CATALOGUE
FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION
OF THE
Cosmopolitan Art Club
HELD AT THE
ART INSTITUTE,
CHICAGO:
MARCH 10TH TILL 29TH,
1896.

ARRANGED BY
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HARRY WALLACE METHVEN

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INTRODUCTION.

The primal conception that art exists for the state, and finds its support in the interestedness of the public toward the good of the community, is a valid one, and should not be eclipsed by the notion that it exists only for the individual riding an art-hobby.

It is demonstrable that whatever an artist creates from love of his ministry, and with pleasure, is always enjoyable contemplation, even for those who do not generally care for art, and it is with this conviction that the Cosmopolitan Art Club presents its Fifth Annual Exhibition of works in painting and sculpture.

To create an art atmosphere is the artist's privilege nowadays, and only the assurance that recognition waits, even if seemingly latent, gives him the endurance to bear, not with the silence, but with the changing attitude of the public.
The source of the separation in the people of the art and the business thought, may be easily traced to the ascendency of "specialists" in the last few decades. But the mind of man will never long rest contented with a purely economical interest. He will learn the oft-repeated lesson of the relativity of life, and return to the legacy which the artist, as seer, has so steadfastly preserved for him.

In the consciousness of this thought, the members of the Club feel a certain pride of accomplishment in having declared for and maintained the true dignity of art and unswervingly served the principle which gave it being. The Club was organized in the spring of 1892, with a limited membership, with the avowed purpose of setting an art standard in accord with the otherwise high standard of the city of Chicago.

Art works parallel with the laws of nature in the flood of events, and is accordingly the great indispensable element in life; and, inasmuch as it deals more specifically with the true poetry of life, it is needed most where there is least of it.
The province of art becomes apparent when, in its ministry, it leads us back into the more natural life of varied and ever varying association. The artist, after all, only represents his thought as his thought is the expression of the universe. “Each man is a channel of the whole truth of all the world.”

The presentation of essays on various art subjects, as found in this catalogue, is an innovation in catalogue work. The articles contributed are purely essays representing the personal attitude of the writer and are intended to put the public and art patrons into closer sympathy with the artist. A catalogue of titled works presents only the last moment, or summing up, of a preceding thought-range, and, as such, would be very prosaic, its only variety being the difference of prices affixed to the titles.

For a portion of each year the members unite with the rallying cry of *vive l'esprit d'art*, conducting their meetings wherever they find a greeting, and working with an enthusiasm rarely found outside the realm of the true Bohemia. A careful review of the
history of this Club would convince the most incredulous that, during the period of its existence, great results have been achieved, all bills paid, with expectations ahead. Progress is evident on every side. Congratulations have poured in from many sources. In the Annual Report of the Art Institute of Chicago the late exhibition of the Club was highly commended. Mr. Halsey Ives, of the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts, has sent us a most unqualified tribute. But, above all, the great factor back of this triumph has been the absolute faithfulness of all members concerned. Primarily, none of us have looked for personal gain or glory at the expense of the unity of the Club. The society has met its obligation to all members, and the reciprocal obligation of each member lay in his avowed faithfulness to the Club; as the society is preserved by the individual power of each member, so is each member a part of the integral power of the united body. Certain inroads upon the power and privilege of the Club have been attempted from without; but all presumptuous innovations have been honorably re-
pudiated, and the writer is happy to make record of the high esteem held for the society by all worthy collaborators, professionally and sympathetically.

And thus the perennial star, the "Cosmopolitan Art Club," sailing its orbit to appear with an exhibition of wayside reminiscences and observations perpetuated in painting and sculpture, presents its Fifth Annual Exhibition of works as a testimony of its worth.

G. L. S.
IMPRESSIONISM.

The object of this article is to explain, in a measure, what Manet and other painters entertaining similar ideas of color have struggled to accomplish.

I do not recall any article concerning the color point of view of this man’s work. People talk about impressionists, realists, and the other schools that have spread from his teachings; but never a word is spoken in explanation of his aims and his theories, or what he has done for art.

The term impressionist has so often been misused that it is almost impossible to understand its meaning.

I shall not attempt to explain it, but use Manet’s ideas in referring to the sensible effects produced by the modern school of realistic painters.

Nowhere in nature do we find chance; everything is governed by fixed laws that
have been in operation since the creation, and every experiment or discovery made in the wondrous workings of nature by science proves that laws exist; if we would accomplish any result, we must not deviate one hair's-breadth from those laws; If we do we fail. There is no good reason why these laws should not be applied to color by the painter.

Nature never seems to make what appears to be, by chance. Take such a glorious exhibition as a sunset. Color appears not alone in the clouds and sky, but everywhere. The rainbow, the flower, the patch of broken earth, each shows this marvelous beauty, the handiwork of the Almighty. Never until this genius Manet pointed the way were these laws of color considered by the artists. Manet, by casting aside all the old traditions, dogmas, and conventional theories, with one great thought did more for art than any man that ever lived.

But a few years since we looked upon certain pictures as wonders in color; to-day the same pictures look very dubious and black. The reason for this change lies
mainly in ourselves and the influence of Manet and his followers: we have unconsciously advanced; we see and know better, and what we were satisfied to accept as sunlight in pictures then is not sunlight to us now.

Manet was the first to show us how to interpret sunlight. Albert Wolff called him a "sign-post," that is all. Manet, in writing to Mr. Wolff, thanked him for the assistance he had given the younger men, and said he felt sure that, when he died, he would write something nice in explanation of what he was striving to accomplish. To my knowledge, Mr. Wolff never wrote anything in explanation of Manet's theories; he simply said he was a "sign-post," meaning he pointed the way. Other critics say that he saw things as no one else has ever seen them or ever will. His paintings have been ridiculed and called nightmares; and he has been condemned for seeing things they cannot see.

Manet has spoken to us in a language that speaks only to the eye. I shall try to
explain his theory; why and how he saw his colors.

The eye must become educated before it can see them; and, once it becomes educated, it sees, with pleasure and delight, the sky, the sea, the mountains, the meadows, the fields of waving grain.

It is a difficult task to explain Manet's theory of color, and I shall make it as graphic as possible. As Lucretius said, "So far as what we see with our minds, bears similitude to what we see with our eyes."

Manet was not a great artist in every sense of the word. By a great artist I mean not one that is a great technician or a superb colorist alone, but a great draftsman in line and mass, and the relation of these in composition. Above all, the subject of a picture must be great in thought. An artist may have the power of expressing and still have nothing to say; while it is true Manet saw beauty in the simplest subjects, it is also true that he saw only beauty of color, and color is but one of the elements that make a picture. The man that discovered the use of steam was not a great engineer, nor was
Franklin a great electrician; but they made discoveries which were truths—absolutely new ideas—and for those thoughts they became great. Truths live regardless of what the philistines may say. Art will do the same. Nature has always presented the same beautiful colors, air and light; they are before our eyes to-day as they were to the eyes of those that lived thousands of years ago. We could never comprehend or see them until Manet, like a lighthouse in a sea of darkness, pointed the way. There is nothing great in Manet's pictures but the theory on which they are based; and his paintings are only great in proportion as they illustrate that theory. But his imitators who do not know this fact are working in the dark, copying his faults, not knowing his virtues. Until they take up the fundamental principle which he has exposed, and study it in an intelligent and skillful manner, it would be much better for them and art, to devote their time and labor in some other fields, and not call forth the wrath of an indignant public.

Manet proved that black and white is
not strength, nor is it the strongest contrast in color, but that two delicate tints of complementary colors are infinitely stronger than all the black and white you could place together; he also showed that all the poetry of nature was in the light; in darkness we see no color. With the proper contrast he produced the illusion of sunlight, of air and vibration.

He proved that shadows were not black, as the old masters had painted them, thereby forcing the eye to the lights, but that they were luminous, and a resting place for the eye, which could penetrate to their depths and still see darks in them. Yet with these delicate shadows, which are sometimes lighter in value than the lights themselves, instead of weakening the effects of the light, they are only made the stronger.

Regardless of the scientific theory of color, the painter must use red, yellow, and blue as the primary colors; he has to deal with pigments that will not produce yellow by mixing red and green.

He calls the red and yellow warm colors, blue a cool color. The law of compensation
is in color as in physics; blue and red make purple and the remaining color, yellow, is the complementary.

It matters not what two primary colors are mixed to produce a secondary, the remaining color is the complementary and the strongest contrast. If you mix blue and yellow, you produce green; the remaining color, red, is the complementary. Red and yellow make orange, blue remains. These pure color contrasts are easily understood, as we have used but three colors; by mixing any two we produce a secondary, of which there are also three. It is only when we put aside the pure colors and take up the infinite number of delicate reds, yellows, and blues that the artist meets with difficulties. To the untrained eye these colors have no semblance whatever to the pure primary or secondary colors; yet it is the pure colors that appeal to the eye of the savage.

Thus, thousands and thousands of various hues have their various contrasts and harmonies, which must be found and placed in the proper place in the picture. This is refinement of color, and—
when found, they must not be too light or dark, but in the key of the picture. Manet used the primary colors, knowing colors darken by mixing, and also to simplify his theory. For instance, yellow and blue make green when mixed together. A much brighter green is produced by placing the yellow and blue on the canvas in small patches side by side, and receding the proper distance so that the eye blends them. To make a yellowish green look sunlit we should place beside it the proper contrasting purple, not black. For example, when we see a patch of yellowish-green sward with a tree trunk standing out against it, nature does all in her power to show us that they are complementary to each other. If we change the green sward for autumn leaves, which are called orange, we also change the tree trunk in color to a tone of blue. The tree trunk bears the same relation to blue that the autumn leaves bear to orange, and, in contrast, one will be cool, the other warm. No two cool or two warm colors ever come together, any more than two positive or two negative poles do. It is true, nature has her
beauties hidden to a certain extent, but she will reveal them to you as a reward if you take the time and learn to see them. The artist should know these laws and truths of color, and how to use them without giving them too much prominence, as he uses perspective, or as a pianist uses his fingers and the keys. This phenomenon really takes place in the eye, but it is easily explained for artistic purposes by assuming it is in nature.

If you will pinch a bit out of a newspaper with a few words on it, place yourself before a mirror, and stick the bit of paper on the glass about where your cravat appears, then look at the words on the paper, and see how utterly you fail to recognize your likeness. Then look at your reflection, and you do not see the words. Assuming the mirror to be a picture, the eye should look at the predominant feature, which would be, in this case, yourself, not the paper, which is small and indistinct. If the paper asserts itself too much, it should be removed, because it attracts the eye, and you lose sight of a worthy object to gain the unworthy. In other words, as in chess you
sacrifice a pawn to capture a queen.

All unnecessary details in a picture have this effect. Good pictures should have but one predominant idea; the nobler and greater that idea the better the picture.

You must stand back the proper distance and look at a picture with your eyes, not with a magnifying glass. Try to see it the way the artist sees it. Try and understand what he points out to you. But you may say "it does not look like nature to me;" no, not as nature looks to you. You notice only the details separately not the one great whole, the unity where everything is left out or put in to strengthen the predominant thought. Look at the picture with details—you will soon learn they are only details—and they no more go to make a picture than an orchestra whose individual members play their instruments regardless of the melody. Microscopic pictures that appear fine of detail are not necessarily small, as they can be broad in treatment and only small in size.

If you wish to see nature as it looks to you, look at nature not at pictures, pic-
tures only show the way the individual artist sees it; not as it is, nor as you see it, but as he sees it. If we desire only imitation, that work can be much better done with a camera. The artist interprets and calls attention to hidden beauties in nature, which may have been undiscovered by the untrained eye. Do not quarrel with him if he sees beauties that you have never been able to see. Remember that he is constantly studying nature in all her moods.

You say a stove is black but it positively does not look black, because it is a reflector. Everything in nature reflects more or less according to the polish on its surface. If you take a lid off the stove and look at it as a stove lid, it is nothing more or less than what you are looking for, a stove lid. But if you look again you see the color of your face reflected therein. You are not looking for a stove now, but for color. When a stove lid is polished, it becomes a reflector, not as good a reflector as a mirror or a pool of water, but it reflects better than a tree or a stone. If a stove lid reflects the color of your face according to its power as
a reflector, why do not the oily polished hairs on a horse's back reflect the blue of the sky, or the green of the tree?

Manet's theories were all based on facts, and like all universal truths they will live forever.

H. G. Maratta.
DECORATIVE PAINTING.

Decorative painting, rightly defined from the strict point of view of art is to cover a given space with form and color, so arranged in line and mass as to produce a harmonious whole, it may be used on almost anything, from a Grecian vase or a Japanese tea-cup to a Cathedral or a Hall of State, and still be art in the best sense of the term, for it is not so much the thing decorated as the way it is done that makes it of value as art. The adaptation of the artist's skill and thought to the thing in hand—the intuitive feeling for appropriateness in all things; these are the first and last principles of good decorative printing, or good decorative art of any kind; these produce harmony; if a decoration has not harmony, then it is a failure and there is no reason for its existence. When one considers the history of painting and of art generally during the great periods and
learns that there were times when the term decoration covered the whole field of art—that, in fact, art was decoration—a new light is thrown on the whole subject, and we realize that art for a long time has been trying to fly with the use of one wing while the other grew weak from lack of use, and we can but regret that circumstances should ever have brought the change about. For years the painters of the world have been busy making pictures that were attempts at realization, imitations, transcripts, impressions, whatever we are minded to call them; more or less successful in their way, and all painted with the intention of approaching the truth of nature, as if that were possible; or if possible even always desirable, and meanwhile forgetting that this, after all, is not the end and all of art.

As has been often said before, art is one thing and nature is another, and although in the very nature of things the one must be forever based upon the other—cannot exist otherwise; the imagination of man is, after all, the thing that makes fact art. There are signs abroad in the artist world that the
realization of this grows greater every day. If art has nothing more to do than attempt to copy facts, always falling short of complete success then it must eventually fall into formality and stupidity. This, however, would be hardly possible, for as long as there are different individualities there will be found some one to break through the bounds of convention and lead the way to pastures new. We, of the modern world, have so long followed the standard of realism begin to feel that it has its limits, and that in the end there may be something worthier, or at least different, as matter for thoughts and ambitions hitherto pent up. What artist is there who has not at some time felt the narrow limits of the modern picture and his gorge rise at the endless array of wearisome repetition of wornout themes arranged in the same old way, painted in the same old way, which fill the ordinary exhibitions.

If any one wonders at the interest in the modern poster and its sudden rise into popularity, he need not wonder long, the explanation lies in the fact that the best posters are designed not as pictures in the
ordinary sense but as decorative pictures—the harmonious arrangement of lines of color within a given space. The poster designer has but returned to the first principles of true decoration. Grotesque as some of his efforts are—even horribly ugly in many cases—the sight of them has been a welcome relief even to the general public, usually so stupid as to its desire in regard to anything called art. Possibly the fact that they are not recognized by the public as pictures or art may have something to do with their ready acceptance, for there is nothing the dear public sticks to more persistently than its conservatism when it looks at pictures. Why any picture should not be painted on decorative principles is hard to understand—when one comes to think of it—except that those principles are not well understood or their importance realized, or possibly the artists fear to offend by departing from conservatism; I am afraid most of us tremble at that, and suppress ourselves accordingly. True we have not been trained to look at painting from the point of view of decoration, and most of us are
used to looking at it as something outside our bounds, but the day is near, is almost here, when we will consider it seriously enough. That art in this country will ever find a national expression within the narrow limits it has hitherto followed seems impossible. It is not consistent with all our greatness as a nation and a republic. Neither will art win that position of dignity which is essential to exert an influence on the national life until it is brought face to face with the public in daily life. Nothing but decorative painting in its largest sense seems likely to accomplish this.

Public encouragement of art would have been scouted at a few years ago, but it has taken another face of late and is not the novelty it was when W. M. Hunt was painting in the capitol at Albany. When we consider the tremendous art lessons taught the nation at the World’s Fair and its almost immediate effect—the activity in the decorative painting of public buildings in the East, where many of our best artists are almost wholly engaged in it, the tendency to make it a mat-
ter of civic pride, we can but exult in the
new departure and point to this as the way
in which American art will first make itself
great and express itself nationally. Public
decoration is after all the greatest field for
art in its grandest sense—always has been
when art was at its best, whether in the
ancient world or the Europe of the Renais-
sance. The indications are that it will be
so with us. We are a republic, powerful,
enlightened, rich; and if there is a national
art in us how can it better find its free ex-
pression than in the public buildings of our
multitude of wealthy cities. In this way art
will once more speak to the people in the
right way and become a power in daily life.
An exotic no more, but a strong, full-grow-
ing plant, with its roots deep in our na-
tional soil.

W. FORSYTH.
LANDSCAPE.

The fine appreciation for landscape as a distinct art is modern. The intimate touch and acquaintance with Nature in her various moods and the rendering of them,—subtile and personal as they are and must be, is the province of the modern painter of Landscape. The literature of our country is full of this out-door love and feeling, and it has found its pictorial expression through our graphic arts, until now the majority, perhaps, of the works in our exhibitions, and certainly some of the most interesting and valuable, are landscapes.

Art is an expression of a love for the beautiful and the art of a nation, tribe or individual is a sure measure of mental, moral and spiritual characteristic. We find the priest-ridden culture of Egypt typified by conventional and fixed forms. Greece, the wonder of ancient civilizations, the home
of philosophy, history, the drama, the arts of architecture, sculpture and painting, whose mind was idealistic, thoroughly artistic and intellectual, clothed her ideas in stately and impersonal forms, embodying the reason and imagination with an external of matchless beauty, of line and form and color, of wonderful symmetry and harmony. So, with a mind like the Greek it is natural that the external phases of nature appealed less to their artists’ perceptions than the problems, the passions and the conflicts of man himself. They dealt with mind, not matter, so we must wait until we find the mental condition given less and less to philosophy and the higher humanities, and more to external conditions such as the spirit of the Renaissance brought about and the activity in trade and manufactures created.

Titian, the Venetian master, is the first great name in landscape art. Born in the mountains of Cadore, his artist’s mind was early impressed with the native beauties of his surroundings, and his studies show a realistic endeavor to represent as they are the rock and trees, the valleys and mountains of
his home environment. His picture Martyrdom of St. Peter in Venice, shows a sympathy in treatment of the wildness of the landscape setting and the movement of the clouds with the tragedy itself. Such intimacy is not seen before this for landscape with grotto, and the pre-Raphaelites was an arbitrary affair without much sense of character as to color or effect.

The School of the Carracci developed the art somewhat in a decorative manner, and paved the way for Poussin and Claude, both Frenchmen, and both great names in the 17th century. Claude, whose ability to represent light and distance was consummate, has been called the first great landscape painter, for Claude is the first to make it a separate art. From Claude the advance is less pronounced. The School of the Netherlands was a powerful influence, and is dignified with such names as Rembrandt and Rubens, Ruysdall and Hobbema. At the beginning of our century the Classicists under David were fighting the Romanticists under Delacroix in France, and Wilson and Gainsborough, and later Constable fought.
the good fight to a splendid finish in England. They cleared the way for the Barbizon school of Millet, Corot, Rousseau and the rest, and the glory of landscape is assured. Not because the final word has been said and the last truth expressed. Far from it. Bastien Le Page, the apostle of the "plein airist," the open-air painters, strikes a new note for truth and realism combined with splendid drawing and thoroughness. His great painting of "Jean D'Arc Listening to the Voice's" marks a distinct advance toward more complete realism in outdoor art.

Later still Monet and the impressionists, with new ideas of color and broader treatment of subject, startle and confound us. Happily the smoke is rising from the battlefield of theory, and the pictures of to-day are brighter, truer, and better for the conflict.

We all have our ideas of what a landscape should be, but we should be tolerant and broad enough to accept, for contemplation at least, any honest attempt at truthful expression of nature on the artist mind. The more varied the impression and its expres-
sion the larger and broader is the net result.

Claude was a great painter, but his day is past; so too with Hobbema and Ruysdael; both great masters; so also Turner and Constable. The present picture must include in degree the elements of all the epochs. It must be up to date in drawing (which many times it is not); it must have something of the chiaro-obscuro of Rembrandt—composition too, without which a picture is not a unit; it must have values, or Bastien Le Page lived in vain—tone, too, and color, the element par excellence that vitalizes a canvas and gives it its charm; for architecture speaks through harmony of proportions, sculpture through form, and painting, the most sensuous of all the arts except music; through the powerful illusive charm of color.

The painter of to-day has a heritage bought with the labor and trials of the ages. The art of landscape is a dignified art. Properly done, it perpetuates the beauty of a moment, it annihilates time and space, and, in a gallery of small dimensions, can present the phenomena and charm of past and pres-
ent, the near and remote; giving pleasure
to the sympathetic and preaching sermons
of the beauty in the world around us.

CHARLES FRANCIS BROWNE.
SCULPTURE.

So much has been written about the history of sculpture, its rise and fall among the Greeks and other nations, that I shall try only to show the aim, purpose, and the influence it has on civilization.

From the first crude scrawls on stone to the master pieces of the present day, we find the countries that cherished and cultivated these art works were those that were in the highest state of civilization, and even the uninitiated gaze with awe upon the art treasures which represent the refinement and taste of the higher life interest.

Too much cannot be said of the World's Fair, which showed how sculpture may be combined with architecture and decoration.

The bridges beautified with sculpture of animals, wild and domestic, each one telling a different story which caused the mind to wander to four quarters of the globe--
the by-paths and buildings decorated with busts and statues of great men, to honor them for the noble deeds and general good done in behalf of humanity.

The art palace with all its art treasures gave the ideal characteristics of different countries, the ideal which uplifts the mind to higher spheres, gives the soul inspiration and wings to fly over endless fields.

All this we had at the World's Fair, but it has vanished, and when we consider the people of Europe who are continually surrounded by these beauties in museums and parks we readily understand how a child who visits these museums, plays in these parks, becomes unconsciously educated to see and feel the beauties of art and nature, and also refined in taste.

Art is like a flower, it must be nursed and cultivated and placed in proper environment so that it may blossom and be a joy forever one. Europe has encouraged the arts for centuries past and we see its effect on the taste of the people. France sends annually four scholars to Rome for a term of five years, paying all expenses, a good invest-
ment, as it is repaid a thousand-fold by elevating the people.

We should feel proud of some of our own men who have been encouraged by foreign governments yet with the thought that they were honored for work done for foreign countries and not our own. It is high time that our government awakens to this fact. For with the encouragement of our government there is little doubt but what we would have the best art in the country.

Art is a language which the artist speaks, and the sublimity of nature is expressed in his works according to the depths of his soul's imagination and the reverence for that higher power which he feels and believes in. Like the poet, he symbolizes, everything in nature has a beautiful meaning and suggests a beautiful thought, the greatest artist is he whose works uplift humanity to higher spheres, enobles the mind and makes life worth living.

E. A. WoERTZ
PAINTING

A

AULT Charles Henry
1285 Cedar Avenue Cleveland Ohio
1 The Marsh owned by Lorado Taft

B

BUXTON A C
Oskaloosa Iowa
2 Grapes

BROWNE Chas Francis
Marquette Building
3 The Sacred Mountain $250
4 The Zunis N Mexico 200
5 Indian Houses at Walpi Tusyan Ariz 53
6 The Plains at Canon City Colorado 35
7 The Lone Tree at Ute Reservation 35 Colorado
8 A Corner in Zuni Arizona 125
9 Mountain Lake at Ouray Colorado 100
10 The Arkansas River at Salida Colo 35
11 Adobe House at Zuni 35
12 Rising Mists at Silverton Colorado 35
13 The Cliffs at Ouray Colorado 35
14 Royal Gorge Colorado 45
15 The Pueblo of Zuni New Mexico 100
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<td>16</td>
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<td>BURGESS Ida J Marshall Field Building</td>
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<td>17</td>
<td>Melody</td>
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<td>BROOKS A F 720 Athenaeum</td>
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<td>18</td>
<td>The Patriot or “One More Shot”</td>
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<td>Portrait of Mr Newcomb</td>
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<td>BAIN Harriet 13 Rue Boissoinade Paris France</td>
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<td>20</td>
<td>Moat at Crecy</td>
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<td>BETTS Louis 490 Lexington Avenue</td>
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<td>BUCKLEY Jeannette 2927 Indiana Avenue</td>
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<td>Near Delevan Wisconsin</td>
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<td>BIGELOW D F 5032 Prairie Avenue</td>
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<td>Valley of Reber Essex County NY 125</td>
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<td>BEECHER A D 385 Warren Avenue</td>
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<td>25</td>
<td>Head of an Old Woman</td>
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<td>BURBANK E H</td>
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<td>Athenæum Building</td>
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<td>26 The Sun Flower</td>
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<td>29 Violette</td>
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<td>30 Daffodills</td>
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<td>31 In Church</td>
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<td>22 The Old Horn</td>
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<td>33 Still Life</td>
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<td>34 Tired</td>
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<td>35 Miss Jackson</td>
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<td>36 American Beauty</td>
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<td>loaned by Winters Lithographing Company</td>
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| BUEHR Karl                  |                  |                  |
| Art Institute               |                  |                  |
| 37 Cape St Ignace           | 35               |                  |

C

| COWELL W M                  |                  |                  |
| 523 North Clark Street      |                  |                  |
| 38 Breakers on the Lake Shore | 50           |                  |

| COLLINS C H                 |                  |                  |
| 4337 Langley Avenue         |                  |                  |
| 39 Early Autumn             | 50               |                  |
40 A Country Road
41 A Ravine

COOVER N B
Harvey Illinois
42 Fiddler Ann

COLBY Charles D
850 Polk Street
43 A Winter Sketch near Rockford
44 A Farm Yard
45 Farm Yard Scene
46 A Country Roadway

D

DAY Arthur
Miles Cook County Illinois
47 A Character Study

DODSON Mary B.
1825 Indiana Avenue Studio 40 Randolph Street.
48 Rivadella Maravegie Venice

E

ESTABROOKS Gertrude
3501 Wabash Avenue
49 Roses
FOURNIER Alexis J.
   480 Syndicate Arcade Minneapolis Minnesota
   50 Out for the Day        400
   51 "En Picardie"           250
   52 Home of Cazin           275

FISH Eugene M
   363 West 12th Street
   53 Study of Cattle

FEUDEL Arthur
   Tree Studio Building

PORTRAITS
   54 Dr N S Davis
   25 Mr Charles Engelsman Sculptor
   56 Mr W Wilcox
   57 Mrs T I Colby
   58 Mr P L Touhy
   59 Mr A B Dickenson
   60 Mr Charles D Colby

LANDSCAPES
   61 A Cold December Day      25
   62 Morning on the Rock River 50
   63 The Last Gleam of the Day 20
   64 The Road up the Hill      20
   65 The Rye Field             20
FORSYTH W
333 Fletcher Avenue Indianapolis
66 The Farmers Garden 150
67 In the Woods 75
68 Head of a Negro 75
69 A Sketch 26
70 Red and Black 30
71 At Her Ease 55

GAUSTA H
56 Reeve Building Minneapolis Minn
72 Summer Afternoon in Norway 300

HUNT Belle
Aldine Square
74 Wheat Shocks by road Holland 50
75 Old Fire Place 150
76 Old Stone Steps 50

HANSON Frederick
Athenaeum Building
77 Village Road 150
78 Sun Set 50
79 Sunset 60
80 Study Devotion 65
81 Candle Light 75
82 Portrait of a Lady 50
83 Portrait of a Man
84 Little Gretchen
85 Studying

HONISS A. Lucia
  815 Womans Temple  80
  86 Portrait of Miss C  80

HOPKIN Robert
  247 First Street Detroit Michigan
  87 A Wind that Follows Fast  350

HENDRICKS Bessie
  296 N Meridian St Indianapolis Ind
  88 The Old Barn  25

HORNE FRANK E
  Care of Holmes Smith Washington University St Louis
  89 The Beauty of Decay  20
  90 Whitby Veiled

HAYDEN Sara S
  3319 Michigan Avenue
  91 Chrysanthemums  40

HARTRATH Lucie
  3736 Lake Avenue
  92 The Letter  75
<table>
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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<tr>
<td>HOLMES Ella A</td>
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<td>93 Roses</td>
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<td>HORMANN F Sofie</td>
<td>Georgen Street Munchen</td>
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<td>95 Fleur-de-Lis</td>
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<td>96 Poppies</td>
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<td>97 Brittany Girl</td>
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<td>98 Study Head</td>
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<td>IZOR Estelle Peele</td>
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<td>99 In the Old Garden</td>
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<td>JACOBY Lillian</td>
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<td>KOEHLER Robert</td>
<td>101 Hennepin Avenue Minneapolis</td>
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<td>102 The Lute Player loaned by Miss Charlotte B Long</td>
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<td>LEAVITT Agnes</td>
<td>103 Harcourt Building Boston Mass</td>
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<td>104 Morning Calm</td>
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<td>105 Rivaling Midas</td>
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LOOMIS M C
106 Night Winter 50

LEWIS Eva G
206 Lake Street Oak Park
107 Cherries 25

LOWRY Lydia Hess
Art Institute
108 Portrait of lady
109 On the Ohio

MCLANE Laura Vernon
74 Maple Street
110 A Sunny Afternoon 20
111 On the Illinois River 15
112 In October 15
113 Off Martha’s Vineyard 10
114 Vinyard Haven 10
115 South Shore Martha’s Vineyard 10
116 A Bit of Sea Shore 10

MARATTA Hardesty G
163 East Ohio Street
117 Crystal Lake 35
118 Crystal Lake 35
119 Spring 30
120 Spring 30
121 Spring 30
122 Sketch 30
123 Sketch 30
124 Autumn 20

METHVEN Harry Wallace
3385 Ellis Avenue
125 The Silent Night Moonlight
126 The Lone Fisherman
127 December Rain
128 Kenosha Beach
129 A Silvery Day
130 Along the Mianus River
131 A Pearly Morning
132 The Silent Night
133 An Ohio Home

PARKER Josephine
177 40th Street
134 Apple Blossoms
135 Roses

PICKERINGING Arthur
22 Athenaeum Building
136 A Quiet Spot
PATTISON James William
Jacksonville Illinois
137 Fishermans Home Casco Bay
Maine 20

PEYRAUD F C
56 Lytle Street
138 Spring Decorative Work 500
139 Early Morning 200
140 One October Afternoon 150
141 Autumn Woods 150
142 Summer Days 150
143 Early Autumn 150
144 Winter Twilight 150
145 A Winter Afternoon 100
146 After Sundown 35
147 In the Hay Fields 35
148 Before Sunset 35
149 Midsummer 35
150 Late Afternoon in the Fields 35
151 Close of a Summer Day 35
RASCOVICH Roberto
152 A Canal in Venice 75
153 Chioggio Near Venice 50
154 Along the Chicago River 200
155 The Straits of Northumberland 75
156 The Straits of Northumberland 75

RAMSDELL F M
Manistee Michigan
158 Moonrise (Salon 94)

ROECKER H Leon
481 42P Place Hyde Park Place
160 Weeping Willows Wash’gton Park
161 A Bit of Washington P’k Motives
162 Raking Grass
163 On The Brow of the Hill
164 Potato Field Kentucky
165 The Cow Pond Tennessee
166 Blue Monday Sketch

ROOT Robert M
Shelbyville Illinois
168 Harmony 100
ROBBINS Richard S
   New Era Building
   170 Indian Summer  200
   171 Glory of the Oaks  150
   172 Still Waters  150
   173 Startled  100
   174 Sketch of Potato Harvest in Normandy  50
   175 Early December  50
   176 Decorative Painting October  150

RUPERT A J
   289 35th Street
   178 Transit of Venus Decoration
   179 Rising Mist Decoration  250
   180 Moonlight North Dakota  350
   181 Blue Jeans  400
   182 Wheat in Stacks North Dakota  450

ROBINSON Mary Yanders
   84 East Michigan Street Indianapolis Indiana
   184 Yestreen  50
ROSS Isabel M
213 Franklin Street Buffalo New York
186 Market on the Rialto  75
187 Santa Maria della Salute Firma Rira 60

SCHREIBER Geo L
4745 47th Street
189 The Glorification of Margaret
190 On the Mississippi Bluffs
191 A Gamin

STACEY John F
534 West Adams Street
193 Landscape 75

STERLING Ruth
22 Westmoreland Place St Louis Mo
195 Resting 25
196 The Sweeper 25
197 Suzanne 75
198 Dutch Canal 50
199 Knitting 30

STEELE T C
7th and Penne Streets Indianapolis
200 A Frosty Morning 100
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Artist</th>
<th>Address</th>
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<td>SVENDSEN SVEND</td>
<td>75 Wabash Avenue</td>
<td>201 Winter</td>
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<td>TYLER Alice Kellogg</td>
<td>Room 1169 Steinway Hall</td>
<td>202 A Listener (pastel)</td>
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<td>203 Good Night</td>
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<td>204 A Country Road (oil)</td>
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<td>205 Portrait of Rev D S Heffron (oil)</td>
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<td>VINCENT Harry A</td>
<td>1591 Harrison Street</td>
<td>205 A Shady Lane</td>
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<td>207 December Late Afternoon</td>
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<td>208 Chicago River South Branch</td>
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<td>211 A Cold Day</td>
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<td>WADSWORTH Frank R</td>
<td>577 Fast Division Street</td>
<td>212 A New York Farm</td>
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<td>WEST Mary S</td>
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<td>214 Landscape</td>
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WILSON Donna A
3951 Prairie Avenue
215 Over the Fields Nebraska

WILCOX Beatrice
5101 Kimbark Avenue
216 Roses
SCULPTURE.

ENGELELSMAN F
Tree Studio Building
1 Bust of Mr A Feudel
2 Bust Portrait of My Sister

FUCHS Ernest
Room 5 Tree Studio Building
3 Laughing Faun Plaster

GELERT Johannes
333 Oak Street
4 A Wounded American Soldier supposed to have been left for dead upon the battle field. While only unconscious he was robbed of all his belongings except his shirt, from which he is now making bandages for his wounds.
5 Executed in marble $5000
6 “ “ “ bronze 3500
7 Plaster Bas Relief Portrait Group
8 Mrs R Canton Ohio Plaster
MCNEIL Herman A
Marquette Building
9 Cow Boy Plaster 20
10 Quong " 20
11 Acoma Dancer 20
12 Indian Bust
13 A Ute Madonna 10
14 Manuelito 20

JENSEN Lauritz
Care of C Rohl Smith
15 On the Trail in Bronze 500

MULLIGAN Charles J
Athenaeum Building
16 Portrait of Lady Loaned

PETERSON G D
303 Wabash Avenue
17 Bust of W M McKinley of Ohio

WUERTZ Emil H
Tree Studios
18 Plaster Bust Mr Maratta
19 Hebe Statuette Plaster 25
20 Water Nymphe statuette 35
21 Pierrette Statuette Plaster 25
22 Inspiration Bust Plaster 26
23 Bronze Vase Loaned by Richard Crane
BRACKEN Julia M
Tree Studios Rooms 28
24 Kathleen Portrait Relief

POTTER Bessie
Athenaeum Building
25 Natures Child

TAFT Lorado
Athenaeum Building
26 Portrait of Rev Dr Barrows D D Bust

CRUNELLE Leonard
Decatur Illinois
27 Bust Plaster
28 " "
29 " "
30 " "
33 " "
Autumn Woods. F. C. Peyraud.
Good Night, Alice Kellog Tyler.
Startled. R. S. Robbins.
Candle Light. Frederick Hansen.
An October Afternoon: F. C. Peyraud.
Devotion, Frederick Hansen,
In Church.  E. A. Burbank,
A Silvery Day. Harry Wallace Methven,
The Lone Fisherman  Harry Wallace Methven.
In a Zuni Village. Chas. Franc's Crow e.
Along the Straits of Northumberland.  Roberto Rascovich.
December. Late Afternoon. Harry A. Vincent.
The Patriot or one more Shot. Alden F. Brooks.
Moonrise. Fred Ramsdell.
The Sacred Mountain of the Zunis. Chas. Francis Browne.
Royal Gorge, Colorado. Chas. Francis Browne.
Early Autumn. F. C. Peyraud.
Miss Pearl. E. A. Burbank.
Along the Straits of Northumberland. Roberto Rascovich.
Water Nymph. Emil H. Wurtz.
Acoma Dancer. Herman McNeil.
Laughing Faun. Ernest Fuchs.
Portrait Bust of Mr. Arthur Feudel. F. Engelsman
Cow Boy. Herman McNeil.
Inspiration. Emil H. Wuertz.
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