

Painting in Mexico

"PLAYING BEARS" (GRANITE) BY CARL MILLES
(*Berselius Park, Stockholm*)

necks, straining and gazing out over the water. The swan-lizards are no dry, scientific reconstruction, though based upon sound palæological principles. The work in the first place is a hymn to nature's mystic beauty, even in the dim and distant ages, which appear to us to be filled by fabulous and horrible shapes, and secondly it is a plastic creation of fine proportions and noble lines. The artist's idea is to get this colossal group cast in bronze, and at some future time placed on a cliff at the entrance to the port of Stockholm; but the large sum necessary (running to something like £8,000) makes this fine idea seem somewhat Utopian.

I have commented particularly on this branch of Carl Milles' work, knowing how deep an interest the British reader takes in everything connected with the animal world. It is hardly to be expected that a foreigner should appreciate in the same degree his portrait busts (one of which is shown on the next page), rich as they are both in character and feeling, or the Swedish charm of his historical compositions. But his animal sculptures appeal to all who share the artist's generous delight in living nature. AUGUST BRUNIUS.

PAINTING IN MEXICO. BY MARY BARTON.

THE first thing that comes to my mind when I begin to write of Mexico is the great civility I met with everywhere, from the railway conductor, who invited me to dine, down to the immaculately dressed young man I encountered in a post office who offered to lick my stamps for me.

It is a truly cosmopolitan country, and one can use every modern language one is acquainted with; but the Britisher generally meets pleasant looks, and the poorer class Mexicans and Indians are a most obliging set. One is cheated right and left, and charged through the nose for the most simple necessities, but it is done quite pleasantly. The hotels are mostly bad and dear, and the food often quite impossible—in fact, a long course of it is conducive to the slimness of figure now so much admired; but what do such things matter when the climate is so perfect and the scenery so fine? Day after day sunshine, always the same light at the same time of day, and rain a most rare thing, although there are plenty of cloud effects, especially in the morning and evening. Many inhabitants told me that I should seldom see clouds,



"PLAYING CHILDREN" (MARBLE). BY CARL MILLES !