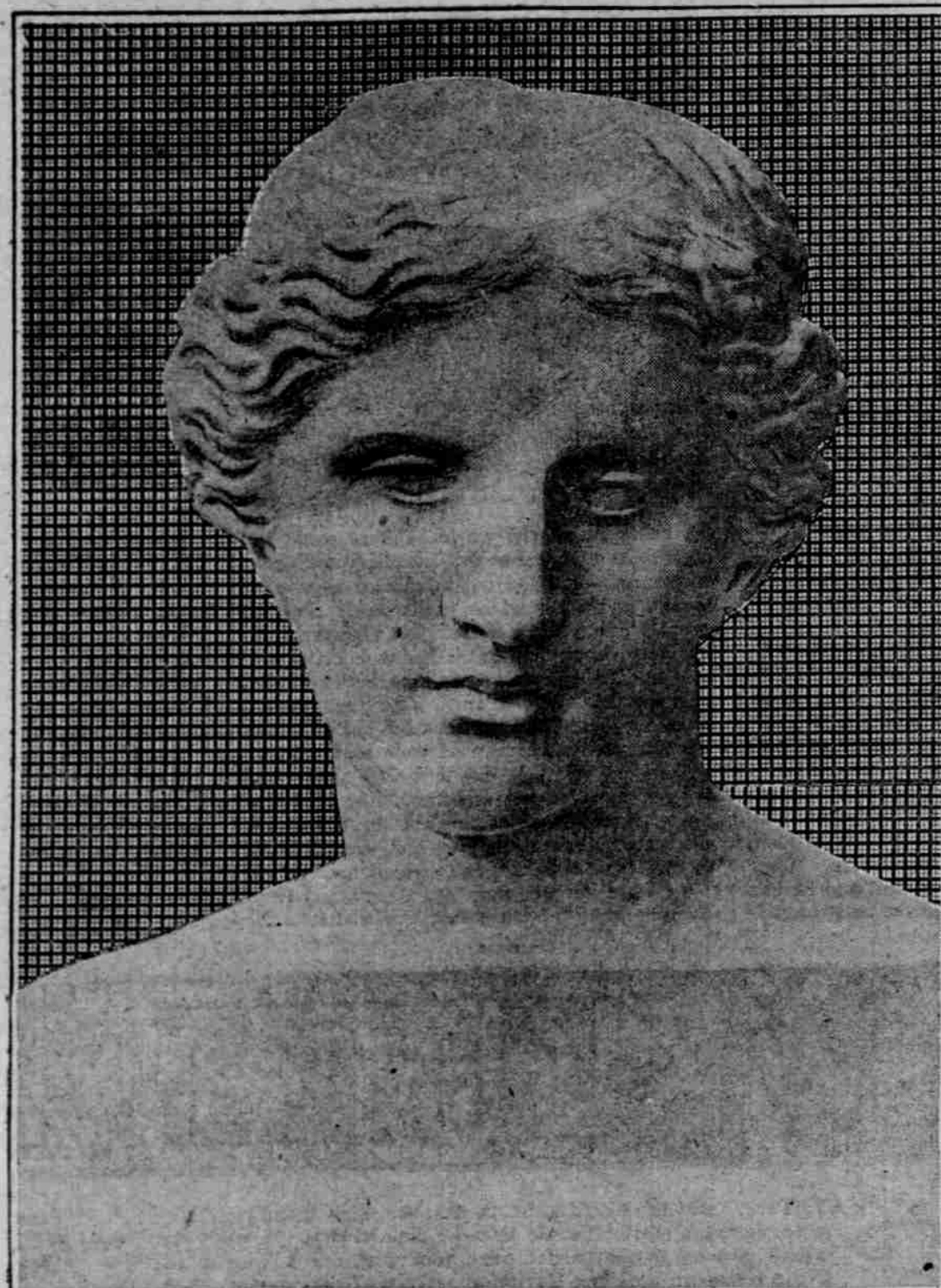


NEW DOOM HOVERS OVER FAMOUS VENUS OF MILO

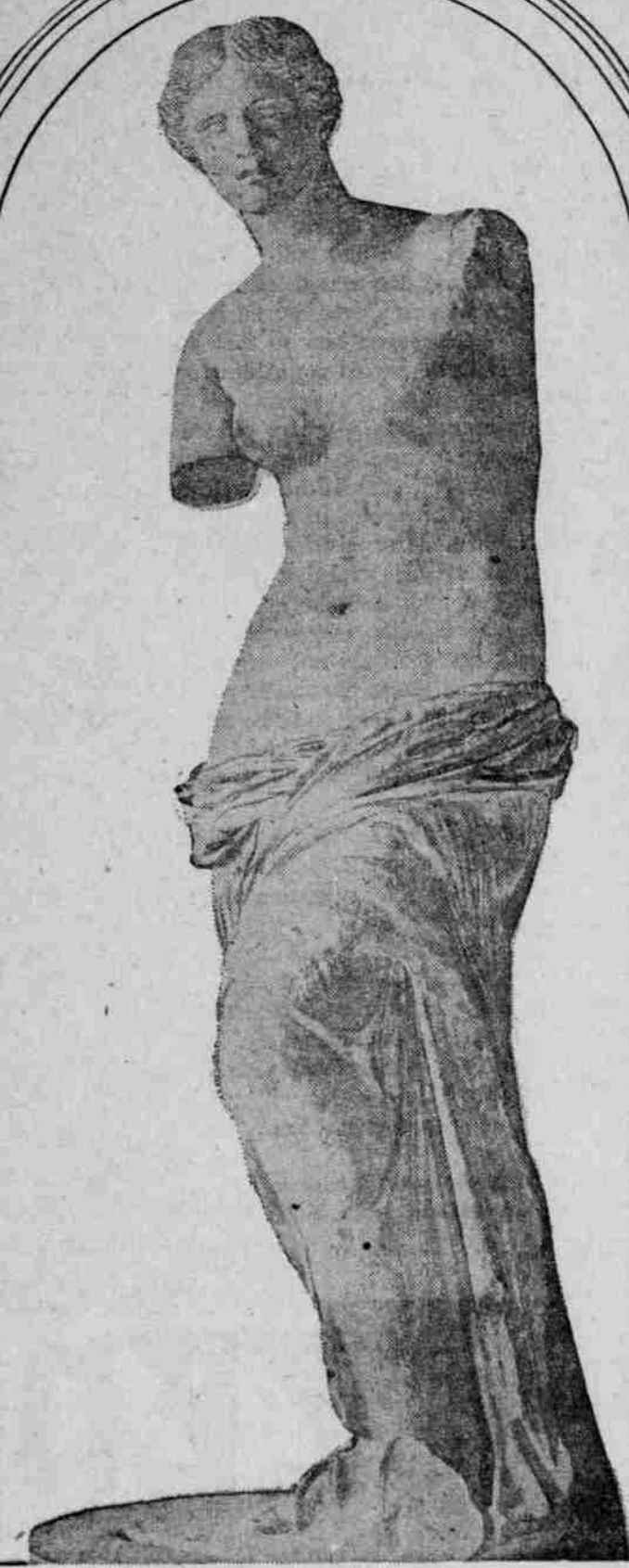
*Loveliest of Pagan Idols,
Whose Every Move Has Brought Violence to Her,
Again May Be Mutilated.
Statue, in Hiding 1800 Years, Again Secreted Out of Paris.
Interesting Lore Revealed.*



A Rather Rare View Of Venus Of Milo Taken In France Just Before Latest Removal.



Close View Of Head Of Beautiful Venus Of Milo.



One Of The Most Quickly Recognized Views Of Famous Pagan Idol, Venus Of Milo, Whose Weight Is 6000 Pounds.

BY STERLING HEILIG.
AST August, the Venus of Milo quit Paris.

The Germans were thundering down on the capital. Great moving vans were driven to the courts of the Louvre, and 720 marbles and paintings—of all schools, lands and periods, the inestimable chefs-d'oeuvre of the Museum—were taken to "safe destinations."

The Venus of Milo, who alone weighs 6000 pounds, had an automobile van to herself. Wrapped and smothered in cement, she went on her adventures.

But adventures are not good for the Venus of Milo.

A doom hangs over her—to get a swat each move she makes, and finally to smash amid the conflicts of men.

For 1800 years she eluded this doom—by lying in hiding. Yet, as soon as she came out of hiding, her arms were broken, in a conflict of men. And each move she made afterward—but you shall see.

Now she has gone in hiding again—amid conflicts of men.

Do not smile. It is just so. In her day, 2000 years ago, she was the loveliest of pagan idols, the Victorious, the Pitiless.

In a white temple, on a hill, amid the scenery of a Grecian island, she reigned; heathen goddess of Love, but equally of vain desire, pain, strife, jealousy and conflicts.

One day this doom went out against her.

Christianity, victorious, put down the cruel images. Zealots smashed the marbles. We, to whom they are only marbles, may regret it; but in those days St. Augustine, whose culture was as great as yours or mine, approved it.

In her island this great Venus had protectors. By night, they carried her away to a secret vault in a hillside. They sealed her up, with who knows what mystic ceremonies? Beside her in the dark two tricky little gods or demons stood to guard her. So they left her, to await better days.

Stay in the dark, Venus. Do not come out. The island was Meles.

Eighteen hundred years passed.

In March, 1820, Yorgos Sotoniis, peasant of the island of Meles, with his son and nephew, worked his field on the flank of a hill.

The hill was in two terraces, like steps. On the edge of the upper terrace Yorgos found certain blocks of antique trimmed stone, and desired to use them. Prying up one, he found

a fissure under his feet, into which dirt rolled. They were over a vault.

Every peasant hopes to find a hidden treasure.

Feverishly they broke in. Pushing over a section of the sustaining wall into the lower field, they jumped down, looked in and were struck with strange awe. There stood a goddess, white and radiant, beautiful with the beauty of the "immortals" of the old songs.

Who had hid her? A mystery. During 1800 years that marvelous form, born for the light, had been a captive in the dark, she, the victorious.

Yorgos guessed her value. He knew that antique Greek statues had, in foreign eyes, great price. And this statue was entire.

Yes, entire. Here is the queer part of it. Fifty years later, Yorgos' son and nephew, still living, protested that she had been found entire. President Thiers, of the French Republic, being interested in the Venus of Milo, had sent Jules Ferry as Ambassador to Greece around 1872 to pick up local traditions of her discovery at Meles.

He found Antonio and Yorgos, Jr., who, as youths of 15, had participated in it.

"They are son and nephew," reported Ferry, "grown to be beautiful white-bearded old men, robust, ruddy, bright-eyed. Examined separately before the French Consul, they declared forcibly, with details and explanatory poses, that Venus, when they found her, was standing upright on her pedestal, complete, perfect, her left arm extended and its hand holding an apple."

The popular story of the country-side remains, reported Ferry. "It is the same tale of strife and battle. The discovery, the dispute, the fight on the beach impressed the islanders, and the impression remains."

So, now, the story. In whole, it is only recently revealed.

The minute she came out of hiding. Smash!

Like this. Yorgos and the boys put their find in safety.

She was in two superposed blocks, joined invariably at the waist. Also, the left arm could be unhooked from the shoulder, to which it was cunningly fixed by an iron tenon.

They hid her upper half in a cabin. They blocked the niche, to hide her lower half.

By hazard, the French stores-ship La Chevrete was anchored in Meles harbor. On board was a young ensign curious of art antiques, who was later

to become celebrated—M. Dumont d'Urville. Snooping through the ruins of antique Meles, he got news of Yorgos' find. To his friend, Lieutenant Matterer, he said: "A peasant has found a peerless statue. Let's go see it."

Yorgos was hot to sell. He showed them the lower half, then took them to the cabin. In its shadows, a sun-beam from a little window gilded a face and bust of a supernatural beauty that seemed rising from the lower regions. D'Urville says "like a lily rising from the soil." So Venus seemed rising from the cabin floor. In her left hand she held that apple.

D'Urville bought her on the spot. The bargain was formal. Sailing hurriedly for Constantinople, he informed the French Ambassador, Marquis de Riviere, and in a few days the Ambassador's secretary, Marcellus, was sent to make payment and take possession.

Unhappily, Marcellus arrived a trifle late. The primates of the island had taken it on themselves to make a gift of the Venus to a certain Greek Prince inhabiting Constantinople. So Yorgos had sold her to them, also.

Following, hot, arrived the French war-schooner L-Estafette, sent by the Ambassador to take the statue. When she anchored in Meles harbor her Commandant Robert saw a brig flying the Turkish flag anchored nearby. And, to the consternation of Marcellus and himself, there appeared at the foot of the hill a crowd of Greek and Turkish sailors laboriously transporting the upper half of the Peerless One toward that same Turkish brig!

She was naked and shining. The Turks had neither boxed nor wrapped her. Later, it was learned that her lower half was already on the brig; and now they lugged her lovely torso on a stretcher, balance being kept by ropes tied to her bust and neck—which still bear traces of their sawing on the soft marble.

"We're just in time," said Robert to Marcellus.

They armed a squad of marines, took the long-boat, and landed just as a Turkish long-boat crew came running to protect their brethren. The Turks dropped Venus, to defend themselves. It was slash, parry, wrestle and roll. A cutlass takes off a Turkish ear. Enough carnage for a graven image! They pull for their brig. The French have captured the Peerless One! They were excited and hurried.

Quick, put rollers under her! Attention, she's falling over! Malheur, she's toppled! Now, my children, yet an effort. Here's the boat. It was hot work. Best say nothing about it!

Nothing was said about it. No mention of a fight with Turks in time of peace; no mention of rough-housing Venus in a scrimmage. Just a "find," dug from the ground. They squared the Turks, who ceded them the lower half. But when the Estafette sailed, Venus bore sad wounds!

What wounds? Mystery. Did they gather up fragments of two arms from the beach, or one arm only—the beautiful left arm which D'Urville and Matterer saw lifting high the apple? (Fatal symbol!)

She ought to have known better than to bring that apple!

But, you say, Yorgos sold her perfect; and now both arms are gone, as anyone can see. Therefore, both were broken on the beach, you say.

Tut, tut. It is more complicated.

Her doom is to get one swat each time she moves.

Behold (you say) Venus Victrix safe in the Louvre, at Paris.

Safely! Wait.

"The bust and front have scarcely suffered from the ravages of time," reported Comte de Clarac, the Curator. "They retain the velvety skin of a master of the great Greek period, who, after polishing, once more skimmed the chisel over the perfect work. But here and there are slight lesions, due, probably, to careless pick work in digging her up."

Yet he knew that she was not dug up. He praised "fragments of arm," which he assumes to have been "happily found" with the statue. He notes in them "the same quality of marble and of work, the same velvety effects of chisel skimming. The shoulders have been most damaged. Traces of cords indicate that she may have been 'dragged'; the shoulders and hips are 'scraped.' A few lines later he mentions the left shoulder is 'broken' at the joining point."

All of which is assumed to have happened long ago.

As time passed, however, strange talk flitted.

Venus had received a swat on the ship.

Aye, and another at Paris! What for? To prove her of the great Greek period, pardee!

Now you begin to perceive how the

strange doom follows the chiefest and loveliest of Pagan idols!

It was in 1854 that an illustrious classical archaeologist, Charles Lenormant, summed up the strange talk in an article in the Correspondent, containing the singular words:

"I have always believed that, from the beginning, to better accredit a production which is its own best proof, they designedly caused to disappear accessories which might derange the idea that they had discovered a chef-d'oeuvre of the grand period of Greek art. Thus, beside the arms, they suppressed the debris of an inscription."

Who is "they?"

Marcellus, who was still alive, came out indignantly in the Revue Contemporaine to defend himself, the Ambassador and the naval officers of the Estafette against "an attack involving alleged vandalism." But he did not breathe a word about the fight on the beach.

Lieutenant Matterer seems to have had a similar suspicion—that breakage was done by Venus deliberately, on the ship or after her arrival at Paris.

Neither he nor d'Urville had formed part of the conquering party; but they knew all about it.

Matterer began to get uneasy. Naval officer, he had a horror of "butting in," yet it galled him to hear the authorities gravely discussing "the probable position of the arms." So, finally, he wrote three notices, in 1842. One was deposited with the Archives de l'Art Francaise, one secretly confided to the curator of Toulon Museum and the third put in the hands of Jean Alcard, of the French Academy. He made sketches of the perfect Venus, as he and d'Urville had seen her in the niche, and described her in words—"one arm sustaining the falling drapery, and one holding forth an apple." And he concluded, significantly:

"For the rest, they (the arms) have been mutilated, the one and the other."

In 1858 he published an article in the Archives, telling the world for the first time that Venus had been acquired by force. But not even here does he imagine that she got all her hurts in the fight on the beach.

"No," wrote Alcard recently, "Matterer thinks, tranquilly, that they committed the act of (further) mutilating her in Paris designedly. He shares this strange opinion with the archaeologist Lenormant, each without the

knowledge of the other. And Matterer is not a writer, but a naval officer!"

D'Urville also, in a lecture before the Toulon Academy (with closed doors, in his old age), he told how, wishing to give his personal friends of Toulon first news of the find, he had written them a letter from Meles, describing the perfect Venus, as he had seen it. This letter never arrived. Then:

"For the rest, both arms are mutilated, and, at the present (actuellement) detached from the body."

As for the inscription, it ran thus: "Andros, Menides' son, from Antioch on the Meander, made this work."

Hare says that the pedestal "underwent a change in the workshops of the Louvre" and that "the inscription is

no longer there," but "it would be an insult to the authorities" to suggest that they destroyed it, to remove evidence that their treasure belongs to a date later than the grand Greek period."

And there you are. Since the day she came out of hiding, her doom has been invariable.

At each move, a swat. And if you want a proof by negation, observe her immunity in 1870. In 1870 she made no move. She remained in the cellars of the Louvre.

Venus, stay in the shadow! Do not move among men!

But who can stop a doom? Once more, she is out and moving.

CODFISH AND SENTIMENT IN NEW ENGLAND STATE

LET the truth be told about the venerable emblem reverently suspended by distinguished sons of the commonwealth of Massachusetts in their several legislative halls. Why should correspondents of the New York Sun, some of them living in places as remote as Ohio, be permitted to befuddle their readers with discussions of the "legends" of the painted codfish when the indubitable facts afford a foundation of placid satisfaction for the pride of all natives of the Bay state?

Be it known, then, that there may have been such an emblem in the old townhouse which burned in 1747; that the presence of the hallowed effigy in the old Statehouse is attested by the bill presented in 1778 to the province of Massachusetts by Thomas Crafts, Jr., for 15 shillings for "painting Cod Fish," and that on Wednesday, March 17, 1784, Mr. John Rowe, an ancient fisherman of T wharf, offered a resolution that "leave might be given to hang up the representation of a Cod Fish in the room where the House sits, as a memorial of the importance of the cod fishery to the welfare of the commonwealth as had been usual formerly."

Duly suspended in the House the emblem remained until, with the archives and other valuable memorabilia, it was transferred to the new Statehouse in 1788. For a century, lacking but three years, it stayed in the Representatives' chamber, acquiring year by year its place in song and story and in satirical literature as the symbol of the "cod-

fish aristocracy." In 1885, the year of the completion of the addition to the Statehouse, it was ordered removed to the new chamber. A committee of 15 duly lowered the emblem. Wrapped in an American flag, it was borne to its new home. With solemn and stately tread, a procession of the members of the House, led by the Speaker, George Von L. Meyer, marched through the marble corridors, and Richard W. Irwin, of Northampton, pronounced the eulogy. The venerable painter of fish and game, Walter M. Brackett, embellished the figure, and on May 6, according to the order of the House on April 22, the historic cod was duly hooked and hoisted into position, where all who scan the names the chamber bears—such names as Emerson, Motley and Parkman—will be unable to miss him.

And on the 125th anniversary of the motion of John Rowe a resolution of thanks was voted him. The method of communicating it was appropriately left to the captain—Boston Herald.

SUPPLY OF APPRECIATION

"I have a great idea for a musical comedy!" exclaimed one manager. "Something in the way of a plot?" "No. But I know how to get a letter of introduction to a man who might put up money to run the show."—Washington Star.

IDEA FOR MUSICAL COMEDY

Most of the visible supply of appreciation is wasted on bunk of a certain kind.—Exchange.