

is another story. We have all gone further than that in Nebraska.

"A Summer Rain," by Edward H. Barnard, is a satisfactory picture of real rain, wet, soft, warm and refreshing. The grass is bent by the rain and the wind and the light green tender spring day is full of poetry and harmony. The diffused light of a rain-storm has its own fascination, and Mr. Barnard has apprehended it.

"Night and the Waning Day" recalls the picture by Watts, "Love and Death." The tone is low; the great figures are full of tenderness and power. Enveloped in a half light, night supports the fading figure of day with assurance, and day leans upon her as love leans upon death. It is not the day of the symbolic picture; but symbolists are always with us, and when they chose to express themselves in line and color instead of blank verse or rhymed couplets we can only admire especially if, as in this case, the picture is drawn with Miltonic power.

J. Carrol Beckwith—how we have let him slip out of our consciousness! He paints in the old style, hard and dry. Two portraits, one of a woman with black drapery about her face, and a half-length portrait of a man. The woman is softer, becoming her sex; the man might have been cut out of paper, painted and pasted to the background for all the artist's recognition of a background's rights and of its relationship to the figure in the foreground.

And yet the note in the program says, "What stimulating actuality! So direct and telling in its relation to facts and yet with a pleasant artifice in the arrangement of background that gives the figure pictorial support without detracting from its due predominance. The color is dry, perhaps even a trifle harsh, but this portrait has dignity." Perhaps so; but it would make Whistler hop. Such a portrait performs an admirable, a Spartan function, by closing the discussion as to whether or not the impressionists have contributed to the historical development of picture painting.

Frank W. Benson, he of the free hand and free mind, unburdened by tradition and confident of his own translations of light and the circumambient air, has a picture "Summer." Without breaking the laws of the actual Mr. Benson's young girl floats. There is no breeze, but her light slow movement and the capricious summer air flutter her garments. The program says there is a suggestion of Botticelli in the lines of the drapery. The eye immediately confirms Madame Grace Wickham Currie's statement. Something of Botticelli there is in this picture; but whether it is in the draperies or in the oval face and features or in the gladness of the figure and its abundant life and movement, it is difficult to say. The vibration of the air through which she so gently moves is very apparent. The soft, warm greens of the fields, and her gown, of summer made, is pleasingly symbolic.

It is hard to believe that the same man who painted the immortal "Alice" and the "Shinnecock Hills" painted "A Friendly Call," a picture of two commonplace women in a commonplace room making a commonplace call. Perhaps next to Sargent Mr. Chase has accomplished more noteworthy pictures than any other man in America, but evidently he has done some rubbishy things too.

Mr. F. A. Bridgman has sent two pictures. One, "Souvenir of Armenonville," charms by the illuminated, firefly background and by a white feather boa exquisitely painted, which is illuminated tenderly and poetically, too, by the light of a near-by, hidden lamp. Another picture of light already referred to is the work of Hugh H. Breckenridge. It is light triumphant, warm, joyous. The fine discrimination of the artist and the confident handling of a subject which has baffled older painters draws a crowd of spectators to this particular picture.

"The Belated Pedler," by E. R. Couse, is a prairie schooner illuminated by light inside the canvas wagon. The charming effect of a light inside

a tent or any canvas shelter has been frequently noted by campers. Mr. Couse has managed to preserve this effect and the figure of the woman with her baby bending over the wagon to get out the supper from her strolling pantry is suggestive of home and the perpetual charm of the mother. The composition is simple and unaffected.

The picture which Mrs. Kenyon Cox calls "Leonard" has a persistency, the little figure in a yellowish padded coat remains upon the retina of the memory. Do I close my eyes and bring up the gallery of paintings, that little figure with the orange appears. The charm is not all in the baby, though it is a nice baby; it is the ivory yellow of the baby's dress, his blue eyes, his pink hands, one of which clasp an inspired orange. If the orange were not there the composition would not remain so persistently. It is the key of the baby; if she had not struck it babyhood would be as sweet but as ineffectual as the hundreds of babies we see in a week and forget as soon as their innocent faces are turned the other way. It recalls the well-known Baby Stewart by Van Dyke.

"The Golden Mirror," by Alexander Harrison, is, of course, a marine. The setting sun has turned the ocean into heavy, molten metal. Heavy crescents of the metal which reflect the gold and olive of the sun roll in toward a willing beach attired in the same colors. There is something hard in the picture, but I am inclined to attribute it to the subject rather than to the artist's technique. A sea catching the last metallic beams of the sun looks hard, and the waters lose their cajoling deceitful softness. It is as though the last day had come and the metals of the earth had been melted by the great fire inside the earth and had poured themselves into the sea.

"Harvard Bridge at Twilight," by Birge Harrison, is a picture of one of the long bridges connecting Harvard and Boston. It is a theme which inspired one of Longfellow's best short poems. It recalls the long bridge, with the double row of lights and the moving iridescent waters under it. The smooth waters that reflect the lights and mysteriously the human presence, the kind of water that is always found under a bridge constantly tramped by men's feet. How different the reflections of the water under a bridge in the forest, shaded by trees and occasionally the mirror of watchful animal eyes. These waters of the Charles river have received the impression of the multitude and they reflect it. The oils which a stream near a multitude carries out to the ocean may give this impression to an analytic, unpoetic soul; but whatever subtle or material element conveys the feeling, Mr. Harrison has understood it and painted a better picture than the distinguished Alexander himself.

"Onions," a still-life by Clara T. MacChesney, is as crisp as the beautiful purple, grey, red vegetables themselves. We ought to keep things separate, and, above all things, remember Whistler's warning in relation to the function of painting. We can not ride ourselves of suggestions from one sense while we are using and enjoying another. For instance concerning the onions, visitors to the gallery say, "Oh, well, they are only onions, and no matter how well they are painted." Therefore these exquisite mother-of-pearl-lined spheres are ignored. Painting has nothing to do with either the sense of smell or the sense of taste, and the people who look as if they smelled something when they stop in front of the beautiful onions just rolled out of the brass kettle are in an immature state of philosophical development.

Miss Sara Hayden has a case containing three miniatures. Most miniatures (modern) look as if the artist had simply tried to paint a miniature for the sake of showing that he is a master of that peculiar kind and quality of painting. Miss Hayden's subjects are as sharply individualized, as closely studied, as though they were

life size canvases. The landscapes are clean in color and thoroughly artistic. Miss Walsh, another Lincoln artist, has three pictures hung in this gallery: "Le Petit Sou," a landscape and a kitchen interior. Miss Walsh's work has gained, since her pictures were last exhibited here, in depth and quietness of tone; yet they are no less effective and they have not lost the wonderful carrying quality which they always possessed. The kitchen interior, a stone fireplace, is a small picture, not much more than a foot square. Near it is a larger picture, three or four feet square, by Symonds. Across the room it is a blur, but Miss Walsh's little picture is articulate with meaning. The little beggar girl has the same quiet, consistently maintained tone. The landscape is suffused with atmosphere. Miss Walsh has clear visions and reports them clearly, though with a reserve and regard for the science of placing a landscape on canvas that removes her far from the amateur class.

The large canvas unfortunately hung all by itself at the end of the hall is "The Angel with the Flaming Sword," by Mr. Edwin H. Blashfield. Mr. Blashfield is a painter of large subjects on large canvases. Cathedrals no longer give a man a lifetime and a fortune to fresco their walls with pictures of the Creator, the principal scenes in the life of Christ and the trials and triumphs of the Apostles. In the days of Michael Angelo Mr. Blashfield would have been lying on his back, strapped to the top of a scaffolding two-hundred feet high, painting angels. His magnificent canvases would now have the reputation they deserve. As it is, he is not out of joint with the times, for he paints panel pictures of very well-grown angels, but his pictures are a trifle large for the flats of New York, where the most of the people who buy pictures appear to reside. This Flaming Sword angel whose function it is to keep Adam and Eve, Peary, and every other curiosity collector out of the Garden of Eden, looks as though no better man could be selected for the place. His eyes burn with a steady light and they are the deep blue eyes of God's angels. The climax is not in the sword but in the eyes though the light streams from the sword on to the splendid flanks and chest of the great angel. He is a symbol of God's justice and unchanging fixity. It is worth while having the mind and the heart and the comprehension to paint such a great picture as this, even though it is too tremendous a presence for daily association.

The illustrations to Milton's "Ode to the Nativity," by Frank V. Du Mond, sent by the Century Company, are exquisitely colored and mystically conceived. The glimmer of gold and the religious use of color as in Fra Angelico's pictures give a sense of an old world's and an old century's artistic interpretation of religion.

"Embers," by Eastman Johnson, has the fascination of a dying fire. The flames look as though they would burn the hands that tried their heat.

There are several pictures in the gallery for those who like their art and literature mixed. Such are "Atala," by Lucius Hitchcock, "Her Tribute," by Kline, "Hester," by Loomis, "Alone Henceforth," and several others.

One of the most attractive pictures in the room is that of a boy curled up with a boy's disregard for upholstering in a big arm chair. His abandonment and the long, long dreams of a boy are subtly suggested. A touch more and Sargent himself might have painted the lad. The painter of this brown picture is Caroline Peart and she lives in Philadelphia.

"The Reflection," by Helen W. Phelps, is a study of the orange light reflected from drapery of that color on a woman's body. These studies of light reflected from various textures on to various surfaces are interesting enough in themselves. People who look at pictures are slowly attaining the view of the people who paint pictures, that color and form and light are excuses enough for painting any beauti-

ful object whether it is an onion as the Lord made it, or the perfect form of a woman. They are both chef d'oeuvres from the hand of the ineffable Artist. The sooner we can wash the impurities from our minds and enjoy color and line and light as artists do the sooner will our world be larger and more fascinating.

Bert Phillips' two pictures of Indians are very characteristic in expression. The color is as vivid and real as a Navajo blanket, and as joyous. Mr. Edward H. Potthast, of Winchester, Massachusetts, is a man and a poet, as well as a painter, and any woman on earth would be glad to have him for a brother. He has a yoke of oxen pulling a cart that can pull a heavier load than he has yoked them to. The motion and the big muscles under the loose ox hides is enchanting. And there is something else of life and labor that strikes the note of kinship, without dwelling or sentimentalizing about it as some artists and poets do, that makes the laborers who look at his work class the hand that he has stretched out to them not in patronage but as one plowman halloo another. If the worthy committee whose members select the pictures which the society shall purchase and add to their permanent collection should chance to select this virile example of clean line color and wholesome feeling, the community would give a big sigh of contentment.

"In the Sun," by Theodore Robinson, is a picture of a country girl lying on the grass in the blazing sun with a rough straw hat partially shading her face. It is painted with a thoroughly original and inborn technique. The man must have been very obstinate and convinced of the soundness of his own inspiration. The catalog says he studied in Paris. He has painted a vital picture of sunlight and his eyes and the inner light showed him how to paint it. There is not a hint of the encyclopedia here.

"The Bath," is by Douglas Volk. It is the figure of a young girl languid from a bath and leaning back against pillows, while her nurse dries her limbs. The next picture is a painting of a young girl placing a rose in her hair. She is dressed in dead white satin, which has no vibration. Compare the white of the cotton pillows against which Mr. Edmund C. Tarbell's clean young lady leans, with the white, which should be glistening, of Mr. Irving R. Wiles' yellow rose girl. Mr. Tarbell's whites are warm and tender and the young girl is an emblem of early spring as all young girls are when correctly painted. This picture of the Bath should remove what prejudice still exists against the nude when painted with purity and love of beauty.

One of the most lovely pictures is "The Singers" by Henry Oliver Walker, who has been at work since the walls were ready for him, on large mural paintings for the Congressional Library. The quiet greys and greens of this picture suggest the fervor and the religious inspiration and joy of paintings of the Madonna and Child.

A critique is never anything more than the expression of one person's opinion. There are as many points of view as there are people standing on them, and no one can truly say this is good and this is bad. What is one man's meat is another man's poison.

The collection of painted china is remarkable for the number of pieces painted and for the great beauty of the work. I feel as weak as a baby in the presence of painted china because I know nothing about the art. It is an impertinence to publicly express an ignorant opinion. The china painters are: Mrs. Brock, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Edminston, Miss Helen Tuttle, Mrs. J. B. Wright, Mrs. Greenlee, Mrs. E. P. Brown and Sisters of the Sacred Heart Convent, Lincoln; Mrs. Truax, Mrs. Bachman, Mrs. Comfort, Mrs. Harr, Mrs. Hood, and Miss Butterfield, Omaha; Mrs. Fuller, Ashland; Mrs. Anna A. Green, Chicago; Mrs. Shidler, York; Mrs. Morey, Hastings.

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He weighed sixteen hundred pounds of coal in the scales and they registered a full ton. He chuckled. "These I call the 'Ambuscade' scales. They lie in wait."