

About the Lady in Scarlet

"The Lady in Scarlet" is the heroine of an amusing sensation in art circles which threatens to become critical.

She is a picture with a past that has already caused trouble on both sides of the Atlantic.

In Paris she was barred out of the society of pictures accepted by the committee of the Exposition. By dint of sheer merit and a little influence she forced her way in; but there was a wall from painters whose works hung on the same wall with her that was heard in London, Berlin and New York.

Then she came to America—the home of her creator, Fred Dana Marsh—and found herself in similar difficulties.

By the exercise of persistence she secured a place in the present Academy exhibition in New York City—and this is what strained the opposition to a point which has determined the offending artist to throw down the gauntlet openly to all who oppose "The Lady in Scarlet" as this poor lady is also called.

Meanwhile the picture invites the scrutiny of the judicious at Clausen's art gallery, Fifth avenue, New York.

The whole matter is an example of the difficulties under which young artists labor in securing recognition for their work.

At the time of the Paris exposition Mr. Marsh sent for exhibition in the Palais des Beaux Arts his picture entitled, "The Lady in Scarlet." The painting, which may now be seen at Clausen's, is a full length portrait of Mrs. March, remarkable by reason of its vivid and luminous coloring. All of the jury with the exception of one man was eager to accept it. The one man who is a well-known French painter, born in America, was strenuous in his opposition.

"We can't have it here," he said. "The brilliant color will make the other pictures look dull and lifeless. I don't want mine beside it. It isn't fair. The fellow who painted it is young; let him wait. His time is coming; it's our turn now."

The rest of the jury, however, did not see the justice of this, and, in spite of the vigorous denunciation and voluble French diplomacy of the opposing painter, the portrait was accepted, and well hung, attracting good attention and being awarded a medal by an international jury.

Several American artists who saw the picture there, and who wished to show their own productions to the best advantage at the exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy in Philadelphia, wrote to the jury of selection requesting that Mrs. Marsh's "Lady in Scarlet" be not invited to the exhibition. But Mr. Morris, chairman of the hanging committee, having received a private letter from a prominent New York artist disclosing the petty reasons for such a request, refused to consider such an unfair proposition and courteously sent Mr. Marsh a personal invitation for that particular picture.

Meanwhile Mr. Marsh had also received invitations to send the now much discussed portrait to the International Exposition in Venice, and to one in St. Petersburg, but, acting upon the advice of an older artist who was genuinely interested in the young man's career, he decided to reserve it for the exhibition of the Society of American Artists, the time being too limited to admit of the portrait traveling such great distances.

Here it was rejected for the same reasons which prompted the Frenchman to fight against it in Paris.

By that time Mr. Marsh despaired of unaided justice being shown his work, but, not to be daunted, although expecting nothing, he sent it to the recent Academy exhibition, where it was shown to good advantage on the line to the right of the entrance door.

Mr. Marsh was very good-natured in speaking of his disagreeable experiences.

"I didn't mind so much being fought against by a Frenchman, but a man does expect plain justice in America. I suppose a strong colored picture does make softer effects appear to disadvantage, but it isn't fair to turn a fellow down just because other men's work won't look well beside it. An exhibition isn't supposed to be a general scheme of color, nor yet an harmonious mural decoration."

Mr. Marsh recalls with amusement an incident which cast doubts upon the discerning qualities of the men who form juries. Some years ago he painted a picture, the color scheme of which was white, calling it "The White Boudoir." He sent it to the Salon du Champ de Mars; it was rejected. The following year he took the same picture, rubbed a glazing of yellow over the entire canvas, deepened the color in the young woman's dress, and sent it once more to the

Salon under the title, "The Yellow Boudoir"; it was rejected a second time.

He sent it the third year, not altering it in any way, and it was accepted. Mr. Marsh wonders if the picture had "improved with age."

When asked if he was surrounded by artistic influences when a child Mr. Marsh smiled.

"Not very," he answered. "My father was a commission merchant in the stock yards in Chicago, and he wished me to enter the same business. To this end, when I was about seventeen, my morning duty was to drive the pigs and cattle into the yard. After that I was initiated into the mysteries of double entry. When I had been there about two weeks I chanced to look out of the window in time to see a very fat woman waddling along with wind-twisted garmets. Behind her were two men carrying with great difficulty a canvas sign; the difficulty was owing to the high wind against the sign, which acted as a sail and was rapidly leading them in dangerous proximity to the fat woman.

"This suggested to me the scene which would occur did the men actually run against her, and I drew a series of pictures representing the various stages of the catastrophe. I sent them to the 'Drovers' Journal,' and when they were accepted and I had received the money I showed it to my father, saying:

"This is better than driving hogs, and I think I'll follow it up."

After that Mr. Marsh went to the Art Institute in Chicago, where he received all of his technical knowledge. Several years later he went to Paris. There he followed his own ideas, never going to the schools and studying only the old masters. He painted huge canvases representing dramatic and tragical scenes, feeling sure that the best way for him was to work it out for himself without regard to the methods of others.

Three years later he exhibited "The Yellow Boudoir" at the Salon. Macmonnies went twice to see it. Speaking of it to his pupils he said: "There's a young chap who's fighting it out for himself. That's the right way to get at it."

Mr. Marsh is now living in Nutley, N. J., where he has a house and studio which have been decorated throughout under Mr. Marsh's personal supervision. The walls of the studio are tinted a dull green, which serves as a background for his richly colored canvases. Above the mantelpiece Mr. Marsh has painted in subdued shades a fantastic decoration, in which unicorns, leopards, fair maidens and slim boys run riotously with the wind. The studio opens into the house, the walls of which are hung with striped papers of exquisite shades and dainty designs, against which are placed sketched, photographs and copies of the old masters. Most of the furniture is bought with a view to its picturesque qualities, Mr. Marsh being fond of introducing it into his paintings.

Much of it represents periods of historical interest and was bought from the different countries through which the artist traveled while abroad.—Ex.

Everything Burned.

Saturday evening at 4:30 o'clock the roadhouse owned and operated by Mrs. Thompson at 26 Eldorado was totally destroyed by fire, together with all that was in it. The fire originated from a spark on the tar paper roof and before Mrs. Thompson who was in the house realized what was doing the whole roof was ablaze and the neighbors were hurrying thither from all sides. The Kangaroo fire department, the pride of Eldorado, responded at once, but as soon as the blaze got through the roof into the cloth and paper lining the whole interior burst into flame and nothing was saved. All of Mrs. Thompson's clothing, save what she wore at the time, was destroyed. Her loss is several hundred dollars.

Left for Ottawa.

Messrs. T. W. Fuller, Dominion architect, and Harry Ewatts, draughtsman, left today for Ottawa on business with the head of the department of architecture. Mr. Fuller will return to Dawson soon after the opening of navigation. Mr. Ewatts will probably not return. He is secretary of Dawson's St. Andrew's Society and leaves many friends behind him.

Names of Materials.

The fine white linen of which cambric handkerchiefs are made is so called because it was first made at Cambrai, in the department of the Nord, France. The gauzy fabric muslin is so named from the town of Mosul, in Mesopotamia. Alpaca was originally made from the wool of the Peruvian sheep of that name, akin to the llama. In eighteenth century romances we often read of gar-

ments made of oaduasoy, which was simply a smooth kind of silk originally made at Padua, soy or soie being French for silk.

To this day shopkeepers who appeal to the custom of ladies are fond of labeling their goods with French names, and the description of the dresses at a fashionable wedding is a hidden mystery to the male reader. Mousseline de soie is simply silk muslin, and crepe de chine is china crepe. Crepe is so called from its wrinkled appearance and sharpness to the touch and is the same word as we know in the form of crisp. The rough material called frieze was originally made in Friesland. Tweed, although Scotch, is not named from the famous border river. It is a corruption of twill.—Chambers' Journal.

The Coming Race.

"I see that some English doctor or something says that we are developing into a legless race."

"How could there be a race without legs?"

"Easy. What's the matter with a steamboat race? At the same time, it looks as if a legless race would be a great boom for politics."

"How so?"

"Everybody would be going on the stump."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Intelligence and the Suffrage.

Symonds—So you object to woman suffrage. I should like to know upon what grounds, if you have any reasonable ones.

Belcher—I've heard more than a hundred women say the men are all alike. With such an idea in their heads, how could you expect an intelligent use of the suffrage from them?—Boston Transcript.

Many Bicyclists.

According to a late issue of the Whitehorse Star eighteen bicyclists left there one morning recently for Dawson and have doubtless all arrived ere this. They left Whitehorse in a party but the chances are they arrived in parties of one or two. The trail is not in the best of condition for wheels owing to numerous rough places and cracks in the ice.

Old Fight Renewed.

Berlin, Feb. 21.—The old fight between Emperor William and the musician was renewed in the second burgomaster, was reopened in the lower house of the diet today.

The house was packed. Amid intense excitement Herr Traeger, Radical, demanded to know why Herr Kaufman had not been confirmed. The minister of the interior, Baron von Hammerstein, replied that grave objections existed to Herr Kaufman. But the minister declined to furnish any further explanation. He said, however, that the facts in the case had been reported to the emperor. It was patent to everyone, continued the minister, that the Left was trying to bring party politics into municipal affairs and was making the case a test of strength in an attempt to wrest power from the king and lodge it in the hands of the party.

In Self-Defense.

St. Louis, Feb. 15.—As the result of a feud between West End boys, Willie Ledger, sixteen years old, was shot and instantly killed last night by Fretwill Shock, a ten-year-old lad in knickerbockers. Shock is a prisoner at the mounted district station. He admits that he killed Ledger, but says he shot at one of Ledger's companions in self-defense.

"That fellow had me down and the gang of them would have beat me to death if I hadn't shot," said Shock.

The boys of both factions are the sons of well-to-do and respectable parents.

Ordinance Comb.

New York, Feb. 21.—It was announced here today by Joseph H. Hoadley that the controlling interest in the American Ordnance Company, of Bridgeport, Conn., had been bought by the Hoadley-Cramp syndicate. Charles R. Flint, who was president of the company, has resigned and Joseph H. Hoadley has been elected to succeed him. Joseph W. Hoadley has been elected vice president and treasurer, and Frank W. Curtis secretary.

Lineman's Death.

Butte, Mont., Feb. 21.—A special to the Miner from Anaconda says: Miller Olding, a lineman, while trying to connect a two-thousand volt wire today without his safety belt, received a shock that threw him to the ground, receiving injuries from which he died several hours later. Olding's head was crushed and his back broken by the fall.

Hixon—Do you believe that man originally sprang from the monkey? Dixon—No, but I believe that all women spring from mice. — Chicago News.

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