

# The Conning Tower

"ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO"

"Arma virumque cano;" but I think that you oughtn't to blame me. "Arma virumque cano;" though a subject I don't know a thing of. Though there are plenty of themes that, perhaps, as a bard, ought to claim me. Yet am I certain today that there's not any other to sing of.

The German Admiralty—bless its Kulturistic heart!—has announced that the first period of grace allotted for sailing ships in the Atlantic expired on March 1. That, we take it, means that henceforth, instead of the submarine warfare being ruthless, as it was in January, or utterly ruthless, as it was in February, it will be abscondardnedlutely ruthless.

This nation may be unprepared for some things, but it surpasses Japan in others. Mr. George M. Church and Mr. Harold A. Throckmorton, who have just got back from Japan, tell our Pacific Coast friends that Forest Hills has it on Tokyo thirty ways from the service line.

The Low Cost of Flying

[From The New Rochelle Evening Standard.] WANTED—A Ford touring. Best \$125 will buy. Greenlee, 7 Cedar St., New Rochelle, N. Y.

"The successful 'colyum' conductor," writes Mr. Roscoe C. E. Brown, in the Faculty Number of "Jester," "may drive through the streets in a Rolls-Royce, but on the way to Olympus his Pegasus is an assembled car." And—so successful colyumists have told us—he takes Parnassus on high, getting 80 miles to the gallon.

A CHRISTIAN DUTY

Sundays on the Avenue. When the weather is crisp enough to make walking pleasant it is rather cold for the chauffeurs. Who have to wait in front of churches. So as to be ready with the cars. The moment services are over. Last Sunday a group of them. Were trying to keep warm. Swinging their arms and telling stories; Of course chauffeurs have a right to laugh. But their merriment seemed incongruous. Churches should make some provision for chauffeurs. I mean nothing harsh, or socialistic. But something in keeping with the accepted order of things. Maintaining the proper relation Between Church, chauffeur, and master: Perhaps a small chapel. (It could be in the basement.) With lesser accommodations. One of the Rector's lesser assistants To make a sane talk. And a small choir for music.— Plum color vestments might be fitting.— The services could be almost as those used above. But if there are some who think this irreverent. Perhaps a lesser god could be worshipped.

MURDOCK PEMBERTON.

"To the last seventeen people who have said to me, 'I think Americans better stop sending relief to Belgium, and give it to our own starving people,'" writes C. W., "I have gravely replied: 'Well, give me what money you had intended sending to Belgium, and I will see to it that it reaches, at once, some poor, starving mother down on the East Side.' To my surprise the funds I have so far collected are represented by the same quantity as snakes in Ireland."

## Gotham Gleanings

- Looks like war, all right.
The warm weather can not come any too soon to suit ye ed.
Jack Bernstorff is on his way to Germany, where he has many friends.
H. Broun the w. k. autograph collector is having some dentistry done these days.
Bill Hill and Deems Taylor had dinner at the same table with ye ed. the other night, hey boys?
A. C. Norden of Chicago was in town Thursday on business. He looks pretty good, considering.
Our president Mr. Wilson will be inaugurated to-morrow at Washington, D. C., the nat'l capitol.
Sam Merwin of Concord Mass was a pleasant caller Friday morning. Sam is looking finely these days.
Potatoes and other vegetables are less costly than they were last week at this time, but gasoline is up a cent or two.
George S. Kaufman who is going to get married on the 15th inst. is in Rochester today with his "inamorata" as they say.
Will Beebe and Mrs. F. P. Adams of here who were going to British Guiana Mar. 1 decided not to go on a/c of the war situation.
Many from here neglected to fill out their income tax blanks in time, many of them being the same men who would immediately discharge any of their employes who were as negligent as that.

Mr. Robert Emmet MacAlarney, the celebrated m. p. entrepreneur, has not always been in the film profession. He used to be in the newspaper business. Nor had he always been a journalist. Time was when Paul Dresser at his Charles K. Harris set had practically nothing on Mr. MacAlarney. From an old song book we have exhumed what perhaps was his sprightliest lyric. The music to it—"The Bell Ringer's Song"—was written by Henry Stanley Haskins, and the imperishable words follow:

In a tower old and grim and gray the bell ringer stands alone. He feels the damp and noisome breath from every moss-grown stone; His hands are knotted and gnarled and shrunk. They clutch at the swaying rope; And they ring a knell like a wail from hell, The death of a human hope, the death of a human hope. He rings and sings:

CHORUS

Toll, toll, toll, toll, hark! 'Tis the wail of a dying soul, Sweetheart and wife, children and life fade as the echoes roll; Still and cold in the churchyard mold, Lull'd by the dirge of an awful dole, Chok'd breath and black death in the toll, toll, toll.

In a cell below all dark and drear the nobleman waits his doom. The jarring notes of the prison knell ring quiv'ring thro' the gloom; The turn of a key in a rusty lock, A prayer in a whispered breath, Then calm and brave, down the winding stair, He trudges to meet Sir Death, he trudges to meet Sir Death.

The bell! His knell!

"These aren't amusing," Jessie the Reporter adds to a bunch of contributions, "but if I stop writing, the City Ed. will give me some work to do."

On the staff of the Louisville Herald is an athletic young copyreader whose headline is "Athletics Leave."

We are unable to go to Washington for to-morrow's parade, but we should like to see it, if only for the purpose of getting off a line we have in mind.

"There," we should say, pointing to the President, "there, but for the grace of California, goes Charles Evans Hughes."

# Cezanne at His Best, and What That Best is Worth

A Curious Chapter in the History of Modern French Painting—An Artist at Odds with His Craft

By ROYAL CORTISSOZ

Paul Cézanne is not so much a fact in modern art as he is a symptom. The sum total of his work may conceivably lapse into oblivion, but he is not unlikely to be remembered as a conspicuous type of the unrest which overtook French painting in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Discontent with the Salon, with romanticism and with "brown sauce" generally, begat the Impressionists. Discontent with impressionism begat Cézanne. He was born a long time ago, in 1839, and it took a good many years to canonize him as the bearer of a new evangel. Indeed, the canonization may be said not to date from the nineteenth century but to have got itself proclaimed only the other day. In America comparatively little has been done to make him known. The exhibitions at the Montross and Knoedler galleries last winter had much of the interest of novelty. They were good enough, so far as they went, but the loan exhibition of fourteen of Cézanne's paintings which has just been opened at the Arden gallery was needed in order to present this artist at his best. It is peculiarly interesting in that it affords a specially practicable opportunity for the posing of an important question. What, precisely, is Cézanne's best worth? Where, in the hierarchy of modern painting, does he belong?

A Denizen of Worlds Unrealized

There is a Cézanne literature, the inevitable corollary to be inferred from the existence of a Cézanne cult. It culminated in the production of M. Ambrosio Volland's bulky volume, reviewed in these columns a year ago, a book which may be described as the artist's piously fashioned monument. This memoir is characteristic of all the literary tributes to Cézanne; it implies greatness in the painter instead of tangibly exposing it. The imitators are even less illuminating, for if they knew what it is that they have imbibed from the example of the master they are obscure in affirming the elements of their knowledge. "He has commentators," said Voltaire of Dante, "which is one reason why no one understands him." The disciples of Cézanne, whether they

richest in promise, namely, his instinct for color. It was an instinct, a genuine, vital resource, which if developed under salutary discipline might have carried him to solid triumphs. Look at the small flower piece which hangs on the right hand wall of this exhibition, near the entrance, and observe the lovely notes of color in the upper part of the canvas. Look at the blues and grays in the big still life at the further end of the room, or at the background in the still life which contains a wine bottle. If arresting passages were all that the painter needed in order to make an impression, then Cézanne would impose himself upon us quickly enough with these and other pictures. The rub comes when he attempts to proceed from the passage to the full phrase—if he ever made such an attempt. That doubt which we have just hinted arises from the fact that it is a little



LE BOUQUET DE FLEURS (From the painting by Cézanne)

which, maybe, he dreamed. The dream, if he really had one, if he really had the requisite imagination, never came true. He spent his long, laborious life in worlds not realized. That is the evidence of the pictures. They justify the surmise upon which we have ventured above, in the first place by the ordinary, pedestrian nature of the qualities they actually possess, and then by their omissions. It is notoriously difficult to prove a negative, and we are well aware of the retort always at the hands of the neophytes: "Greatness, beauty, style, genius—they are all there, we shall be told. Well, the burden of proof lies with the neophytes, and in the mean time we may hazard the reflection that there is nothing truly esoteric about Cézanne, nothing requiring in the beholder any of the supernatural attributes of the seventh son of a seventh son. His traits lie upon the surface, for all men to see. The magic we have heard so much about simply is not there. And so we come back to his place in the hierarchy, to his worth. It is a modest place, very modest, and with the seeds of impermanence in it. Ultimately, when the fashion shall have run its course, we shall find him, in all probability, comfortably stationed with the rank and file. And his worth? It is that of a good hearted man, who had a high ambition and did his best. That is always something. But it is not, as the values of art go, the worth of a master. The mortal world it is much. In art it amounts to next to nothing.

## Random Impressions In Current Exhibitions

An Illustrator's Sketches of the Munition Works in England—Paintings and Etchings by Mr. Stephen Parrish—Copley and Some Others

The Academy of Design is busy with the next exhibition on a large scale which is to be vouchsafed to New York. It will open at the Fine Arts Building on Saturday, March 17, and will last until April 22. Another big show for the spring is the one promised by the new society of independent artists. Meanwhile the Ten American Painters are making ready at the Montross gallery. Their twentieth annual exhibition will open at that place on Tuesday and will remain on view for a fortnight. At the Durand-Ruel gallery Mrs. Ellen Emmet Rand, whose portraits have won her wide repute, is holding an exhibition of recent paintings.

Mr. Joseph Pennell and Mr. H. G. Wells

Mr. Joseph Pennell shows another set of lithographs, of munition works this time, at the Kappell gallery. The catalogue contains an introduction by H. G. Wells, explanatory notes by the artist—that, in one way or another, sometimes very abstract, peek at an incident that occurred on the day of the drawing—for every one of the fifty odd prints of the exhibition. Mr. Pennell has done the work with his usual reputation for fidelity and with added glamour of color and freedom of language which makes this series superior perhaps to the drawings of the Panama Canal. Mr. Wells writes: "The form and texture of the coming things are not yet to be seen in their completeness upon the modern battlefield. This evaluation does not make a simile, nor a few acres of shell craters, and a village here and there, pounded out of recognition, do more than foreshadow the spectacle of modern war. The industrial apparatus that is the basis of our civilization, even thrusting behind and thrusting up through the war of the gentlemen in spurs. He gives us the spindly, futuristic, immensities of force and speed, and greatness they are and how terrible. Among them go the little figures of men, robbed of all dominance, robbed of all individual quality. He leaves it for you to draw the inevitable conclusion that there is enough in the technical end of war, blackness like these, enormities all flares and towering threats, will follow in the track of the bickering confusion of mankind." And, further on, to end the essay the creator of Mr. Britling says of munition work: "These gigantic beings, of which the engineer is the master, of which the man is the benevolent nor malignant. Today they produce destruction, they are slaves of the spur; to-morrow they will bridge and carry and, henceforth, will be the mainstay of our civilization. He has inspired this part of the essay, and the other part, too—despite that it is true, to a justifiable extent, that Mr. Wells, sometime Socialist, could have given it quite easily without seeing the lithographs at all. But this may be an unfair statement. Mr. Wells is Mr. Wells, and each individual tint in his pictures is the mark of his own things he sees with color from his own palette. There are pictures that throw off his coloring. They are works of sublime individuals sufficient unto themselves; rarely receptive, somewhat in their works. Mr. Pennell is rather a reporter, a thoroughly well-informed and understanding of the facts of his pictures to display the character of his thinking: "In the Jaws of Death: Rolling Bars for Shells." 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