

TAR AND -- ARTISTS

ESTHER
GRIFFIN
WHITE

The event of the week in the art life of Indianapolis is the display of a half dozen canvases from the brush of Mr. Walter Gilman Page, the well known portrait painter of Boston, who is sojourning in Indianapolis for the winter, the pictures hung in the Lieber Gallery on Washington street. This column referred to Mr. Page's advent into the state capital some time since, Mr. Page and his wife having been at the Claypool a large part of the winter.

The six portraits there seen by Mr. Page show great versatility in treatment, clever handling of medium and excellent draughtsmanship, together with a certain unconventionality in pose altho' this artist disclaims any effort to pose a sitter. One may pose a model—not a subject for a portrait "pure et simple." In the latter instance self consciousness results and the psychology of the human entity is lost or at least carefully held in abeyance. One of the portraits on display was not a portrait literally, being the charming head of a woman painted from the model, but the other five were pictures of people, two of Indianapolis, three residents of Boston. In Judge Anderson of the Federal Court now living in the former city, Mr. Page had a fine subject which he has interpreted with a certain subtlety, the ego seemingly subdued altho' there is evident a careful analysis of character. It has a tremendous pictorial quality, however, and the use of color is unusual and effective, the comparison of this portrait with those of the two Boston business men shown, resulting startlingly. The latter are merely replicas on canvas of the features of two average men. The former is the conception of the artist and is, additionally, a colorful thing. The portrait of Mrs. Holtzman, the wife of the present mayor of Indianapolis is, also, interesting in its use of pigment and is said to be an admirable portrait of that lady.

Mr. Page's only full length canvas shown is striking in pose, being the figure of a young woman of fashion with her head turned slightly in a sort of listening attitude, the treatment of the white draperies being worked out more, perhaps, than is usual with Mr. Page, the ensemble, however, stunning and brilliant in effect. Mr. Page himself talked very interestingly upon portrait painting and of his art in a general way and is delightful to meet as is his very charming wife who is a Canadian by birth. Mr. Page himself spent his most formative years abroad, having long been a resident of the famous "Latin Quarter," both as a student and later on. The Pages return to Boston late in the spring as Mr. Page has important commissions to meet at that time.

Will a woman never learn when she is passe'? Does Patti know it or doesn't she care or what is the matter? She certainly overestimates the credulity, literally the credulity, of the great American people who in former days flocked to hear what was then thought to be the greatest songstress of the age. If there was ever anything superlative about Madame Patti's voice, it did not appear the other evening when the writer heard her in Indianapolis. Her carefully preserved and operated middle register certainly was not displeasing but many people have paid fifty cents to hear just as pleasing. The fact is that Patti is a ridiculous old woman trying to be young and can't, and that is all there is to it after carefully boiling down her upper register, her lower register, her middle register, her beauteous costuming, her dangerously dyed hair—dangerous because somebody else might try it—her cleverly rouged face—and her poor, old, worn-out voice. The truth of the situation is that through the grace and mercy of one or two great metropolitan managers, American audiences all over the country have, within the past decade, had the pleasure and privilege of hearing the greatest singers of their time, and indeed of any other time, and even were Patti in her prime it is doubtful whether she would or could arouse the enthusiasm, the plaudits and the admiration she once inspired. There are many beautiful natural things which are but caviare to the multitude until set off by the aid of art and this is a thousand fold true in the matter of the human voice. Patti never learned to "use" her voice. Had she done so, even now with her wonderfully preserved organ, she might have been able to make more of an impression on the present day, but Nature has her bitter revenge, and it is a hideous law that perfection can only be for a day. And it makes no matter how adroitly Patti avoids showing the decadence of her once alleged marvelous organ by confining herself to those songs which will bring into prominence only those tones she is still sure of, it makes absolutely no matter. Whatever it is that formerly made people shout bravas and throw bouquets is gone—absolutely, utterly, completely. A goddess should remain on her throne. A Princess should hide in obscurity. A statesman should not be too gettable lest people find him nothing after all but a politician. In short Patti should have stayed at home and amused herself with her friends and her nice youthful husband, the Baron Cedarstrom, who is a thousand moons younger than she. A modern might Hamlet-like soliloquize somewhat thus:

"Alas, poor Patti! I saw her, dear mother! That cheek once so rounded, all flabby and plumped! That hair once so raven, now carefully peroxide! Those tones once so golden, all broken and brassy! or something or other like that. To do her justice, however, if one couldn't see very well, "barring" her face Patti might have been but thirty-five.

For a long time one of the Chicago papers printed at certain intervals of time in a department edited by the well known writer, Mrs. Elia Peattie, "poems we ought to know." This column takes a good deal of pleasure in reproducing two little poems by Mr. Meredith Nicholson, an Indiana writer who first acquired reputation by his poetic output, tho' since he has become known as a critic and novelist, the first of these poems appearing in Harper's Magazine some years ago.

CHARM.

It is a presence sweet and rare,
A something oft attained by Art,
Yet oft possessed, all unaware,
By folk of simple mind and heart.

And he that has it can not pass
The secret on with gold or name;
It vanishes like dew on grass,
Or heat that hovers over flame.

In books that man but little seeks,
Neglected or forgotten long,
This living essence dwells, and speaks
In happy rhymes of deathless song.

The subtlest of all mystic things,
'Tis strange indeed that it should be,
When worn by poets, beggars, kings,
Twin sister of Simplicity.

And you that seek it never find,
And you that have it never tell;
And all that strive to catch and bind
Can only startle and dispel.

The Valley of Vision.

Isaiah xxii, 1 and 5.
Over what peaks does it lie, the wonderful valley of vision,
Withholden afar in the realm of the Spirit of Rest?
Is it a verdurous cleft in the shadowy mountains elysian,

Hidden by mist and cloud where
the sun goes down in the West?

I never have found the place, the wonderful valley of vision,
Though seeking for long the path that leads to its bubbling streams;
The mountains unyielding stand, they laugh at my search in derision,
Yet over in faith I seek the hidden valley of dreams.

It will delight all of Mr. Bundy's friends to know that this one picture exhibited with the Academy in Philadelphia, "An April Day," has been sold. The fact of Mr. Bundy's picture being hung at this exhibition was mentioned here some weeks since and it is a great pleasure to now state that the picture has been so highly appreciated. The Academy exhibition is admitted, even by the New York art public, to be the most important exhibition, from almost every standpoint, of the annual art season in the country and the invitation to exhibit was a compliment to Mr. Bundy. One of Mr. Bundy's pictures hung with the Society of Western artists, as already chronicled here, has been sold, Miss Rush, a young artist of Philadelphia, and formerly one of Mr. Bundy's pupils, altho' now a member of Howard Pyle's Colony of Artists, writes Mr. Bundy that his picture was generally regarded as a most charming one, and attracted much attention.

This column has several times mentioned Mr. Girardin's success in his recent exhibition in Cincinnati, referring to the fact of his having sold a large number of pictures. Mr. Girardin sold over \$600 in canvases, and these not some of his most pretentious. Mr. Girardin's work is constantly growing in virility and charm.

In London recently at Sotheby's, one of the great art auction rooms, \$1260 was paid for sixty-one volumes of "Beauties of England and Wales," extensively illustrated with four thousand colored and other plates.

This column recently referred to the exhibition of Woodbury's paintings in New York and this has been succeeded in the same galleries by a display of pastels by Everett Shinn, the illustrator and all around artist, if one may so designate him. Mr. Shinn's equally clever wife, Florence Seovel Shinn, is also a well known illustrator, her illustrations for "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and "Lovey Mary," having about as much to do with the success of those two books as the text itself. The originals of some of these illustrations were shown by the Sketch Club here in November in the Morrison-Reeves Library.

Prof. L. Tuxen, the celebrated Danish court painter, has just completed a large picture of "Queen Alexandra's Coronation in Westminster Abbey," commissioned by her. The picture is now being exhibited in Copenhagen before being sent to the Queen.

The following clipping from a contemporary goes to show that J. Pierpont Morgan does possess some good things in his general collections despite the spurious "old masters" he has been bamboozled into buying by designing dealers who lie in wait for unsophisticated magnates—unsophisticated, only, of course, in matters pertaining to the arts.

At the recent loan exhibition in Birmingham, England, interest was centered in three famous pictures sent in by J. Pierpont Morgan. One was of Mrs. Glyn, by George Romney. For this portrait Romney received when painted in 1789 one hundred guineas when he painted it in 1789. Mrs. Glyn is shown wearing a white dress with a muslin fichu open at the neck, and a waistbelt fastened with three silver buckles. Her hair is powdered and trimmed with blue ribbons. The second picture was that of Mrs. Payne Galloway and her son Charles, and is known as "Pick-a-Back." Reynolds painted this in 1779 and 1780. It was sold at Lord Monson's sale at Gaton Park in 1888. The most beautiful of Mr. Morgan's contributions, however, was Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of Miss Rosamund Croker, described as an altogether delightful portrait of this beautiful woman. It was painted in 1827. Miss Croker is depicted, and wearing a low necked white satin dress with transparent gauze sleeves.

The type machine last week made this column call Karl Bitter an "au-

Blind

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Heart Failure.

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"I first felt the effects of a weak heart in the fall of 1896. I saw an advertisement in the Sioux City paper in which a man stated his symptoms which seemed to me to indicate a trouble similar to mine. I had a soreness in the chest at times, and in my shoulder, an oppressive choking sensation in my throat and suffered from weak and hungry spells. I was truly frightened at my condition and procured six bottles of Dr. Miles' Heart Cure. Since taking my first bottle I have never been bothered by any of the old disagreeable symptoms and now am well and consider my cure permanent."—Lewis Anderson, Kuhn, S. D.

All druggists sell and guarantee first bottle Dr. Miles' Remedies. Send for free book on Nervous and Heart Diseases. Address Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

thor" instead of a "sculptor." But one cannot reckon with the type machine. The Frankenstein who invented it did much for human woe as well as weal.

Her Cruel Refusal.

"Miss Lotsoff," trembled the youth as he parted from her at the door, "there is something I must say to you."

"Proceed," she urged him with an encouraging smile.

"Though I am now only a poor inventor," he stammered, "yet my airship is nearer perfection than ever. I-I have but two ideals in life—you and my airship. Will you marry me?"

She was silent.

"Do not answer too quickly," he begged. "Take time to think it over. I will come again for my answer. May I?"

"Yes," she told him. "Come again; come in your airship."

That night two footpads were seriously affronted by a man who utterly ignored their requests that he halt, but kept stonily on his way, his head down and his shoulders up.—Judge.

After the Greek.

The wealthy suburbanite, who is proud of styling himself "self made and self educated," had been to the city and returned with the plans of the architect for a grand new mansion he was to build in the spring. After he and his goodwife had looked them over together carefully, he remarked thoughtfully:

"I rather think, Maria, upon looking into the matter, I shall put in steam radiators for heating purposes."

"Gee whiz, pa!" exclaimed the family heir, as he looked up from his Greek history lesson. "If that doesn't put us in fighting trim I don't know what will!"—Philadelphia Press.

Bound to Get Him.

The lady arose and drew her fur boa tighter.

"Then your answer is 'No'?" she said in husky tones.

"My dear lady," the man remarked in his gentlest manner, "I told you eight years ago that I could not marry you, and I have not changed my mind."

The lady paused in the doorway. "I will see you again in four years," she said.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Handicapped.

Scholar—Professor, your mnemonic system is wonderful, and I am sure that any one, after mastering the rules, can learn to remember anything. But I am handicapped by one difficulty.

Professor—What is it?

Scholar—I can't remember the rules.

Good Cigars.

"Henriette, some one has been tampering with my cigars."

"Yes, sir; the missus told me to break some of 'em up and put 'em under the carpet to keep moths out. But I bought some nice fresh ones for 25 cents a dozen and filled up the box again."—New York Evening Journal.

POLO

WEDNESDAY
NIGHT
MARCH 9

AT COLSIEUM

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Nice Sugar Cured Breakfast Bacon 13c lb.
Country Bacon, nice and sweet, 10c lb. Pickled Pork 10c lb.
3 lb can Hood's famous Pumpkin 5c.
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This is the one that causes all the talk and what keeps our competitors in hot water. Hood's Leader, that has them all beat a block, still goes at 15c per pound, same price that we had before the advance. Equal to any 20c coffee in the city.

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and listen to what we will sell you:
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21 lbs Granulated Sugar \$1.00. 22 lbs soft A Sugar \$1.00.
23 lbs light Extra C Sugar \$1.00.
Young Hyson, Imperial Basket fire and uncolored Japan Tea 50c. The best tea that money can buy, and through the kindness of the stamp people will give 20 extra stamps with every pound sold. Not over 5 lbs to each customer.
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