J. Pierpont Morgan's Art Treasures

MOST OF THEM ARE IN EUROPE, AS TARIFF KEEPS THEM OUT OF UNITED STATES—HIS FAMOUS GAINSBOROUGH PORTRAIT.

A correspondent in a small town writes to ask where she can find material for a paper before her art club on "J. Pierpont Morgan's Collection."

It takes a woman's club to propound difficult questions as calmly as if asking the price of butter.

The greater part of Mr. Morgan's art possessions are probably in Europe, and those that are in New York are only visited as a special privilege and have never, to my knowledge, been completely described or catalogued. His extraordinary porcelains, however, have been the subject of a fine catalogue printed by Robert Grier Cooke, of the Burlington Magazine.

At long intervals stray notes appear in the daily press concerning some new art treasure secured by Mr. Morgan. The tale of the stolen cope of Ascoli and its generous restitution, the still more romantic tale of the "lost duchess," its discovery by a Pinkertons in Chicago and Mr. Morgan's prompt purchase at a record-breaking price will occur to every one's mind.

Recently it was affirmed and denied over and over again that he had paid five millions for the famous Kann collection in Paris, a collection which would have brought even more than that large sum could the paintings have been sold separately; but this was forbidden by the will of the South African mine king. It is now certain that Duveen Brothers, the noted London art dealers, have acquired the entire collection, some of whose gems they have sold to American customers, while the rest they intend to house in a new building near the Place Vendome, Paris.

Presumably in Paris also is Mr. Morgan keeping his acquisitions from this source: Two fine works by Rogier van der Weyden and a beautiful Ghirlandajo portrait of Giovanna Tornabuoni, the same Florentine beauty, by the way, who was painted by Luini and by Botticelli. We may see her charming figure every day on the staircase of the Art Institue, in Mrs. Macmonnies' admirable copy of the Botticelli fresco from Villa Lemmi.

One reason why it is difficult to obtain data about Mr. Morgan's collections is because so many of them are in England and France. Owing to our heavy duty upon works of art he would be compelled to pay between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000 if he brought them into the United States. Consequently instead of being in American museums, for the benefit of the American people, they are lent to a national gallery, to a Paris exposition, or they are preserved in a London residence at Prince's Gate.

J. P. Morgan inherited from his father, Junius S. Morgan, a considerable gallery, principally of modern French, German and Spanish paintings, but also containing a few good older works. To these he has been adding for years, always making his purchases under the advice of experts and regardless of cost.

His interest extends to other objects of art than paintings. He owns and has had long on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum in New York the greatest collection of Oriental porcelains in the United States, and one of the finest in the world. Some months ago the Burlington Magazine had an article upon his wonderful Byzantine plate and jewelry. More recently the Connoisseur published one upon his priceless miniatures.

They range from the delicate and searching work of Holbein down through the precise and careful Clouet to Isabey, who almost in our own generation was producing little masterpieces of color. Among the tiny portraits are a rare head of Henry VIII. in his prime, said to be the one sent to Anne of Cloves with his proposal of marriage.

There is also a hitherto unknown portrait of Queen Elizabeth, and other works by her favorite painter, Hilliard; there are likenesses of James I., Anne of Denmark, the Earl of Essex and many others as important to the historian as to the artist.

Mr. Morgan's own taste inclines toward old paintings, and his collections are rich in eighteenth century work, both French and English. By Fragonard, that most delicious painter of the courtly Arcadia, popular in the court of the Louis, he possesses the "Comedy of Love" series—"Expectation," "The Pursuit," "The Rendezvous" and so on—setting forth the courtship of an enchanting little lady and a gallant cavalier among the statues and fountains of a park.

This set of five pictures, with accompanying panels of Cupids, roses, etc., to go above the doors, was originally executed for the apartment of Mme. Dubarry, and the dainty heroine of each episode is indubitably a portrait of that frail beauty, while the attendant swain is a flattered likeness of her royal lover. It is said that Louis XV. objected to the pretty scenes on account of this resemblance.

Mr. Morgan's English paintings are "a collection of pedigreed works," every one a fine example. There are five choice works by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of which "The Babes in the Wood" and "Cupid as a Link-Boy" are fancy pictures, while three are celebrated portrait groups.

That of "Mrs. Payne Gallway and Her Son," described by Leslie as one of Reynolds' "sweetest and silveriest works," has been popular as an engraving under the name of "Pick-a-Back," and is especially interesting to Americans because the young mother was a daughter of James Delancey, a colonial lieutenant governor of New York.

The fine group of "Lady Betty Delme and Her Children," with a spacious landscape stretching in sunlight and shadow behind her, has also been engraved. It is amusing to note that while the original price paid for the painting was £300, a fine engraving of it sold some years ago for more than three times as much—920 guineas. However, the picture itself, in something over a century, has appreciated to the value of $55,000.

The third group represents the two children of the Earl of Essex.

Among Mr. Morgan's four Romneys are a full-length of Mrs. Scott Jackson, which Sir George Scharf declared "the most mellow and beautiful picture I remember from his hand;" an enchanting "Mrs. Glyn" and two portraits of Lady Hamilton. One of these has been mistakenly described as "Reading a Gazette Chronicling One of Nelson's Victories." As a matter of fact, it was painted nearly a dozen years before the great seaman met his siren. It is "a fresh and brilliant example of Romney at his best."

There is Hoppner's group of "The Godsal Children," a beautiful girl under a group of trees pointing out the setting sun to a small child who leans against her knee, shading her eyes with her hand; beside them stands a pretty boy in frill and ringlets, who turns his back upon the glories of nature and gazes out of the canvas with true masculine insouciance. "The Setting Sun," as this is sometimes called, has been pronounced "one of the loveliest pictures of child life, in depicting which Hoppner ranks as one of the greatest artists."

Finally Mr. Morgan possesses four lovely Gainsborough portraits; "Miss Evans," "Mrs. Tennant," "Hon. Frances Duncan" and the famous "Duchess of Devonshire."

Volumes have been written concerning the adventures of the original duchess, a leader of the wild, witty aristocracy of her day, a fashionable beauty, a gambler, a politician and friend of politicians, whose best epitaph, "She had a genius for friendship," came in a thoughtful moment from the lips of the prince regent.

And a second volume might be written on the hazards which befell her portrait. On the dispersal of the Wynn-Ellis collection, it was put up at auction in 1876, ascribed to Gainsborough. Critics violently disputed whether or not it was really from his brush. It is not signed and there is no record of such a portrait. There is, however, a floating tradition that the artist once gave up an attempted portrait of Duchess Georgiana, drawing his wet brush across the lovely lips with the exclamation: "Her grace is too hard for me." Several studies by Gainsborough for a portrait of Duchess Georgiana so closely resemble this as practically to prove it his work, although retouched, possibly by Lawrence.

At all events the paining was sold at an unprecedented price to such good judges as the firm of Agnew, and there was such a rush of the London public to see it as blocked the streets with carriages.

A few days later the frame was found empty, in spite of the presence of a watchman.

Then for twenty-five years rumors floated out of its appearance in Austria and other distant places. Occasional bogus or duplicate canvases made mysterious appearances.

The solution of the mystery by the Pinkertons, through the aid of "Pat" Sheedy, the noted gambler, the restoration of the picture by Adam Work, alias Harry Raymond, and its purchase by Mr. Morgan, are well known to every one.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

Baby's Own Tablets is the only medicine for children that gives the mother a guarantee of a Government analyst that it is absolutely free from opiates and poisonous soothing stuff. The Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, destroy worms, break up colds and simple fevers, and bring teeth through painlessly. They give baby sound natural sleep because they remove the cause of crossness and sleeplessness. Mrs. Ralph Judd, Judd Haven, Ont., says: "Baby's Own Tablets have given me great satisfaction both for teething troubles and constipation." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

"Wanted a Man," Just a Man Sign Hangs at Every Door

BY DR. MADISON C. PETERS, IN CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

The world has a standing advertisement over every door that opens to any department of endeavor—an advertisement that is stereotyped on the block of every trade, that catches the eye of all who wish to apply. It is: "Wanted—A Man."

It is the true man that is wanted—the man who can dare and do, who is not afraid to assert the divine right of manhood—the strong, brave character who does his part to make the world better and brighter for his presence in it—one who, to use the words of Shakespeare, has the qualities so blended in him that all the world can stand up and say: "Here is a man."

It should be the highest ambition of every man to possess true manhood—that divine attribute which distinguishes the human from the rest of the animal creation and makes him the best, the noblest, object beneath the skies, the crowning work of an almighty hand.

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A MAN.

To be a man includes something more than to live to be 21 years of age and attain the physical proportions of a full growth; there must be present those indefinable characteristics which make their possessor a living force in the world and enable him so to live as to be able to benefit himself and do good to others.

The old Latin had two words to signify a man, "vir," and "homo," but the latter was taken simply as man in the abstract, a generic term for the race, while the former specified the individual and meant strength, power, or, in its best application, "hero," a person who did brave deeds and exhibited his manly qualities before his fellows.

And that is just what every man should be—a hero, one who triumphs over his own passions, rises above his own weaknesses of fallen nature, and proves himself worthy of his God-given mission as the highest development of creative power and wisdom.

SEARCH OF THE PROPHETS.

More than three thousand years ago the old prophet, Jeremiah, said, "Run ye to and fro through the streets of Jerusalem and see now and know and seek in the broad places thereof if you can find a man."

What manner of man was this to which the prophet referred? Was it not he who was free from the sins and corruptions of the time, who could look his neighbors squarely in the face without flinching or trace of fear, strong in the consciousness of his own rectitude and conduct?

From the earliest ages of the world there has been a premium placed on true manhood. Philosophers in olden time complained that human beings were plentiful, but men were scarce. However, the philosophers and prophets and poets made their ideal too high and their conception of what man ought to be too lofty.

I have no sympathy with the ancient cynic of whom the story is told that on being ordered to summon the good men of the city before the Roman censor, proceeded immediately to the graveyard and called to the dead beneath, explaining that he knew not where to find a good man alive.

THERE ARE MANY REAL MEN.

Now do I subscribe to the views of that gloomy sage and prince of grumblers, Thomas Carlyle, who described the population of his country as consisting of so many millions, mostly fools, and who could speak in praise of nobody but himself, and in the end of Mrs. Carlyle, who truly deserved all the praise meted out to her for forbearing so long with the eccentricities and truculence of her overbearing husband.

When any one complains as Diogenes did that he has to hunt the streets with candle at noonday to find an honest man, we are apt to think that his nearest neighbor would have quite as much difficulty as himself in making the discovery.

If you really are so pessimistic, so misanthropical as to think there is not a true man living, give such a thought no tongue; for appearance's sake don't mention your views until you yourself are dead.

GARFIELD'S AMBITION WAS FULFILLED.

James A. Garfield, when a youth, was asked what he wanted to make of himself, and he replied: "First of all, I must make of myself a man—if I fail in that I shall fail in everything else." He was right. Failure in manhood means failure in life; it is the one thing necessary to mount the heights of success. The world needs men in the true conception, there always is room for them, and they quickly are picked up; they have not to hunt around looking for jobs; the jobs always are after them, and they fit in all places.

When Appeles set himself the task of painting the portrait of a perfect woman he traveled all over Greece to study the different types and lines of beauty, getting a full eye here, a shapely nose there, a symmetrical ear in another place, and so on with all the other features. Then he studied the other physical proportions, and finally the bearing, poise, and contour, until he was able so to arrange his parts as to produce a composite picture as near to the necessary requirements as possible.

COMPOSITE TYPE THE TRUE ONE

It is in this way that the coming man must get together and absorb into himself all the good qualities of others, their virtues, strength, beauty of character, and all the features that go to make up a true manhood, rejecting all that are unworthy, ignoble and despicable. Thus will he be raised to the highest power and his whole being respond to the most delicate touches of nature.

Good seed when sown on poor ground may produce but a poor crop; however, the soil can be so cultivated improved, and enriched that it will bear a fine fruition and produce an abundant harvest. So men can be cultivated, too, bring forth the fruits of a glorious manhood, which are self-reliance, independence, strength of character, nobility of soul, purity of word and action, faith, hope, charity, love of all, kindness for the unfortunate, compassion for the suffering, pity for the oppressed, mercy for the weak, the will to assist those in need and the desire to do good to all irrespective of any consideration of personal feeling or gratification.

NOBLEST TITLE IN THE WORLD.

Manhood, remember, overtops all other titles. It is the noblest crown a human head can wear, far to be preferred to the golden, diamond decked baubles that surround the brows of kings and emperors.

Character is power, it needs no recommendation, it is its own credit. The men of character are the safety valves of business life and the conscience of society; they, and not the courts, guarantee the exception of the laws.

Men of manhood live in the hearts they leave behind, and do not die, merely pass on to higher, holier spheres of being.

NELSON'S SIGNALMAN.

It was in the winter of 1846 that Nelson's signalman—the man who hoisted the famous "England expects," etc.—was discovered by one who had served as surgeon on board the Tonnant at Trafalgar. The signalman, John Roome, was selling watercress and red herrings in Blackfriars. He had deserted from the navy after the battle, and this had disqualified him for a pension, but representations were made to Capt. Pasco, signal lieutenant on the Victory at Trafalgar, who used his influence on the old man's behalf. Capt. Pasco was at first unsuccessful; he was informed by the authorities that there were many more deserving candidates for Greenwich. Shortly afterward, however, room was found at Greenwich Hospital for old John. Had he lived in our time he would probably have received a princely salary for repeating the signal nightly at music halls.—London Chronicle.

WONDERS OF SCIENCE FOR 1908

Continued from Page Eleven.

is a pioneer along another line of human development which holds many possibilities for 1908. Placing his forearm in a jar filled with water to the point of overflow and keeping his position without moving, this investigator directed his thinking toward the arm. The blood soon entered the arm in such quantities as to enlarge it and cause the water in the jar to overflow. By directing his thoughts to his arm for a certain length of time daily for many days, he permanently increased both its size and its strength. He even instructed others to produce the same effect. Professor Gates has also found that change of the mental state changed the chemical character of the perspiration. When treated with the same chemical reagent the perspiration of an angry man showed one odor, that of a man in grief another, and so on through a large category of emotions. The breath also changed with the thought.

GREEN TASTE IS REALLY PINK.

Anger produces a brownish substance in the breath, sorrow gray, remorse pink. The results showed that each kind of thinking produced its own peculiar substance which the system was trying to expel. Professor Gates declares that every mental activity creates a chemical change and a definite anatomical structure in the animal which exercises the mental activity. The mind of the human organism, by an effort of the will properly directed, can produce measurable changes of the chemistry of the secretions and excretions. "It follows that all physiological processes of health or disease are psychological processes, and that the only way to inhibit, accelerate, or change these processes is to resort to methods properly altering the psychologic or mental processes."

Professor Gates continued his experiments with anger until he had obtained enough of the brownish substance, which appeared in the breath, to administer to men and animals. In every instance it produced nervous excitability or irritability. In his experiments with thought conditioned by jealousy he obtained another substance from the breath, which he injected into the veins of a guinea pig. The pig died in a few minutes. Hate, he found, is accompanied by the greatest expenditure of vital energy. He says it precipitates several chemical products and that enough would be eliminated in one hour of intense hate, to cause the death of fourscore persons. For the ptomaines of hate are the deadliest poisons known to science.

STUDYING ENERGY IN RESERVE.

A new line of work in psychology Professor James believes is opened up by his initial work in tapping the reservoirs of our energy in devising means whereby deeper and deeper reserves of human force are made available. The fact that there are such reserves he illustrates by the familiar phenomenon of getting one's "second wind." Evidently we stop when we meet the first layer of fatigue. But of an unusual necessity forces us to press onward the fatigue gets worse up to a certain critical point, when gradually or suddenly it passes away and we are fresher than before. We have evidently tapped a new level of energy masked until then by the fatigue obstacle usually obeyed. There may be layer after layer of this experience, a third and a fourth "wind." Mental activity shows the same phenomena as the physical, and in exceptional cases we may find "beyond the extremity of fatigue distress, amounts of ease and power that we never dreamed ourselves to own, sources of strength habitually not taxed at all because habitually we never push through the obstruction, never pass those early critical points."

When we do pass either some unusual stimulus fills us with emotional excitement or some unusual idea of necessity induces us to make an extra effort of will. Excitements, ideas, efforts are what carry us over the dam.

The difficulty is to use it, to make the effort which the word volition implies. But if we do make it it will act. A single successful effort of moral volition, such as saying "no" to some habitual temptation or performing some courageous act, will launch a man on a higher level of energy for days and weeks and give him a new range of power. The problem that Dr. James proposes to his follow psychologists is, How to unlock our energies. This is another big question which we may look to the science of 1908 to carry toward solution.

TURNING SOUND WAVES.

One of "Uncle Sam's" scientists at Washington gives an interesting explanation of the action of the wind in preventing the sound toward the direction from which the wind comes.

It is, he claims, not the wind, as such, that prevents sound from traveling against it, but differences in the strength of the wind. If, for instance, the wind is stronger above than below, or stronger at once side, its effect will be to tilt the sound waves in one direction or another.

Differences of temperature in the air also cause deflection of the waves of sound. Other atmospheric causes exist which deflect sound from a straight course and prevent it from going as far in certain directions as it may have been expected to go.

Some of the sirens in this country, says the scientist, produce sounds which ought, theoretically, to be audible at a distance of 1,500 miles, but in fact the authorities are satisfied if they are heard only two miles away. The reason for the discrepancy between calculation and experiment was probably artmospheric deflection of the sound.

It has been proved that no fewer than 32,000 beggars are at present making a better living in Vienna than ordinary workmen. One notorious family of professional beggars recently gave a grand ball and a concert at a local hotel.

The egg collection of the King of Denmark is valued at $125,000.

Too many are trying to go back to God with their pockets full of idols.

Every sacrifice is both a test of sincerity and an expression of service.

FAMOUS FEATS IN MODERN JOURNALISM

Continued From Page Eleven.

gether with a hint of difficulties that had arisen between Russia and England on the question of the boundaries of Bulgaria. Luckily the unconscious possessor of those precious papers had a small head. De Blowitz's hat fell almost over his ears, and he returned it to the rack with an air of disgust, which not only relieved but amused the Times' representative.

Two days before the treaty was to be signed De Blowitz threw everybody off the track by a clever deception. He had announced an appeal to Bismarck for advance sheets of the convention, and assumed an indignant mien when the request was refused, as he had designed. In an apparent huff he began packing to leave Berlin before the arrival of the momentous day. Meantime, under the pretext that a daily telegraphic service between Brussels and London was contemplated by the Times, he had secured from the Belgian minister a letter to the director-general of the telegraph, ordering that official to transmit immediately any long message De Blowitz might desire to forward to London.

All that he now lacked for the accomplishment of his projected coup was the preamble of the treaty. This he learned was in the hands of the Comte de St. Vallier. He astounded that man by producing a copy of the treaty, and St. Vallier, while refusing to hand over the preamble to De Blowitz, read it slowly so that he might exercise his wonderful memory.

On July 22, still expressing his outraged feelings, De Blowitz took the train for Brussels, with his secretary and assistant. The treaty was to be signed on Saturday, the 13th. As the Times does not publish a Sunday edition, all his work would be abortive unless the scoop appeared on that date. On the train De Blowitz dictated the preamble to his secretary. Then every precaution against being surprised by his colleagues or emissaries or suspicious diplomats was instituted. It was late when the telegraph office at Brussels was reached. The clerk in charge declined the message, saying, "This is the Treaty of Berlin. I cannot send it." But for his provision for such an emergency, the great scoop would have failed at that moment. De Blowitz drove to the residence of the director-general, who recognized the instructions written by the Belgian minister, and issued a peremptory order for the transmisison of the momentous message.

Thus the scoop of the century was saved. At the very hour on July 13 that the treaty was signed in Berlin a telegram from London announced that the Times had published the preamble and 64 articles, with an English translation appended.

DICK TURPIN'S TREE.

The last remaining portions of a famous old elm, which was known to all lovers of Blackheath and the surrounding country as "Dick Turpin's Tree," were removed recently. Tradition goes that the famous highwayman used to hover about near the gigantic branches of this elm, well out of view of his prey, whom he used to so adroitly "hold up" with his horse pistols, and relieve of whatever loose valuables they might have. The elm, which had a circumference of over fifteen feet, stood close to Hyde Vale, almost opposite "Ye Olde House." While it was being cut up a nail, in perfect condition, was found embedded in the center of the wood.—London Globe.

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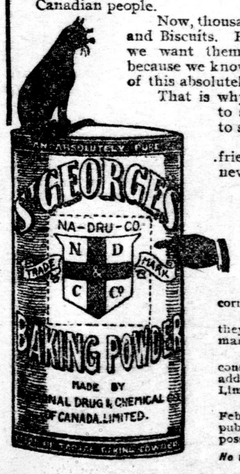

Now, thousands of housewives use it for Cakes, Pies, Rolls and Biscuits. But there are still many more who do not; we want them to try just one can of St. George's—because we know that one can will make them firm friends of this absolutely pure Cream of Tartar Baking Powder.

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