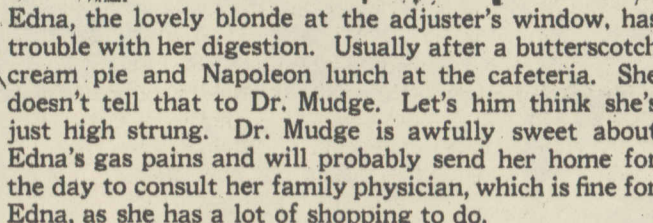
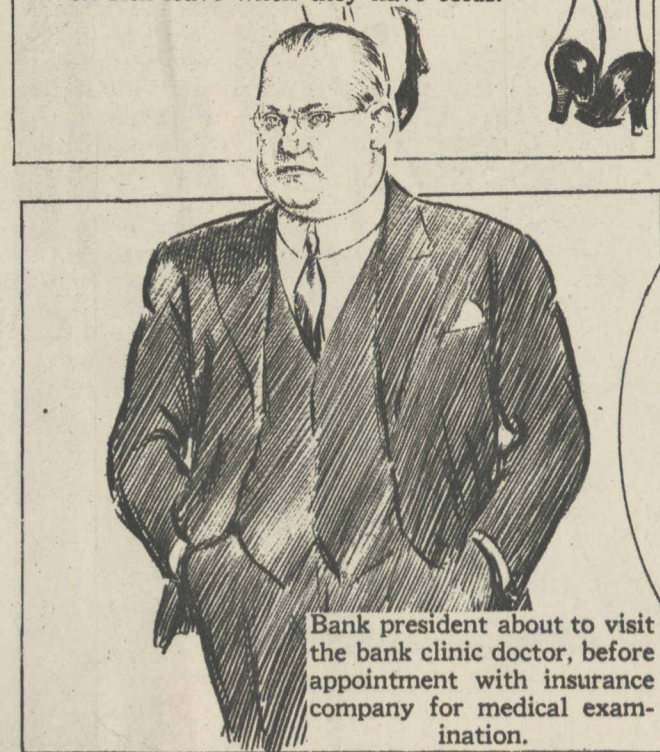
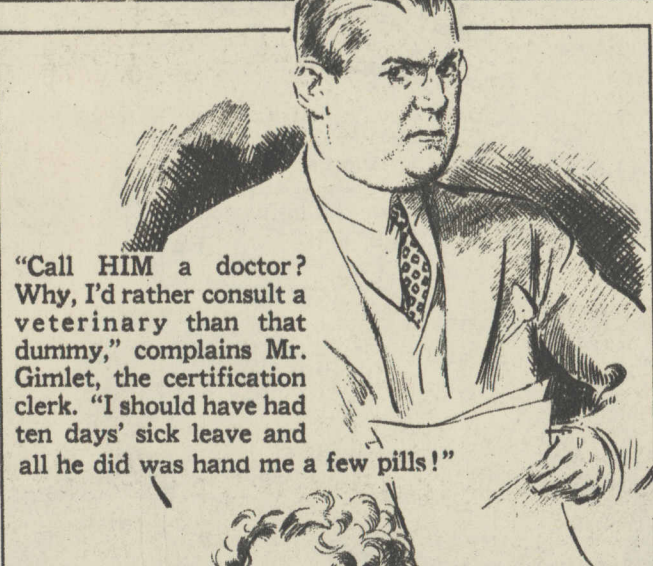


## THE BANK CLINIC

By W. E. Hill

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## A Painter of Children

W. Sergeant Kendall's painting, "Psyche," is reproduced on page one of the picture section of this issue.

ONE OF THE modern painters and sculptors, W. Sergeant Kendall, whose "Psyche" is reproduced in colors on page one of the picture section of this issue, is best known for his charming studies and portraits of children.

The work in question, with its beautiful blending of soft colors and skillfully drawn figure, is considered one of his outstanding achievements and frequently is reproduced to illustrate his type of art, but the intensity of the little subject's gaze has been criticized, how justly is only for the competent judges of paintings to say.

Kendall was born in Spuyten Duyvil (now part of New York City) on Jan. 20, 1869. By the time that he had attained the age of 14 he was painting and modeling with Thomas Eakins in Philadelphia. The age of 19 found him in Paris, working in the Academie Julian, from which he soon went to the Ecole des Beaux Arts. So rapid was his rise that in 1891 he achieved honorable mention in the Paris Salon. Two years later, at the World's Columbian exposition in Chicago, he was awarded a medal. From that time on his exhibits almost constantly were bringing to him awards



W. Sergeant Kendall's painting, "Alison," which won for him the Potter Palmer gold medal and cash award of \$1,000 at the Art Institute of Chicago in 1910.

of various kinds, gold and silver medals and cash prizes.

Among his notable awards was that of the Potter Palmer gold medal and \$1,000 prize, given at the Art Institute

of Chicago in 1910. It was the painting "Alison," inspired by his youngest daughter, of that name (who became Mrs. Edward L. Parker), that won this honor for him. The painting is reproduced on this page.

Kendall is represented in a number of the outstanding art galleries of this country, including the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York and the Corcoran gallery in Washington, and exhibits of his works have been seen in France, Italy, Germany, and South American countries, as well as in a large number of cities in his native land. From 1913 to 1922 he was dean of the Yale school of fine arts.

In 1896 he married Margaret Weston Stickney of New York City, who obtained a divorce from him in Paris on July 15, 1922. Shortly after this divorce Kendall married Christine Hertzer of Scarborough, N. Y., a graduate of the Yale school of art. There were three daughters by the first marriage, Elizabeth (Mrs. Pierson Underwood), Beatrice, and the aforementioned Alison. It was when these three were small children playing about their home that their father employed them for models for some of his most striking paintings.

## The Inside Story of the Turkish Harem

(Continued from page four.)

you left your clothes, which is very slushy from the constant flow of water. Here there is always a good coal fire, especially in winter, to dry several shirts at once, as well as towels for the bathers. When you have sat down the servant washes your feet, and as an act of courtesy you are expected to show your appreciation by placing your right hand on his head and then putting it to your mouth. When you are dressed it is up to you to recompense the servant as you leave, so you go up to the grill where the cashier of the baths has his place and give him what you think fit."

The above account is quite comprehensive and typical except for the fact that it omits any mention of pattens for the feet, they being sandals built on high clogs so as to raise the feet above the floor. Undoubtedly they had not come into use in Bassano's early day.

Pattens have several uses. In baths heated from below they are useful in preserving tender feet from the heated marble. They also stop slipping on the wet floor. When I attempted to walk around the marble basin in one of the Brusa baths on bare feet I discovered it was both difficult and risky, but once pattens were worn progress was unhindered. Lastly, they keep you well above all flowing water and far less pure liquids that from time to time pollute the floor. In the royal harem the pattens of the favorite were extremely luxurious, being inlaid with mother of pearl and tortoise shell, with straps studded with pearls and turquoises.

Continuing with what Bassano de Zara has to say about women's baths in the sixteenth century:

"Although men own the baths, they do not do the washing themselves, for, being most particular on this point, they employ women who wash those who come without a slave or servant. But most of the women go in parties of twenty at a time and wash each other in a friendly manner—one neighbor with another, and sister with sister. But it is common knowledge that as a result of this familiarity in washing and massaging women fall in love with each other."

"I will now tell you in what manner the middle-class woman goes to the bath, and how often a week. This type of woman, then, visits the baths, many of them four times, many three times, but every one goes at least once, otherwise she would be known as devoid of delicacy and dirty. But there are two reasons why none would miss going. In the first place, they cannot pray in church unless they have washed, and, secondly, because, as they are otherwise not allowed to go out, it serves as an excuse for leaving the house."

"With this excuse they can do so, saying they are going to visit the baths, when in reality they go elsewhere. It is the custom with Turkish women to have two or three Christian slaves, or slaves who once were Christians but have renounced their faith. On the head of one of these slaves is placed a copper pot. Inside it they put a chemise of cotton which reaches to the ground; even men use them, putting them on as soon as they have washed, instead of a shirt, to draw off all moisture from the flesh and leave the body dry, so that they can put their shirt on top immediately and get dressed."

"They also have a white chemise, clean hose, and as many towels as they want. Then they cover the bowl with a linen cloth embroidered with silk and golden foliage; and they take a handsome fine woven carpet and a beautiful cushion. On arriving at the baths they first spread out the carpet over that provided by the baths, and remove their silk cloaks. The pot is placed on the ground in one of the little rooms, with the base uppermost, so that the mistress can sit on it. And when she has sat on it the slaves start to wash her, standing one on either side."

"When she thinks they have washed her enough she retires to rest in one of the moderately warm rooms, while



A harem woman displays the thin veil that complied with custom but revealed the features.

the slaves wash each other. When they have stayed as long as they wish they put the chemises and other garments back into the basin and go home, paying the same amount as the men. There are some women who take with them a rich repast and eat it at the baths with the appetite that the baths naturally give."

A visitor to Turkey in 1717, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, corroborates Bassano with an even more vivid description of a women's bath:

"The first sofas were covered with cushions and rich carpets, on which sat the ladies; and on the second, their slaves behind them, but without any distinction of rank by their dress, all being in the state of nature, without any beauty or defect concealed. Yet there was not the least wanton smile or immodest gesture amongst them. They walked and moved with the same majestic grace which the slaves wash each other."

Milton describes of our general mother. There were many amongst them as exactly proportioned as ever any goddess was drawn by the pencil of Guido or Titian.

"I was here convinced of the truth of a reflection I had often made, that if it was the fashion to go naked the face would be hardly observed. I perceived that the ladies with the finest skins and most delicate shapes had the greatest share of my admiration, though their faces were sometimes less beautiful than those of their companions. I fancy it would have very much benefited any great artist to see so many fine women naked, in different postures, some in conversation, some working, others drinking coffee or sherbet, and many negligently lying on their cushions while their slaves (generally pretty girls of 17 or 18) were employed in braiding their hair in several pretty fancies. In short, it is the women's 'coffee house,' where all the news of the town is told and scandal invented."

There remains but to speak of the Bride's Bath, a ceremony in which a procession of naked virgins plays an important part and one in which a virgin destined for the sultan's bed would go through in very similar manner to that witnessed personally by Lady Montagu, who said of it:

"Those that were or had been married placed themselves around the room on the marble sofas; but the virgins very hastily threw off their clothes and appeared without other ornament or covering than their own long hair braided with pearl or ribbon. Two of them met the bride at the door, conducted by her mother and another grave-faced relation. She was a beautiful maid of about 17, very richly dressed and shining with jewels, but was presently reduced by them to the state of nature. Two others filled silver gilt pots with perfume and began the procession, the rest following in pairs to the number of thirty."

"The leaders sung an epithalamium, answered by the others in chorus, and the two last led the fair bride, her eyes fixed on the ground with a charming affectation of modesty. In this order they marched around the three large rooms of the bath. After having made their tour the bride was again led to every matron around the rooms, who saluted her with a compliment and a present, some of jewels, others pieces of stuff, handkerchiefs, or little galantries of that nature."

A curious tale is told about Sultan Mahmud I. (1730-'54), who apparently was in the habit of amusing himself with members of the harem in various ways. According to one visitor, one of his little jokes was as follows: Having stationed himself secretly in a window overlooking the baths, he would await the arrival of the girls, who would all be given a chemise according to custom, imagining that they were the same as usual. But the wily sultan had had all the stitches removed and the material tightly glued together. The doors were then locked, and the sultan watched developments as the heat and moisture did their work. Some of the girls laughed with surprise as the dress fell away in pieces, but others were very angry.

(THE END.)