

Mr. Dallin of Utah in Paris.

IN the grounds surrounding the Art Palaces of the Paris Exposition of 1900 was an equestrian statue of an Indian which possessed a strong fascination for the French, by reason of its unfamiliar subject, and for visiting Americans, by reason of its associations with the home-land. This statue, Cyrus Dallin's "Medicine Man,"—inscribed in the French catalogue with quite unconscious humor as "L'Apothicaire" ("The Apothecary")—represents a superbly built man of majestic countenance and far-seeing eye, quite nude, except for moccasins, a breech cloth, a bone necklace and a curious horned and feathered bonnet, sitting a small shaggy horse with such phenomenal ease that horse and rider seem to have come into the world together. His left hand rests upon his thigh and his right hand is raised in a dignified and portentous gesture. He is the seer, the prophet, the foreseer, the approaching ruin and ultimate extinction of his people and is striving, with little more chance of success than Cassandra of Troy, to warn them against impending catastrophes.

SERIES OF INDIAN STATUES.

The "Medicine Man," which is now in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, is the second of a series of four statues which synthesize in simple and impressive symbols the tragic history and the pathetic destiny of the aborigines of America. The first of the series is: "The Signal of Peace" (now in Lincoln Park, Chicago), a mounted chief, nude, like the Medicine Man, save for moccasins, breech cloth and war bonnet, with one hand on the neck of his mount and the other holding upright a feathered spear as a sign that he yearns for peace. The third is "The Protest" (exhibited at St. Louis in 1904), which represents a chief hurling defiance in the teeth of the superior forces arrayed against his race. The fourth, "The Appeal to the Great Spirit" (which was exposed at the National Sculpture Society's exhibit at Baltimore in the spring of 1908, and which is to be exposed in this spring's Paris Salon,) is a glorification of the red man's "lost cause." Resistance having proved vain as the overtures of peace and the valuations of the prophet, there is nothing left for him but "an appeal to the higher court."

This tetralogy (to use, with a certain license, a term much in favor nowadays), is a symmetrical, dramatic and moving presentation of the higher attributes of the Indian. It constitutes a memorial (for the edification of generations yet unborn) of the pride, the stoicism, and, above all, the mysticism of a race which is in a fair way to become as extinct as the dodo or the mammoth. It suggests vastly more than it directly depicts and herein, perhaps, lies its power. Had Cyrus Dallin done nothing else, he would have deserved well of the American people.

INGENIOUS STUDIO ARRANGEMENT.

When I knocked for the first time at Mr. Dallin's door, in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, I expected to find an enormous studio, unnumbered by stagelike such as we have come to associate with the preparation of colossal groups. Instead, the opening of the door disclosed a tiny studio, hardly larger than a typical New York flat-room, in which only a dozen heads and universal legs, arms and trunks, strewn about in seeming disorder, were visible; and, had it not been Mr. Dallin himself who answered my knock, I should have beaten a retreat under the impression that I had been misdirected. My evident astonishment amused the sculptor immensely. "You can't imagine what I can be up to in this little box of a room," he laughed. "I don't wonder. The fact is, I have made a great discovery. I have found a means of getting the biggest kind of a monument into shape in the smallest space—a sort of pocket-edition sculpture in a nutshell arrangement. And it is rapid, too. Thanks to it, I am accomplishing as much in six months as I would have otherwise in two years."

"It is this way," he went on to explain. (I do not assume to give his exact words.) "The old method demanded a studio as big as a barn. Clambering up and down ladders and winding in and out among stagings was very fatiguing. Besides no matter how big the studio might be and no matter how extensive the stagings, the sculptor could not recall far enough from his product to see it properly; and those same stagings made it impossible for him to get a general view from below while the work was in progress. This procedure was so back-breaking, nerve-breaking, nerve-racking, so clumsy and so generally unsatisfactory withal, that of late years most of the sculptors have contented themselves with turning their models over to professional photographers to be put into plaster. Macmonnies' Brooklyn monument was done in this fashion. The disadvantage of this second method is that it leaves too many things at the mercy of the enlargers, who are skilful artisans, it is true, but

who are only artisans at best. They do not always succeed in rendering in the plaster the fine points of the small clay model. The artist's execution almost invariably loses something and even his conception may be falsified. And the sculptor is absolutely powerless to retouch his work after it has left the enlargers' hands. The third method, the new method, the method I am employing, consists in having the enlargers put the enlargement into a plaster (prepared by a secret process) that remains as soft and workable as clay (the much ridiculed butter woman of 1876 was perhaps prophetic after all) and that is even superior to clay in color from the sculptor's viewpoint since it lends itself better to a study of lights and shadows. The sculptor retouches the enlargement as freely as he desires, and if the ultimate result is not entirely satisfactory, it can be nobody's fault but his own. It is as great an advantage, you will readily understand, for a sculptor to retouch his enlarged work as it is for an actor to retouch his own printing. Macmonnies, who was in to see me the other day, is very enthusiastic over the process."

PROGRESS ON THE SYRACUSE MONUMENT.

Mr. Dallin showed me photographs representing a portion of his monument before and after retouching; compared for me the enlarged heads, arms, and trunk with which he was surrounded (like an anatomist in his dissecting room) with the corresponding pieces of his original model, and then proceeded to operate on the soft plaster of a strong and beautiful American head by the way of an object lesson. The layman must not venture to set up as a judge in such matters, but it certainly all looked and sounded very plausible and it seems to be working. One of his two principal groups is finished and will be exposed in the coming season. The other, some of the elements of which were in evidence at the time of my last visit, is well under way, and the entire work will be completed and ready to ship by October.

MATISSE DISGUSTS HIM.

Should Mr. Dallin's method be generally adopted, it would be vastly easier than it has been for the past century and a half to start as sculptors, since one of the principal obstacles to their experimenting with monumental work has been the enormous rents of studios large enough to permit setting up and modelling groups in clay.

It seemed to me that it would be worth while to get Mr. Dallin's impressions of the changes which have occurred in the Paris art world during his 10 years' absence. He is a man of great refinement in being again in a city where a certain amount of freshness, spontaneity and independence of judgment prevail as distinguished from a city like Boston, for instance, where the artistic person seems afraid to venture an art criticism or an art appreciation until he has heard what Mrs. A. or Mrs. B. has to say about the matter. But he prudently refrained from commenting himself further regarding the art situation. "I have been much too busy," he absorbed with my daily stunt, too anxious about the success of my experiment with the soft plaster, to pay much attention to what was going on about me. I have not got into touch with recent developments and recent movements. As to painting, the impression made upon me by the few minor shows I have seen is rather unfavorable. They seem to indicate a considerable change—for the worse rather than for the better. I hear students raving about a certain Matisse, and, if this Matisse is a fair representative of the new art, I am afraid it is doomed to become a sort of asylum for the inefficient. But I cannot form any adequate idea of the outlook in either painting or sculpture until I have taken time to gaze about me a bit and more particularly not until I have seen the spring salons. Rodin is a marvelous modeller, of course—no one would think of denying that—but his psychology is abominable; he is erotic and neurotic."

But if Mr. Dallin hesitates to talk about French art matters, no goading is necessary to get him to talk about the Indian. All the roads of his conversation lead up to a war-wagon; and his Indian talk is so fascinating that one would not have it otherwise. He is nothing the best of himself into his Syracuse monument, which is in very real sense, the culmination and the vindication of his career. It must be an immense satisfaction to him to have this occasion to show that he can hold his own as well with the model individual figures, and he makes no effort to conceal this satisfaction. Nevertheless, it is evident that his beloved Indians, who brought him his first celebrity, obsess him constantly that they haunt his waking and his dreaming hours. He is keenly sensitive to their poetry and a firm believer in their spirituality. He has Indians in the blood, so to speak, for they make a part of those earliest impressions which outlast all others. And so this article must end with Indians, as it began with them.

RENEWING AN ACQUAINTANCE.

Indians were so much a reality to the Springfield, Utah, of Mr. Dallin's boyhood that the town was surrounded by a 10-foot-high adobe wall as a protection against them when they were in bad humor. Indians came into Springfield constantly to sell hides and game. They camped about the town for weeks at a time. He and

the other boys learned scraps of their language and imitated their ways. He was deeply impressed by their costumes and their handicraft, their heads, their baskets, their daily utensils—the one note of art in an otherwise artless community; and he is more than half inclined to believe that it is to them he owes his first groping aspirations toward art. The subject of his "Signal of Peace" was suggested to him by an unforgettable spectacle of his boyhood—a band of Indians riding down from their mountain fastnesses to smoke the peace pipe. Mr. Dallin knows the Indian psychically as well as physically. He has not only put himself into the Indian's shoes, but he has climbed into his consciousness and studied the way his mind works. He possesses a special faculty for winning the confidence and friendship of the "other race," and he recognizes intuitively his sympathy and admiration, as the dog recognizes a dog-lover. And they do not forget him.

On his first journey east from Utah, he spent four days in the same train with a large deputation of Indians, headed by an aged sachem, bound for Washington. He refrained from appearing as a spectator, but he was a sort of boyish awe, but he quickly got on intimate terms with all the braves, and particularly with one whose name signified "Bearer-of-Many-Honors" or something like that. When he parted company with them, there was genuine sorrow on both sides, and the old chief, to whom he had not dared to address a word, spontaneously offered his hand and wished him good speed. Last winter, while on a visit to Washington, he espied in or near the Capitol two Indians, in one of whom he fancied he recognized "Bearer-of-Many-Honors." He was not mistaken. It turned out that "Bearer-of-Many-Honors" was the successor of the old chief, who had long ago departed to the happy hunting-ground, and that he and his companions were the only members of the original deputation still living. The trio had a good talk, and when they separated, "Bearer-of-Many-Honors" assured Mr. Dallin that he should always remember him and should always think of him as "his boy." "I had just shaken hands with President Roosevelt," Mr. Dallin concludes when he narrates this incident, "but I can tell you that the hand-clasp of this red man who had befriended me when I was setting forth into the world and who had carried my image in his heart for a quarter of a century, meant a great deal more to me. Bearer-of-Many-Honors' expressions of affection, you may depend upon it, were no empty form. The word of the Indian once solemnly given is inviolable. Of what so-called civilized people can you say as much?"—Boston Transcript.



"GEN." T. J. LONGLEY.

Many Salt Lakers will remember T. J. Longley, U. S. immigration inspector, who was located in Salt Lake City for many years. Longley, who is called "general" by his friends here, is located now at Sumas, Wash. The above picture was taken recently and "Gen." Longley lost no time in sending it to a friend here.

A WAX PRODUCING PLANT.

It has been recently discovered that the candellilla plant contains wax of an excellent quality and of sufficient proportion to make it extremely valuable. The plant, the botanical name of which is *Ecdianthus pavonis euphorbiaceae*, is found growing in the following states of Mexico: Tamaulipas, Coahuila, Nuevo Leon, Chihuahua, Durango, Sonora, Sinaloa, Baja California, Jalisco, and San Luis Potosi.

In a recent issue of the Monterey News the plant is described as growing to a height of from three to five feet, in the shape of stalks without leaves or thorns, as many as a hundred stalks springing from the same root. The stalks are about a quarter of an inch to a half inch in diameter. From an acre of land may be cut from one-half to two tons of wax a year. The plant also contains rubber, but not sufficient to make its extraction profitable.

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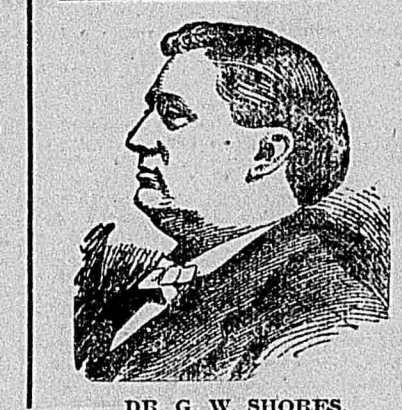
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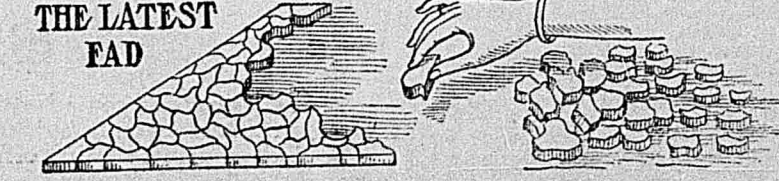
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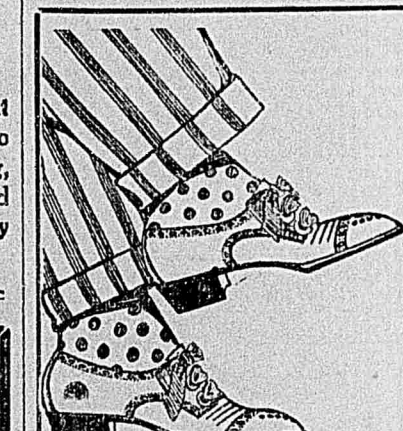
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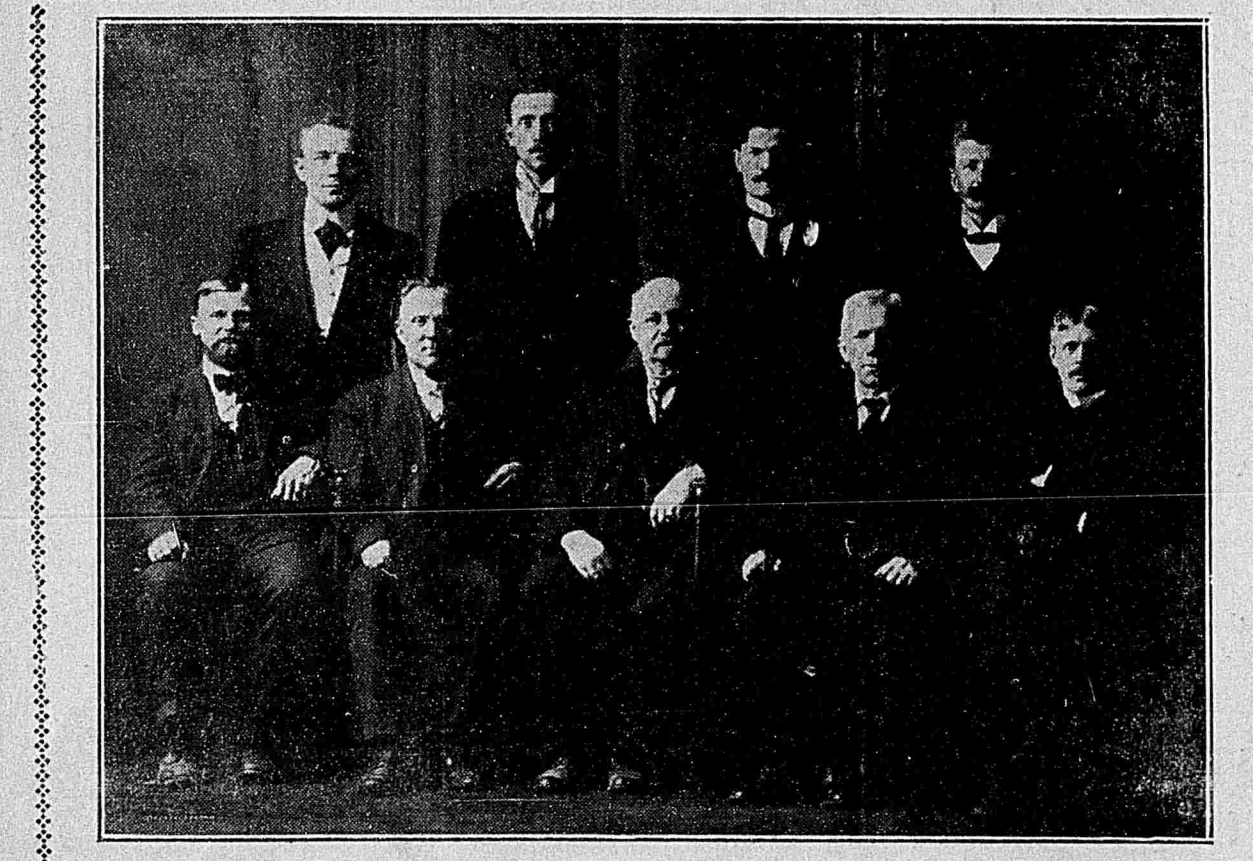
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