog, Latter Won't but Will Whip the Coon.

"Speaking of the hunting season reminds me of a curious thing in connection with the opossum and the raccoon," said a man who is fond of a chase in the woods to a writer for the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "and I have often heard hunters remark on exactly the same thing. Now it takes a well-trained dog to whip a 'coon. A 'coon is one of the gamest things in the woods in many respects. They are naturally belligerent and fight a great deal among themselves. Among the well-trained dogs you will not find many that are particularly anxious to get into a contest with a 'coon above the average size. If the dog fails to get the 'coon just right at the first leap there is trouble ahead for the dog—split ears, a gashed face and other disagreeable things of this sort. The dog that understands the game will make an effort to crush the 'coon's breast. This is the only chance he has, and if the lick misses honors will be even for awhile, at least, and the chances will be even for the 'coon's escape a second time. So game are these animals when it comes to fighting dogs that one will frequently be more than a match for a half-dozen dogs. I recall one instance in my own experience where a 'coon that had lost one of his forelegs in a steeltrap whipped three dogs. Now a 'possum will not fight a dog at all. They will give up in a minute and play dead. They simply fall over as if dead and apparently quit breathing. If they breathe they do not show it. But here is the curious thing which hunters claim to have discovered: A 'possum can whip a 'coon. Not only that, but a 'coon is actually afraid of a 'possum, and will avoid the fight if there is any chance in the world for him to do it, and they have been known to run. I cannot speak with authority on the subject, but I witnessed a thing once which tended to encourage belief in what the hunters say. I had built a scaffold in a persimmon tree, and had been laying for a bear that had begun to lay in his winter supply of food from a field of corn in St. Francis county, Ark. Suddenly I saw a 'possum slipping around under the tree picking up the persimmons which had fallen. A 'coon showed up and the 'possum crouched until the 'coon was in reach and the white fuzzy fellow sprang upon the 'coon desperately. I never heard such a wild cry of utter and agonizing despair. The 'coon managed to get away, but the 'possum remained until he got ready to leave. Now, the 'coon might have been frightened merely. I do not know how that was. But I am certain of one thing. The 'coon quit the persimmon tree for that night at least."

THE ACTOR SCORED.

His Retort Courtous to an Unappreciative and Uarly Audience.

Some years ago an actor now famous made his first appearance on the stage in a provincial town where the theater-goers were accustomed to make their disapproval felt when an entertainer did not succeed in pleasing them.

He was young and nervous, and failed dismally in the part he was endeavoring to present, and soon found himself the target for an assortment of missiles.

When the uproar was at his height one of his disgusted auditors flung a cabbage-head at him. As it fell on the stage the actor picked it up and stepped forward to the foot-lights.

He raised his hand to command silence, and when his tormentors paused to hear what he had to say, exclaimed, pointing to the cabbage-head:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I expected to please you with my acting, but I confess I did not expect that anyone in the audience would lose his head over it."

He was allowed to proceed without further molestation.—London Tit-Bits.

Wolves in Europe.

Persons who believed that the fierce wolves that once overran Europe had been almost exterminated must have been surprised at the recent reports from Paris, which stated that they had attacked various persons in the immediate neighborhood of that city, and now the Neues Wiener Journal states that in the Polish district of Wierzbek 23 country people—men, women and children—have recently been killed and eaten by wolves, which attacked them in large packs as they were at work in the fields.

Grammar.

The grammar of "speaking eyes" is never questioned.—Chicago Daily News.

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