IN the morning, the Luxembourg Gardens are almost empty. The women have not yet come with their embroidery and knitting; the students are in the ateliers, waiting for fame; the poets are sleeping, forgetting moonlight cafés and young girls with tender eyes from the Provence; the goffre man has not commenced to make waffles for the children and the birds. The fountains play very softly in the shade, and the only music is in the trees. A world of deserted beauty gathers about one. And yet the Garden is never lonely. The souls of all those who have loved it, seem to linger there. The great and the young have left their delicate imprint upon the spirit of the place. And rich memories touch the shadowy walks, the sunlit, simple flowers, the statues benign and somber.

As you walk through the green aisles toward the old Luxembourg Gallery, an understanding of the real France comes to you, the France that is wise and thrifty, imaginative and sensitive, the France of strong mothers, of gay little children, of unworldly poets, of scientific artists—a France forever young. It is this marvelous, unquenchable youth that has made France a nation of progressive experiments, a nation of eager striving for new accomplishment. Always the young poet has a hearing, the young painter with his new and amusing technique has his audience, the investigator of truth beyond magic, his following. And so the creative world has turned to Paris sure of finding there an environment sympathetic, curious, kind. There is probably no other nation in the world so eager for knowledge, so ready to give aid in the development of individuality. Hence there is no country with so rich and diversified achievement in art, science and industry.

Naturally this open-mindedness, this delight in the new and strange, has its obverse side, and the merely novel, the wholly eccentric often for the moment whirl through the Paris boulevards and are accorded a reception at once cordial, humorous and bewildering—L’Art Nouveau, for instance, Futurist clothes, purple veils and “Eggist” sculpture. But these are surely a small and amusing price to pay for the hospitable spirit that welcomed Lalique, Rodin, Poiret, Bourdelle, Carrière, Isadora Duncan, Verlaine—all splendidly liberated souls owing their freedom to French enlightened sympathy.

While Europe, as a whole, is still bound hand and foot to the formal and the classic in art, France has her great Luxembourg
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Gallery open to the men of today, to Sargent, Whistler, Henner, Corot; for not only is Paris curious and alert for the new and the individual, but she is eager to welcome and make permanent all that the new can express, all that the individual has to say. Puvis de Chavannes circles the Panthéon, Rodin has set his seal upon the Tuilleries Gardens, and within the lovely old Luxembourg Palace we find on every wall the men with strength to escape the traditions of the eighteenth century. Here is recognition of what is most beautiful and valuable in the art of today.

The significance of a gallery like the Luxembourg is not only that it houses fine examples of modern achievement in all the plastic arts, but that it is an immense inspiration to the artists of today. The living man whose works are in the Luxembourg realizes that the world is with him, that his message has been heard. It seems to me that nothing can be more detrimental to the progress of art than the old theory that all a man’s ideals, enthusiasms, joys must remain during his lifetime unappreciated, that he must always work, always strive to express the splendor of his soul only in the end to discover he is his own sole audience. Surely in the long run the lack of sympathetic contact in the enjoyment of art—even of one’s own—must prove paralytic. Movement is necessary for health everywhere, whether it is a dark green pool in the forest or a stagnant reservoir of hope and imagination in a garret. Sunlight must sweeten it, art and motion purify it to be as productive as its birth into the world would warrant. For a man to walk through the vast halls of the old palace museum and find the work of his hands upon the walls or upon some well-placed pedestal, must be the kind of earthly reward for sacrifice and fine endeavor that is just as purifying and freshening as oxygen for the green pool.

We have been too slow, the world over, in granting permission for the greatness of the present century to stand erect amongst us. We have hunted new life, new dreams, new beauties into the dark corners of the world. We have refused recognition to the glories of our own time. We have been strangely without self-reliance, without courage—this especially in America, although it is true to a large extent in England, pathetically so of Italy and wholly so of Spain. France alone has practically always kept her vision clear for any access of beauty wherever or in whomever it might be born. She has been a true republic in art and letters, as well as in politics. And so her museums as well as her libraries, her great buildings, her little shops, have all been open for the freshest, the most vigorous, the most original thought of the day. And the result—the widest accomplish-
"COLD," ROGER BLOCHE, SCULPTOR: FROM THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERIES, PARIS.
"A STUDY OF LOVE," EUGÈNE CARRIÈRE, PAINTER: FROM THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERIES.
"THE BABY," ROGER BLOCHE, SCULPTOR:
FROM THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERIES.
“BEETHOVEN,” BOURDELLE, SCULPTOR: FROM THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERIES.
ment for the youth of this country which stands with its hat off before all youth.

The illustrations we are using in this article present the work of three great modern men—Bourdelle, one of the most vigorous and mighty of the sculptors of his age; Carrière, an artist, delicate and ethereal, a painter of the soul, and a man whose name is little known on this side, Roger Bloche, whose sculpture presents a depth of feeling, a tenderness, a searching emotional sympathy that has seldom found its way through marble to the human heart.

These four illustrations were selected from a large collection of photographs of the work of modern men as possibly the most significant not only of the greatness and variety of the technique of today but also of the type of subject which seems more and more to be interesting our really great men in sculpture, painting and literature. We have come far from the vague, classic ideal of purely impersonal beauty which rendered Greek art famous, to an expression of vital, soul-searching human emotions. Our artists of today are humanitarians as well as technicians, and what they are striving to present is their own impression of the beauty of all the goodness of the world, the beauty of kindness, gentleness, courage, unselfishness, devotion, the beauty of a mother’s protective love, of a lover’s sorrow, of a little child’s happiness—in other words, an understanding of the elemental, ageless beauty of all times. And then the aim seems to be to present these wonderful qualities through a technique so fluent, so broad and free and luminous that the emotion of the artist reaches us before an appreciation of his methods. This is indeed the modern spirit in art, and the spirit which dominates the galleries of the old French museum and which lingers with one out into the lovely Luxembourg Garden, which through ages of affectionate usage has become an abiding place equally beautiful and comforting for the young and the old, the poor and the rich.