

How the Beauty Doctor Restores Old Masters

Do you know what a picture-restorer is? Listen, and I will tell you. It may mean money in your pocket.

"Mr. Umpty Dumpy, of Jersey City, sent an old picture, which he paid two dollars for at an auction, to a picture-restorer, who discovered that it was worth forty thousand dollars," says the Daily Shouter. You lay down the paper.

Now, that old picture which used to hang back of your parlor door—the one Aunt Sarah left you in her will—whatever has become of that? It was dark with age and ugly, you secretly thought; but, as you recall it, there was something really remarkable about its—er—er—its atmosphere.

Something swells in your breast. Suppose it should be worth—well, twenty thousand dollars, say—or ten thousand—or five thousand—just the amount of the first mortgage on the house—or even a modest thousand or so. By George, suppose you could sell it for a hundred dollars!

"Louise," you call out, "where is that picture Aunt Sarah gave me?"

"You mean that old oil-painting of chickens and a goose, a pheasant, grapes, apples, trees, and a gun," she replies from the dining-room. "I don't know, dear. I think it is up in the attic."

Up you go with a lamp into that seldom-explored region, and after a half-hour's search, bumping your shins against broken furniture and almost ruining your clothes with dust and cobwebs, you come back in despair.

"I can't find it," you tell Louise.

"Find what, dear?" she asks in perplexity.

"Aunt Sarah's picture. I have an idea that it's got a whole lot more value than we ever attached to it."

Louise wrinkles her brows as if trying to recall something. "Oh, I remember now!" she cries. "I gave it to the ashman."

"You—gave it to—the-ashman!" you falter, aghast. "What in the world did you do that for?"

"Well, it was in a horrid, dilapidated condition; it was ruined, and no good at all."

"Oh, that doesn't make any difference! It might have been worth a fortune. I was going to have it restored and find out."

Restored! That's the word! That is what made all the difference between the battered ruins found in cellars and storerooms—and the art fabulists.

Corots, Rembrandt, and Murillos which sold now, just on the chance that Louise has not given away Aunt Sarah's picture, just on the chance that there is in your attic a forgotten work of art that will pay off the first mortgage, let us put on our hats and visit one of these beauty shops for old masterpieces, which are far more successful in sending out rehabilitated and rejuvenated clients than those devoted to women in search of that delightful state. Suppose we choose that of Stephen Pichetto, a well-known New York restorer of antique paintings.

Mr. Pichetto's workshop is the parlor in an old-fashioned East Fifty-Fourth Street. It has the traditional north light, but few other appointments of the studio. The walls are almost white, so that every defect of the paintings placed against them will be clearly shown. There are stacks of frames and stretchers about the walls, a huge table, and a roll of heavy muslin to bring first aid to the injured paintings. Bottles of different chemicals standing above give an additional hospital setting to the scene. A microscope has the place of honor.

"The first thing when a picture comes in," said the artist surgeon, in answer to my question, "is to preserve it from any further disintegration. Sometimes this is as simple as giving a dose of cough medicine; at other times it is as complicated as setting a compound fracture."

"The easiest thing is relining the picture. This is merely giving it a new backing, and attaching two canvases together by means of some softening and adhesive material. The most difficult is transferring the painting to an entirely new canvas."

"The first step in this process is to place silk of cloth over the face of the picture. We use some kind of glue, and thus the painting is like one of the old-fashioned transfer pictures children amuse themselves with, pasted face downward."

"Next I lay the picture, with the painting down, on a table, and remove the old canvas."

"All artists use some preparation on their canvas before putting on the paint. When this is a kind of glue, it is very easy to take the canvas off—wetting does the work. But when a resinous preparation is used, or where the varnish has come through, it is a very ticklish job. Then we have to take the canvas off with pumice, or by burning it. And all the time we are working on this film of paint, which is scarcely thicker than a sheet of paper and many times more brittle than the thinnest eggshell."

"Finally the preparation must be taken off the paint. This is the most difficult and delicate part of the operation. After that, it is an easy matter to prepare a new canvas backing, and transfer the painting to it."

"People have always thrown mystery about the art of restoring pictures; but in what I have told you, you really have the whole story—just infinite patience and pains and intelligence."

"The next step in restoring the picture to

something approaching its pristine freshness is to wash its face. Here is where the ignorant restorer first gets in his deadly work. Sometimes water on the face of a painting is enough to ruin it. Often I use flour of rice, but always some mild alkali. The object is to remove the dirt and dirty varnish, and very often the paint that other restorers have put on over the master's work. But you have to be careful not to remove some of the delicate glazes of the painting itself.

"When you have got down to the painting, and there are parts which have peeled off and colors which have faded or been lost, then the restorer must proceed prayerfully and reverently. The first thing necessary, I think, is to get in the proper spirit of the painting. The next is to have thorough knowledge of the artist whose work you are restoring. For instance, if a hand is missing in a Rubens, paint in a Rembrandt, not a pre-Raphaelite. It is the business of the restorer to preserve, not to correct."

"Poor restorers do more harm than good.

erican artists whose pictures have increased greatly in value, being now worth several thousand dollars apiece.

"Before 1850 there were no restorers worthy of the name. Most of the work was done by artists, who took considerable license; and, accordingly, an expert finds faults with the foreign galleries on the ground that there is a great deal of sameness in the pictures, a certain monotony of treatment. This is merely the trail of the restorer over all."

"The majority of restorers were framemakers and dealers in pictures, who discovered defects in the paintings they were handling, and took it upon themselves to 'fix them up.' Encouraged by their success, they soon announced themselves expert restorers."

Some stirring stories are told of masterpieces that lay uncaared for for years, and brought fortunes to their lucky discoverers. A short time ago a picture-dealer was wandering around in one of the obscure London picture stores when he came upon a painting

four figures were lost in their background. It was cracked and chipped, and there were fissures in the flesh of the figures like nicks in porcelain. The painting had been cleaned and "restored" many times, but every renovation had left it a worse wreck than before.

But the most famous restorer of England brought it out of its deplorable state, the varnishes and coats of patched colors were removed, the beautiful hues of the original pictures were laid on, and the cracks filled in. The National Gallery finally acquired it at a fabulous price. The cost of restoration was three thousand dollars.

The respectable art of restoring has an illegitimate sister which is the shame of the whole profession. This is the business of making art forgeries, which is a much more thriving business than one would at first imagine, and has been brought to such a degree of perfection that it is very difficult to tell the real from the spurious.

One day Landseer was present at an auc-

ating enough fly-marks to convince the innocent buyer that the picture has been hanging on the walls of some peasant's cottage for centuries.

After the problem of production, the one of distribution has to be considered. The pictures are "farmed out," or "put with a wet nurse." A dingy old house belonging to some poor man is usually selected, and the dealer informs his prey that he has learned of a great discovery, and takes him to see the canvas. The instructed confederate declares that the picture has hung where it is from time immemorial; and when the old grandfather, nodding over the fire, is appealed to, he disclaims all knowledge of the picture, and says merely that it was there in his father's time. The family can hardly be induced to part with it, but finally names a large sum.

"A bargain," whispers the dealer to the prospective buyer, who is the more anxious to purchase from this assurance. So the buyer departs with the "old master," and the stage is set for another comedy.

But the market for real old masters is brisk. The supply is limited. The prices are high. So, if you have a picture you suspect, don't let Louise give it to the ashman. Send it to a restorer's. Fortune sometimes disguises herself in a way which is beyond all understanding.

England's oldest newspaper, The London Gazette, which has been for over 150 years in the hands of members of the Harrison family, is to have new printers and publishers. The announcement draws attention to perhaps the most curious publication in existence, a publication which is at least unique in the journalistic world.

The following singular features characterize The Gazette: Besides being the oldest newspaper of the present day, it has the smallest circulation of any. Its shape and its type are obsolete. And strange as it may appear it has no editor or editorial staff.

Since its birth in the days of the great plague The Gazette has been the property of the government. Originally a patent was granted to some individual, giving him authority to produce The Gazette, which he published in his own way, retained the proceeds, but paid to the government a stipulated sum every year for the privilege. Discounting slight modifications the same style of contract has existed to the present day.

Now, however, the government has made a radical change. Instead of receiving from the printers a fixed sum for the privilege of printing The Gazette, and allowing them to pocket the proceeds of the advertisements, they have decided to reverse the process, and pay the printers for producing the paper. This change was inevitable, for the paper is reputed to yield a profit of \$100,000 a year from the proceeds of the official advertisements published in its columns.

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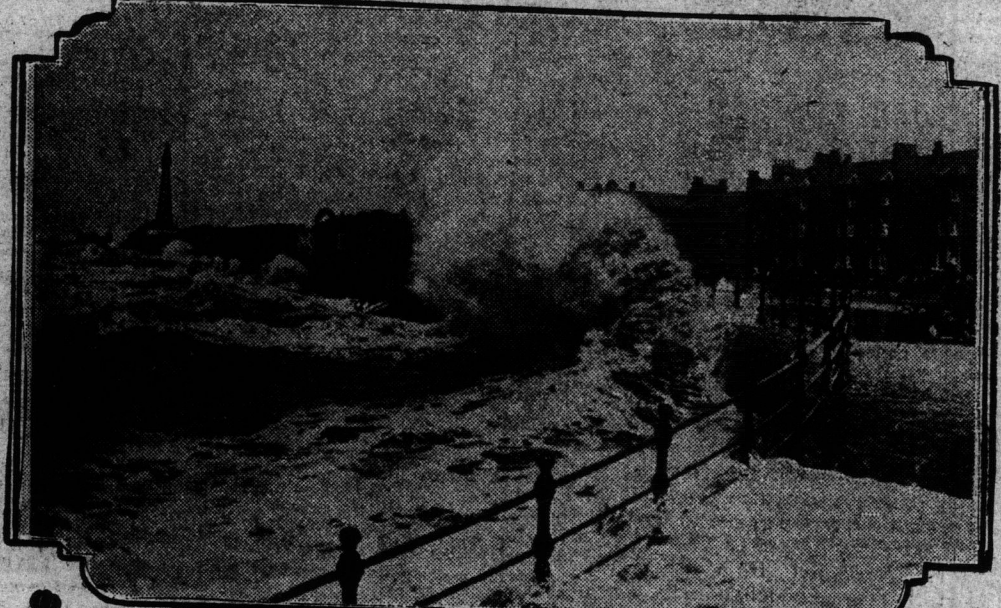
When interviewed, Mr. Harrison said that "the most exciting times in the history of The Gazette were on the occasion of our foreign wars, when the government's newspaper was the recognized organ for announcing the lists of the killed and wounded. The result of the Battle of Inkerman was known in London soon after noon on November 22, 1854, and a huge crowd blocked up the street opposite our premises waiting for the publication of The Gazette. During the Crimean War despatches arrived at all hours of the day and night, and at whatever hour they arrived extras were published. Each minister received a copy and then the ambassadors and each of the club houses were supplied."

"I was sitting alone in my office, it being Saturday afternoon and the staff having gone for the day, when the news of the victory of Alma reached London. No papers would be published until Sunday, but the Duke of Newcastle was anxious to make the news known at once. I accordingly offered to set up the telegram in The Gazette and send copies round to each of the theatres, with an order to the managers to stop the performance and make the announcement. At the Drury Lane and the other leading houses there were stirring and dramatic scenes when the news arrived. In the meantime I took a cab and hastened to the Mansion House to acquaint the Lord Mayor."

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SOUTHPORT AND BLACKPOOL



STORM AT BLACKPOOL

Visitors to England during the summer months oftentimes "take in" Blackpool and Southport, and either place is well worth while. Some months ago Mr. John Hall of this city spent some time in his native land and visited both cities mentioned incidentally to his trip to his old home in Notts. Speaking of Southport, Mr. Hall says that that beautiful city of 60,000 permanent population, has apparently solved the paving question to its satisfaction. The grand promenade, Mr. Hall says, is done in asphalt, while the main streets are paved with granite blocks six inches square. The sidewalks are of square blocks of hard-burnt brick a foot in circumference. All streets were in excellent condition despite heavy traffic.

Mr. Hall visited Blackpool on a bank holiday, and was almost annihilated in the immense crush of "trippers." Blackpool is about an hour and a half by steamer from Southport, and besides being a very popular watering

place, it possesses the finest aviation grounds in England. That it also has a beautiful promenade as well as a just claim to distinction as a place for "surf bathing" is attested by the photographs.

DID HE WANT PROTECTION?

The band at a fashionable London hotel was playing a popular music hall air, and a young lady at one of the tables, curious to know what it was, asked her waiter to find out. The man departed, laden with plates, but was so long gone that the anxious inquirer forgot her curiosity as to the tune. Well on through the dinner she was somewhat alarmed to hear a husky, guttural voice from behind say: "I'm afraid to go home in the dark." "What?" exclaimed the lady in alarm. "I'm afraid," repeated the mysterious voice in slow, impressive accents, "to go home in the dark." The lady gave a little scream, and turning to a companion, said: "Is this man mad?"



PROMENADES N.S. BLACKPOOL

Some famous paintings have been almost ruined by them. They often paint over the pictures, varnish them up brilliantly, and send them home looking fine. But in a little while they are in a worse state than when they paid their visit to the shop.

"When paint is peeling off, there is only one thing to do, and that is to transfer the painting to another canvas. In painting a house, the humblest artist knows that where the paint has blistered it has to be cleaned off to the wood, or the paint put on over it hastens the work of detachment."

"Then, in painting in or restoring lost parts, again I reiterate, the spirit of the artist must be caught. If the painting is large in conception, then everything follows that idea—the folds of drapery are big, and so on. Yet the average restorer will paint in little, stingy folds, and put on blotches of color that throw the whole picture out of joint."

"Sometimes it takes six months to restore a picture properly, because you have to wait between times of working, occasionally for several weeks. Then again, the work can be done in a month. The cast? Well, naturally that depends. This picture," and Mr. Pichetto pointed to a dilapidated canvas that seemed to be suffering with all the ailments that could ever afflict a work of art, "will be worth three or four hundred dollars to put in shape, but then it will have a market value of a couple of thousand dollars. Often, when there is not much to do, the fee amounts to only thirty or forty dollars."

"Are there many canvases of value lost in the rural districts? Yes, I think there are. There are some twelve or fourteen early Am-

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tion sale at which two "Landseers" were to be put up—one a confessed copy, the other genuine. After a careful examination of the two pictures, Sir Edwin declared them both his own work.

Diaz vainly protested that a picture signed by his name was a counterfeit, and Ruskin trained a man for ten years who was so capable of reproducing the difficult work of Turner that it was necessary for Ruskin to sign the replicas to prevent their being taken for real vignettes. A short time before Corot's death he visited a studio in which he found thirty canvases, all splendid imitations of his own work and signed with his name.

This art forgery is most ingenious, for it takes art to conceal fake art. After the painting is done, the great thing is to age it properly. First the modern paint is coated by the white of an egg, over which very finely ground coffee is sifted. Then this is coated with a thick covering of flour paste and dried before a wood fire. Then several other layers of paste are applied, after which the paint is washed clean again.

But what a change has taken place! The white of an egg has made that fine crackling that is the sign of age, and the coffee has left the color of antiquity.

The test of looking at the back of a canvas is met by the resourceful faker with counterfeits of the back as well as the face of his work. The juice of a cactus from Mexico spread on the face of a painting protects it from chemicals, and so the old test of rubbing it with alcohol, which causes the varnishes and colors of new paintings to run, is no longer of value.

Fly-specks are produced by flicking a brush dipped in China ink or sepia, and so cre-

ations of the past are being brought back to life, and the world is being taught that the true value of art lies in its beauty and its history, not in its price or its fame.

OLDEST ENGLISH NEWSPAPER TO HAVE NEW PUBLISHERS

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The Field

THE DISTRIBUTION OF

Millions of fish are annually taken by the United States Bureau of Fisheries from different State fish commissions. Various bodies of water, wholly or partially depleted of fish, have been found so abundantly in our country that the preservation of our natural food has aroused the public to the importance of the serving our supply of fish by entirely extinct.

Live fish are either distributed from a collecting station, where for a short period, after being shallow pools along our large purpose of the writer to give the best possible message in charge of the messenger by following more of these trips.

Each applicant is sent a circular days before his fish are stating they will arrive at his certain number of days, and also instructions as to the manner of fish, and caring for them until it is in his stream. He is also about twenty-four hours before will pass through his town.

states the exact time of his arrival, and the number of cans, and the number of fish.

The day for starting the trip is certain how many cans are required. The cans generally used are live fish are similar to the common tin milk can, and are twenty-two inches in diameter, with a seven-inch mouth and two handles. These cans are also provided with wires or tops, having four or five admit air to the cans. However, are seldom used by the messenger very small fry are being transported, small fish would be thrown out with the splashing of the water.

The cans are filled to the brim with fresh water, and the fish counted using a small net. The number of cans varies with the size of the fish, two to three inches long, fifty five inches, and twenty-five inches long being considered a number per can. Fifteen cans a number for each messenger.

are put into the cans, the messenger hauled to the depot, where the cans are on a truck ready to be placed. Each messenger takes the following starting on a trip: a pocket dipper, ice pick and a supply of weather is warm. He also takes a bucket if the fish carried are small.

If he has long to wait at the weather is warm, he runs the fish shade and proceeds to ice up the cans, a small piece of ice in each can. How much ice to use, for if he uses and it melts quickly, the temperature is reduced so rapidly that fish, causing them to turn over on the bottom and motionless on the bottom. Should he find any acting thus, the remaining ice and gets busy again. He dips the dipper into the cans, raises it two or three feet above the can, and pours the water back into the water of the can, and repeats the operation four or five times to each can. This process is also followed every day as long as the messenger has fish, the object being to recharge the water, which is so essential to preserve the fish, as they cannot get air at the station.

When the train arrives, the messenger to the side door of the baggage cars put aboard. The messenger just can and assists the baggageman in cars where they will be least in hands work rapidly, so as to avoid train, which is probably started by last can has been put aboard. He is on his trip, but his work and was begun. Looking over his route list that he has an applicant a few miles ahead. He first looks over all his how his fish are doing, and then pick two, or three cans for his first applying them near the door to avoid delivering them. Before the train's departure, the messenger has his head door looking for a man with a bar some cans. The man is there with as he had been instructed, but it is which is hurriedly turned out upon platform, much to the dismay of lad on and off the train. The cans poured into the barrel, he gives the instructions to get the fish into his soon as possible, and the train is sitting down on a trunk, he again his route list, and finds he has a direction to make a few miles further on. At his watch and notes they are a late, then he begins to worry about it. If he misses this train, he will wait many hours for another, rewrite placants, and care for his fish that perhaps without ice. Even while these have been rushing through his brain