

YOUNG ARAB ARTIST

OF BOSTON,

Whose Beautiful Creations are a Source of Wonder.



KHALIL GIBRAN

The whole history of the world, sacred and profane, would have to be passed in review to account for the work that has been done in the city, and to almost everyone else, in fact, is doing in a little four-story room in one of the most obscure quarters of the city.

There a young man lives his artistic life, and with various-colored crayons he has wrought things that, when they are exhibited to Boston, as they soon shall be, are sure to make him one of the most talked of men of the city.

His name is Khalil Gibran, and the chief work of his life, that upon which he is now engaged, is the illustrating of an Arabian poem, *Arabic Nights*, in the language in which it is written, for the idea that it embodies is universal, an effort to show in some manner the utter futility of any work that does not tend to lift all of the inhabitants of the earth.

Charles Elliot Norton, for one, and many others, among whom, for instance, could be named Prof. Holland Day, the master of such wonderful photographic portraits, are some of those that have wended their way to the home at 222 North Street, climbed the narrow stairs and seen what the man has done.

Professor Norton has declared that the ideas Gibran has symbolized in his books and drawings are extraordinary. He remarks that the poem that the young man is working on is not just some American teacher's dull little exercise, but a real, real poem that who can translate from the Arabic.

Khalil Gibran is a handsome, olive-skinned, dark-haired youth, not quite 27 years of age, who was born among the cedars of Lebanon, and is the son of an Arab, whose father had seen scientific work in the ancient wisdom of the east and in the Christian teaching of the modern west, as it is exemplified in Beirut.

He draws with the simplest sort of crayons, but little colored from black and white, but in what a wonderful distance in this difference. And he draws with an unsharpened point of conception and imagination.

It is a pity that although he has had some few pictures these have gone to persons of the most distinguished of our Boston artists and connoisseurs.

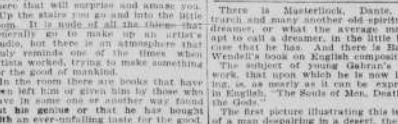
If you wander into Gibran's room you will find it a narrow, smelly little room, with here and there little bits of furniture, but in that is, to Gibran's home, who will find yourself in an atmosphere that will surprise and amaze you.

Up the stairs you go and into the little room, it is here in all that atmosphere that you will find the artist at work. He is a man who reminds one of the other artists working, trying to make something for the good of mankind.

In the room there are books that have been left him or given him by those who have in some one or another way, faced out his genius or that he has brought with an ever-unfailing taste for the good.



The Blessed Damsel



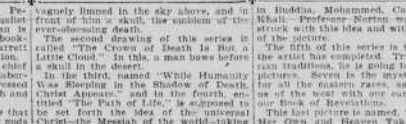
My Lady



The Crown of Death is But a Little Cloud



Darkness



Child of Misery

The Crown of Death is But a Little Cloud



Soul between Good and Evil

There is Masterlock, Dante, Paganini, Wagner, and many another old spiritualist dreamer, or what the average man is apt to call a dreamer, in the little book that he has. And there is Barrett Wendell's look on English composition.

The subject of young Gibran's chief work, that upon which he is now laboring, is as nearly as it can be expressed in English, "The Souls of Men, Death and the Gods."

The first picture illustrating this is that of a man despoiling in a desert, the gods in Hotha, Mohammed, Confucius and Khalil. Professor Norton was especially struck with this idea and with the beauty of the picture.

The fifth of this series is the last that the artist has completed. True to his Arabian traditions, he is going to have seven pictures. Seven is the mystical number for all the eastern races, as well as for us of the west with our confederates and our Book of Revelations.

This last picture is named, "Earth Takes Her Own and Heaven Takes Her," and in "The Vision of Adam and Eve" and the "Child of Misery."

There are other pictures, such as the "Child of Misery," showing a wretched child in her arms, while below there is a woman chained to the rocks—the rocks of life, they must be. And then in another, the world is portrayed as a crucifix through it as white doves in a vague hopelessness.

"Light" and "Darkness" are two simple ideas to symbolize, and in "A Dream of Life" are figures which symbolize what the artist calls "Heaven, Youth, Knowledge, Experience and a Little Love."

In the young woman with her beauty, the young man with his youth and strength, age with its knowledge and experience, and behind it are shadowy figures of the little loves that govern it all.

In "The Vision of Adam and Eve" and the "Child of Misery," a woman who is probably trying to sell as you see upon her. She looks "naughty." And in "My Lady" is the latest approach in the world to the "Men Line" seen by the generations that have come into being since the masterpiece of the world was painted by the pale painter who put into the face of his creation that which has made our men in us. "All the secrets of the world are here and her eyes are a little weep."

In "The Vision of Wisdom into Ignorance" is involved the idea that it was first in the East that knowledge came. The picture symbolized in the figure that stands on the earth are India, Greece, Egypt and Rome. From the clouds above descend Wisdom, in the shape of Minerva for Greece and Rome, Isis for Egypt and the "Child of Misery."



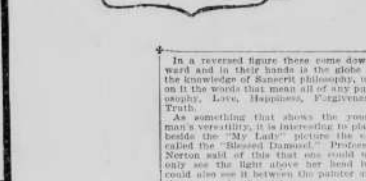
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WHY PORTO RICO TREES WERE CALLED "ROYAL"

Professor Martin G. Brombaugh, ex-commissioner of education in Porto Rico, is a Democrat of the Democrats, and therefore delights in this story:

"About a week after I arrived in Porto Rico, and by 'I took a trip along the beautiful military road from San Juan to the interior of the island. The tropical vegetation was luxuriant, and my attention was drawn most particularly to some tall trees with slender stems and flowering spikes that grew along the road in the greatest profusion."

"What kind of trees are those?" I asked of an army man who accompanied me.

"They are royal palms."

"And why do you call them royal palms?"

"Well, you see, all the rest of the trees down here are good for something, but as these that stand around and look pretty and are otherwise absolutely useless, the title 'royal' seems to fit them exactly."