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# THE DREAM CITY

Its rise to glory and  
fall to ruin



ROSE V. S. BERRY



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# THE DREAM CITY

ITS ART. IN  
STORY AND  
SYMBOLISM



BY  
ROSE V. S. BERRY

DOCENT AT THE PALACE  
OF FINE ARTS  
PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL  
EXPOSITION

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BY  
MRS. ROSE V. S. BERRY



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### INTRODUCTION.

If "the proper study of mankind is man" then to study the achievement and creation of man is to study the very best of man; and when this achievement and creation is given voice by the world's greatest artists in architecture, sculpture, poetry, painting and symbolism, then it truly behooves us to study well the message they have given. In the art and symbolism of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition we have a great culmination in this line and on every hand we find beautiful things laden with meaning which to miss is an infinite loss. The mission of this little book is in a small way to give assistance to those who would enter into an understanding of these utterances in thought, color and stone.

ROSE V. S. BERRY.

THE DREAM CITY

CHIEF OF DEPARTMENTS.

Architects—Mr. Geo. Kelham of San Francisco.

Sculptors—Mr. Carl Bitter of New York and A. Stirling Calder, his acting Chief, also of New York.

Color—Jules Guerin, New York.

Landscape Gardening—Mr. John McLaren, San Francisco.

Illumination—Mr. W. D'Arcy Ryan, San Francisco.

ARCHITECTS AND THEIR WORK.

Chief of Architects—Geo. Kelham of San Francisco.

Festival Hall—Robert Farquhar of Los Angeles.

Horticultural Hall—Bakewell and Brown of San Francisco.

Tower of Jewels—Thomas Hastings of New York.

Court of the Universe—McKim, Meade and White, New York.

Court of Four Seasons—Henry Bacon of New York.

Court of the Ages—Louis Christian Mullgardt, San Francisco.

Italian Towers	}	Geo. Kelham San Francisco
Court of Palms		
Court of Flowers		

Machinery Palace—Clarence Ward of San Francisco.

Palace of Fine Arts—Bernard R. Maybeck of San Francisco.

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Palace of Varied Industries	}	W. B. Faville. San Francisco
Palace of Mines		
Palace of Manufactures		
Palace of Transportation		
Palace of Liberal Arts		
Palace of Education		
Palace of Agriculture		
Palace of Food Products		
All Portals and Minor Courts		

MURAL PAINTERS.

Milton Bancroft—Court of Four Seasons.

Frank Brangwyn—Court of the Ages.

William De Leftwich Dodge—Tower of Jewels.

Frank Vincent DuMond—Western Arch (Court of Universe).

Childe Hassam—Shower of Blossoms, Court of Palms.

Charles Holloway—Pursuit of Pleasure, Court of Palms.

Arthur F. Mathews, Victorious Spirit, Court of Palms.

Robert Reid—Rotunda, Fine Arts Palace.

Edward Simmons—Eastern Arch (Court of the Universe).



SCULPTORS.

Herbert Adams—Priestess of Culture, Fine Arts Rotunda.

Robert Aitken—Earth, Air, Fire, Water, Elements, Court of Universe. Fountain of Earth, Court of the Ages.

John Bateman—Caryatids, Horticultural Building. Caryatids, Court of Flowers.

Chester Beach—Three groups making Human Altar, Court of Ages.

Solon H. Borglum—American Pioneer, Statue Court of Flowers.

E. L. Boutier—Work upon Horticultural Palace.

B. Bufano—Medallion of Arches of East and West.

Edith W. Burroughs—Fountain of Youth—Arcade—Tower of Jewels.

A. Stirling Calder—Fountain of Energy, South Gardens. The Star, around balustrade in Court of Universe. Flower Girl, in niches of balcony of the Court of Flowers. Groups upon Arches of East and West, of the Court of Universe.

Earle Cummings—Man carrying wreath, Palace of Education.

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Ulric H. Ellerhusen—Women Flower Boxes, Fine Arts Palace.

Frank E. Elwell—"Acroterium"—Victory on Palace Gables.

John Flanagan—Adventurer, Philosopher, Soldier, Priest, figures upon Tower of Jewels.

James E. Fraser—"End of the Trail," statue, Court of Palms.

Daniel C. French—Genius of Creation, in front of Machinery Hall.

Sherry E. Fry—All work and ornamentation of Festival Hall.

Carl Gruppe—Fairy upon Italian Towers.

Gustave Gerlach—Tympanum, Education Palace.

C. R. Harley—Abundance, Triumph of the Fields, in niches of west facades of Education and Food Products.

C. H. Humphries—American Eagles.

Albert Jaegers—Sacrifice Group, Court of Four Seasons. Sunshine and Rain, Court of Four Seasons.

August Jaegers—Abundance, figure on arches. Spandrels, of arches.

Isadore Konti—Frieze at base of Column of Progress.

Albert Laessle—Lions in Court of Flowers.

ITS ART, STORY AND SYMBOLISM

Leo Lentelli—Angel of Peace and Equestrian spandrels on east and west Arches; Aspiration, over Fine Arts door; Water Sprite in the Court of the Ages. Lentelli collaborated with Calder and Roth in the groups of the Nations of the East and West in the Court of the Universe.

Evelyn B. Longman—Fountain of Ceres, Court of Four Seasons.

Paul Manship—Groups—Music, Love of Dancing—Court of Universe.

Hermon A. MacNeil—Frieze of Atlas, Court of Universe. Frieze and Bowman Group, Column of Progress.

Allen Newman—Pirates in the Spanish Renaissance. Portals on the north facade.

Charles Niehaus—Cortez, near Tower of Jewels.

Haig Patigian—Ornamentation and sculpture of Machinery Palace.

C. Peters—Panel of Education Palace.

Furio Piccirilli—Groups in niches of Court of Four Seasons.

Arthur Putnam—Mermaid Fountains, South Gardens.

F. G. R. Roth—Nations of East and West, Court of Universe.

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Charles C. Rumsey—Pizarro, near Tower of Jewels.

Ralph W. Stackpole—Figures in Spanish Portal, Varied Industries Palace. Thought, figure on Palace of Education. Man with Pick.

Cesare Stea—Panels on Education Building.

T. M. L. Tonetti—Equestrian figures on Tower of Jewels.

Edgar Walters—Fountain of Beauty and Beast, Court of Flowers.

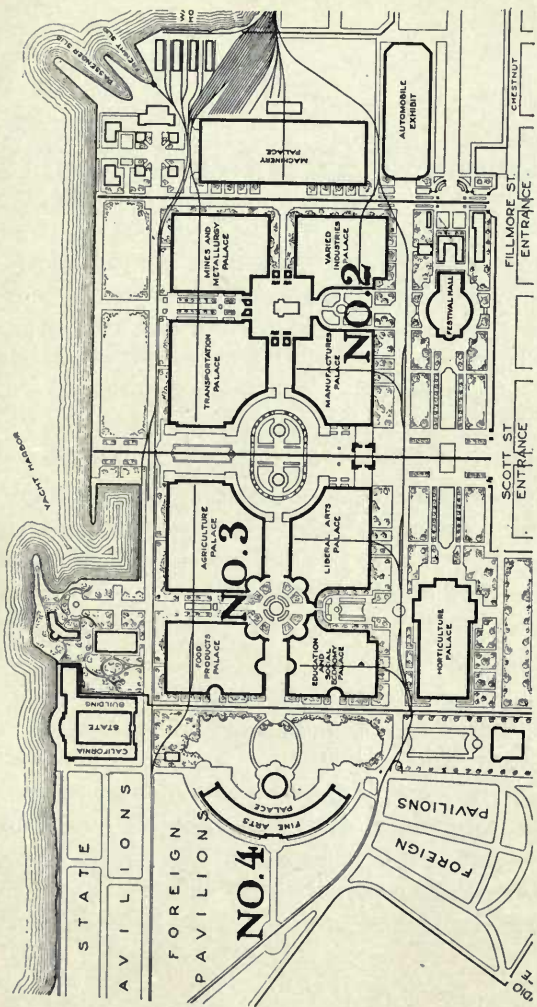
Albert Weinert—The Miner, Varied Industries Palace, Primitive Man and Woman, Court of Ages. Evolution of Man, Evolution of Woman, Humanity Altar, Court of Ages. Woman carrying Book, Education Palace.

Adolph A. Weinman—Fountains of Rising Sun and Setting Sun, Court of Universe.

Gertrude V. Whitney—Fountain of El Dorado, Tower of Jewels.

Mahonri Young—Panel on Manufactures Palace.

Bruno L. Zimm—Panels around Rotunda of Fine Arts.



Plan of Grounds





## The Panama-Pacific International Exposition

In celebrating the cutting through of the canal by this great exposition the people of the United States are for the first time in history celebrating a contemporaneous event. Nothing has been left undone that could in any way add to the greatness of the occasion and it is with just pride that we look upon the completed project, and feel that it is truly great.

The work that has been accomplished can scarcely be appreciated by those seeing the site for the first time. Two years ago it was a boggy, wave-lapped shore; today it is crowned with exhibit palaces and covered with flowers and almost a forest of trees.

Nothing but the work of men who are real wizards could have brought about such a transformation. The Exposition commissioners were most fortunate in securing just such men, and wizards they have proven themselves beyond all question. To appreciate this tremendous undertaking of the Exposition something of this should be known. The chiefs of the various departments have furnished such excellent team work that the

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mind can scarcely conceive anything more to add to the accomplished plan.

Many excellencies will of themselves be forced upon the sight of the millions who visit the Exposition, but again many fine accomplishments will be taken as a matter of fact and overlooked. Who would believe that 43,000 eucalyptus trees had been grown for the occasion? Yet it is true. Two years ago they were plants six inches high. They were placed in hot beds and transplanted every six weeks, forced in this way as long as was best, the growth was then permitted to make slower advance, but today they are from twenty to fifty feet in height. Five thousand, five hundred acacia trees have been raised, too, and 500 Monterey cypress trees transplanted with only a loss of 25. These are only a few of the wonders which the Chief of the Landscape Gardening, John McLaren, has accomplished. In the south gardens 125,000 plants are used at each planting—and 200,000 will be used when changes are made in connection with the other courts. Surrounding the lagoon and the Fine Arts Palace are 10,000 periwinkles, 5,000 California violets, and 5,000 Spanish iris, to say nothing of hundreds of yellow and white callas and sweet-scented shrubs and daffodils. No visitor

walking about could dream that hundreds of tons of earth and fertilizer had been placed so recently upon salt sand beds, when looking upon these glorious things in their beauty as given to the world by McLaren. No one can realize the part the splendid banking in pyramid form of the trees and shrubbery plays in the added charm given the great unbroken walls of the palaces without thought—but all this was in the plan—no accident brought it about.

The things true of McLaren are true of all the other Chiefs of Departments. Over and over one is called upon to marvel at the beauty, splendor and perfection of the great scheme as carried out by these gifted men.

The architectural plan is perhaps the simplest ever adopted by a body of men intending to erect an imposing group of buildings. The simplicity could have been a real danger yet it has been made a chief charm, and the outside of the great buildings is scarcely a hint of the delights displayed in the courts in the way of fantasy and finish. The whole might be a jewel casket whose exquisite beauty was only divulged when looking into it. The painters and the sculptors have lent themselves so entirely to the great builders that they enter into the thing as a whole, yet each in his individuality and talent

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is a giant and stands out a great joy to study when taken alone. Always it comes back to us—the perfection of the ensemble—the harmony, the sense of *one-ness* is the tremendous impression. Jules Guerin, his four chosen colors for buildings, and decorators. The architects and sculptors work likewise in unison with one material; all this has made possible the most harmonious series of buildings the world has ever seen.

The building material is a composition made in imitation of travertine, a soft, porous marble favored greatly in Italy, figuring largely in the building of the Coliseum and Roman Forum. The material is rough surfaced, with a persistent fault recurring regularly all through the stone—the technical name for this blemish is lamination—the surface of the stone being made rough in this way is exceedingly soft and beautiful in large wall spaces. It takes a fine smooth surface when dressed and lends itself well to any form of decoration. It is tinted in the making so when the walls stand finished they are a soft, neutral ivory tint. It is probably the first time all the decorations for so large a number of buildings made of the same material has ever been seen. It is one more great

thing—the conception that they should be kindred in every way—and has proved to be in superb taste.

Then the great color Chief, the man who has painted in France, Italy, Egypt and the Holy Land; the man who knows color combinations until it is a dream sweetened by warmth and sunlight; he comes with his green, orange, blue and Pompeian red and their immediate variations and it would seem that the last note had been struck. It sounds almost garish. Yet, did any one ever behold a more entrancing thing than the sight of these colors as they have been applied to the Exposition buildings? Jules Guerin has kept in harmony everything in the way of color. People cannot appreciate to what extent this color scheme occupied him. The lawns, the grouped trees, the colors of the flowers, the shale on the paths, the color of the uniforms worn by the guards all received consideration, while three hundred different colored fabrics in linen, brocades and velvets have been provided for the choice of the exhibitors. He worked for days dyeing every rag he could get his hands on until he was able to secure the Exposition colors—soft and beautiful—for streamers, pennants and flags. Turn where you will, there is no violence. His colored cornices, half-domes and domes blend into the blue



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of the sky until it would seem they were a bit of it detached.

Perhaps there never was a place where it behooved the visitor to lift his eyes as often. McLaren charms and fascinates with his lawns, flowers and trees, and the reflected glories in the fountain basins, pools and lagoons tend to keep our glance downward, but to lift the eyes is to be inspired. The brilliant blue sky of California is fairly peopled by winged victories, statues to Rain, Sunshine, Flora and Ceres. It is one of the most entrancing phases of beauty—this beauty of the sky over at the Exposition. And whether it be blue or gray always those magnificent forms stand out in splendid, bold and glad relief and we bless the inspiration that placed them there for us to look up to.

There is another chapter to the wonders however. Description fails when one would tell of the work of W. D'Arcy Ryan. He has made night much more wonderful than day and seemingly has been able to put before us the material in visible form from which all color dreams are created.



## ITS ART, STORY AND SYMBOLISM

### ILLUMINATION.

Mr. Ryan is probably the last man on earth who would wish to take honor when it was not his due; since there is an enormous amount coming to him he has an abundance to share with Mr. Gossling, the designer, Mr. Dickerson, the engineer, and Mr. Bailey, chief of the department of mechanics. Mr. Ryan was sent to the Exposition people by the General Electric Company and his services therefore have been in the nature of a gift to the P. P. I. E.

The sight of the illuminations is one of the most unique and astounding features the visitor is called upon to enjoy. To receive each thrill in order and to thoroughly appreciate the magnitude of the plan of lighting one should await the whole procedure from the Court of the Universe. The lights come on by the pressing of the button, and it is easy to miss some of the first finest glimpses. The red light which embraces the Tower of Jewels, to begin with, is as Ryan conceived it, something brought back from the setting sun. It gives warmth and a fine red glow to the surroundings for a short time,

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then the pressing of another button changes the whole sight into a glory of white brilliancy. The corridors of the colonnade, the eastern and western arches, the Tower of Jewels, the fountains of the Rising and Setting Sun all come in turn into the charm of this wonderful plan. Mere words cannot in any way prepare one for the superb effect of the indirect or "flood lighting," as Ryan calls it.

Many secrets lie beyond the ken of the public. Many experiments and achievements constitute the marvelous success this scheme of Mr. Ryan's has become; for instance, the lighting of the cof-fered domes and ceilings is accomplished by red lights upon one side and white lights on the other, the combined colors keeping the depth and the curve of the domes. Too much cannot be said for the beauty of this phase of the Exposition's departures, and it must be seen to be appreciated; but the public admit that the color of Jules Guerin and the lighting by Ryan constitute the greatest innovations of the Panama-Pacific.

The forty-eight scintillators make another chapter in the fairyland of night, and again it is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the fabulous play of color as it is controlled by forty-eight men, each stationed beside a great lens three feet in

diameter with various colored screens ready for use when the order comes. Few can appreciate the tremendous power of the light under control here, five and one-half billions candle power is the great scintillator's strength when it is working. These scintillators throw numerous colors upon the smoke from exploding bombs, and steam, escaping from steam jets into designs resembling plumes pin-wheels, waterfalls, and pine trees. Until these have been seen no one has the faintest conception of a symphony of color, and for these color-mad people in the art world it would seem that these visions of Ryan's might allay the malady.

The Horticultural Dome has received no small amount of attention. Over a year before the Fair opened, minute details, including blue prints of each spot of color, giving color and shape and the movement according to the design were in the hands of these light wizards. There is a scheme back of the mysterious performances in the great glass world, the whole dome being used to portray the creation of the universe. Rings—concentric rings—starting small and increasing in size like the waves on a pool separate into smaller rings which again travel and merge. There are comets, slow and rapid in their movements, and the misty milky-

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way is another of the heavenly representations which pass slowly before the eye of the beholder. The whole possesses a weird dignity which is creepy and awe-inspiring, and certainly proves another individual achievement accomplished by Ryan.

The matter of reflections has held the earnest attention of Mr. Ryan and Mr. Dickerson, rumor says, and half the beauty of the night is in the pictures mirrored in the fountain basins, pools and lagoons. It is wise to be in a credulous state when relations of these wonders are being rehearsed, because experience proves that the sights are beyond the imagination in many instances.

It is impossible to enter into the work of these electricians without technical knowledge, but all may stand and appreciate to the utmost the colorful visions which they hurl into the air, and all must acknowledge that Ryan has held within his grasp not only superb visions but power to visualize these sights into fantasies phenomenal and glorious beyond words.

SYMBOLISM.

On every hand the visitor turns to find himself confronting statues and paintings laden with meaning. Symbolism is rife, it is always present and there is one constant utterance—what does it all mean? The keynote to the situation is one thing: The tremendous achievement of the present—this Panama Canal; this bringing together the Atlantic and Pacific. The eradication of the vast distance between the East and the West, Progress, Achievement, the western advance of the people, the pioneer of the south and the west, the pursuit of visions and dreams, listening to those who have stories of abundance to tell, the lure of adventure and prosperity, and at last the success of it all. The things accomplished, the desert, mountains and extensive lands of the west explored—brought into the service of insistent settlers and ending in this last great undertaking of the American people, the most tremendous ever accomplished in so short a time, the completion of the great canal. If these things are kept in mind together with the blessings of Nature, and the charm of California with its various beauties and gifts in fruits, flowers, grain and gold—



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almost the whole of the symbolism may be read as one passes before it.

Passing through the main entrance at Scott Street the visitor stands in the center of the Exposition grounds, where the glory of the vision before the eye sets the heart bounding with surprised delight. Gardens glowing with hundreds of thousand of daffodils, pansies and yellow tulips that have already blossomed and will be changed from time to time and always give silent voice, but volumes of praise nevertheless to McLaren. This garden enclosed between the great Festival Hall on the east, Horticultural Hall on the west and the whole group of exhibition palaces on the north has one feature never seen before, a great, green wall made of a tiny vine—*mesembryanthemum spectabilis*—planted in boxes six feet long by two feet wide, these boxes set on edge one upon another, and have been formed into a hedge which in turn has been shaped and molded into arches suggesting some architectural material instead of a planted, growing vine in its natural element—the earth.

A. Stirling Calder's Fountain of Energy is the great ornamental center of this garden and the fine figure of the victorious youth riding through the turbulent waters faces the south—his arms out-



## ITS ART, STORY AND SYMBOLISM

stretched, his hands thrown back to restrain any resisting force which might by chance impede his way. With Fame and Valor crowning him he is easily recognized as the symbol of the energy called forth by this great work and one looks up to him with appreciation and never a doubt but that his strength and hope would have endured and overcome all that has been mastered by the indomitable will of these men who have been for years putting forth Herculean efforts upon the canal. Energy is mounted upon a horse which fine and powerful stands upon a great globe representing the earth. A great ornamental band around the earth gives evidence of the blessings bestowed by the light and warmth of the sun. While at the feet of the horse the Western Hemisphere is present as a bull and the Eastern Hemisphere as a lioness. In the basin of the fountain various ornamental motives have been used. The four large ones in the center nearest the fountain represent the four great oceans. These are unique and unusual, each with its truth to tell when their properties are studied. The Atlantic Ocean is a beautiful-faced woman with coral locks and sea horses in her hand. She rides in wild abandon a helmeted fish. The Northern Ocean

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is represented by an Esquimaux riding the walrus, the Southern Ocean by a negro on the back of a sea-elephant and the Pacific Ocean a woman rides the back of a sea monster. On the outer circle of the basin in groups of three, charming little figures ride dolphins in great glee. To the east and west in extensive pools which reflect many beauties all their own, play the Mermaid Fountains of Arthur Putnam.

Continuing into the garden we approach the Tower of Jewels with an equestrian statue on either side of it. The statue of Cortez, the conquerer of Mexico, by Niehaus, is on the right. Pizaro, conqueror of Peru, is by Chas. Rumsey, on the left.

“The Tower of Jewels”—the huge, imposing entrance into the Court of the Universe—is by Thomas Hastings, a New York architect. It stands about 435 feet high and has seven terraces or horizontal divisions. It is crowned by a great ball representing the earth which is surrounded by a band tracing the course of the sun’s journey around the earth, the band beautifully hung with jewels, the greatest innovation of the tower. The tower is decorated with jewels cut with facets like a diamond—106,000 of these hanging upon swivels so that the least breeze moves them. The jewels lend

their colors—green, red, white, blue and yellow—to the glory of the tower. The tower is beautiful by day, but at night when Ryan's lighted effects hold it in their embrace it is almost astounding.

Grouped so that you can see four figures from each side, one sees the fine statues by John Flannigan of New York. These figures are the Adventurer, the Priest, the Philosopher and the Soldier—attributes of the mind of every great pioneer since the history of the world began. The Philosopher's being the mind which thought out the plan, all its whys and wherefores. The Adventurer's the mind which fearlessly started out to adopt the plan; the Soldier's mind gives the attribute of might and power, and the Priest's the necessary hope and faith. It is a splendid story John Flannigan has told us by the silent presence of these stone men:

On the first great tier of the tower you see a decorative series of equestrian statues by Tonetti, the type of Spanish explorer who came into the great southwest. One of the most impressive bits of decoration is the boat at each corner of the third terrace. It is Egyptian—Sphinx-like—but a woman, with her head held high makes the prow of the boat. She is the spirit of adventure itself;

hopeful and courageous she puts out to sea, knowing nothing, but hoping all things.

The American eagle is in evidence as it should be and after that the decoration is architectural—with medallions, balustrades and columns.

Passing through the tower study the splendid effect of the coffered ceiling and appreciate the full beauty of Guerin's colors as applied, to this decoration.

On either wall you have the fine mural paintings of Frank De Leftwich Dodge. These are in panels sixteen feet high and ninety-two feet long. They are divided into three divisions making each a triptych. The part of a mural decoration is to decorate a wall. It should have no distance; it must be flat so that the wall and the quality of the wall is constantly in mind. Dodge has carried out his wall effect by a bit of clever work; he has placed a conventional design back of the painting so that the wall is everywhere evident. Notice how deep and rich he has made his colors—remember these mural painters were all held to the four-color scheme of Guerin too, and it is intensely interesting to see how variously they have been handled.

Dodge's are strong and powerful without being brilliant or riotous. On one side you have

the Panama district discovered, the Purchase and the larger central group, where over the heads of the great Herculean figure representing the canal you have the hands of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans all but clasped. Always, everywhere, this bringing together of the East and the West. On the opposite side you have Labor crowned, the achievement and the completed canal called the Gateway of Nations. Sailing through are different kinds of boats coming after the work of the machinery (which is shown) has been completed. Not to have noticed the frame of Dodge's work will have been a loss—it is of unusual merit.

Flanking the Tower east and west are the two arcades. These contain the mural fountains of Mrs. Burroughs and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney.

The Fountain of the El Dorado on the left is an unusual subject handled with great skill by Mrs. Whitney. The two paneled frieze is done in the high relief of the Renaissance sculpture. Each figure and face is well worth study. The whole story is told plainly. Mrs. Whitney's fountain is a drama acted out before the visitor. Those who make up the frieze are the people entering into this long race for the El Dorado—gold, dreams realized, fame, glory, all things mortals long for. At the

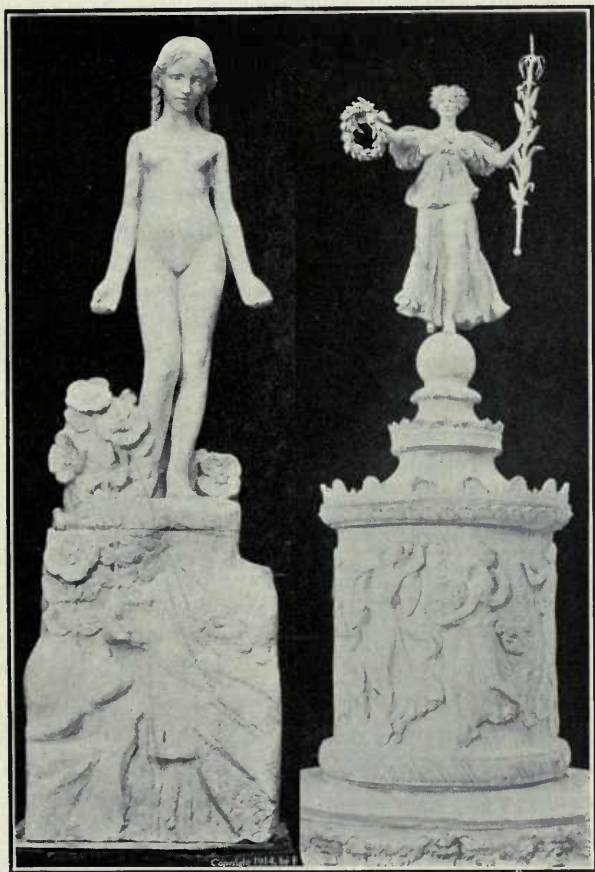


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beginning of each frieze see how some fail to grasp the vision, lack desire, see the woman (on the right) who having prevailed in vain is kissing her loved one good-bye. On the other frieze it is a woman who fails to catch the enticing dream. The story as told by the frieze is true in every way to life—the attempt to achieve is more than a pleasurable effort—it is fraught with sadness, failure, difficulties and hard labor for all who would succeed. But they do persevere, and at the end hope thrills them and they are more impetuous than ever and with out-stretched eager hands they arrive—to find a priestess and priest guarding the temple doors—which are ajar, leaving hope to live, since they are not closed. Interest has been aroused and left tense by the artist. The questions, do they succeed? Are they admitted? Is it well with the suppliant? are on the mind of the beholder. The Panama-Pacific International Exposition is celebrating a great achievement, not a failure. Of course it is well with them, a race well run, a battle well fought, a struggle brought to the end is a development in itself and means everything to the contestant.

Mrs. Burrough's Fountain of Youth is poetical and beautiful. The figure of the little girl is fascinating in its simple, childish beauty. She stands





Fountains of Youth and Ceres

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in the primrose path of youth. The father's and mother's heads in relief upon the pedestal look up in loving tenderness to their little one. They supply primroses and evidently would fain keep her treading this innocent and happy path. But these figures in the frieze tell the story too truly—whether we will or not youth slips away from us with loving remembrance, reconciliation, sorrow and regret it escapes, and always we turn to it with tenderness, while age carries us irresistibly beyond. Experience and need turn us about and life is a constant demonstration that both phases—youth and age—must be ever present.

Now into the Court of the Universe. As the visitor passes beyond the "Tower of Jewels" he steps into the great court of the Exposition—the center of the main group of buildings. Breadth and dignity are here. The stately colonnade sweeps its curves around the sunken garden and makes a fine reach out to the sea itself. Everything here is uplifting and one's pulse stirs livelier as one stands contemplating the architectural achievement of McKim, Meade & White of New York. The knowledge, skill and talent of the architects, sculptors and mural painters are in evidence everywhere. In all that they have given us we see

the fine fundamental excellencies of their art. The architects know well the splendid things of Europe and in much that is used we catch faint glimpses of great things done in the old world hundreds of years ago. If our builders had known less of these good things the beauty of the Exposition would have been the sufferer. As it is, in many instances one can almost name the great artistic or architectural treasure which has served as an inspiration.

This Court of the Universe is filled with fine things and gives one much to think of in the superb way the great thought of the universe has been carried out. Very little of earth is here; it has mostly to do with the tremendous things known to the earth—but not altogether of it.

Looking up, there are six great domes painted in orange, giving individuality to the domes of the Court—all the others being green. Taking these as worlds we see beneath them a frieze done in fine Greek fashion. This is Hermon MacNeil's frieze of Atlas. It is fitting that Atlas should be called into service here. His duty from time immemorial has been to hold up the earth. Here we find the old god astronomer in the same occupation—accompanied by his fourteen daughters.

Atlas stands in the center, his great wings, flowing beard, and drapery close and straight to his body, giving him a post-like appearance. On either side in beautiful, rhythmical groups of two and three, dance his daughters for whom fourteen great constellations are named.

Closely associated with Atlas and his daughters is another beautiful decorative female figure—The Star—by A. Stirling Calder. She graces the whole upper balustrade of the Court of the Universe. To look at her is to love her. Singly she is a post, collectively she makes a fence—artistically she is a wonderful bit of sculpture with all the excellence of the Greek shaped figures and the beauty of a modern head. The ideal in the Greek art forms so large a feature in the work of our sculptors that it should be better understood, and a paragraph here upon Greek art cannot be amiss.

The Greek sculptors carried their art to such heights that in matters of physical beauty and perfection they have never been excelled. The best our modern men can do is, perhaps, to equal the Greek in his triumph. But it was only in the form of the body they had this to the greatest extent. The Greek faces were after the type of the Greek ideal which in many instances made them

monotonous. No pain, sorrow, suffering, no mark of age or any deformity was ever put into marble by a Greek sculptor. As a result no portrait statue exists—if they named a statue for Pericles it was after he had been idealized past recognition and after his elongated head had been concealed by the raised helmet. This making heads and faces by rule and precept makes it possible for us today to love a Greek statue with its face battered and broken or even with its head altogether missing. This is not true of the figure, however, whether draped fully, or with the drapery drawn back so that the body is almost entirely exposed, or whether altogether nude, the Greek marble is entrancing and it is this beauty which exists in *The Star* of A. Stirling Calder. Compared with some of the finest female figures in Greek art *The Star* is of them, but more charming because of her modern face.

The important thing to know about the Greek frieze is that the figures are always well distanced—no crowding, no over-filled background, always an opportunity to see the good qualities about the figures in relief. This factor is one of their possessions largely because the Greek sculptor never saw anything in any other way on account of the



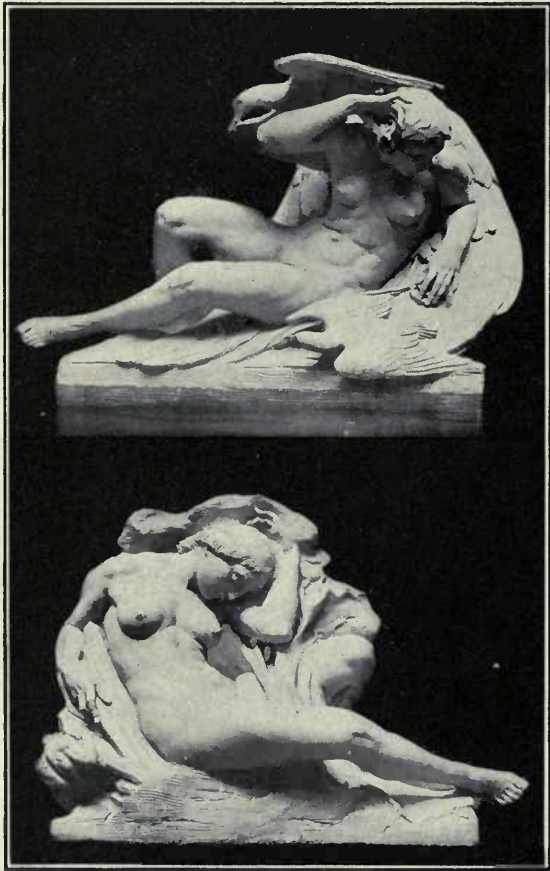
## THE DREAM CITY

rarefied atmosphere of his land. All objects stand out clear and distinct against the brilliant sun and sky of Greece. So, in all typical Greek relief you have the figures placed in spaces so free that they are able to show at their best the grace and beauty bestowed upon them by their artist makers, and this is the excellence possessed by the Atlas frieze of MacNeil, and it will be referred to again and again as we study the work of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition sculptors. These two instances are the only ones of Greek influence in this great court, everything else is of Roman and Renaissance richness and glory.

The sunken garden in this court is surrounded by a terraced lawn and balustrade upon which sculptured and architectural men and women lend themselves as adjuncts to the lighting scheme.

Immediately before the visitor, approaching from the Tower, the fine statues of Earth and Air, by Robert Aitken, are seen. Earth (upon the right) is sleeping—a fine bit of poetical feeling to have had this atom of the universe unconscious while all the rest of the elements are quick and alive to everything about them. Earth sleeps amid things all her own while man wrests her gifts from her, but she is watched and guarded by the keenly alert Air





Aitkin's—Air and Earth

## THE DREAM CITY

opposite (on the left). Air is in a listening attitude—in one hand she holds a star to her ear telling plainly she listens with joy to the music of the spheres—the boundless distance beyond. Near her other hand and resting upon her shoulder are two strong pinioned, high-flying birds—symbols of air. While strapped to her powerful wings, a part of her, is perhaps a storm fiend—an attribute of air not to be considered too lightly. Across the sunken gardens just opposite, are the other two horizontal statues by Aitken—Fire and Water. In all of these things one is reminded of Michael Angelo, and in this one of Water more than the rest. Water is more traditionally handled; he sits upon the wave with the trident in his hand and the sporting dolphin his companion. Screaming Fire is across from Water, and they make a fine contrasting pair in their masculine power and vigor with the female figures Earth and Air. Fire has everything to brand upon him his identity—the lightning in his arm, his hand in the flame and the only creeping thing which can live in fire—the salamander.

The other ornamental groups about the balustrade are the four vertical groups by Manship—Music and Love of Dancing.

As the visitor loiters about, something of the size of this court begins to impress him. It covers nearly five acres, between seven and nine thousand people can be seated here. The pageants and spectacular festivities of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition will be given here and this spirit pervades the court. The great triumphal arches and circling colonnades seem to foretell just this feature of the celebration. While there is much that speaks of dignity and might the utterances of grace and beauty are present too. The frieze is decorated with flowering festoons and the bull's head—an ancient symbol—but to us always saying "The desert shall blossom as the rose."

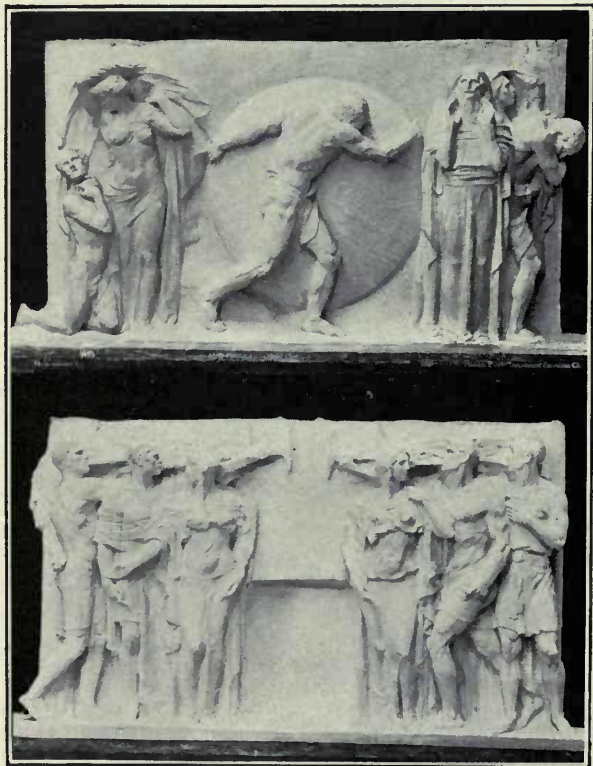
Some of the most unexpected bits of daintiness come upon the sight here. The great columns, if the sun is shining right, give reflected shades almost indescribable. The pink of the side walls, the green from the doors, and the blue from the ceilings cast upon the columns the tint of the pearl, and it seems almost a glimpse of something not of this world. This is only eclipsed by something better and that comes when the visitor charmed by the vista, as seen through these great corridors of the sea chances to catch a white-winged sailing vessel passing by, then it truly seems that God him-

## THE DREAM CITY

self is operating moving pictures upon the screen, and there is nothing more to be desired.

When once we turn our eyes seaward there is no resisting the Column of Progress. This is another fine story in stone, and is the relation by symbols of the struggle maintained always by humanity for these great things which must be mastered, and made subservient before we may really progress. The story begins on the north side of the base (the side next the sea). The central motive in this panel is a huge figure in the act of loosing a whole sphere or universe of power upon humanity. Once freed from his controlling grasp the effort to control it again must come from all succeeding generations. The action begins with the figures on either side the great master of power and progress. The old man on the right, knowing that his years are numbered, his life of toil almost ended, looks up and throws up his hands in impotence. He can do nothing. To him it is an overwhelming impossibility, and he passes it on to those who come after him and those generations understanding, bow the head, bend the back and undertake the struggle. On the other side of the central figure a young woman is so awed with apprehension that she turns aside utterly unable to contemplate in its magnitude

ITS ART, STORY AND SYMBOLISM



**Panels—Column of Progress**



## THE DREAM CITY

this tremendous task put upon mankind. Though physically gifted she is not of the mind to bring to herself the necessary courage to begin the effort and she passes it on to the young man kneeling near her, who with the hope and power of youth assumes the task.

Continuing around the base we see how the procession of toilers from the old man has advanced. Coming from the north to the western panel, you have a group of three, an old man, with high cheek bones, weary and hopeless to exhaustion; just before him another discouraged man, but both being led and persuaded by a glorious woman who has not lost will to do, faith or courage. She leads them on to the goal of success, but her efforts are retarded by that splendidly self-satisfied, dreaming boy who stands there unable to take anything in beyond his own love of day dreams which require inactivity to enjoy. With everything in his power lying unheeded he misses his calling, fails in his service to humanity and all those following pay for his indifference. He is such a splendid being that we cannot chide, we scarcely blame him, it only makes one inordinately sorry that with such fine qualifications one should have failed to enter the race. Those coming after pay the price. They bend lower



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**Panels—Column of Progress**

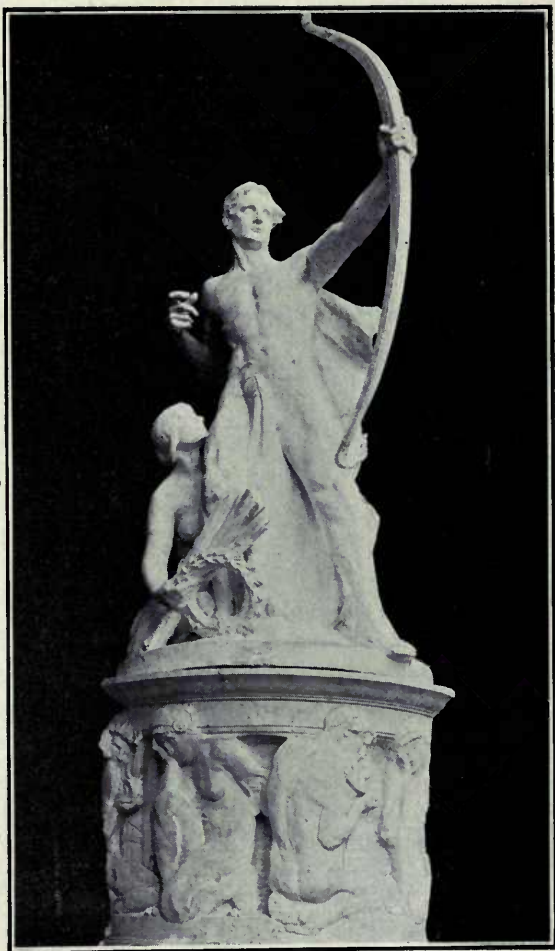
## THE DREAM CITY

under their toil, and the heavy burden of added severity rests upon their shoulders. But they are permitted to carry it on to success, and they bring it within hearing distance of the happy buglers who make the southern panel. Now turn to the eastern panel and see how the generations from the woman took up the endeavor.

The first figure on the east side did by physical effort all he could. The second has reached out and by the power of his might and sword he has striven to master the task in another way. Then comes one whom by the presence of the eagle we know to have been inspired with splendid things of the spirit. With uplifted hands and face it is evident that his efforts have been with higher ideals and his work a telling one. Then come those who in groups succeed and they hand the work on to those who see the plane of action change and bugling their victory begin to ascend, to carry the struggle on from another height to meet the victorious ones from the other side and they all begin the ascent. These bugling victors in the last panel, with ringing, clarion notes almost audible apparently lead into the entrance of the column, and certainly by suggestion induce the eye to begin the ascent of the spirally decorated shaft.

## ITS ART, STORY AND SYMBOLISM

Lifting the eyes to the column it is psychologically impossible to drop them again. The decoration, always ascending, is stiff, and conventional little waves carry busy, sailing ships up and up until we come to the frieze and upper group by Hermon A. MacNeil. In the frieze the figures are left crouching as if they were just coming from the difficult confines of the column's shaft. Architecturally 'this is a necessity. If they were full standing figures they would be out of proportion, and if they were small standing figures they would detract from the great group on top. As they are they are perfect from the artistic point of view and they carry on the symbolical story of ceaseless effort. From these who have struggled to this height three are permitted to come out upon the top to view the things from this vantage point, two successful ones in reserve should the "Adventurous Bowman" need them. MacNeil has not left us in doubt a minute as to the result of the flight of that arrow. By the effort, ceaseless effort, of each striving one beneath him, and by the law of compensation it is decreed that perseverance shall prevail and these three from their heights shall witness the victory of the speeding arrow. Three of them—one a bowman whose fiery zeal and spirit is



**Adventurous Bowman—MacNell**

in evidence all about him, his face strong and fine, his mental and physical being visibly filled with victorious meaning,—wait and watch. Supporting him is a fine unselfish man, giving unasked of his best, and a woman with her feminine heart filled with love and appreciation kneels ready to crown the great Bowman, with her palm and laurel emblems of victory.

There are two other inspiring things in this great court. Down in the sunken gardens on high shafts stand the two fountains of A. A. Weinman of New York. The Rising Sun in the east is the very soul of inspiration. His fine youthful form is filled to the utmost with this great thing he is to do. The sculptor has taken the action at the psychological point to the fraction of an instant and the whole poise is that of every muscle hardened with present activity, the young male figure stands on his toes, his body rigidly erect, his hands outstretched, and giving the arms increased support and power are two strong wings spread in added might. It would seem that Weinman only failed in that the Rising Sun does not breathe, for every other semblance of life is present. One can't say too much of the excellence of this work and this figure will live long in the memory of those who will learn to love his glorious, vigorous power.



## THE DREAM CITY

### THE RISING SUN.

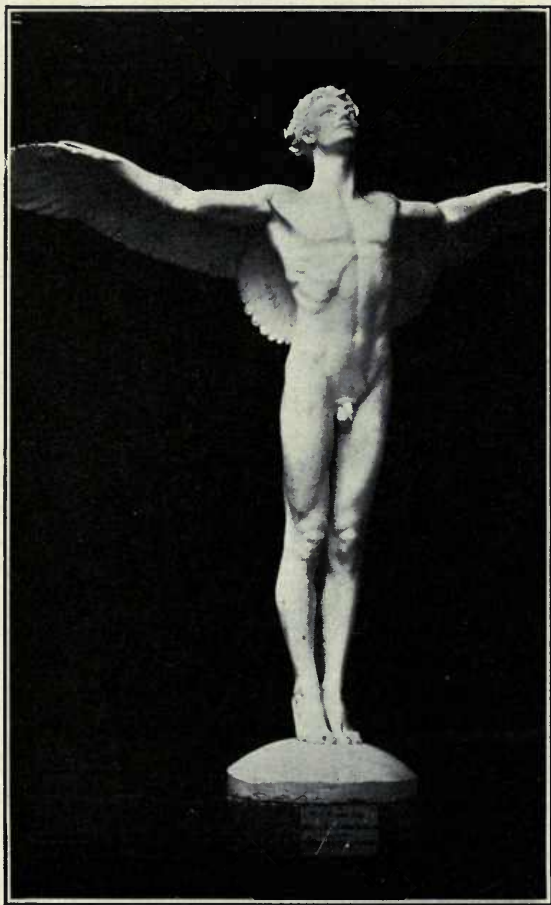
The darkness of Dawn. A silence deep.  
All earth held fast in the arms of sleep.  
Watched by the stars God placed in his skies  
In dreamless rest humanity lies—  
While low in the East the first pink flush  
Gives tint and shade to the Dawn's great hush.  
Breathless the flowers' fragrance distilled  
Springs like worshipping incense thrilled  
When the stillness vast is sweetly stirred  
By the whistling note of one, wee bird.  
Then with the rush and might of his power  
The sun god heralds his coming hour.  
And when his whole being with strength is taut,  
A miracle by great force is wrought.  
And forth from the sky this gift is hurled—  
The Sun-god's gift of day—to the world.

The Rising Sun as interpreted by Weinman :

THE RISING SUN.—Firm of muscle, wide of chest and powerful of arm, the sun god in the glory of his youth is shown as though rising over the horizon on his flight through infinite space, his face turned upward, eye fixed onward, the youthful wings fresh grown and eager for the mighty flight.

THE FOUNTAIN OF THE RISING SUN.—The sculptured band woven around the base of the shaft above secondary basin represents "Day Triumph-





**Weinman's Rising Sun**

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Setting Sun—Weinman

48

ant." On it are shown the genius of "Time," a winged female figure with hour-glass, the genius of "Light" with flaming torch, the sturdy "Energy Re-awakened" sounding the break of day. Following these are the figure of "Truth" with mirror and sword, triumphantly emerging from a group of figures, typifying the sinister powers of Darkness; "Falsehood" shrinking from its own image reflected in the mirror of Truth, and "Vice" cowering and struggling in the coils of a serpent.

DESCENDING NIGHT.—Chaste of line and form, with head bowed low, her countenance in gentle sorrow, carried by dark and mighty wing, Night, in peaceful calm is settling upon the terrestrial sphere.

THE FOUNTAIN OF THE SETTING SUN.—The sculptural band around base of shaft represents "The Mystery of Dusk." On it are shown the gentle powers of Night. "Dusk," enveloping in her cloak the figures of Labor, Love and Peace, typified by an exhausted toiler, a mother fondling her babe and a shepherd playing upon his reed pipe. Following these, "Illusion," carried upon the wings of "Sleep." Rising gently from the soil are the male and female figures symbolizing the "Evening Mists," followed by the "Star Dance" and "Luna," the goddess of the Silver Crescent. A. A. WEINMAN.

## THE DREAM CITY

While it would seem that Weinman had spent his thought and power in the creation of his Rising Sun, the figure of the Setting Sun is one daintier and still more exquisite. Well the artist's soul knew that the beauty of the female figure would be at its best in relaxation. The grace and softness of her nude form is almost indescribable. If all vigor, inspiration, power and might were called in for the Rising Sun—surely every contrasting possibility has been used in Setting Sun, and nothing more elusive has been suggested than the passing of the day in this figure. Her head is drooping, her wings and arms are folding down, her wrists and hands are beginning to relax, she is breaking at the waist and at the knees—soon she will stand no longer on her toes. Then she will have ceased to exist as evening, and the forces of night grouped beneath her while she is powerful, will have consumed her and her reign will have ceased.

## THE ARCHES OF THE EAST AND WEST.

Two things remain yet to study—the great arches of triumph, taken from those built in honor of the Roman conquerors. These are used here in fitting continuation of the architect's great plan. Nothing has been left undone seemingly to make these arches complete in inspiration. In the thought bestowed upon them we have every type of the creative ability of man. The great form is given by the architect, then almost as part of the builder the sculptor lends his skill, the mural painter adds his beautiful color in decoration and lest all this should not hold us and something still fail, Mr. Porter Garnett of Berkeley has inscribed some of the most inspired utterances from the greatest minds of the world, and when you read them they thrill and vibrate with the music of life and prophecy and the last note is sounded. For these are the great gifts of the creative power of man. These are the things springing up within him which places him next to God,—these phases of the Creator which make him an architect, a sculptor, a painter, a writer and a musician.

The sculptural groups crowning each arch tell their own story well. They are the combined work



## THE DREAM CITY

of Lentelli, Roth and Calder. These men have given a tremendous amount in these pieces of work. They have brought to us the "Spirit of the East" completely even though its form sits almost concealed in the howdah of the elephant. All the weird mysticism of the great, silent, desert people, hovers over those figures as they approach the west, and their religion and philosophy—the meaning of which we are only beginning to grasp—seems to wrap them completely around. It is strange, but it is true, that a feeling of awe and reverence takes possession as we contemplate these sturdy people from the far east trying to realize how closely they may enter upon our lives since the eradication of the distance separating us. Taking them from left to right they are:

The Arab sheik, with his fine Arabian steed.

The Negro servitor walking, with fruit upon his head.

The Egyptian upon his camel.

The Arab falconier.

The Hindu Prince seated upon the elephant, while inside the howdah rides the Spirit of the East.

The Lama from Thibet.

The Mohammedan upon his camel.

The negro servitor.

The Mongolian soldier upon his war horse.

In this arch way are the mural paintings of Edward Simmons. Remember that these painters are bound close to a color scheme and that the four colors prescribed by Jules Guerin with their immediate shades are all within reach of these men accustomed to choose with freedom the colors with which they would speak. Simmons has taken the more delicate tones and has given something entirely different in character from the color scheme of Dodge. Facing the south, upon the right wall of the arch, you have represented by men, the different nations of the East who have turned their faces westward at various times in history. A little bugler with assurance amounting almost to pertness prances on before them, tempting them to follow. First comes the adventurer from lost Atlantis, the Roman next and following him those from central and Southern Europe—the English and Spanish, then quickly come the arts and religion the immigrant of today, the workman, and behind with her figure draped is the veiled future.

The mission of a mural painting is merely to decorate the wall, flat and wall-like it must be. The first mural decorations were largely of stone (mosaic) a medium lending itself excellently to the

## THE DREAM CITY

built wall, and Simmons with a painted stroke has cleverly imitated mosaic and his murals would deceive any one as to the medium used.

On the opposite wall we have the part played by the minds of man in this undertaking represented by women. The spirits who lure on in this procession are two beautiful wind-blown women leaving behind them an array of iridescent bubbles. Bubbles filled to the utmost with beautiful and enticing tales. One fascinated woman chases the bubbles. With nothing but their color and form for stability—which is no stability at all—she leaves the rank and file to pursue. Those who follow come with prudence uppermost and they with Exploration, Transportation (the woman carrying the sail and steamboats), Inspiration, Truth (with a cross on her breast), Beauty and Productivity make an array of characteristics which are substantial—not transient as the bubble and its beauty.

In the group upon the western arch we have all the types known intimately to us. There every one can and does speak for himself, each has played a part in this western history and we love every one of them. See how well the sculptors have preserved the balance of the two groups. In maintaining the pyramid form throughout it has been

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Murals—by Du Mond and Simmons

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necessary to raise the height of the large wagon and A. Stirling Calder has placed the victorious Spirit of Enterprise above the wagon and the little white and colored boys beside her, calling them the "Hope of Tomorrow,"—in this way keeping the highest point in the groups equal.

From left to right these are:

The French-Canadian trapper.

The Alaskan carrying her totem poles.

The Latin-American on horse-back with his standard.

The German and the Italian on either side of the oxen.

The Anglo-American on horseback.

The American Squaw with her pappoose basket.

The American Indian on his horse.

Upon the tongue of the wagon holding to a strap, standing between the two superbly powerful oxen, is the figure of A. Stirling Calder's fancy. A broad shouldered, fine framed, brawny young woman. With head thrown back slightly she looks earnestly into the distance. Calder has not weakened her by giving her beauty. She is the strong, powerful type of woman who came into pioneer life well equipped to meet its hardships, and one glance will convince the visitor that she is the right one in her



serious, unshrinking mien to assume the great duty placed upon her—that of becoming the mother of this glorious West—"The Mother of Tomorrow."

The mural work upon the walls of this arch is by Frank Vincent DuMond. The two are really one connected story of the pioneer. Facing north the painting on the right begins with the hopeful young man leaving home, the father and mother and sister saddened by the leave taking. Sorry, but undaunted the young man with his party equipped splendidly for the journey across the plains departs led on by the figure who with her "horn of plenty" tells the story of untold wealth and opportunity, a story always attractive to the man with hope and adventure seated in his heart. The left wall gives the arrival upon the Pacific Coast. California seated amidst her golden plenty welcomes to her shores the group who have long been seeking her. They stand in all their splendid hopefulness—the artist, the writer, the builder, the man of all work, ready to begin this last great chapter in the civilization of the West.

In leaving this Court of the Universe one cannot but feel that it has given a message of achievement almost beyond belief. It has been a revelation to study bit by bit the utterances of these various men

## THE DREAM CITY

who have spoken, and one can never have taken it in with appreciation without being in some degree greater than before. It is true of all the work of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, from first to last it is filled with a splendid spirit of uplift and inspiration, and through it our master minds have spoken in terms most noble.

Passing through the Italian minor court with its stenciled walls, little medallions reminding one of Della Robbia, its beautiful, ornate columns varied in pairs, with flowers everywhere and beautiful entrances enriching the walls, we come to the Court of Four Seasons.

In the Court of the Universe it was great size, dignity and the suggestion of power that held us engrossed; here it is quiet, peaceful and poetically beautiful. The trees and bushes shelter singing birds, and the warm sunshine seems even more a part of the plan than before. Henry Bacon of New York is the architect, August and Adolph Jaegers are the sculptors who have ornamented the Court. Here the feeling of pastoral plenty abounds everywhere. Flora, Ceres, the Seasons, Rain and Sunshine, are the statues with whom we must acquaint ourselves, and again the spirit of the thing to be conveyed rests heavily in all that we contem-

## ITS ART, STORY AND SYMBOLISM

plate. Is it not fascinating to see how these wizards of thought and suggestion are able to change our moods? It has all the charm and glory of the world here and every phase of its productivity is placed in some expressive way before us.

The great half-dome throws its wide-yawning beauty towards us and with Harvest sitting enthroned upon its heights, it would seem to be the starting place for study. On either side the dome surmounting two columns of Siena marble stand the statues of Rain, with her shell catching the falling drops, and Sunshine with her sheltering palm; these are by Albert Jaegers. The capitals of these columns are unusual and worth a serious moment. Instead of the scroll or leaf they are small human figures—the toilers and tillers of the field—largely subjects of Rain and Sunshine.

Entering the half-dome we see upon the right one of the largest of the mural decorations of Milton Bancroft, the painter of the whole series in this Court of Four Seasons.

The picture is Man Receiving Instruction in Nature's Law; opposite it Time Crowning Art; standing about Art are six of her great subjects—Jewelrymaking, Weaving, Glassmaking, Painting, Smithing and Pottery. The pictures are strong and tell

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plainly the story Bancroft has entrusted with them. They do not constitute the entire beauty of the dome however, see the finely arched ceiling and the beautiful vine half conventionalized used at the portal.

The court has been squared by four circling niches—each niche has its own sculptural group, by Piccirilli, sitting above a cascade fountain—and each two walls of the niche is graced by mural painting of Bancroft. To begin with Spring one must cross the circle. She is not difficult to find. She is the center of her pyramidal group on either side companion figures suggesting love and fruitfulness. Milton Bancroft's murals speak for themselves—and being named by the artist—"Spring" and "Seedtime," one cannot mistake them. On the left we come to Summer. The mother here with suffering and love in evidence presents to her husband the tiny child, the fruit of this springtime of love. Bancroft's murals again named for us Summer and Fruition. Next comes Autumn and here again Piccirilli speaks tellingly of the season. It is the time of harvest and great labor, storing up the gifts of Spring and Summer, happy in effort and glad of the last great season's struggle. The murals again tell the same story with more

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of the festival spirit emphasized this time, Autumn and Harvest they are called.

Then comes Winter, perhaps the most charming of the Piccirilli groups. Winter, a beautiful nude woman, stands inactive, quiet and pensive, almost drooping, and beside her an old man nearly spent by the toil of the year and on the other side one still strong and able to carry into the next period the life, effort and power necessary to bring it on. This has been one great motive in all these season groups, the passing of the time has been plainly told, but Piccirilli has always left something hopeful for the next required need, and the oncoming year will have support and aid from these living factors of the passing season.

The murals here, Winter and Festivity, give the joyful side of this season which brings the year's death.

Again fearing that words were needed in order that all the symbolism might be interpreted, Mr. Garnett has chosen quotations from men of brilliance whose words aid in this mission.

There are innumerable, smaller and less obtrusive things which make the Court of Four Seasons reposeful, and poetical in its beauty. The pool in the center of these circling niches, gateways and



## THE DREAM CITY

columns, reflects indescribably the whole, and by day they are fine, but by night they are almost of another world with their reflections.

The figure of Abundance repeated four times over each entrance by August Jaegers is one of superb strength and form. Her fine face, well filled arms and stiff robes make her strong to serve and she fills her mission well. The names of the signs of the Zodiac are given on these gateways and another charm is added in his female figures used as spandrels.

Don't fail to look up at the ceilings of these entrance ways and see the delicate decorations in blue and white. These medallions and plaques have all the charm of the early Greek work spent upon the dancing figures so prettily spaced in their surroundings. One recalls the effect of the Pompeian decorations when looking at this dainty decoration and sighs with regret when thinking of the hundreds who will pass it by and never see this bit of charming work.

Notice the capitals of the columns of the whole court, the Ionic scroll, and below it great ears of corn, an innovation, but appropriate in this court which over and over in stone and colors has given utterance to the earth's blessings.

While the eyes are turned upward the "Sacrifice Group" of Jaegers can never escape them. Since Biblical and pagan times this fine bull has taken his part in the appreciative expression of humanity. For centuries past when the joyful occasion of thanksgiving have consumed the time of men, it has been in keeping to lead a strong, healthy bull to the altar of sacrifice, and since we are missing nothing in these days of celebration Albert Jaeger's fine remembrance of ancient custom stands mounted upon the two pylons of this court.

The last thing to describe in this beautiful place is Miss Longman's fountain of Ceres. Another touch of pagan beauty here. Ceres is just descending like a winged victory upon the pedestal where she is to remain for ten months. Her sceptre a full stalk of corn, and in her outstretched hand the cereal wreath of victory for the successful toiler. Upon the die of this fountain we have another instance of the fine Greek relief example spoken of in relation to the Atlas frieze. Dancing about in a circular procession are beautiful young women. Each wonderfully dainty in her exquisite grace, and each so free from all background effect and crowding that she stands alone. At the same time each is very much a part of the whole—they

## THE DREAM CITY

carry interest one to another by the clever device of composition, a smile, a gesture, the extending of the garland, the rhythm of the beating symbols, a backward glance, all are natural means whereby Miss Longman propels them as a unit—yet with fine Greek fundamental facts she keeps them free in their individual beauty. They are as dainty as cameo or porcelain.

Passing through the dome to the south, we enter the small Court of Palms. This is one of the most ornate courts of the grounds. Everywhere you have the glory of the Guerin color scheme. The cornice is a joy in itself and reaching up to it you have the fruit and floral festoons in abundance. The columns here are—richer than those we have left—Siena marble and the verdi antique also. The colonnade is impressive and lighted by huge Roman lanterns which are nothing short of exquisite when yielding their indirect light at night. A fountain, acacias, and flowers with the palm in greater evidence make this court attractive too in its beauty. Over the three entrance ways of this court are fascinating murals—on the western entrance is Childe Hassam's "Shower of Blossoms," rich and joyful in its beauty. To the north is "The Victorious Spirit" by Arthur F. Mathews. This



**Pursuit of Pleasure—Holloway**

## THE DREAM CITY

seems full of symbolism, the fine glowing yellow spirit seated in the center is the one from whom all good influence emanates with the power of her spiritual ideal and wondrous color, she with her glance and outstretched arms restrains the coming opposing force upon the horse.

In the third entrance, over the door in the east, Holloway's "Pursuit of Pleasure" is seen. Much of the success of the semi-circular pictures is in the grouping or spacing and these are all done exceedingly well. One only needs to glance at this one to see with what unusual grace these figures are poised. Those on the ground are actively interested while those in pursuit of the flying Pleasure are grace itself. Holloway has used his colors here beautifully, the deep blue of the sea, various garlands and radiant figures make a fine mural.

Out at the entrance is one of the strongest bits of realistic statuary on the grounds, James Fraser's "End of the Trail." Over in front of the Court of Flowers the corresponding court to this is the statue which naturally precedes this one, "The American Pioneer," by Solon Borglum. This specimen of the pioneer world rides out on his horse to victory. Sure of himself, with experience as his guide, he knows he only has to make his struggle a



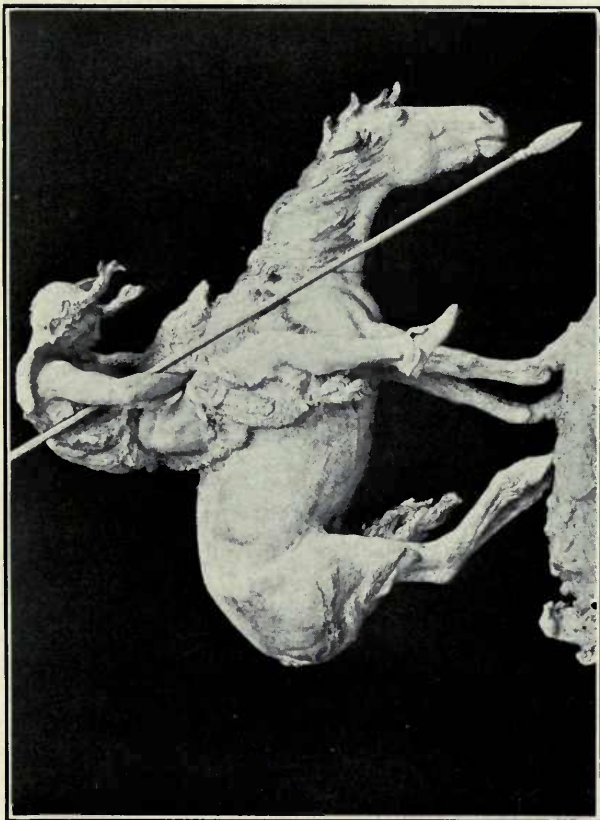
continuous one to succeed in this undertaking. Seated upon his powerful horse, complacent, yet alert and keenly alive to the situation he rides on to vanquish all opposing forces in the West. And this fine Indian is at that time one of the greatest of these opposing forces.

James Fraser has given us an idealized Indian, not the one we know but the superb being he might have been, doubtless the type of man he was before he had ever seen or dreamed of the white man. Had this Indian been less he would not have held us as he does. As he is placed here before us by the sculptor his race is run, his end is near and he has abandoned hope, not because he can't fight any more, there is power and endurance in abundance in his large physique, but he realizes his position, that his people of whom he is the last have been doomed and with broken heart and utter despair he is giving up and waiting the end which his sturdy, plucky horse is delaying. Look at the horse. Every hair wet with the effort he is making to stand upon the cliff. The hind hoofs will never rest again upon the level ground; it is only a question of a short length of time when weariness will bend his front legs and horse and rider will take the fatal plunge. The following lines could well be true:

## THE DREAM CITY

O thou my steed! last faithful one,  
The West glows red with the setting sun,  
No more he'll light for you and me  
The splendid things we loved to see.  
The singing birds in the forest trees,  
The seas of grass waved by the breeze,  
The plains, the hills, the mountain heights,  
Deep waters with reflected sights  
Taken by the white man's slaughter  
Were all these—and Red Chief's daughter.  
And now it's over—you and I,  
With this day's death must surely die;  
No battling host, no war cries thrill.  
Just you and I—this vastness. Still!  
Take the abyss we can not clear it  
Receive my steed and me. Great Spirit!

ITS ART, STORY AND SYMBOLISM



Fraser's—End of the Trail

THE COURT OF FLOWERS.

This court is together with the Court of Palms the most ornate with color, and decoration, evolved from the combination used by Jules Guerin. It is impossible to write of all the features of the Exposition. Over and over the visitor must be advised to use his eyes—and never fail to use them. No place has been overlooked by these magic builders and in the most unexpected places new beauties of great merit are to be found. The Italian Towers here are as attractive and delightfully used as at the Court of Palms. These towers break the great wall space which otherwise would be unbroken on this south side but for the Tower of Jewels. It is interesting to see how many ways the architects have brought change and variety into the plan, and how entirely they have kept the severe simplicity of the grouped buildings concealed.

Trees and beautiful portals are among the most frequent devices for variety. The copy of the great portal of the Holy Cross Hospital in Toledo used for the Varied Industries Building is a delightful reproduction.

Thousands of people have been so fascinated by the grounds and the exterior ornamentation that they have not yet been tempted to forsake them for



Portal—Varied Industries

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the exhibits in the palaces. It is not vain boasting, or local pride, when the foreign commissioners speak in such superlative praise of the art and symbolism of this great fair. Men who serve their country in this capacity alone, having spent years (from twenty to forty) attending and installing exhibits at exhibitions in every land, take off their hats and bow low in appreciation of the extraordinary beauty of the Exposition. People everywhere are beginning to realize that this tremendous dream visualized for us by some of the world's greatest architects, sculptors and painters is the last word in achieved excellence all its own. And this Court of Flowers is one of the dainty bits—filled to overflowing with delights.

The flowers and shrubbery are always in evidence and always speak for McLaren. The colored columns, the corridors with their fine lighting are all in keeping but different to the extent of variety from the same things presented before.

The balcony of the colonnade has shell-like niches in each niche is the beautiful figure of the slave girl—a fine piece of work, with unusual drapery in its rich, stiff ornamentation, she is another bit of the brain of A. Stirling Calder. We can scarcely praise one man without including all. Geo. Kel-

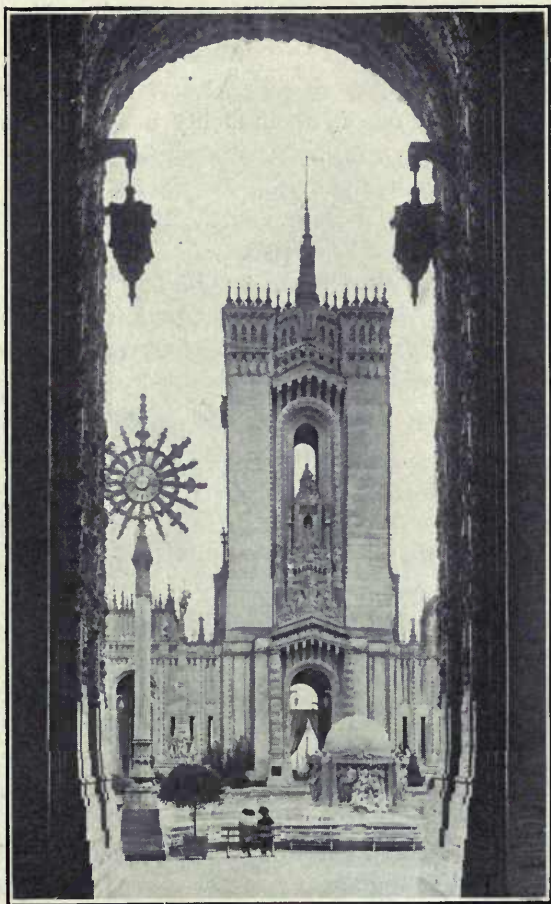
ham of San Francisco is the architect of this court, and these men fine in their ability and characteristic individuality are linked indissolubly with Jules Guerin and John McLaren.

The fountain of Beauty and the Beast is by Edgar Walter of San Francisco.

The statue of the "American Pioneer" by Solon Borglum was mentioned in connection with the corresponding statue at the Court of Palms, Fraser's "End of the Trail."

#### COURT OF THE AGES.

The South Court of the Exposition is the court of Louis Mullgardt, the architect of the Fisheries Building at the Chicago World's Fair. In the Court he has given the Exposition we have a most extraordinary conception. In the first place this was to have been the festival court. The organ now in Festival Hall was to have been installed in the organ tower (still called Organ Tower in the guide book) and the court was designed with the pageants to be given, in view. The gallery was really to have served as a seating space for the spectators and the use of the court was to have been far more than merely ornamental. With this in mind, Mr. Mullgardt called it the "Court of the Ages" and proceeded to make the name rich in meaning.



**Tower—Court of Ages**

The decoration is so dainty and feathery that it has been called everything from lace to frozen music; none of which suits when one stops long enough to grasp the reality in the ornamentation. The court impresses the visitor as having received almost the necessary work a jewel casket might have had at the hands of Pieter Vischer, the old Nurnberg goldsmith. Yet, again this impression must give place to another when these arched arcades of Mullgardt's yield up their secret, for they do carry a secret which they only divulge when carefully scrutinized, when they are found to be teeming with suggested life.

The first row of decoration about the inner surface of the arches of the arcade contains two motives. One is a conventionalized tad-pole. His feet and the tip of his tail made into a flower, but he is a tad-pole, true enough and large enough to walk off should he so desire. Alternating with him is a four-petaled flower, the anemone. These two figures make the entire circle of the arch—of every arch.

The second row of ornamentation begins with great long leaves reaching up a space which is broken by a crawfish wrapping itself across the garland about every half-yard. This leaf and craw-

## THE DREAM CITY

fish festoon meets the other half of itself at the top of the arch where the crawfish are placed in a design like an X finishing this motive.

The next bit of decoration does not circle the arch but raises itself in a straight line to the balustrade of the balcony. This decorative design seems to be a conventionalized spine broken at regular distances by a shell-like cup. Coming up in its vertical form it ends in every case in the statue of the primitive men and women by Weinert. You have here plant life, lower animal life and the human placed in decoration but telling the tale of the ages. Notice that the plant and animal life motives go in circles about the arches—never becoming more than they were in the beginning—and the spinal motive never circles—it goes straight to the top every time, ending in man or woman, thereby becoming the greatest thing created.

On the great entrance arches to the north and south Mullgardt has given richer decoration still. Here he has snails, crabs, turtles, octopi with long tentacles, and a varied richness in the more elaborate design used. These specimens of sea life are not seen at first, they come in an illusive way. They are seen for an instant and then vanish—lose themselves entirely, then they come again and you know



that they are not fancies of a deluded brain, but real decorative motives placed there to give an additional charm to this court filled with surprises and suggestion.

The columns standing directly in front of the organ tower are decorated with frog's faces which circle the shafts in rows. Their eyes are upon the spectator with such a steady, fixed stare that a feeling of uncanniness possesses him and he rather longs for the time to come, which surely will come, when the frogs will relieve their eyes by a good long, deliberate blink. In front of these stand the Lentelli columns graced by the playful "Water Sprites." Seated on top of the shaft is the charmingly graceful water maid aiming her arrow into the space which but for plans changed would have been a delightful cascade fountain.

Walk into the colonnade and turn to the west (your left). You will be approaching the wonderful Brangwyn murals. Eight of them dealing with the elements—Earth, Air, Water and Fire—ornament the corners of the colonnade. As Brangwyn has given them to us they deal with more than the elements—they have to do with man's part in coping with and mastering the elements. Those you are coming to are the two dealing with "the earth

## THE DREAM CITY

and the fullness thereof." Jubilant, rebellious and riotous is the mass of color used here in the earth's productivity, and the abundant measure of its gifts is just as extravagant. Primitive men and women rejoice in gathering these blessings and it would seem that the curse of Eden had been removed and that the "sweat of the brow" need play no part in the harvest of the bountiful gifts of this earth of Brangwyn.

Passing on again to the left (the south) through perhaps the most beautiful corridor of all the Exposition courts—with its ivory, light blue and soft rose tinted walls—we reach the two paintings by Brangwyn called Air. In the first one you see the wind-mill, by which man makes the air serve him, the wind-blown grain fields, and in the sky the rainbow of promise and the kites of the playing children. The companion piece is entirely different in its conception. Great, large-bodied trees raise themselves to an invisible sky, hunters are shooting at birds which fly almost straight up—a beautiful device to avoid distance—a forbidden quantity in murals. These panels are extraordinary—they take possession entirely of our appreciation and fill these wall spaces superbly.

Continuing on to the left (the west this time) we

come to the two panels called Water. Again primitive beings are using this great element for their own good. Happy and fearless they crowd about catching the precious fresh stream in great earthen vessels, while all about them blossom water flowers. Look closely at the sky effects—they tell plainly that Brangwyn understands all about stained glass. The exquisite opal tints with pink and pale purple, seem almost a leaded bit from some cathedral window. This is the first time it has been intimated in these pages, but the visitor in the Court of the Ages sooner or later must feel this—that there is a dignity, an awe inspiring beauty met here for the first time, and that Mullgardt's court is the cathedral of the Exposition. These paintings of Brangwyn are of this cathedral and tell so much, hold so much! And the color! It would seem there is a world of it, yet he too paints to the scheme of Jules Guerin. Is it not one of the chief wonders of this great plan—the characteristic, individual way these different artists have used their colors? Some of them dainty as pastel in their combinations, others not so conservative but more academic, others vigorous and strong with dark shades and deep blues—and then this superlative man who would seem almost color mad—comes

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and takes our breath away with his grotesque, primitive men and women who lend themselves so entirely to his wonderfully bright, powerful, decorative color.

Pass on to the last two panels—always look up to the ceiling—enjoy again the blue ground vaulting the beautiful ivory lanterns—two hanging in each arch—not enough can be said of the beauty of these exquisite corridors.

Brangwyn's last two paintings, called Fire, are here, and again we are charmed by the story he tells with his marvelous brush and color. In the first canvas we study, primitive man is seen bringing fire to his use and comfort. This raging element under control causes the old to draw near and enjoy the warmth yielded by fire as a physical adjunct.

The second panel of Fire is where men use it to complete their labors and make them worth while. The earthen ware would be of no value but for the trying, hardening, tremendous heat of the applied fire. With the smoke curling up in a diaphanous haze Brangwyn again brings into his painting an unusual effect. The visitor turns from these mural paintings with a bit of thanksgiving in his heart—for these are not to perish when the last day comes. These fine murals are all painted upon

canvas, will all be taken down and used in appropriate places to bring joy for future years.

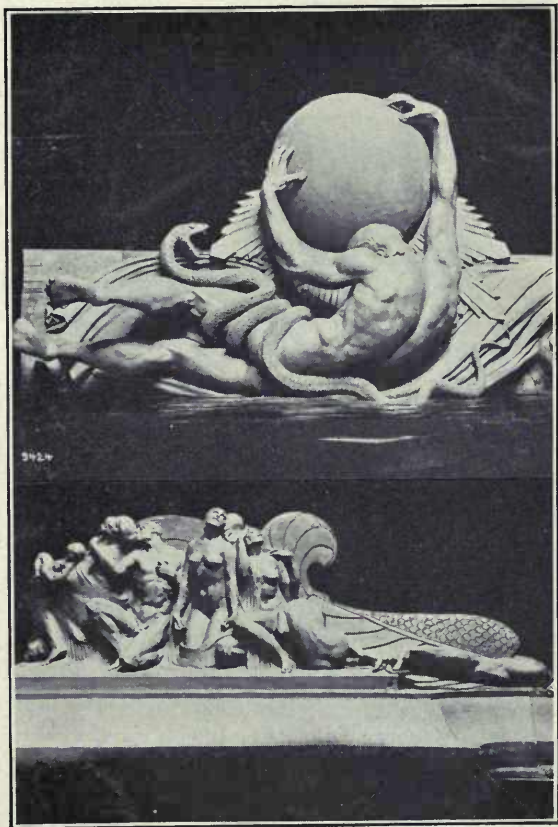
Brangwyn is the only mural decorator who did not visit the site where his pictures would hang. Jules Guerin insisted in every other case that the man should see and know his wall space which he had to cover. It is easy to see how they entered into the spirit of their work. Bancroft made his pictures for the square spaces allotted him in the Court of Four Seasons almost like easel pictures in form and grouping. Childe Hassam, Holloway and Mathews had each his lunette to study with its difficult space to fill. Dodge, Du Mond and Simmons made their decorations for their great arches into processional panels. Then came Brangwyn's with his tall arched panel space to fill and it is wonderfully done. The height though unusual is never oppressive and always the eye follows to the utmost his topless trees and charming devices of subject matter and color.

Returning to the Court let your study turn to the central fountain. This Fountain of Earth by Aitken is a sermon in stone, but it is only one. There are others to be found in this court of Mullgardt.

To the south of the pool of the fountain—Helios—the great sun god wrestles with his seething



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Heliogabalus and Creation—Fountain of Earth

molten globe of creative fire and the great serpents always in the early chapters of creation and rejuvenation. From the fiery mass of the sun, the earth is thrown off. In the original plan these were to have been great opaque globes, lighted with many electric bulbs. The earth was to have been two globes, the inner one stationary and brilliantly lighted, the outer one revolving about it, giving the impression of the solidifying of the earth's surface, while underneath, the play of the fire would have done its part in the making of this earth as the four cooling streams of water do, played upon it from above.

This Helios, the great, who tosses off worlds from his life-giving arms, is not indifferent in regard to the falling of his ejected worlds. Looking closely, you'll see that the earth has fallen from the arms of Helios into the great "Arms of Destiny" and keeping upon the western side of the basin you'll see the great "Hand of Destiny" pointing the way, and following its direction the story of the world's people begins, and Aitken gives it in chapters of sculptured panels. (In each panel there are five large figures.)

Beginning at the index finger of the "Hand of Destiny" you have humanity yet asleep, not alive

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to its duty or responsibility. The second figure is easily recognized as the dawn of life or the awakening. The third is filled with rapturous joy in simply being alive, and the fourth and fifth tell the story of love, and life,—love's fruit. This completes the first chapter in this history of humanity. Aitken gives it to us and he indicates the break in tracing early human history by the gap interwoven between this and the panel by the globe. He then takes it up in the four panels which surround the earth.

The central figure in the panel facing that of creation is a large, beautiful, vain woman. The engrossed gaze into the mirror tells the whole story—self satisfied, pleased that beauty is hers, nothing else matters. This time she is left in absorbed appreciation of self and the man seeking a mate chooses the kind, loving maternal woman and with their little ones in their arms the other experiences of life are traced for us by the sculptor.

The different panels are divided by a hermes half human and half post. Intertwined with his outstretched arms are serpents, signifying creation and wisdom; and the crustations, lower animal life. The sculpture of these panels is very free, almost entirely in the round, still by their arms, draperies and positions they are connected. It is called

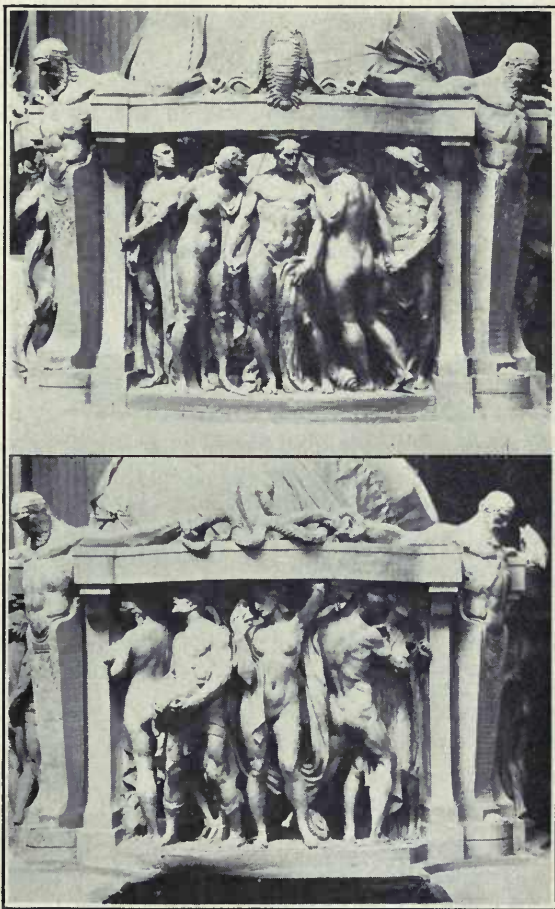
## ITS ART, STORY AND SYMBOLISM

pierced sculpture and is used in wonderful effect with the fire burning underneath the great earth globe at night.

In the next panel the children of these former parents are called upon to decide things for themselves. The central figure is the splendid, intellectual man, almost a god, since there are outspread wings above his head, and the two women turn from the gross, beastly male beings to this one so evidently blessed with mind and ideals. The two forsaken males play their parts respectively, one sorrowfully yielding the woman of his choice, the other in rebellion would keep her even if it required physical force.

In the next panel woman again takes an unconscious stand in human history. In her beauty and fascination she sets the male beings at war with each other and they fight, even to the giving up of life itself for the being who pleases them beyond all others. It brings out in a sad way the story of the survival of the fittest, these great fine beings are in their outraged feelings willing to go to any length save that of resigning their will.

The next division of this circle of human experience is where the elders, those who by life have lived and learned, would with the knowledge of



Panels—Fountain of Earth



## ITS ART, STORY AND SYMBOLISM

acquired wisdom pass it on in earnest advice to unwilling, inexperienced youth. It meets with the usual reception, and in sorrow the old ones learn too that nothing counts save personal failure in this school ruled and taught by one exacting heavy "school fees."

Then returning to the first panel we come to a splendid pair of lovers. These have been interpreted in various ways. It would seem that after all the experience acquired by humanity that these two might have come out fired and cleansed and ready to begin the ideal existence—each developed in a high degree, ready to give to life things almost beyond the power of any previous parents to bestow. Anyway they are the last—it is over for them—the hand of Destiny no longer points the way. The fingers have drawn themselves closed and it gathers unto itself these sons and daughters of a world set living by the same force but a few ages ago.

The first figure within the clutching hand's reach is a huge, gross, beastly man, with all his useless and futile possessions clasped in his arms, worthless, a horrid mass, with no ray of hope. Filled with regret over misspent years of life he looks longingly upon earth, fain would he live it again, he

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needs no advice now. He too knows that only the best is worth while.

Then comes the old patriarch. He is fearless. He has understood and lived to a great purpose. The hope held out by his well spent life and the belief in immortality sustains him in the last great struggle of humanity. So sure is he of this life hereafter, so near him it approaches that he holds out his symbol of renewed life (the winged beetle or scab) to the beautiful, despairing woman whose vision has failed to include "life everlasting" and who shrinks in fear and grief at the thought of death.

Then come the two last figures in this sculptured story of human experience and life—"Grief" and "Sleep." The woman in an abandon of sorrow mourns for her lover and mate who sleeps at the bidding of Destiny, at her feet. The whole gamut of sorrow is told by these two figures—the human heart filled with love. Strength given by faith and hope is not sufficient to assuage grief when it comes to this separation. With the promise of life all around, evidenced in all the phases of the universe, still when this hour comes, grief has it all its own.

Whoever saw such a story-telling fountain be-

fore? Where, within the knowledge of man, could a story have been found which includes in a greater degree the whole experience of "Everyman"? It is all here, every phase of it. Aitken has not softened it for us, he has made us feel it. Surrounded by fire and water, elements in our creation, this history of mankind has been written in wonderful pictured pages. A story we have tired of listening to in church has been placed before us in stone by one who feels, and by feeling knows, that this is the great lesson all must learn, the great thing to be endured by mankind; and here in this Court of the Ages by Mullgardt it is wonderfully fitting.

Turning to the tower we have the story told by yet another sculptor. Chester Beach has illustrated in an entirely different way the development of the human family. The work of Chester Beach is banked up against the face of the tower the same on both sides, in the North Court of the Ages and the Central Court of the Ages, and is called the Human Altar, the Rise of Civilization, and other things, but a fine development it truly is.

The first sculptured group is when the human family were scarcely above the sleek, crawly lizards and reptiles among whom they thrive. Repulsive as the reptiles themselves, are the sodden, beast-like

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faces of these early members of the human family. Always since the time of the Renaissance the pyramidal form has been the accepted way of best grouping figures, and the artist then has the opportunity of placing in the most conspicuous place—the apex of the pyramid, the great central theme or motive of his subject. In this repulsive, grotesque group, he has used five principal figures, placing the child in the arms of its parent in the highest point of the pyramid, easily telling that the reproduction was the chief thing that counted at this beginning. And it reconciles the spectator to realize that there was a great, necessary thing for these people in the “stone-age” to bring about—a plentiful reproduction securing the race against all devastating harms and ills.

The next group, also a pyramid in form, is composed of three powerful figures. One glance tells the advance of reason has been the subject here, and different moods are expressed plainly in the faces of the three men. “Religion,” with his monk’s dress, rosary and cross, has the stern, tired face of the religious enthusiast, and more—there is evident strength and faith, sorrow and suffering have been his full portion.

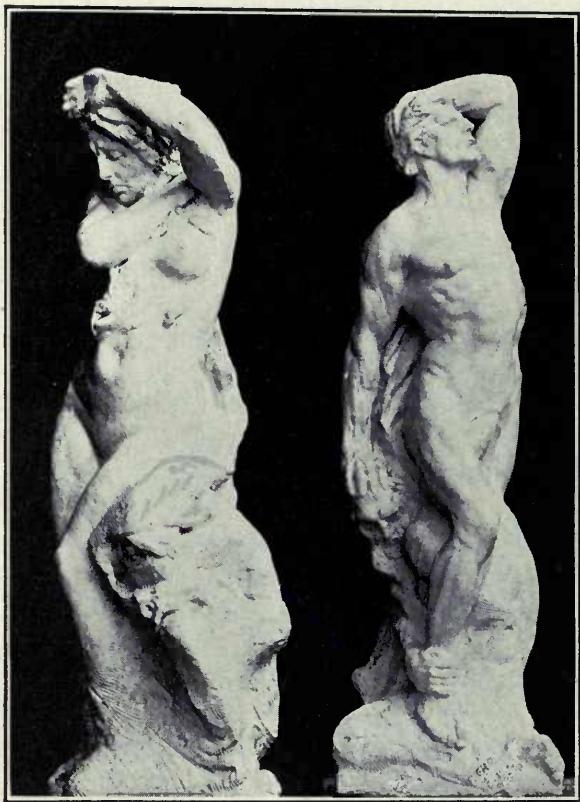
The next crouching figure is “Intelligence”; he

has the power of maintaining life and the responsibility rests lightly upon him; he looks out before him keenly alive to all about him. Towering above these two figures standing in a fine heroic pose, is the soldier—every inch a soldier, too. He is sure of his power, happy in his strength, and satisfied with his position. But Beach has told us in this pyramid with the soldier in the highest place that while reason has come largely into its own it is not yet all powerful. Might—the sword—yet rules supreme, and the sword for many a day will rule until reason can bring with it the spiritual, and the ideal, when it will prevail. This is a strong trio, and Chester Beach has embodied his development in splendid form in this, his sermon in stone.

Placed upon niches on the tower are two wonderful pieces of work—the evolution of the ideal man and woman, by Weinert. The sculptor has followed the trend of much of the modern sculptural handling in leaving these statues in the rough, unhewn mass. Michel Angelo left the statues for the d'Medici tombs this way, and several modern men have been following along these lines with telling results. The faces and heads of each are free and fine and strong, showing that the intellectual and ideal are beginning to prevail.



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Evolution of Woman and Man

## ITS ART, STORY AND SYMBOLISM

The woman is almost free from all entangling forces and with her arms above her head in position to make another great effort, it would seem that she might free herself quickly from the bulk which still holds her prisoner. Her face is so well defined with thought and prayer that the sculptor has left no doubt of her ideals and loftiness of spirit being uppermost in her experiences.

The man is as fine in every way. He, too, is left in the embrace of the clay from which he was created, with the additional suggestion of the primitive nature in him still powerfully gripping his ankle in a last great struggle. The primitive is all but mastered. The victor has his head bent and it is only a little while when he will have to fall away with the rest of the engulfing dross and leave this fine specimen free—free in every way. It is beautiful, the way Weinert has suggested here that woman's ideals have made this evolution easier for her than it has been for her mate who has had beside the intellectual battle this other one—greater, perhaps, because so much of himself was involved—this primitive nature to master and control. But the ideal will prevail here, too—the splendid head thrown back, the mind and soul of the man displayed in his up-turned face, place him in the rank

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of those other inspired men of stone about the Exposition—"The Adventurous Bowman," "The Rising Sun," and the male figure in French's "Genius of Creation."

Through the evolution of this man and woman we come to the crowning figure in this pyramid of a pyramid group. Enthroned high up, near the blue of the sky, seated in quiet, reposeful peace and dignity, is the beautiful figure symbolic of all that humanity can attain, Beach has made this last statement a splendid woman—call her the "Ideal," or what you will—she stands for the best and the last of human achievement crowned. With two little children standing before her, one holding the book of wisdom and faith, the other the wheel of progress, nothing can go wrong any more and success has crowned again the superb efforts of patient, persistent mankind.

On the east and west sides of the Tower, in an arched niche, stands the fine male figure called "Thought." He, too, is of this group where the mind has struggled through ages to control and at last has become victorious over the material.

It would seem that almost in every way possible Mullgardt, Aitken and Beach had borne home the truth of the greatness of man and that his mind

and its attributes highly developed brought him near perfection. They now resort to more subtle means of suggestion and by means seldom tried since the fires of Apollo at the Delphic oracle aroused such awe and consternation, they bring about these last tremendous effects.

With the lighted standards symbolic of the Sacred Host at two corners of the fountain, and the row of superb cocks surrounding the whole from its sky-line Mullgardt has given us the last deftly suggested bit of symbolism in these birds of the early day—and of the Dawn of Christianity.

Surely now, it has been proven that this court is one of great thought and deep, pure sentiment. Filled with rich suggestions in the smallest detail, it transcends the superlative when taken as a whole.

With its flowers, its orange and cypress trees, its beauties in color and stone, it charms one by day; but at night, when the great braziers are burning their red fire and the serpents are spitting their flames into basins below, the fountain of earth enveloped in its bed of flame, with the paschal urn lighted upon the altar, and the conventionalized standards burn out the symbolized Host, this court becomes the holy of holies, the place of prayer and the heart is stirred to its depths.

MACHINERY HALL.

The great Palace of Machinery is the largest of all the Exposition exhibit halls. It covers several acres in its floor space and is the only building on the grounds built after the old Roman basilica. The building is made very impressive by the great vestibule entrance. The ceiling is splendidly coffered and the ornamentation under the great walled arches is second only to that conventionalized pattern over on the Fine Arts. The great portal is magnificent in its height and commanding in its beauty. The decoration and relief work is all by Haig Patigian, a sculptor of San Francisco, and it must be seen to be appreciated. The work is possessed of strength and individuality and is suitable beyond measure to the massive proportions of this great building with its broad, expansive entrance.

Haig Patigian was in Paris when he received word he was to decorate this great building. To one who knows, it is evident that machinery is less suggestive of things artistically beautiful than many other enterprises occupying human energy. The success of the undertaking as given by Mr. Patigian is in itself sufficient evidence that the

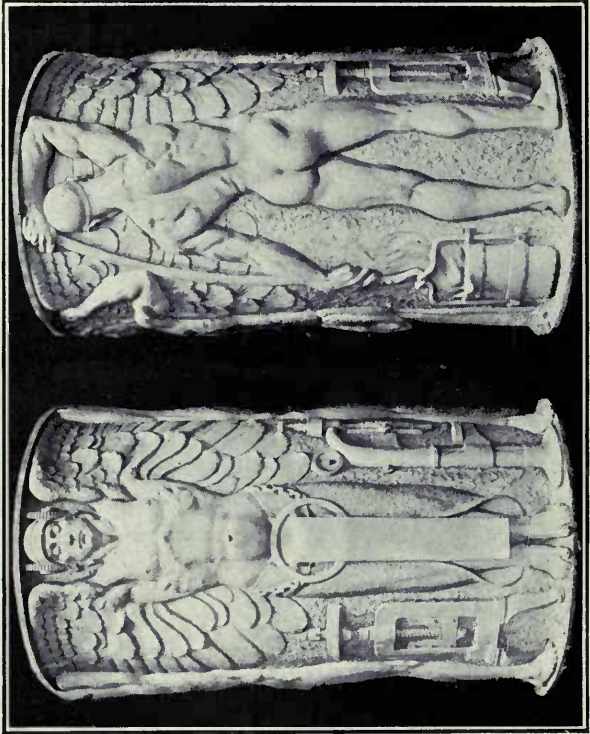


sculptor is a man of unusual power and imagination.

The sculptor has used great, muscular athletes as the motive of decoration, in the relief. On the drums of the columns he has placed these winged giants each equipped with some mechanical device wherewith he is enabled to do greater things than his physical strength would make possible.

These genii of machinery are unusual, fine and convincing in the part they play as a decoration and part of the column. In these the sculptor has shown superb skill in keeping the relief circular in contour, in every case, and at the same time the vertical line of the shaft holds its directness. The entire conception is a master stroke. With closed eyes telling of power within, with wings to make them more mysterious they stand dumb witnesses to the beauty of the imaginative conceptions of Haig Patigian.

Up over the arch is the triumph of this suggestion used as a spandrel. Here the winged brow would indicate quickly that they are no ordinary mechanics, even though blessed beyond measure with physical power and strength; they are gods of machinery and with the thought and skill of a god and the appliances contrived by the mind of a god—

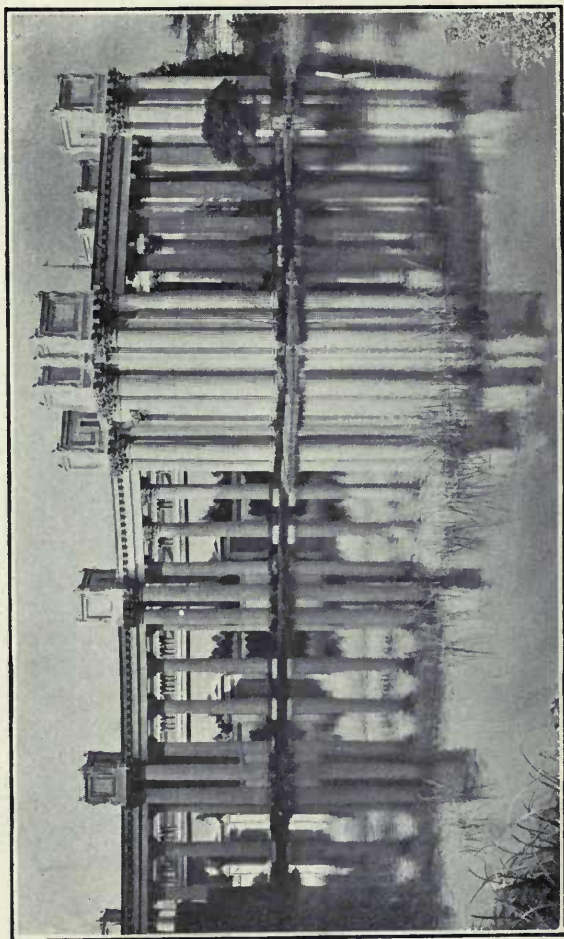


Bases of Column—Patigian

## ITS ART, STORY AND SYMBOLISM

the great, arduous labors of the superhuman which machinery requires will be surely forthcoming. If nothing else should ever come from the hand of this talented sculptor through these things he would deserve to live.

At the two ends of the building and the main entrance stand four tall Siena columns which serve as pedestals for the four great figures, factors in the service of machinery. Steam Power is a man in heroic size with the lever controlled by steam in his hands. Invention comes next, with the winged thought in his hand. Electricity cannot be mistaken; he carries the great electrical bolt—the symbol of lightning. Imagination and the eagle of inspiration complete this series of decorative motives used by Patigian. No building is any more suitably decorated than this great palace and surely much praise is due this sculptor who has remained classical in his ideal and yet modernized it until it is in every way fitting and appropriate.



Palace of Fine Arts

## THE FINE ARTS BUILDING AND SURROUNDINGS.

If the Court of the Ages is the cathedral of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, the Palace of the Fine Arts is the temple. In the realization of this vision Mr. Maybeck from Berkeley, who is the architect, has called into existence one of the most beautiful constructions the world has ever seen. No one has seen it who has not been moved to the deepest regret at the loss it will be when it too must find an abiding place only in pictured memories. The building is in two parts—the great steel and concrete fire-proof arc of eleven hundred feet, containing one hundred and twenty-five rooms, and the glorious colonnade of verde antique and Siena columns which swing out in great circles north and south from the high domed rotunda, leaving between, the passway banked high with McLaren's fine shrubs and greens and studded closely with exquisite and costly marble and bronze statuary. At no previous exposition has it been possible to place these beauties outside the buildings—but here Mr. Trask was quick to grasp the idea of the added richness which



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this would lend and the colonnade and grounds immediately surrounding the Palace of Fine Arts is thickly set with statuary which seems a wonderful part of this great place. Again it would seem no thought had escaped which would have in any way enhanced this temple of art. The flower boxes of the colonnade are among some of the most dainty and unique decorations. The draped women with their circle of Greek tripods and binding garland is seen at every possible locality and would well serve as an incense altar which they truly are for the fragrance of many a sweet-scented shrub rises silently above them, enriching all around.

The pergola breaks any sharpness of line that might have come from the edge of the arc and with its flowers and vines softens into a circle of dainty outline what in most buildings is the clear, sharp skyline.

The high arched dome is the part of the building which catches and holds the eye as one looks over the ground. Here everything has been done it would seem to make this a dignified and glorious piece of work. All that the creative power of the architect and the soul of the artist could do has been done it would seem and in form, sculpture,

relief and mural painting we have one more glowing monument and one more flaming tribute to the master minds of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, and it seems that here these men have had so much to say that even to attempt an interpretation is beyond the power of the ordinary mortal.

The octagonal dome is decorated within and without and teems with truth and fantasy as subject matter. The ground space serves as resting place for many things from the hands of American sculptors, its lower walls also giving space for plaques and relief work. High upon the great columns in dignified and stately silence is the ever watchful Priestess of Culture by Herbert Adams. Above these come the superbly decorative murals of Robert Reid. Eight of them irregular in shape, peculiar in size and form have come from his hand glowing in broken line and rich color. Four of them are devoted to the story of Art itself. The birth of European art is symbolized in the first panel. There are five dominant figures grouped about an altar on which burns the sacred fire. An earthly messenger leans from his chariot to receive in his right hand from the guardian of the flame the torch of inspiration, while with

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his left hand he holds back his rearing steeds. In front of these a winged attendant checks for an instant their flight. The central figure, the guardian of the altar, still holds the torch, and below her are three satellites, one clasping a cruse of oil, another pouring oil upon the altar while she holds in her hand a flaming brand, ready to renew the flame should it falter, a third zealously watching the fire as it burns. Opposite to these a figure holds a crystal gazing-globe, in which the future has been revealed to her, but her head is turned to watch the flight of the earthly messenger.

The birth of Oriental Art is designated in the second panel. The forces of the earth wresting inspiration from the powers of the air are pictured in a contest between a joyous figure in ancient Chinese armour mounted upon a golden dragon combating an eagle (Legend of the Ming Dynasty). The dragon is victorious and wrests from the eagle the gift of art. Had the eagle been the victor the art would have remained in the domain of the air. See the similarity of the story of the birth of European and Oriental art. A female figure under a huge umbrella represents Japan, one of the heritors of the victory of Earth over Air, while on either side

are two other Oriental figures in gorgeous attire, symbolic of the long periods of Oriental art.

The third panel represents the Ideals in Art. There are seven figures, the Greek ideal of beauty dominating all in a classic nude. Below this Religion is portrayed in a Madonna and Child. Heroism is shown in Jeanne d'Arc, mounted on a war-horse and flinging abroad her victorious pennant. A young girl represents youth and material beauty, while at her side a flaunting peacock stands for absolute nature, without ideal or inspiration. A mystic figure in the background holds the cruse of oil. Over all of them floats a winged figure holding a laurel wreath for the victorious living, while a shadowy figure in the foreground holds a palm for the dead.

The fourth panel represents the inspirations of all art, five figures symbolizing Music, Painting, Architecture, Poetry and Sculpture. Flying above these are two winged figures, one holding a torch flaming with the sacred oil that has been brought from the altar, the other drawing back the veil of darkness, revealing the tangible, visible expression of Art to mortal eyes.

The four single panels symbolize the four gods

## THE DREAM CITY

of California— the poppies, the citrus fruits, the metallic gold and the golden wheat.

The entire scheme—the conception and birth of Art, its commitment to the earth, its progress and acceptance by the human intellect—is expressed in the four major panels. They are lighted from below by a brilliant flood of golden light, the sunshine of California, and reach up into the intense blue of the California skies.

The panels in relief decorating the outside of the dome of the rotunda are by Bruno Zimm of New York. They are to the Unattainable in Art and tell of the ceaseless effort of man's striving to bring to perfection these things which long for utterance yet eternally fall below the desire of their creator when given form. Art is represented in one panel with those who serve her either as idealists or realists. All the arts are given a panel in this work of Zimm—Drama, Poetry, Painting, Sculpture and Architecture.

The flower boxes with the women at the corners would have been softened and entirely understood if the flowers might have been placed within these receptacles. Then the women's heads would have been enveloped in the flowers and they would have

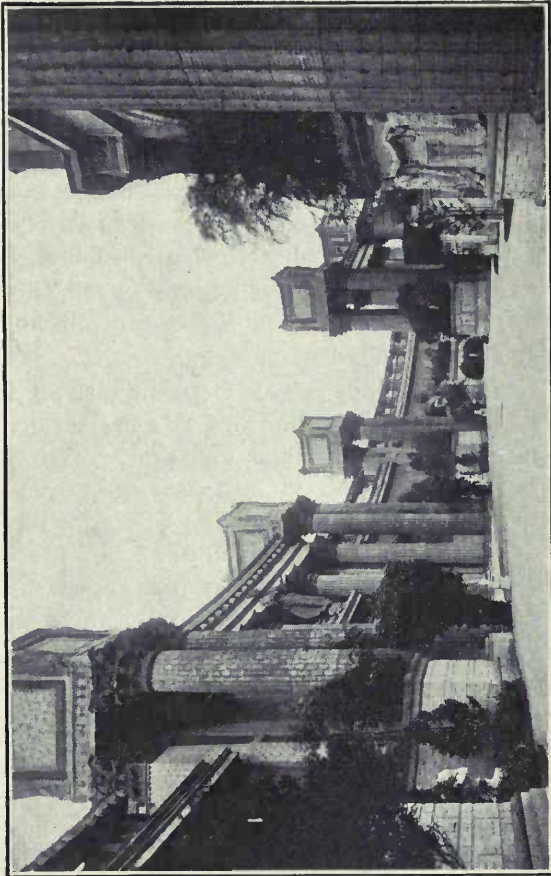


## ITS ART, STORY AND SYMBOLISM

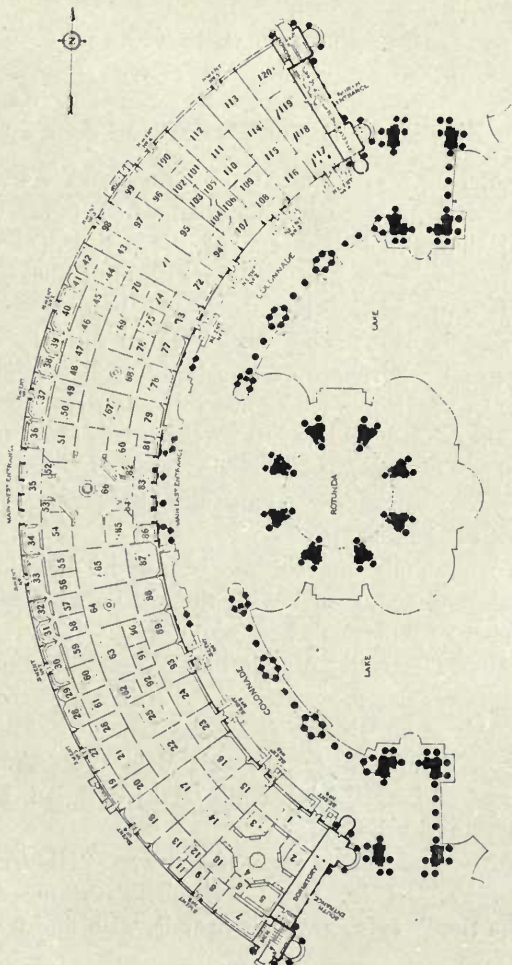
plainly spoken of introspection—the thing they symbolize.

Lentelli's beautiful Aspiration reaches up and always up before the door at the entrance to the gallery, and again seems to carry on the thought suggested by Reid's two panels of the birth of Oriental and European art, that all art comes to man from above and when man gives expression to these things it is from the heights and the depths that he finds his inspiration.

Outside the rotunda, visible from the distance to the east is the little kneeling figure "The Devotee" by Stackpole. She worships and prays. Always the unattainable serves to incite greater struggle and the thing once expressed falling below the ideal adds to the desire for more and more inspiration. No human group needs this more than these sensitive, far-seeing artistic mortals who worship at this shrine and here is the finishing touch for our temple—not only the place in which to pray but the faithful little maiden who in her inspired purity intercedes constantly for guidance and light.



Colonnade—Fine Arts



Floor Plan of Fine Arts

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### ENTRANCE TO THE FINE ARTS.

Entering the Fine Arts by the main door one faces a large circular gallery in which many beautiful things hold the eye of the visitor.

Hanging upon the walls are four of the Coriolanus series of Gobelin tapestries belonging to Mrs. Phoebe Hearst. They enrich to an untold degree the great wall space of this high-ceilinged gallery. Few of the people who come into the room appreciate the beauty and worth of these treasured tapestries. The Coriolanus series is of the very best period of tapestry weaving and the set of four is valued at \$250,000.

To study the marble and bronze in the room is to become acquainted with the works of a goodly number of America's best sculptors.

Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt-Whitney's fountain group occupies the center of the gallery; surrounding this come things from the hands of Herbert Adams, Grafly, Bitter, French, Bela Pratt, Annetta Saint-Gaudens, Calder, Roth, Haig Patigian, Mora, Fraser and others.

V. Breuner has a beautiful group, "Nature, the Consoler." (No. 3131). Piccirilli's statue called "The Soul" (No. 3132) is near it, with fine feeling.

Over a little further comes a beautiful "Vanity" (No. 3133) by Haig Patigian. She has an unconscious air about her as she gazes at her pretty face in the pool, and she wins the admiration of many who stop to enjoy the charm in her marble face.

James E. Fraser's portraits of children are charming. The relief, Flora and Sonny Whitney, is fascinating, and reminds one of some of St. Gauden's irresistible children (No. 3105).

Herbert Adams' "Bacchante" (No. 3088) is a splendid head; her dignified beauty would be as charming if called by another name.

Bela Pratt's "River Nymph" (No. 3090) is graceful; but the portrait bust of his mother (No. 3126) is full of the fine things these artists all put into the likenesses of their mothers.

Cyrus Edwin Dallin has some delightful children, and Amanda Austin charms with her youthful Saint John (No. 3102).

Aitken has an impressive and beautiful "Grief" that tells the whole story of the time when the human heart gives up to an overwhelming sorrow.

French's Alice Freeman-Palmer Memorial (No. 3125) is full of feeling, and is appropriate to an unusual degree. This is from the chapel at Wellesley where Mrs. Palmer was president for years. The great, glorious figure, Wisdom, directing the



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maiden toward the goal of knowledge, is superb. This is loaned by French.

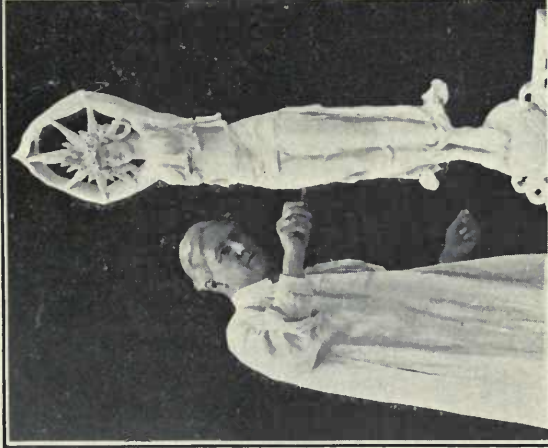
A. Stirling Calder has (No. 3120) an "American Stoic" and a fine seated figure of a woman as "Historian" (No. 3103). Calder has had much to do with the sculpture during the building process and has been spoken of among the men who have aided in other ways these Panama-Pacific plans.

The late Karl Bitter, the chief of the Department of Sculpture, is represented by three groups in bronze: The memorial of Dr. Tappan (No. 3114), a fine portrait in relief of Dr. Tappan with his dog; a pleasing and graceful goose girl, which forms, with her geese, a pretty bronze fountain (No. 3134), is loaned by J. D. Rockefeller. The most imposing example of Bitter's work is "Signing the Louisiana Purchase Treaty" (No. 3094).

Karl Bitter was born in Austria. He came to America a young man. Having shown great talent and having given proof of his genius, he was assigned a large share of the work in Chicago in 1893. Many will recall his decorations upon the Administration and Liberal Arts buildings. Having made such a success of his work in Chicago he was given a prominent place at St. Louis, and full charge at the Pan-American in Buffalo, where by the plan submitted he stirred his board to



Graffy—bust of Redfield



Calder and his Star

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raise the appropriation from \$30,000 to \$200,000 for sculptural decoration. With all this experience back of him he was made chief of sculpture for the Panama-Pacific.

Bitter, like every other man who achieves, had very decided views about the manner of carrying on a great work. His ideals and his excellence brought many opportunities to show his taste and skill in his work. George Vanderbilt's splendid home—Biltmore, North Carolina, is one of the places enriched by Bitter's workmanship. He made the great organ-breast, forty-five feet in length, for the banquet hall. The frieze is done in English oak, and represents the "Contest of the Minstrels." In the same hall, over the fireplace, is a frieze, thirty feet in length, done in stone, called the "Return from the Chase."

It was a firm belief with Bitter that sculpture should express the highest ideals of personal and national life, and that an artist to do anything worthy in sculpture or painting should first be a man.

His recent death proved him to have been a man in the highest degree, for it was in trying to save his wife from accident that he was killed. Nothing greater remains possible to man—nothing beyond giving his life for a friend.

## ITS ART, STORY AND SYMBOLISM

### JAPANESE SECTION.

Rooms 1 to 10 are occupied by the Japanese exhibition, and it is one of the finest the Japanese have ever sent out of their land. In order that we may understand this art one must know something of the philosophy back of it. The Japanese believe that an exact reproduction of anything eliminates the divine. Consequently they only suggest and leave exact representation out altogether. The collection consists of a varied collection of wood and ivory carving, porcelain, prints and some wonderfully realistic pictures done in embroidery. The work done by the Japanese as influenced by Occidental art is not nearly so attractive.

#### Oil Paintings—Japanese Section.

Silver Medals—Takeji Fujishima, Ikuno-suke Shirataki, Eisaku Wada.

Bronze Medals—Giuseppe Guatalia, Giokawa, Hiromitsu Nakazawa, Kijiro Ota, Hisashi Tsuji.

Honorable Mention—Gentaro Koito.

#### Water Color Painting.

Medals of Honor—Ranshu Dan, Toho Hirose, Shoyen Ikeda, Keisui Ito, Tomoto Kobori.

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Gold Medals—Bunto Hayashi, Taissi Minakami, Yoshino Morimura, Hachiro Nakagawa, Hosui Okamoto, Tesshu Okajima, Kangei Takakura.

Silver Medals—Shodo Hirata, Kashu Kikuchi, Banri Mitsui, Hoko Murakemi, Toyen Oka, Sesso Okada, Banjoh Shibata, Shunki Tamaya, Teiun Toshima, Kogyo Tsukioka.

Bronze Medals—Naohiko Aida, Banka Maruyama, Katsumi Miyake, Oshu Nishi.

### Color Prints.

Bronze Medals—Shiro Makina, Yoshida Yetsutara.

### Sculpture.

Gold Medals—Yamazaki Chaun, Yoshida Homei.

Silver Medals—Ando Bakuko, Yasuda Bunshan, Matsuo Choshun, Tomioka Hodo, Numata Ichiga, Tsuda Nobuo (collaborative); Watanabe Osao.

Bronze Medals—Sano Mitsuakasa, Kawanishi Shirin, Nogami Tatsuoki.

Honorable Mentions—Tashima Ikka, Ametani Sadajiro, Kitamura Seibo, Hata Shokichi.

### Medals.

Bronze Medal—Hosaka Kozan.



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Metal Work.

Grand Prize—Chozaburo Yamada.

Gold Medal—Ishiyu Miyachi.

Silver Medal—Mitsunaga Toyokawa.

Bronze Medals—Masachika Ota, Masatada Ota.

Lacquer.

Medal of Honor—Jitoku Akazuka (K. Hayashi, exhibitor).

Gold Medals—Kozen Kato (K. Hayashi, exhibitor), Hikobei Nishimura, Mesanori Ogaki.

Silver Medals—Daijiro Inouye (S. Nakamura, exhibitor), Takayasu Sasaki, Kofu Tojima (J. Mikami, exhibitor), Shoka Tsujimura.

Bronze Medals—Tamaro Iwataki (S. Kakamura, exhibitor), Hideo Kimura.

Wood, Bamboo and Other Media.

Silver Medals—Shinjiro Matsukano, Cho Yui.

Bronze Medal—Tatsukichi Fujii.

Pottery, Porcelain and Cloisonne.

Grand Prize—Kozan Miyakawa.

Medals of Honor—Sosuke Namikawa, Yohei Seifu (Rihei Hiraoka, exhibitor).

Gold Medals—Eizaemon Fukagawa, Yoshitaro Hayakawa (Juji Ando, exhibitor), Hazan Itaya,

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Tomotaro Kato, Shibataro Kawado (Jubei Ando, exhibitor), Sobei Kinkozn Meizan Yabu.

Silver Medals—Tozen Ito, Shuto Naka mura, Rokubei Shimizu.

Bronze Medal—Tokumatsu Takashima.

Dyed Fabrics and Embroideries.

Grand Prize—Jinbel Kawashima.

Medal of Honor—Seizaburo Kajimoto (Sinichi Iida, exhibitor).

Gold Medals—Chokurei Hamamura (S. Nishimura, exhibitor), Yozo Nagara and Kiyoshi Hashio (Sozaemon Nichimura, exhibitor), Goun Namikawa and Torakichi Narita (Rihichi Tanaka, exhibitor), Salji Kobayashi (S. Nichimura, exhibitor).

Silver Medals—Senri Ichiki and Yonezo Kidani (R. Tenaka, exhibitor), Takezo Ogawa (Shinichi Iida, exhibitor), Roko Sakakibara and Matsukichi Asada (Shinichi Iida, exhibitor).

Bronze Medal—Gizo Shibata (Shinichi Iida, exhibitor).

Honorable Mention—Seifu Tsuda.

Design.

Silver Medal—Seiichiro Sawada.

Bronze Medals—Koho Goto, Sadakichi Junicho.

Honorable Mentions—Takezo Hayshi, Motokichi Terada, Kojiro Ibuki.

## ITS ART, STORY AND SYMBOLISM

### FRENCH SECTION.

The French pictures in the Fine Arts date presumably from 1871 on, making them all modern. They are from the hands of men who have served more or less as teachers of the younger American students. The French art is not in the competition for honors, it has never been at any of the American expositions. Whether they feel that an award coming from the United States means too little or not is impossible to say, the fact remains, however, that they have never allowed themselves to compete in any way.

Gallery 1 has two large canvases on the north wall of Lucien Simon (Nos. 495, 494). Nos. 235, 236, are on the west wall, portraits by Aman Jean, a man who has taught American students. Marcel Clement's landscape (429) near by is pleasing. Nos. 349, 459 and 355 are all interesting canvases. Domerque's (No. 324) large canvas on the south wall and Maury's (No. 440) nude figures—all the same girl—on the north are notable.

Gallery 2 contains the two interesting canvases of Henri Martin's work on the north wall, showing the delightful vibration secured by adhering to

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Monet's theory. The east wall (419) is a delightful little picture by Sidaner, with more impressionistic lightness; above it hangs quite a sane sea by Matisse (438). A poor example of Besnard (254) hangs upon the north wall. This man is the head of the school at the Palace of Farnese in Rome and is considered the best living exponent of modern French painting. He is a master of light effects, with striking, brilliant color, not often extreme, but one must be told it, if they would know it. A fair estimate being impossible from this picture.

Gallery 3 has several famous names to demonstrate, most of them carrying disappointment. Maurice Denis, a decorator coming along in the wake of Chavannes, is given a prominent place. Monet's (432) picture is the same as one hanging in the American loan. Degas has an uninteresting cafe picture (310) in greens and reddish browns on the west wall. It is unfortunate to have one picture from men of his reputation. The name Degas is a synonym for the mastery of line, and his loose drawing today has its foundation in stern discipline; he is also interested in problems of light. Redon is another versatile Frenchman whom we could never place by the work shown. He is a romanticist in the extreme, exceeds nature in what

he does, and has a strong feeling for line and color. His picture (475) on the north wall is an attractive flower piece, not the type of picture his reputation demands.

Gallery 4 has some pictures by less known men. Caro Delvaille's picture on the east wall (279) is good.

Gallery 5. Paul Buffet's landscape (274) on the east wall is a familiar one to Californians, with its brown hills, bluish trees and yellowish sky. Jules Grun's little girl drinking (366) is a joy, with good color and a pretty scheme. Roll's ghastly Belgian Women (483, 484) painted since the Jason sailed are grewsome bits of realism.

The south wall contains Roll's Rearing Horses (482). All the sculpture in the French room is interesting, and the most of the pieces in gallery 5 are portraits: 673 is Bonnat, 675 is Harpignies, both celebrated painters by Legoffin; 661 is Renoir, by Paulin; 659 is the painter Guillamun by the same sculptor.

The north wall has a good portrait of Bonnat (336) and an interesting portrait painted by Rolls.

Gallery 6 has some delightful work from the hands of the men swayed by Impressionism. The east wall has a picture by Sidaner.



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### THE ITALIAN SECTION.

Galleries 21, 22, 23, 24, 25 are given over to the Italian pictures. These are entirely from the hands of the modern men. Gallery 21 contains some of the best pictures; Ettore Tito was given the "Grand Prix"; his pictures are all on one wall, numbering from 103 to 107. Tito is Venetian and is pleasing in color, and popular to a degree without being inane. He has a fine, general apprehension, and is delightfully happy in his choice of material for subject matter. Camillo Innocenti, numbering from 56 to 59, is another interesting painter. He plays with light and uses his paint in a way strongly suggestive of Monet. This man has been awarded a medal of honor. Onorate Carlandi, numbering from 15 to 18, is a strong man with a noticeable individuality; he is accomplished in technique, free and sensitive in all that he does. Carlandi too has a medal of honor. Bazzaro gives a playful and colorful picture in his on "The Diving Board"; full of sun and shadow he has made the best of the situation to bring into play his delight in working with this phase of light. Bazzaro received a gold medal. The other man with several pictures hanging here

is likewise worthy of a medal. The Italians consider him among their most original and independent painters and his work is truly pleasing. Casciaro lends delight to this medal room and his pictures make for themselves a place in the mind of the visitor; they number from 22 to 2; two of them hang in gallery 25.

Room 22 contains much of interest. Ferraguiti's Portrait in Red is one which received a gold medal. It is a compelling picture, the charm is there whether one wills or not, and its subtleness is delightful. Morbelli's picture called Sunset Across the Lagoon (No. 78) is fascinating because of the way it has been painted. It is done in a manner suggested by Monet. Mancini's three pictures (66, 67, 68) are all interesting. Parisani's Alban Lake (No. 85) is interesting. Francisco Gioli is considered by the Italians as among their very best in a sparkling category of painters. Florentine Harmonies (No. 53) is the only example of his work here. Festa Piacentini is one of the silver medal men; his picture (No. 49) hangs in this room. The Italians would probably call Noci the greatest man in this room. He is a big man among the Roman painters. He is versatile, painting with equal skill in all media. He paints imaginary fig-

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ures, portrait, and landscape all in a manner highly pleasing to the Italians. Nos. 80 and 81 are his pictures.

Gallery 23 is devoted almost entirely to Italian sculpture. The Kiss (156) by Vedani is pleasing. Dazzi's portrait (No. 123) is good. Graziosi's Susanna (No. 131) received a gold medal, as did Pogliani's On the Beach (146).

Gallery 24 contains some more men who are leaders among the vigorous independents. Nomellini (82, 83) is delighted to paint sunlight with its spots and shadows. Lionne is perhaps the most violent colorist represented in Nos. 62, 63. Chiesa's Annunciation (26) and Autumn (27) are interesting in their handling. Paolo Sala is president of the Lombard Water Color Society. He is considered great in the Art of Modern Italy. His picture (No. 96) is charming in tone and color, and he surely is at his best in handling the sea. Corsi's Perhaps (No. 35) is a good picture.

Gallery 25 has a number of gold medalists in it. The Ciarde pictures all hang together (Nos. 29, 30, 31, 32). They are by three Ciardi painters—Beppe, Emma and Guglielmo. Scatoli's Daybreak in Venice (99) is charming. Mentissi's Soul of the Stones (71) is strong and well done. Fragiacom

has a delightful little picture called Bit of Sunlight (No. 49).

Oil Paintings—Italian Section.

Grand Prize—Ettore Tito.

Medals of Honor—Onorato Carlandi, Camillo Innocenti.

Gold Medals—Leonardo Bazzaro, Italo Brass, Emma Ciardi, Guglielmo Ciardi, Guiseppe Ciardi, Umberto Coromaldi, Visconti Ferraguti, Dominico Trolli, Enrico Lienne, Giuseppe Mentessi, Plinio Nomellini, Feruccio Scattola.

Silver Medals—Giorgio Belloni, Agostino Bosia, Agostino Busi, Pietro Chiesa, Carlo Corsi, Arturo Noci, Matilde Piacentini, Carlo Rho, Edgardo Sambo.

Sculpture.

Gold Medals—Luigi Amigoni, Rensto Brozzi, Arturo Dazzi, Giuseppe Graziosi, Antionetta Pagliani.

Silver Medals—Ermenezildo Luppi, Raffaele Romanelli, Angelo Del Santo.

Bronze Medals—Guiseppe Guatalla, Giovanni Prini, Michelo Vedani.

Honorable Mentions—Ercole Drei, Antonio Maraini, Attilio Selva.

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### CUBAN SECTION.

Gallery 20 contains the Cuban Section. Has some pictures which interest. Some of the work seems decidedly clear, and to be influenced by the atmosphere of the central part of the world.

#### Oil Painting—Cuban Section.

Medal of Honor—Leopoldo Romanach.

Gold Medal—Rodriquez Morey.

Silver Medals—Maria Mantilla, A r m a n d o Menocal.

Bronze Medals—Aurelio Melero, E. Valerama.

Honorable Mentions—Margarita de Aragon, C. de Vildosola.

Gallery 19 contains the pictures from Uruguay. Many of these possess strong color and impress the visitor with the love of color inherent in the South Americans.

#### Oil Painting—Uruguay Section.

Gold Medal—Manuel Rose.



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Silver Medals—C. de Arzadun, Milo Beretta,  
Carlos Castellano, Jose Cuneo, Domingo Puig.  
Bronze Medals—Martinez Vasquez.

Sculpture.

Silver Medal—Jose Belloni.  
Bronze Medal—Juan B. Pagani.  
Honorable Mention—Juan Ferrari.

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### FRENCH ART IN FRENCH BUILDING AND FINE ARTS.

In rooms 92 and 62 hang all the French pictures of the American Loan; there are some interesting ones to study; those representing the Barbizon school are Corot, room 92, wall B, Nos. 4025, 4029. There are two of Rousseau's on wall C, Nos. 4037, 4036. Van Marcke, No. 4042, wall D, Tissot's large "Reception" hangs on this wall and two of Monticelli's pictures, one of them wonderfully rich in shade and color. Cazin has a beautiful picture of the "Repentant Peter" on wall C, also a large one called "The Retreat" in room 62. Cazin lived from 1841 to 1901. He studied art in France, Holland, Italy and England. His pictures are peculiar in that one tone predominates. The "Repentant Peter" is a beautiful green, it is early morning, it is easy to feel the situation as the artist wishes it interpreted; with the "crowing of the cock" the words of the Christ rushed in upon the miserable man and he realizes that he has proven false even as Christ foretold, then in sorrow and shame he goes out. The painter leaves him with awakened conscience here in the garden, and the picture is full of feeling and a spirit of silent sorrow seems to pervade

the whole scene as one contemplates the painting. "The Retreat" will not appeal so generally to the public; but it breathes of prayer and spirituality. The whole character of this picture is brown, soft in tone, but prevailing all through. In the French building on either side of the door of the main entrance Cazin has two pictures, beautiful in tone and character, a purplish gray holds forth here but it is easy to see the man always has a color scheme in mind in his painting. The son of Cazin is an etcher, his wife is a sculptress and has a bust of her husband, No. 624, in the French Section of the Fine Arts.

Room 62 has a Millet, No. 2842; it is not of the usual character of his work but of his early nudes. Fortuny has one, No. 2853. Diaz has 2856. Troyon has a beautiful example here of his cattle in the cool, green shade, No. 2854. Lepine has two, Nos. 2852 and 2855. Dagnan-Bouvert's "Consolatrix Afflictorum" is an interesting picture with wonderful green lights shading from dense heaviness to a yellowish haze. There seems to be a world of mystery and symbolism in the picture. The deer indicates solitude, the grapes and the vine, fruitfulness, the birds, spirituality, and the whole scene is given over to adoration in one phase or another.

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His works are classics. He has trained to the full extent of academic experience, is fond of the outdoor work and loves the simple people. He is also represented in the French Building.

Two interesting pictures on this same wall in room 62, Fine Arts, are by Lenbach, the Munich master. One is an early self-portrait, the other is a superb likeness of Momson, the great historian.

A picture of Meissonier—very unusual in character hangs in room 92, wall A. One much more characteristic hangs in the French Building. It is wonderfully handled as to detail; there is also a little sketch near by. Meissonier was the first president of the new Salon.

A good example of Manet hangs in the French Building—a picture the American Loan sadly lacks since they have nothing of the first leader of the Impressionists. His picture "On the Balcony" is interesting because of the contemporaneous portraits; Eva Gonzales, the woman seated there, being an artist of note.

Boudin is represented both in Fine Arts, room 62, and in French Building. He was in a degree a realist, and was the teacher of Monet. Renoir in room 61, is also represented in both places.

Carolus-Duran, the teacher of so many great

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living artists, is represented in the French Building by one large portrait. Besnard, Director of the French Academie at Rome, has pictures here and in the French Section of the Fine Arts.

Bonnat and Henner each have good pictures in the French Building, the "Soldier's Dream" is a great military picture. Legros is represented in the French Building, also Jules Breton has a peasant picture here and in room 62 of the Fine Arts. Laurens has pictures in the French Section of the Fine Arts and in the French Building, as has Degas, the Impressionist. But there is one picture the public should always be grateful for, and that is the Carriere "Crucifixion." The portrait in room 61, Fine Arts, does not compare with either of the two by this man in the French Building. His "Crucifixion" is a superb picture in the way it has been handled and in the way it is left to the visitor to fill out with his imagination the scene so exquisitely veiled by the artist. It is really little more than the merest suggestion of this great tragedy. The form hanging upon the cross is barely visible, as a tender enveloping haze shuts out all the awful realism; but beside the cross stands a form of a woman, his mother, in such an agony of grief that no one can fail to appreciate



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the sadness of the hour though it is only by the clenched hands she betrays the depths of her sorrow. Of all modern crucifixions this seems to be the best.

The French pictures are interesting in many ways to the American people, so many of the American artists have studied with these great Frenchmen that their names are strangely familiar to the public and it is with great pleasure the visitor is permitted to study work coming from the hands of these men.

The sculpture of Rodin, which is displayed here, is another great treat. One of the greatest living artists, he claims the earnest attention of all who would learn to what extent a great mind, directed by talent, can put the human form into bronze and marble, and to what degree he can endow these images of humanity with power and mind.

Rodin is a great realist. He insists that in art there is nothing ugly except that which is without character, or that which presents no outer or inner truth. To a great artist everything in nature is forceful, and that which is ugly often presents the most character. To study the work of this man is to realize that lying back of everything he does is tremendous thought amounting to phenomenal

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comprehension of moods, purpose, temperament, and the content of the sitter's mind. The great works of Rodin certainly are not pretty, but they have a beauty of intent, of character, an evidence of thought and soul that transcends all else in the way of compelling charm and fascination. There is little this great interpreter has left out in the making of his bronze and marble men and women; they think, they feel, they suffer, they grow old,—this he pictures almost cruelly. They move, and they almost breathe, so great is the semblance of life their creator has put into them. Study "The Age of Iron"; the statue is a passage from somnolence to the vigor of being ready for action, the victory of reason over brutish pre-historic age. The youth, who is scarcely awake, is standing on legs which still vacillate, but as the eye mounts the pose becomes more fixed and to watch the figure it seems almost possible to detect the deep breath which would fill the chest and precede the action of raising the arms to throw off the last of the torpor which has held him prisoner for so many ages. The Saint John standing by with his wiry strength and great will power in evidence, is one who could call forever in the desert. Rodin has left him in the position of just taking a striding step, and it seems

## THE DREAM CITY

that he might pass on to the fulfillment of his mission while one watched him disappear in the distance.

It is certainly a group of masterpieces the visitor has to contemplate here. The Bellone is strong and comes nearer being beautiful than all the others. The portrait bust of Henry Rochefort, editor-in-chief of a large Paris paper for years, is fine. Observe the bumps upon his forehead, the face seems to be one that might be an ever-changing vision, under the unconscious control of a mind, active beyond description, with the preponderance of the great questions of the day.

Rodin's "Prodigal Son" is an unusual conception. He is much more youthful than the worldly experience which he is supposed to have passed through would permit him to be. He is one of the type to arouse sympathy, however, and one can readily conceive the joy in the father's household, caused by the return of this tender, youthful sinner.

Rodin in speaking of public appreciation says: "The crowd can too often understand nothing of that sincere observation which disdaining theatrical poses interests itself in the simple and much more touching attitudes of real life. Inexpressive minu-

## ITS ART, STORY AND SYMBOLISM

tiae and false nobility of gesture too often please the ignorant, they fail to grasp the greatness of a daring impression which passes over useless details to seize only upon the truth of a tremendous whole." One cannot appreciate Rodin unless willing to take exactly what he gives by an understanding reaching deep into the depths of the human heart. A man who declares that every possible experience of human intelligence is to the artist material for his work, is a man who becomes an earnest searcher into the depths of the human mind. And Rodin says: "The great artist finds beauty in suffering, destruction, failing strength, dying genius, the treachery of his friends, the death of his loved ones, even though his own heart goes on the rack, stronger than pain is his joy at understanding and giving expression to that pain, for he knows more, and seized by the passion for truth he has by the knowledge thus obtained his compensation." The man who enters into such depths for his creative material is the man who having sounded these depths can give to the world that great bronze giant—"The Thinker."

## THE DREAM CITY

### SHORT SKETCH OF ART HISTORY.

#### THE SOURCE OF MODERN INSPIRATION.

In no one expression of the creative power of man is there such evidence of environment, race and country manifested as in his art. Almost the entire scope of his intellectuality is displayed in one way or another when he becomes known to us through his art. And in it we have the very best man has to give. Some speak these things which lie deep within them, some write them, others give their thoughts form in bronze or marble and some give thought color in painting—those to whom these methods are impossible are sometimes able to put into sound, these things beating for expression, and then it becomes music. In any case when the depths of the soul are stirred to utterance it is time to listen—because that is when we are going to get the side of man which is the creator and when the soul and ideal of his time may be made known.

The history of art is the history of the very finest portion of the lives in those countries and people who have preceded us. We should know it as we know their sacred or profane history and if we know it we do know in a very large degree their sacred and profane history.

The Greek ideal of beauty which has for cen-



turies embraced the excellence of all art is peculiar to them. They in their simple faith, open, candid enjoyment of the natural as they had it loved what they considered perfect beauty. So, while in their marble—unfortunately all that is left to us—they have physical perfection of form, exquisite grace, charm and simplicity, they never by any means put enough realism into their statue to make it a portrait. No human face with its imperfection could serve as an ideal for them. No sorrow, pain, age, or disquieting expression, could serve them as an acceptable model. The result is we enjoy a Greek statue with a broken nose, a marred face, or even no head at all, the other degree of beauty and superb fascination being in no way lessened.

The Roman took unto himself all the excellence the Greek had to give and added realism. From his hands we receive the first portrait, first equestrian statue, and the first combinations enriching and filling to a fuller degree the simpler beauty of the Greek. These two periods preceded by several hundred years the art from which we are directly descended, but we cannot leave them out of our art sketch because of the important part they play in all modern art.

Modern art is a direct product of the Renaissance,

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that splendid time which opened up with the great revival of learning and is—even until today. From about 1200 A. D. until this hour different nations in different ways at different times under entirely different influences—religious, political and moral—have given different utterances to these things, and if we would understand these messages we should know something of the history, time and place, the artist and his work then become more intelligible to us and we are greater for every artist whom we bring ourselves to understand.

The Catholic Church stood patron of artists, and art for many years. The art which precedes Raphael is peculiar but interesting if the student will enter with understanding the time and the spirit of the times. Symbolism is rife in these pictures, the loaf, the fish, the apple, the palm, the laurel, the cross, the crown, the insignia of saints and apostles, all have their might of information to add. The colors all had their significance—white for purity, blue for truth, red for love, green for envy, yellow for jealousy, etc. The actual life, time and people of the Biblical story formed no small part of the pictorial matter in this period, and there are holy families, saints and apostles, great churchmen in every line of prominence, the madonna and

Christ-child of every land to prove the importance of art as the "hand-maiden" of the church. The Bible in these days was in Latin, the laity could not read it and the teaching power of these pictures was greatly to be considered. A lesson in humility was easily given by a pictured saint enduring all things in an agony of humility upon the wall, the love or mercy or the avenging power of the church was equally well portrayed. So these pictures served their day and served it well. In many instances there is no beauty of perfection in them but in almost no instance are they all together uninteresting.

Following these primitives came the powerful Medici family in Florence and the scholarly trend and growth immediately after Saint Francis and Dante and Giotto. From that time the modern period was launched. We have masters leading up to heights which we only now really appreciate, and again in order that we may know how these men excel it is entirely necessary to know the excellence of their predecessors. Raphael with his splendid graceful line, Correggio with his glorious color, Andrea del Sarto, "the faultless" painter, Leonardo and Michelangelo, the superb giants—all have left us with ideals established and not to be considered

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in any other way than with the deepest appreciation. Had Raphael and Leonardo left us nothing but their drawings we would still have had invaluable treasures. But Michelangelo was the one whose work gives us more of himself in almost unspeakable greatness. He lived to himself, largely alone, imposed upon by his family, entirely misunderstood, often in flight from his native city which he loved, with unsoundable depths of feeling and appreciation in his own breast he was unable to call forth response from the heart of any other human, and consequently, we have from his work the soul's cry of him which stirs us today in his marble men and women and those painted in his powerful, sculptural manner. The name of Michelangelo calls before one hosts of these dumb witnesses filled to overflowing with utterance in their powerful and superb execution. Recall his great, sorrowing mother in marble with the glorious dead Christ on her knees—the Pieta of the Vatican; his Day and Night—the Medici tomb, the first work in marble to give any idea of the tremendous strength and power of suggestion to be found in the unfinished work in marble. It takes no time at all when looking at these great guardians of the Medici tomb to bring before the mental vision the possibilities only

merely uttered by the sculptor in these unfinished marbles. It is in his Sistine Chapel, however, that he leaves nothing unsaid. Here we have the whole gamut of human history, from the convincing and superb Creator and the splendid Adam and Eve whom he blessed and put on the earth, through Biblical story to the miserable failure in the drunken Noah from whom one turns in sorrowing wonderment. Then it is that Michelangelo, the giant, speaks—then it is that all that is human, all that can be stirred by the utter failure of mankind, all that is Christian arises in him and he proceeds to portray the impossibility of this degradation of humanity. With the might of his thought and faith, and the power and talent of his brush, he shows the depths and heights attainable by mankind through devotion to religion, to ideals, and to consuming love. He places there in glorious array the prophets great and small—those who carried all things before them and those who failed, and they speak with telling power—these men of deeds and faith. It is almost possible to hear their voices, when gazing in absorbed interest one studies the fine, young Daniel, the hopeful Joel, his strong Isaiah and his wonderful Elijah; but it is in the Jeremiah that Michelangelo gives himself to the world. It is



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Jeremiah, the greatest psychological figure in the art world, sitting in his Herculean pose of misery and despair, who speaks of the overwhelming disappointment and agony which follows the utter abandonment of hope. While Michelangelo knows the depths and displays them, it is but a part of the message he conveys on these chapel walls, this holy of holies of the Renaissance. His faith looks beyond and he leads to the symbols of better things in the more mystic seeresses and sibyls; those who foretell for every land and every people are placed among those who have despaired and again Michelangelo would instill hope and courage to strive in the human breast. It took sixteen hundred years of Christianity to make this man, but he was worth it. He is the great father of the moderns. He it was who was able to prove that almost everything was expressible in art, and in his own sorrow and bitterness of loneliness he had unending resource for inspiration. Look where one will the influence of this all-seeing master prevails today as perhaps no other does, and in living so entirely the whole possibility of human sorrow, together with his masterful talent he was able to speak in his work of almost every emotion of the human heart and he is as modern in thought and power as if he had lived

yesterday. It is no wonder our men of today draw upon these giants of the past. No one can comprehend them without being greater in himself, and all the greatness of the past art history is a never ending source of inspiration today. (There is a fine bit of sculpture by Aitken in the colonnade of the Fine Arts representing Michelangelo working upon Day, the Medician statue.)

Growing up contemporaneously with this Italian Art was the peculiar and entirely different art of Northern Europe. The proof that honest art is largely in the mind of the artist and that in this voice of himself his people, his land and environment also speak cannot be better shown than in this art history of the Flemish and Dutch. They had low land, tremendous sky spaces, and their eternal enemy, the sea, and from the beginning these enter largely into their pictures. They for years had nothing beautiful in their art save these three factors of their land, but they did not miss it. Their little chubby, round-faced, blonde women, resembling dolls of good proportions, served them as saints, madonnas, Mary Magdalens and in every other capacity without ever failing to satisfy. None of the ravishing, impassioned beauty of the brown-eyed, dark-haired Italian women crept into this art

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of the north land. But the realism, truth, technic and infinite amount of detail in these pictures could reveal the whole history of their manners and customs if the printed pages of these lands were completely destroyed. So much of the essence of their every-day life with its little happenings up to the great incidents of life's sorrows and disappointments is given that the story is told truthfully and not lacking in any way either in comedy or tragedy. In the art of these lands we see the difference in the mental attitude of the Italian and the Northern European. The average Southerner cannot be interested in anything not beautiful—a picture must be rich in color, easy to understand and possess a large degree of charm to hold the Italian. These northern men have such quiet, plodding, philosophical minds that they study and investigate anything placed before them, not meaning that they always approve, but they do not pass judgment hastily nor do they fail to appreciate because they have failed to see. The picture if well done, no matter how simple and homely the subject, will hold them and command their respect. The factor of mere beauty is frequently altogether absent in this art but excellence in every other form, from technic to infinite pains with microscopical detail is

in evidence always. These artists of the north are the great realists—nothing catching their attention is too mean to paint and we have everything from a pigsty to a palatial interior with exquisite marble columns and Oriental rugs, everything in figure painting from a slaughtered pig in a butcher shop to the most elegant grand dame and dignified burgoemeister. Wonderfully beyond words do these northern masters pile up ugliness into subjects of compelling power. Old age is given us by Rembrandt in those faces seamed and lined by experience and sorrow; and the hands gnarled and knotty evidence of tremendous toil, are as eloquent in their expression of life as the fine things of Michelangelo's are of the sufferings of the soul. So, in the north we have given us for the first time the beauties of the earth idealized and the life of the human kind with only powerful, truthful realism as the means of expression. Another art epoch, tremendous in its might and placing quite another phase of the creative side of man before us, and one to which our modern men turn constantly for inspiration. Truly everything is as much of the past as it can carry and only as much of the future as it can anticipate. The artist who from his heights sees beyond and by this foresight can express things

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of extraordinary power is the soul who speaks for coming generations and for the world. These men of the north passed through a great experience which changed the trend of their subject matter and popularized the portrait, giving it a place of greater standing than it had attained before. When the Reformation swept over northern Europe it was among these slow-going, sturdy, plodding Hollanders it took deep and lasting root. Once this was the case the preponderance of church as painting material was overcome and their intimate life history supplied the vacancy. The painters turned to the great commercial and professional guilds for their large pictures and took market scenes and military and political displays for the former religious pageants.

Nothing escaped these men in the way of subject matter. The little intimate things they have left us in the way of scenes from their home lives would be a complete history of the manners and customs of their time. We have from their brushes every chapter of their daily life, every room of their dwelling places, and almost every action called for in the maintenance of their business and homes. No people before them have left so monumental and pictorial a history of their everyday life. We have



them, eating, drinking, singing, fishing, playing all musical instruments, engaged in all modes of entertainment and study, on the street, in the cathedrals, at the market-places, in their gardens, artisans at work, artists in their studios, maids at their various duties, and the home from cellar and court to garret. Many men paint over and over some one phase. Van Steen gives us tavern and drinking scenes until we utterly tire of them. Halz gives fishing scenes and drunken and Bohemian sailor folk. Rembrandt gives from the most luxurious scenes to the poorest possible Jewish quarters in Amsterdam. Terborch, Van de Meer and Maes give us the scenes from the wealthy burghers—the women dressed in sheeny satin and rich velvet, and all of them give us, when demanded, superbly delightful portraits. Some of the world's greatest portraits come to us from these Dutch painters and the walls of the great art collectors can illy afford to lose any of these splendid faces of men and women as given by the Dutch men—little and great.

The popularity in England of two of these men—these great portrait painters—made the way clear for the English portrait period. Van Dyke, pupil of Rubens, painter of gloriously beautiful court dames, and dignified and imposing cavaliers, went

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from Antwerp to London and became the great predecessor of the English portrait men. Holbein, the younger, a German painter, did very much in England too among the rich middle class and the nobility. These two made fitting fore-runners for the fine coterie of English portrait painters who came all together in a splendidly talented group to leave behind them an unusual achievement, something new and something never repeated in the history of art.

English portrait painting stands alone both in excellence and in the fact of having been almost the only splendid thing done by the gifted men of the eighteenth century. Gainsborough and Reynolds, Romney, Lawrence and Hoppner have left upon their canvases the story of the fascinating men and women of that period, in many instances pictures of beauty and power. Each artist had his own way of handling this superb array of lords and ladies, soldiers, actresses, and wealthy middle class folk.

Gainsborough, the independent, unbending, talented inhabitant of Bath, was for years contented to live away from the great capital, and allow his talent and reputation to draw from the busy outside world only those who because of his rising reputation were desirous of coming to him.

Reynolds, pleasing, gracious, scholarly, given to pretty or tender pose, was close to the gruff master in skill and popularity when Gainsborough entered the London circle. Romney, however, was the man who made Reynolds most uncomfortable. They were so nearly equal in skill that it became impossible for them to live as friends; rivalry and bitter feeling kept them apart for years; in fact, only when Reynolds came to die was Romney moved to visit the old master and make peace.

Hoppner and Lawrence had something of the same spirit; both men of sensitive instincts, both given to the beautiful more than their immediate predecessors, both high in court favor. This rivalry in field increased the feeling of partisanship to bitterness. Hoppner, in all probability the natural son of the King, was supported and educated by the King, and then given the prestige which royal favor always brings. Lawrence was the favorite of the Prince of Wales. The man who serves successfully the Crown Prince serves the longer, because the King is always the "setting sun." These two artists were the last of the brilliant group; a decadent period immediately followed.

Many students of art insist upon having the beautiful, whether in landscape or figure work. When this insistence once prevails, when once the

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general trend of subject matter and treatment turns into this beguiling and luring pathway, the end is invariably in sight. The great men of the Renaissance were followed by men given over entirely to the pursuit of the beautiful—Guido Reni, Carlo Dolci and others. The result was that the Italian school went down and the invigorating spirit of growth, strength and excellence passed to the masters of the Dutch and Flemish school. They flourished until they, too, were producing only servitors and imitators, and they lost the palm. It has always been so, and always will be so. It takes power, originality, progress, truth, unyielding perseverance and keen judgment upon the part of the artist to keep his art out of the commonplace. Nothing will hurl high standards into the depths so quickly as abject regard for the beautiful, which very soon becomes the *merely pretty*. The *pretty* has served as the wrecking rock for almost every period of achievement in art history. The English portrait school had the same experience, and just when its great men were beginning to lay down the palette and brush American art comes on the scene.

Though closely allied to the art of England, American art is a chapter by itself, and its growth intensely interesting. It has been stated, and repeated, in these pages that the creative work of

humanity is almost invariably a mirror of the finest depths of the mind, revealing sentiment too noble for the passing throng.

While at heart the English and the American are brave, tender, kind and true, the average man of both countries would rather have murder discovered in his soul than a suspicion of sentiment. Out of reticence, out of apparent coldness, out of concealed depths of men usually undemonstrative, we trace the development of their art; and gradually, through quiet humor, through paths altogether conventional and traditional, the touching incidents of every-day life, the portrait and the genre picture appear differently handled by these American and English men.

For the first time in the history of American art an attempt has been made to give a sequential historical exhibition of its growth and development. Mr. J. E. D. Trask has succeeded in gathering a comprehensive group illustrating the art of America from pre-Revolutionary times down to the present moment. If the visitor would get the best result from the collection of American pictures he should trace the series from Benj. West to the men of today. Besides about two hundred and fifty pictures in this sequence, Mr. Trask has given where possible several pictures of one man, so that



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one may have the opportunity of learning more thoroughly the style of the numerous men represented. La Farge, Inness, Abbey, Wyant, Theodore Robinson, Winslow Homer and many others have from five to fifteen pictures, while whole rooms are given to Whistler, Sargent, Pennell, Pyle, MacClure Hamilton, Twachtman, Redfield, Tarbell, Duveneck, Chase, Gari Milchers, Childe Hassam, Skinner Clark and Kieth; Mathews and McComas share one room. It is impossible, unless writing volumes, to name the many men represented. The intent of these pages is only in a measure to arouse the public appreciation of the opportunity, which is theirs only for the next few months, to become acquainted in a delightful way with this splendidly varied collection.

The cosmopolitan American knows European art down to its most modern phase, but has been content to allow his own art to remain an altogether neglected quantity, believing it was of little importance. This belief has long ceased to be true; American art has been recognized abroad by the master teachers as of great and peculiar excellence; and it behooves the art lover of today to make the acquaintance of this phase of art history by studying thoroughly the collection placed for observation in the Palace of the Fine Arts.

The series begins with the famous Lion Gate at Mycenae. Then comes an interval of nine hundred years. The Seventh Century B. C. brings the first large marble figures, crude, uncouth and poorly done but showing the work and developing into finer things in the Sixth Century. These so-called Apollos, No. 15, 1558, 2720, 624; the first sculptural tomb stones 624, and the archaic Nike from Delos 21.

The Sixth Century is shown by the group from the pediment of the temple of Athena 31, 625, 670, 697, 700.

The Fifth Century gives the sculpture from Aegina.

From the middle of the Fifth Century Phidias and his school rules supreme in Athens. This is shown by the work from the Parthenon, the famous Athena by Phidias 128, 129, and the relief from Eleusis 126. The end of the century is shown by work from Erechtheion and the temple of Nike on the Acropolis.

The Fourth Century brings the work of Skopas. 178, 180, and of Asklipios at Epidauros in the Argolid 136. The world-renowned Hermes of Praxiteles (from Olympia) and by works from his

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school, 181, 182, 215, 217, and the fine funeral reliefs from Athens 715.

The Third Century and Second Century offers the Themis of Rhamus 231, the Poseidon from Unlos 235, the Gaulish warrior from Delos 247 and the remains of a group by Damophon, 1734, 2737. A few good Roman portraits bring us to the period of Roman Art (249, 417, 368).

In the Greek Building, recently opened, may be found much that is interesting to the Art Student. The collection is arranged chronologically and is easy to follow. In beginning with the Lion Gate of Mycenea the oldest motive in the sculptural art is used, the part it plays in ancient history is not yet determinable. A fine collection of photographs of Mycenea is to be seen illustrating the whole chapter of Mycenaean history.

Some remarkable casts are among the number shown—among them the famous Hermes of Praxitiles.

The casts displayed contain good examples from the earliest Greek art down to 146 B. C.

ART OF COLONIAL TIMES.

When the Puritans came to the western world they brought no art with them. They were not far removed from the fanatics who had been breaking church statuary and rending holy pictures. While Rembrandt and Halz and many other Dutch masters were at their best in Holland, the colonists on the New England Coast had their Bibles for inspiration and consolation, and the hardships attending pioneer life for daily combat. Occasionally a later arrival brought a family portrait as an heirloom, but such were few. The beginning of native art was slow, and excellence came slower.

Aside from one or two mediocre English painters who sought to escape the overwhelming power and talent of the force working in England, no artists came to the Colonists. They were not missing the joys of the possession of art, however. Their Puritan preachers were moved to eloquence every Sabbath by the supposed danger of hell-fire, and so vivid and awful were their descriptions that a guilty conscience must have enabled any earnest listener to have pictured for himself all the various stages of the region to which the unrighteous were doomed. Strange enough, when artists did begin to go among the people to paint, it was these same

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Puritan divines who seemed most willing to be painted and who made the finest subjects. Many of our pre-Revolutionary engravings and portraits are of these men who warned their congregations of the wrath of God, preached repentance, and sat in judgment upon their neighbors.

Benjamin West, born in 1738, in the Quaker village of Springfield, near Philadelphia, was the first American to lift himself bodily out of his environment and to start upon an artistic career. He had sufficient power of likeness to enable the Indians to recognize his drawings of his younger brothers. No colors being at hand, the Indians gave him the dyes such as they used for personal adornment. He made his brushes from the fur of wild animals and with this equipment he was painting when he was discovered by a kind Philadelphian, who promptly sent him some colors. After some successful work in Philadelphia he was finally sent by a benefactor to Rome, where he studied for three years.

West's association with the wilds of the American colonies, the romantic help given him by Indians, and his own personal charm made him an object of great interest. His historian tells us that when he went sightseeing in Rome he was followed



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West's—Magdalene

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by a crowd of the friendly curious, who enjoyed his naive exclamations when coming upon the various art treasures of the Eternal City. While looking at the Apollo Belvedere he laughingly said, "Humph! he is no god; he is a Mohawk warrior!"

From Rome West went to London, where he made a place for himself from the very beginning. At the death of Reynolds, West was elected to succeed him as president of the Royal Academy. This gave him great power and prestige, and pupils flocked to him from the American colonies. He took them all in and more than once clothed, sheltered, fed and taught at his expense.

The picture of West's Magdalene is the best shown in the gallery. The coloring is pleasing, the grouping is good, but the faces are very similar, which betrays weakness.

His art was not up to the standard of the great Englishmen then painting, but he never realized this, as public opinion of the day placed him high above mediocrity. Time, however, has leveled his work to the place it occupies today. This we must admit is just, even though we love the kind, venerable old teacher and would have enjoyed his presence among the masters of English portraiture. The place occupied by West is important in American

art, and he is given as great a place in the history of English art. They honored him while he lived, he was knighted by the King, and buried in St. Paul's.

West sent home a number of well trained pupils, each of whom has some representation in the Historical American room. Pratt has a good portrait of West, his master; Robert Edge Pine, C. W. Peale, and his several sons are represented by portraits; but the pupil who was greater than the others and who excelled his master was Gilbert Stuart. He came back to young America to paint the distinguished men of the day: General George Washington, Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson, of whom he made some remarkably pleasing portraits.

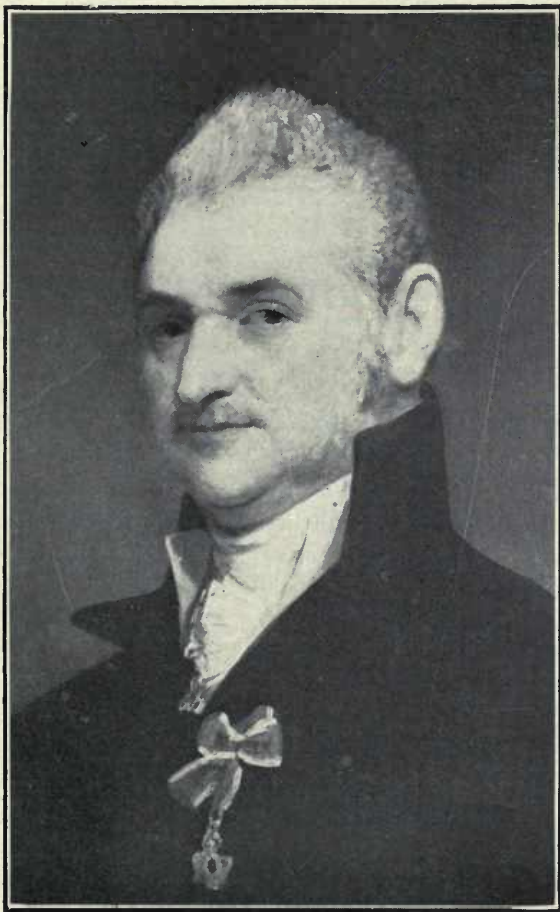
Gilbert Stuart's personality was unusual and interesting. He had no sense of responsibility, and at the same time was clever and talented; mindful of his personal comforts only; shrinking not at all from involving his close friends in most embarrassing circumstances. Numerous stories are told of his utter disregard of meeting his obligations, and some of the finest work he died possessed of should not have been his.

When he painted George Washington, the first

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attempt was a failure, which he destroyed. Before starting the second portrait he made many inquiries regarding Washington's idiosyncracies, his likes and dislikes and the subjects he was freest to converse upon. Stuart discovered that Washington was most apt to forget himself when talking about the recent Revolutionary experiences. Armed with this information, Stuart was able to arouse Washington's interest, and the second portrait was the result, which every American knows, reveres and loves.

The request for the portrait came from Mrs. Washington; but when Gilbert Stuart realized the success of the undertaking and appreciated the difficulty of securing another engagement with General Washington he resorted to trickery in order that he might retain it. The face and head were finished in Stuart's best manner, but he only blocked in the neck and shoulders. Leaving the portrait in this state he always readily assured Mrs. Washington that the picture was unfinished, but should come to her as soon as it was in condition. The famous portrait (it is owned by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts) never having been finished by the designing painter, it served him as the splendid model for at least fifteen reproductions. Unfortunately, the Palace of Fine Arts is not able to show this



Gen. Dearborn—Stuart  
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likeness of the Father of Our Country, but the Massachusetts Building has a splendid copy of it.

If Gilbert Stuart had remained in England and had painted the type of person produced by Reynolds and the other Englishmen his work would have ranked with theirs. There are many things which go to make him the best American portrait painter of this early period, and it is always with pride we may look upon a Stuart portrait.

It is utterly impossible to mention all the men who fill the historical sequence in these rooms given up to the early American painting, but one studying them will be able to fill in those who must be omitted in these pages. In the study of these rooms the visitor can not fail to see that a number of artists have been men of much more than ordinary talent and the picture of General Dearborn by Stuart is one of his best.

One man, a later pupil of West—Samuel F. B. Morse—has an unique place in this list. Few know that he was an artist who had received highest commendation in the old world, and that he returned to the United States to go on with art as his profession. Three of his portraits hang in a room of the Fine Arts Palace, and they speak for themselves. Morse had received great encourage-

ment from West, and had painted some good pictures. Among the last things he attempted to do while in London was a large canvas which he called "Dying Hercules." He had been working upon it for weeks, and could not satisfy West with the body of the great god. West finally suggested that Morse leave off painting for a while and model the torso, becoming thereby familiar with the difficulties of handling the body in another way. When Morse had finished with the clay he had so excellent a Herculean figure that West suggested that he submit it to the Sculptors' Society, which was just about ready to hold its annual exhibition. The Hercules was accepted, and awarded the gold medal.

A wealthy American tourist visiting the exhibition, upon discovering that the gold medal had been given to an unknown American, promptly bought the Hercules. Morse received the money, but never heard again of his Hercules. In 1815 Morse returned to the United States, hoping to establish himself here and continue with his work. He painted portraits for fifteen dollars a head, and did some good work, but with no flattering results financially. His air castle rose from visions of a picture which he hoped to paint for Congress and place in the capitol. He had thirty-two portraits ready for the

great picture and had worked over two years, when the scheme fell through altogether, much to his disappointment.

The failure of this plan and the difficulty of obtaining work drove him more and more into the field of invention. Returning from England in 1832, he had a conversation upon the steamer with some men concerning electricity. He knew little about the subject beyond a few lectures he had taken with interest at Yale. When told, in answer to his questions concerning the length of time required for the current to pass through the wire, that it was instantaneous, he replied: "If the transit can be made visible in any part of the circuit then I see no reason why intelligence may not be instantaneously transmitted." That night Morse dotted down the first suggestions for the "Morse alphabet."

When this invention was perfected and accepted it was about to be installed in the capitol at Washington, D. C. Unwilling to entrust this important commission to any other than himself, Morse was doing the work. One day while carrying the apparatus into the basement, way over in a dark corner, on a neglected rubbish pile, he thought he saw something familiar. After some investigation and some thorough dusting he found the object to be his long

lost, gold medal Hercules. Another irony handed out by Fate—that he should have walked into the basement, with assured riches and success in his arms, to find upon the dust heap the most honored work of his more youthful esthetic dream. Great wealth came to him, and he drifted far away from the painter's field as an active laborer, but he was always fond of it, and used much of his wealth in collecting the beautiful things which he kept about him. Morse has three pictures in the gallery. The portrait of Mrs. Oliphant is fine and to look at the kind, brown-eyed old lady is to love her.

One other great inventor forsook the artist's dream to become commercially great. Robert Fulton, of steamboat fame, was no mean painter.

After West and Copley and their pupils (some of whom have been named), came Trumbull, Allston and Vanderlyn, and they filled a place all their own, and impossible to trace here. In the print rooms of the Palace of Fine Arts some of their engravings may be seen with interest, and of course they had their place as painters, too.

Following these came the last of the men who remained under the influence of the English figure painters—Sully, Inman, Harding and Elliot. Delightful examples of each of these men hang in these American rooms.



**Mrs. Oliphant—Morse**



Sully's picture of Mrs. Kemble is well known, and she graces her corner from her gilded frame with a smiling happiness.

Elliot has some most fascinating portraits, those of Col. McKenny and Mrs. Mary A. Goulding being among the finest in the American collection.

Eastman Johnson's portraits and "Drummer Boy" show well his place. Woodville and Mayr, with their pictures containing a good touch of realism and kindly humor, introduce some work upon the line of more intimate, narrative style, embracing a suggestion of sly fun, a characteristic of much of the subject matter of American art of this type.

For the sake of keeping up with our history somewhat chronologically, we will return in our study of this early American work and bring up the landscape painting.

Landscape painting has been a product of the brushes of the painters of Northern Europe almost entirely. Italy, with its wealth of natural beauty and its great art history, has virtually no part in this phase of the painter's expression. It is strange indeed that, with the numerous great artists given to the world by Italy, none of this available material has ever been given the prominence that came to it in the northland. Perhaps the cold, rigorous in-

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clement winter, which locks in a snowy, icy mantle all earth's beauties, just to burst out more joyously and wondrously with the approach of spring, is one reason for the great love of earth, and the seasonal changes of the earth which possess these northmen. Be that as it may, the fact remains that Italy had to deal with the old masters who were altogether absorbed in humanity, its burdens and woes, its joys and happiness, its love and hatred, its wars, its faith and its religion. These have been left to us in every form upon the great Italian canvases. It remained for the Flemish and Dutch to spring upon the art world the great possibilities and fascinating beauties of landscape, especially in its minute details. Their little flat country, much of it wrested from the sea, is precious, as small things won at cost of great toil are always precious. This the Netherlanders show by the love that manifestly lingers over the smallest details of their land, their sea, their sky. But while these men have given us many excellent things, it was not until the nineteenth century that modern landscape came into its own, and the whole trend of landscape painting was turned into lines of discovery which led to the marvelous things of yesterday and today.

The landscape work of these earlier men was

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under traditional treatment. They painted their canvas first black and white, then with red made the deep, rich brown which they built upon. They could have drawn the blinds of their studios, lighted their lights and painted their landscape, so far as the necessity for seeing nature was concerned in their rendition. They knew by custom what made an acceptable picture, and we have them by the dozen.

They painted their pictures without studying nature, without knowing her moods, and without the technical knowledge necessary to reproduce the condition presented by the sun and shadow, which is an all-powerful factor in the great world outside. They painted this landscape from memory without having spent sufficient time upon their subject to appreciate that they painted a shadow for a substance. The result was a landscape which had representation but little truth in it; part of this was because of the traditional method of painting. The whole canvas was covered with black and then the light spots were given some white, and the rest was treated to a coating of red paint put on over the black paint, which gave them the deep rich brown they loved to work from.

They painted traditional pictures; they did not

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paint pictures of the woodland, meadow, hill, valley, lake, stream, mountain, field and sea, as our artists do today. Theirs was a composed picture, with traditional handling, popular because of its traditional perfection which in no way violated the taste of those who knew no other thing. The two Gainsborough landscapes (2917) and (2903) and the Old Crome (2891), in room 63, are typical examples of these landscapes as they were painted by the English painters at this time.

John Constable, a young man, raised near his father's mill, acquainted with the trees, stream and wood surrounding the mill, was moved to portray these things as he saw them and he proceeded to go out of doors to paint them. Without recognition in his own country and unknown, he was working quietly, when six of his pictures were taken over and shown at a French exhibition. The eyes of the keen, appreciative French artists detected very quickly the new note in the work and they proceeded to investigate the method of this Englishman. The French were painting classical scenes; beautiful green stretches of land, tumbling marble temples and columns, with the flute-playing shepherd and the dancing shepherdess, done in bits of bright color which lent themselves well to the

scene. A group of young men, who were just beginning to paint, were well aware that this was not nature as it appeared to them, they knew that this subject matter was forced and false; but they had not determined upon any other course of action.

Upon finding that these pictures of Constable were produced from nature, were painted as the artist constantly observed what he painted, and that the artist had painted out in the open, these newly impressed men, Corot, Rousseau, Millet, Troyon, Dupré, Daubigny, Diaz and others took themselves and their easels out into the forests and fields to paint, with the result that we have one of the greatest changes imaginable taking place in a few years, and we have the birth of one of the most sweeping innovations the history of art has been subjected to up to this time in its history—which is 1832.

While Constable did not carry the departure to the success achieved in France, without him there might, and probably never would have been a "plein air" school, and, as it was, we find these Frenchmen forsaking Paris—moving out to the tiny village of Barbizon, on the edge of the Fontainebleau forest, and there delving into the study of the moods of nature until, with the suggestions made by the man across the Channel, the world was given some of



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the greatest landscapes ever seen, and a knowledge and skill was developed which has given a universal change to the achievements, taste and execution required for modern landscape.

The Barbizon school gave to landscape painting the fine atmospheric conditions which make almost indescribable the beauties of Corot, and other fundamentals which are followed largely today. They discovered the function of the eye, and composed their picture in accordance with the working of the eye. They give a focal point which attracts the eye immediately, surrounding this is an area which is painted clearly and is to be seen plainly; then the edge of the picture becomes dim and more or less indistinct. This composition is based exactly upon the plan of the eye's functioning. Corot's picture No. 4025, gallery 92, is a fine example of this style of picture building.

When painting out of doors each painter soon found that there were periods of the day when he was at his best. This was leading up to a realization that the sun and shade were constantly making new conditions; and that each change made virtually a new picture. Corot found his time to be the early morning and late afternoon effects; he began painting often at 4 a. m., claiming that by

9 a. m. he saw more than he could put into his picture. Rousseau painted the light through the trees at the brightest period of the day. Troyon painted the shadow and shade of the day, with his cattle breathing of plenty and contentment. Millet took the fields and the peasants when at work.

By changing the treatment of their canvas they were able to get atmosphere into their landscape and in doing this they soon learned to paint a figure into their landscape without making it seem forced, but partaking naturally of its environment.

A group of earnest, conscientious men, they groped, studied and progressed until the world, while it began by scoffing, had to face about and take them at their true worth eventually.

Rousseau was the acknowledged leader, whose art is distinguished not only by truth to nature, but by giving more or less expression to emotion and moods possessed of poetic feeling. Rousseau has been called the epic poet of the group, and Corot the lyric.

Perhaps no bit in the history of painting is any more interesting than this of the Barbizon school. These men who worked so earnestly received very little praise from the public for years. Together they worked, and held up each other's hands, so to

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speaking, while the skeptical mass stood by laughing and criticising until it was beaten into submissive approval. Twenty years is a long time to serve for an ideal in the face of no appreciation, yet these men did it even longer, suffering while they served.

The life of each man in this group is fascinating, and time should be given to learning something of the privation they endured for the sake of their ideal and ambition, which was leavened all the way through by their undying and untiring love for their work.

The lesson taught by this experience is the same one mentioned before. The people should withhold judgment; the people should wait; the public not being painters cannot tell what the immediate result even of failure made by honest endeavor may mean. When these men struggle for years, earnestly, without approval, it must be realized that they are desperately determined to establish great truths—for approval and appreciation is almost as necessary as the air they breathe to these sensitive, temperamental, high-strung men, who live with a tenseness never appreciated by the laity, and who quiver under the lash of criticism.

Several of these forsook traditional or classical ideals. Millet could paint the nude until it was like

nothing ever seen before. Because it was traditional, and the real academic way to study, he was taught that way and tried to paint it, feeling that practice would make perfect and skill would come with perseverance. One day, standing in front of some of his nude pictures, he heard a University pupil ask another, "Who did these things?" The answer came back, with a promptness which surprised Millet beyond words, "Oh, Millet, a fellow who can't do anything else but paint dainty things in this fashion!" Though it meant privation to the extent of lessened comfort and often all comfort, Millet from that day painted the thing nearest his heart—the well-tilled field and the great, muscular, toil-worn, patient peasant who lived and worked in it. Disapproval finally killed Rousseau—and they all suffered more than ever can be described. Ignorance is the most cruel thing to deal with in the world; it knows no mercy, and brings all to grief who are driven before it, and these men suffered all things at the hands of those unappreciative because they did not know.

Thomas Doughty, born in 1793, was the first American landscape man. Two of his paintings hang in the Historical American room. They are small and unpretentious as they hang high up on

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the wall, but they tell an interesting fact. Without a hint from England, without a knowledge of tradition, this man went out of doors for his picture, and the observer will see the excellent judgment displayed in the selection of the subject matter: good distance, fine reflections, and an atmosphere not to be found in the greater Gainsborough hanging on the English wall, are in evidence in both of these little pathfinders of Doughty. Gallery 60, Nos. 2777, 2778. ✓

If not of and with him, came immediately the men of the Hudson River school—Kensett, Cole and Durand. These, in their own way, carry on the landscape work. Early influences tell greatly in their painting. Durand, having been an engraver, gives infinite pains to detail when as a man of mature years he took to painting. Some of his pictures show the influence of French Claude—Watteau, Pesne and Lancret, with Greek temples, dancing shepherds and shepherdesses—but generally Durand keeps much nearer to the truth. He was a painter of experience before he ever went to Europe, and his knowledge and love of nature kept him nearer the truth than might have been expected.

“The Morning of Life (2740, room 59) is a fine example of the over-filled canvases of these early





Durand's—Storm in Catskills

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men. "Thunder Storm; Catskills" shows much better composition, greater strength and better work in every way. Durand painted so many years that the progress and skill of the later work is marked.

He was influenced by his study in England, which he visited, and also in Germany and Italy. There is fine growth and development displayed between the two pictures of his, which hang in the American section in the Fine Arts.

Kensett and Cole were his contemporary painters, who follow with less skill in some respects, but who have their place which history thoroughly respects. These men all spent time in Europe; all came home to paint, and were the first of a large group of painters only a few of whom can be spoken of here.

Moran, Church and Bierstadt were the three who became deeply impressed with the wonders of this great land of ours, and who came West with the opening of the railroad in 1864 and painted the Grand Canyon, Yellowstone, Yosemite, Rocky Mountains and Canadian Rockies. So enthusiastic were they that nothing staggered them, and with the assurance of a creator they surely attempted the infinite in their portrayals of these greatest scenes in the world. Yet their work has its place, even though

it is a fact that the subjects were treated from the standpoint of the camera rather than from the power of the human eye's grasp.

It was a little later, when Homer Martin, George Inness and Wyant came into their maturity, that the excellence of their theory and the fine examples they were able to give the world put the landscape painting of the United States upon an elevation which led almost immediately to the heights from which it has never descended.

This trio of earnest, thoughtful men were able to take in the fine things suggested by the Barbizon group, who were just reaching the place they had for years deserved, and in the works of Martin, Inness and Wyant we have our gifted American, with all that is cosmopolitan in him—which seems to make a most unique individuality; able to catch ideas, able to apply new theories, but at no time becoming a feeble imitator. These men, each in his own way, has adapted all he could from these great innovators, and we have our American Barbizon period truly, but with another note sounded by these followers.

What may be said of each of these men, in a manner may be said of all, for the sake of a clearer understanding more should be known—more of

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their sentiment as to subject matter, as to the aim of an artist, and to the position art may fill.

Inness puts these things into language admirably clear. "The purpose of a painter is merely to reproduce in other minds the impressions which a scene has made upon him. A work of art does not appeal to the intellect. Its aim is not to instruct, not to edify, but to awaken an emotion; and it must be a single emotion if the work has unity, as every such work should have, and the true beauty of the work consists in the beauty of the sentiment of emotion which it inspires. Its real greatness consists in the beauty of the sentiment or emotion which it inspires. Details in the picture must be elaborated only enough to reproduce fully the impression which the artist wishes to reproduce. When more than this is done, the impression is awakened or lost, and we see simply an array of external things which may be very cleverly painted and may look very real, but which do not make an artistic painting. The effort and difficulty of an artist are to combine the two, namely, to make the thought clear and to preserve the unity of impression."

This is where modern art departs altogether from the story-telling pictures of the Church, and where the artist's desire to express an emotion is the sole



Windy Day—Wyant



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aim. It is here that fully two-thirds of the public cease to follow and begin to find fault, failing to appreciate that story-telling is the function of literature in these days of printing, and no longer that of the painter.

The row of paintings by Wyant and Inness will give proof positive, however, that an emotion as conveyed by these men and shown in their pictures is a really great pleasure and a joy from first to last as the observer stands before these bits of nature given by these men.

"The Windy Day" (No. 2541, room 54) is a fine thing, very different in effect from the crowded overfull canvases of some of the men just before him. A little marsh-grown pool, a beautiful tree, the horizon, broken by small, thin trees, all done in greyish green is a poetical landscape and one the most conservative must accept.

The paintings of Homer Martin, which hang in the gallery, are less joyful, and not in the style of Inness and Wyant nor in the style of Martin after he began to appreciate the Barbizon men fully. It is a delightful vista these men bring us into, and America will always point with pride to their work.

Following these men, such an array presents itself that one wishing to give a place to each is

overwhelmed. Yet nearly every name is present in the Fine Arts catalogue, and it is with genuine regret that many are only mentioned who should have pages devoted to them.

Winslow Homer and John La Farge should have each a book, and so should others, but something must be trusted to the aroused interest of the visitor, who will make an opportunity to learn something of these painters, but as many as possible shall be mentioned separately here. For the sake of knowing who the younger men of the early eighties were, this list of names is given for consideration.

Robert Swain Gifford, William Sartain, Louis C. Tiffany, J. Alden Weir, Will H. Low, William M. Chase, J. H. Twachtman, Abbott H. Thayer, Francis Lathrop, and D. Maitland Armstrong.

And just a little later come another crowd to claim immediate attention:

T. A. Bridgman, Edwin H. Blashfield, George de Forest Brush, Thomas Allen, J. Carroll Beckwith, Robert F. Blum, Kenyon Cox, Bruce Crane, Frank Duveneck, Birge Harrison, Frank Fowler, George Inness Jr., H. Bolton Jones, George W. Maynard, Frank D. Millet, John H. Niemeyer, Eastman Johnson, Walter L. Palmer, Will T. Smedley, Dwight W. Tyron, Elihu Vedder, F. P. Vinton, Geo. Fuller,

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Thomas Hovendin, Alexander Wyant and Theodore Robinson.

These men, many of them living today, have been the tireless workers who have brought our art up to the high standards maintained by contemporaneous American art, and to the place recognized as one of excellence by the whole world.

So far, in sketching American tendencies in art, only those of English and French influence have been considered; but among these names are several who come back with the Munich training. It is with great interest that one turns to Currier, Duveneck, Alexander, Shirlaw and Chase, each of whom is represented in the collection.

The French influence has tended to brighten and lighten the canvases; no deep rich browns to give contrast to the pale cream and pink flesh tints of the human face; no dark back ground to lend its striking support as the old Italian, Spanish and Dutch masters. In Munich, however, art has been growing, and in the various pictures of these men one can see living again the beauties of the old masters. This influence was set abroad by the Munich teachers, who painted on grounds of broad, warm bitumen, and with strong, sweeping brush-work they achieved some splendid effects, in a superb style.

THE IMPRESSIONISTS.

Progress comes by constant effort, keen observation, a prophetic instinct to detect the new note when it is sounded, and an appreciation of the value of the new, as it takes its place beside the old. The Barbizon men, Corot, Rousseau, Millet, Duprè, Troyon, Diaz, and Daubigny at the instigation of the English Constable, went into the forest and the open, to paint. They discovered many things unknown to the landscape painter previously, and brought about changes in the technic and composition of the landscape. The tumbling Greek temples, the dancing nymphs, the lute-playing shepherds disappear from the French pictures and the actual beauty of the landscape is left to reign supreme. It took the world nearly forty years to appreciate the wonderful gift the Barbizon men brought into the landscape painting; it did, however, comprehend something of it soon enough to be up in arms at the innovations of the next prophetic group who came with visions and ideals to establish.

The succeeding contemporaries, earnest, talented,

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anxious for an understanding of the conditions surrounding them, without quite realizing the import of their effort, begin to work and experiment with other things and end by bringing actual science into their painting.

Manet, Monet, Degas, Renoir, Pissaro, Sisley, Bertha Morisot, Eva Gonzales, Guillemet are a few of the old guard of Impressionists.

Manet was the greatest of these men; he had studied with Couture, the best teacher in Paris, and had traveled in Italy, Germany and Holland. Manet's manner was imbued with that of the Spanish and Dutch masters whom he had studied in the Louvre, and in their own countries. As time went on Manet began to depart from the traditional way of painters and he is the first to place pure color side by side, with no blending, no shading, no softening effect. His picture in the French Building, "In the Balcony," shows this plainly. Manet was battling his way into notice because of his unpopular change in handling subject matter when another, bearing a name so like his appeared, that Manet suspected the new comer of rather toying with the similarity. Monet was the man. This made Monet so indignant that ever after he signed



himself Claude Monet, that there might be no mistaken identity.

This man was a great innovator. He had wanted to become an artist and had met with the usual objection from his parents. They offered to buy him free from his military service, but when they found it would be only to paint the sooner, they allowed him to enter the army. He was sent to Africa, where he simply drank in color and sunlight. After two years of the army his health failed and Monet returned to Paris and began to study in Gleyre's studio. He was literal, and was painting the scene as he saw it; lifting up his voice against the poetry and romantic treatment of Corot. His picture, No. 2811, room 61, shows how heavy and dense he was willing to put things down in his frantic effort to be literally true. The green is solid and massed; the flowers are reddened, sticky things, with no lightness; the water is heavy; the shadows dense and black; the picture is so solid it seems almost sinking of its own weight through the frame.

A series of lectures which had been given at the Columbia University, in New York, by Professor Rood, were published about this time, giving the theory of reflected, prismatic light. This American

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professor had selected two or three colors which were mixed together, as a painter mixes them on his palette, the color was then applied to a white card. Then he took the same colors in the same proportion as before and without mixing placed them on a white disc; and when this disc was revolving so that the colors blended into one color corresponding with that obtained by mixing them, the result was more intense, for it contained more light. Monet, who wished to represent light, took very seriously the suggestion contained in these experiments, and he began to apply the idea to his painting and from this time on his work was one great experiment, seeking in every manner to introduce the theory into his work in a convincing way.

Nothing more interesting than the Monet wall, in room 61, exists at the Exposition, its study is essential if the student would understand and appreciate the enormous gift, this knowledge properly applied, meant to modern art. The efforts of Monet can be traced by taking his pictures in this series according to the following numbers: 2811, 2813, 2808, 2809, 2812 and 2814.

The way Monet went about securing this has led people to believe that the manner in which he put

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his paint on the canvas was the impressionist idea he achieved. This is not true; the theory being that the primary colors laid side by side, when given distance, will re-compose themselves into a better secondary color than if they had been mixed to obtain the complimentary color. To do this without mixing the colors Monet resorted to new ways frequently. He painted with a dash, an elongated stroke the width of the brush; he painted in little squares, laying the pure paint side by side in this way; he painted in splotches, as the hayrick is painted; and he painted in tiny points. No one can say that any one of these methods is absolutely pleasing; but no one can look at them and not admit that the paint applied to the canvas in this manner did bring a vibration, a breaking up of the solid, massy landscape and put into it something which had never been there before. Monet went further in his discoveries. He worked constantly with the idea of sunshine in his mind; studying always to secure it in his work. With this intent he went from place to place searching for the sunny climes and working hard, studying conditions and the surrounding difficulties. Gradually it was borne in upon him that the passing hours, the changing position of the sun, which brought ever-

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changing shadows, could be studied anywhere, and then he began painting his series of pictures of the same subject. He painted the facade of the Rouen Cathedral forty times; he painted the hayrick nearly as many; he painted the lily-pond in his yard; the poplars on the Seine; a Thames series, and a series of the beautiful old Norman church. In watching the sun and shadow and painting what he saw, he frequently spent no longer than thirty minutes upon a canvas, finding that by that time the change had brought about conditions to be embodied in another picture. By this careful study of the various phases of light the time of day has become evident in many modern landscape paintings and it is possible to simply flood a canvas with sunlight. So universal has the knowledge of these conditions become that scarcely any work today comes to us that is not influenced to a greater or less degree by the work of these impressionists.

The group—Pissaro, Sisley, Renoir and others—were loyal in every way; honest, and determined to carry their work on in the manner they believed in. They suffered, and often hungered; their pictures were hard to sell at five dollars where today they bring twenty-five thousand and more; but by way of the earnest men and women we have mod-

ern landscape which is the greatest achievement in the last forty years.

The pictures of Boudin, the teacher of Monet, hang in room 61, wall D. On wall C hang the works of Sisley, Renoir and Pissaro, all intimate associates of Monet and all intensely interested in the development of the theory of the light as held by Monet. Sisley was born in England of French parents; his people had some means and he was more like Monet in experience than the other men. His pictures seem today like finest harmonies; but he had his share of abuse for his lilac and rose tones. Sisley had the feeling for light in the highest degree, he saw and caught the laughing moods of nature. He painted simple scenes of rivers, of the country with its snow, its flowers and its spring beauties. Sisley was always poor, but always busy, always plodding. He lived his last twenty years at Moret, dying there in 1899.

Renoir was the son of a tailor at Limoges; they were poor and the younger Renoir earned his living by painting portraits. He was always hopeful, gay, happy and witty; Renoir was a dreamer, he was sensual, all nerves, feeling the joy of life he made a fairyland and a fete of Nature. His subjects lie well within the domain of grace, given in



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fanciful ways and with changing moods, more or less unfinished, but always with his own mark upon it. After 1873 Renoir went south, and the journey to the numerous Italian masters resulted in his making a very earnest study of the figure for two years, after which time his manner of handling his work changed materially.

Pissaro was forty years of age before he came fully into sympathy with the Impressionists. He was slow to take up the new ideas and almost academic in his drawing, he stayed always on the safe side, he was never extravagant. Nevertheless sailing was not easy for him on this Impressionists' sea and it was only after years of misery that comparative ease came to him. When sixty-six years of age he had serious trouble with his eyes; this was aggravated by dust so that painting was only possible from a window where he had shelter. Paris called him the "grand old man" when he was seventy; he died in 1903.

Bertha Morisot, who married Monet's brother, and Eva Gonzales were the women of this group, together with Mary Cassatt, the American woman spoken of elsewhere.

They were an earnest, persevering, energetic company of painters; they stood shoulder to

shoulder, experimented together, and finally gave the world more light and more help than was expected when they were received by the hysterical laughter of the Parisians in 1863 when Napoleon III permitted them to exhibit in the same building with the salon under the name of "The Refused." They have won the respect of the world of artists, made a place for themselves and their theories, done away with heavy, dense shadows for all time, put sunshine and time into the landscape—no small thing to have accomplished. They refused to be bound by conventional laws, insisting upon their right to investigate in their own manner; they were ridiculed and called "anarchists of the brush," but they did succeed.

What they revealed of truth lives on, they are an ever-present influence in modern work; the value placed upon their canvases increases with time, the critics are silent and it would seem that they have truly "come into their own."



**Girl in the Sun—Robinson**

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In room 57 Theodore Robinson has a splendid collection of pictures; giving a fine idea of this work and how, while under the influence and guidance of Monet, he evolved his own technique and was able to take the theory of Monet and use the idea by another method altogether. After studying the hayrick of Monet it is particularly interesting to study Robinson's "Girl in the Sunlight." Without the little patchy strokes of paint used by Monet, Robinson has just as truly placed his girl in the sun as Monet has put his hayrick there. If Robinson could have been spared to his work longer he would have in all probability achieved a great deal along these lines; as it is, he has given the world some fine work along new lines and in an exceedingly pleasing manner. Robinson was a conservative follower of Monet and Childe Hassam was the follower who did the thing in the Monet manner.

## THE TEN AMERICAN PAINTERS.

In 1898 ten of our American men joined together, and for mutual benefit and inspiration formed a society which they called "The Ten American Artists." There were seven men from New York—Robert Reid, Edwards Simmons, Willard L. Metcalf, Thomas W. Dewing, Childe Hassam, J. Alden Weir; and J. H. Twachtman and three men from Boston—Frank W. Benson, Edmund C. Tarbell and Joseph De Camp. John H. Twachtman's place after his death was taken by W. M. Chase. These men give exhibitions supporting high ideals, and stand for the best things being carried on in American painting today. Each man has his own peculiar individuality, and as a whole they make a comprehensive group of painters.

Simmons, Dewing and Benson are the only members of "The Ten" not represented in the collection at the Fine Arts. Joseph De Camp has just one picture, a portrait of his friend and teacher, Frank Duveneck.

In writing of them and their work it would be much easier to give each a chapter, but in a book of this size space forbids. The reader will be inter-



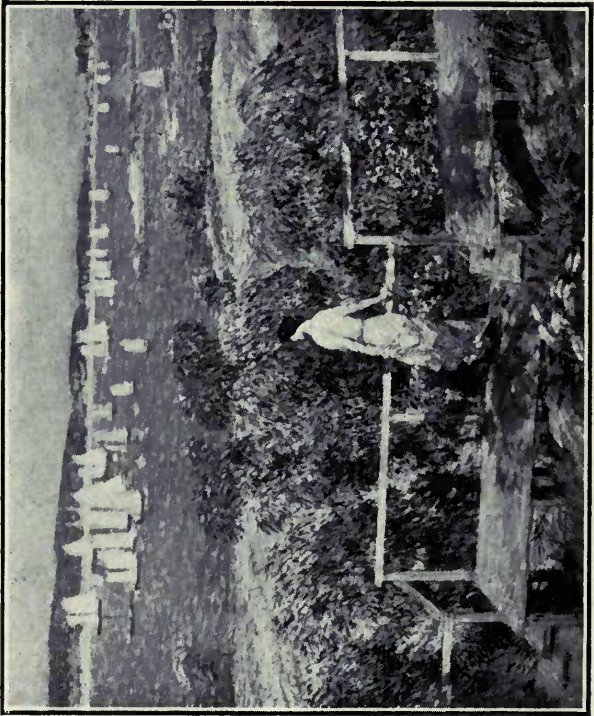
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ested enough to thoroughly inform himself after having seen and studied their paintings.

Childe Hassam was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1869. He studied in Boston and Paris. He has been recognized both here and in Europe and is one of our most uniquely gifted men. Thirty-seven canvases hang in his room, giving the visitor a splendid idea of his work. To look at his pictures is to know him to be a disciple of Monet—the sunlight, warmth and brilliant atmospheric conditions all tell of the interest he has taken in the last great strides in painting. It is easy to find the charm or the subtlety which has fascinated him in his work. In one picture is a fine dish of peaches, which serve for still-life, on which you see some excellent work done, but he has used the badly-creased tablecloth as an excuse to play in light and shade as it goes to make up white. Colored shadows, as reflected from hanging bunches of purple grapes, serve in another picture for the motive. Two beautiful girls, one with blue and red reflections and the other with all yellow, have their statement to make in two other pictures that hang on the same wall.

Hassam has worked through the technique of Monet into a method all his own, but it seems in

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Gloucester Harbor—Hassam

some instances, the "Aphrodite" for example, that he has out-Moneted Monet in the persistent stroke with which he has made the sky, sea, rock, foliage and nude figure. There is great charm in the picture, however; the distance is beautiful as one catches the line where sea and sky meet. The nude form is fine, too, if viewed from sufficient distance to soften the heavy strokes of paint upon the body.

The picture of the "Gloucester Harbor" is charming. It is painted in Hassam's most delightful way. The water is done with the Monet dash stroke, the white of the canvas being allowed to show through the thin blue. The trees are delicate and feathery compared with the green of the "Aphrodite" The girl on the bridge is well painted and the whole picture has a quiet, finished appearance which wins for it hearty approval.

There are two or three delightful marines, and only one of his famous street scenes fails us. The California hills could be one of a dozen places near Berkeley or over in Marin county.

He paints landscapes, motives, out-of-door nudes, figure compositions and murals—a large range. It is a mistake, however, to imagine that he finishes his pictures out of doors. He is far too

careful for that. He paints them many times before they leave his studio.

J. Alden Weir has something of the same charm in the landscapes which are shown of his. These men are all in sympathy with the absence of the dark shadows, and they paint their pictures in delicate shades that seem to the unpracticed eye the landscape in the abstract, the landscape idealized until it scarce speaks in sufficient color language. But no one can trace the development through the Barbizon school and on through Monet without having profound respect for these artists who have permitted science to creep into their work to the extent shown by these masters of landscape.

J. Alden Weir has recently been elected president of the American Academy of Design, and it is a clear case of "honor to whom honor is due." A pupil of Gerome, a student, a man who has for years been in the advance guard, he has gained steadily in strength. He is fond of subtle harmonies, but his landscapes are surrounded by enveloping atmosphere and abound in fascinating charm.

There are garden, forest and meadow lands in his pictures shown, and two delightful scenes of New York at night.

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Willard L. Metcalf, another of "The Ten," was born in Lowell, Massachusetts. He studied in the Boston Museum Art School, finally going to Paris and entering the Academie Julian, where he studied under Boulanger and Lefebvre until 1889.

Metcalf, unlike his colleagues of "The Ten," devotes himself almost wholly to landscape, with only now and then the faint suggestion of a figure. But such landscapes! They are the scenes he has known all his life, and they are rendered with the keenest artistic sympathy. He transcribes the changing beauty of hill, wood, meadow and sky, whether touched by the first hint of Spring or the varied glories of Autumn.

The artist paints almost exclusively New England scenes, often choosing Spring effects—and such effects! One only needs to look at his "Blossom Time," "Trembling Leaves" and "Cherry Blossoms" hanging in the Palace of Fine Arts to appreciate his message. "Blossom Time" (No. 3774, room 80) is an ideal Spring picture. The sidehill is shown rich with fresh green of early Spring. The trees are in bloom and the ground is darkened by the faint shadow of these feathering trees. Sunlight, blossoms, rippling water, a little boy, a dog—Metcalf gives everything but the bird's song.



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Blossom Time—Metcalfe

## ROOM 93.

John H. Twachtman has a whole room devoted to his paintings, in the Palace of Fine Arts. His pictures are mostly of snow scenes, and water as it flows or falls through snow. They are delicate in color but strong when action is a part of the composition. His dashing, falling streams come with might, and his surf is full of telling, vital suggestions. While the color scheme as he uses it makes only the ghost of a picture, there is a fascinating spell thrown out that compels one to return to him again and again. Kindly, smiling, thoughtful and earnest is the mood breathed into his canvases, and one knows that the man was keenly alive to the subtle beauty in nature and that he understood her most elusive phases.

The little spring gardens, still life, and country scenes hanging in his room all carry out the delicate appreciation the man had for his art and nature as he saw it.

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Robert Reid was born at Stockbridge, Massachusetts in 1862. He began to study at the school of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. After several years there and elsewhere he went to Paris and

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studied in the Julian Academy with Boulanger and Lefebre. Since his advent into the realm of mural painting, Reid's easel pictures have been comparatively few. He paints with delight bluish color; he has become known, in fact, to the frequenter of exhibitions as a painter of subtle color; of cross-lights, of reflections that displace local color, of movement and shadow, of sunlight, moonlight and firelight, combined with a delicate appreciation of the beauty of women—two desirable qualities in the making of portraits.

The mural paintings in the rotunda of the Fine Arts furnish excellent examples of his mural work, while "The Japanese Screen," "The Gold Fish," and "Autumn" are delightful examples of his easel work. Reid has won many medals both at home and abroad. So, in fact, have all these men.

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### ROOM 79.

William Merit Chase is another member of "The Ten," another man of note, and another big teacher. Chase is known all over the world. He has had large classes in New York for years, and only a year ago he delighted the students in California by permitting a few of them to study with

him at Carmel-by-the-Sea. When he tires of New York he takes a little company of followers with him and makes a tour of the artist shrines in the Old World—studying, directing and serving in every way as master and guide into the great realm of art.

Velasquez, Fortuny, Monet, Whistler and Japanese art have all had their influence upon Chase. Yet when he completes a picture it is very distinctively his own, and in no way an imitation of any of these masters from whom he has learned. Chase stands first, last and all the time, for “art for art’s sake.” He has no patience with literary or story-telling art. The reading of emotions or literary ideas into a picture can not be done with his canvases; his work stands for all he wishes it to stand for, without the help of an interpreter. Mere prettiness is a crime he lifts up his voice against, morning, noon and night, and he has been one to always maintain high ideals.

While studying in Munich, Chase turned from painting historical things to things he knew, and it has made his whole field of subject-matter original and strong, with much that is vital and living in it. His portraits are fine, his landscape work is excellent and his still-life is among the best in the United States.



**Chase's Self Portrait**

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Chase considers three things necessary to make art great; namely, truth, quality, and interesting treatment. In speaking of his own masterpiece he says, naively, "It is that one," and he points to a blank canvas, but he sees thereon an unpainted, unexpressed dream, one that always hovers near, but in successive efforts has never been reached, the picture that eludes and lures him on. These painter folk! They give us so many delightful canvases, yet they tell us none is their greatest; always they struggle, as their experience and knowledge grow, for a higher ideal.

The Chase portrait is a fine painting by the artist himself and a superb likeness which does not necessarily follow. It is a typical Chase portrait.

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JOHN SARGENT.

One of the most delightful men to contemplate is this artist whose early steps were guided by parents able to give him every advantage and blessed with far-seeing wisdom in the course they pursued.

He was born in Florence. His boyhood was spent in a city which breathes not alone culture, but knowledge—something vastly different. He studied in a careful way the things tending to develop

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a growing mind. He found rest in playing a Chopin nocturne or a Beethoven sonata. History, poetry, music, and drawing finally led him to decide in favor of a painter's career. Then he was taken to Paris. His careful academic training in Florence enabled him to show Carolus-Duran a folio filled with interesting drawings that heralded something of his coming genius.

This famous Parisian teacher directed the work of Sargent skilfully and equipped the young man in a manner that has never changed. Sargent remained with Carolus-Duran until he painted a portrait of his master which was pronounced superior in work and excellence to that of the teacher, then he started out into the world to study the works of the masters who, though long since dead, have left a message in their art. Frequently has the timid, shy, unapproachable, unknowable Sargent stood before the greatest Spanish artist drinking in the fundamental truths which made his work that of an epoch maker. Valesquez has been the source from which all modern artists have received inspiration, and Sargent is no exception.

The strange quality in the work of Sargent is that while he himself has depths which to his nearest and dearest remain unsoundable, he can and

## ITS ART, STORY AND SYMBOLISM

does in a way most uncanny, portray the depths and even with greater skill, the shallowness, of those who sit for portraits. One has only to visit his rooms and study the faces he has given us there in his wonderful pictures to appreciate the truth of this. Henry James has everything in his face that one could have anticipated, and the picture was justly famous long before that militant suffragette with her vicious hatchet slashed the face and coat. The scars, though carefully repainted, are still discernible. John Hay looks out from his frame every inch a statesman, and Mrs. White is as truly the woman accustomed to the elegance and etiquette of the social realm; a woman who would never be at a loss to say the right thing at the right time, and who feels herself an aristocrat of the deepest dye.

Sargent's portraits are tell-tales. Madam Gautran with her marvelous skin is wonderful. But Sargent turns her head and allows you to see her painted ear, her painted lips and finger tips; almost cruel is the portrayal of the haughty, disdainful, notorious woman standing there to charm by the beauty of her flesh; painted by many artists, but betrayed by this man who allows no clay spot to escape.

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Sargent, too, has a way of living up to a standard. He is loath to part with his best work. He keeps it before him in his studio and strives always to excel his best. Chase's masterpiece is unpainted; Sargent's when painted becomes instantly something he would surpass.

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### JAMES MACNEILL WHISTLER.

Opposite in every conceivable way from Sargent is Whistler. In this man you have a character which was unique in its apparently flagrant indifference to public opinion, seemingly seeking cheap notoriety, dressing as a Beau Brummel, chattering incessantly if the humor possessed him, remaining taciturn at other times, always exerting himself to be spectacular, possessing a kind heart, a bitter, sarcastic tongue, and never by any means permitting any one to understand him. He is one of our greatest. His art is quiet, unobtrusive in color and expression, so elusive that the onlooker must give time and even patience to obtain an understanding of its deeper meaning.

The world knows his portraits of his "Mother" and "Carlyle." The portraits shown in the Whistler room are seemingly less representative because less known, but his subdued work is everywhere

evident. He has a message for only the few who are willing to go to him without fixed, preconceived notions. To go to Whistler or to any other painter with this attitude is to shut the door of understanding and appreciation. Take what Whistler gives; don't question and argue with the canvases. If it is a portrait the face will gradually come out of the enveloping hazy depths to convey the likeness expressed by the artist. If it is a night scene, like the "Sky-rocket," the darkness will gradually yield up just the ghostly suggestion of the scene, charming in the portion visible and more charming by the mere suggestion of the invisible. This is Whistler, this is the phase of the man alluded to before; he is absolutely subtle in the way he evades the actual and conveys only the least bit of a whole which in its entirety might smack of the blasè.

The little series of color studies are incomprehensible to many, but if taken for what they are—beautifully expressed bits of color and massed, curving line, they will grow upon the most obdurate. Don't worry because the faces are not there, don't fret because they are not completed pictures. Whistler wanted left just what he suggests—beautiful color, and Japanese designs in the gently,



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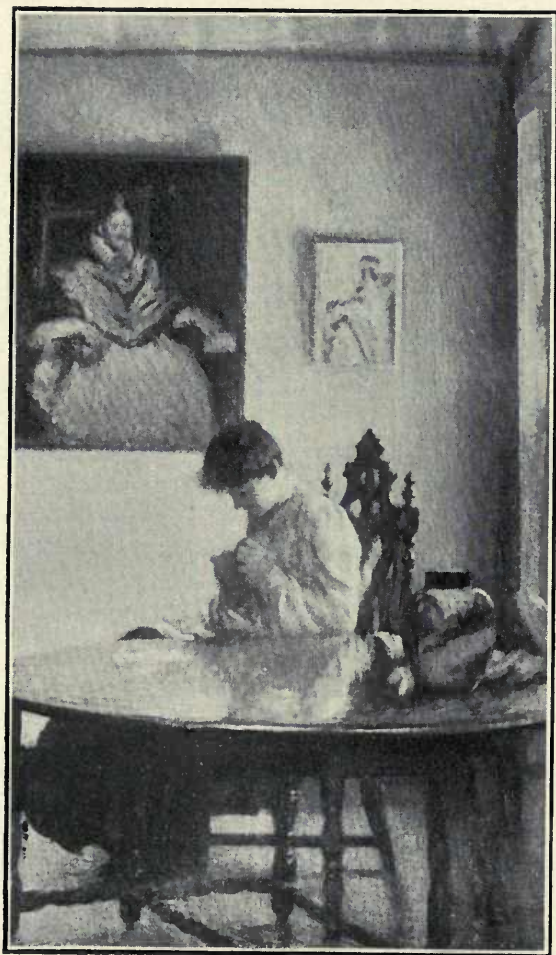
curving figures, and these are there in rich plenty.

Whistler is the greatest etcher since Rembrandt. The room filled with these treasures will hold any one interested in this art. The etching of Whistler has exerted tremendous influence upon modern work, and it is one more privilege of those interested in American achievement to study the work of this master etcher.

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Edmund C. Tarbell was born in West Groton, Massachusetts, in 1863. He studied in the art schools in Boston and Paris. Devoting himself uninterruptedly to his profession, Tarbell has produced a series of remarkably fine pictures. His room has a great deal to say to the visitor who will quietly study the twenty or more canvases placed there for inspection.

Tarbell is regarded by the public at large as one of the most able living painters. A technique like his is difficult to acquire; its supple and subtle efficiency may well have absorbed the whole of an artist's interest. It must have involved a period of rigid application and drudgery during which time everything else was swept aside by the one supreme object, the mastery of this great means wherewith he would express himself during all his future activity.



Tarbell's—Girl Sewing



The love of the picturesque duties of women is a subject dear to Tarbell, and he gives it over and over in his interiors: A more pleasing wall of genre pictures could scarcely be found outside of the old Dutchmen—no modern man does it so well.

Tarbell has reserve; fine technique, not a striking love of color, but a delightful color combination; he has, in fact, the means whereby he may put upon a canvas the most illusive subjects. His room is certainly filled with the most delightful pictures; they are restful, well chosen, happy in their quiet contentment and fascinating in their reserve and power. His interior pictures have the spell of some of the very best Dutch interiors. Tarbell's light and shade, the reflections, the play of color upon the wall, floor, tables and through the curtains is a pleasure to discover. His portraits are superbly beautiful, "The Turquoise Ring" and "The Mirror" being among the most beautiful pictures in the whole collection. Tarbell's girl sewing is a favorite with every one. The wall with its old pictures, the quietude and the wonderful skill shown in the composition makes it fascinating in the extreme. The hands of Tarbell's pictures are always in a difficult position yet he paints them in with masterly skill.

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Tarbell is at the head of one of our large art schools in Boston, and it is fine to know that we have a man of such attainment leading our younger people up to the heights of excellence he has attained for himself.

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EDWARD W. REDFIELD.

It is a pleasure to compare some men whose work is peculiarly individual with others who have as marked characteristics. Two men, each having decided tendencies to paint winter and snow are Redfield and Twachtman. After studying the daintiness, almost spiritual interpretation put upon the canvas by Twachtman go into the adjoining room and see the vigorous, strong and vibrating scenes Redfield makes of the same season. It would seem that the impression made upon the painter was so great that mere color could scarcely convey it and that he was about to use paint as a means of modeling rather than to shade the canvas into a likeness. The paint stands dried in places to the fineness of a hair—this showing in what quantities it has been used. However, it all serves the purpose, and it serves it well, for no pictures look like Redfield's.

Some delightful effects are there, too. Cold, fresh, rolling water, comes down in curving



streams which flow between snowy hills. The snow is painted when it has just melted sufficiently to give a delightfully varied design to the hill sides, and in a number of his pictures Redfield takes the design as furnished by the snow.

The likeness between the spring gardens of Twachtman and Redfield is much more marked. They are in freshly budded, new-grown greens and show hedges of bright spring flowers; but there again likeness ends. Redfield's evening scenes of "New York" and the "Brooklyn Bridge" are soft and beautiful, filled with innumerable lights which, as they glow through the darkness, increase the effect of the haze until they are mere ghosts of a great, throbbing metropolis. Versatility must lie deep in the heart and mind of a man who paints wooded hills, marshy pools, snowy land, muddy roads, spring flowers, green fields, and a city by night—making each as true as the other.

A realist Redfield surely is compared with Twachtman, yet the man who loves Nature as he does must be a poet, too, if he would understand all the various moods of this changing goddess—and that he understands is proven by his work.



Interior by Tarbell

## CALIFORNIA PAINTERS IN THE FINE ARTS.

There are canvases from the easels of over fifty California painters in the rooms of the Fine Arts. Nor is that all, one of the most prominent men on the recent jury stated emphatically that the highest honor which could have been awarded would have gone to a California painter if he had not been disqualified by being a member of the jury. It would certainly have been a great honor to the West if in the face of all the European and Eastern standards the "Grand Prix" had fallen into the hands of a California painter.

It is with regret that the name of each one of the fifty cannot be dealt with individually. A list, however, will enable the visitor to seek them out and enjoy the work not altogether as Californian but as the work of a group of painters who have found here something of sufficient interest to hold them resident, and of whom California is justly proud.

In room 72 are pictures of Geneve Rixford Sargeant, Olga Ackerman, Constance Macky, T. Van Sloun, Benjamin Brown, Maren Froelich, Guy Rose, Florence Lundborg, and Gertrude Partington.

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Room 117 has pictures of Anne M. Bremer, Clark Hobart, Lee Randolph, Lucia Mathews, Florence Lundborg, Bruce Nelson, and Miss E. Charlton Fortune.

Room 118 has pictures by Harry Seawell and H. J. Breuer.

Room 119 contains work of Martinez and Isabel Percy.

Room 108 contains pictures of E. W. Christmas.

Room 74 contains pictures by Cadenasso and Carl Oscar Borg.

Room 71 has two pictures by Miss E. Charlton Fortune, one of them being "Interior of Carmel Mission," purchased by William M. Chase.

Room 69 has the large canvas of Jules Pages, the California painter now resident in Paris. This picture has been exhibited in the Paris Salon, Chicago and The Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh. Jean Manheim has one picture here.

Room 68 contains two pictures by Piazzoni and the portrait of Mrs. Lentelli by Sandona.

Room 67 has quite a number of Californians. It has Maurice Braun, Helen Dunlap, Carl Oscar Borg, Maynard Dixon, Jean Manheim, Armin C. Hansen and Clara MacChesney.

Room 65 contains pictures by Constance Macky,

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Anne Bremer, and three pictures, one being "The Young Mother," by Mary Curtis Richardson.

Room 56 has Carl Oscar Borg, Maurice Del Mue, and "The Sleeping Child" by Mary Curtis Richardson.

Room 55 has pictures by Evelyn McCormick, Maurice Braun and Jean Manheim.

Room 50 has pictures by Miss E. Charlton Fortune, Miss Anne Bremer, Helen Dunlap, Bruce Nelson and Armin C. Hansen.

Room 49 has two pictures of the marshland by the deaf-mute painter Granville Redmond, and two by Eugene Neuhaus.

Room 47 has two pictures by Dickman and four by Eugene Neuhaus; also two by Jos. Raphael, another San Franciscan now resident in Paris.

Room 46 has work by Spencer Macky and six paintings by Frank Vincent Du Mond, now a New York resident.

Room 44 has pictures by Guy Rose, Maurice Braun, Cadenassa, Puthuff, and Benj. Brown, also Clara MacChesney.

Room 43 contains pictures by Lee Randolph, Rinaldo Cuneo, Calthea Vivian, Maynard Dixon and Clarence Hinkle. Perham Nahl's fine thing of "Despair" is here, too.



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Room 40 has Percy Gray, Helen Chandler.

Room 37 contains work by Lee Randolph.

Room 36, Amanda Austin, Lucia Mathews, Spencer Macky, Charleton Fortune, Matteo Sandona.

There are several talented Californians who have been mentioned previously with the etchings and color prints. Mr. Robert Harshe, Chief Assistant of the Department of Fine Arts, Mr. Hansen, and Mr. Plowman formerly of California, at the present time Secretary of the Etcher's Club in New York. All local men who have studied and worked abroad.

Room 76 is filled with the painting of two men, Francis McComas and Arthur F. Mathews.

Room 90 is entirely devoted to the work of William Keith.

California has much that is beautiful in a peculiar way, and those who record by print, color or etching the various phases of California's charms find it a field of variety, and fascinating because of these prevailing conditions. The mountains of the high Sierras are grand and rugged; the mountains lower down are covered with forests and rich with mountainous wooded scenery, while nearer the valley come the undulating foothills and the great redwood trees, another luring bit of landscape, all of which the painter uses again and again. The

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deciduous trees being few, the evergreen trees make a very marked place for themselves upon the California landscape and there are many painters moved to leave intimate likenesses of the graceful eucalyptus trees and the sturdy, spreading oaks. The fertile land, the wonderful flowers, the rivers with their marshes, the sea with its sand-dunes, the peculiar cyprus trees of Monterey and Carmel-by-the-Sea are other beauties in the great and various field of subject matter held out by nature on the coast of the Pacific; nor are these all, the desert with its gamut of color and vastness supplies greater things still, and the palm and cactus, and the semi-Spanish associations of these lands together with the entirely Spanish missions give a subject so foreign in charm that it possesses a lure all its own. All these things sooner or later enroll themselves upon the list of paintings given to the world by California artists—add to these local differences the change brought about by the sun and its glare, the rain and its mist, the fog and its cloud, the moon and its shade and you have a few of the conditions which entertain the attention of these color poets. In studying these paintings of the Californians as they have been grouped in these pages all of this material will be brought before the visitor, and mood after mood of beautiful Califor-

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nia will pass before the vision, some lovelier than others, but all possessed of exquisite delight and fantasy. From snowy peaks, always white, to the semi-tropical fruits and flowers, is a great range in the scale of nature, but California has it all and it surely is a wonderful land, full of inspiration and poetical fantasy as well as somber charm.

Several of these painters have special phases of the landscape in which they seem to have caught every secret. Cadenassa's eucalyptus trees reflected in still pools are full of poetry and solitude. Puthuff has the same thing with oaks at a more brilliant time of the day, and Eugene Neuhaus has the spirit likewise, in a tone nearer bronze. These men seem to deal entirely with the landscape, its trees, quiet waters and speechless charm.

Maurice Braun and Maynard Dixon have in a different way the superb pinkish mists which envelope the great gorges of the mountains. Frank Vincent Du Mond has the bursting song of spring chained to his green canvases while every possible mood of religion is imprisoned in the gloom shaded pictures of Piazzoni, and through the whole cycle these individual characteristics are in evidence.

Hansen, Dickman, Nelson, Clark Hobart and Geneve Sargeant are some who paint the sea and sea-folk, Dickman having one or two large sea-

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pieces; while Guy Rose and Jean Manheim do the sunniest sun spots in the garden and on the river.

Miss Lundborg has three interesting pictures in the Fine Arts but the best work of hers at the P. P. I. E. is the mural in the Woman's Tea Room, California Building, which has been purchased by Mrs. Phoebe Hearst.

Francis McComas and Arthur F. Mathews have one room, 76. The most of the pictures of McComas are water colors of the Indian haunts of the Arizona desert. The work is strong and wonderfully interesting and is perhaps the only wall that could have supplemented the work in oil of Mathews which hangs upon the other three walls of the room.

Mathews has a charm all his own and in the dim, hazy green and the softened colors which he uses he has given some exceedingly poetical renderings of the landscape of California. The cyprus trees of Monterey seem to have taken Mathews into their confidence for he portrays them so intimately that they almost speak of their life-history as they stand in the somber toned canvas in their flat massed beauty. The same misty flood about the figure work of Mathews gives an added charm. An air of mystery, of elusion and reserve seems to envelope these women, never weakened by beauty, but inter-

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esting because they seem so serene, so certain and capable, yet with no thought of aggressiveness they play their part.

Helen Dunlap, Helen Hyde, Manheim, Ackerman, Mrs. Partington, Sandona, Maren Frolich, Anne Bremer, Spencer Macky, Joseph Raphael, Jules Pages, Mrs. Richardson (spoken of elsewhere), and Clara MacChesney are all in one way or another figure painters.

Helen Hyde is doing almost all her work after Japanese fashion now, and she is making it interesting. The rest use the figure in decorative work and in portrait. Manheim has some delightful children in a sunny garden; Maren Frolich has a mirror reflecting the dimmed face of a charming young woman in a Japanese costume; Spencer Macky has a mother and child; Sandona has a portrait of Mrs. Lentelli and a clever sketch of the same head given in four positions; Anne Bremer has a decorative picture with blue and red mostly in evidence until you catch the fixed, earnest gaze of the young woman she has painted, then you are held as if in a spell. It is not altogether pleasant, it is almost uncanny the power which is exercised by the wide-open eyes of this girl, the picture is strong and has a fascination, but it is scarcely lovable.



Among those who are painting in an interesting way to artists is another woman, recently become a California resident painter—Betty de Jong. She has a ballet girl in the woman's room, a portrait called Beatrice and the picture of a Portuguese girl elsewhere. The laity scarcely appreciates this painter, education and association may help, or the artist may modify the style of her work with time. Be that as it may, her work is highly interesting to the painters themselves.

The pictures of Clara MacChesney are medal winners and proclaim their excellence without any help from any one. "A Good Story" and "After the Bath" being very different in subject and treatment but delightful pictures in each instance.

The pictures of William Keith have been hung in one room and just one glimpse tells the story of Keith's fascination by the California oaks. In many instances one can almost recognize some forest friend in these portraits of trees—for that is seemingly what they are; in other cases it would seem he had only left you the ghost of an acquaintance; but over and over he uses the Berkeley oaks in reality and in suggestion.

The West was Keith's artistic discovery; he was the first to paint the great mountain lakes, the first to portray the beauties as he found them.

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There are those who love Keith and those who find him lacking in charm. That the man was unusual there can be no doubt, but no one with marked characteristics and sufficient resolution to speak always what is within him can escape the criticism of the public. Keith worked incessantly. He was never happier than when standing with a palette in his hand before the easel. He worked with tremendous rapidity, he was sensitive in the extreme and therefore inspirational to a superlative degree. This in time made him give way to fantasy, and the Keith room bears ample evidence of the fact that as Mendelssohn wrote "Songs without Words" for a piano, and Chopin could sit and dream in the tone world and call his dreams preludes, nocturnes and phantasies, even so Keith with his palette set with deep, golden browns, or cool, rich greens, has dreamed his dreams and left the records upon his canvas. He has never left anything ugly, these flights into the realm of fancy have always been beautiful in composition and tone.

In composition his pictures proclaim the Barbizon influence—the light focal point, the surrounding area of interest which gradually emerges into the heavier massed indistinct outer edges. Some one has said of him "Had he been less a Keith he might

have been the American Daubigny." Be that as it may, he was every whit Keith and we have a right to be grateful that it was so.

Keith's own love of the oak was so great that he has made every one familiar with it individually and collectively. Keith has painted the oak as Monet painted his series of the "Norman Church," "Hayrick," "Lily-pond," etc., and has given the world the oak as he saw it in the early morning mists, in the brightening sunrise, in the glaring noon and in the twilight. In some of the pictures in the Keith room there is a hush of the vast forest which comes over one and instinctively they approach with a silent demeanor and a deep feeling for the greatness and majesty, power and strength of the broad, shady mass shaped into the glory of an oak grove.

Fanciful, poetical, moody, enthusiastic and depressed by turns, in Keith we have the pattern temperament of the poet and that in his case it was a color poet makes no difference, his art is the art of no other man, and its place in the world remains yet to be seen.

Harriman, Clarke, Huntington and Francis P. Harrison own pictures by Keith, as do the Chicago Art Museum, Brooklyn Art Gallery, Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington, D. C.; other canvases being scattered in England and Germany.

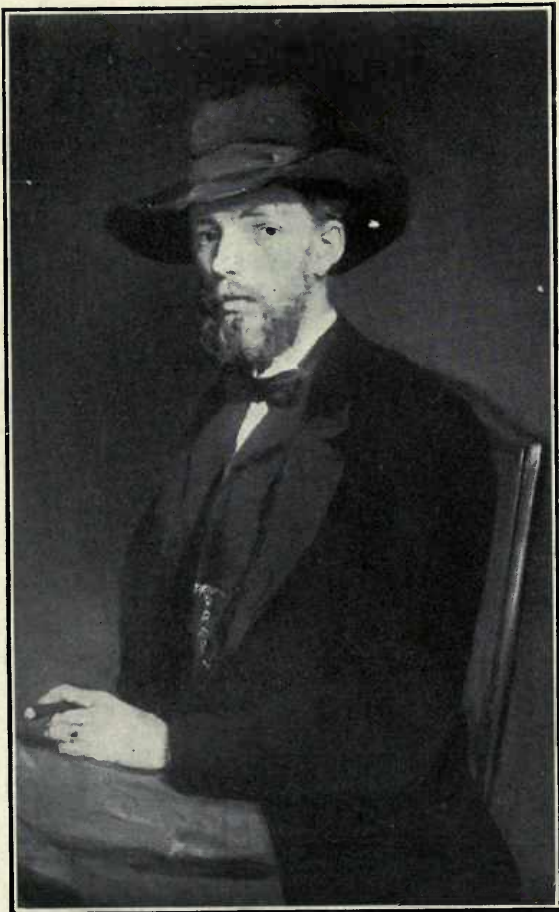
FRANK DUVENECK.

The American painter whose work breathes of the time of Rembrandt and Velasquez, whose canvases still cling to the deep, rich, red browns, whose faces seem to speak of the finest period in Northern European art, is Frank Duveneck.

Thirty pictures, together with thirteen etchings and the beautiful sculptured memorial to his wife, give testimony to the greatness of the talent of this man. Twachtman, Alexander and Chase, to a degree, have all forsaken the training of Munich, the ideal of Rembrandt and the type of nearly all the work of Velasquez. But this room of Duveneck's speaks in unmistakable terms of his love for that great period, and his joy in it.

Duveneck's portrait of Prof. Loefffts is one of his fine ones, looking almost as if it could have stepped in from a period years back. Prof. Loefffts is one of the famous Munich artist friends and Duveneck has given a splendid portrait of the famous German here.

Duveneck painted for several years in Munich and came home while yet a young man with sufficient work to place him among the prospective great in America. Wishing to continue his study he



Duveneek's—Prof. Loeffts



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soon returned to the old world where they sought to secure him upon the teachers' staff at several art schools. All this he declined; but he could not continue to work as successfully as he did and keep his "light hidden under a bushel." The result was that he went from Munich to Polling, to Venice, Florence and other Italian cities to paint, followed by a large company of interested students who looked upon him as a master. It was to Florence that the little American girl who later became his wife journeyed to study with him. Her death after three years of a delightfully happy married life, bowed the great painter in an inconsolable grief.

Among the pictures in the Duveneck room (No. 87) are two portraits of particular interest: One of John W. Alexander (3910), whose death occurred only two weeks ago in New York, and who was one of those awarded high honors by the jury; the other of Frank Currier (3873), whose pictures hang in gallery No. 54.

Duveneck has been awarded a high honor by the foreign men upon the jury who sent the following letter to the jury on awards:

"We, the representatives of foreign countries acting upon the International Jury of Awards in the

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Department of Fine Arts, do hereby ask your kind consideration of the following recommendation unanimously adopted by us in a meeting especially called for this purpose:

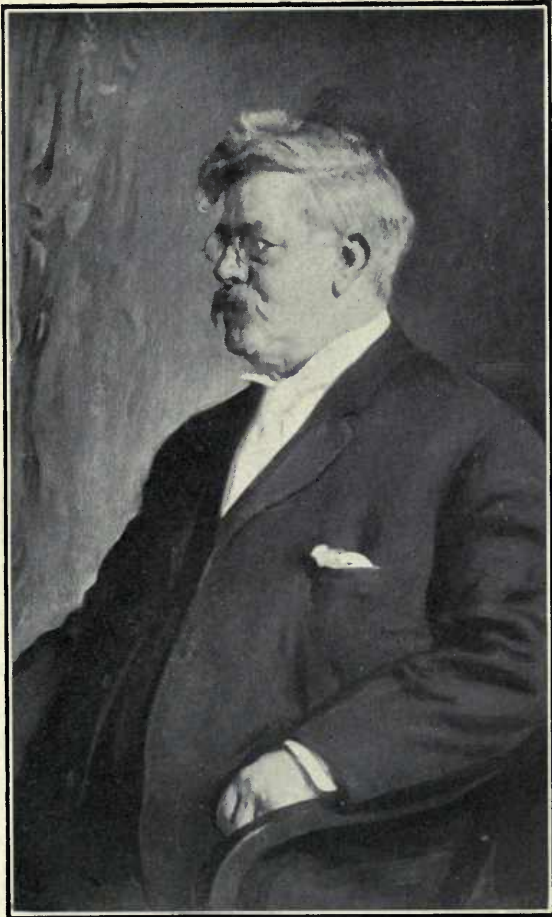
"Whereas, The comprehensive retrospective collection of Mr. Frank Duveneck's works in oils, etching and sculpture brought together in the Palace of Fine Arts has astonished and delighted all those hitherto unacquainted with his work, while confirming the opinion of those few who have long held him in the highest esteem, both as an artist and as a man, we, the foreign jurors on the International Jury of Award, feel that some special recognition of his distinguished contributions to American art should be awarded Mr. Frank Duveneck, and we herewith recommend that a special Medal of Honor be struck in his honor and awarded him.

"(Signed:) William Witsen, Holland; Francis Centurion, Cuba; Prof. Ettore Ferrari, Italy; A. Kamana, Japan; A. de Sousa Lopez, Portugal; K. Owyang, China; J. G. Masanti, Argentina; Matteo Sandona, Uruguay; Anshelm Schultzenberg, Sweden; William Henry Fox, Sweden; Jules Pageo, Norway; J. Nilsen Laurvik, Commissioner of Arts for Norway."

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Duveneck was born in Covington, Kentucky, in 1848 of parents whose Dutch characteristics he shows in every way. Many have had the pleasure of seeing him in the Palace of Fine Arts the past month while he has been serving on the jury.

The portrait of Duveneck is painted by Joseph De Camp, Duveneck's favorite pupil and one of the "Ten." It is a splendid likeness of the American master and hangs over the replica of the tomb of Mrs. Duveneck in the room devoted to the artist's works.



Daveneck—by De Camp

MEN OF NO SCHOOL.

American men whose art is peculiarly characteristic have a fine showing in the Fine Arts. Once more permit the assertion that it seems a real trial to give only a little paragraph to men who should have pages devoted to their achievement.

Among these artists are George Fuller, John La Farge, Winslow Homer, Sir Edwin Abbey, McClure Hamilton, Walter McEwen, Gari Melchers, and others.

George Fuller (room 54) has three pictures. "Lorette" (2553) is a treasure loaned by the Corcoran Gallery of Art. The face of the girl as it peers from its enveloping mist is beautiful, and gives an idea of the delicate handling of the artist.

John La Farge has several pictures in the room. So much has been written of him, and he has written so much, it is easy to learn of him and his unique place. His stained glass alone would have made him famous.

Winslow Homer has fourteen pictures in room 54, showing the man at his worst and his best. "The Wreck" (2520) and his "Studio in the Fog" (2519) are perhaps the best things there, the latter



being a wonderful picture when the contents are closely studied, the depth of subtle charm which fairly reaches out through the mist, as distance separates the picture and visitor, is little short of amazing.

Sir Edwin Abbey has a large number of pen and ink drawings, water colors and oils, in room 57. He is a man who has developed from an illustrator into a great painter, and his place is unique.

McClure Hamilton is another man represented with several good oils and a room full of lovely innovations. His portraits are natural and taken when possible in the surroundings closely associated with the sitter. Gladstone is in his study with his books, Pennell is all but working, with his studio things about him. This tends to put the subject at ease and lessens the probability of self-consciousness. Hamilton's portrait of his mother is another on the list of fine pictures to motherhood.

The beautiful coterie of swishing, swinging dancing girls Hamilton has in room 39 speaks for itself. Dainty color, wonderful motion, scarcity of line, just a suggestion, yet everything comes up before one at a glance.

Walter MacEwen has painted so long in Europe that he is scarcely known here at all, and it has been

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another pleasing surprise to count one more big man among our living American painters. His eight canvases prove him to be of splendid taste and skill. Some are interiors, others with mirrors which reflect beautiful women, and still others unusual among the home men.

Of our men living in Europe Gari Melchers is perhaps the greatest. His room is different from that of others. No one can feel a trace of any preceding influence, yet Gari Melchers has studied in the appointed places and has only the earth to paint from.

The career of Melchers has been of unbroken, steady growth, and uniform success; no parental opposition, no poverty, and no romantic anguish or pathetic probation. Melchers senior was a sculptor who had known discouragement to the degree that he gave up his artistic career. When his son wished to paint there was just one stipulation, the student days should be spent in Dusseldorf. After young Melchers considered himself sufficiently advanced and had spent three years in the German city, he took matters in his own hands, and calmly moved to Paris to continue his studies; nor did he make any hurried effort to let the family at home know of the change.

He entered the Julien Academy, where his studies were regarded as little short of phenomenal. Under Boulanger, Lefebvre and later in the Beaux Arts his advance was splendid, outdistancing all his fellow students. He won a place for himself and came back to his home city, Detroit, to which he is devoted. Here he demonstrated his success, then returned to Europe. A brother of his father's was a Cardinal living in Rome; the young painter spent some time with his uncle. Shortly after came public recognition. Until he had won the highest honors he was an inveterate worker and led an obscure existence.

The mother and child is one of his most pleasing canvases, but Melcher's pictures reproduced in gray in no way satisfy, they lack the charming color and touch of the master.

Now he has studios in France—Paris, Picardy and elsewhere; in New York; two in Holland; one in Egmont and in Egmont-by-the-Sea; at the present time he is teaching in Weimar.

Melchers has received more honors than any other American save Sargent and Whistler. Melchers is Knight of the Order of St. Michel, Bavaria; Commander of the French Legion of Honor; member of the Royal Academy of Berlin; member

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of International Society of Painters and Sculptors, London. He has medals from Antwerp, Amsterdam, Berlin, Munich, Venice and elsewhere. His pictures hang in the Luxembourg, the National Gallery, Berlin; in the private collections of the King of Italy and the Emperor of Germany.



Melcher's—Mother and Child

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ETCHING AND PRINT DEPARTMENT.

DEVELOPMENT OF GRAPHIC ART,

ROOMS 30, 31, 32, 33, 34.

Here, as with American painting, the plan has been to carry an historical sequence from the earliest period down to the most recent work, and it is with justifiable pride the Fine Arts displays the first known wood block of the Hon. Richard Mather, by Foster, who graduated from Harvard in 1667 and who established the first printing press in Boston, in 1675.

Paul Revere (the hero of Longfellow's poem) is represented by several engravings. Smilie, Jones and Maverick, all line engravers, have fine examples.

Durand, whose history has been given in landscape painting, is represented by a beautiful engraving of Trumbull. Cole, likewise connected largely with the Hudson River landscape men, has some scenes from his "Voyage of Life" series here, engraved by Smilie.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, painted by himself, is shown in a beautiful mezzo-tint by Smilie. These are all historically interesting since they connect

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with early painting and fill a large space in the artistic efforts of almost every one of the Hudson River men, who were painfully given to detail in much of their work because of this training. Joseph Wright, whose family portrait (No. 3716) is so pleasingly done, is another man who did more or less engraving.

Many excellent examples of wood, line and mezzo-tints are to be found among the works of Henry Wolf, Frederick French, Bernstrom and others. Timothy Cole is perhaps the best known of these men, having been sent by the Century Company to Europe to make a series after the old masters. These pictures, running through the Century, have made him prominent.

Peter, Thomas and Mary Nimo Moran, together with Stephen Parish, Otto Backer and Farrer, a group of etchers, formed themselves into the New York Etchers' Club, and have done much for their art and themselves in the work they have accomplished, and they are among others represented in the collection.

It is impossible to name all the contributors filling these delightful rooms. No two people in passing will be charmed by the same thing, but the work of Franklin Wood, Armington and George

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Aid is well worth study, while the dainty, clear Venetian scenes of J. Andrè Smith are beautiful in the extreme.

D. C. Sturges has some fine, strong things hung, and Cadwalader Washburn calls attention to himself. Perham Nahl has some fascinating monotypes. In fact these men have a quiet charm all their own, and the hours spent with them will mean time well spent and delightful memories.

There are etchings, dry points, soft ground etchings and monotypes in black as well as color, and it would seem that every phase of this graphic art had its able representative.

Nordfeldt, Auerbach, Levy and Partridge have much that is interesting. Robert Harshe has some etchings original in subject matter, pleasing in character and splendidly printed.

F. W. Stevens and wife have some of their etched college buildings and quadrangles, and Gallagher's Old Boston State House near by, makes another interesting group.

The part filled by woman contributors is not small and their work in no way suffers in comparison with the kindred sort from the hands of the men. Anne Goldthwaite has some graceful dancing figures; Isabelle Percy some artistic litho-

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graphs of Spain, which are unusual for a woman. Edna Boise Hopkins has some flowers done in wood-block.

Matilda de Cordoba has some beautiful heads, and figures of children, in color etching.

Space forbids more to these delightful rooms, but in the rush of the play time stop and take seriously the treasures here. In leaving these rooms give attention to the splendid work of J. Alden Weir, a man known as one of the best American painters. The excellent etching of Mr. Weir proves his versatility and the broad experience little suspected by the busy life of a painter.

Joseph Pennell has a whole room devoted to his work, which is intensely interesting. He was born in Philadelphia in 1860, and studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. He married the talented American woman, Elizabeth Robins, and they went to Europe in 1884. Settling down in London, they began their literary and artistic careers. They have had a wonderfully active and successful time in every way. They have worked side by side—she writing, and he illustrating the pages in his own inimitable manner.

Pennell and his wife have traveled all the lands over, it would seem, which could give them any-

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thing new or picturesque for story and etching. They have been in Russia and Poland, where he did the Polish Jews; in Italy and Spain, and they have given us many treasures from these journeys. In Germany and in its quaint towns the etcher has found much material. From Hungary he brought back the gypsies. Scotland, Wales and England have long been chosen fields for operations, everything in London having served this inveterate worker.

Lately, Pennell has returned to the United States to find himself fascinated by the slender, towering American "sky-scrapers," which he has reproduced in a series—as many of his etchings are given. Nor does he confine himself to etchings; he has some fine lithographs and mezzo-tints upon the wall of his one-roomed exhibition in this department.

Frederick Keppel says: "It is a thing long to remember to see Pennell sketch. In crowded streets, between towering buildings, where most etchers would take a sketch he selects his place and there takes his stand, working rapidly, utterly heedless of the passersby. Taking quick glances at the scene he is depicting, he rapidly draws his lines with the etching needle upon the copper plate which he holds in the other hand. What seems



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most astonishing is that he never hesitates one instant in selecting the exact spot on his plate where he is about to draw some vital line of the picture."

Pennell visited the Panama Canal during its construction and made a set of lithographs of that great engineering fete. These have been purchased by the Uffizzi gallery, in Florence—an exceedingly great compliment to the artist, indeed. San Franciscans may enjoy his fascinating series of this city, with its hills and unusual features.

Pennell has a place all his own as an etcher. Since the death of Haden he is easily first, and many place his architectural work above that of Whistler, the great modern master.

## WATER COLORS.

The rooms 36, 37, 38, 39 and 40 have, again, many good things—so many that, excepting hurriedly, it is impossible to deal with them.

### ROOM 36.

Wieczorek has three pleasing portraits in line with just a little color (Nos. 975, 977, 979).

Mrs. Lucia Mathews has one picture in the center of this wall which stands out attractively, and shows to good advantage in its surroundings. (No. 980).

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Sandona has a group of four heads very cleverly done; they are all of the same girl (No. 985).

Mielziner has a fine portrait head in black and white (No. 983).

Everet Shinn has some pleasing things in sepia (No. 1017).

C. J. Taylor has a row of illustrations in sharp line which are peculiarly characteristic (Nos. 974 to 986).

C. E. Heils has some beautiful water color birds in the cases in this room. His work is remarkable and too much can scarcely be said of it.

### ROOM 37.

Woodbury (the New England painter) has a series of water colors in this room.

Prendergast has a series of his water colors here, attractive to the ultra-modern, perhaps, who understand the language of design and color.

Herman D. Murphy has some charming little things, beautifully mounted and framed (Nos. 1117-18). His "Skyrocket" is quite after the order of Whistler.

Florence Frances Snell has some pleasing views from famous old Rothenberg (Nos. 1121-22).

C. E. Dana has some fine water colors, (Nos. 1171-1179). They are largely architectural, but

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he has used every vestige of material in a pictorial way, finding color in stone, using the pink and red of flowers on gray walls, and several other devices tending toward pleasing qualities in pictures.

Tolan Campbell Cooper has some delightful things on this wall, too. His red brick house, Colonial in fashion, with its trees and sunlight, is a beautiful picture (No. 1181).

### ROOM 38.

This has many features charming in a quiet way—so beautiful that many will miss them because they don't scream for attention. Bronze plaques, medals and reliefs are here in goodly numbers, all worth study.

Violet Oakley's stained-glass window of Dante's great work takes one wall.

### ROOM 39.

Is filled with the wonderfully pleasing fantastical creations of McClure Hamilton (spoken of elsewhere), and cases containing more bronze medals.

### ROOM 40.

No one could fail to realize that this room contains treasures. Philip L. Hale and his wife, Lillian Westcott Hale, have some fascinating work here (Nos. 1717-1725). Many subjects are used to

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express their skill in handling pretty women, dainty children and still life.

Sears Gallagher (No. 1757) has a beautiful picture called "From the Bridge."

Helen Chandler (No. 1761) has a fine thing from the Nevada desert.

James Henry Moser (Nos. 1758, 1760, 1762, 1770, 1772, 1774) also gives a delightful set of pictures.

Eight splendid pictures represent the work of the man Jules Guerin—who has made, in a large measure, the whole Panama-Pacific one of his matchless water colors. It needs no words to impress anyone standing before these scenes that Guerin has presented every phase of a beautiful vision in each one. Coming from the more brilliant work in oil, there is a dainty, pleasing lure about these pictures which some way is more illusive, more suggestive of a mystic charm; and in looking into these bits from the richly colored Eastern lands something of the presiding spirit of the East seems present, and a stillness creeps in to possess one, as well as the other spell-laden influences which the mysterious East always casts over an observer. Guerin has caught it all, and every utterance is there in his matchless collection (Nos. 1756, 1764-68, 1776).

AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS.

Some fascinating work from the hands of the popular illustrators is shown in Room —. In the work of nearly every one of these one can trace the influence of Howard Pyle.

Ethel Franklin Betts and Anna W. Betts have some good work.

Boardman Robinson and J. Walter Taylor have illustrations that would make things of a greater character and name.

Elizabeth Shippen Green has some pretty colored illustrations, and Jessie Wilcox Smith has some others which tell volumes, and prove interesting to old and young alike.

Four rooms in the Fine Arts have been devoted to America's best illustrators — the greatest of whom is Howard Pyle, who has made a peculiar place for himself in art history.

American illustration is by far the best in the world, and it may well be counted as a school in itself, with Pyle as the originator.

Twenty years ago Pyle wrote delightful stories, which he illustrated with pen and ink drawings. Every man who illustrates enters more or less into the spirit of the time which he describes, and Pyle was no exception. Perhaps no man knows more



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of the Colonial and Revolutionary periods of America than this man who has pictured those times to the magazine public for years. Isham says of him: "Pyle has represented the founders of the Republic as they were—sturdy, hard-headed folk, with strong characters and few graces, who wore the rather rigid costumes of the times with dignity."

Pyle was a worker of untiring persistence. The school he established was without parallel. He never refused help. People studied there without charge; money would admit no one. The pupils were only those invited by Pyle. These students he kept in groups. The newcomers received daily instruction, with the help of Arthurs and Schoonover. They had a studio to themselves where they studied until they became advanced sufficiently to go to the Orange- or Bancroft-street studios, where they received morning criticism and took Sunday morning lectures. The popularity of this school in Pyle's home town—Wilmington—brought frequent visitors from New York and Philadelphia for the Saturday afternoon lectures.

Pyle added color to his illustrating, and a second room is given up to a display of his paintings. They present an evidence of tremendous tax upon time and effort of this inveterate worker. He

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painted, taught, illustrated and lectured, finding time between to write books so good that people have sometimes believed him to have been a writer first of all. Stories like "Pepper and Salt," "The Wonder Clock," "Twilight Land," "The Rose Paradise," "Rejected of Men," and of the "Round Table" give an idea of the wonderful creative power of the man.

He was a lasting example of the possibilities within the reach of a man who wills to do. "Work, and you will feel like working," was the slogan of this man, who never stopped until he was called by death.

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### THE NATIONAL FINE ARTS EXHIBITS.

The Chinese exhibit occupies rooms 94 to 97. These walls are hung with paintings on silk and paper, and exquisite cloisonne and lacquer form much of the interesting material. Much of the work is arranged so that it may be very thoroughly studied from the walls and there is also a very complete catalogue for those who wish to understand.

Water Color Painting—Chinese Section.

Medal of Honor—Kiang Ying-seng.

Gold Medals—Su Chen-lien, Kao Ki-fong, Miss Shin-Ying-chin.

Silver Medals—Wang Hsi-kai, Ku Chia Chen, Liu Tsz-hsin.

Bronze Medals—Chang Chen, Chen Huai, Chen Mai-cheo.

Honorable Mentions—Yu Chin-po, Li Hao, Hwang Ki-fang, Kao Siao-shan, Han Si-su, Miss Chen su kong, Nu Su-nen.

### Sculpture.

Gold Medal—Teh Chang.

Silver Medal—Hsun Chun-Kao.

Bronze Medals—Lin Chin-an, Chu Tsz Chang.

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### Carvings in Stone, Wood, Ivory, Etc.

Silver Medals—Canton Local Commission, Li Hsao-yu, King Hsien-san, Wang Hsun, Cheo Meike, Cheo Tsz Shan, Chen Yu-Chen.

Bronze Medals—Chuei Ting Chang, Canton Local Commission, Teh Hsin-yong.

Honorable Mentions—Lien Hsun-hao, Pao Hualleo, Fong Kong-tu, Tong Tai, Hsin Yeh, Chao Yong-tsun.

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The Philippine Gallery, No. 98, has something of interest if the visitor will realize how recent painting, as an art among them, is to be considered. The eye is attracted immediately by the paintings of Felix Hidalgo, Nos. 10 to 20. The two Japanese interiors (Nos. 8 and 9) by Herrer are pleasing. Zaragoza's "At Prayer" (No. 36) is attractive.

### Oil Painting—Philippine Section.

Gold Medal—Felix R. Hidalgo.

Silver Medals—Joaquin M. Herrer, Fabian de la Rosa.

Bronze Medal—G. O'Farrell.

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### SWEDISH SECTION.

The Swedish section embraces rooms 99 to 107, and is one containing an immense amount of interest. There is more that stands alone here as really distinctive art, peculiar to a people, than in any of the modern displays.

Gallery 107 contains the painting and tapestry of Gustav Fjaestad; these are worth the attention of those interested and certainly strike a new note to the visitor. In Sweden, however, these tapestries are characteristic, and many of the paintings of the great aquatic birds lend themselves to the tapestry designs and they are frequently used in Sweden. Larsson's illustrations are delightful and show the inborn love of the unreal in this Viking race of the north. Osslund's two pictures, "Evening" and "Summer Evening," are pleasing, also Lindquist's "Sunny April Day." Anna Wrangel's "Old Man," and all the Schultzberg pictures are delightful. Bergstrom's work will attract interest under any circumstances. Strandberg has given some realistic drinkers, tramps and typical outcasts.

John Bauer's illustrations have their own place which nothing can touch. Erik Hedberg has a lake reflecting one star, which is oppressive with the stillness and hush of the evening.

In looking at the things in the Swedish rooms



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remember J. Alden Weir's words: "Two-thirds of the things which we do not like are things which we do not know." The Swedish landscape is embroidered with tiny lakes, much of their year is winter, when heavy snow prevails, and their sunlight comes from the side, not overhead as the light does in the temperate zone. These facts alone will account for much that is unusual in the appearance of the landscape, and the fact that there is no fog, no mist, no haze to blend the colors of the land will account for much that seems forced in the vivid colors used. These people have the element of their sea-faring fathers in them and are among the most fanciful and poetic in temperament, their creative work deals very much with dwarfs, gnomes and fairies; they have given the world charming and healthy stories, both of sea and land, and the strain runs through all the creative work they do.

Liljefors, the recipient of the grand prize for Sweden, is represented by great bird pieces altogether, but the man is broad, strong and versatile and he paints landscape, all kinds of hunting scenes, particularly the fox-hunt, better than the type of picture exhibited here. Those who visited St. Louis and the other recent expositions will recall his work.

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Oil Painting—Swedish Section.

Grand Prize—Bruno Liljefors.

Medal of Honor—Gustaf Fjaestad.

Gold Medals—Elsa Backlund-Celsing, Wilhelm Behm, Alfred Bergstrom, Oscar Hullgren, Gottfried Kallstenius, Helmer Mas-Olle, Helmer Osslund, Emil Osterman, Wilhelm Smith, Axel Torne-  
man.

Water Color, Miniature Paintings and  
Drawings.

Grand Prize—Carl Larson.

Medal of Honor—John Bauer.

Gold Medal—Oscar Bergman.

Silver Medals—Caleb Atthim, Eva Beve, Ferdi-  
nand Boberg, Gustafe Fjaestad.

Etchings and Engravings.

Bronze Medal—Karl Peterson.

Honorable Mention—Harriet Sunstrom.

Sculpture.

Gold Medal—Gottfried Larsson.

Silver Medals—Olof Ahlberg, Johan Farngren,  
Ruth Milles, Herman Neujd.

Medals.

Gold Medal—Eric Lindberg.

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### ARGENTINE SECTION—GALLERY 112.

The art of this southern Republic is new, those who have traveled there are intensely interested in viewing these pictures from Argentine because the time has not been long since there was nothing there to speak of, in the way of native art. The brilliant color speaks loud and long of the Spanish blood, but there is little that reminds of Spain beyond that. Of the pictures, No. 10 by Bustillo is good, and No. 2 is strongly handled. No. 65, Sivori's portrait by himself, is interesting and the red girl with the red poppies (No. 45) has a fascination about it. Some of the landscape work is attractive, No. 18 being one. The sculpture seems to possess more of the virile and rugged strength of a new people. Some of it is unusually interesting.

#### Oil Painting—Argentine Section.

Medal of Honor—Antonio Alice.

Gold Medals—Jorge Bermudez, Alejandro Bustillo, Ernesto de la Carcova, Fernando Fader, Jose Leon Pagano, Octavio Pinto, C. Bernaldo de Quires, Eduardo Sivori.

Silver Medals—Pompeo Boggio, Cesar Caggiano, Cupertino del Campo, Ceferino Carnacini, Pe-

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dro Delucchi, Alfredo Guido, Hector Nava, Alberto M. Rossi, Ana Weiss.

Bronze Medals—Eliseo Coppini, Francisco Lavecchia, Cayetano Donniss, Elisa G. Adde, Correa Morales.

### Sculpture.

Medal of Honor—Pedro Fronza Briano.

Gold Medal—Alberto Lagos.

Silver Medal—Herman Cullen.

Bronze Medals—Hector Rocha, Angel Maria de Rosa.

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## HOLLAND SECTION.

The rooms 113-116 contain a display of pictures which has average work of an excellent degree with some very good things among the pictures. These people would indeed have forgotten their cunning if they failed to give us the interior with the busy housewife amidst her engrossing toil. No. 71, Pieters, gives a woman threading her needle with an interesting light. No. 95, by Tonge, has a woman and two children in a delightful group. No. 88, by Smith, gives a fine old woman with work all about her, but taking time to read. No. 42, by Hyner, is more pretentious in size and grouping but after all is an intimate home picture. No. 62,

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by Mesdag, is a fine bit of the sea. No. 37 is a delightful glimpse of Autumn as it has reddened the trees. The picture's great charm is in the reflections and general quietude. Nos. 12 and 79 deal with streams and flowering streams.

Oil Painting—The Netherlands Section.

Grand Prize—G. H. Breitner.

Medal of Honor—M. A. J. Bauer.

Gold Medals—David Bautz, G. W. Dyssselhof, Arnold Marc. Gorter, Johan Hendrik van Mastenbroek, Albert Roclofs, Hobbe Smith, W. B. Tholen.

Silver Medals—Henriette Asscher, C. Breedenburg, C. O. Breman, M. Kramer, Willy Martens, Martin Monnickendam, David Schulman, Willy Sluiter, J. Z. Zoetelief Tromp, Hendrik Jan Walter, J. H. Weyns.

Bronze Medals—Anne E. Kerling, Lammert van der Tonge, Jacques Zon.

Etchings and Engravings.

Gold Medal—T. H. Van Hoytema.

Silver Medals—E. Bosch, Jan Poortenaar.

Bronze Medals—W. de Zwart, S. Moulin.

Silver Medal—Charles Van Wyck.

Honorable Mention—Abraham Hesselink.



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### PHILIPPINE SECTION.

Gallery 98. This room attracts because it is scarcely believed that these islanders have taken time to think along this line. While great influence from the outside is remarkable, there is a growth evident and they interest.

Oil Painting—Philippine Section.

Gold Medal—Felix R. Hidalgo.

Silver Medals—Joaquin M. Herrer, Fabian de la Rosa.

Bronze Medal—G. O'Farrell.

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### PORTUGUESE SECTION.

Gallery 109-III. In these pictures one finds the modern type of finish, subject and the Spanish love of bright colors. The problems which have interested the modern painters have not bothered these men of Portugal but their rooms have their own charm.

Oil Painting—Portuguese Section.

Grand Prize—Jose Malhoa.

Medal of Honor—Jose Veloso Salgado.

Gold Medals—Arthur Alves Cardoso, Ernesto Ferreira Condeixa, Joao Vaz.

Silver Medals—Jose de Brito, David de Melo, Mily Possoz, Joao Trigoso.

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Bronze Medals—Jose Campas, Martinho Gomes da Franseca, Antonio Manuel da Saude, Jor Jose Nunes Ribeiro, Joao Reis.

Water Color, Miniature Painting  
and Drawings.

Bronze Medals—Mateso da Fonseca, Mila Possoz.

Sculpture.

Silver Medal—Antonio Costa Mota.

Bronze Medal—Jose Simoes d'Almerida Sebrinho.

Honorable Mention—Julio Vaz Jor.

THE WOMEN'S ROOM.

In Room No. 65 we have one of the most attractive galleries possible. In many ways it is an unusual collection of pictures one sees there, no room is more versatile in character and no room displays greater talent as a whole. All the work here, both painting and sculpture, is from the hands of women artists, some of them ranking among the very best in the art world and some others deserving a higher place which this exhibition will give them. It surely is a delight to realize that these things come directly from the hands of our talented American women and some time given to the study of these pictures will be well spent, and it will mean added pleasure in the knowledge that such a group of gifted artists is to be found among our women.

A portrait of Mrs. Swan, No. 2996, by Adelaide Cole Chase, is a charming bit of work. Nothing extraneous, nothing to trick the attention of the passerby, save a pleasant face made by a clever hand into a most pleasing portrait.

Ellen Emmet Rand, born in San Francisco, has a series of delightful pictures. Her boy with the red sweater and baseball bat is a gem (2986);

everybody gives him time as they take in his part of the wall. Her portrait of Professor William James and Madam M. P. T. are also well done, while the little girl with the black cat runs a close second to the boy in popularity. Mrs. Rand has studied in New York and in Paris; her work shows to what purpose. A resident of New York, the West has lost her, but it is a pleasure to view her work.

Mrs. Lillian Hale, pupil of Chase, Tarbell, and pupil and wife of Philip Hale, has two small canvases (2997 and 2998) on this wall. These pictures are decorative figures, dainty and pleasing, but not more so than her work in black and white spoken of elsewhere.

Alice Kant Stoddard has an attractive picture of two girls, No. 2994.

Nos. 3002, 3003 and 3004, by H. Hailman, make three interesting pictures, unusual in subject matter and pleasingly handled. Gretchen Rogers of Boston has two portraits (Nos. 3007 and 3011) on the same wall which show good treatment.

Violet Oakley, a pupil of Asl, New York, Pafa under Howard Pyle and Cecilia Beaux, Aman-Jean and Lazar in Paris, has one picture on this wall, No. 3015, called the "Tragic Muse." Miss Oakley



**Mother and Child—Mary Cassatt**



has done some notable mural work lately as well as illustrating and work in stained-glass.

The woman perhaps of whom most has been said, whose pictures hang here is Mary Cassatt. Three of her canvases, Nos. 3006, 3008, 3010, give some idea of this talented woman's work but scarcely the best conception can be obtained from them.

Mary Cassatt has for years been prominent in the art circle of Paris. She had studied for some time before she exhibited with the Impressionists in 1878. She is the only American woman who can claim to have come out on the side of Monet, Sisley, Renoir and those interested in the new theory of the prismatic light.

Much has been said and written in praise of the work of this woman, the French Prime Minister spoke of her once as "One of our artistic glories." She became known most widely in the United States perhaps by her work for the Women's building in Chicago at the World's Fair. She has won medals and prizes, and has pictures in the best galleries.

Miss Cassatt works in various mediums, oils, pastels and dry points. She is uncompromising with her subjects and shuns the pleasing, or pretty, until

it seems almost too great an effort, one of which the visitor is conscious, particularly in 3008 and 1310. Children, babies in the mother's embrace, etc., serve her most frequently as material for pictures. Her babies being among the few which satisfy the practical physician whose experience gives him ideas demanding much knowledge upon the part of the artist in handling the baby form. She paints the American mother with her French technic often in a most fascinating manner.

This mother and baby of Miss Cassatt can scarcely be counted one of her best, but they are pleasing.

Miss Cassatt owns a chateau near Chantilly and has an apartment in Paris where she frequently entertains her friends; but the curious ones receive little from her hands, as she holds herself aloof and is difficult to see. Knowing this characteristic her friends have been greatly surprised at her acceptance of the prominent work among the girl students in Paris, also the Honorary Presidency of the Art League.

Mrs. Coman, a New York painter, has (No. 3013) a delightful landscape hanging on this wall. Mrs. Coman's work is poetical and dainty and quite a change from the more realistic landscape work of the other women near. This painter has worked

under James Brevoort and Harry Thompson in New York and Emil Vernier in Paris.

Grace Ravlin, a pupil of Pafa under Chase and Lefebvre in Paris, has two pleasing Italian landscapes, Nos. 3017 and 3018.

Mary L. Coolidge, a pupil of W. D. Hamilton, and Tarbell, has a picture that is fascinating in subject and an interesting treatment (No. 3026).

The sculpture in Room 65 is a delightful feature, and again all from the hands of women. It is a surprise to see with what power some of these animal groups have been given, Anna Vaughan Hyatt has a fine group of colts, huddling together for protection in the storm. The way they crouch down and make one feel the bitterness of the weather is wonderful for form and mettle. Her eight-horse group is full of vigor and action and a fine conception of motion.

A. Eberle has a case containing twelve delightful statuettes. "The Windy Door Step" (No. 3053) tells all the story of the wind and a skirt. Nos. 3050 and 3055 are pleasing in "Solitude" (No. 3058) is full of feeling.

Bessie Vonnoh Potter has some beautiful things in another case. She has some splendid mothers with children. Her work is all graceful, yet there

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is the substantial in evidence too; and a pleasure is forthcoming peculiarly Mrs. Potter's own when she compels the visitor to look at her children and graceful women. No. 3064 is dainty and graceful; No. 3068 is good; No. 3062 is the little "Good-night" which tells much, and No. 3061, "Enthroned," is a thing to remember.

Jean McLane's three pictures are all along a different line, the individuality of the artist speaking strongly throughout the series. This artist was born in Chicago and has been a pupil of both Chase and Duveneck. She has received many honors and is justly admired. Her picture of the mother and children makes a delightful canvas; while the picture of the brother and sister is pleasing, and the portrait of the Mrs. Arnold is possibly the best work of the three. The color combination being more in contrast makes richer effects and the whole is benefited thereby. Jean McLane is the wife of the talented artist Johansen, whose pictures are to be found in Room 68.

Cecilia Beaux has for a long time been spoken of as "a painter," no longer as a woman painter. William M. Chase pronounces her possibly the greatest portrait painter living. She is represented by seven pictures in the women's room, and fine

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pictures they are, characterized by all the finer qualities of artistic feeling.

Miss Beaux has long delighted to paint white which contains all colors, her work shows this to be a joy and almost gleams with the color as she lays it on. It is told of her that before the light canvases had gained popularity she submitted one to the Paris Salon, which was promptly rejected. The painter suspected that her picture had been too white for the conservative judges so she painted a dark background in and submitted it again; this time the picture was accepted.

Miss Beaux was born in Philadelphia and began her artistic career by drawings on stone of fossils. She has long since been her own master, however, doing what she would and meeting with approval all along the line of her endeavor.

The picture of the "New England Woman" is a fine study in reflected lavender tones and the simple detail goes far to make it a picture every one can appreciate. The portrait of the man is very unusual and the cat in his lap is more so. The cat is wonderfully well painted however, and from a little distance the fur has a lifelike quality scarcely believable. Cecilia Beaux must take keen pleasure



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in painting cats, for there are two in these seven pictures.

The two small children are delightful as she has given them here; they are painted in a severely simple manner yet they please and charm from first to last. The painter has resorted to no device, no tricks, no flowers, no little thing tossed in for color and a scheme, one baby walking along with its nurse, who is cut off the canvas below the waist, and the other child engrossed in a dancing lesson; nothing in the way of a story to tell, no hidden meaning, everything on the surface, pictures for the sake of the pictures.

Cecilia Beaux is great and she deserves the praise she receives. It takes courage to express always the thing deepest in the mind when it's proving a popular utterance depends largely upon the untutored public.

The pictures numbered 2984, 2985 and 3027 are delightful in character and they come from the easel of one of California's most talented women. Mary Curtis Richardson has a way all her own; a feeling fine and tender; subject matter which she varies yet its note always rings true. There is a suggestion of reserve about this painter's work which con-

vinces one always that the whole has in no way been said when it comes to the necessary outpouring of the technic, and inspiration required for the production of a picture.

The four pictures here being very different in their handling, show her versatility and strong feeling. "Undine" (No. 2985) is a young immature girl, looking out upon the immediate future with a half comprehensive gaze as if she expected some revelation which could prove enlightening. She is not beautiful, but the vanishing childhood and the coming maidenhood is placed charmingly in the girl's earnest face. The name Undine and the green color are both suggestive of the sea which would make more poetical and elusive any secrets the little maid might wring from the revealing powers.

The portrait of Prof. Paget is a fine picture with enough of the thoughtful student's mind to interest any one (No. 2984). "The Sleeping Child" (No. 2612 in room 56) is to many the most delightful of the four. An earnest, loving, beautiful mother, with all the responsibility of her motherhood written upon her face, holds in her arms a nestling, sleeping baby. The weight of the little sleeper is given well and the whole attitude of mother and child is splendidly carried out. The picture has intense feeling and one stands awed into silent appre-

ciation of the fine, motherly woman who in loving embrace clasps her sleeping child. If in this picture Mrs. Richardson gives us the woman keenly alive to maternal duty, in "The Young Mother" (No. 3027) she has given us the very essence of the young woman whose first baby is still a delight, so new and so pleasing that it partakes of the overwhelming joy of the tiny girl's first glorious doll. The baby has just pulled away from the breast an instant to look, and has been taken in this position; a dear, lovable picture, with a beautiful, girl mother whose pretty, reddish gold hair gives the note of color for the gold fish in the bowl. The design, the yellowish color of the couch, the exquisite white in the dress, the whole composition, certainly makes one of the most beautiful if not the most beautiful picture in the room of woman artists.

Mary Curtis Richardson has been highly appreciated in New York where several of her pictures are owned. William MacBeth, who has the large gallery in New York, paid all the expense attached to transporting and placing an exhibition of Mrs. Richardson's paintings in his studio recently. He generally charges not less than \$1500 rental for the rooms; it can be seen how he valued Mrs. Richard-



Young Mother—Mary Curtis Richardson

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son's work. This New York exhibition brought about one in Philadelphia and one in Washington, D. C., and still another in Buenos Ayres—and San Francisco may well be proud of this painter whose pictures stand out and hold their own with Mary Cassatt, Jean McLean and Cecilia Beaux.

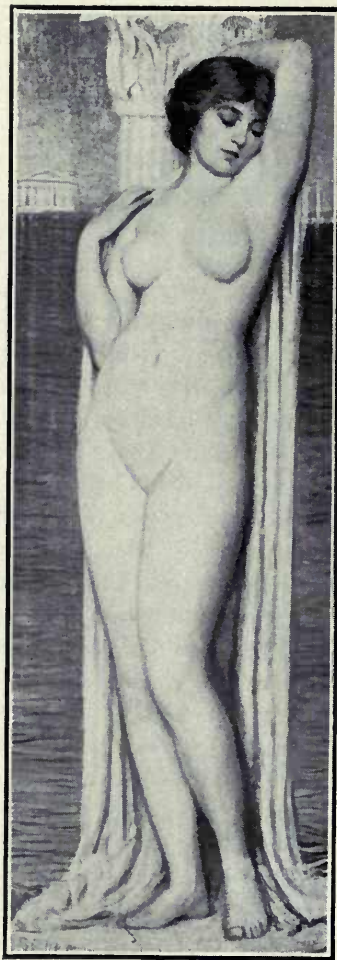


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### THE BOSTON SCHOOL.

The Boston group of men have many pictures admired by the visitors to the Fine Arts. Room 80 contains seven canvases by William MacGregor Paxton which attract a great deal of attention. They have a finish which is even and smooth to an exquisiteness. The Daylight and Lamplight (No. 3773) is a fine play of reflected lights; his Glow of Gold and Gleam of Pearl (No. 3808) is one of the nudes most admired. Hanging near it in a like position upon the wall is Philip L. Hale's "Tower of Ivory" (No. 3804). The figure really seems of the column and as pure. The picture is a scheme in white and blue carried out to a perfect conclusion. The work of these men is the work of extremists in the way of finish and refinement.

Of great contrast is the work to be found across the way in room 51, where Robert Henri, Glackens, Sloan and some of the men who are among the more daring of the young painters are hung; Henri, Sloan, Lukes, Davies, Glackens, Shinn, Lawson and Prendergast have formed a society of eight and call themselves "The Independents." They are decrying all academical things, screaming at tradition; putting things down in pure color with no half tones and doing things along lines in a manner altogether different.



Hale's Tower of Ivory.

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They have had the academic, have been of it, but feel the need of a new note and have in consequence departed. They work like mad. Robert Henri will complete things in a single effort or feel it scarcely worth while. This means big technic, big scope, and great power, tremendous endurance, but not necessarily ideally constructed pictures. They possess a charm however; they are compelling and they demand attention if the visitor by any chance should pass before them.

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### INTERNATIONAL SECTION.

This section of the Fine Arts is going to be the one which will perhaps cause more flurry than any other exhibition. In it we have the first real things from the hands of the ultra-moderns.

Several rooms in the annex are given up to the large and comprehensive display of Hungarian pictures. The art of this land is not old, its people have been so torn with war and rumors of war that it is only in the last fifty or sixty years they have been painting. There is one room given to retrospective Hungarian Art, three rooms to the academic, two to modern, one to the ultra-modern, and one to graphic art. These people start with a conservative manner and certainly keep the interest of the visitor as the progress appears in their efforts. They adopt the ideas of the progressive and finally come to this ultra-modern where the cubist is to be recognized. They bring in unusually strong, vigorous colors. Several of these Hungarian painters have been recognized as men of ability and note, and requested to put their portraits in the Uffizi, which determines matters largely as to standards in Europe.

The Norwegian art in the International Section will be interesting. It has to deal again with the

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north land, new to many, with peculiar atmospheric effects without mist and fog, the northern sun and light which changes nature at times so materially in appearance. There will be an exhibition of several Finnish artists as well. They will have their story to tell, for the individuality and the characteristics of these northern men are so great that they cannot create and not betray the things which lie deep in their blood.

The English work in the International is good. John Quincy Adams, Reginald Jones, J. Kerr Lawson are among the English exhibitors together with Laura and Harold Knight who are great.

The German art is represented by Becker, Richard Kaiser, Heinrich Kuirr, Franz Von Stuck and others.

Spain has a fine display of her modern men. All that is characteristic of Spain fairly beams from these canvases. Spain loves the interiors—the genre, and it is here; Spain loves color and it is here galore. Truly the art of Spain fairly rings with the land which produces it.

It is not difficult to prophesy that the room which will attract the most in the Fine Arts Annex will be the Futurists of Italy. These are studies to develop gray matter in the brain, and possibly to deepen the lines about the mouth in case one can-



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not refrain from laughter. It is a room filled with glowing examples of these artists who seem to have cast aside everything we have ever known as the semblance of form or beauty and in its stead have given something in the nature of a colored geometrical hash, with a title to help the puzzle, and at the same time utterly baffle any one willing to see, if sight be possible. Many writers and critics feel that there is nothing in the work of these men beyond impudence. Their work as the work of children would never attract the notice of an art critic, but because they do insist upon saying things, and calling their pictures names, they have the people at least attracted. Christian Brinton has perhaps treated them with more seriousness than any other American critic. He does not feel that they have made a demonstration of their ideals that is altogether satisfactory but he says something which should make people stop and think; Brinton reminds the people that the world was forced to make way for Monet and his light theory; and Roentgen with his X-ray has made good; then he asks if it may not be possible for these artists to get motion into their pictures? Maybe they will, who can tell? The lesson taught by the past is that the fuss and fury over the innovation and innovator generally subsides only when the public has had to accept the

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innovation and more, and that the heretic of yesterday is the prophet today.

### Oil Painting—International Section.

Medals of Honor—Axel Gallen, Eliseo Melfren, Franz von Stuck, Heinrich von Zugel.

Gold Medals—John Quincy Adams, Curt Agathe, Conde de Aguiar, Gonzales Bilbao, Istvan Csok, Harold Knight, Laura Knight, Heinrich Knirr, Lajos Mark, Julius Olssen, Leo Putz, George Sauter, C. W. Simpson, Harold Speed, H. Hughes Stanton, Carlos Vasquez, Janos Vaszary, Valentin de Zubiarre.

Silver Medals—Count C. Y. Batthyanyi, Miska Bruck, F. Cabrera Canto, Juan Gardona, Horatio Gaigher, Gyula Glatter, Oszkar Glatz, W. G. von Glehn, R. G. Goodman, Baron F. Hatvany, Pal Javor, B. Karlovsky, Ferenez Lipoth, Baron Mednyansky, Jose Lopez Mesquita, Peter Paul Muller, Nadler, Jan Preistler, Oscar Schanze, Max Thedy, Walter Thor, Geza Vastagh, Herman Volkering, Ramon Zubiarre.

Bronze Medals—E. W. Christmas, Isobel A. Dods-Withers, Herbert Draper, Louise Ginnett, Jane Emmett von Glehn, Constantino Gomez, Wilhelm Hambuchen, Erich Kips, J. Ker Lawson, Juan Llimona, Gustav Mannheimer-Magyar, L. Richmond.

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Honorable Mentions—Juan Biazas Carrati, Kristen Holbo.

Etchings and Engravings.

Medal of Honor—Frank Brangwyn.

Gold Medals—R. G. Goodman, Bela Ultz, Willy Pegany.

Silver Medals—Bela Erdossy, L. H. Jungnickel, Walter Klemm, Robert Lenard, Josef Rippi-Ronay, Ferdinand Schmutzer, C. Vondrous, Oszkar Glatz, Baron F. Hatvany, Sandor Nagy, Gyenes Githa Walleszne.

Bronze Medals—Jose T. Artigas, Alfred Bentley, G. Jilovsky, T. Kasimir-Hoennes, Lajos Papp, Istvan Prihoda, T. F. Simon, Andor Szekely, Miklos Vadasy.

Honorable Mentions—H. Hanisch, Gyula Konrad.

Sculpture.

Silver Medals—Jose Canallias, Imre Simay.

Bronze Medals—Frederico Mares, E. O. Rosales, Lajos Pick, Ede Telcs, Mark Vedres.

Honorable Mention—Erzsi Fehervary, Esteban Prat.

Medals.

Gold Medal—Ede Telcs.

Silver Medals—O. Fulop Beck, Gyula Murany.

Bronze Medal—A. R. Zutt.

POST-IMPRESSIONISM, FUTURISM, CUBISM.

In music, religion, literature and art the last ten years has marked great unrest, an incessant questioning, a seeming disturbance which threatens the established forms, dogmas, standards and ideals in each field of thought. No such season of ferment has ever passed by without a great clearing up of conditions, and there is every reason to believe this one will result in good in like measure. It seems at the present time impossible to detect the meaning of things beyond having sensed the general unrest and evident dissatisfaction with prevailing ideas and ideals.

The three painters who stand at the head of this last movement in the art world are Cézanne, Gauguin, and Van Gogh.

Paul Cézanne was the son of a rich banker of Aix. He was a college graduate and a student of the law; he studied painting in Paris at Academie Suisse. His pictures leave the impression of an awkward, uncouth boy, possessed of a good heart with nothing sentimental or emotional about him. Pissarro painted his portrait and the New York Sun says of it: "It is a savage portrait of Cézanne,

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like a sallow little Syrian huckster, or gnome, all hunched up, neck collapsing in his coat collar, his hands clasped for warmth, with a sly, eager little black eye that seems to burn with curiosity into one." Cézanne is always spoken of as the leader of Post-Impressionism. His theory that everything in nature is modeled on the lines of the sphere, cone or cylinder made it necessary that every one should know how to paint these simple figures, and here in the sphere, cone and cylinder lies the alphabet of Cubism. The idea of the cube's great place in art is not new. The Chinese and Japanese have known of it for centuries. Durer, the German artist, practiced it three hundred years ago. Durer sets up the human figure geometrically, exactly as he would a building. He prefaces his book with the remark, "Here begins the power of the line of portraiture as taught by the art of geometry." Then follow many figures and faces drawn according to geometrical rule. Cézanne saw things exactly as they are and he put them down as he saw them. In many instances other artists know these unusual things to be true, but custom, and the painting of appearances rather than the painting of truth have led them to follow in the old path. Cézanne puts down the holes, dents, and unevenness which exists



in every circular surface exposed to bright light. This astonishes beyond measure the layman who has seen by the sense of touch, or not at all, and is unconscious of this. Rodin delights in studying the antique marble statue by lamp-light when all the little indentations are shown by the shadows and light. The Greeks, then, knew of this, nevertheless, it is a phase the world will scarcely accept and the layman will probably go on preferring the fiction rather than this strange truth.

Gauguin and Van Gogh both owe much to Cézanne. They were a strange trio, all were peculiar, lonely, forlorn men, given to moods and depression.

Gauguin was the son of a Breton father and a Peruvian Creole mother. He was on the stock exchange until he was thirty-six years of age, when he decided to devote himself to painting. He studied with Pissarro on Sundays. He went into Brittany and painted the peasants for awhile, then he went to Martinique, where he found a great deal of color; from there he returned to Paris, always under the influence of Cézanne and Manet. Finally he forsook all manner of his early training and evolved some rules for himself; he painted from memory, had a model but never painted from

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it. He never saw contrasts of color, always harmonies; he painted from light to dark, never finished, never used details, painted by instinct, never used broken color, he always sought decorative and musical effects. Gauguin and his followers hated the teachings of Monet, their aim being to return to savage primitivism. Gauguin longed for solitude, a far-away land of silence, forests and torrid heat. In 1891 a benefit arranged by his friends made it possible for him to go to Tahiti. In two years he returned to Paris where he bored the people and Carriere paid his way back to the island where he lost faith in himself and died in 1903.

Vincent Van Gogh, the third of these Post-Impressionists, was born in Holland in 1853, the son of a Dutch clergyman. He, too, was a silent, peculiar, misunderstood mortal. He lived a wandering life until he was thirty years of age. Van Gogh taught school in England, preached in Amsterdam and Brussels. After a consultation with some relative he decided to paint. He was literal, and earnest,—much more can scarce be said. He went awhile to Mauve's studio, then to the Antwerp Academy, and later to Paris where he met Gauguin. With this little experience he was proud to proclaim himself a pupil of nobody—save Na-

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ture's school. His health failed him and he went into Southern France, supported by his brother; while he sought to regain his health he painted with indescribable zeal. He painted and starved and for a change starved and painted until he was an utter wreck. Gauguin went down to study and paint with him. Van Gogh, weakened by work, poor in health, with too little to eat, was crazed by a sunstroke. He attacked Gauguin with a razor, trying to kill him; then, while still crazed, pulled and cut his own ear off, which he promptly sent to a girl. From this time he was confined in an asylum where he painted when he was rational. He killed himself while insane in 1890.

These abnormal men, each one more peculiar and unfortunate than the other, stand the vanguard of Post-Impressionism. They are followed by Picasso, founder of Cubism, who rejects Cézanne's conception of form, and Monet's conception of light and color. To him both are non-existent. Picasso's aim is to produce impressions—a pictorial equivalent of the emotions produced by nature; not the spectacle, but the idea of it.

Futurism began in Milan in 1912. The idea has to do with motion, a series of over-lapping figures, a blur of over-lapping figures based on optical

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conditions. These Futurists would break entirely with the past, they hate law and order and would be a law unto themselves.

Cubists and Futurists agree that it is not necessary to paint an object as such, but its envelopment. They paint all sides of an object as if they saw through it. They demand now that we should not look at pictures, but that we should look through them, get new visions by being in the midst of the picture.

Balla, Boccioni, Carra, Russolo and Severini are the disciples of Futurism who will call the people into all kinds of moods. They have truly given the visitor something to look at, something to think of, something to puzzle over. The titles are enough to frighten the timid: "Nude: Complementary Dynamism of Form-Colour"; "Elasticity"; "Matter"; "Dynamism of a Footballer"; "Attempt to Synthetize Single Forms of Continuity Through Space." The titles are as clear as crystal compared with the pictures, even though one stands with catalogue in hand and the number and painter's name upon the picture to help. However, it is good they are here, the public would have missed this ultra-modern experience altogether but for this.

The world stands back waiting to see just what

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is to come of these conditions as brought about by these men. Many take them as a huge joke, others, recalling that every other great movement has been taken with just this amount of opposition have paused at least to make sure, if possible, that there can nothing good come from this state in Denmark. In the meantime Matisse, Duchamp, Lenbruck (sculptor), and others are throwing aside all academic training and going into the new movement. When the international pictures are displayed some fine examples will be shown.



### THE JURY OF AWARDS.

The personnel of the jury was perhaps composed of a larger number of distinguished and famous artists than ever served in that capacity before. It makes the recipient of awards a much more fortunate person to have received approval from the hands of such representative men.

The group jury on paintings reported to the Superior Jury the following comment on the work submitted:

"The awards in the United States section, the general excellence of which is worthy of all praise, would have been greater but for the fact that the work of artists to whom individual galleries have been assigned were declared 'not in competition.'"

This explains why many of the world's foremost artists, whose work has been much admired, do not show in the list of awards. The younger men whose talents are just blossoming have been given a chance to become known in the field of artistic endeavor.

The French awards are not included in the list given out, and some of the foreign sections and State sections are to be announced later. The following is the personnel of the fine arts department

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juries whose awards are being submitted to the superior jury:

The Jury for Oil Jaintings—J. Alden Weir, chairman; Ettore Ferrari (vice-chairman, resigned); Adriano de Sousa-Lopez, vice-chairman; Robert B. Harshe, secretary; John W. Beatty, Pierretto Bianco, Christian Brinton, Charles Francis Browne, Francisco Centurion, William M. Chase, Ralph Clarkson, George Walter Dawson, Charles J. Dickman, Frank V. Dumond, Frank Duveneck, William H. Fox, Jean Guiffrey, Philip L. Hale, J. McLure Hamilton, Keiichiro Koume, J. N. Laurvik, Walter McEwen, Francis J. McComas, Etienne Masante, Arthur F. Mathews, L. H. Meakin, C. Powell Minnigerode, Eugen Neuhaus, K. Owyang, Jules Pages, William M. Paxton, Edward W. Redfield, Matteo Sandona, Anshelm Schultzberg, Edmund C. Tarbell, Charles J. Taylor and Edmund H. Wuerpel.

Jury for Etchings and Engravings—Joseph Pennell, chairman; Adriano de Sousa-Lopez, vice-chairman; Louis Christian Mullgardt, secretary; Frank Duveneck, Thomas Wood Stevens.

Jury for Sculpture—Paul Wayland Bartlett, chairman; Juan Carlos Oliva Navarro, vice-chairman; Adolph A. Weinman, secretary; A. Stirling

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Calder, Arduino Colasanti, Charles Grafly, Joseph J. Mora, Haig Patigian, H. Shugio, C. Y. Yen (K. H. Tu, acting).

Special Committee Appointed to Pass on Unclassified Works in the Japanese Section—Paul Wayland Bartlett, Keiichiro Koume, H. Shugio, Edmund, C. Tarbell, J. Alden Weir.

The group jury on etchings and engravings reported that while the varied branches of the graphic arts a few exhibits of superlative merit are not in competition, nevertheless the general standing of the exhibits, in the opinion of the jurors, is far higher than that of any other international exposition held in America.

The group jury on sculpture reported: "We feel that the Department of Fine Arts deserves great credit for the arrangement of the sculpture in the garden."

After considering all reports the department jury made the following statement regarding the exhibits: "In our opinion this exhibition of painting, sculpture and engraving is the best ever held in the United States, even though there is absent, by reason of the European war, many foreign works which would have added to its completeness. It should, however, have a far-reaching effect upon

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the appreciation and understanding of art. Moreover, the Department of Fine Arts deserves the warmest congratulation for its achievement, which has been performed under the most trying and exacting conditions.

"The methods of making awards proved satisfactory and for the first time the group juries for painting and engraving placed *hors concours* certain eminent artists who had received the highest honors at previous international expositions, thus making it possible adequately to honor an entirely new group of brilliant young artists."

### GRAND PRIX.

Frederick Carl Frieseke, the man to whom the great prize was given, by one of the best juries ever called together, was born in Owosso, Michigan, near Detroit. He studied drawing at the Chicago Art Institute and then went to Paris to study painting. However, except for a short time at the Julian Academy and a week or so with Whistler, he has been his own teacher.

Frieseke is a painter of feminine grace, and the type is invariably gracious, free from sentimentality and from sensuousness. His women are not always pretty; he takes a woman and places her in a happy, cozy nook, or in a richly ordered boudoir with every

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thing in a decorative accompaniment that envelopes the figure in a corresponding atmosphere. The pictures shown in the Fine Arts are like nothing else to be seen there; that means that this artist is original in an unusual degree. While he paints just for the sake of painting, he composes a picture with excellent skill and taste and proceeds to put into it all the modern difficulties possible. He tosses the light of the sun into his work almost as if he were the creator of day. His work is happy, not a blaze of color, but beautiful with color—perhaps it would be better to say beautiful with his color scheme, for he sometimes does a great deal with very few colors. The picture called "Sleep" (No. 2378, in room 48) is a color scheme; it has the white of the flesh tint and the bed; the coral of the lips, beads, ears, feet and colored bed corners. The same thing may be said of his "Boudoir" (room 117). The greatness of the man and his growth is to be seen in comparing "Sleep" with the large picture of the nude called "Summer" (No. 4094, in room 117). In "Sleep" there is the traditional handling of a beautiful, girlish figure, made delightfully attractive and innocent by closing the eyes in sleep and then giving to the spectator the charm of her beauty in form and color. In "Sum-



mer" he has given the same kind of a body the place in the center of the canvas; but, he has placed it in the open, with the sun coming through under the trees. It is a maze of light and shade and would seem to be almost the last note in this music started by Monet in the eighties. Frieseke is bold in the study he has given of the prismatic light. In "Sleep," painted in 1903, there is no suggestion of it; in this one of "Summer" it would seem that almost nothing in the way of sunny effects would be impossible to him now.

Frieseke cannot complain of want of appreciation. His pictures hang in Savannah, Georgia; in Chicago; in New York; in Vienna; in Odessa, and in the Luxemburg. He has received medals from the St. Louis Exposition; the Corcoran Art Gallery; Munich; Berlin, and Paris.

Frieseke is yet a young man, just past forty; with many years apparently before him there is no telling what he may accomplish along these lines he seems to hold so well in his hands today.

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### MEDALS OF HONOR.

John W. Alexander, one of America's greatest men, was given a medal of honor by the Fine Arts Jury two days before his death. Only one picture of this painter hangs upon the walls of the gallery but it is a gem and it tells the story of genius and skill. The life of this man is particularly interesting. He began his art life with Harpers. He applied for work in their drawing department when a mere boy. The official to whom he applied in set, conventional phraseology told him there was no place open at the time, to call again. The boy not understanding the speech as final, promptly presented himself again, saying: "You said 'inquire again in a few days,' so here I am." They took him on the force, not in the drawing department, but as an errand boy. When he had saved three hundred dollars he went to Paris. Finding living too expensive there he went to Munich and then to Poling in Bavaria, where Duveneck had his friends, Currier, Shirlau and others. Alexander studied with Duveneck for two years and he found the American master a great help.

Alexander came to be appreciated by the public fairly early in life, so that his work has been known and understood for years. He is recognized as a portrait painter, a figure painter, and a mural painter

with a distinctly decorative purpose. Originality of feeling and a lively sensitiveness are conspicuous in his work; still, there is the reticence and reserve of a master in his handling of his pictures.

The "Evolution of the Book" in the Congressional Library, and the "Crowning of Labor" in the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, are the two largest mural decorations he has completed. The Carnegie Institute is the largest wall space ever given an American to cover—the space measures over five thousand feet and Alexander estimated the number of figures between four and five hundred. It was a huge task, one which he was under contract to do by himself, so it is worked entirely along his lines.

Personally John W. Alexander was a delight. He possessed the nervous energy, the acuteness, the keenness which we are accustomed to associate with our American men. He had the poise, the serenity, the charm, the indefinable something which comes to a man possessing the knowledge of many men, and many lands, and a long experience with both. His death means a great loss to the art world and it is with sorrow the green wreath is seen hanging below his charming picture called "Phyllis" in room 69, wall C.

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Emil Carlsen, born in Copenhagen, 1853, studied in Royal Academy of Denmark; came to the United States in 1872. Belongs to many artists' societies; has received numerous medals, awards and honors. Has pictures in New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Brooklyn and Buffalo. Picture hangs in room 67, wall D.

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Walter Griffin was born in Portland, Me.; resides in Paris and Old Lynn, Conn; is a pupil of Collins and Laurens in Paris. Pictures hang in room 45, wall C.

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Richard E. Miller was born in St. Louis, Mo. Studied in St. Louis School of Fine Arts, and with Constant and Laurens in Paris. He is Knight of the Legion of Honor in France and has received many medals. He has pictures in Luxemburg in Paris; Metropolitan Museum, New York; Gallery of Modern Art in Rome; Royal Museum of Christiania; Museum of Fine Arts, Antwerp; Modern Gallery of Venice; Musee du Petit Palais, Paris; King of Italy's private collection, and some pictures in various galleries in the United States. Pictures hang (3323) in room 69 and (2334) in room 44.

## ITS ART, STORY AND SYMBOLISM

Violet Oakley, born in New York. Pupil of Art Students' League, N. Y.; Penn. Academy of Fine Arts; under Howard Pyle; Cecilia Beaux; Aman-Jean, Collin, Lazar in Paris. She belongs to several art associations, has received a number of medals. She has eighteen panels in the Capitol at Harrisburg, Pa.; stained windows in the Church of All Angels, New York; and work in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Picture hangs in room 65, wall B; stained glass window in room 38.

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Cecelia Beaux, born in Philadelphia. Pupil of Sartain; Julian and Lazar schools in Paris. She belongs to many art societies and has won many awards and medals. Has been written up with the woman's room. Pictures hang in room 65, wall D.

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Willard L. Metcalf has been written of with "The Ten American Artists."

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Myron Barlow lives in Detroit and Trepied, Etaples, France. Barlow was born in Michigan. Pupil of Art Institute of Chicago; Gerome and School of the Beaux Arts in Paris. Pictures hang in room 120.



## THE DREAM CITY

Lawton Parker resides in Paris and Chicago; in Giverny-par-Vernon, Eure, France, in the summer. Parker was born in Fairfield, Michigan; is a pupil of Chase in New York, Gerome, Laurens, Constant, Besnard and Whistler in Paris. Awards: John A. Candler five-year European Scholarship, honorable mention and medals from Paris Salon and others. Pictures hang in room 69, wall B.

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W. Elmer Schofield, born in Philadelphia; a pupil of Penn. Academy of Fine Arts; Bougereau, Ferrier, Daucet and Aman Jean in Paris. A member of many art societies and has received many medals. His pictures hang in the Metropolitan Museum, New York; Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington; Cincinnati Museum; Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh; Pennsylvania Academy, Philadelphia; Art Association, Indianapolis. Pictures hang in room 68, wall D.

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Gifford Beal resides in New York, where he was born. A pupil of Chase. Has received several awards before. Room 73.

## ITS ART, STORY AND SYMBOLISM

Geo. Bellows lives in New York; born in Columbus, Ohio. Pupil of Henri and Hayes-Miller in New York. Has pictures in New York, Philadelphia, Savannah, Toledo and Ohio University.

Max Bohm born in Cleveland, Ohio; resides in Paris. Pupil of Laurens, Guillemet and Constant in Paris. He has received high awards and has work in the Luxemburg, Paris. Room 72, wall D; room 118, wall A.

Breckenridge born in Leesburg, Va. Pupil of Pafa, Penn. Academy of Fine Arts; Bougereau, Ferrier and Daucet in Paris. He has received gold medals; and honorable mention, Paris Exposition, 1900. Pictures in room 51, wall A.

H. J. Bruer—Californian.

C. C. Cooper, born in Philadelphia. Pupil Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; Julian and Delecluse Academies in Paris. Member of many societies; has received numerous gold medals, awards, etc.; has work in Cincinnati Museum, Dallas, Tex.; in New York, St. Louis, Boston and Philadelphia. Rooms 37 and 47.

Howard G. Cushing resides in Boston and New York. Pupil of Laurens, Constant and Daucet in Paris. Has a goodly number of awards to his

## THE DREAM CITY

credit. Pictures hang in room 66, walls A and D; 1526 hangs in room 68.

Chas. H. Davis born in Cambridge, Mass.; resides in Washington, D. C. Landscape painter. Pictures hang in room 67.

Ruger Donoho born in Churchill, Miss. Pupil of Art Students' League and R. Swain Gifford in New York; Julian Academy in Paris under Lefebvre and Boulanger. His pictures are *hors concours* in Paris Salon (accepted without passing a jury.) Pictures hang in room 46.

Paul Daugherty born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Studied alone in Paris, London, Florence, Venice and Munich. Has pictures hanging in Washington D. C.; Carnegie Ins., Pittsburgh; Brooklyn, Chicago, Buffalo and New York. Pictures hang in room 67, wall A.

J. J. Enneking was born in Minster, O. Pupil of Baunet and Daubigny in Paris; Lehr in Munich. Has four gold and silver medals. Pictures hang in room 71.

Daniel Garber born in Manchester, Ind. Pupil of Nowotny of the Cincinnati Academy; Anschutz, Penn. Academy of Fine Arts. Teacher in P. A. F. A. since 1909. Has numerous medals and works

## ITS ART, STORY AND SYMBOLISM

in Washington D. C., Cincinnati, Brooklyn and Chicago. Pictures hang in room 68, wall C.

Lillian Westcott Hale born in Hartford, Conn. Pupil of Tarbell, Chase and Philip Hale. Pictures hang in room 80, room 40 and room 65.

W. H. Hamilton was born in Somerfield, Pa. Studied in Paris. Pictures hang in room 45, room 118.

Harry L. Hoffman. Born in Cressona, Pa. Pupil of Du Mond in New York; Laurens in Paris. Room 118.

James R. Hopkins was born in Ohio. Pupil of Cincinnati Art Academy; residence, Paris. Born in Copenhagen, Denmark. Pupil of American Institute of Architects, Duveneck, Julian Academy in Paris. Medals from Chicago, St. Louis. Buenos Ayres and Carnegie Art Institute, Pittsburgh. Pictures in National Gallery, Santiago, Chili; Art Institute, Chicago; Glasgow; Richmond, Ind.; Dallas, Texas, and many other places. Pictures hang in room 45.

Sergeant Kendall was born in New York. Pupil of Art Students' League; Eakins, Philadelphia; Beaux Arts and Merson in Paris. Member of many art societies; honorable mention, Paris Salon; the recipient of many awards and medals, with works

## THE DREAM CITY

in the large galleries of the United States. Room 50.

William L. Lathrop was born in Warren, Ill.; resides at New Hope, Pa. Has received previous awards and has some works owned by museums in New York, Washington and Pittsburgh. Room 50.

Ernest Lawson was born in California. Spent several years in France. Lawson has received previous prizes and medals; resides in New York. Pictures in room 73.

Haley Lever—Rooms 66, 67 and 71.

T. L. Mora was born in Montevideo, Uruguay. Pupil of Benson and Tarbell in Boston; Art Students' League under Mowbray. Mora is a member of numerous art associations and has received two gold medals and various prizes and awards before. Rooms 45, 71, 117.

Waldo Murray—

Elizabeth Nourse was born in Cincinnati. Pupil of Art Academy of Cincinnati; Lefebvre, Henner and Carolus-Duran in Paris. Is a member of several French art societies and also American. Has received awards and medals, and has works in the Luxemburg, Paris; Cincinnati, Chicago, Detroit and Toledo museums. Room 56.

Joseph T. Pearson was born in Germantown, Pa.



## ITS ART, STORY AND SYMBOLISM

Pupil of J. Alden Weir and W. M. Chase. Has received awards from Penn. Academy of Fine Arts; Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, and National Academy of Design. Room 69.

Robert Spencer was born in Nebraska. Pupil of Chase, Du Mond, Henri and Garber. Rooms 62, 67, 68.

H. O. Tanner was born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Studied under Eakins in Penn. Academy of Fine Arts, and with Constant and Laurens in Paris. Tanner is the only great negro painter. He is highly educated, studied for the ministry, his father being Bishop Tanner. He decided to study to be an artist and went to Paris, married a French woman and resides there. He has pictures in the Luxemburg, Paris; New York, Washington, Philadelphia and Chicago. Room 117.

Giovanni Troccoli resides at Newton Center, Mass. Room 48.

Douglas Volk was born in Pittsfield, Mass. Son of sculptor Leonard W. Volk. Pupil of Gerome in Paris. Belongs to art societies abroad and at home; has received many medals and prizes. Volk's work is in St. Paul, Pittsburgh, Washington, D. C. Room 85.

## THE DREAM CITY

Robert Vannoh was born in Hartford, Conn.; resides in New York during the winter, in France during the summer. Studied in Boston; Julian Academy in Paris under Boulauger and Lefebvre. Vannoh has been honored both in Europe and the United States. Has pictures in Buffalo, Philadelphia, Washington, D. C. Rooms 45, 48, 70.

Marion Powers (Kirkpatrick) resides in Boston. Room 56.

Ellen Emmet Rand (written of with others in Woman's Room). Born in San Francisco, studied in New York and Paris. Awarded silver medal at St. Louis. She has a portrait of St. Gaudens in Metropolitan Museum, New York. Room 65.

Robert Reid (written of with "The Ten") was born in Stockbridge, Mass. Pupil of Boston Museum School; Art Students' League of New York; Boulauger and Lefebvre in Paris. Has received medals galore from France and America. Reid has pictures in Washington, Brooklyn, Buffalo, New York, Cincinnati, Boston, besides many murals in large public and semi-public buildings and churches. Room 45.

William Ritschel was born in Nurenburg, Germany. Pupil of Kaulbach and C. Raupp in Munich. Came to U. S. in 1895; is a member of art

societies in Germany and United States. Rooms 68, 71.

Edward F. Rook was born in New York. Pupil of Constant and Laurens in Paris. Has received gold, silver and bronze medals previously. Pictures of his hang in Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati and New York. Rooms 45, 48.

Horatio Walker was born in Listowel, Canada; came to New York in 1858. Walker belong to societies both in England and the United States. He has works in St. Louis, Buffalo, Washington, D. C., and New York. He has received gold medals from New York, Chicago, Pan American Exposition, Charleston Exposition; gold medal for oils and gold medal for water color at St. Louis; other gold medals, prizes and awards. Rooms 85.

E. K. K. Wetherell resides in New York. Rooms 70, 72.

Irving R. Wiles was born in Utica, New York. Pupil of his father, L. W. Wiles; of Chase and Beckwith in New York and of Carolus-Duran in Paris. Received gold medals at Buffalo and Buenos Ayres; honorable mention in Paris Salon and honors from numerous other sources. His pictures hang in West Point, Washington, Brooklyn and New York. He is one of the best painters

## THE DREAM CITY

of American women as a type; his picture of Julia Marlowe is wonderfully fine. Room 70.

C. H. Woodbury was born in Lynn, Mass. He studied in Boston and in Julian Academy in Paris under Boulanger and Lefebvre. He has received gold, silver and bronze medals; prizes and awards. His works are in Indianapolis, Worcester, Boston, Providence and Pittsburgh. Rooms 37, wall A; 69, wall A, 119, 120.

### SILVER MEDALS.

Inez Adams—

F. C. Bartlett was born in Chicago; resides in Chicago. Pupil of Gysis in Munich; Collin, Aman-Jean and Whistler in Paris. Belongs to Royal Academy, Munich and other societies. Mural paintings and windows in Chicago and Pittsburgh. Rooms 44, 71.

Charles Bitteringer was born in Washington, D. C. Pupil of the Beaux Arts in Paris, and Delecluse and Colarossi Academies in Paris. Rooms 47, 71.

E. L. Blumenschein was born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Pupil of Cincinnati Art Academy; Art Students' League, New York; Constant, Laurens and Collin in Paris. Rooms 47, 119.

Carl Oscar Borg—Rooms 56, 67, 74.

Adolph Barie was born in Philadelphia. Pupil

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at the Penn. Academy of Fine Arts and Munich Academy. Rooms 46, 51, 67.

Karl A. Buehr was born in Germany. Studied in France and Holland and Art Institute of Chicago. Received honorable mention, Paris Salon, 1910. Rooms 47, 68, 117.

Cameron Burnside was born in London, England. Pupil of Rene Menard, Rupert Bunny and Lucien Simon in Paris. Member of Societe de Artistes Independants. Room 120, wall B.

Howard R. Butler was born in New York. Pupil of Daguin, Bouveret, Roll and Gervex in Paris. Has received honorable mention in Paris Salon, and medals and prizes. Room 69.

E. L. Bryant was born in Ohio. Pupil of Blanc, Conture in Paris; Herkomer in London; Anschutz, Chase and Breckenridge in Philadelphia. Room 51.

A. B. Carlos. Pupil of Penn. Academy of Fine Arts. Room 51.

F. J. Carlson lives in New York; is associate of National Academy of Design. Rooms 50, 67, 117.

F. G. Carpenter was born in Nashville, Tenn. Pupil of Laurens, Basset, Simon and Collin in Paris. Received honorable mention from the Salon des Artistes Francais in 1911. Room 68.



## THE DREAM CITY

William L. Carrigan lives in New York. Room 67.

Ettore Caser was born in Venice. Pupil of de Maria. Rooms 50, 56, 66.

Adelaide C. Chase was born in Boston. Studied with Tarbell in Boston; Carolus-Duran in Paris. Silver medal was given her at St. Louis. Rooms 65, 72.

Lewis Cohen, landscape painter, was born of American parents in London. Studied with Legros and Nicol in London; Blanche in Paris. Room 67.

E. D. Connell was born in New York. Pupil of Bouguereau, Robert-Fleury and Julian Dupre in Paris. Member of several French art associations and recipient of various medals of award; honorable mention of Paris Salon. Room 120.

E. I. Conse was born in Michigan. Pupil of National Academy of Design in New York; pupil of Beaux Arts and Bouguereau and Robert-Fleury in Paris. Conse has received numerous awards and has pictures in Washington, Brooklyn, Harrisburg, Detroit, St. Paul and New York. Rooms 47, 119.

Bruce Crane, landscape painter, was born in New York. Pupil of A. H. Wyant. Crane has received medals and prizes. Works in Pittsburgh, Montclair, Baltimore, Washington and New York. Room 80, wall B.

ITS ART, STORY AND SYMBOLISM

Edward Cucuel was born in San Francisco. Pupil of Constant, Laurens and Gerome in Paris; Leo Putz in Munich. Is a member of the Societe National des Beaux-Arts in Paris; Linpold Gruppe, Munich. Rooms 44, 117, 119.

Joseph B. Davol, Ogunquit, Maine. Rooms 54, 71, 74.

Maurice Del Mue, San Francisco. Room 69.

Usher De Voll was born in Providence, R. I. Pupil of R. I. School of Design; Chase, Mowbray and Henri in New York; Laurens in Paris. Belongs to art societies in Paris and the United States. Rooms 44, 45, 71, 118.

Frederick Du Mond was born in New York; resides in Paris. Pupil of Lefebvre, Cormon, Laurens and Doucet in Paris. Honorable mention and medal, Paris Salon. Room 46.

Charles Ebert lives in Greenwich, Conn. Rooms 48, 55, 74.

Richard B. Farley was born in Poultney, Maine. Pupil of Chase, Whistler and Cecelia Beaux. Rooms 69, 71, 72.

Gertrude Fiske. Rooms 71, 72.

Will H. Foote was born in Michigan. Pupil of Art Institute of Chicago; Art Students' League of New York; Julian Academy in Paris under Lau-

## THE DREAM CITY

rens and Constant. Received numerous awards. Rooms 44, 80.

Miss E. Charlton Fortune is a resident of San Francisco. Pupil of W. M. Chase. Rooms 26, 36, 50, 71, 117.

Henry B. Fuller was born in Massachusetts; resides in New York. Pupil of Cowles, Art School in Boston under Bunker; Cox and Mowbray in Art Students' League, New York; Collin in Paris. Member of several art societies and has received various medals. Room 35.

Robert D. Gauley was born in Ballybay, Ireland. Came to the United States in 1884. Pupil of D. W. Ross in Cambridge, Mass.; Benson and Tarbell in Boston; Bougureau and Ferrier in Paris. Medals from Paris Exposition and St. Louis and other awards. Room 70.

L. D. Grant resides at 26 Gramercy Park, New York.

F. G. Gray was born and lives in St. Louis. Pupil of Laurens, Paris. Rooms 70, 71, 72.

A. I. Groll was born and resides in New York. Pupil of Gysis and Loefftz in Munich. Groll has received honorable mention in Munich; gold medal at Buenos Ayres and Santiago Expositions. Has work in Brooklyn and Washington. Rooms 43, 47.

ITS ART, STORY AND SYMBOLISM

O. D. Grover was born in Earlville, Ill. Pupil of Duveneck in Munich; Boulanger, Lefebvre and Laurens in Paris. Works in Detroit, St. Louis, Public Library and Art Institute, Chicago. Rooms 45, 74.

Johanna W. K. Hailman resides in Pittsburgh. Room 65.

Armin Hansen is a resident of San Francisco. Rooms 50, 67.

C. W. Hawthorne was born in Maine; resides in New York. Pupil of National Academy of Design; Art Students' League in New York; Chase at Shinnecock, Long Island. Hawthorne belongs to several art societies in the United States and France and has pictures hanging in Buffalo, Providence, Syracuse and New York. Has received various awards. Room 85.

Robert Henri was born in Cincinnati; resides in New York. Pupil of Penn. Academy of Fine Arts; Julian Academy and School of Beaux-Arts in Paris; has studied in Spain and Italy. Belongs to numerous art associations, and has received various medals and awards. His pictures hang in Philadelphia; New Orleans; Brooklyn; Dallas, Texas; Pittsburgh; Chicago, and in the Luxemburg in Paris. Room 51.

## THE DREAM CITY

Herman G. Herkomer painted in England; resident of San Francisco. Room 70.

Charles Hopkinson was born in Massachusetts; resides in Boston. Pupil of Art Students' League, New York. Received several bronze medals previously. Room 40, 70, 72, 110.

Wilson Irvine was born in Byron, Ill. Pupil of Art Institute of Chicago. Belongs to several art clubs in Chicago and has pictures in the Chicago Art Institute. Rooms 50, 72.

William James. Room 43.

Francis C. Jones was born in Baltimore; resides in New York. Pupil of Beaux-Arts under Boulanger and Lefebvre in Paris. He belongs to various art societies and has been awarded several prizes. Room 48.

H. Bolten Jones was born in Baltimore. Studied in France. Received medals from Paris Exposition, Chicago World's Fair, St. Louis and others. Pictures of his hang in Washington, Philadelphia and Brooklyn. Room 72.

Leon F. Jones resides in Concord. Rooms 43, 117.

Paul King was born in Buffalo, N. Y. Pupil of Art Students' League of Buffalo; Art Students' League of New York under Mowbray. Rooms 36, 45, 73.



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Louis Kronberg was born in Boston. Pupil of Boston Museum School; Laurens and Constant in Paris. Rooms 45, 47, 50.

F. M. Lamb was born in New York. Pupil of Art Students' League under Sartain and Beckwith in New York; School of Beaux-Arts in Paris with Boulanger and Lefebvre. Received medals, Paris Exposition; honorable mention Columbian Exposition; gold medal at Atlanta. Mural work in several cities. Rooms 66, 85.

Gertrude Lambert. Room 51.

A. T. Lang resides in New York. Rooms 65, 118.

Jonas Lie was born in Norway; resides in New York. Pupil of National Academy of Design, and Art Students' League of New York. Silver medal at St. Louis Exposition. Rooms 45, 75.

Philip Little was born in Massachusetts; resides in Salem. Pupil of Boston Museum School. Works in Brunswick, Maine; Minneapolis; St. Louis; Philadelphia. Room 80.

D. W. Lockman resides in New York. Room 55.

Norwood MacGilvery was born in Bangkok, Siam. Pupil of Mark Hopkins Institute, San Francisco; Myron Barlow in England; Laurens in Paris. Rooms 37, 49, 71.

George H. Macrum. Room 55.

## THE DREAM CITY

E. T. Major was born in Washington, D. C. Pupil of Boulanger and Lefebvre in Paris. Teacher in Normal Art School, Boston. Room 80.

Louis Mayer resides in Milwaukee, Wis. Pupil of Max Thedy and Paul Hoecker in Munich; Constant and Laurens in Paris. Member of several foreign art societies. Room 72.

William McKillop. Room 119.

M. Jean McLane (Johansen). Room 65.

R. S. Meryman. Room 71.

M. Molarsky resides in Philadelphia. Room 68.

Herman D. Murphy was born in Marlboro, Mass. Pupil of Boston Museum School; Laurens in Paris. Member of Boston and New York Water Color Club, Copley Society and various other clubs. Medals for portraits and water colors previously received. Works in Buffalo, Nashville, Chicago and Massachusetts. Rooms 37, 44, 50.

John Francis Murphy was born in Oswego, New York. Belongs to numerous art societies, and has received several gold medals as well as honorable mention in Paris, 1900. His pictures are in Pittsburgh; Washington; Worcester, Mass.; Buffalo and New York. Room 69.

R. P. Neilson. Rooms 50, 67.

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Bruce Nelson is a California painter. Rooms 50, 74, 117, 118.

Robert H. Nisbet was born in Providence, R. I. Pupil of Rhode Island School of Design; Art Students' League of New York. Member of various artists' societies. Room 71.

Carl J. Nordell resides in Boston; born in Denmark. Pupil of Boston School under Tarbell; Art Students' League of New York under Bridgeman and Du Mond; Julian Academy under Laurens. Rooms 48, 69, 72.

G. L. Noyes was born in Canada; resides in Boston. Pupil of Courtois, Rixen, Le Blanc and Delance in Paris. Rooms 50, 80.

Leonard Ochtman resides in New York and Cos Cob, Conn. Born in Zonnemaire, Holland. Self taught. Numerous awards; medal from Columbian Exposition; gold medals from National Academy of Design, and Philadelphia; two gold medals from St. Louis; silver medal and prizes and other awards. Pictures are in St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Brooklyn, Washington and New York. Rooms 64, 67.

Clara Weaver Parrish resides in New York; was born in Salem, Alabama. Pupil of Art Students' League of New York under Chase, Mowbray, Cox and J. Alden Weir. Room 85.

## THE DREAM CITY

Elizabeth O. Paxton resides in Elmwood, St. Newton, Mass. Room 117.

Van D. Perrine was born in Garnett, Kansas. Self taught. Silver medal from Charleston Expo. Honorable mention from Pittsburgh. Room 44.

Marion L. Pooke. Room 65, 69, 72.

Henry R. Poore was born in Newark, N. J. Pupil of Peter Moran; Penn. Academy of Fine Arts; National Academy of Design in New York; Lenninois and Bouguereau in Paris. Member of numerous societies and received some good prizes. Rooms 67, 118.

E. H. Potthast was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. Pupil of Cincinnati Academy; studied in Antwerp, Munich and Paris. Numerous awards and member of several art societies. Room 55.

Joseph Rafael, a San Franciscan, resident for many years in Paris. Rooms 44, 48, 67.

Grace Ravlin was born in Illinois. Pupil of Art Institute of Chicago; Penn. Academy of Fine Arts; at present with Lefebvre-Foinet in Paris. Rooms 65, 118.

Henry E. Reutherdahl was born in Nealmo, Sweden.

Mary Curtis Richardson was born in New York. Pupil of Benoni Irwin, Virgil Williams and Sargent. Resides in San Francisco. Rooms 65, 56.

ITS ART, STORY AND SYMBOLISM

L. Ritman resides in Paris, France. Pupil of Robert-Fleury, Corcomie, De Chemand in Paris. Room 117.

Guy Rose was born in Los Angeles, California. Resides in Giverny, Eure, France. Pupil of Lefebvre, Constant and Doucet in Paris. Awards: Honorable mention, Paris Salon, and several American medals. Rooms 72, 44.

Charles Rosen was born in Westmoreland, Pa. Pupil of Chase, Du Mond and C. F. Jones. Belongs to numerous art societies and has received various rewards. Rooms 67, 71.

Will S. Robinson was born in East Gloucester, Mass. Pupil of various schools and teachers in Boston, France and Holland. Awards: Honorable mention, Paris Expo., and numerous medals from the United States.

Gretchen W. Rogers, Fenway Studio, Boston. Rooms 60, 70, 117.

C. F. Ryder was born in Danbury, Conn.; resides in New York. Pupil of Art Institute of Chicago; Laurens and Collin, Paris. Honorable mention from Paris Salon. Room 69.

A. F. Schmitt was born and lives in Boston. Rooms 37, 43, 44.

Leopold Seyffert lives in Philadelphia. Rooms 44, 66.



## THE DREAM CITY

W. H. Singer Jr. lives in Laren, Holland; born in Pittsburgh. Room 73.

H. B. Snell was born in Richmond, England. Pupil of Art Students' League, New York. Snell has received gold and silver medals and several first prizes. His works are in Buffalo, Worcester and New York. Rooms 69, 119.

G. W. Sotter resides in Pittsburgh. Room 74.

Arthur P. Spear was born in Washington, D. C., resides in Boston. Pupil of Laurens in Paris. Rooms 72.

Eugene E. Speicher was born in Buffalo, New York. Studied in Buffalo, New York and Europe. Rooms 68, 70.

Julian Story was born in Walton-on-Thames, England. His father was the sculptor, William Wetmore Story. Julian Story was a pupil of Duve-neck in Florence; Boulanger and Lefebvre in Paris; is a member of numerous art societies in France, England and the United States. Has medals from Pan American Expo., Buffalo; silver medal from Paris in 1900; gold medal from Berlin; third medal and honorable mention from Paris Salon. Room 70.

Leslie P. Thompson is from Medford, Mass. Pupil of Tarbell. Room 80.

ITS ART, STORY AND SYMBOLISM

D. W. Tryon was born in Hartford, Conn.; resides in New York. Pupil of Daubigny, Jacques-son de la Chevreuse, A. Guillemet and H. Harpi-guies in Paris. Tryon has innumerable medals, belongs to many artists' societies and has works in Washington, Detroit, Pittsburgh, New York, Phila-delphia, Worcester, Toledo and other cities. Room 49.

Margaret F. Tyng. Room 43.

Eugene P. Ullman resides in France and New York. Pupil of Chase. Member of societies in Paris and the United States.

Emily R. Waite. Rooms 43, 68.

H. M. Walcott was born in Connecticut. Pupil of National Academy of Design of New York; Julian Academy under Constant in Paris. Has had honorable mention from Paris Salon; various medals in the United States. Room 45.

Lionel Walden was born in Connecticut. Pupil of Carolus-Duran, Paris. Member of three socie-ties in Paris. Awards from Paris Salon, London, exposition in Paris in 1900. Walden is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, France, since 1910. His pictures are in Philadelphia, Cardiff, Wales and the Luxemburg, Paris. Rooms 55, 118.

Everet L. Warner was born in Vinton, Iowa.

## THE DREAM CITY

Pupil of Art Students' League, New York; Julian Academy in Paris. Several awards. Works in Amsterdam, Philadelphia and Washington.

F. J. Waugh was born in New Jersey. Student of Penn. Academy of Fine Arts; Julian Academy, Paris. Works in Toledo, Brooklyn, Washington, Bristol, England; Liverpool and South Africa. Rooms 73, 71.

Daniel Wehrschmidt.

Theodore Wendell, Ipswich, Mass.

William Wendt was born in Germany. Self taught. Several silver medals and prizes. Works in Cincinnati, Chicago, Indianapolis. Room 67.

Beatrice Whitney.

William H. K. Yarrow was born in Glenside, Pa. Pupil of Penn. Academy of Fine Arts and Henry R. Rittenberg. Member of French and American Art societies. Rooms 50, 51, 70, 119.

### BRONZE MEDALS.

Louis Betts was born in Arkansas. A pupil of his father and has studied in Paris. Room 67, wall C, 1156.

Dwight Blaney. Member of various art societies. Room 71.

Frederick A. Bosley. Resident of Boston. Rooms 55 and 71.

ITS ART, STORY AND SYMBOLISM

Bredin R. Sloan. One of the eight Independents. Room 51.

Anne M. Bremer was born in San Francisco. Pupil of Arthur Mathews at Mark Hopkins Institute of Art in San Francisco; Aman-Jean and Alcide Le Beau in Paris. Rooms 50, 65, 117, 120.

John Breyfogle. Pupil of Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts under Chase and Anshutz. Room 50.

Harold Camp resides in New York. Room 37.

Alison Skinner Clark. Pupil of Sinom Cotel, Whistler, Mucha and Merson in Paris; Chase in New York. Member of art societies in Paris and New York. Room 73.

John K. Conner. Pupil of Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Rooms 55, 56.

Arthur Crisp. Pupil of Art Students' League, New York. Room 119.

Randolph Dirk. Rooms 43, 117.

Maynard Dixon. Rooms 43, 67.

Wm. Forsythe. Pupil of Royal Academy in Munich under Loefftz, Benczar, Gysis and Lietzenmeyer. Medals from St. Louis and Munich. Rooms, 49, 56, 117, 119.

Wm. J. Glackens. Pupil of Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and studied extensively in Europe. Room 51.

THE DREAM CITY

Mary Brewster Hazelton. Pupil of Tarbell. Rooms 43, 46.

Julia Heineman, a resident of San Francisco, studied in America and in Europe with Sargenet and others.

Will J. Hyett. Room 74.

Alfred Jurgens. Studied in Chicago; in Munich with Gysis and Diez. Received medals from Europe and the United States. Rooms 48, 71.

William J. Kaula was born in Boston, 1871. Studied in Boston and Paris. Room 74.

Abraham Kroll was born in New York, 1884. Studied in New York and Paris. Rooms 68, 71.

Evelyn McCormick. California. Room 55.

Perham Nahl. U. C., Berkeley, California. Room 43.

Gertrude Partington. California. Room 72.

Lilia Cabot Perry (Mrs. Perry) was born in Boston. Pupil of Julian and Colorassi Academies, Paris. Received various medals. Rooms 25, 48, 65, 69.

Frank C. Peyraud was born in Switzerland. Studied in Chicago and Paris. Room 45.

Lazar Raditz. Room 70.

Lee Randolph. California. Rooms 37, 43.

Alice Mumford Roberts. Pupil of De Camp, Carl Newman and Robt. Henri. Rooms 55, 72, 117.



## ITS ART, STORY AND SYMBOLISM

Albert Rosenthal was born in Philadelphia. Studied in Philadelphia; Paris under Gerome, and in Munich. Received various medals and awards. Room 48.

Ernest D. Roth was born in Stuttgart, Germany. Studied in Philadelphia. Room 46.

Howard Smith, Room 69, 71.

Alice Schille. Student with Chase and Cox; Prinnet, Collin, Courtois, Colorossi Academy in Paris. Received various awards. Room 37.

A. W. Sparks. Room 74.

Carrol Sargeant Tyson studied with Chase and Cecelia Beaux; Carl Marr, Walter Thoer in Munich. Room 71, 79.

J. Van Sloun. San Francisco. Room 72.

Robt. Wagner. Room 55.

### SCULPTURE—MEDALS OF HONOR.

Herbert Adams was born in Concord, Vermont. Studied in Boston and with Merci in Paris. Room 66.

Daniel C. French. Pupil of Rimmer in Boston; J. Q. Ward in New York; Thos. Ball in Florence. Room 66.

Karl Bitter. Written of fully elsewhere. Room 66.

## THE DREAM CITY

### GOLD MEDALS.

Cyrus Dallin. Studied in Paris with Chopec and Dampf. Rooms 25, 36, 35, 82, 85.

James E. Fraser. Pupil of Falguiere in Paris. Received awards in Paris; medals in New York, Ghent, Rome. Room 66.

Albert Laessle. Rooms 57, 67.

Paul Manship. Studied in America and Rome. Room 93.

Attilio Piccirilli. Studied in Rome. Room 66.

Bela Pratt. Studied in Yale Fine Arts School, under Niemeyer; with Weir, St. Gaudens, Elwell, Chase and Cox in New York. Falguiere and Chopin in Paris. Numerous and various awards. Rooms 61, 66, 89.

A. Phinister Proctor. Studied in New York and in Paris where he received various awards. Rooms 72, 35.

Arthur Putnam. San Francisco. Room 67.

F. G. R. Roth. Studied in Vienna. Rooms 45, 66.

### WATER COLORS, MINIATURE PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS.

#### United States Section.

Medals of Honor—Lillian Westcott Hale, Laura Coombs Hills, Henry Muhrmann, Frank Mura, F. Walter Taylor, Charles H. Woodbury.

Gold Medals—William Jacob Baer, Jules Guerin,

## ITS ART, STORY AND SYMBOLISM

George Hallowell, Charles E. Heil, Arthur I. Keller, Henry McCarter, F. Luis Mors, Alice Schille, Henry B. Snell, N. C. Wyeth.

Silver Medals—W. T. Benda, Arthur Byne, Eda N. Casterton, Colin Campbell Cooper, Sally Cross, Mrs. Sargent Florence, William Forsythe, Elizabeth Shippen Green, Charlotte Harding, Mary Harland, Cecil Jay, Charles S. Kaelin, Anna B. W. Kindlund, William L. Lathrop, Lucia B. Mathews, David Milne, Selma M. D. Moeller, Herman Dudley Murphy, Thornton Oakley, Elsie Dodge Pattee, Heloise G. Redfield, Alexander Robinson, Donna Schuster, Clare Shepard, Jessie Wilcox Smith, Emily Drayton Taylor, Mabel R. Welch, George Alfred Williams.

Bronze Medals—Ethel Betts Bains, Anna Whelan Betts, Percy Gray, Anna Lynch, May Wilson Preston.

### Etchings and Engravings.

Grand Prize—Henry Wolf.

Medals of Honor—D. A. Wehrschmidt, C. Harry White.

Gold Medals—Gustav Baumann, Allen Lewis, D. Shaw MacLaughlin, J. Andre Smith, Cadwallader Washburn, Herman A. Webster.

Silver Medals—C. W. Chadwick, Clark Hobart, J. W. Evans, Edna Boise Hopkins, Earl Horter,

## THE DREAM CITY

Bertha Lum, Perham Nahl, B. J. O. Norfeldt, Ralph Pearson, Ernest Roth, Worth Ryder, George Senseney, Dorothy Stevens, Dwight S. Sturges, William G. Watts.

Bronze Medals—Clifford T. Adams, George C. Aid, Antonio Barone, Benjamin Brown, M. Elizabeth Colwell, Arthur S. Covey, Arthur Dow, Anne Goldthwaite, Louis C. Griffith, Ernest Haskell, Helen Hyde, Bertha E. Jacques, Katherine Kimball, William A. Levy, George C. Plowman, Isabelle C. Percy, John Sloan, Helen B. Stevens, J. C. Vondrous, Everett Warner, Franklin Wood.

Honorable Mention—O. Cotton, Charles W. Dahlgreen, Charles B. Keeler, Pedro J. Lemos, Beatrice Levy, Xavier Martinez, Margaret Patterson, E. K. K. Wetherell.

### Sculpture.

Medals of Honor—Herbert Adams, Karl Bitter, D. C. French.

Gold Medals—Cyrus E. Dallin, James E. Fraser, A. Laessle, Paul Manship, Attilio Piccirilli, Bela Pratt, A. Phinister Proctor, Arthur Putnam, F. G. R. Roth.

Silver Medals—Robert Aitken, Chester Beach, John J. Boyle, Edith W. Burroughs, Sherry Fry, Anna Hyatt, Sargent Kendall, Beatrice Longman, Furio Piccirilli, Albin Polasek, Edmond T. Quinn,

ITS ART, STORY AND SYMBOLISM

Victor Salvatore, Janet Scudder, Lorado Taft, Bes-  
sie P. Vonnon.

Bronze Medals—Edward Berge, Edward W.  
Deming, Abastenia St. L. Eberle, Eli Harvey, Karl  
Heber, Henry Hering, Albert Jaegers, W. Mazur,  
Olga Popoff Muller, R. H. Recchia, C. C. Rumsey,  
L. M. Sterling, Mrs. H. P. Whitney, Emil R.  
Zettler.

Honorable Mentions—Vincenzo Alfano, John  
Bateman, Clyde C. Bathhurst, Gail Sherman Cor-  
bett, Henri Crenier, Percival Dietsch, Beatrice Fen-  
ton, Harriet W. Frishmuth, Annetta Saint Gau-  
dens, Margaret Hoard, Malvina Hoffman, Antoi-  
nette B. Hollister, Victor L. Holm, Anna Coleman  
Ladd, Arthur Lee, R. Tait McKenzie, Helen Mears,  
Robert T. Paine, William O. Partridge, C. L. Pie-  
tro, Alexander Portnoff, Amory C. Simons, R.  
Stackpole, Edgar Walter.

Medals.

Medal of Honor—John Flanagan.

Gold Medals—James E. Fraser, H. A. MacNeil.

Silver Medals—Victor T. Brenner, Richard  
Brooks, Frances Grimes, Henry Hering.

Bronze Medals—Gail S. Corbett, Edward W.  
Sawyer, Spicer Simpson.

Honorable Mentions—J. Maxwell Miller, H. Ry-  
den, Leila Usher.





Genius of Creation—French

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## CREATION.

A boundless sea, a formless mass;  
A darkness dense, which no lights pass;  
No sound of joy, no thrill of hope—  
Just space on space where wild winds grope.  
Then there came a brightening mild,  
Creation's Angel sweetly smiled;  
And o'er this vast chaotic gloom  
Came light which drove the dark to doom.  
A million stars were given to night,  
Day was blessed with its sun so bright;  
These were the first in this great scheme,  
These but began Creation's dream.  
The peaceful Angel, calm in thought,  
Worked on until a whole was wrought.  
When the land gave rich fruit and flowers,  
And birds gave concerts in its bowers;  
When sea and sky were given voice  
And all were bidden to rejoice,  
The Angel looked down from above  
And felt the need of greater love;  
She scanned with joy this dominion,  
Then flew away on swift pinion,  
And straight from Heaven she brought man,  
God's gift in this tremendous plan.  
Of all this world man stood the King,  
Man, the master of everything!  
God waited—thinking he would raise  
His voice in loud and grateful praise,  
But strange he stood in silent awe,  
Nor comprehended aught he saw.  
Then God unto the Angel spake:  
"His dreadful silence we must break;  
A god, I thought this man would be;

A god just like to thee and me."  
The Angel looked on God and said:  
"The man's alone, the man is dead."  
Tenderly God whispered, "Wait,  
I'll make unto this man a mate;  
And man and wife the two shall be,  
Then they will be like thee and me."  
"But that's to suffer, that's to know,  
That's to fill his life with woe;  
Is there then no other thing—  
No other blessing we could bring?"  
And then, once more, the great God spake:  
"Yes, they'll suffer, their hearts will break.  
But in time I will create  
Sufficient joy to compensate.  
Over all, these two shall reign,  
Over sickness, death and pain;  
They shall seek and strive and win,  
Theirs the mastery over sin.  
Like to us their kind they'll make,  
Often sorrowing for their sake.  
But I know it will be well,  
What more they'll do I scarce can tell;  
To strange inventions they'll give birth,  
Their thought and voice shall gird the earth;  
And in the air like birds they'll fly,  
And always as the days go by  
Yours must be the glorious task  
To bless and grant them what they ask;  
The wisdom for this splendid pair  
Shall be sent from Heaven fair.  
It will be theirs to do and try,  
It will be theirs at last to die,  
But having lived they will have learned  
Death's the great victory they've earned."

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