

AMERICAN ART IN THE MAKING (Concluded)

BY RICHARD CONRAD SCHIEDT

THE ERA OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE

When, therefore, the younger school returned from Munich and Paris and founded the Society of American Artists in 1878, they arrayed themselves against the Academy and fought for the recognition of the new individual technique. John La Farge joined them and was made president of the new Society, holding this position from 1897 to 1906. Up to the time of his death in 1910 he was considered the Nestor of American painters. The chief characteristic of the distinctively American School, however, is, or was at least, the pure, healthy vision and unbroken strength with which they look into life. In this they totally differ from and to that extent surpass their European masters. No mystic romanticism henceforth, no difficult problems, no Nietzschean struggle for the overman. There seems to be no fixed purpose or subtle message in their work, all they proclaim is the full, free enjoyment of life. Their imagination seems more receptive than productive. The world with all its splendor, its delicacy and its wealth is—or shall I say was?—reflected in them. This world is the American child in the full self-glorification of an untrammelled development; the American woman in all her naive nobility and growing dominance; the American landscape with all its intensity of light and radiant sunshine.

John LaFarge's greatest painting is probably his large decorative work representing the "Ascension," now in the Church of the Ascension, Fifth Avenue and Tenth Street, New York City. It has all the qualities of the old masters, rich in composition and beautiful in drawing, and at the same time, all the qualities of the American School of painting, being lighter, more atmospheric, more pearly in color than the altar pieces of the old world. He seemed endowed

by nature with a strong predilection for color; the pearly tints he found in the sea haze, when making his early studies from nature at Newport, seem to have permeated all his future paintings, so that the rich, blue robes of his figures and the hyacinth wings of his angels are modelled with prismatic colors and are bathed in a slight amber and opal mist. LaFarge also is prominent as a designer. The flow and harmony of the mere line in the great "Battle Window" in Memorial Hall at Harvard are so rhythmic that they have all the charm of a Raphael. Perhaps here, for the first time, the influence of Japanese art may be noticed, in the strength of outline, but his outlines are not the major part, they are skillfully welded into the plastic form.

More brilliant as technicians, perhaps the most brilliant technicians of the New American School, were John S. Sargent, who recently died in London, and William M. Chase, who died in 1916. The former's art is, however, like his citizenship, international. He is American only by virtue of his parentage. He was born in Florence and educated in Germany and Italy and later studied in Paris under Carolus-Duran, so that in one sense we find only slight earmarks of American traiton in his brush; but his art is the most universal of any present-day painter, and perhaps, on that account, like that of Whistler and that of St. Gaudens, most American of all. Characterization is the chief note of Sargent's style, going to the limit both in carnal form and nervous intensity. Look at his "Wertheimer" portrait and you have the limit of the man who drives a bargain; look at "Coventry-Patmore's portrait and you have the typical scholar; look at the "Misses Hunter" and "Misses Vickers" and you have the ultimate in the unique character of the American feminine; look at his "Ribblesdale" and you have masculine aristocracy at its height; look at "Carmencita" and you find that poise can hardly go further. Moreover, the vividness of his portrayals is enhanced by the environment, a hall, a screen, a chair, a rug, a parrot. There is, besides, a finish in Sargent's work quite new in American art, brought out and woven together by a thousand half-tones and flecks of gray, by certain high lights upon finger nails, knuckles, nose and jaw. All this is climaxed in the Sargent Hall of the Boston Public Library, which leads us at once into a discussion of the phenomenal success of modern American painters in mural art.

Sargent, Blashfield, Abbey, Simmons, Alexander, Vedder, and Raphael Beck are among the masters in this new sphere, so dis-

astrously introduced by Hunt at Albany, Sargent is facile princeps in putting all the passions of a human soul into his paint, as exemplified by his "Triumph of Religion," "Struggle of Judaism" and "Dogma of Redemption." Edwin Blashfield, pre-eminently a creator of beautiful types, has used in his Boston and Congressional Library works of characteristic features of Mary Anderson, Ellen Terry and other beautiful women of our day, succeeding in evolving types of symbolic womanhood, uniquely American, when contrasted with the ideal heads of seventy years ago, the heads of Dianas and Venuses then surmounting our public monuments. Edwin A. Abbey, a successful illustrator turned painter, is perfect master of composition, as demonstrated by his Holy Grail series in Boston, and still much more by his mural paintings in the Harrisburg Capitol. For, the rhythm lacking in the Grail series is perfect in the Pennsylvania series. There is no single dominating color tone in the former, no dominant light to focus the attention instead of distracting it—the dramatic grouping is overwhelming at times, confounding the beholder, because he fails to see the individual figures brought out by their own natural contrasts of light. On the other hand, in his "Spirit of Religious Liberty," placed far up on the western wall and seen best as one enters the main portal on the east side of the Harrisburg Capitol, the narrow strip of deep blue sea across the bottom of the picture gives tone and light to the whole scene; one feels the smooth but irresistible pressure of an illimitable body of water with the foam splashing beneath the bulk of the nearest vessel, the ocean moving alive with its color, its sound and its sharp salt smell. The intensely decorative ships that tower above it have their dark hulls lit up by their own red colored, broad sails, casting a rosy glow upon the white drapery of the three celestial guides—and back of it all is a cloudless sky, vague, opalescent, spacious. Here is perfect rhythm, perfect chiaroscuro. The northern and southern lunettes tell us eloquently and more realistically what Pennsylvania is doing today with the liberty sought in those red-sailed ships and with the treasures wrung from the earth. The color effects are perfect. In the "Spirit of Vulcan" the dark shades of the forbidding giant machinery are relieved by the warm fleshy tints of the grimy, sweating smiths, the glow of the flaming steel, the pearly tones of the shifting steam and the touch of the lovely blue in the tunic of Vulcan, who rests on cloud billows above as the guide and mentor of the men below. In the "Spirit of Light," Abbey has given us a perfect apotheosis of chiaroscuro-light bearer,

derricks and the deep blue sky with rifts of gold, present a perfect rhythm of drawing, chiaroscuro and color.

At the height of his career Abbey died in 1911, greatly honored at home and abroad, while Blatchfield is still active, although seventy-seven years of age, as president of the National Academy of Design.

John W. Alexander, who passed away in 1915, reaches the high-water mark of Americanism in his mural decorations adorning the Carnegie Museum of Pittsburgh. Of him is particularly true what Albert Jansen said of Kaulbach, that he idealizes substance, while the great classicists substanciated ideas. His subjects in the Congressional Library are, indeed, still Old World affairs, but his latest creations are pre-eminently an apotheosis of Pittsburgh, representing his conceptions of the rights and possibilities of labor, the mightiest force of present-day democracy. Here is no balanced composition, no attempt at rhythm. They adorn the stately entrance hall of the enlarged building. The framing of the pictures is of the grayish, yellow, buff marble of the interior construction. Along the lower part of the wall, ten feet above the floor, runs a series of oblong panels, typifying the labor of the great city, while higher up, beginning at a line some four feet above the level of the gallery floor, is another series of panels, broad and tall, presenting an allegory of Pittsburgh's triumph, and in another set a commemoration of the means of approach to the city by river and rail. Above all this is a third tier of lunettes filled with designs typifying the arts and sciences, of which the building itself is the home. Alexander, himself a native of Pittsburgh, has realized an abundance of impressions, locally characteristic and powerfully suggestive, in which he emphasizes the controlling element of intelligence in the conflict of humanity with matter. He has not fantastically ennobled the brows of the brawny, powerful men, but has given them heads, expressive of more than average intelligence. The brown tints of the flesh and bluish shades of the clothes break clearly against the gray line of atmosphere, mellowed by rose and yellow and murky brown gloes from unseen fires. From out of the smoke wreathes looms here and there some hint of mechanical contrivance—girder, crane wheels or hanging tackle, sometimes these men are working on the workshop floor, other times suspended in mid-air, the strenuousness and hazard of their lives and the exhibition of coolness and mental poise are everywhere apparent. The whole stupendous work is crowned by the reward of labor, symbolized by beautiful maiden forms, "who

come trooping in from near and far with gifts of cunning craftsmanship from the looms, the workshops and the studios of the world, like swallows homing at twilight, they skim the air and poise and wheel."

The teacher par excellence is now, just as West and Hunt had been in former epochs, William M. Chase from Indiana, himself a pupil of A. Wagner and Piloty, master of color technique in Munich, which under the protection of King Ludwig I., the great art center of Germany, attracting students from all over the world. But Chase soon overcame the heavy bituminous shadows of the Munich influence and developed a peculiarly strong sense of construction, as seen in his "Lady with the White Shawl," now in the Philadelphia Academy, the model of which was Mrs. Clark, the original of the famous "Gibson Girl." Mr. Chase writes his own description when he says in the *Delineator* of December, 1908: "To make a vivid personality glow, speak, live upon the canvas—that is an artist's triumph." What is true of the "Lady with the White Shawl" is equally true of his "Lady in Black," now in the Metropolitan Museum. These figures stand out well behind the frame and give his canvas a certain dignity, enhanced by the atmosphere of a soulful mysticism, so characteristic of the Piloty School. When Chase died in 1917 America lost one of her profound seers in the realm of art.

But the key to the modern American landscape is found in Weir's work. He was the son of Robert W. Weir and brother of John F. still director of the Yale School of Fine Arts and author of "Forging the Shaft." J. Alden Weir was largely an experimentalist. Like Whistler he was influenced by the Japanese and many of his compositions are purposely painted flat with spots of color balanced in their chromatic quality, e. g., the red of a child's chair and the ball in one of his early portrait groups. However, some of his later canvases exhibit quite opposite tendencies, their charm depends upon the consummate knowledge of managing subtle planes and the skill to blend them into a close harmony of tones, as is shown so superbly in Whistler's portrait of Miss Alexander, which has been called the most marvellous essay in pigment the world has ever seen. Such work requires a thorough knowledge of the anatomical planes in animal bodies. Weir's landscapes as, e. g., "Plowing for Buckwheat" suggest vastness, the possibility of an infinite expansion, the tiniest corner of the horizon so painted as though it were an infinitesimal segment of a vast circle beyond. This particular landscape is thoroughly American, far from the topographical aspect characteristic

of the works of Cole, Bierstadt and Church. There is nothing merely rural or pastoral or bucolic or merely picturesque about it. It is infinitude on canvas, as American as the mighty country itself.

At the 1907 winter exhibition of the National Academy of Design the palm was awarded to Winslow Homer (1836-1910) for his canvas "The Gulf Stream." It represents a negro lying on the deck of a wrecked boat with sharks eagerly awaiting the end of the tragedy, a water spout near at hand to pile on agony and a ship in full sail on the horizon; its disappearance adding to the despair and putting the climax to the horror. There is a rugged strength about it and, as in all his negro studies, a deep human interest, but whether Homer is at his best in this sensational episode is a question. His picture of the "Fog" is, to my mind, much stronger in design and execution. It was exhibited among the works of the "Ten Painters" in the Philadelphia Academy about seventeen years ago. That exhibition marked a marvellous progress in the work of these men as compared with their former productions. Metcalf had painted the "Fury of the Bacchantes" in 1875 in the academic style of the Gerome studio. Some one has said of it, that there is about as much quality in that picture as in an unwashed potato. But his "May Night" in that exhibition as well as Hossmer's "Old Church at Lynn" or his "Summertime" surely contain more quality than Gerome's studio would see in a half a century. The molasses brown shadows of the old landscape have disappeared forever.

There are hosts of American painters today who come up to the "Ten," if not surpassing them in the art of light coloring, of uniting sky line and terra firma, of bringing out unique moonlight effects and the vibrations of the Pointellists. Prior to 1865 moonlight in an atmosphere effect was not painted at all. There were plenty of dark skies with the moon peeping through wooly clouds and moonbeams dancing below on tin ripples of river or lead waves of sea. But the hills in the distance, the trees or rocks on the banks, were mere silhouettes of black, formless and colorless. It was left for the men of a later day, men like Ben Foster, Paul Desor, William Coffin, Winslow Homer, Willard Metcalf, Paul Dougherty, C. A. Davis, Van Perrine and a host of others, to demonstrate that a tree or a field have as full a quota of color in the moonlight as in the daylight, and their gamut of half defined colors is such as was unknown to the more primary color schemes of the Hudson River School. Ryder's technique may be childish, but his mixture of paints and varnish so unique in his "Temple of the Spirit" appeals to our

imagination. Walker, Benson, Tarbell, Lothrop and Reid, each one different from the others, struck a keynote in their landscape creations which will go so far as to add, like eastern music, quarter tones to our color scales.

By many, Abbot H. Thayer of Boston, the discoverer of the law of protective coloration in the animal kingdom, a pupil of Gerome in Paris, and his fellow townsman, Thomas W. Dewing, trained in the studio of Lefebvre in Paris, are called the greatest among the "Ten," if not among all modern Americans. The former, who recently died, is considered the American Botticelli for the sheer beauty of his pictures; he is undoubtedly the painter of the ideal, calm, reposeful, soulful and appealing, of the most thoughtful pictures in American painting. His most noted emblematic work is the "Winged Figure" a memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson, which, in sentiment and sympathetic touch is entirely native and without its like in Europe. Dewing represents the aesthetic principle par excellence in art, the Giorgionesque symbolizing the idealistic mode of odd combinations, stately women in dreamy landscapes in a style quite his own and in colors of wondrous charm, as especially evidenced by his prize picture "The Days."

The gradual progress in the growth of American art is best illustrated by the positions accorded to American works in the various international exhibitions. In 1867 at the first great exposition at Paris, American paintings were hung side by side with the best Europeans. The contrast, in general, was shocking, but Hunt's portraits, by virtue of their refinement of characterization and delicacy of handling, excelled all conventional European portraitures; even Bierstadt's "Rocky Mountains" received high praise and a high price. The Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876, demonstrated that there were a few American artists, but no American art. In 1893 Chicago proved that here was at least a native American school. At the Pan-American in 1901 and at St. Louis in 1904 the young men showed the best traditions, but no direct progress. Today all is changed. Collectors begin to buy American pictures. Prior to 1850 they bought the old masters, in 1860 the works of the Dueseldorf School; a little later the works of the French of Bougereau and later of the Barbizon School, and perhaps, about 1870, the works of the Hudson River School. Today, after years of education in European art galleries, aided by the Cook agency and otherwise, the American millionaire is ready and willing to patronize home productions, and Paris condescends to hang the Afro-Ameri-

can Henry O. Tanner's "Raising of Lazarus" in the Luxemburg.

Whistler, of course, has always been a favorite with Americans, but his American birthright has been questioned. It has been asserted that Whistler can not be counted among American artists, because his birth in Massachusetts being only accidental, he owes everything to Europe. This, however, is not strictly true. From a certain point of view he is rather cosmopolitan, but his cosmopolitanism is distinctly American. He worked in Paris in Gleyre's studio, but was in reality a pupil of Courbet, who has given the world some of the best artists. He came to London just at the time when the members of the Hogarth Club did their utmost to forget Turner's—the greatest among English artists—most precious legacy, his genius for the purely pictorial, when they revelled in the coarse outlines of preraphaelism. Whistler ridiculed the trifling art of Rosetti with its emphasis on poetic form, its mystic altar lines, its pomp of gold vestment and devoted himself to pictorial representations of the special beauty of England, the quiet charms of the Thames, the melancholy of the London atmosphere, the peculiar elegance of the London women and children. He soon encountered the bitter criticism of Ruskin, who declared his "Nocturn in Black and Gold" to be equivalent to flinging a pot of paint in the face of the public, and called Whistler a coxcomb. The libel suit and the subsequent publication of Whistler's "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" are still fresh in the memory of the present generation. Perhaps the book spread his name more than his art. A new tone had come into English life. And yet he never was and never became an Englishman—his calm is different from the English phlegm, it is several degrees cooler; his malice is more malicious; his earnest endeavor more practical, an dentirely free from that English sentimentality which appears in English art and life in its most improbable form. Whistler was, and remained a thorough American. A certain matter of fact sobriety, which gave him a maximum power for productiveness, a certain loud-mouthed energy, which never indulges in self-abasement, but always declares itself to be and to have all that is best in the world, until it actually has become such, all this he brought from America. By birth an aristocrat of the purest type, the descendent of rich slave owners, he never stooped to anyone.

The American Whistler gave England a European art. It was that which the native Englishman could not forgive him. He united within himself the most artistic qualities of the age; to French art he owed the tact in color, to Velasquez the sweeping curves, to Rey-

nolds the tone, to the Japanese the surprising outline, but after all was only himself, the most typical impressionist, the most perfect artist, never losing himself in abstractions, always dealing in the concrete. In the most commonplace milieu he discovered the finest undulations, the most delicate gradations of tone. A keen eye and a sure hand kept his self-consciousness in undisturbed equilibrium. Whatever stimulated his eye inspired his brush, whether it was a child or an elegant lady, an old bridge or a rumshop, in all his paintings he aimed at generalization of form and colors. The very names of "Nocturnes," "Harmony," "Symphony" betray his purpose. He knew how to attract public attention by the cleverness both of his pen and his brush. For the silver medal he received at Munich he thanked in these words: "For your second-class medal my second-class thanks," and he saw to it that it was published all over the continent. This eccentricity has been applauded as much as his artistic creations. Both brought something entirely new into English art. He overthrew the absolutism of tradition and placed individuality on the throne. Only temperament was to be sovereign. Rules he abominated and yet his portrait of Carlyle as well as that of his own mother are masterpieces of classic art, manifesting, however, an utter absence of mere portraiture. The artist fills them with his own temperament. The Carnegie Museum of Pittsburgh possesses his portrait of Sarasate, the violinist, which, if recalling in tone Whistler's admiration for Velasquez, is most effective in its broad passages of simple tone, while in characterization it seems a poetic revelation of a musical temperament. An olive but slightly weird face with insistent eyes looking over a white shirt front, standing with violin held against the body and bow in right hand, continuing the line of the upper right portion. A fragile, delicate figure in black, placed well back in the gloom of the interior. This is all, but it is compelling, like all temperamental painting.

In the same independent way the artistic talent of the nation, as a whole, has developed of late, largely towards illustration and design. Henry McCarter, an acknowledged master, came forth from the old school and notified the magazines that he had a new and more striking but quite as genuine a way of doing the age-old thing. He was a pioneer in the field, one of the first to seize the decorative elements in man and nature and adapt them to illustration. But the one who has done most to revolutionize American illustration is Howard Pyle (1853-1911). He has worked out in the thirty years of his art life a theory of expression that almost of necessity affected

the trend of American art. His belief in America, his willingness to entrust the development of his own talent to it have been proven sincere. Not only has he never studied abroad, but he has even never been abroad. And in the purest American environment he has changed for the better the illustrating work of scores of young men and women in the United States. Certainly one-half of the notably successful illustrators have studied with Howard Pyle. He helped his pupils to find themselves, insisting that one's own conception of life must be the inspiration of all work. It is this passion for honest work, discouraging mere sham and affectation, that inspires Howard Pyle's teaching. No wonder that modern illustration, including such strictly commercial work as advertisement, pure drawing, useful and capable of finest treatment, appealed to him. And yet such of his creations as "The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood," "The Wonder Clock," "The Rose of Paradise," "A Modern Aladdin," "Twilight Land," "Rejected of Men," "The Story of King Arthur and His Knights," etc., stamp him as a craftsman of the spirit.

In his school at Wilmington he charged no tuition, the pupils being limited to those invited by the master, to those in whom he recognized talent. It is a curious fact, however, that though some of Mr. Pyle's best known pupils were women, such as Violet Oakley, Jessie Wilcox Smith, Elizabeth Shippen Green, Charlotte Harding and Sarah Stillwell, he had no very strong faith in the permanent artistic ambitions of the feminine sex. Mr. Pyle's work is intellectual, literary, although highly emotional. He preaches that the basis for a good picture is clear intellectual conception of the thing to be expressed. He urged his pupils to write stories and illustrate them: to make art the objectivation of thought and feeling. He fought exaggeration in direct opposition to the technicians who play tricks with this art and he conquered all along the line.

I can not close this brief and altogether incomplete sketch from which references to the latter day conflicts between realism, impressionism, expressionism and cubism are entirely omitted, without giving a brief resume of our present-day sculpture, although Professor Santayana, formerly of Harvard University, declares that sculpture has become an unnecessary art, since it no longer expresses the formative forces of modern civilization. He may be right in this, but he is certainly wrong when he says that modern nations have absolutely no native genius for plastic representations. The names of Augustus St. Gaudens, Charles Grafly, Daniel C. French,

George Gray Barnard, Gutzon, Borglum, Henry M. Shrady, Lorado Taft, H. A. MacNeil, Macmonnies, Albert Jaegers, Karl Theodor Bitter, Schweitzer, Weinert, Simmons, Weinmann and many others in the United States testify to the contrary. It has been said that St. Gaudens found American sculpture a weed, he left it a flower. He learned from France through methods of technique, from Italy he imbibed the spirit of the Renaissance; yet without any display of obstructive originality and with rare taste and indomitable industry and most conscientious workmanship, he created a series of masterpieces that raised American sculpture to a foremost plane in the world's art; he set such a high standard for the younger generation of artists to follow that there is great promise that American sculpture will long keep its high position to which he raised it. I have touched upon the lamentable condition of American sculpture prior to St. Gaudens. Power's Greek Slave, Story's Cleopatra, Palmer's White Captive and the whole collection of effigies in New York and elsewhere, including all the war monuments with their wooden figures of stone, are witnesses of the lifeless, characterless and tame style of the neoclassic school which held sway in the early years of the nineteenth century. Gaudens changed all this. The memorial exhibition of his works, held in 1908, one year after his death in New York made a profound impression. His Shaw Monument in Boston, his Sherman statue in New York, the Puritan in Philadelphia, the Figure in the Rock Creek Cemetery in Washington or the Lincoln statue in Chicago belong to the world's great masterpieces. They exhibit a unique combination of primitive strength and most delicate personal culture, simplicity married with grandeur; here are expressions of the divine genius whose revelations not only demand but inspire unconditional surrender. No trifling, no pomposity, no manufactured beauty, no seeking after originality, nothing but a sure, bold, yet chaste expression of the great forms of existence, the eternally human. And aside of St. Gaudens I would place Daniel French, who in his creations of feminine types even excels St. Gaudens. Any one who has seen his four allegorical groups in front of the New York Custom House, representing America, Europe, Asia and Africa, must confess that they belong to the best that has been accomplished along this line. No less conspicuous is the Pastorius Monument in Germantown, memorializing largely the first German immigration to America, and the brilliant creation of Albert Jaegers, a son of the Wuppertal and a protege of St. Gaudens, who is also the sculptor of the Steuben Monument in Washington and

of its replica in Potsdam. He recently died of a broken heart, due to the German phobic war mania.

All Pennsylvanians are proud of the series of groups which adorn the Capitol at Harrisburg, representing the "Apotheosis of Labor," the "Quakers," the "Pennsylvania Germans," the "Scotch-Irish" and the "English," from the skilled hands of George Gray Barnard, who had created quite a sensation in Boston, when he exhibited his then most famous work "The Hewer," set up temporarily in Copley Square, but now in the possession of John D. Rockefeller. Barnard is undoubtedly the most prolific worker among present day sculptors in America, his thirty-one heroic figures in the Capitol of Harrisburg giving ample evidence that quantity is here fully matched by quality. In breadth of conception and vastness of enterprise Gutzon Borglum, painter and sculptor, stands supreme among present-day American artists. He studied his art in San Francisco, but in 1890 he went to Paris to continue his work in the Julian Academy and Ecole des Beaux Arts, exhibiting as painter and sculptor in the Paris Salon, of which he became an associate. After sojourning in Spain, London and Paris for a number of years he returned to America and located in New York. Among his most notable creations the most conspicuous are his colossal monument of forty-two figures in bronze, memorializing the Wars of America, in the Military Park of Newark, New Jersey, and the unfortunately unfinished Confederate Memorial, a carving of 1200 figures, 120 feet high, on the face of the granite Stone Mountain, Georgia, and of the Memorial Hall cut into and within the Mountain, 320 feet long—the ne plus ultra of Americanism in art.

Already for the last two decades the nations of Europe have been knocking at America's door with their finest art treasures, to ask her opinions and to gain her applause, and there should be no hesitation in opening wide her doors with high appreciation for the genius of other races. For each race has its own peculiar genius which defies comparison. The great German art exhibit presented in New York shortly before the world war stands unrivalled in intellectual grasp, power of imagination and passionate struggle, Lenbach, Boecklin, Klinger, Liebermann, von Uhde, Thoma, von Stuck, Hildebrand and a host of others are types by themselves; they teach us that art is as manifold in its revelations as life and no nation has reached the goal of its development, unless it has expressed itself in terms of beauty, has found a synthesis of its personality,

its soul, its hopes, its faith, its aspirations. The German exhibit has been followed by similar efforts of other European nations. But the best of modern German painting pre-eminent in its combination of strength with poetic spirit should especially prove of intrinsic value to our young American art. For that which is still wanting in our American plastic art with all its splendid technical pre-eminence is depth and vigor of feeling. Mere splendor and elegance are after all not the true expressions of the essence of the American character. Thousands of Americans flock annually to Europe, hungry for the art of old masters; they return with heightened appetites, with keener eyes and nobler aspirations. As a result the American art galleries multiply, the American homes are filled with private collections, and greater educational facilities for the cultivation of the beautiful are offered, the American cities are more and more aroused out of their long slumber and are beginning to vie with one another in the beautification of their thoroughfares and their homes and the establishment of recreation centers. The fine arts begin to react even more conspicuously on the material prosperity of the nation than the mechanical arts. They are, indeed, still the specific realm of genius, which neither schools nor scholarships can produce; but they can at least enlighten, lift up and ennoble the common man and raise the nation to a higher level of thinking and living. J. Pierpont Morgan's enduring reputation will ever rest on his aesthetic taste and ability which inspired him to bring together the largest private art collection in the world. It is and ever will remain the best and most permanent investment he made. And what is true of him is likewise true of other American millionaires.

It is the duty of such men to recognize the efforts of the home land manifested in an increasing passion for decoration, in a keener native instinct for color and form, in a more intense spiritual apprehension of life in a constantly growing higher appreciation of things ideal over against things material, in the increasing conviction that we are not called upon to repeat what Raphael or Michael Angelo have done, but to create anew according to more advanced notions of heroism, celestial and mundane, distinguishing between the glory of the terrestrial and the glory of the celestial each after its kind, both legitimate in the new America, both immortal and incorruptible and raised to the standard of the just made perfect. The new American school, born of its own material and spiritual life, its own faith in and sacrifice for humanity, its own profound social, political

and religious convictions, announces to the world its own glorious message, not merely of a child to be worshipped, but of fullgrown manhood, which has dared to challenge Mephistopheles to combat and has conquered. After a long night of struggle for self-expression, the first rays of the glorious dawn of a new day of perfection have shot athward the horizon, here and there beams of singular beauty all their own are penetrating the gray mist of the receding night announcing a sunburst of unparalleled splendor.