

artistic unity; but the judgment displayed by the dealer must have a commercial rather than an artistic basis. Here one found contemporary painters from various countries, belonging in most part to the Conservative school, Monet being the only exponent of the Impressionist represented. Four canvases of his were shown; one might have been taken for a design for wall paper in stripes—four trees stand in a row at equal distances, their four heads cut off by the top of the frame above, their four reflected toes cut off by the frame below. The above-mentioned haystack was also there. It is interesting to reflect where this extreme impressionistic work will end. Will it at last reach and lead us back to a firmer foundation with scintillating sunlight and color gained?

Lerolle is pre-eminent in the Knoedler Collection. His moonlight is charmingly mellow in tone. One finds one's self searching through the atmosphere for one object after another—the far light in the cottage, the full field of grain, the subdued line of trees against the sky, and almost for the delicate, graceful girl in the foreground returning home after the day's work is done; actually one blinks in peering into it, as one would with an obscure landscape in nature. His smaller canvases are not so good, tho full of tender sentiment. Vibert has several, not his best; nevertheless they tell their story.* The public enjoy these painted stories; but such pictures, tho admirable in technical accuracy and beauty of color, are but manifestations of wit and cannot claim the highest artistic rank. At the sale at Chickering Hall "A Cardinal's Birthday," by Casanova y Estorach, ran up quickly to \$1,080, while Lerolle's "Harvest Moon" went for \$300; they were both about 12x14. Two of Mauve's were interesting as being painted by quite different methods. L'hermitte had a large canvas of field workers, but his small sketch of washerwomen was more interesting in treatment. This brought at the sale \$1,000, being 15x22 perhaps. Dupré has also a delightful group of washerwomen by the sea, full of the feeling of the New School. Say what you will, say what you may, he who lags behind the times will soon be left completely out of sight. Rico lacks sunshine in his two pieces of sunlight in Venice, Ziem and Schreyer are always theatrical. Rosa Bonheur's sheep were called "pretty" by an admirer standing rapt before her canvas; and so they were. Bridgman's Eastern interior compared favorably with a similar subject by Benjamin-Constant. Tito Sessi's "Violin Maker" was quiet in tone and admirable in drawing. No. 337 was a little gem by Pasini—a lover on horseback holding sweet converse with his "ladie" from her chamber window. Stevens had a gray sea full of tender sentiment, and Mr. William Chase, a real sunlight path in the Park, or shaded path flecked with sunlight, that was rendered with fine feeling for truth. Deschamps' pretty little beggar with her harp—both in color and treatment reminded one of Henner. Elizabeth Gardner would be more interesting if less like her master, Bouguereau. When a man has such knowledge of technic, why does he lose all texture in high porcelain finish? Gérôme has somewhat the same fault; but the world is fond of china painting, after all. Quite a large canvas by Munkacsy had a double interest because of his new departure from solemn gray-black tones into a high key and full light. This work, entitled "The Musical Prodigy," was also sold at Chickering Hall, and the Jules Breton mentioned above.

Raffaelli looks as if he painted with a poker on wood; but his evident study from Nature without embellishment makes his work grateful to the eye. Troyon's cows were painfully smooth. The six Corots were not good examples. Braith's calves frolicking to the front of the canvas were jolly, but brought at the sale only \$300. Mr. H. Siddons Mowbray's "Pastorale" was also in the collection. The three female figures dancing with swinging measure toward you are delightful in composition and charming in color.

Mr. Geo. H. Smillie is holding a small exhibition at present at Keppel's, on Sixteenth Street. Some twenty canvases give him a characteristic showing. His subjects, for the most part, are landscapes in the vicinity of Ridgefield, Conn. They are smooth rural scenes, and his transcript of them, as has been remarked, does not exhibit any great breadth of feeling or startling originality; indeed, one feels that Mr. Smillie knows how to do what he does too well in a way; he is no longer searching after hidden truths, and we are so constituted that we cease to be interesting after we have attained the full measure of our possibilities. The length of the tether may vary, but when the end is reached interest flags. The remedy is to choose a longer rod.

Mr. Geo. Hitchcock's exhibit at Boussod-Valadon's (the American Goupil's) is one of much greater interest, representing perhaps somewhat middleground between the prosaic and impressionistic schools, with no prosalness, however, and a strong tendency toward the advanced school; indeed, I am not sure that he is not entirely on that side of the fence. Twelve pictures and fourteen studies for larger canvases represent his work. They are most engagingly harmonious and thrillingly interesting, with a daring color scheme and tender sentiment for all that is delightful in nature. His "Blessed Mother," the property of Mr. J. H. Wade, of Ohio, is his most conspicuous canvas, medieval in its complicated background and conventional arrangement of figures. A fair Holland maiden, with a magic headdress of muslin, through which the light sifts radiantly, a babe in her arms, occupies a low stool in the center of the canvas, behind is a lacework of apple trees in full blossom, a bright purple and yellow tulip field beyond, and very green grass about her feet, in which with tenderest love are painted dainty dandelion blooms and blows. In the extreme foreground one flaunting red tulip raises its head just at the mother's feet, as if it in some way foreshadowed the death and passion of the faintly Child. Artistically, also, this

* In one canvas was represented a party of carousing cardinals decorating their favorite cook with the sacred *Cordon bleu* (Order of the Holy Spirit) much to the satisfaction of all concerned.

tulip plays an important part, for the picture seems to lose something of its snap without it. Mr. Fred. L. Ames, of Boston, owns the canvas next in importance, "The Flight into Egypt." The scheme of color is gray and blue, as expressed in the sand and field of blue thistles—even the figures and the donkey repeat the note. The above gentlemen own several other of his pictures, but his exquisite study of sheep in pasture at twilight is still in the market.

For the World's Fair the students' work at the Art Students' League, Fifty-seventh Street building of the Fine Arts Society, showed capital work in oil and charcoal from the nude; the composition sketches were also admirable, Mr. Luis Mora ranking first in each of these, tho a young man still in his teens. Thomas J. Fogerty had some masterly sketches in pencil, for illustration, unique in manner.

Another exhibition, shown for a day only before being shipped for Chicago, was that of Mrs. Hopkins's School of Applied Design for Women. There is no poor or slovenly work done there, owing to the high standard of admission and the severe ideal of its experienced teachers. Designs for wall paper, book covers, curtains, fabrics, wood carving, architecture, etc., were shown. The architectural class seems thoroughly well started, in spite of the feeling among architects that the study would be inappropriate for women. The success of this department must greatly gratify Mrs. Hopkins, who inaugurated it against strong opposition. The first six months' work was classical orders, and their use in plans for a casino. The Life and Sketch classes have been crowded out by the overflow of workers in other departments; but they are to be looked for in the future.

Mr. Tiffany shows a wonderful display of jewelry and silver for the World's Fair, on view to the public this week. There are suggestions of Giardinetti jewelry, the old Italian style of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Hungarian, Spanish, Egyptian, East Indian, Japanese, and some Russian. There are at least several hundred pieces in this department alone. There are, however, many objects here displayed that if successful commercially certainly fail artistically. Such, for instance, is an incense burner in the form of a huge rattlesnake coiled round the neck of a canvas-back duck. The snake and duck both life-size, the scales of the snake of opal matrix, the eyes emerald, the head and rattles in the tail formed of American pearls; 100 pearls, 450 opals are used; but why should a snake and a duck be an incense burner? "Things are not always what they seem," but they *should* be. The silver exhibit here was also well worth a visit.

The artist animal painter, Mr. James Henry Beard, has recently died in Flushing, L. I. Years ago he was one of the foremost figures in American art; but the world moves on apace, ever seeking fresh fields and pastures new.

NEW YORK CITY.

Fine Arts.

CURRENT EXHIBITIONS.

BY K. M. HUGER.

THE exhibitions of paramount interest at present are those more or less connected with the World's Fair. If any other can lay claim to a rival interest with these it must belong to the extreme impressionistic school possessing a scintillating, iridescent, astigmatic sensibility to rare atmospheric effects.

Twachtman possibly represents the vanguard of our advancing artists, tho the army of martyrs is day by day swelling its ranks. Nobody is doing quite the right thing nowadays unless he is at least *trying* to see the world through a blizzard in unadulterated streaks of blue, purple, yellow and green. And yet how these things sparkle and glow, and throw into the shade their less evolved neighbors. Witness Monet's haystack in a plowed field of royal purple, exquisite in its after-sunset atmosphere, recently in the Loan Exhibition, since at the American Art Galleries; and various examples of Tarré's, who, by the way, has been awarded the first prize at the American Fine Arts Society, Fifty-seventh Street. The reception night of "The Society's" is to be Saturday, April 15th, and the public may rush in on Monday. The middleground exhibitions are mercantile, such, for instance, as the one lately held by Messrs. Knoedler & Co., at the American Art Galleries on Twenty-third Street, and sold at auction April 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th. These auction sales are the despair of the modern producing artist. Men love to go to them chiefly for their lottery charm, and many round sums are thus influenced away from the studios. In this exhibition 397 works by foreign and American artists were brought together. Like all dealers' collections it had no