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# NEW YORKS ART GALLERIES by Frederick James Gregg



## NEW SOCIETY OF ARTISTS MAKES BOW WITH SHOW

It was just possible to get a general impression yesterday of the first exhibition of the new Society of American Painters, Sculptors and Gravers, which was put on view for the specially invited, at the Gimpel and Wildenstein Galleries, No. 647 Fifth avenue.

The three handsome rooms contain works in a dozen mediums, which were brought together without the intervention of a jury of selection—each man and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney sending the two things that he, or she, decided on.

It would be absurd, in spite of Mr. Jonas Lie, to say that the exhibition affair is a challenge to the Academy. The fact, however, that this body contains twenty-eight members of the Academy would not be sufficient refutation of such a suggestion. For there is nothing surprising in that number of Academicians becoming tired of the attitude of the majority of those who slumber so peacefully in West Fifty-seventh street.

Anyhow, the other Academicians, those not represented here, won't hate this show because it is "new" or "modern" or "rebellious" or "independent." They will detest it because it is vastly better than any exhibition of their own that they ever held or ever dreamed of. It is only necessary to imagine the Academy, without most of the rubbish it welcomes, and with certain work of outsiders that it lets in unwillingly, to get an idea of the present exhibition.

It is of course impossible to see just why the Academy does not want to bring into its membership Rendell Davey, Hayley Lever, Jerome Myers, Guy Paine Du Bois, Samuel Halpert, Rockwell Kent, Leon Kroll, George Luks, Henry Lee McFee, Van Deering Perrine, Maurice Prendergast, Boardman Robinson and John Sloan—who are all in this Society.

Mr. Halpert's "Window" would have frightened the conservatives a few years ago. It is obvious now. Mr. McFee's "Still Life" and "Portrait of a Child" are delightful and could not scare a mouse of today. Mr. Kent's "Cliffs" is just a powerful piece of painting. Mr. Luks' "Portrait of Miratz" represents the painter in his best mood. As for Mr. Prendergast, Mr. Robinson and Mr. Sloan, they are in their usual manner. If the Academy could not "see" these artists as fit for Associates, so much the worse for the Academy. That is all, but it does not turn any or all of them into artistic devils with horns on their heads, hoofs for feet and barbed tails.

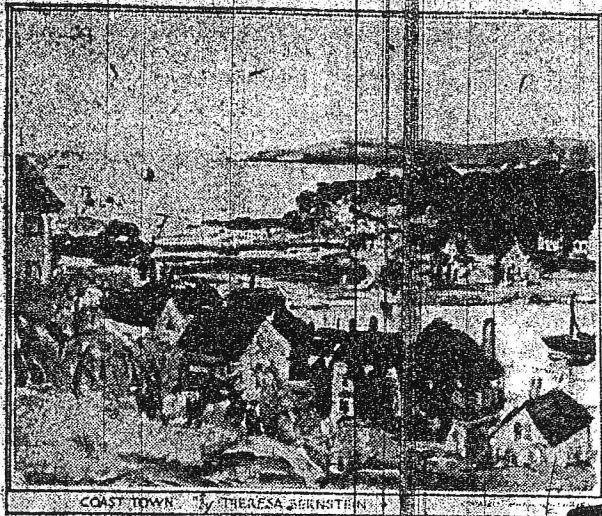
Anyhow, if these men are "advanced," or "dangerous," why is it that their works fit in so well with those of Paul W. Bartlett, George Bellows, Timothy Cole, Joseph Pennell, Childe Hassam, J. Alden Weir, Irving R. Wiles and Mahonri Young, all of whom are regarded as perfectly orthodox?

It is said that there was no hanging committee. Then it is a pity that there was not such a committee of one. Mr. Gari Melcher's "Highlander" is not well placed, nor is Mr. Henri's reclining figure—so far as the comfort of their neighbors goes. The Hassam group is hurt through not putting the drawings by themselves.

There will be plenty of discussion about this show. Comparative strangers to the New York public, like Andrew O'Connor and Walter Griffin, are nobly represented, and those whose sculptures, and so on, are familiar show how important it is for the artist and how easy to judge of what is in the work.

**Gobelin Tapestry To Be Sold Only to Americans**  
A group of six paintings and a silk and woolen seventeenth century gobelin tapestry are on exhibition in the Anderson Art Galleries, where they will be sold by order of Francis P. Garvan, Allen Prop-

## THERESA BERNSTEIN A REALIST IN THE OLD SENSE OF THE WORD



COAST TOWN by THERESA BERNSTEIN

There is nothing feminine about the paintings of Theresa Bernstein, now on view at the Milch Galleries. It is with a man's vision that this artist looks at her subjects—in the streets, the elevated railroad trains, at the beaches, in the parks, in the lobbies of theatres, in seaport places or in a church. Then, having found what she wants, it is with a man's vigor that she sets it down to stay.

While she seems to prefer the part of the city which is least conventional and most "popular," she does not put any sentiment into her characters, has no sermon to preach, and is not impressed by either the pathos or the misery of existence, being apparently quite satisfied when she satisfies herself.

Sometimes her interest in a group interferes with the success of her presentation of it. As a result, the landscapes—such as "Sea and Sand" and "The Harbor, Gloucester, Mass."—are better in many of the street scenes, in which the pattern is interfered with by the figure.

It is a case of the forest over again, with their everlasting conflict.

Her work is quite free from any artistic point. The persons and the places, with what the latter are doing and no explanation why, are seized on firmly and vividly.

She is a realist in the old sense, but not in the new sense about belonging to a school. She is young and should go far.

the private office of the speaker of the House. I was endeavoring to make a portrait sketch of him, trying to get something behind his baffling mask to put on paper.

"Having some difficulties, eh?" he said to me; others have had the same. "Then at great length and extraordinary detail the speaker told me a tale of all the abinks and catmunks which had been heaped upon his head for many years. It was all interesting to the last degree, but as I sat straggling with one sketch after another the question in my mind always uppermost was—why, why was he telling all this to me?"

"Then he said in his most aggravating drawl:—'But no one in his bitterest moment; no, not even my bitterest enemy, ever said of men that I resembled the portrait John Sargent painted of me, which is hanging over there on the wall.'"

"Every-day New York" in its various phases is set in several pictures in the current monthly exhibition at the Paint Box Gallery, at No. 64 Washington square. The thirty-one water colors shown are the work of Sander Bernstein, a young Hungarian artist, who is a member of the staff of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Among the subjects familiar to the inhabitant of New York and treated by Mr. Bernstein are the elevated railroads, docks, freight yards, the Hudson, Balisades and old houses. The artist's water colors are pure wash, used without white, and are marked by transparency and brilliancy.

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and  
**'GRAVERS**

November 3d to 22d

Inclusive

Galleries of

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647 Fifth Avenue

## Noted Belleek Pottery Works to Change Hands

One of the few contemporary pottery works of importance to the collector is that at Belleek, in County Fermanagh, Ireland. This justly celebrated ware was invented by Brianclon, a Frenchman, early in the last century. The delicate china was produced at first in France and England, but it got its distinctive name when the scene of operations was moved to Belleek.

Considerable surprise has been expressed that the works are to change hands at private sale, especially in Ireland, where the porcelain had come to be regarded as among the most national of local products, ranking with Dublin stout and whiskey, Irish hunting horses, Belfast ships, Waterford glass—the secret of which has long been lost—and the fine silverplate of the eighteenth century.

Belleek china is of high quality in texture, glaze and design. Its "iridescence" is obtained by metallic washes which are subsequently fired. It has been considered for generations as supplying a conclusive proof of the skill and taste of the Irish craftsman, and has been much sought after by American and English visitors. It is suggested that, like many "luxury trades" abroad, like "lacemaking," this one has suffered severely through the shutting down of tourist traffic.

It is hoped that this notable industry will not pass into foreign control, especially as there is a great deal of talk about the revival of Irish arts and crafts. The works are to be sold as a "going concern," fully equipped, as at present working, with a never-failing water supply from Lough Neagh, one of the largest lakes in Ireland.

## Famous Carpet of Ardebil in De Lamar Sale

All the contents of the house of the late Captain J. C. De Lamar, No. 237 Madison avenue, are to be sold by the American Art Association on November 21 and 22.

Among the Oriental rugs is the great "Mosque Carpet of Ardebil," formerly in the (shaded) De Verkes collection. It is a pendant to a famous rug in the South Kensington Museum. These two are regarded as among the most important products of the looms of the Near East in existence. The Ardebil piece is 22 feet by 12 feet, and contains 1,100,000 knots in all.

Among the tapestries is a grand Gobelin in which is depicted an episode taken from Tasso's "Jerusalem Liberata," called "The Death of Rinaldo." It is dated 1733 and signed by "Nozani." It originally belonged to the Marquis de Spinola of Genoa, and afterward became the property of the Marquis de Noailles, who sold it in 1806. It was purchased for the Duke of Hamilton, and from the Duke of Hamilton it passed to the Marquis de Marquand, in whose collection the tapestry was sold in 1903 under catalogue No. 1,332. The other tapestries consist of examples from the Brussels and Aubusson looms.

The furniture includes a number of pieces by the makers of Paris, which were formerly in the Charles F. Verkes and Isaac D. Verkes collections. Among the last-does is one by the English Joshua Chambers, dated 1715. It is over eleven feet in length.