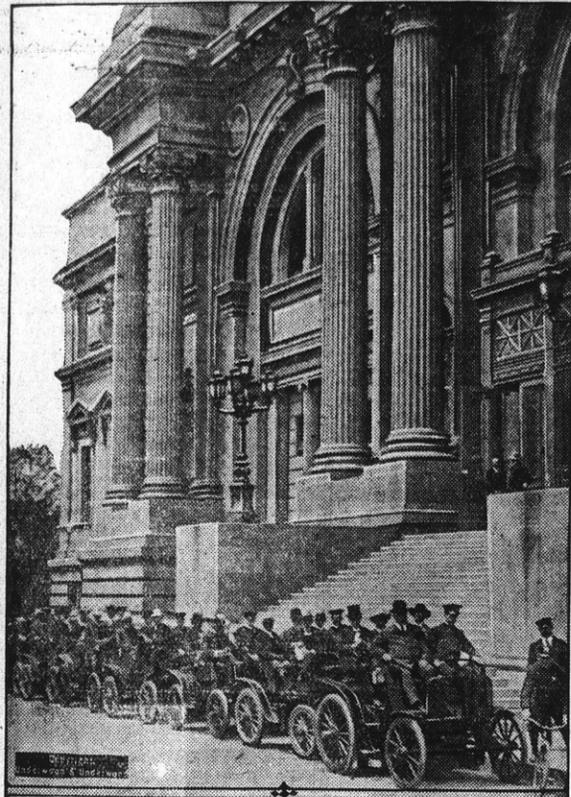


METROPOLITAN MUSEUM of ART



MAIN ENTRANCE

THE Metropolitan Museum of Art is the greatest treasure house in the western world. If it were not such an orderly establishment it might be compared to an Aladdin's cave, magnified a thousand times, for on its walls, in its cabinets and in its fireproof, burglar-proof storage vaults are art objects worth \$150,000,000, exclusive of its financial resources of upward of \$10,000,000. It holds individual works of art that are the finest things of their kind in the world; it has collections that have no peers in the great galleries of Europe. It is only 42 years since it was organized, and in that half the span of its history its president's life it has grown from an idea to the greatest marvel in the history of art museums in the world. And it never has been able to exhibit anything like all the art objects in its possession.

Long Called an Art Pirate.

It is only for the reason that it is such a polite institution that one refrains from calling the museum a kind of gorgeous pirate's lair, filled with such treasures, magnified a thousandfold, as the Kidds and Morgans of the Spanish Main were wont to gather in as loot from the galleons and cities they sacked.

Indeed, ever since the Metropolitan museum trustees made their second purchase of a collection as a whole in 1872, when they took the Cesnola antiques away from the British museum, our greatest art institution has been looked upon in Europe as an art pirate ranging the seas of that particular world and picking up every available treasure that showed its sail above the horizon. What Disraeli could not induce the British nation to do—to keep the Colonna Madonna through its purchase—J. Pierpont Morgan was able to accomplish and bring it to New York. The museum, however, is the most honest pirate's lair that ever was.

When the museum was first organized, in 1871, the officers and trustees started out to raise \$250,000, and the first collection they bought was one of 175 paintings of European schools, for which they paid \$116,180.27. At the present time there are two single objects in the museum that cost \$500,000 each, and the institution has only recently been presented with the Benjamin Altman collection of 75 paintings that are valued at \$15,000,000.

That comparison serves to indicate the spirit with which the museum is regarded nowadays as compared to the era of its beginning, when its first important acquisition—the Cesnola collection of Cypriote antiques—caused the most acrimonious art battle that this country ever has known, and when the museum seemed to have more enemies than friends. Now it seems to have nothing but friends, whose liberality surpasses that of any of the great prodigals of history or fiction.

The leader of these friends of the museum is the late J. Pierpont Morgan, who still lives within the walls of the building in spirit and whose benefactions in the forms of gifts, loans and influence are as vital today as they were before his death. There is scarcely a gallery in the whole of the many-chambered structure that does not bear evidence of his generosity and his catholicity of taste.

From the entrance hall, with its Don Quixote tapestries that are reputed to have cost the late financier \$250,000, through the classical, Egyptian, Decorative Art, Painting and

Sculpture and Ceramic departments—everywhere one sees the name of J. Pierpont Morgan affixed to object after object either as a donor or a lender of all these precious things. And in the storage vaults of the museum there is hanged case after case, containing all of his Egyptian treasures save the 30 paintings now on view, that are to be shown next January in the new north wing that is to be devoted to exhibiting these Morgan treasures and nothing else.

Many Priceless Loans.

In itself this collection that is yet to be seen is the greatest group of art objects ever brought together by one man in the world. Its estimated value of \$75,000,000 does not include many things that Mr. Morgan had loaned or given to the museum before his death. Chief of these is the Garland-Morgan collection of Chinese porcelains that has no peer anywhere in the world. Mr. Morgan paid \$750,000 for the Garland collection alone, and to this he added piece after piece (one Hawthorne vase cost \$90,000) from his private collection, until today the objects in that one room are worth at least \$1,500,000. Then there is the Mazarin tapestry, "The Kingdom of Heaven," for which Mr. Morgan is reported to have paid \$500,000 and which is regarded by all authorities on textiles as the finest piece of tapestry in the world. The Hoenschel collection of Gothic and French Renaissance furniture and decorations cost \$1,250,000, and of these he presented the Gothic portion outright to the museum.

Although it is not so showy as some of the collections of paintings, this department of the museum is its greatest single feature from the viewpoint of educational value. In the place where the Mazarin tapestry and the Hoenschel collection are shown—together with the Morgan Merovingian collection from the seventh century—is the splendid gift of Mrs. Russell Sage, the famous Bolles collection of Colonial furniture, comprising 360 pieces, for which Mrs. Sage is reported to have paid \$100,000. This wing of Decorative Arts also shelters some early Gothic sculptures and wood carvings, loaned by Mr. Morgan in the past, that are among its chief treasures.

Though we speak of monetary value of these collections and objects in definite terms, they are the valuations placed on them at the time they were presented to the museum or acquired by it through purchase. Consequently those figures give little idea of the present value of the collections, owing to the fact that within the last quarter of a century the intrinsic value of all art objects has advanced in an extraordinary way.

No Hitch in the Program.

A characteristic story of the late Joseph Pulitzer about himself was one relating to an occurrence which took place after he had become editor and part proprietor of the Westliche Post. He had given great offense to a certain judge in St. Louis and the latter declared one day from the bench that before the sun set he would seek out Pulitzer and shoot him down like a dog. If my memory serves me, Mr. Pulitzer was in court when this threat was made—in any case it came to his ears—and he immediately issued an "extra" announcing the proposed assassination and stating that he would remain in his office until the setting of the sun in order that no hitch might occur in the program.—Alleyne Ireland in Metropolitan.

CHINA'S FUTURE OF INTEREST

Every Student Realizes the Possibilities That Are Part of Country's Present Development.

China is tossing restlessly in her age-long sleep, and shows signs of awakening. This situation appeals to the United States only indirectly; but most of the land-hungry European nations are waiting at her bedside, and are guessing as to her present pathologic condition and her outlook for future health and strength. Competent judges near at hand agree that if China were to produce, soon, some great leader, he would become the center of crystallization for the saturated solution of loyal sentiment, which is latent in this mighty people. Lacking such a living leader, the Chinese may call upon Confucius, and unite the several diverse provinces under a potent bond of religious fervor. However the influence of the great ethical teacher may have waned during the past century, he has not become a negligible quantity, as the recent surprising observance of his birthday fully attests. About a week before that date a circular letter was sent to all the governors of provinces, setting forth the virtues of Confucius. The intention was that this statement should be presented to local magistrates, and by them be brought before the plain people. Thus a way would be prepared for the subsequent elevation of the great and honored sage as the true leader of the new republic. Naturally, we would expect him to be held most highly in honor by the old dethroned Manchu dynasty. "Young China," however, realizes that the country greatly needs both a leader and a religion, and that these two needs could be met by a revival of the Confucian cult probably in a modernized form. Twenty years ago the sage's birthday was observed only slightly and sporadically, but this year there has been a widely spread and distinctly fervent expression of public devotion to him. Decorations, processions and public meetings are reported from all the provinces. "Young China" is willing to concede much, if only it can gather in most of the factions, conservative and radical, throughout this heterogeneous nation. At one celebration, not far from Canton, hymns in favor of Confucius were sung by four graduates of the Canton Christian college; and the words were set to the music of "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon," and to a favorite Methodist melody. The effect of this year's observance is to suggest the conjecture that China's awakening may have to be primarily religious, and secondarily political. What will result from this call to Confucius?—American Review of Reviews.

Prison Reform Praised.

Law Notes makes this comment on the recent prison reform in the state of Washington by which the inmates of the penal institutions are allowed a small daily wage for their labor, which is paid to their families: "Aside from the humaneness of this practice, it has its value in the administration of the criminal law, for no one will venture to dispute that many criminals who should be in prison are at large because juries, out of regard for the suffering of their families, have refused to convict, or judges after conviction have suspended sentence, or imposed a light sentence, out of regard for the same fact. Of course with such a system in force the reason for such unwarranted (from a legal view) leniency is removed, and the criminal receives his just punishment regardless of family connections. And certainly if the state can make money out of the labor of its convicts, there is no good reason why it should pocket the gains, leaving the family of the criminal, in no way responsible for his misdeed, to bear the real punishment for his crime."

College's Ten Commandments.

The college students' "Ten Commandments" have been discovered at Columbia university. They were published by the Dorms, a paper issued by the residents of Hartley, Livingstone and Fernald halls. A strange feature about the list is that there is no provision for spending a single moment at his lessons. These are the commandments:

1. To rise at 7:30, to retire at 10:00.
2. To exercise half an hour daily.
3. To read at least a chapter of the Bible daily.
4. To attend the theater once a week.
5. To attend all the important lectures on the campus.
6. To spend a few minutes daily reading periodicals.
7. To get as much out of myself as possible.
8. To read one novel and one play a week.
9. To write to mother every week.
10. To take inventory of myself each month.

Audience Bowled to Artist.

Jean Gerardy, the cellist, who has finished a successful month's tour in England with Tetraxini, will tour in Germany, Russia, Paris, Belgium and Austria. He tells the story of how a delightful provincialism is still prevalent in England: "I was invited to stop off at a village not on my regular itinerary by a deputation of music lovers. I couldn't resist the invitation. The hall was packed. "Fancy my amused amazement when on coming on to the stage and making my usual perfunctory bow the entire audience politely rose from their seats and bowed back with the utmost formality, some of the older women throwing a curtsey."

SHIVERED THE RECORD

ONE CONSOLATION LEFT TO VICTIMIZED PEDESTRIAN.

Effort Cost Him Much, However, and It Was Without Great Pleasure That He Learned He Had Been "Fooled, B'Goah."

It was a typical old-fashioned country store. The real native that goes with such a place was seated on a cracker box, clad in the old-time careless country style. Another of the same vintage was engaging him—let us call him Gray Whiskers—in a heated argument on election. The second man in the course of his remarks said "he was nigh onto eighty years old" referring with pride to his war record. (He was mustered out at Readville.)

"What time does the next train leave here for Boston?" briskly inquired the writer.

"Oh, about two hours or more they'll be one," said Gray Whiskers.

The writer lost some of his brisk manner and expressed discontent and a few other things.

At this point the veteran volunteered the information that a train stopped at Sharon Junction in an hour and the writer might walk there and wait for it.

"Holy smoke," howled the writer, "you expect me to walk four miles in an hour? Couldn't do it."

"Huh, four mile 's nothin'; I've walked it in three-quarters of an hour an' I'm eighty years old," boasted the veteran.

"Yes, an' I seen him do it, and I'll bet ye he kin do it again," butted in Gray Whiskers.

Well, various remarks were passed and the writer offered to cover all bets, but there was nothing doing. It was two o'clock sharp when the writer left for the long journey down the track; the train was due at Sharon Heights about three or a little after.

"I wonder if that old rube could make it," he pondered as he skipped the ties. "There's Edward Payson Weston, he was an old has-been. I reckon I'll try to make a little record myself."

The day was fairly cool; a little of the sun lent its rays to warm the scene. The sky was blue and walking fairly good. One mile post after another flashed by. Feverishly the writer gazed at his watch; he was well inside the limit. The last mile post was dancing toward him, but what a difference in the atmosphere. He was stifled with the heat. Hat in hand and coat over arm he sped onward as if the devils were at his heels.

At last the journey was ended. He fell into a chair at the station and looked at his watch once more. The veteran's record was smashed to atoms, done in 35 minutes, and the station agent there to prove it. He would hand it to those rubes. The fact that his collar was a shapeless pulp and his clothes wringing wet with the strenuous effort was nothing. The record was broken. That was enough.

A few weeks passed and the incident was forgotten. Lately, however, the writer had occasion to visit Foxboro again. He went to the general store and sought Gray Whiskers and the veteran. The proprietor was the only one present. Triumphantly the writer told how speedily he had covered those four miles.

The proprietor blew out a wreath of smoke; "an' you took any stock in the talk of those two fellers? Why, they never walked more than 100 yards from this here store in years," he said. "An' that old veteran he's all bunged up with rheumatism. I guess ye were fooled b'goah."

The writer took a look at the time table; he had an hour to wait, but he took Gray Whiskers' place on the cracker box and did not try to break any more records.

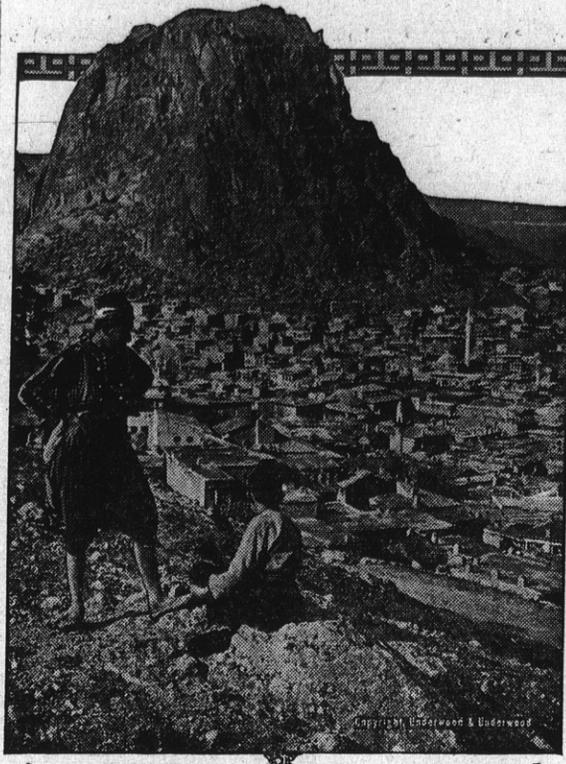
Jersey Journalism's Jaunts.

The first regular newspaper published in New Jersey, the New Jersey Gazette, was issued from Burlington on December 3, 136 years ago. Isaac Collins, a Quaker, was the founder of the publication. It did not long have the field to itself, for within a year the New Jersey Journal was established at Chatham by David Franks. Collins, the father of New Jersey's fourth estate, was a printer, and had a printing office in Burlington for several years before he undertook the publication of a newspaper. Twelve years before the Gazette appeared a paper called the Constitutional Courant was issued in Burlington "by Andrew Marvel, at the sign of the Bribe Refused, on Constitution Hill, North America." Only one number was issued, and while the Courant was printed in New Jersey it was circulated principally in New York. The real publisher was William Goddard, who later published a paper in Philadelphia. The Courant bitterly attacked the British government, and was promptly suppressed.

On the Road.

A Yankee tourist spending a holiday in Dublin happened to be riding a motor bicycle on a road that leads to the town of Bray. Seeing an Irishman riding an ass toward the city and thinking to have a joke with him, he dismounted, and, approaching Pat, exclaimed: "Hello Pat, is your motor or mine the best?" "I think they're just the same" said Pat. "Do you think this motor of mine is an ass?" "I do," said Pat. "How do you make that out?" "Because it's going to Bray."

RED SEA to MOUNT SINAI



MT. SINAI

TO VISIT the Holy Land is a risk that many people prefer not to run; they would rather keep the picture of Jerusalem in their minds than witness the degradation of an ideal Jerusalem where humbug preys upon credulity at so many shillings per "holy site." Indeed, the faith and ignorance of a Russian pilgrim seems necessary if one would retain unspoil the childhood's glamour of many scenes of scriptural association. In spite of drawbacks, however, the ever-increasing facilities of travel draw thousands and thousands to Palestine, many of whom return with faith stimulated and imagination strangely vivified. For the danger of disillusion is confined more or less to the cities, whose vulgar modernization so utterly destroys any glamour of the past. The country, the atmosphere, the climate remain fortunately unchanged. To follow the route of the Israelitish exodus, for instance, challenges comparison less crudely. To visit the scenes of the 40 years' wanderings in the wilderness, apparently holds less risk of disillusionment. For the desert does not change; the granite peaks of Sinai may have crumbled, but it has not yet a funicular railway to bring it up to date; and no tramway line makes convenient, though hideous, the desolate shores of the wonderful Red sea.

Rock Moses Smote.

With a thrill of reverent awe one looks upon the rock that Moses smote for water, the slope where grew the brilliant burning bush, the gray, waste plain where the golden calf enflamed the idolaters, and the bleak, limestone heights whence Moses watched the battle against the Amalekites while Aaron and Hur held up his aching arms.

From Cairo by train to Ismailia, thence to Suez and across the Red sea from the Valley of Moses, some eight miles down the coast—and then, by easy camps, always prepared in advance by Cook's dragoman, to Mount Sinai and its monastery. A good map shows the route, while the brief description and the striking photographs persuaded the reader that he had almost witnessed a swift cinematograph performance. Formalities were considerable, it seems; a permit from the war office had to be obtained, while the necessary camel and Bedouin for the journey were engaged by contract from no less a personage than the archbishop of Sinai! All the Arab tribes, from Suez to Sinai, are under the control of the Sinai convent, each tribe in turn supplying travelers with camels. The dragoman, in this instance, was typical of his race, and the actual start was attended with as many difficulties and delays as those of the Israelites themselves experienced. For Mr. Sutton made the mistake of believing that when less said a thing was done, it had been done!

From the journey itself one gets a vivid impression of a desolate and howling wilderness, "howling" with wind, not savage animals; of waterless wadis, unbroken by any sign of plant or creature life, their sandy floors strewn with gigantic boulders that earthquakes have shaken down from the surrounding peaks; of occasional delightful cases where the wells, though sometimes brackish, were plentifully filled; of crystal atmosphere, fierce heat, and gorgeous sunsets. The temperature varied between 35 degrees Fahrenheit; often the track (made by camels only) was flat enough to allow a motor car to travel smoothly; the average camel pace was three

miles an hour; involving much muscular inconvenience to a rider who had never been on camel back before. From little details such as these the reader pictures the daily trek and thinks of the host of weary Israelites on foot, with insufficient food, harassed by Amalekites and other disagreeable people, and blaming their leader for leaving behind the tempting flesh-pots of their Egyptian slavery.

Loneliness Complete.

The loneliness was, of course, complete, an occasional Bedouin being the only humanity the little party encountered, except once, when, nearing Sinai, they came across two Englishmen sleeping in the open, without tents or retinue, while they hunted for Turquoises and kept a weather eye alert for ibexes. One has a longing to know more about those two lonely Englishmen on their adventurous quest, but information is not forthcoming.

The mountains stand out boldly on this trip—not only the great bleak range of Sinai, but other hills as well, with naked ridges, gaunt cliffs and peaks of extraordinary formation. The coloring was most striking. Red granite mountains in the glory of the desert dawn must be seen to be believed; but it was the limestone strata that provided the weirdest framework of this desolate wilderness.

The afterglow in desert country can neither be painted nor described. The granite and limestone, too, were varied sometimes by veins of red-brown porphyry, black diorite, and glittering slabs of gypsum, transparent as crystal. There was certainly no lack of brilliant coloring to make up for the comforting greens of absent foliage, while at night in moonlight the effect was of some enchanted fairyland of purest silver. And in this setting is constructed for the inner eye the procession of the great Jewish host, the pillar of cloud by day and fire by night, the route by which Moses descended from communing with his Deity; smashing the tables of stone and strewing the powdered fragments "on the surface of the brook which descends from a spring on the western slopes of the Sufafa." Beneath the "Mountain of Conversation" in the Wadi Beiran, which by Arab tradition, is the mountain where God conversed with Moses, the Arabs still sacrifice to the memory of the Hebrew prophet, singing: "O mountain of the conversation of Moses, we seek thy favor! Preserve thy good people and we will visit thee every year."

A visit to the Monastery of Sinai is interesting. The party was courteously received by the monks, who now number only 25, instead of, as formerly, 400, and pitched their tent in a convenient spot outside. After attending a service in modern Greek, "three of the monks called and joined us at tea, when we had a most interesting talk with them about evangelizing their Moslem 'slaves,' i. e., descendants of 100 Roman and 100 Egyptian slaves, presented to the monastery by Justinian in the sixth century. They said that up till the English rule in Egypt their lives were in danger, one of the monks having been shot through the chapel window while celebrating mass. Now, thanks to the English, all the country was peaceful and quiet, but yet they had not dared to mention Christianity to their Moslem dependents for fear of raising antagonism." A visit to the charnel house was also made, where the bones of the monks lie carefully piled up since the sixth century, but the bishops' bones are kept in boxes apart.