

A new edition of Sidney Lee's "Life of William Shakespeare," now issued by the Macmillan Co., shows thoroughgoing revision. It is not so much that entirely new pages have been added, as that by providing throughout the book details of evidence, what was general has been made specific. The sum total of changes is not more than sixteen pages, but again and again these alterations have compelled a change in pagination. To the list of illustrations has been added a copy of the contemporary inscription in Jaggard's presentation copy of the first folio. In general, this new edition seems an improvement upon the old in its care to bring out the evidence, however persuasive a theory in itself may be. This is clearly a revision which replaces the earlier edition, not an unimportant reissue. It is, however, disappointing that Mr. Lee has not so edited the note on page 40 as to include references to the interesting discussions of the Elizabethan stage by Brodmeier, Wegener, Reynolds, Albright, and Archer. Why, too, in the note on page 43 is Creizenach's "Die Schauspiele der englischen Komödianten" omitted?

Art.

GENTILE DA FABRIANO.*

Lafcadio Hearn tells us that a Japanese *daimio* had the right to hew down summarily "an other than expected fellow"—that is, one who accosted him brusquely or in terms not sanctioned by an immemorial etiquette. Towards the artist the public has always assumed

**Gentile da Fabriano*, by Arduino Colasanti (Bergamo: Istituto Italiano d'Arti Grafiche), is a compact and scholarly monograph abounding in carefully sifted information, much of which is new, and adequate also on the critical side. Dr. Colasanti prints a document from the Lateran archives which definitely fixes the death of Gentile in the year 1428, confirming the general chronology of Vasari. The position of the lost frescoes in the Lateran has also been accurately ascertained. The polemical part of the study is largely devoted to the always dubious matter of an independent school of painting in the Adriatic Marches. Our author takes the affirmative view, and makes the most of a rather unsatisfactory case. Again in tracing the undoubtedly widespread influence of Gentile sometimes one questions whether what is called Gentilesque is not merely derivative from Siena from which he himself drew so much. But in general Dr. Colasanti will command a cautious reader's confidence. We take serious issue with him only for helping to fix upon the little Madonna with Sigismondo Malatesta, in the Louvre, the too ambitious attribution to Jacopo Bellini. Its obvious superficial affinities with Jacopo's work will hardly survive an æsthetic analysis of the picture itself. With all its charm, it has no characteristic to justify the ascription to any great master. Like all the Bergamo monographs, this book is fully illustrated with half-tones of good quality.

this lordly prerogative. The other than expected fellow, whether he calls himself Uccello or Millet, Caravaggio or Whistler, has invariably had his period of faring ill. All triumphant and wise artists have had the grace of concealing their unexpectedness. Raphael came down from Urbino and in a short lifetime revolutionized the graphic design of the world. But he always had the gracious air of a conformist, and, in fact, each work made so little break with the past, and so ingratiatingly prepared the way for the next departure, that men were admiring the School of Athens before they had ceased to adore the fugleman of Perugino.

A hundred years before Raphael, a young painter from the same March of Ancona carried his broadening art from his native hills through the proudest cities of Italy—Venice, Florence, and Siena, to Rome itself. Gentile da Fabriano, like his greater antitype, made the most of a pretty scanty education, drank from many cups, everywhere won for himself friends, honors, and gold, and left a deep if not a permanent impress upon his generation. Every work of his shows a passion for perfection, guided by a prudent sense of means and possibilities. We mark in him a fine economy of workmanship, an elaborate yet not merely cumulative beauty, which betokens serenity both in conceiving the vision and in transferring it to panel or plaster. In short, Gentile da Fabriano came about as near being a Raphael as anybody could who was born to share the bankruptcy of Gothic painting.

Unhappily, time has shorn Gentile of the chief evidences of his power and versatility. We cherish him for a few altarpieces of exquisite feeling and workmanship, giving him a place in our affections with Lorenzo Monaco or the Sienese Sassetta. His contemporaries held a higher opinion of him. In the Ducal Palace of Venice might be seen until the fire of 1577 Gentile's frescoes in the Hall of the Great Council. The very subjects are amazing for a painter whose work, according to Michelangelo, was "as gentle as his name." In one panel the young Fabrianoese (his latest biographer sets these works as early as 1410) depicted the naval battle in which the Venetians conquered Otto III, the son of Barbarossa. On this work we fortunately have the opinion of a critic of the high renaissance, Francesco Sansovino, who praises the entanglement of the galleys and the fury of the combatants—precisely those qualities of energy in which Gentile seems deficient. Of the companion-piece which represented a storm, the chronicler Facio writes that "the sight of the whirlwind uprooting trees, etc. [alas that etc.] struck with fear those who beheld it." Of the chapel which Gentile painted in the ancient Broletto of Brescia we know not even the subject. But Facio tells us of the

frescoes representing the life of John the Baptist painted in the Lateran, 1427, that Gentile, as if presaging his imminent death, here outdid himself. And, happily, Facio gives better testimony than his own as to the excellence of these works. Rogier de la Pasture, the greatest northern painter of his age, came to Rome in 1450. "Greatly taken with the Lateran frescoes, he inquired who the painter was, and, heaping him with praise, placed him before all other Italian painters." The incident suggests that affinity between Gentile's work and that of the north which must occupy us later. It proves more poignantly still the loss we have suffered in the destruction, save a not very important fragment at Orvieto, of all of Gentile's mural painting. And yet there remains the possibility that, as the great fresco by Guariento was found injured but still fine behind the Paradise of Tintoretto, in the Palace of the Doges, so Gentile's two frescoes painted for the same hall may some day be rediscovered behind the sixteenth-century canvases that have replaced them. Until that day we must judge and enjoy Gentile by what is presumably the least important part of his work. In trying to reconstruct imaginatively these lost masterpieces we may assume that they abounded in figures and action. In some fashion they may have resembled the vivacious narratives of the earlier Florentines, Agnolo Gaddi and Spinello Aretino. But we get a finer intuition of them by recalling that they forecast the monumental compositions of Gentile Bellini, and more remotely prelude both the delightful story-telling of Carpaccio, and such a romantic picture as the enigmatic St. Mark and the Demons which criticism ascribes now to Giorgione, now to Palma Vecchio.

We must turn back and try to imagine Gentile's beginnings. The date of his birth is unknown to us, but it cannot have been much earlier than 1480. Until his thirtieth year, roughly speaking, when he went to Venice, he painted in his native city. What could he have learned in the March of Ancona? A good deal, perhaps, but rather little that was consistent or helpful. If French realism was latent in the Carca, the ostensible influences were of quite another sort. The Gothic-Byzantine of Venice still prevailed widely, but Siena had conquered the towns. Everywhere one finds in the Marca panels which betray the teaching, or at least the authority, of the Lorenzetti and Simone Martini. From Assisi there had also been a transmission of Giottoesque influence, but at Assisi, too, Simone Memmi and Pietro Lorenzetti loomed large, and on the whole the March of Ancona preferred to Giottoesque austerity the dulcet Sienese mood. The best exemplar of these pervasive influences was Alegretto Nuzi, the true founder of the Fabriano

school and Gentile's master. Those who are lucky enough to recall the Umbrian exhibition at Perugia will not need many words about Alegretto. There he shone in a peculiar blitheness. He is less mystic than his exemplar Simone, more frankly sentimental, and his coloring is hardly less exquisite. Uneven in invention and workmanship, a true provincial in his qualities and defects, he yet displays a peculiar inwardness in his best pictures. We should remember him gratefully, for without him we should hardly have that most delicious of late Gothic Madonnas, Gentile's little masterpiece in the museum at Pisa.

Gentile's earliest picture, the Coronation of the Virgin at the Brera, shows little of the eclectic character that was later to be prominent. It seems to go behind Alegretto to those Gothic painters who retained much of the Byzantine feeling. At the base of the central panel a segment of the crystalline sphere bends over the sun, the moon, and the stars, and here is proudly set "Gentilis de Fabriano Pinxit." Upon this arch kneel eight tiny angels playing musical instruments—a motive frequently found on Gothic-Byzantine organ shutters. On the expanse of gold above is incised a blazing aureole to receive the figures of Christ and his mother. They are seated upon clouds, the gold embroidered borders of their robes are whipped into calligraphic loops after the fashion of Siena and the late Byzantine painters. The head of the Virgin is bowed and her slender hands crossed in humility. The Christ reaches up from below and sets the crown gently in place with the suave gesture of a priest touching an infant's brow in baptism. His free hand rests lightly upon his knee and holds erect a tiny cross. The partly exposed lining of his mantle repeats the stellar pattern at the base of the composition. Above, the Father, vested in a rich dalmatic, reaches his hands towards the divine heads in approval of the rite. In the irregular space between Christ and the Virgin hovers the white dove of the Holy Spirit, not displayed stiffly and heraldically, as is usually the case, but swinging across the space as if about to alight. While the picture is by no means deficient in emotional seriousness, it is chiefly remarkable for the beauty of its gold and tempera enamel, and for minor evasions of the underlying symmetry—artifices which give to this hackneyed theme a peculiar freshness and vivacity. More serious in some ways are the tiny figures of saints which are minor features of this altarpiece. Some stand radiantly "upon the softe swote gras"—a greensward half-hidden by growing flowers; others kneel in their wildernesses, like St. Francis at La Verna; others, like the Aquinate, sit contemplatively over a book in a monastic garden plot. These miniatures betray more clearly than the central

panel the tenderness of Gentile's Siennese forerunners.

Yet it seems to me that when Venice called Gentile to paint in the Palace of the Doges she merely reclaimed her own. He inaugurated, as we have seen, her school of monumental decoration; he became the teacher of that pioneer of the renaissance, Jacopo Bellini. Gentile's too-little known Madonna in the Jarves Collection, New Haven, has a breadth of style that looks forward even beyond Jacopo to the triumphs of his greatest son, Giambellino. Venice made Gentile famous. Popes and tyrants began to compete for his brush. For Pandolfo Malatesta, at Brescia, he painted for more than four years. But the frescoes in the Broletto have long since disappeared, leaving no trace even of their subject. We know Cosimo Tura saw them in 1469, and presumably disappeared, for the stern Paduan manner then had the cry. In the autumn of 1420 Pope Martin V, already planning his triumphal return to St. Peter's throne, sojourned in the Brescian territory and invited Gentile to come with him to Rome. Nearly a year later a safe conduct for eight men and horses was issued to the painter, but both Pope and painter had to postpone the Roman visit for several years.

For Gentile at least the delay was golden. He proceeded to Florence, and there, among other works, completed an enthroned Madonna with Saints for the Quaratesi family; and for that prince of humanists, Palla Strozzi, the Adoration of the Magi, a picture beside which only Lorenzo Monaco's Coronation of the Virgin in the Uffizi holds its own as a perfect expression of late Gothic design. But before we pass to the Adoration, we perhaps do well to recall the Florence that Gentile saw with an artist's eye.

We must suppose he had the self-esteem without which one would hardly be an artist at all. He would soon have found that only Don Lorenzo Monaco, who was painting in the Trinità, and Masolino, who had begun the stupendous decorations of the Brancacci Chapel, were regarded as his peers. People perhaps talked of an eccentric young painter named Paolo Uccello, and of a youth of genius who served as assistant to the great Masolino. But Masaccio's day was yet to come. Fra Angelico was probably absent in Umbria; in any case, he had not yet asserted himself as a mural painter. In short, Gentile found himself almost without rivals of his own quality and bade fair to repeat at Florence his Venetian triumphs. No great decorative commission seems to have been given him. In fact, since he had put himself at the disposal of the Pope, he could hardly have accepted any prolonged task. But he found time to execute for Palla Strozzi that radiant Adoration of the Kings which, formerly in

the Church of the Trinità, is now, a chief ornament of the Florence Academy. No one who has seen this picture forgets it, and for those who have not seen it, of what avail are many words? More than an Adoration of the Kings, it is a Triumph of Chivalry, so completely does knightly pageantry outweigh its charming religious sentiment. Lorenzo Monaco had already perceived this possibility of the subject. He was the first Florentine to draw out the escort of the Magi upon an oblong panel. Indeed, the Adoration, which he painted for the little Church of St. Lucy in the Ruins may have served as a model for Gentile. But the newcomer outdid his exemplar. Never had the courtly and spectacular features of the scene been so fully developed. Gentile has raised the horizon to the top of the picture, in order to have more space in which to deploy his cavalcades. Beside the reverent group of the Holy Family and the worshipping potentates, is a dense and jostling throng of arrested horses, grooms, knights, men-at-arms. A great hound crouches before the hurly-burly, above it and behind a falcon strikes a dove and two monkeys balance on the humps of a dromedary. Over a hedge and the grotto where the ox and ass munch peaceably, one looks to a high-lying distance divided into three scenes by as many arches of the rich frame. To the left, the Three Kings look over the sea towards the Star in the East. In the centre, their cavalcade, with prancing horses and hunting leopards on the cruppers, swings up a hill towards a city. To the right, the Magi enter the gate of Bethlehem. Above, in the crocketed pinnacles, are medallions with God the Father, the Virgin, and the Angel of the Annunciation. Below, in the base, the Nativity, and the Flight to Egypt, a night scene, and a dawn, in which the lights are effectively touched with gold. The third predella panel, the Presentation in the Temple, is represented only by a copy; the original, since Napoleonic times, has been in the Louvre. The Gothic side columns are treated as if they were of skeleton construction. From a dark background within the mouldings painted flowers spring as if planted within. The gilding and varied tempera enamel afford a gorgeous and yet harmonious effect. Diapered gold, lapis blue, crimson, these are the prevailing colors. In technical brilliancy, no panel of the century surpasses this radiant work of Gentile's.

The group of the Holy Family is draped after the traditional half-classic fashion, the remaining figures wear splendid costumes of the time, with minor Oriental features. This picture is the transition to the realistic *genre* manner of the Quattrocento in Florence. The step from it to those frescoes with state-

ly citizens as witnesses of the ostensibly sacred theme is a short one. Now, this sense for pageantry and love of contemporary faces and costumes appear very early in French miniature painting. It has been suggested, in fact, that both Gentile and Masolino got their hint from such pictures as those of the Limbourg illuminators and Hubert van Eyck. All this is possible, and even plausible; but I think it is easy to exaggerate the importance of this northern influence. Pageantry was in the air of Florence. The religious spectacles, the jousts, the ceremonials of the guilds constituted a festal year affording every variety of processional display. On St. John's day this actual subject, the Adoration of the Magi, was occasionally given with great splendor. Machiavelli describes a performance of 1466 that was elaborate enough to occupy nearly the whole city for several months. In the Marches, the Adoration was given as early as 1380. In 1414, at Parma, we have a record which might be a description in brief of Gentile's picture painted eight years later. Now, this love of pageantry rarely found full vent in the religious painting of the time. Such a picture as this of Gentile's, such a Cortège as that which Benozzo Gozzoli some thirty years later spread on the walls of Cosimo de' Medici's private chapel, remain in a manner exceptional. It was the humble, usually nameless, painters of storied bride-chests (*cassoni*) who were the true recorders of this vanished Florence. To them all was permitted. Through them we see the wedding feasts, the jousts, the horse races, the triumphs. With them we may wander in gardens of love, or enjoy in the fantastic travesty of the dawning renaissance the old, sad stories of Virgil and Ovid. Truly inheritors of unfulfilled renown, for we rarely know even their names, these blithe craftsmen were the real illustrators of Florence in its heyday and on parade. Gentile and Masolino were the great predecessors of these little men, though Paolo Uccello was to be their chief exemplar. They represent the full flood of a tendency already vigorous in Gentile. If northern, or more specifically French, influence comes in at all, is it not merely by way of confirming an established taste? Alas, those days of significant pageantry! In England they are reviving the traditional spectacles with learned care; among ourselves mysterious orders of chivalry parade in knightly panoply. We strive arduously for the spectacular, and we get the results of those who strive too consciously. Perhaps the realists are right—Whitman in Brooklyn Ferry, Renoir in the Dancing Garden, our own young arranger of sombrely splendid pageants from the New York ghetto, Jerome Myers—perhaps they are right, I say, to eschew the arranged for the casual spectacle. And yet with the

sense of travesty departing, is not the casual spectacle also doomed—I mean as regards its appeal to the eye? This, too, would be of a piece with a civilization that willingly starves the eye in the alleged interest of the mind. Is it not significant that at a time when society gives the artist so little to look at, the writer pushes description to its furthest extreme of technical excellence? What does that mean but that the naïve joys of the eye have been superseded by a more complicated pleasure—one fairly within the range of a blind person? How can the painter and sculptor hope for a real place among us, until we concede to the claims of the eye—not that attention we gladly pay to those of the ear, but at least that respect which we give to the higher exactions of the palate?

We have drifted far from Gentile. But really little remains to say. We find him at Siena and Orvieto, repeating his Venetian and Florentine triumphs, and finally, at derelict Rome, helping to dignify the return of the Pope. Gentile painted at Sta. Maria Nuova and in the Lateran, at that time the first temple of Christendom. There death overtook him suddenly, in 1427, still in joyous possession of his powers. He was buried at Sta. Maria Nuova, but time has cancelled his epitaph and even exact memory of his last resting place.

Any judgment we may form of his painting, is defective in advance. His most important work we know on hearsay only. For us he is preëminently the master of blithe color, the inventor of certain soft appealing forms of woman's loveliness—what Madonna picture in the world is sweeter than the little panel in the Museum at Pisa?—the contriver of vivacious spectacles, the celebrator of dying chivalry in the full-blown splendor of its decline. For the rest, a simple spirit, carrying to the point of perfection the technique and forms he had inherited; a contented soul when divine discontent was in the air; an innovator only to the extent of enriching established formulas. In every way, he seems one of those gracious spirits whose pious task it is to invest in an ultimate charm, an art no longer capable of real progress and foredoomed. The wistful flavor of decadence is in all his panels. They have, as compared with Gothic painting of the great time, the insubstantial flavor of Campanian marbles, as compared with those of early Attica. In both cases, the vague provincial suggestion is a weakness, but constitutes also an appeal. Our judgment approves Masaccio for his break with an exhausted past, our love goes out to Gentile for his unquestioning fealty to old and beautiful if tottering ideals. I could almost resent a discovery, say, of those hidden Venetian frescoes, which should

demonstrate that Gentile, too, was an innovator. That he was that in a measure, there is reason to believe—but a progressive spirit, not in the sense of the realists, but of Fra Angelico or Fra Filippo Lippi. Why Fra Filippo is not a realist, I cannot here take the pains to explain. As a wholesome sentimentalist, and lover of the human spectacle, he was, in some degree, the spiritual heir of Gentile.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

The July *Burlington Magazine* is not at the highest level of interest attained by that periodical, though it contains several articles of some importance. The note by Georges H. De Loo on "An Authentic Work of Jaques Daret" should fix a date and a name in the heretofore rather vague history of early Flemish painting; while A. M. Hind notices some "Newly Discovered Rembrandt Documents," published by Dr. Bredius, which upset the received chronology of Rembrandt's etchings and show that that master continued to etch and to engrave up to the end of his life. Among the illustrations the most interesting are reproductions of several pictures lately in the collection of the King of the Belgians (two by Rubens and one by Hobbema) and a couple of rather timid works put forward by C. J. H. as possible early experiments by Vermeer of Delft.

The special spring number of the *International Studio* is devoted to the water colors of J. M. W. Turner. There is a growing feeling that this part of Turner's work is the best of what he has left us, and these thirty reproductions of drawings, ranging from the stiff formality of the earliest exhibited work of 1790 to the amazing sketches of the early forties, will be welcome to many. There are the inevitable contradictions in the text. Sir Charles Holroyd dwelling on the "absolute truth," even to the smallest details of locality, of Turner's sketches, while Mr. A. J. Finberg maintains that they must not be regarded as "attempts to give an accurate representation" of anything, even of effects. Mr. W. C. Rawlinson's detailed discussion of the plates and of Turner's successive manners at different periods of his life is perhaps more profitable.

The Académie des Beaux-Arts has announced its awards in the architectural section in connection with the Grand Prix de Rome. The chief prize went to J. G. M. Bouterlin, a pupil of Raulin and Héraud. The prize next in value was taken by M. J. E. L. Madeline, a pupil of Deglane, and the third by G. E. Lauzanne, a pupil of Laloux. Two other awards of the Académie are the Prix Troyon to Émile Marcel and a *Mention Honorable* to Mlle. Marcelle Louis Noyon.

From Kiel comes the report of the death, in her eighty-first year, of Prof. Johanna Mestorf, who until a year ago was director of the Schleswig-Holstein Museum in that town. Her title of "professor" was conferred on her by the Emperor, in 1899, and she was the first German woman to be so honored. Besides her administrative work she wrote a number of volumes on archaeological subjects.

Finance.

THE UNION PACIFIC'S ASSETS.

For a week past, the Stock Exchange has been indulging in great excitement over what it describes as the expected "segregation plan" for the Union Pacific Railroad's holdings of stocks of other railways. In general, Wall Street's idea appears to be that these stocks—amounting by the company's last report to \$108,000,000 pledged against collateral trust bonds, and \$131,000,000 held free in the Treasury—will somehow be transferred to other custody, so that the railway company, as such, will be disengaged from the business of operating on the stock market. As to what method of segregation will be pursued, no official statement or intimation has been given out; it is, therefore, impossible as yet to discuss the matter from that point of view. Speculative Wall Street, after its fashion, jumped to the conclusion that the "deal" would be so arranged as to impart great additional value to the Union Pacific's shares, which were accordingly bid up 16 points last week, with a relapse at the present week's opening. This throws no light on the project; the Stock Exchange, in its present mood, would do the same for the shares of any property in which a "deal" was rumored. But the "segregation plan," whatever form it take, happens to be a sequel to a very sensational chapter of railway history, which it is well worth while to review.

The Union Pacific's purchases of stock in other railways, on the scale which has made its operations memorable, began when the so-called "community-of-interest" idea had turned the heads of our Wall Street millionaires. This plan of action was based on the purchase of one another's shares by the various railways, the purchase-money being raised on the credit of the purchasing company. It will be recalled that the process was largely at the bottom of the frenzied markets of April, 1901, when the buying power which converged on the Stock Exchange seemed to be absolutely unlimited. The Union Pacific had thus bought \$75,000,000 stock of the Southern Pacific Company, bonding itself for the purpose. This operation attracted less attention, because its main purpose was to acquire the Central Pacific line, which, although owned by the Southern Pacific, was a natural connecting link to the Western Coast for the Union Pacific's main transcontinental line. But the ease with which this property was acquired stimulated the appetite and relaxed the caution of the rich "insiders." The contest, first for possession of the Burlington and Quincy, and then for the Northern Pacific Railway, followed a few months later.

It was conducted on lines which, a very few years before, would have been described as unparalleled recklessness. Union Pacific's executive committee had virtual *carte-blanche* with the company's credit; Harriman himself, as chairman of the board, had been voted practically unlimited borrowing powers, with the absolute right "to execute in the name and on behalf of this company a note or notes for the amount so borrowed." Although no official admission of the fact has ever been made, there is no doubt whatever that the \$78,000,000 par value in Northern Pacific stock, bought by the Union Pacific in 1901, was purchased with money borrowed in the open market on the notes of the company. This highly precarious operation was supplemented later by a bond issue to take up the floating debt thus created, and a fortunately favorable money market averted the grave perils which must always surround such experiments with corporation credit. The Northern Pacific corner, the exchange of the stock for that of the Northern Securities holding company, the dissolution of that company, occurred without disaster to Mr. Harriman's undertaking.

He sold on the open market the stock received on the liquidation of that merger, and got more than he had paid for it. The speculation had been lucky, and in the middle of 1906, Union Pacific was left with \$55,000,000 free cash in its treasury. No idea of reducing the capital liabilities incurred in the purchase, or of devoting this money to the urgent physical needs of the railway property, seems to have occurred to Harriman. Instead, he rushed into the speculative Wall Street market, buying right and left the shares of other railways, many of which had no connection with his own. The \$55,000,000 cash was not enough; the Union Pacific incurred a floating debt of \$75,000,000 more, and the proceeds were similarly used. Such an operation, secretly conducted and accompanied by wild speculation ascribed to the people who knew what was going on, was bound to take rank as a public scandal when the facts were made public. That service the Interstate Commission rendered, and the people at large learned the truth of the matter at the moment when Union Pacific was struggling to place its bonds in an unfavorable money market, and when, by rough calculation, the market value of the stocks bought for the company in 1906 had depreciated \$40,000,000. Since then, and up to the present time, there have been fairly well authenticated reports of buying and selling operations for the same account, and in the same shares, on the Stock Exchange.

The panic of 1907 sobered up a good many millionaire speculators who had come to believe that there was no limit

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