

W. H. VANDERBILT'S PICTURES ON VIEW

Will Be Exhibited in the Metropolitan Museum.

Reminiscences of the Millionaire as a Collector of Works of Art Told by S. P. Avery.

What will be the first opportunity afforded the general public for the enjoyment of the paintings collected by William H. Vanderbilt has been arranged for by the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The pictures will be shown at a private reception to-morrow afternoon, after which they will be on general view.

During Mr. Vanderbilt's lifetime it was customary to admit art lovers to his galleries once a week by special card, but the chance to see the famous paintings he collected was not one that could readily be attained by the greatest number of people. In late years such an opportunity has been even rarer, but through the intervention largely of Samuel P. Avery, acting for the Trustees of the Museum, George W. Vanderbilt has arranged to place the collection where it would be available for art lovers generally. The pictures will remain in the Metropolitan Galleries for a year, and there is no doubt that their presence will prove a potent attraction to all lovers of paintings.

It was impossible to find room for the entire collection, but 135 pictures numbering both oil and water colors, have been chosen, and are believed to represent most satisfactorily the painters for whom Mr. Vanderbilt had a predilection, if indeed there was any particular predilection in one whose taste in art was a distinctly catholic one.

Mr. Vanderbilt was just thirty-three years old when he bought his first painting. He had gone on a cruise in 1854, in his father's steamship, "White Star," and while at Civita Vecchia became interested in a bit of color and promptly purchased it. The picture cost him \$30. From that germ the collection grew, and in the early sixties Mr. Vanderbilt had begun to be numbered among the patrons of native artists, from whom he bought a variety of works. At that time he was still residing in the house at the southeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Fortieth Street, where Frederick Vanderbilt now lives. During 1868 and in the years following Mr. Vanderbilt began the frequent purchase of works by foreign artists, and after his father's death, in 1877, he entered into the collecting of foreign works of first rank with considerable zest.

He made many trips abroad, visiting public and private galleries and securing masterpieces without regard to cost. On these trips he was accompanied by a little coterie of friends whose judgment he respected and with whom he made his periodic visits to the galleries, studios, and art shops. The men whom Mr. Vanderbilt liked to have with him on these tours were the late Charles Osborn, Samuel F. Barger, George A. Lucas of Paris, and Samuel P. Avery. More than once his uncle, "Capt. Jake," of whom he was very fond, made one of the party.

Chatting yesterday in a reminiscent mood, Mr. Avery recalled many interesting experiences in connection with Mr. Vanderbilt's purchasing of pictures, and incidentally threw a sidelight upon the collector's character, as manifested in his relations with the artists.

GENEROUS TO ARTISTS.

"He was kind and generous in his dealings with the artists from whom he bought direct," said Mr. Avery, "and often raised the price voluntarily above what the painter had demanded. With the dealers, Mr. Vanderbilt never higgled as to price on a really rare work. While he respected the judgment of the men whom he liked to have with him when he was looking at pictures, he was not by any means bound by their views. He had likes and dislikes of his own, and in buying acted upon his own inclinations. On several occasions we had argued with him that the prices demanded for certain works were too high. He would very likely answer: 'Is there another canvas by the same artist to be had for less than is as good as this?'"

"Being told that there probably was not, he would argue in this way: 'Well, then, it seems to me that the pleasure of possession ought to be taken into consideration. The picture will probably be gone into the market in a year or more. And it is quite worth while to pay the difference to have it for one's own in the meantime.'"

"Of course that was an unanswerable argument—and Mr. Vanderbilt always got just what he wanted."

Mr. Avery related an incident that occurred at the time that the collector came into possession of Millet's famous canvas, "The Sower." A party of friends were standing admiring the picture and commenting upon its various artistic excellencies.

"Yes," said Mr. Vanderbilt, "it is a great picture. But the thing that touched me most about it was the sight of that fellow sowing. I have done that many times. See, like this," and he went through the motions of the man, who with the white grain bag about his left arm flings the grain into the furrow, imitating with his lips the swish of the seed as it fell into the earth."

On one occasion the party went into the gallery of Boucheron in the Palais Royal to see the private collection there. There was an example of Troyon—a double yoke of oxen with their heads twisted about and their noses pointing to the sky. Some one remarked on the picture as a remarkable example of the great painter of cattle, but characterized the action as unnatural.

"Oh, no," interrupted Mr. Vanderbilt, "not a bit of it! I've driven oxen many times, and they often go in a snarl. And they did the way you do just the thing that Troyon shows them to be doing in this picture."

On one occasion Mr. Vanderbilt arrived in London just after Agnew, the noted dealer in paintings, had been elected to Parliament. As Mr. Vanderbilt went into Agnew's office in the new building, some one remarked on the picture as a remarkable example of the great painter of cattle, but characterized the action as unnatural.

"Ah, Mr. Vanderbilt," he said, "you have come at a most opportune time—a time when I have in my possession some of the finest gems. They belonged to a gentleman who had a lot of money on the Derby and he had to dispose of them. I can't tell you what a shock it will be to some of my patrons to hear that these pictures have gone out of England, but I have been holding them for you—for you, Sir, as the one man I desired should have them."

When the dealer brought forth the pictures, but they were not to Mr. Vanderbilt's liking.

"Really," he said, "I don't care for big names at all."

"And he wouldn't have the heart to make England unhappy," Mr. Barger whispered.

Paris shop a dealer brought out a wee Meissonier, for which he asked an excessive price. Mr. Vanderbilt smiled.

"I suppose you would find the frame also if I took it at that figure?" said the prospective buyer.

"Oh, gentleman, I assure you there is such a little margin that I couldn't possibly afford to throw in the frame," said the dealer.

"Then I couldn't think of it," was Mr. Vanderbilt's reply, and he and his friends passed from the shop enjoying the discomfort of the disappointed dealer.

Often when in the Quartier Latin, Paris Mr. Vanderbilt and his friends would come from a studio to regale themselves with crackers and cheese at a stand on the sidewalk. He entered into these informal luncheons with the zest of a schoolboy out for his holiday recess.

VISIT TO ROSA BONHEUR.

Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Avery went down to By one morning to see Mme. Rosa Bonheur at her country place on the outskirts of the Forest of Fontainebleau. At the station the artist's trap was waiting, and they were soon enjoying luncheon with her. Mme. Bonheur poured the wine herself, and the time was passed in conversation about the forest and the beautiful surroundings of her home.

"Yes," she assented, "but I hear them cutting down trees in the forest, and every blow of an axe hurts my heart."

Mme. Bonheur had met the late August Belmont and had received commissions to paint two pictures for him. In answer to

her statement that she was exceedingly busy he had said:

"How long must I wait? One year? Two years? I am getting old, and I want them soon." She asked him how old he was. "Seventy-one," he replied. "That is my age, too," she answered, whereupon they shook hands cordially and she promised to paint the pictures at once. When Mme. Bonheur related this incident to Mr. Vanderbilt she added:

Mr. Belmont is a great Democrat? When will he be elected President of the United States?"

"Well," replied Mr. Vanderbilt, "his chances, I think, are about equal to mine, and they are—painfully small."

Thus Mr. Vanderbilt was the means of enlarging Mme. Bonheur's horizon on the subject of American politics.

In 1880 Mr. Vanderbilt was sitting to Meissonier for his portrait, and Mr. Avery and Mr. Lucas were invited to the studio.

"By the way," remarked Mr. Vanderbilt, during a sitting, "what picture does M. Meissonier think the best he ever painted?"

Meissonier spoke of two—the celebrated "1814" and "Le Renseignement," both signed as in the latter picture, which, he said, was in Germany, "in the hands of the enemy." It had been painted for the Exposition of 1867, and was bought by M. Petit, who asked 50,000fr. for it. Mr. Walters had offered 45,000fr., but a German banker in Paris, M. Mayer, paid the price and became the owner of the picture. His name was in Dresden and when the war of 1870 broke out he left Paris, taking the canvas with him. Meissonier expressed his hopelessness in regard to the picture, as he felt assured that Mayer would not be induced to sell it. Mr. Avery was authorized by Mr. Vanderbilt to attempt to secure it. After some correspondence with the banker being assured that the picture was wanted for a private collection, and not to sell again, named a price, but added that he might change his mind overnight. A telegram closed the deal, and the next day the canvas arrived.

Mr. Vanderbilt and his friends now set about arranging to surprise M. Meissonier. The next day was to be the last sitting for the portrait, and one of them carried a carefully wrapped parcel to the painter's room. At last Meissonier said that the portrait was finished.

"Now you may see me sign," he added, and the important task was accomplished. The artist was assured that the picture was to be put in a frame, and "Le Renseignement" was quickly set up on an easel. When Meissonier re-entered, he stood for a moment transfixed. Then he sank to his knees before the picture, and, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed:

Oh, mon bon tableau! Oh, mon bon tableau!

The news that the picture was again in Paris created no end of comment, and one paper said that Mrs. Vanderbilt, the wife of the multimillionaire, had gone to Dresden and carried it off in her arms. Another said that a rich English Lord had gone to Mayer and counted out bank notes on the table until the owner of the much-coveted canvas said:

"Stop—take the picture!"

CLOSE OF THE SOCIETY'S SHOW

Why the Sales Are Few, Though the Quality Is Fair.

Yesterday saw the close of the exhibition of paintings and sculpture at the Fine Arts Building, in West Fifty-seventh Street. Save for the free afternoon hours to-day, when members of the society who take an active interest in the organization and special art amateurs are apt to drop in to compare notes over the show, the first Saturday in May is the last of the exhibition. What has this annual to offer in distinction from previous shows:

A slight, but a very slight, advance in the number of pictures and sculptures sold, though it must not be forgotten that the number of exhibits was sternly limited this year. After the Committee on Acceptance had exercised its cold-blooded villainy on some 900 helpless works of art, thrusting them forth, if not into outer darkness, yet into places where there was walling and gnashing of teeth, the Hanging Committee, not to be outdone, committed acts of horrible barbarity by declining to place on the walls some 140 of the third class among the accepted! The result was that the Vanderbilt Gallery has a thin line on its northern wall, the wall that is seen first on approaching the main apartment and the one that lends itself best to a second if not a third row of pictures. Allowing, then, for the way in which the exhibit was boiled down by the successive sets of critical cooks, the fact that up to Friday evening two dozen pieces have been sold for an aggregate of about \$8,000 may be considered an improvement on the figures of previous years.

Improvement though it be, the sum is so small when compared to the sales made at exhibitions abroad that one is amazed at the gallantry with which the Society of American Artists returns each year to the charge, notwithstanding the discouragement natural in such conditions, despite the defection of the Sacred Ten and the rivalry of the Academy, whose far from superior exhibitions enlist the flattering attention of patrons with purses. The aim, indeed, of the original founders of the society was much less directed toward salesrooms for their wares than an exhibition which made the money question entirely subsidiary, one that should offer the best things that were being painted and modeled during the year. But there are too many rivals in the field. And then the men of the society are handicapped by the fact that for various reasons they cannot go about soliciting the best work they hear of. Only to a limited degree is this possible for an artist. If the society had a lay membership it is probable that persons would be discovered among the non-professionals who could visit the studios of all the painters and secure their best work in a way that is scarcely to be expected of an artist.

What else has the exhibition proved? That some grievous mistakes have been made by the Hanging Committee, one of which consists in placing a good many pictures against the red ground of the south gallery which are harmed by that color; another, in keeping out of the Vanderbilt Gallery certain large figure pieces which would have lent variety and distinction to the large spaces there. Such pictures are Whistler's "Andalusian," Fuller's "Illusions," a distinguished symbolical composition which grows upon you; Henri's "Figure of a Girl," Eakins's "Cardinal Martinelli," and Chase's "Louis Windmiller." These are mistakes which may be rectified next year, if note is made of them and the new Hanging Committee be warned to avoid them.

Among the pictures sold are Elliot Clark's "On Brandywine Creek" and Scott Clifton Carbee's "Jessie Mae," a bonny lass in a red cloak; C. C. Curran's "Midsummer Night," and Walter L. Palmer's "Evening Star"; J. D. Chalfant's "Problem" and Everett L. Warner's "Winter Dawn, Madison Square." Mrs. Freilwitz has sold her graceful angel writing in the sand, called "Fame," and Irving R. Couse his landscape "The Brook." "Evening," by E. D. Turcas; "Returning Home," by William E. Plumpton; "Mount Porter," by E. M. Shurtleff; "The Brook," by John G. Saxton; "Priscilla," by Chester Loomis, and "Oxen Hauling Logs," by Gifford Beal, are further pictures which bear the mark of sold, together with "The Bridge," by Will Howe Foote; "Lebanon Hills," by Carleton Wiggins; "Among the Sand Dunes," by Joseph Lyman; "The Golden Sunset," by William A. Coffin, and "The Goldfish," by Ida C. Haskell. One of George H. Bogert's landscapes is taken also. "October Evening, Manomet," is a moonrise at the full, with a rocky hillock and one lone tree to the right, a mass of firs to the left, and a bit of water in the foreground.

These pictures are the best their authors can produce in very few instances. They are not large, and for the most part must have been sold for very modest prices. Apparently the people who can afford to pay good prices do not visit the society's exhibition, or, at any rate, do not patronize it. The only way to meet that is to improve the quality of the show by securing the really best, not the pictures of the second rank, so that picture lovers will find it

impossible to stay away from a collection about which all their friends are talking.

Two things the society must accomplish if it is ever to take the place it aims for in New York.

It must seek the best pictures of non-members, not wait for them to be proffered.

It must insist that the members of the society keep their own very best for their own show.

ART NOTES.

Another competition for an equestrian statue is about to be held in Washington—the "Little Mac on Horseback," for which Congress has appropriated \$60,000. Among the competitors for this monument to Major-Gen. George B. McClellan are Dallin of Boston, Amateis of Washington, Mrs. Kitson (Theo. Ruggles) of Boston, Minnis and Zalozny of Rome, Italy, and Ruckstuhl, Nicholas, Rhind, Procter, J. Donohue, Bartlett, and Lawrie of New York. The statue will occupy a prominent place not far from the White House.

The new Museum of Fine Arts at Syracuse, N. Y., established under the directorship of Prof. George F. Comfort, already proves an attraction to outsiders; it is visited by many people living in Central New York. Free days are Friday and Saturday, while on Sunday afternoons the museum is open without charge; at other times there is a small entrance fee. The museum has not yet attained the rank of those which occupy a building of their own; but the wealth that exists in Syracuse makes it probable that it will receive presently an endowment from some citizen like Mr. Albright of Buffalo, who is building a beautiful art gallery for that city.

La Fayette Square in Washington has a monument to La Fayette by French sculptors, and presently it will have one to Rochambeau. This is a replica of the figure designed by M. Fernand Hamar, erected in 1899 at Vendome, where the French general who came to Washington's aid was born. On a tallish shaft stands the Field Marshal in three-cornered hat, holding the chart of a battle ground in his left hand and pointing off to his right with the other. His head is turned in the same direction. In front of the shaft is the figure of a woman representing France, moving heroically forward with the French banner in her hand. Underfoot is the prow of a galley, to represent the crossing of the Atlantic, and near by is the American eagle with the combined coats of arms of France and the United States. As one stands at the entrance of the White House and looks across at La Fayette Square one sees the monument to La Fayette to the right. When the new monument to Rochambeau is unveiled it will appear far to the left. The centre of the square is occupied by the old equestrian statue of Jackson, in Winter the statue of Jackson, and Rochambeau will be attended by descendants of La Fayette and Rochambeau, who will be the guests of the Nation.

The question of a coinage suited to the present condition of things artistic in the United States has been revived recently by The New York Tribune. Our silver coins are certainly the most pitiful apologies in the world. Last Wednesday night's lecture at the National Arts Club dealt with medals and coins. Mr. Bauman Lowe Belden, a member of the American Numismatic Society, gave a talk on "The Art of the Medalist" before the club.

A lecturer before the British Architectural Association, while discussing the preservation and restoration of old buildings, advised the removal of English ivy from buildings owing to its destructive qualities. It is well known that ivy grows into crevices and pushes heavy stones apart by the slow action of its woody stem. The speaker advised the use of Virginia creeper, which in a few years would have a fine, fresh, green foliage in Spring, and a very beautiful red and gold leafage in Autumn. In Winter the entire structure of the building would stand revealed with the fall of the leaves. Ivy not only wrecks old buildings, but grows so densely that it hides all outlines in Winter as well as Summer.

Frémiet's equestrian statue of Gen. John Eager Howard of the Revolution, the hero of Germantown, Camden, and Cowpens, is ready for the casting. It is to stand in the Baltimore, perhaps on the north of the Washington Monument, the site for which was presented to the city by Howard himself. The committee of Baltimoreans representing the Municipal Art Society and the subscribers to the fund chose a French sculptor of mark, who is already represented in America by the Gen. Robert E. Lee at Richmond and other works. In cocked hat and tie-wig Gen. Howard is seen on a horse that steps along at a brisk pace; his right arm is extended to the right, the index finger pointing off, while his face is turned slightly to the left, as if he were speaking to an officer and directing him where to place his troops. Neither the man nor the horse is very American in appearance; the statue suggests a French Field Marshal rather than a young officer of the Revolution.

Miss Maria Brooks has a number of paintings at the Powell Art Gallery, 983 Sixth Avenue, including a London picture of note, "Down Piccadilly; Flower Women Returning from Covent Garden." The scene is a morning in June. At Fischer, Adler & Schwartz's Galleries, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street, Miss Brooks has another small collection of American figure paintings and landscapes. Miss Brooks is an English artist who has had a studio for many years in the Sherwood Studio Building and contributed to the current exhibitions. She is about to return to England after a long sojourn on this side of the Atlantic.

In an address before the Anthropological Society of Munich on Austrorians and Papuans, the remarkable artistic ability of the latter was mentioned by Prof. Semon. Although singing and music are much cultivated by the black-skinned Papuans, their strong point is art. "Nature has constituted them creative artists of the first rank and given them a really astounding sense of form." Though they do not reach the heights attained by some Europeans, yet they are superior to white men in the general spread of artistic feeling, as well as in their craving for art. "If we examine the primitive implements and utensils made of wood, shell, and stone by the Papuans, their cups and vases of gourd or cocoanut, we are amazed at their unfeeling good taste, a taste which enters into the smallest things. If one passes in review hundreds of useful objects or weapons, seldom or never will a single piece be found which does not show through the presence of at least a solitary little ornament that the maker possessed a feeling for the beautiful. Each has at least something about it which is added to the mere usefulness of the article." He cites the wonderful variety of decorative designs in proof of the creative power of Papuan fancy. Along with this feeling for form goes a delight in color and a rare taste in its application. The very sails of the sea-going double canoes the lakatois, have a fanciful cut which the speaker felt sure, was not adopted for any superiority gained by it in sailing power, but purely from the love of graceful forms.

A bill has been introduced in the Senate to appropriate \$20,000 for a replica of the bronze equestrian statue by Daniel C. French and Edward C. Potter, which was erected in Paris with the fund contributed by American women. The bill does not fix the site, but orders in the usual phraseology that the monument shall not be erected on the grounds of the Capitol and Library of Congress.

A costume ball given by Paris artists at the Moulin Rouge has revived the memory of Sulpice Guillaume Chevalier, known to the world as the caricaturist Gavarni. Of late years his books of caricature have fetched great prices. The rule of the ball was that everybody must dress like one of the types of 1830-50 immortalized by Gavarni. A curious fact in his life was his love of mathematics, his inclination being to make his fortune as a surveyor. Another queer freak was his appearance as the writer, editor, illustrator, and publisher of a fashionable paper which was sent to subscribers done up in pink ribbons. It lived to see its twenty-fifth issue. He also wrote novels and was a versemaker of no mean parts. Among his published works is "Reflections on England."

Only 1,500 pictures can be hung at the Salon this year, and of these three-quarters

are hors concours, or the work of honor men, and so exempt from rejection by the jury. The Salon does a thriving business in the sale of first-day tickets at a high price, people being glad to pay roundly for admittance for a first peep, not so much at the pictures and sculptures as the noted people and the costumes of the fair visitors. On certain days the leading charity organizations allowed the right to station agents about the galleries to solicit contributions. The buffet is another serious asset for this organization of artists, an asset which came near being taken away from them by a thrifty Government this year.

The South Kensington is no longer to be known by that appellation, but by the title Victoria and Albert Museum. The niece and adopted daughter of Charles Kean, Mrs. F. M. Paget, has lent to the museum her father's drawings for the stage, 393 in all, made by Kean and his corps of assistants—Matt. Morgan, Telbin, Gordon, Grieve, Cuthbert, Loyds, and Days. They are water colors, very carefully done. A portrait of Ellen Tree (Mrs. Charles Kean), showing her in the costume of Margaret of Valois, has beneath it an autograph letter from Queen Victoria addressed to her on Kean's death, which reads:

"Life is a blank after such a loss, and the sunshine of it is forever gone! I shall recall most vividly to my mind the many hours of great intellectual enjoyment which your lamented and talented husband (who did so much for his profession) and you afforded to my dear husband and myself in bygone happy days!"

Mr. George Inness, Jr., is not only a good artist, but a generous one, for he has made a present of \$5,000 to the Artists' Fund, the old charitable organization founded and carried on by members of the National Academy of Design.

TEACHERS AS PLANTERS.

They Secure a Thousand Acres of Land in Mexico—Form a Company and Will Grow Rubber and Coffee.

Quotations on the rubber and coffee markets are being followed with avidity by New York City's public school teachers, who, after making a success of their building and loan association, have now turned their attention to growing rubber and coffee in Mexico, and purchased the majority of the preferred stock of the New York Teachers' Plantation Company. The company was incorporated several days ago at Albany, and among the names of the incorporators are Magnus Gross, President of the Teachers' Association, and William Eittinger, ex-President of the same organization, both of whom are deeply interested in the scheme and believe that it will prove a profitable investment.

One thousand acres of land have been purchased in the northeastern part of the State of Oaxaca, Mexico, which is part of a tract of 5,000 acres owned by the New York Trading and Development Company. The authorized capital of the new company is \$150,000, and its stock has been divided into 1,500 shares of the par value of \$100 each, of which 750 shares are preferred stock and the balance common stock. Close to six hundred shares of the preferred have already been disposed of among the school teachers, who are given the privilege of paying for the stock on the installment plan.

Somewhat skeptical at first about the flowery reports of promoters, the school teachers several months ago sent William A. Chatfield, a public school teacher of this city, to Mexico, for the purpose of going over the ground and investigating the cultivation of coffee and rubber in tropical Mexico. Mr. Chatfield spent a month among the plantations on the isthmus and recently submitted a report, in which he set forth the difficulties the planter has to contend with, labor conditions, transportation facilities, and the methods of cultivating rubber, coffee, fruits and other tropical products. Speaking of the land purchased by the company, Mr. Chatfield says:

At present it is covered with a dense growth of timber and tropical plants that completely excludes the sunlight. It is nearly twelve miles from a navigable river and ten miles from a railroad, with only an Indian trail as a means of communication. Products are usually packed to the river on mules, a distance of twelve miles, then loaded into an Indian dugout, or canoe, and floated down the river for ten days to either Santa Lucretia on the railroad or to the port of Coatzacoalcas on the Gulf of Mexico. Thence they are shipped by the regular lines of steamers to New York or London.

The labor problem is a very serious one in this country on account of the shiftlessness of the negro or working class. The Mexican will work hard and faithfully so long as he is satisfied, but no way to hold him, when he once becomes discontented, has yet been discovered. The natives are few and far between, and in such a climate the natives must be depended upon unless a better class of workmen can be obtained. Some planters have imported Chinese and Japanese labor with great success, and this class of labor can be better relied upon, its employment is recommended.

The wages paid to the natives are ridiculously low. About 60 cents (Mexican) per day is the usual rate, though a few planters have offered as high as 75 cents. Along with the wages the planter must furnish "rations," and these, with the native, are infinitely more to be considered than the pay. Liberality in furnishing them with their simple necessities goes a long way toward keeping on hand a faithful band of workers.

It is estimated that to clear, plant, and care for a tract of 2,000 acres would require the services of from fifty to eighty men. To develop at the rate of 200 acres per year would need at least 100 Chinese and Japanese, are paid at about the same rate as the natives, with board at about 15 cents (Mexican) per day.

Speaking of the cultivation of rubber and coffee, Mr. Chatfield says:

Most planters grow the young trees directly from the seed, planted in rows in nurseries, which are merely small pits, about 10 centimeters deep and 20 centimeters apart. The young shoots average two feet in height and half an inch in diameter. Then they are carefully taken from the ground and transplanted. There is a great diversity of opinion concerning the number of trees to be planted on an acre.

The best-informed planters agree that rubber trees cannot be tapped safely till after six years of age. The rubber then obtained is of excellent quality. At six years of age an average acre ought to yield from half a pound to a pound of rubber. It has been estimated that the production will be one-fourth larger at each successive yearly tapping. Thus ten years of age should produce anywhere from three to five pounds.

Careful estimates have shown that the entire cost of producing a pound of rubber and shipping it to market will be about 10 cents. This class of labor can be better relied upon, its employment is recommended.

The raising of fruits in the southern part of Mexico has not as yet become a very extensive business, Mr. Chatfield says. A few planters have undertaken to raise pineapples, but, generally speaking, a comparatively small part of the great investments has been devoted to fruit culture. This may be due, in a large measure, to the distance from market and the uncertainty in transportation. With a quick freight line to Northern ports the business would probably reach large proportions. Nearly all tropical fruits can be raised, and, as far as I was able to learn, most of the common vegetables will do well there. Oranges, lemons, limes, pineapples, zapotes, melons, and other varieties of fruits will grow in abundance. Vanilla, ginger, pepper, guava, and other spices and flavors, as well as such drugs as camphor and opium, I have seen flourishing on some of the plantations. Many of the planters have begun to grow cacao (chocolate) and expect to be well paid for their work.

As a result of Mr. Chatfield's report, which as a whole was favorable, the New York Teachers' Plantation Company was organized, and, according to the President of the company, F. C. Leubuscher, the work of clearing the ground will be begun by a developing company in the course of a couple of weeks.