MASTERPIECES IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART

Government Not So Prone to Utilitarianism as Generally Believed--Nucleus for Great Collection in Paintings Already in Possession or Among Those Loaned.

By CHARLOTTE M. CONGER.

One of the greatest surprises the people of Washington were ever treated to was sprung upon them at the opening of the National Gallery, which took place a few weeks ago. Occasional newspaper articles referring to the Harriet Lane Johnston and other bequests made to the gallery in no wise prepared them for the wonderful exhibit they were invited to view, for they had become accustomed to regard the government as a strictly utilitarian concern, with an entirely Philistine attitude toward things artistic; and they had abundant ground for their belief in the crude and ugly pictures impecunious artists, through their friends in Congress, had succeeded in foisting upon a defenseless people, and in the monstrous monuments that disfigure our public square and parks.

Lop-sided horses bearing deformed soldiers—toy soldiers that might have been modeled after the famous tin soldier that Hans Christian Anderson immortalized, only that battered hero had more expression than the wooden affairs that guard the statue of Gen. Sherman, for instance, at the south of the Treasury Department—had given the public little reason to believe that Congress would ever be induced to appropriate money for art that would educate the public taste and instruct the people.

Nucleus for National Gallery.

And the Congress of our day is not responsible for our National Gallery. An art collection was contemplated in the '40's of the last century, when Congress passed an act establishing the Smithsonian Institution. This fact, however, Mrs. Johnston was unaware of at the time she made her will, which provided that her small but choice collection should remain in the custody of the Corcoran Gallery of Art until such time as a national gallery should be established. Should this institution refuse the guardianship of the collection, her executors were instructed to sell it for the benefit of the other heirs. The Corcoran trustees did refuse to receive the collection; whereupon the Smithsonian Institution claimed it under its act of incorporation, and its claim was confirmed by the Supreme Court in deciding the friendly suit instituted by the Harriet Lane Home in Baltimore.

There were many questions involved and many conflicting interests to be considered before the final disposition of the Johnston bequest and saving it from the hammer and securing it to the nation. President Roosevelt's sympathetic and compelling interest was felt, as it was felt in all other projects that originated or were in progress during his administration which make for the intellectual and aesthetic development and for the uplift of mankind.

It was impossible to display the collection immediately upon its reception, but as soon as the new building for the National Museum was completed the necessary space was set apart for its use, and it was hung in a gallery as well adapted for it and as well lighted and ventilated as any gallery ever planned. In the meantime collectors all over the country became interested in the choice little collection Mrs. Johnston had bequeathed to the nation, and several of them were inspired to add to it.

Curator Is Appointed.

The seed for the gallery had been sown unnoticed, germinated unperceived, and it suddenly burst into full flower, the care of which tested the resources of the Smithsonian Institution, which had no specific fund for this purpose, to the utmost. A curator of the collection, William H. Holmes, was immediately appointed and a jury of artists to decide upon the objects that might be offered.

This committee is composed of Frederick Crowninshield, Edwin H. Blashfield, Herbert Adams, Francis D. Millet, and William H. Holmes, names that insure that the collection made in this generation will not need to be weeded out by the generation that follows it.

There are a few women who stand out boldly against the background of Washington life. Abigail Adams, Dolly Madison, and Harriet Lane are the names that most readily occur to one who runs back from the present over the last century and to the establishment of the government in the District. James Buchanan was a bachelor at the time he was President, and he remained one to the end of his days. His love story, which was as pretty as it was sad, is not for this paper. Suffice it that he adopted his sister's child, Harriet Lane, to preside over his heart and home.

We meet this charming woman first as a "fun-loving, warm-hearted romp" at Mr. Buchanan's home in Lancaster. There he encountered her once upon a day in the leading street of the town pushing a wheelbarrow full of wood, her cheeks flushed, her hat at an angle, and her hair blowing about her face. Stopping to inquire the cause for this queer prank, he was informed that Miss Harriet was on her way to old Aunt Tabitha to take her a load of wood because it was so cold. All other considerations were lost sight of—her own social standing, her own discomfort. It was cold. Aunt Tabitha needed wood, and since no better or quicker means offered, she put the wood on the wheelbarrow and herself trundled it to the poor old darky.

Endeared to Victoria.

So she was throughout her life, quick to help, with an absolute lack of consideration for herself. When she carried the wood to Aunt Tabitha the personality of little Miss Lane was sunk in the great object little Miss Lane had in hand. It was this quality that endeared her to Queen Victoria, this and her loveliness of figure and face, for she was a wonderful blond beauty, and in her dainty youthfulness a striking contrast to the dignified old gentleman by whose side she stood in the American Legation at the Court of St. James and in the White House at Washington to greet all those who assembled to do his high office honor.

Shortly after the retirement of her uncle to private life Miss Lane married Henry Elliott Johnston, of Baltimore, and from that time until her death in Washington in 1903 she lived a quiet, dignified life, filled with sad experiences and sad memories, for both her husband and her children died many years before her; and she was left quite alone in her old age, save for those friends which her wonderful qualities of mind and character drew about her. Her happiest seasons during the long solitude that followed the loss of those dearest to her were the trips she made to Europe, when she diverted herself by making the collection of which the government is the possessor.

At the present moment the chief things of interest in the Harriet Lane Johnston collection are those portraits and other souvenirs that recall the dead King of England and his mother, Victoria; the oil painting by Thomas Pritchard Rossiter of President Buchanan, and the Prince of Wales with the President's Cabinet; the prince's suite and other guests at the tomb of George Washington; the portrait of the prince, by Sir John Watson Gordon, which the prince presented to Mr. Buchanan after his return home from his visit to this country; the photograph of Queen Victoria, with autograph signature and date (1838), which was presented by her majesty to her American friend; the silver medal struck off in commemoration of the marriage of Victoria, princess royal of England, to Frederick William, prince of Prussia, on January 25, 1856, and the message from Queen Victoria and the reply of President Buchanan on the completion of the first Atlantic cable. The last cannot claim to be a work of art, but it marks the most important event of the last century, an event which makes all others, even wars, big and little, seem insignificant.

Examples of Painters.

The Johnston collection contains a number of fine examples of the old English portrait painters. Miss Kirkpatrick, by Romney, is full of the subtle charm, the piquancy and dash that are marked characteristics of all his portraits of women, which seem to invite the confidence and sympathy of the looker-on. They seem, indeed, to say, his fascinating ladies, "I would speak with you could I, for I was just as you are, with the same loves and passions, the same antipathies and the same naughtiness that you feel and I would like to tell you all about it."

Now Miss Kirkpatrick, for instance, would delight to chat with us, and her portrait does speak to one who knows its language, just as that marvelous portrait of Vos, by himself, that gay and rollicking Bohemian of the long ago, speaks to whoever will heed him. His good humor, his jollity and merriness pervade every room where a photograph of him is found, just as the dainty loveliness of Miss Kirkpatrick is diffused about her.

The portrait of Mrs. Hammond, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is not the best example of the work of that great master; at least it is not the ideal example of his work for a collection where he is represented by only one portrait, yet the most callow amateur would recognize it as a Reynolds. It is a dignified and distinguished portrait of a fine-looking woman, the mother, perhaps, of the first British Minister to this country, that George Hammond who had such an unhappy time of it in the new republic, where he married, nevertheless, one of the republic's daughters, Peggy Allen. But the writer does not speak with authority; it is only an interesting surmise.

Lady Essex as Juliet.

The Thomas Lawrence of the Johnston collection is the portrait of Lady Essex as Juliet and was painted at that period when it was the fashion for English ladies to pose in the character of some mythical or historical person or some heroine of fiction. The plump Lady Essex is not one's idea of Juliet. Her portrait is a masterpiece none the less, though one wishes that Mrs. Johnston had chanced upon one of Lawrence's bluff country squires, with a jolly red face that matched his hunting jacket, for Lawrence excelled in painting such characters.

There are a number of Lawrence's portraits in various collections in the United States and it is to be hoped that a public-spirited possessor of some of these will be inspired to enrich the National Gallery by gifts of other examples from the brush of that master who succeeded Reynolds as painter to the King and our Benjamin West as president of the Royal Academy that will give a better idea of his style and the types he painted.

The portrait of Mrs. Abington spells Hoppner in every line and brings to mind his other interesting ladies and his quaint, big-eyed little girls in their big bonnets, long pantalettes, and straight little frocks. The portrait of Miss Murray, by Sir William Beechey, is equally characteristic of the hand that painted it. In a word, the English portraits that Mrs. Johnston assembled are a delight, and so well hung, so admirably lighted, that no point or quality in them is lost.

Good Whistler Collection.

The Freer collection, which, while it has already been conveyed to and accepted by the National Gallery, will remain in Mr. Freer's custody until his death, includes the great Whistler collection, the largest and richest of any single assembly of that artist's works.

A fact gratifying to chronicle, for where should the best collection of Whistler be found save in the country that gave him birth? And it is especially fitting that they should be housed here in Washington, where, after he failed in becoming a soldier at West Point, he sought an asylum. In this collection are many old friends, pictures painted in his youth, before he came into his great fame; pictures painted at the zenith of his power and some that mark the mellowness of his closing days.

We find there "La Princess du Pays de la Porcelaine," with its delicate rose and silver tints, and the famous arrangement in black and white, "Jeune Femme dite l'Americaine," with which all lovers of the master are familiar, and many others that will live eternally in the memory of all those who have seen them—of all those, at least, who have seen them with understanding eyes. One is tempted to linger and revel over the compelling loveliness there brought together, but no pen could do them justice, no pen convey their message.

It is pleasant to remember, however, that one day they will be hung at the Capital in a new and beautiful gallery, for which Mr. Freer has already provided, and it is well that he has announced in life the plan set down in his will that he may wear his laurel wreath and receive the acclaim to which he is so justly entitled, for great, truly great, is the man who seeks to refine and to mold the taste of the people and helps the nation to a noble standard in art.

Collection of Tryon.

A large collection of Tryons is another feature of Mr. Freer's princely gift, and Dewing and Thayer are also well represented by collections containing many masterpieces, for Mr. Freer is constantly weeding among his pictures, replacing the canvases he has by better examples of the masters they represent whenever he comes across such.

In the same gallery with these moderns are several hundred examples of Japanese and Chinese paintings, representing the period from the tenth to the nineteenth century, which include works by Ririomin, Sesshu, Sesson, Motonobu, Tanyu, Koyetsu, Statsu, Korin, Kenzan, Hoitsu, and Okio, for it has been Mr. Freer's aim, as he sets forth in the explanation which prefaced the offer of his collection to the Smithsonian Institution, "to unite modern work with masterpieces of certain periods of high civilization harmonious in spiritual and physical suggestion, having power to broaden aesthetic culture and the grace to elevate the human mind."

In March, 1907, William T. Evans, of Montclair, N. J., presented the gallery with thirty-six pictures from his personal collection, which collection has now grown, through Mr. Evans' generosity, to 100 canvases by American artists, and is already classified and hung in the halls allotted to it in the new National Museum. Included in it are four excellent Wyants, the beautiful study of "Spring," "The Flume," "Housatonic Valley," and "Autumn at Arkville," and three fine Innesses, the "Georgia Pines," "Sundown," and "Niagara," which in themselves should be enough to inspire all art lovers to burn incense before the portrait of Mr. Evans, which, cleverly painted by Alphonse Jongers, hangs in the collection.

American art is well represented in the pictures Mr. Evans has brought together, but no collection of American artists could be considered complete which lacked examples of the work of Charles Reinhart, who was, perhaps, the strongest draftsman of his day, and of Sargeant, the most brilliant portrait painter of modern times.

Beside these three collections, the National Gallery contains the original collection of the Smithsonian Institution, the Grant collection, the Lewis collection of Washington relics, gifts to the institution made by John Watts de Peyster, and a number of portraits and other art objects from various sources.

Mr. and Mrs. Larz Anderson presented to the gallery the beautiful decorative panel of "Diana on the Tides," by John Elliott, which hangs temporarily on its south wall, but later on will decorate an elevated panel in one of the great halls of the museum. A wondrous study in color, which in lightness and transparency calls to mind that master decorator, Puvio de Chauvennes.

The historical paintings by Edward Moran, which are loaned by Mr. Sutro, of New York, are interesting both as paintings and as illustrating the national history, and should, and probably will, become the property of the gallery, for there is no way in which a young person's interest is so quickly awakened in history as by pictures depicting stirring events. Then, too, they teach posterity, and one gets a better idea of an epoch by turning over picture books containing illustrations of that period and by walking through galleries of portraits of ancient potentates and their acts than by reading tomes of history, facts which should induce Congress to acquire it. Would we have the same clear idea of the gay and debonair Charles and his entourage without Sir Peter Lely's portrayal of that giddy monarch and his giddy court?

COLLEGE GIRLS OF TO-DAY

American Young Women Not Behind Their Foreign Sisters in Pranks and Pastimes.

By DOROTHY HARMAN DAWSON.

College girls seem to be the same the world over, and those narrow-minded grouches who are prone to criticise the innocent pranks of the American girl student should congratulate themselves and find a lot of consolation in the fact that the outbursts of youthful enthusiasm and esprit de college of our own fair young scholars very rarely, if ever, assumes a serious aspect.

Compared with her foreign sister, the American collegette is very "tame." Just one instance from Kaiser Wilhelm's dominion of how the "studentinnen" carry on over there will prove my contention. And to think of it, the trouble was all over a man, too. A duel between female medical students took place recently at Presterlik, on the Silesian frontier. Olga Metzeroff and Ilonea Ilnotzky were the two "limelighters." They quarreled over their love for a dashing young medical student named Brightener, who made love to both, engaging himself to neither. The rivalry caused hatred between the girls, and then blows were exchanged.

Being "advanced" women, they held themselves by the standards of male chivalry, consequently the Ilnotzky girl, who was the recipient of the first blow in the hand-to-hand fight, sent two other girl students as her seconds to Olga Metzeroff, who also obtained two. The seconds arranged that the duel should be fought on German territory so as to avoid the Austrian police.

The conditions were that pistol shots at fifteen paces should be exchanged until one of the combatants was disabled. Three days were spent in practicing pistol shooting, and then the dueling party crossed the frontier at sunrise and proceeded to a spot in the forest. The combatants took their positions and one of the seconds gave the signal.

The duelists exchanged four shots before either was hit. At the fifth shot the Metzeroff girl received a wound in the left shoulder and fell fainting and bleeding profusely. Her wound was bandaged and she was conveyed back to Austria. Her recovery is assured. The victorious combatant received an ovation from her fellow-women students.

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Can any one imagine an American college girl being as silly as fighting a real duel with real pistols, loaded, too, over a man? She has more sense than that. They have different methods of showing their feelings toward mere man and his idiosyncrasies. Listen.

Not long ago a boycott against mustaches was declared by girl students at the University of Chicago, and several residents of Beecher Hall, a woman's dormitory, where the agitation was strongest, hinted at various forms of discomfiture that await those who ignore the rule. The girls are to be real polite about it—too polite to tell a man to his face why he is snubbed. They act, but do not talk about it. They gave orders to maids to admit no person; they don't refer to him as a man with a mustache. The style is to leave him standing in the vestibule admiring the architecture. No coed of Beecher Hall may become engaged to a bewhiskered man. That's certainly more sensible than perforating each other's anatomy with pistol shots.

Another movement to make man realize and recognize the rights of women has recently been launched in Boston, of course. By banding together the progressive college girls of America into an organization that will bar matrimony until the assigned work of each member in the cause of the suffragists is completed the most radical movement yet devised by the leaders of the women's-vote workers has been put in force. Each of the college suffragists in Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, Vassar, Smith, Radcliffe, and other women's colleges has bound herself to forswear the marriage vow until she has won over to the woman suffrage cause 500 bona fide men voters, according to latest reports from the front. To make easier the task, values are placed on the heads of the captives that will enable the suitors to win their brides in a few masterful battles. The signature of a United States Senator will count for 200, a Representative will have the value of 100, a former Senator 50, a State senator or legislator 50, and other influential citizens are rated in proportion. Isn't that too cute for anything?

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Just a few lines on how they do things up in staid Connecticut, where young Loraine Clark is seriously ill from the hazing stunts she was put through by the members of the Alpha Alpha Sorority. These excerpts from the ritual of this secret society will explain poor Loraine's sickness: "Now prepare for the final mysteries of Alpha Alpha. Let the candidate's back be bared. Let the noble insignia of our sorority be branded upon her body as deeply as on her soul. Sisters, prepare the branding irons." The ritual provides:

"The candidate kneels and sisters bare her back to the waist. The branding process shall be as follows: The guards shall hold the candidate securely by the arms and place their hands over her mouth, as though to prevent outcry. The candidate shall be warned that any outcry will justify her exclusion from the sorority. The Alpha of Sisterhood shall place a piece of raw meat near her nostrils. The Alpha of Secrecy shall plunge a red-hot poker into the meat and allow the smoke to enter the candidate's nostrils just as a piece of ice is drawn up and down the spine. When the candidate shall have passed this ordeal, the further branding with drippings from a burning candle shall be performed upon her shoulder. After this the candidate shall arise from her kneeling posture. She is brought before the altar of the president, who shall say in solemn tone: 'Candidate, repeat after me the motto of our sorority, as indicated by the mystic symbols, Alpha, Alpha.'

"The president must then repeat the motto, which shall never be written. When this is done the candidate's bandages shall be removed, and the entire sorority shall acclaim in unison: 'Well done, candidate! Welcome, sister!' "

The ritual gives as addenda: "The preliminary trial of the candidate shall include the following tests of physical courage, to be known as kitchen stunts: Placing candidate upon her back and dropping raw oysters down her throat; feeding her macaroni boiled in soap and slimed with white of egg represented as angle worms; cocktail made of molasses, sugar, salt, pepper, and vinegar, raw eggs, two or more; nursing-bottle treatment, sucking the contents of nursing bottle made of warm milk, white of eggs, and sugar. Other similar articles to be devised by the stunts committee from time to time."

The members of the Alpha Alpha Sorority express surprise that Loraine should have complained about this—what they term "cunning"—initiation into their midst. State Representative Clark, who is Loraine's father, did not look at the treatment his daughter had to go through in that way and requested the board of education of Bridgeport to investigate, which they are doing.

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Wellesley has a word on secret societies. It is the opinion of this institution that the abolishment of secret societies at Wellesley would act as an irreparable injustice to the college. It is agreed, however, that reform is needed. The insurgents, at a meeting held recently at the house of President Caroline Hazard, made a hard fight for the complete abolishing of the "frats," contending they were "un-American, snobbish, and used to cloak social ambitions under the guise of literary pursuits." However, sentiment proved too strong against the abolishment of the societies. The selection of members by application rather than invitation was proposed.

Another startling bit of news from Wellesley is that the bloomer trust has busted. Heretofore no girl could appear before the Wellesley footlights in full male attire. She could don a clawhammer coat and a biled shirt, but below her trim two-button waistcoat she had to wear bloomers. She didn't like it, even if she could wear silk hose and high-heeled slippers. For six years Wellesley had been fermenting over the dramatic regulation. Before that time they were allowed "real men." Since that time there have been difficulties. The class of 1906 dramatized "Lady Rose's Daughter," laying the scene in colonial times to obviate bloomer difficulty. Knickerbockers are a species of bloomer. The hero and all his male companions appeared in automobile togs in another play. From act one to the final curtain the scene was the open road, because they couldn't get away without going into bloomers. Colonial plays have been a staple diet.

But bloomers are still in use on the athletic field of Wellesley. Hereafter practice by the athletes of this institution will be witnessed only by members of the Wellesley police force. All other male spectators will be barred. The cause is "bloomers." The faculty has issued an edict that the crowds of men and boys from Wellesley and near-by towns, which have hitherto stood on the side lines and admired the bloomer-clad runners, hockey players, and hurdlers, must be kept at least a quarter of a mile distant. The athletes themselves, it is said, objected to the admiring "gallery" that followed their practice, and the faculty has established a dead line on each of the open sides of the athletic field.

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It is not only the demure New England maiden, however, that furnishes interesting accounts of herself; the "show me" girls from Missouri, as well as their sisters from the nation's Capital, are acquitting themselves nobly in the line of making things lively around the house. Fly paper and President Taft's inaugural speech are closely linked in the minds of the students at Liberty Ladies' College, down in Missouri. The President's speech is to be memorized. The fly paper is to be forgotten. The girls planned a barnyard serenade one night recently, and promptly at midnight seventy-five feminine voices shattered the stillness with imitations of the barnyard fowls. Simultaneously with the outburst various members of the faculty leaped from their beds and started for the scene of their disturbance. They were in a hurry and did not stop to hunt slippers. Down the dimly lighted hall they raced to catch the rioters in the act. The rioters, expecting just such a rush, previously had laid a liberal coating of fly paper on the floor, and while the teachers were floundering about the girls finished the serenade and retired. The day after this occurrence they were furnished copies of President Taft's inaugural speech and informed that all privileges would be suspended until the address had been memorized.

Are college girls successful in politics? I should say so. One of them was nominated for State office by the Indiana Socialists in their convention recently. Miss Janet Fenimore, of Anderson, a senior at Earlham College, appears on the ticket as candidate for superintendent of public instruction.

HER WEDDING A SURPRISE.

MRS. JESSE SELIGMAN.

The bride of Jesse Seligman, son of Albert J. Seligman, the prominent New York Banker. Mrs. Seligman was formerly Miss Mary Maxwell, of Williamsport, Pa. The wedding was a surprise to the families of both the bride and bridegroom, but the announcement was received with pleasure.

CLOTHING FOR CHILDREN.

What Is Best for Health—Protection for the Chest and Legs.

From the Youth's Companion.

The juggernaut of fashion never seems so cruel as when it is the helpless children who are thrown beneath the wheels. If adults choose to make this disposition of themselves well and good—their sacrifice is at least voluntary and open eyed—but let the children be protected until the day of personal choice has dawned.

If the personal choice of babies and children could be consulted on the subject of clothing they would be found unanimously sane in their demand for comfortable fit, adequate warmth and suitability to the pursuits of extreme youth, and if given the ballot they would move to the polls as one united body and vote down the mothers who sacrificed to "style" or to "cuteness" or to the hardening process or to any other bothersome theory.

Among the many fallacies on the subject of proper clothing to which small children are victimized perhaps the worst as well as the hardest to understand is that which says that if only the chest is well protected the rest of the body may be ruthlessly exposed to the elements. This theory it is which accounts for the small, thick barreled bodies one meets in winter, from which emerge a pair of bare, blue mottled legs. The upper part of the body is clad apparently in fold after fold of clothing with over all perhaps either a heavy sweater or a fur coat. The legs are bare with the exception of a short, thin sock.

It is only fair to admit that the mothers who send their children out in winter dressed in this manner are a rapidly lessening number, but those who still cling to the fashion are surely not aware that since children have a larger skin surface in proportion to their body weight than have adults they are more susceptible to chills and not less.

They also make the curious mistake of reasoning that because bronchitis attacks the chest it only invades the system through the chest, and hence they only protect that one spot and leave all other avenues open to attack. By this course they prove their ignorance of the fact that a chill to any part of the body may give rise to bronchitis, and also of the other very important fact that in children a chill may have many bad consequences besides a so-called "cold" or respiratory trouble.

The sudden digestive disturbances of children should properly be often traced back to a chilling of the surface of the body rather than to an error in diet. Properly clad children will digest better as well as have fewer colds than the unfortunate bare legged ones.

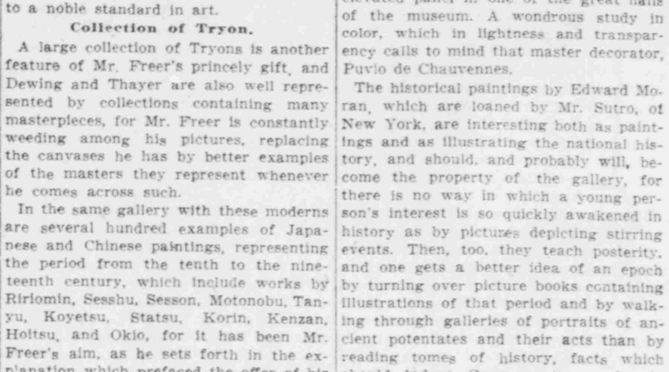
To Avoid Serious Results.

From the Delineator.

After eating a hearty evening meal Edith, aged two and a half years, was taken from the table, to be washed. "You can wash me and rock me," she said, "but don't bend me."

ANOTHER GERMAN VIEW OF ROOSEVELT

From *Kladderadatsch* of Berlin, Under the Caption "Roosevelt's Lecture in Berlin—The Duties of a Citizen of a Constitutional Monarchy."



My lords and gentlemen! In the first place, this citizen must display the proud assurance arising from the possession of individual rights based on popular representation, but he must also give proof of the devotion which a true royalist alone is capable of evincing!

He must stand for his individual opinions and defend them like a man, in a voice of thunder even against the throne;—

But, on the other hand, he must be imbued with those warm feelings for the dynastic rulers which are born of humble recognition of the divine right of kings.

As citizen of a constitutional state, he must be far above any paltry desires for official recognition from above—

But nevertheless he should keep on his otherwise monarchical bosom a little place where there is room at all times for a row of decorations!