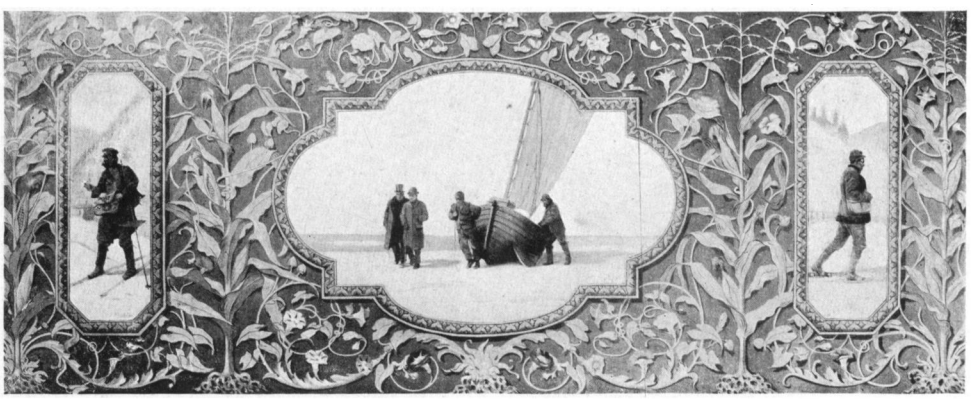
as in the English series, and the works are as attractive in subject and in aspect as they are good in technical quality.

It is indeed remarkable when we look over the career of Francis Davis Millet and take account of his very considerable work in portraiture, the number and importance of his mural paintings, and at the same time remember that in his active life he was constantly giving a good part of his time to the direction of many undertakings and the administration of various artistic enterprises and institutions, that he should have been the painter of so many pictures of so much personal quality and marked by technical achievement of such a high order.

His easel pictures alone constitute an artistic production that is in itself quite enough to give the painter a most honorable place among the artists of his time.



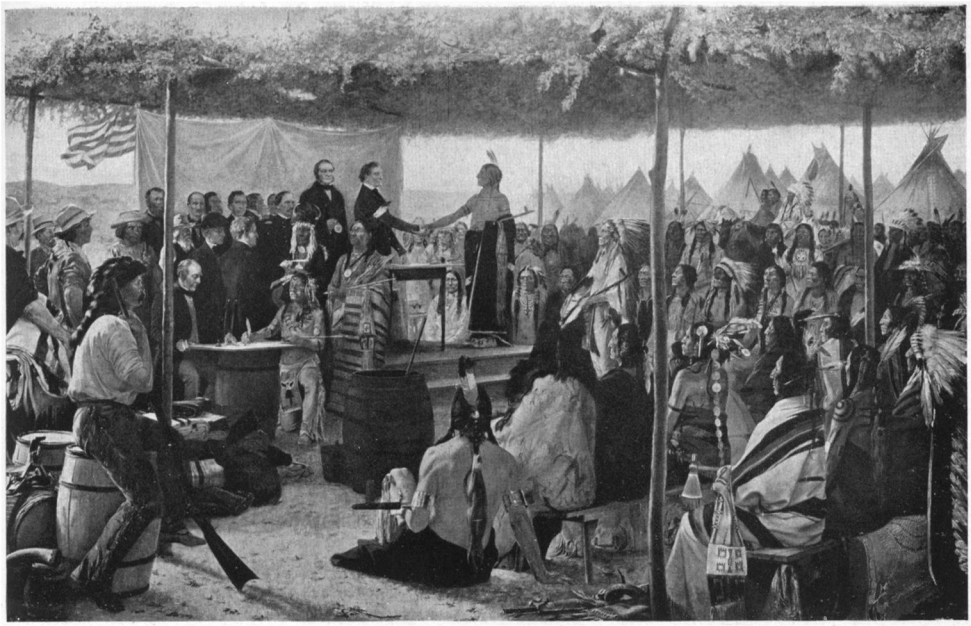
DECORATION IN THE POSTMASTER'S ROOM. POSTOFFICE. CLEVELAND. OHIO

FRANK D. MILLET AS MURAL PAINTER

BY EDWIN HOWLAND BLASHFIELD

THE last years of Millet's life, as far as actual practice of his art was concerned, were devoted to mural painting.

In 1892, when he was called to the Directorship of Decoration of the Columbian Exposition, he set aside his closely studied and highly finished pictures of 18th century English interiors, as well as his scenes from Greek and Roman life and he never really resumed them with any continuity—indeed, he never had time to. Dearly as he loved his Worcestershire home and admirably studied as was his elaboration of the backgrounds of Russell House or of his fourteenth century "Grange," his theater of operation was to change and his path to broaden. A dozen of us painters had been summoned to Chicago by Millet. His cablegram found me in Florence, and a month later, when Mr. Burnham drove me in a light buggy for miles through the World's Fair grounds, Millet joining us and leaving us now and again as we visited one building after another, I felt and saw and knew that here was a task after his own heart, and I realized that now the little figures twelve inches high which we had painted in Worcestershire and Paris and Florence and New York were to grow with all of us into figures twelve feet high, and to be set against a vast background. Now, Burnham's and Millet's colleagues, the five architects of the Court of Honor—Hunt and Post, Peabody and Van Brunt and



TREATY TRAVERSE DES SIOUX FRANCIS DAVIS MILLET

MURAL PAINTING IN THE MINNESOTA STATE CAPITOL

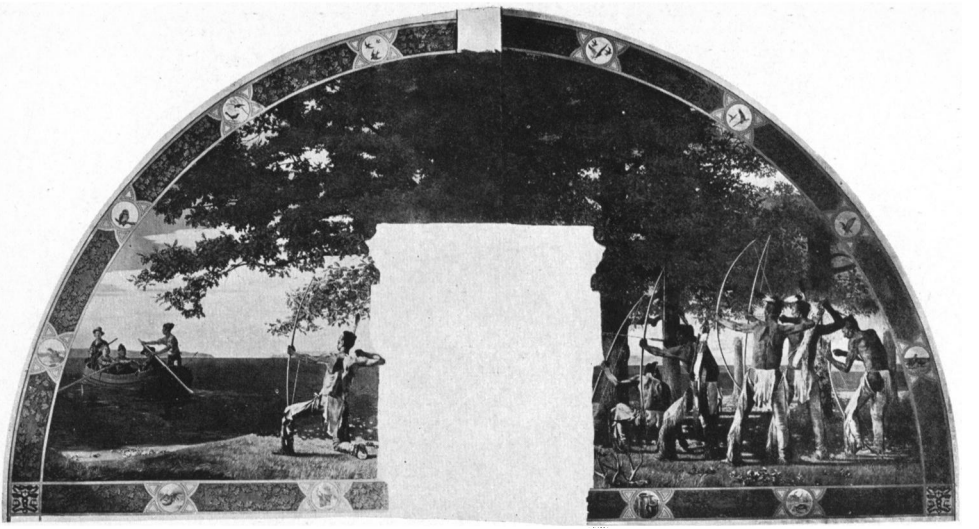
McKim—were to compose pictures, using huge buildings, some of the vastest that the world had seen, as their material, and Millet was to color them, a dozen of us acting as his hands, while French and MacMonnies and many others were to complete the buildings with decorative sculpture.

Here was laid out the field to which Millet kept during the remainder of his life, and to those of us who knew him well, this choice on his part was a foregone conclusion. *Character* was what the observer felt in Millet before everything else; character which enabled him to enforce his personal bias, and his personal bias, it seems to me, was first and last toward organized completeness. He had upon his shoulders that round head of an ancient Roman which we find so often in New England, the head of a born organizer and administrator. He thought along large lines and he hated the routine work of a committee—indeed, this man, who almost lived in committee, has whispered to me again and again, "I can't *tell* you in words how this bores me"; but he took in wide relations at a glance, foresaw friction where likely to occur and was ready for it; and he patiently insisted upon the careful carrying out of every necessary detail.

His intense synthetic sense reinforced his purpose at each step and a really military promptness and assurance carried it out.

Anyone who knew him felt beforehand that Millet at the World's Fair would be Millet in Elysium, and those who met him there for the first time, realized his fitness after being with him for five minutes.

To select painters and sculptors, to plan tasks for them, to arrange temporary studios, to design uniforms for Columbian guards, to pattern hundreds of flags for a huge building, to oversee the color scheme of a whole façade, to settle quarrels, to restrain too enthusiastic, or incite too languid, workers, to manage all sorts and conditions of men; all these occupations and many, many more entered into his day's work. "Not all occupations for an artist," you say; we cannot agree with you, we who observed how from these many chances and mis-



REPULSE OF THE DUTCH. SEPTEMBER 13. 1609 FRANCIS DAVIS MILLET

LUNETTE IN THE HUDSON COUNTY COURT HOUSE, JERSEY CITY

chances, Millet extracted always profit for his unselfish purpose, grist from what seemed roughest grinding. To us, even after seeing the Paris exhibitions of '67 and '78, '89 and 1900, as well as other international fairs, Belgian and Dutch and Italian, nothing equals our Court of Honor. The influence of Millet's steadying and stimulating hand laid upon the work, counted as one of the most valuable assets in a result whose success no one has denied.

No wonder Millet decided to become a mural painter; he had demonstrated his possession of the most needed qualities; the national trend, too, was indicated, the pace was set, the great quadriga upon the arch, the quadriga of which visitors to the Fair talked so much, might serve as a symbol. Henceforth in American art, architecture, sculpture, painting and landscape planning were to be driven four-in-hand and abreast along the road of progress.

Of all branches, the great art of decoration which Millet chose is precisely the one which demands that spirit of cooperation, that unselfish sacrifice of everything to a result, which found so certain an abiding place in Millet's altruistic nature. He thought not of himself, but of his building, not about making a personal impression which should leave his fellow in the shade, but rather about bringing his fellow into the same plane with himself in a shared and successful result. It was inevitable that the establishment of the American Academy of Fine Arts in Rome should make an immediate appeal to Millet, inevitable that he should gravitate by natural force to its directorship, inevitable that our loss of him should be in a measure irreparable. To organize, to press accomplishment, to bring young men together, inspiring them when enthusiasm was needed, conciliating them where they differed, all this was so naturally the outcome of Millet's tact and devotion that in spite of the dignity and solidity of his painted achievement, one thinks of him most and remembers him best as a noble potentiality and a force.

His strong bias towards organized completeness has been mentioned and was notable in his work. He loved significance in decoration and significance of realism rather than of abstraction.

If he decorated a postoffice, for instance, he at once harmonized his preaching with the purpose of the place. He pictured almost every form of locomotion possible to the mail carrier from the car of the Twentieth Century Limited to

PAYING FOR THE LAND. JANUARY 30. 1658 — FRANCIS DAVIS MILLET

LUNETTE IN THE HUDSON COUNTY COURT HOUSE, JERSEY CITY

the clumsy horned beast with a West African postman astride its hump. He had even included in the decoration of the Cleveland Postoffice—and as we saw it, just after the Titanic disaster, we all felt the sharp stab of its appositeness —the sailor's bottle bearing a message from a sinking ship!

Again, in his Baltimore Custom House decoration the fleets of all past time crowd sail upon walls and ceiling—barges of Cleopatra, Snakers of Vikings, galleons of Spain, Nelson's high-pooped men of war, spidery-looking little river steamers and big liners, are all there, and there to the delight of the captains who stand underneath them, approving their rigging. For with Millet every detail was verified by nature or by document. He felt a natural delight in costume, and loved to study Roman draperies with such a past-master of antiquity as his friend Alma Tadema. I had a good deal of personal experience with Millet's thorough study of costume. His close friend, Edwin Abbey, was devoted to the latter and had wonderful box-fuls of Shakespearean gowns and doublets and hose which we rummaged and which some of our party occasionally "dressed up" in. I have seen Millet with arms orange to the shoulder from the dye which he was mixing for Miss Mary Anderson's Galatea gowns, for he was always ready to help a friend with any amount of hard work; and I once passed a week of very happy evenings with him at the Old Star Theater, teaching the young people of the Lyceum, Lawrence Barrett's mob in Julius Cæsar, to wear their draperies to advantage. "Nobody ever had such a mob before," said Barrett delightedly. Of all this thoroughness Millet made a special point in his mural painting, and his example was invaluable to the young people of our over-hurrying civilization. His cycles of decoration in the Cleveland Trust Building, the Postoffice of the Federal Building in the same city, the Custom House of Baltimore, his panels in the Governor's Room of the Minnesota State Capitol, and the Newark Court House, and his two huge lunettes for the Hudson County Court House in Jersey City, are the most important of his mural paintings and alike testify to his earnestness and sincerity.

His detail, however, admirable as it was, was but incidental; it was his big synthetic sense that counted most.

Millet as an influence, as a leader of artists, as one who, like McKim, insisted upon the most perfect result attainable,

THESMOPHOVIA

FRANCIS DAVIS MILLET

marched straight towards it, would let nothing stand in its way, that is the Millet whom we must always mourn and miss. It would be hard to say how much the School of Rome has lost in his death. It seems the irony of fate that at the very moment when the man and the place had found each other he should be taken from us. In one of his last letters to me, in referring to the Villa Aurelia, recently willed to the School of Rome, he said, "We do not half realize what we have received, it is the very finest place on top of God's earth." He did not live to enter into occupation of this Promised Land, but at least he had seen it from a Mount of Vision and had prophesied to us of its future.

FRANCIS DAVIS MILLET—A MEMOIR

BY CARROLL BECKWITH

TO write worthily of a man who filled successfully so many spheres, and to address an audience, such as the readers of ART AND PROGRESS constitute, which knew him so intimately, and by whom he was so generally beloved, is no easy task. Yet, I gladly lift my voice in reverential love and praise of our departed friend.

Francis D. Millet was always in the front rank of endeavor for all that our profession holds most sacred in its art.

Memories flock to all our minds wherein his personality is dominant. Mine began back in '74, down by the Giardino Publico in Venice. In the little house, ornamented by the American brass doorplate bearing the name of "Bunce," which he had rented, I first met him wrestling with a large canvas depicting fishermen and gondoliers gathered in the sunshine on the Riva. Even then his keen eyes were on the lookout for what might be happening on the Continent of Europe that would give the bread-winning pen material. It was not long after that we heard of him in the field of the Turko-Russian War. In the late seventies I saw him in Paris when he had his studio up on Montmartre, and at which time