

Sculpturing the "Angel of War"

Lucy Cleveland Enthusiastically Describes the Striking Work of Fucignas



Victor Fucignas.



Fucignas' Latest Triumph in Sculpture, the "Angel of War," in Which the Artist Pays Tribute to the Noble Work of the Red Cross and Other Ministrations.

came—and very solemnly he stated it to me—to Fucignas in a dream. And he fled to work, his tools and clay, as one in the grip of forces beyond our vision, but not beyond our feeling. As finished in marble it will be life-size. It is to be placed on exhibition, after the solemn blessing by the Cardinal of New York and the notable ceremonies in the Cathedral. It is to be presented to the Red Cross. Smaller busts are to be cast in bronze and in silver;

came only yesterday from the ateliers of Fucignas. Look at the grim grin! The eagle at the prow of the Ship of State seems to look up to give its throat, "He'll do it! His talons will tear as mine!" In the center of the arc belongs "Uncle Woodrow." It is all very well to describe this statuette as one of the most subtle characterizations of the great statesman, of the man of vision, of the moral monitor of the distracted

of brevity. The original cast was three feet six inches in height. The day came when it was formally presented to the President. "He threw his arm right around me," says Fucignas, "as he saw the statue. And he held me. What was there of claim upon humanity in that mute gesture? It was of all things affecting. He looked, mute, at the statue, as if he saw himself alone amid the tumult and longues, and "Uncle Woodrow," with his boys where the strife is worst, and with the horror and heaven of decisions for a people. He saw himself bite in two the barrier. And he had to do it!" "I do not know how to thank you,

Signor Fucignas," said the President, huskily. And that was all he trusted himself to say. The finished statue in silvered bronze was carried on by Signor Fucignas himself to the White House. The statuette is four feet high, and stands in the Red Room. The President himself purchased the marble pedestal for it. "If you were to visit the South Kensington Museum, London, today, you would see a group in marble, Queen Victoria holding her baby, the future Edward VII. It is the work of the great-uncle of Fucignas, of Cavaliere Checcardo Fucignas, sculptor by royal appointment to the Queen. Traveling

throughout the United States you will find varied and noble altarpieces, statues, bas-reliefs, fountains, by Fucignas, in cathedrals, churches and convents; in Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Buffalo and Washington, D. C. A representative work is a robust work, is the statue of Louis IX, of France, in the Cathedral of St. Louis. Here is the great Crusader, the Saint (who knew he was a Saint!), the King—un peu Capetien. But, from all the splendor of works, I think that you would select three: That call of love, "The Angel of the War"; that call to your manhood's veins, "America's Answer," and that call of a friend, the friend of the people, "Uncle Woodrow."



"Advance," Showing Fucignas' Tribute to the American Sailor.

Miss Lucy Cleveland, who writes for this page so enthusiastically an appreciation of Fucignas' work as a sculptor, is a cousin of former President Grover Cleveland, a well-known character in the arts, a devotedly active patriot and a friend of a long list of prominent Americans.

BY LUCY CLEVELAND.

THE mighty heart of America has bloomed through the stone of the earth's crucifixion. In the garden of the world's red passion she takes the crown of thorns from the brow of bruised humanity.

To the writer has been accorded the privilege of being the first to see, and to present to the public, the "Angelus Belli," "Angel of the War," the latest work of the eminent sculptor, Signor Fucignas, of Italy and New York. As I stood in his ateliers at Swan Manor, Long Island, and stared at this compelling creation, around which moves the cloud of classic beauty, my first throb of feeling was that of thanksgiving for my own long years of toil on art's mountains which enabled me to see this wonder that stood before me, in one illuminative flash to grasp its meaning and to express it within the shifting of 26 letters of an alphabet. I stood for the moment speechless before the shining eyes of the maestro. And then I gave a shout that went a bit hoarse from emotion: "America's heart unfolding from the wings of her protective level! It is a message of Hope!"

For a second neither Fucignas nor I could speak.

The world is outreaching in piteous stress and suspense today to America. It were well, right here, to fasten the eyes on some words of Rodin: "The great artist's eyes plunge beneath the surface to the meaning of things. When he reproduces the form, he endows it with the spiritual meaning which it covers. The artist must express the inner truth of Nature." Here is the message of the Angel of War: It voices the sorrow that this world convulsion should ever have writhed into history; that the old earth should plod on in grooves of materialism, ignoring the perpetual divine call, "Man shall not live by bread alone!" Of this work in splendor of sheer

technique I cannot pause to speak; nor how it has the grace, allure and stern shadow of Michael Angelo. But in the "Angel of War," as in the "American Answer," you find something over and above "technique," something that the grammarians call invention. The French call it "sacred fire." This compelling "Angel of the War"

these are to be sold for the benefit of the Red Cross—a work which will be undertaken by prominent women of wealth and of the outpour of effort today.

The arc of Fucignas' work spans a vast, an astonishing space. At the end of the arc is the "Angel," at the other is "America's Answer," which

world today. It is not the "ruler" that you see in Fucignas' statue. It is the leader of the forces that make for permanency. The day Fucignas set eyes on Woodrow Wilson he made his decision. To his clay he went, working at white heat. "God makes the live shape at a jet," says Browning. This memorable statue was done in a fury

SUMMER FURS ARE NO LONGER ACCEPTED WITH RIDICULE BY WELL-DRESSED WOMEN

When the West Wind Blows and the Sun Shines Warmly It is a Parasol That Sets Off Milady's Toilette—Not a Fur Scarf—Gray Squirrel Popular Summer Fur.

FOR east is east and west is west and never the two shall meet. When the east wind blows she dons a pleasantly cosy fur neckpiece; when the west wind blows she fares forth with a thick frock and a parasol. But seldom if ever do fur and sunshade go out in company, indeed the combination would seem to be incongruous; if one is needed the other could not be. But both fur neckpiece and parasol must she possess to meet all of fashion's requirements.

When Summer furs first made their advent they were accepted as a fad and were made the target for a good deal of ridicule. Pride only was supposed to keep a woman cool in a fur neckpiece—in August, as pride is supposed to keep her warm in too thin garments—in January. But gradually Summer furs have established themselves as a real and practical necessity—or, at least, as a very acceptable addition to the season that begins in April and ends at Thanksgiving. In the Spring and Autumn, and on a good many days in mid-Summer, a light but warm fur neckpiece or wrap is decidedly comfortable over a thin frock. Throats accustomed to be swathed in thick collars and in furs from Thanksgiving to April cannot brave crisp Spring breezes, collarless, and Spring jackets are apt to open far down on the chest. The possession of a light bit of "summer fur" makes it possible to wear a thin but charming Spring costume on days when without the fur a warmly collared coat would have to be donned.

Squirrel a Summer Favorite.

Gray squirrel scarfs and wraps are in favor this season; indeed squirrel is more popular than the more expensive minkskin as a warm weather fur just now. The pretty gray shade of the squirrel pelt harmonizes well with the fashionable gray shades of the season, and also with blue, far and away the most popular color this year. There are long, wide scarfs of gray squirrel and dainty little wraps or coats; and there are cape-scarfs, a combination of straight scarf and shoulder cape to which a roll collar of the fur gives an added cape suggestion. Some of the scarfs have slanting pockets set in the ends and there is a belt to pass around the waist, over the pocket-trimmed ends. The edges of the broad scarf fall almost to the elbows and on the figure of one of these wraps has quite an impressive appearance—something like a sleeveless jacket.

A particularly attractive little wrap is shaped like an exaggerated sailor collar with extended ends at the front. The collar part falls well over the arms and shoulders and one of the ends slips through an opening in the other end, the crossed fronts covering the front of the figure to the waist line. This

wrap is made of sealskin or squirrel, as one prefers. Another shoulder wrap of seal is in the shape of a circular cape, with a wide convertible collar of taupe fox. There is taupe squirrel as well as natural squirrel and a deep, straight collar of taupe squirrel, with long ends that tie at the front. These are charming with Summer frocks of foulard or tub silk. These dainty little collar-wraps cost from \$30 to \$50, larger wraps of dyed muskrat or mole, from \$60 to \$100. When it comes to fox, one must pay more, for fox is the supreme choice of fashion as a Summer fur. There are various dyed pelts that masquerade as fox, but a genuine fox neckpiece cannot be had under \$50 to \$100. The gray and taupe fox neckpieces harmonize with costumes of neutral shades, and a good many women are wearing these shades out of sympathy for women who have sacrificed their privilege of mourning raiment for the sake of patriotism. Black clothes, and especially crepe-trimmed black clothes, would increase in number as the war goes on if women who have been bereaved should continue to "go into mourning"; and this wearing of deep mourning could not but have a discouraging effect on those who by personal sacrifice of lovedones must help win the war. No woman who grieves will, however, wear gay colors; and so those women who are in sympathy with the banishing-of-mourning movement are wearing subdued and neutral shades and much black and white—which is always smart—as a help to the bereaved women who give up their symbol of bereavement.

Parasols vs. Furs.

And when the west wind blows and the sun shines warmly it is a parasol that sets off milady's toilette—not a fur scarf. The parasol that is merely an incident in the costume is never important; it is the parasol that is the focusing point of interest in the costume that counts. Its shape, its color, give the character and the meaning to the costume and one may always disagree to take the place of a hat with beach frocks and fits well down around the head and shoulders. One carries it a bit tilted back, its silk cover making a becoming frame and background for the face. Still another new sunshade,

obviously for a pretty woman's use, has inserted medallions of transparent stuff like net or chiffon. Through those peepholes milady can peer, herself unseen, to note the expression of her cavalier. Exceedingly dainty and feminine are flowered covers of pale pink silk, with a fringe of the silk, doubled around the edge—these for use with Summer frocks of organdy, voile and lace.

Kindred.

As one at night in anguish, who smiles on her child at morn.

So out of the pang and pain of war shall certain truth be born.

The miser and the merchant Are both brave men.

See them both in khaki; They do not differ then— One 'mid death and danger, In deed and daring one.

And these shall still be comrades When the course of war is run.

Now this shall be the great reward when o'er a world in strife, Like sun that bursts through thundery the great peace hits to life.

The statesman and the workman Are both true men.

See them with one purpose; They do not differ then— One who guides a nation, One who makes a gun.

And these shall still be kindred When the new day greets the sun.

The world is torn with its torture, with pain that knows no rest; But this shall be the glory of morning on her breast.

The statesman and the workman Shall be of one estate; The miser and the merchant Shall be as mate to mate;

The man of caste has crumbled, Man knows his brother's worth, And these shall be of one blood When the new dawn greets the earth.

—Theodosia Garrison in Good House-keeping.

FRECKLE-FACE

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots, How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckle-face, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable dealer that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes the freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength—from any druggist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the homely freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength Othine as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.