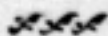


this is unquestionably his best and most complete production. It is one of three panels, the others being by Henry O. Walker and Edwin H. Blashfield. In conception and execution it marks a distinct step forward, and the sober qualities of the work are in keeping with the environment of a court of justice.

Thus, in a brief way, I have sketched out Mr. Simmons's life-work up to the present time, and yet somehow I feel the man has so much in him that his future will see far more and better results, for he has built his art on the solid foundation of intellectuality, sound technique, an equipment of drawing equaled by few living men, and a color sense that is developing every year into a finer, more delicate appreciation of tonal discernment. Encouragement and recognition are unmistakably his. With health and his share of the years given to most artists—for they are a long-lived race—he should go very far.

ARTHUR HOEBER.



THE DEMAND FOR ART IN AMERICA

"You may read the character of men, as of nations, in their art as in a mirror."

It has been said that art cannot be grafted upon an American adult; that he has not been reared in the required atmosphere, and has no natural appreciation of good art. It would seem as if this were an error, when, to go back no farther than the Columbian Exposition, we remember the far-reaching effects of the beauty created by the architect, sculptor, and painter, for at that time the artist and artisan worked hand in hand for the glorification of our country.

Thousands who, perhaps, had never before considered for five consecutive minutes the form or style of a public building were spellbound before the majestic presence of that city of harmonies, and those who came to criticise were dumb. The effect of this materialized loveliness was to create a desire, which has increased in intensity with each succeeding year, to reproduce the same in one form or another throughout our land.

In Nashville, Atlanta, and Omaha the patrons of art again brought to the people reflections of the first exposition, and the festival decorations of triumphal arches, pylons, and columns in the various cities bore witness to the increasing demand.

Americans are traveling, studying, and becoming familiar with the best in art as never before, and are, in consequence, more dissatisfied with inferior productions. They are waking up to the fact that most machine-made articles do not appeal to their enlightened senses, and that the objects about them must be stamped with the individuality of their maker to be attractive.



THE JUSTICE OF THE LAW
DECORATION IN APPELLATE COURT ROOM, NEW YORK CITY
BY E. E. SIMMONS

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It is an exception to-day if a really talented designer cannot find employment, as business men in all lines are requiring artistic work, and through the necessity of studying competitive designs are educating themselves to discern the difference between the good and the mediocre.

The pessimist might argue that if the demand claimed really existed, more statuary and painting would have been sold in the past five years, but this is not an absolute proof. The very fact that many of the best artists are so constantly employed in teaching art that they have little time for producing, that the art schools are graduating students by scores each year, that the art column in the newspaper has become one of its permanent and important factors, as well as the statement from the leading picture dealers that the sales of works by painters and sculptors are steadily increasing—all these indications give sufficient evidence of the trend of the public taste.

The home of wealth is garnering collections of the best in art, while the home of the less liberally endowed is discarding the chromo for the photograph of a masterpiece, and the old-time wax wreath for a plaster cast of some one of the world's treasures in marble or bronze.

In no place has the longing for the gospel of beauty and the benefits resulting from its presence been more practically demonstrated than in the public schools. In the neighborhood of the Stock Yards in Chicago, where the air which the children breathe is freighted with horrible odors and the very pavement seems greasy, where the smoky atmosphere and the lack of trees and grass make the locality well-nigh insupportable to a non-resident, there is fortunately one blessed oasis, in the shape of the O'Toole public school. The exterior of the



MRS. ADELAIDE S. HALL

Chairman Art Committee General Federation of Woman's Clubs
Chairman Art Committee Illinois State Federation of Woman's Clubs

building is symmetrical, the interior clean, cheerful, and adorned with pictures which are fine productions of the best in art. Few realize what this alma mater has done to raise the growing soul above the level of its environment.

As an illustration of the natural tendency of youth to appreciate the beautiful, the president of the Public School Art Society states that among the eighty pictures, representing landscape, portraiture, and figure composition, sent to a grammar institution in Chicago for a period of enjoyment and instruction, one by Mauve, called the "Shepherd's Lane," made a conquest of nearly the entire school. In a vote taken among five hundred pupils, all but three voted for this subject. The artist had so cleverly manifested the balmy air of the country, the quiet of the lane, and the tenderness of the shepherd leading his flock, that it satisfied the childish longing for pure and simple nature.

During last summer's vacation a number of the rooms in various schools in Milwaukee were suitably tinted, making artistic backgrounds for the pictures and casts, with the result that the teachers were quite overwhelmed with petitions from the parents to place their children in the favored apartments. A bright little fellow from one of the families of greater opportunity took especial delight in the pictures, and astonished his mother by criticising somewhat severely the home pictures after comparing them thoughtfully with those seen at the school. This child had hitherto taken no notice of the home furnishing. In another school a little girl said to her mother, "We haven't a framed picture in our room, mamma." At the close of a fortnight there was a framed picture in every room of that school building.

Several teachers in a Nebraska school were assisting the children to collect and paste magazine cuttings of works of art on cardboard, when one of them overheard the following conversation between a small boy, who had just brought in a print of a sheep picture that had evidently been painted by some would-be artist, and a little girl:

Boy—"Ain't my sheep nice?"

Girl (scornfully)—"Pooh! that ain't no Rosa Bunner; them sheep cain't walk."

Hundreds of touching incidents could be related, as the one of the Kansas teacher who denied herself the winter coat she needed that she might gratify the children's longing for a "head of Lincoln"; or that of the tiny maiden who brought her doll to school, and was discovered standing before a copy of the Sistine Madonna, trying to hold her rag baby as the mother was represented clasping her child.

Only a few years ago the women's clubs studying art or its history could have been counted on the ten fingers; but now classes in pursuit of this knowledge are multiplying in every state, and the increasing demand for text-books on the technique and history of art is becoming so marked that many new works, notably those referring to

artists of the present, must be added within a year to the now prodigal catalogue if the needs of these hungry minds are to be met.

In the rural districts of Maine and New Hampshire the women are making portières and rugs of such artistic designs that they find an enthusiastic patron in Mrs. Candace Wheeler, president of the Associated Artists of New York. These rugs are made in patterns that range from Persian designs to the Aztec, Peruvian, Celtic, Classic, and Gothic. They vary in tone, from the most delicate ivory-white, old blue, and gray, or from the faded Orientals, to the rich, full color seen in savage decoration, and are finding purchasers all over the States. This same industry has found a home in Georgia, under the patronage of Mrs. Lindsey Johnston, president of the Georgia State Federation.

If we keep our eyes open we shall find a tremendous increase of interest in craftsmen's work. A few years ago no such thing as genuine repoussé was done in America. Now a large silversmith's establishment is employing many artists in this line; hand-wrought iron is used extensively for building purposes, and wood-carving and enameling have become possible to many who follow the art merely for the love of it and as recreation from other pursuits.

The shopkeeper is no longer able to draw purchasers by the mere presence of a stock, but must display his goods and wares so harmoniously as to make it necessary in large cities and towns to employ people talented in artistic arrangement for this purpose. The improvement found in the windows of the leading merchants is now seen in the markets, where, after the fashion of Paris, the fishmonger and vegetable-seller vie with the flower-girl in attractive combinations of form and color.

Still another demonstration of culture is the change in women's attire. No longer do we find the hideous chignon, fierce bangs, or unwieldy puff piled upon the feminine cranium. Instead, the characteristics of the head and face are considered, and one frequently hears some fair dame remark: "I cannot wear my hair in the latest mode; it is not becoming to me." This is also true of the gowns, when now all the best dressmakers model their creations according to the lines of the figure.

As Raffaëlli, the eminent French painter, says, we Americans must learn to enjoy ourselves; and how can we do it without beautiful objects about us to satisfy and calm with their eternal fitness our native restlessness?

It would seem, therefore, with this vital current of demand which swells and strengthens as the months speed on, that we shall soon be asking one another: "Is it true that some one once said, 'We have no art atmosphere in America?'"

ADELAIDE S. HALL.