EVENING LEDGER-PHILADEDPHIA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1916

Eurning refe a tienger


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|  | beware the bunkhoundt Serving the City Benutiful Ho Bites All Unlovely Things <br> Even an a child wo coutd underatand Why viaftorn to aft galierlen wero ro quired to lenve umbreillam outsida, but it wan nover elear to va why our dog thould bo taken, from tua betoro we wero. ad mitted. But now wo get a light apon It The blood of the Eunktiound may be in other cantines. <br> Yenterday, tortunately. We left the Bunkhound necuroly chnined beforo we nalled forth to visit the publle gallery of the ArL Club, wherein the exhibition of "Old Mastera' Works," from the colleo. tion of Panquale Furinn, th being ox. hibited. We Hitened to the commenth of neveral art orftica and wo trembied leat hear and break fill of pratie of a targe canvas, "The Martyrdom of st. Andrew," restored by Signor Farina, who gave to the poor old nuint the left arm of a gladiator and the shoulder of a slisyphun. <br> whey were utterly uniconseloun of the Worth of the bit of seculpturo in one cor- ner, a portrait of signor Farinn, which bore thin inseription: <br> To my triend, Protensor P. Farina, s. Moran1." <br> Protensor Farina to confeasedily a rostorer of old paintingn and not a creator of new ones. The one creation in tho and the crittos minsed it altogether. it |
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| Even an a child wo coutd underatand why vintiore to art gallerlen were roquired to leave umbrellas outside, but it was never clear to un why our dog nhould be taken, from uh before we were admitted. But now we get a light upon it. The blood of the other canines. <br> Yesterday, fortunately, we left the Bunkhound necuroly chained before we nallied forth to visit the publle gallery "Old Masters" Works," from the colleetion of Panquale Farinn, In being oxhibited. We lintened to the commenth of several art critica and we trembled lent our hound might hear and break full of pratne of a farge canvas, "The Martyrdom of St. Andrew, ${ }^{1 /}$ restored by Signor Farina, who gave to the poor the naint the left arm of a gladiator and the shoulder of a Sisyphus. <br> They were utterly unconscloun of the worth of the blt of sculpture in one corner, a portrait of Signor Farinn, which bore this inseription: <br> "To my friend, Profensor P, Farina, s. Moranl." <br> Profensor Farina ts confeasedily a rostorer of old paintings and not a creator of new ones. The one creation in the and the critics misned it altogether. It |  |
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THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE


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