



Willard L. Metcalf

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

FEW American painters are more national in feeling or less influenced by foreign modes or methods than Mr. Willard L. Metcalf. Unlike most of his colleagues of the "Ten," Mr. Metcalf devotes his energies almost wholly to pure landscape with only now and then the rarest and faintest suggestion of the figure. It is not, however, ideal landscape or landscape in general which he paints, but those scenes and localities with which he can boast lifetime familiarity and the keenest artistic sympathy. Born in Lowell, Massachusetts, Mr. Metcalf studied first with George L. Brown, later attending successively the Lowell Institute, the Boston Normal Art School, and finally enjoying the distinction of becoming the first pupil of the Boston Museum Art School. After a two years' interval spent in New Mexico and Arizona, he went abroad, entered the Académie Julian under Boulanger and Lefebvre, and remained in Paris until 1889, when he returned to New York and became an instructor at Cooper Union and the Art Students League. Always at heart a painter of the out-of-doors, Mr. Metcalf soon came to realize that his forte was the transcription of the changing charm of hill, wood, meadow, and sky whether touched by first hint of spring's awakening or the varied glory of autumn. Although it has not been until the last half-dozen years that he may be said fully to have developed that accuracy of vision and clear-toned surety of style which to-day characterize all his work, Mr. Metcalf has, meanwhile, not failed of ample recognition, Paris, Chicago, New York, Buffalo, and latterly Philadelphia and Washington having each in turn awarded him appropriate distinctions. Last year he obtained, within the space of a few weeks' time, the Temple Gold Medal from the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and the Corcoran Medal and First Prize at Washington. True to the spirit of his birthplace, Mr. Metcalf paints almost exclusively New England scenes, Connecticut shore and hill-farm and the Maine coast being his favorite sketching-grounds. Though he often chooses winter or spring effects, "The Golden Hour," reproduced in color on page 113, reveals as well as any canvas his singularly faithful and delicate

color-sense and a technic which is refreshingly direct and devoid of affectation.

Christian Brinton.

"A More Beautiful America"

THE war against bill-boards is on and is rapidly spreading. Los Angeles has passed an ordinance making it unlawful to fix any advertisement or printed matter of any kind on any tree or shrub. Another taxes the bill-board wherever it may be and requires a license from the police board; and the mayor wants to go further and exclude it from the residence section altogether. Salem, Massachusetts, proscribes certain classes of bill-boards. St. Paul has forbidden their erection within one hundred and fifty feet of a park or parkway. Bills giving power to license and tax were introduced in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania during 1907, and will be introduced into a score more in 1909. The bill-posters' lobbies have been put to their utmost, but their efforts have only served to make the anti-bill boarders more active and more determined.

Former Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston refused the offer of the Associated Bill Posters and Distributors of the United States and Canada to display the advantages of Boston on bill-boards in 3000 cities free of charge. At first he felt inclined to use this method, but the Twentieth Century Club and the Massachusetts Civic League and their allies began a hot campaign which landed him in their ranks.

Judge Hazel has sustained Buffalo's ordinance in the preliminary stages of the litigation. San Jose has won its fight on the ground that the boards are nuisances. In New York twenty-seven suits were lately pending to enforce the penalties for violations of the present regulations. Posters on the electric busses have been declared illegal. Memphis has won its fight for its introductory ordinance. St. Louis and Kansas City are still fighting their battles in the courts. The corporation counsel of Buffalo advised the fire department to cut down with an ax all bill-boards erected contrary to the law since the first injunction was issued. Congressman Goebel of Cincinnati has notified the bill-posters that he

would tear down the boards on his property unless they did so at once. The Rev. S. G. Wood of Blandford goes about with his ax and cuts down every offending board and sign within seven miles of his parish of Blandford, so that he has earned the title of "Minister Militant." The members of the North End Improvement Society, Tacoma, three hundred strong, refuse to deal with those who advertise in offensive ways. Lexington, Kentucky, has freed its main boulevard of offensive signs. The Business Men's Club of Cincinnati is seeking to enlist all the commercial bodies of the State in its crusade.

These items may be regarded as bulletins from the front showing what is being done to recover our cities and our countryside from the blighting bill-board. Hand in hand with this militant energy is the spreading public

sentiment insisting that the bill-board is a menace to public beauty and sound taste. The "city beautiful" is incompatible with the "city grotesque," which is what the bill-boards have made of many of our cities.

The American Civic Association serves as a field staff for the coordination of the various and growing hosts of "civic priders," as one of the Pittsburg leaders described them. It is likewise conducting an educational campaign and a legislative one. By keeping the scattered forces in touch and in heart, and by keeping them supplied with the sinews of war, it is helping to advance its chosen cause of a "more beautiful America." It realizes, however, as all must, that only the preliminary skirmishes have as yet been fought and that the heavy work lies all in the front.

Clinton Rogers Woodruff.



Drawn by J. Conacher

AUTOPIA

THE SUBMERGED ONE: No—no, everything's all right, thank you—so good of you to stop. I merely wished to give you plenty of room to pass.

Mother's Nap

A MONOLOGUE BY THE MAIDEN AUNT

"ELIZABETH, listen to this: 'A woman should take at least one hour a day and shut herself away from her family in order to rest and refresh herself. In so doing, she will

add not only to her health and youth, but to her husband's and children's happiness.' You look ten years older than you are, Elizabeth, and Tom and the children don't think any more of you because you sacrifice yourself so. I don't believe you ever take a nap, and that baby wakes you up at five o'clock in the morning; you said so yourself.

"Yes, I know you have n't had anybody you could trust the children with, but now I've come you can leave them with me. Why, of course I can manage them! No, it won't tire me a bit; you know I take things easy. Go right up to your room now. Yes, now! The baby's playing with his blocks; he won't notice. Nothing will happen. Yes, I know Mary's busy; I sha'n't need her. Don't stop to look after things. It says here, 'Seize the moments!' Now seize them and go. That's a good girl; you look rested already, thinking of it.

"I'm so glad she's going to have a rest. Perhaps I should n't have said that about ten years—Goodness! I thought you were lying down! Not let him put anything in his mouth? Why, of course not. Do go, and don't look in at this door for one good hour.

"It's funny how she thinks nobody can—If she is n't calling! What is it? You'll never get laid down. Yes, I hear. No, I won't let it blow on his head. I never saw such a woman!

"Elizabeth takes too much on herself, she does n't leave enough to her servants. Now