

# WOMEN OF THREE RACES



International

## AN INFLUENTIAL INDIAN WOMAN

Mrs. Gertrude Bonnin, pictured above in her tribal raiment, is prominent in Washington as an advocate of the interests of her people, the Sioux tribe of Indians



Underwood

## THE FIRST LADY OF MEXICO

Señora Obregon (at the right) is the wife of Mexico's President. Her two youngest children are in the foreground, while one of her friends is at the left

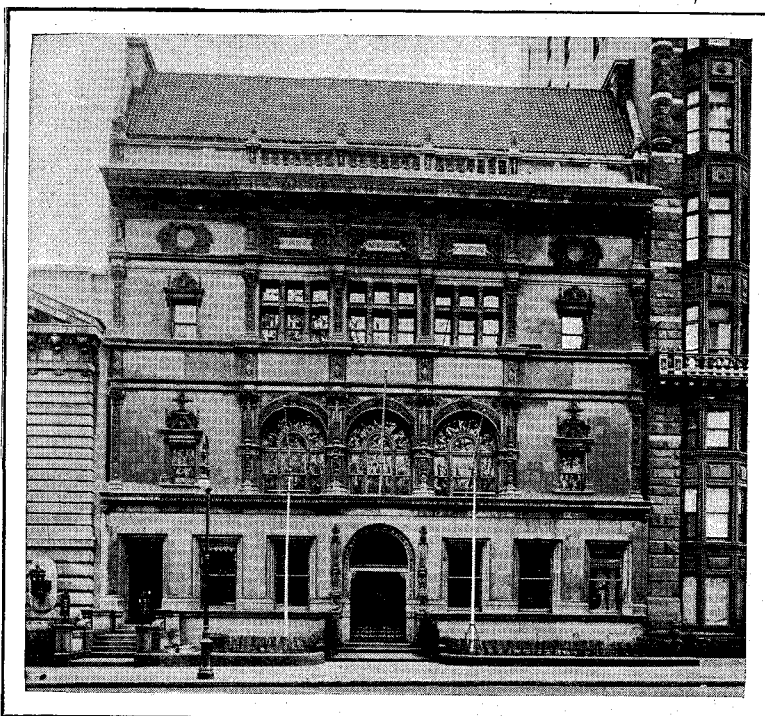


(C) Keystone

## SORROWING WOMEN—ONE OF THE TRAGEDIES OF THE STRIFE IN IRELAND

The elderly woman in the photograph is Mrs. Despard, a sister of Lord French. She is trying to console the three Irish girls, whose brother, it is stated, was shot during the night and whose mother died of shock and grief

# A FAMOUS PICTURE GALLERY



THE FINE ARTS BUILDING

Home of the National Academy of Design, the Architectural League, and the Art Students' League of New York

THE galleries of the American Fine Arts Society in the Fine Arts Building, on West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, are known to every New Yorker who loves pictures or sculpture and to thousands of visitors from other parts of the country. For years this building has housed the exhibitions of the National Academy of Design and the Architectural League as well as the schools of the Art Students' League. The finest exhibition room of the building is known as the Vanderbilt Gallery.

On January 30, 1920, these galleries were destroyed by fire, a calamity deplored by every artist, amateur, and art student in the city. But, fortunately, they have been now rebuilt on the main lines of the original plan but in a more substantial manner and with better lighting, and they were reopened to the public on March 5, when the National Academy of Design began its ninety-first annual Exhibition.

There are some interesting and amusing incidents connected with the origin of the Fine Arts Building which were related to a representative of The Outlook the other day by Mr. Howard Russell Butler, the well-known landscape painter and first President of the American Fine Arts Society. The idea of the building originated in 1889 at a basement eating-place on West Fifty-fourth Street kept by one Madame Harral, and frequented by a small group of artists, all of whom had studied in Europe. Their vigorous technique had not been approved by the more conventional exhibition managers of the time, so they had to give their picture shows wherever they could find a place. A prospectus was drawn up; a committee of

ten was appointed to carry out the plan; Mr. Butler was elected chairman; and then the artists fled out of the room, leaving their astonished and dismayed chairman to put it into effect.

One day Mr. Butler joined Mr. George Vanderbilt on Fifth Avenue. Before the walk was over, Mr. Vanderbilt offered to be one of eight to give five thousand dollars.

Then began an onslaught on the millionaires of New York. Mr. Butler's plan was to write to some Mæcenas in the morning, asking the privilege of an interview at his residence that evening—the messenger could bring back the reply. Whenever a favorable reply was received, Mr. Carroll Beckwith and Mr. Eastman Johnson, the distinguished painters, would join him, and all three would appear at the appointed time.

The giver of five thousand dollars was to be known as a Founder. From one to five thousand dollars would constitute him a Patron. Mr. Beckwith would make an eloquent appeal, Mr. Butler would explain all the details and state that the money would not be handled by the artists but by the Trustees of the Gift Fund, who were Mr. Henry G. Marquand, chairman; Mr. Edward D. Adams, treasurer; and Messrs. Cyrus J. Lawrence, George W. Vanderbilt, and James A. Garland.

These names generally made a great impression, and when Eastman Johnson said, "It's a grand scheme," that settled it and a gift was generally forthcoming. But few were willing to give as much as five thousand dollars. Many preferred the more modest title of "Patron" to that of "Founder," and when the eight Founders had been secured the Gift

Fund aggregated about seventy thousand dollars.

Mr. Butler had an amusing time with Mr. Andrew Carnegie. He went alone to his house on Fifty-first Street, with a card of introduction. "Come upstairs," said Mr. Carnegie, "and explain your plan to Bob Ingersoll."

In the library Mr. Butler found Mr. Ingersoll studying the plans of the Carnegie Music Hall, then in process of erection. The problem under discussion was what to do with the upper floor, above the ceiling of the auditorium—an immense space divided by great girders.

"Put your Fine Arts Building on top of my Music Hall," said Mr. Carnegie, "and I will give you one hundred thousand dollars."

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Butler, "we want to walk into our galleries on the ground floor."

"Then," said the Ironmaster, "I won't give you a cent."

When the Fifty-seventh Street property was acquired, Mr. Carnegie wrote, congratulating the Fine Arts Society on its excellent purchase, but he did not believe that it could be made to pay. On the strength of this letter Mr. Butler made another appeal for a Founder's subscription, but Mr. Carnegie held that he could not consistently break his word—he had said "not a cent."

Later, when the corner-stone was to be laid, Mr. Carnegie was asked to make a speech.

"I'll not only make one," he replied, "but I'll bring Sir Edwin Arnold, who is staying with me, and we'll get him to make one." Both made excellent addresses.

The next time Mr. Butler appealed to Mr. Carnegie he still held that he could not break his word by giving money. "But here," he said, "are five Coke bonds—they are not money."

A few days elapsed, and again Mr. Butler appeared, and said he had some bonds he wanted to sell.

"What are they?" asked Mr. Carnegie. "Coke Company," said Mr. Butler.

"They're a good bond, aren't they?" asked Mr. Carnegie.

"I think so," replied Mr. Butler.

"What do you ask for them?"

"Par."

"All right; I'll take them, they're in my line," and Mr. Carnegie drew and handed over a check.

There was a wink and a smile in Mr. Carnegie's eye and a smile on Mr. Butler's face as he walked out with the check for five thousand dollars.

The land on which the building and its galleries now stand, extending from Fifty-seventh Street to Fifty-eighth Street, was finally bought, but the Fine Arts Society had money enough only to build the main structure on Fifty-seventh Street. Even this much was made possible only by Mr. Vanderbilt's generous consent to buy from the Society the lots on Fifty-eighth Street, the money being put into the main structure.