

MY *Fine Art* STORY BOOK

VOLUME TWO

COMPILED BY MARLENE PETERSON

My Fine Art Story Book

Volume Two



Stories of Artists and Fine Art
Pieces for the Young Reader

Compiled by Marlene Peterson

Libraries of Hope

My Fine Art Story Book
Volume Two

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Spain




Las Meninas
Velázquez

Don Diego Rodríguez de Silva y Velázquez

1599-1660, Spain

It is pretty difficult to find out why a man was named so-and-so in the days of the early Italian and Spanish painters. More likely than not they would be called after the master to whom they had been first apprenticed; or after their trade; after the town from which they came, and rarely because their father had had the name before them. In Velasquez's case, he was named after his mother.

No one seemed to be certain what to call him, but he generally wrote his name "Diego de Silva Velazquez." His father was Rodrigo de Silva, a lawyer, but in calling the boy Velazquez the family followed a universal Spanish custom of naming children after their mothers.

Little Velazquez was well taught in his childhood; he studied many languages and philosophy, for he was intended to be a lawyer or something learned, anything but a painter. The disappointment of parents in those days, when they found a child was likely to become an artist is touching.

Despite his equipment for a useful life, according to the ideas of his parents, this little chap was bound to become nothing but a maker of pictures.

Herrera was a bad-tempered master and little Velazquez could not get on with him, so after a year of harsh treatment, he went to another master, Pacheco, but by that time he had learned a secret that was to help make his work great. Herrera had taught him to use a brush with very long bristles, which had the effect of spreading the paint, making it look as if his "colours had floated upon the canvas," in a way that was the "despair of those who came after him."

Velazquez was born in Seville at a time when about all the art of the world was Italian or German; thus he became the creator of a new school of painting.

He stayed five years in Pacheco's studio and pupil and master became very fond of each other. Pacheco was not a great master—not so good as Herrera—but he was easy to get on with, and knew a good deal about painting, so that as Velazquez had the genius, he was as well placed as he needed to be.

In Pacheco's studio there was a peasant boy whose face was very mobile, showed every passing feeling; and Velazquez used to make him laugh and weep, till, surprising some good expression, he would quickly sketch him. With this excellent model, Velazquez did a surprising amount of good work.

Spain had just then conquered the far-off provinces of Mexico and Peru, and was continually receiving from its newly got lands much valuable merchandise. Rapidly growing rich, this Latin country loved art and all things beautiful, so its money was bound to be spent freely in such ways. Madrid had been made its capital, and at that time there were few fine pictures to be found there. The Moors who had conquered Spain had forbidden picture making, because it was contrary to their religion to represent the human figure, or even the figures of birds and beasts. Then the Inquisition had hindered art by its rules, one of which was that the Virgin Mary should always be painted with her feet covered; another, that all saints should be beardless. There were many more exactions...



Adoration of the Magi by Velazquez



Kitchen Scene with the Supper in Emmaus by Velazquez

In Madrid, then, there seemed to be great opportunity for a fine artist like Velazquez, and his master urged him to go there and try his fortune. So he set out on mule-back, attended by his slave, but unless he could get the ear of the king, it was useless for him to seek advancement in Madrid. Without the king as patron at that time, an artist could not accomplish much. After trying again and again, Velazquez had to return to his old master, without having seen the king; but after a time a picture of his was seen by Philip IV, and he was so much pleased with it that he summoned the artist. Through his minister, Olivares, he offered him $113.40 in gold (fifty ducats) to pay his return expenses. The next year he gave him $680.40 to move his family to Madrid.

At last the artist had found a place in the rich city, and he went to live at the court where the warmest friendship grew between him and the king. The latter was an author and something of a painter, so that they loved the same things. This friendship lasted all their lives, and they were together most of the time, the king always being found in Velazquez's studio in the palace when his duties did not call him elsewhere. During the many many years—nearly thirty-seven—that Velazquez lived with Philip IV he employed himself in painting the scenes at court. Thus he became the pictorial historian of the Spanish capital. He was a man of good disposition, kindly and generous in conduct and in feeling, so that he was always in the midst of friends and well-wishers.

Philip IV was indeed a noble companion, but he was not a gay one, being known as the king who never laughed—or at least whose laughter was so rare, the few times he did laugh became historic. One would expect this serious and depressing atmosphere to have had an effect upon a painter's art; but it chanced that Rubens visited Spain, and there, Velazquez being the one famous artist, it was natural they should become interested in each other. Rubens told Velazquez of the wonders of Italian painting, till the Spaniard could think of nothing else, and finally he begged Philip to let him journey to Italy that he might see some of those wonders for himself. The request made the king unhappy

at first, but at last he gave his consent and Velasquez set out for Italy. The king gave him money and letters of introduction, and he went in company with the Marquis of Spinola.

After Velazquez had stayed eighteen months in Italy, Philip began to long for his friend and sent for him to return. He came back full of the stories of brilliant Italy, and charmed the king completely.

Philip, being a melancholy man, had his court full of jesters, poor misshapen creatures—dwarfs and hunchbacks—who were supposed to appear "funny," and Velazquez, as court painter, painted those whom he continually saw about him, who formed the court family. Thus we have pictures of strange groups—dwarfs, little princesses, dressed precisely as the elders were dressed, favourite dogs, and Velazquez himself at his easel.

He did not grow rich, but received regularly during his life in Madrid, twenty gold ducats ($45.36) a month to live upon, and besides this his medical attendance, lodging, and additional payment for every picture. The one which brought him this good fortune was an equestrian portrait of Philip; first uncovered on the steps of San Felipe. Everywhere the people were delighted with it, poets sung of it, and the king declared no other should ever paint his portrait. This picture has long since disappeared.

The record of Philip IV with unpleasing, even degenerate characters about him, is brightened by the thought of his loyalty to his court painter and life-long friend. When the king's favourites fell, those who had been the friends of Velazquez, the artist loyally remained their friend in adversity as he had been while they were powerful. This constancy, even to the royal enemies, was never resented by Philip. He honoured the faithfulness of his artist, even as he himself was faithful in this friendship. Philip's court was such that there was little to paint that was ennobling, and so Velasquez lacked the inspiration of such surroundings as the Italian painters had.

[Philip IV] felt himself free to behave as he chose, because he was



Philip IV on Horseback by Velazquez

Philip of Spain; and he chose to do a great many absurd and outrageous things. In all Philip's portraits, painted by Velazquez, he wears a stiff white linen collar of his own invention, and he was so proud of this that he celebrated it by a festival. He went in procession to church to thank God for the wonderful blessing of the *Golilla*—the name of his collar. This unsightly thing became the fashion, and all portraits of men of that time were painted with it. "In regard to the wonderful structure of Philip's moustaches it is said, that, to preserve their form they were encased during the night in perfumed leather covers called *bigoteras*." Such absurdities in a king, who had the responsibilities of a nation upon him, seem incredible.

The red Cross of Santiago conferred upon him by Philip, made Velazquez a knight and freed him also from the rulings of the Inquisition, which directed so largely what artists could and could not do. Thus it is that we come to have certain great pictures from Velazquez's brush which could not otherwise have been painted.

This action of the king, setting free the artist, made two schools of art, of which the court painter represented one; and Murillo the other, under the command of the Church. Although not so rich perhaps as Raphael, Velazquez lived and died in plenty, while Murillo, the artist of the Church of Rome, was a poverty-stricken man.

Finally, while in the midst of honours, and fulfilling his official duty to the court of Spain, Velazquez contracted the disease which killed him. The Infanta, Maria Theresa, was to wed Louis XIV, and the ceremony was to take place on a swampy little island called the Island of Pheasants. There he went to decorate a pavilion and other places of display. He became ill with a fever and died soon after he returned to Madrid.

He made his wife, his old master Pacheco's daughter, his executor, and was buried in the church of San Juan, in the vault of Fuensalida; but within a week his devoted wife was dead, and in eight days' time she was buried beside him.



Infanta Margarita by Velazquez



Don Balthazar Carlos by Velazquez

He left his affairs—accounts between him and the court—badly entangled, and it was many years before they were straightened out. His many deeds of kindness lived after him. He made of his slave a good artist and a devoted friend, and by his efforts the slave became a freedman. The story of his kindly help to Murillo when that exquisite painter came, unknown and friendless to Madrid, has already been told.

The Church where Velazquez was buried was destroyed by the French in 1811, and all trace of the resting place of the great Spanish artist is forever lost to us.

He is called not only "painter to the king," but "king of painters." Philip of Spain had long prayed for a son and when at last one was granted him his pride in his young heir was unbounded. The Little Don Carlos was not unworthy, for he was a cheerful, hearty boy, trained to horsemanship, from his fourth year, for his father was a noted rider and had the best instructors for his son. The prince was a brave hunter too and we are told that he shot a while boar when he was but nine years of age. In this portrait which is in the Museo del Prado he is six years old, and it was neither the first nor the last that Velazquez made of him. It was one of the court painter's chief duties to see that the heir to the throne was placed upon canvas at every stage of his career, and he painted him from two years of age till his lamented death at sixteen.

The great art of the painter is...shown in the way he subordinates the landscape to the figure. He will not allow even a tree to come near the young horseman, but brings his young activity into vivid contrast with the calm peacefulness of the distant view.

With the death of Don Carlos the downfall of his father's dynasty was assured, though for a time his little sister, the Infanta Maria Theresa, was upheld as the heiress. She married Louis XIV and had a weary time of it in France. Velazquez painted her picture too, in the grown up dress of the children of that day. It is in the Vienna Gallery.



Children of the Shell

MURILLO

Bartolomé Esteban Murillo

1617-1682, Spain

The great religious painter, Murillo, has given us many pictures of the Christ child and John the Baptist, but perhaps none more pleasing than this one ["Children of the Shell"] which critics have so often declared the most beautiful picture of children ever painted.

We must go back in our Bible history to the time when the wicked King Herod reigned over Judea, for it was then that our story begins. This proud king had conquered all his enemies and expected to live at ease in his rich and beautiful palace, surrounded by all that would give him comfort and pleasure. But one day he was made very unhappy when a messenger appeared bringing him most unwelcome news. It was that a child had been born in Bethlehem at just the time and place it had been prophesied that a child should be born who would one day be king over all the world. In a manger of a stable, true to the prophecy, the baby Jesus was born. The three wise men of the East and many others who already worshiped him as king sought and found him there. The thought that the child would grow up to rule over his kingdom alarmed King Herod, and he resolved to remove his possible rival before it was too late. Fearful lest the child should escape, Herod sent out a terrible decree that all boy babies under two years of age should be killed. That must have been a dreadful day, for there was little hope of escape of

concealment.

However, Mary and Joseph had been warned by an angel several days before, and with the child Jesus they were already safe on their way to Egypt. They had left in the night, and no one could tell anything about them, or where to look for them. Several years later King Herod died, and almost immediately Mary, Joseph, and the boy Jesus started on the homeward journey. It was during this journey, we are told, that the boy, running on ahead of the donkey Mary was riding, found a cool little spring where he could quench his thirst. Suddenly there appeared another boy wearing a camel's-hair cloak and carrying a wooden stick with a cross carved upon it. He was followed by a lamb. It was John the Baptist, who, although only a child, was living among the hills, eating locusts and wild honey, preparing for the great work he was to do. It is supposed that as the mothers of these two boys often visited each other, the children must have met before. In the picture we see them standing near the cool little spring. Jesus has in his hand a shell which, straightway forgetting his own thirst, he has filled and now offers to his cousin John.

John the Baptist is bending over to drink from the shell which Jesus holds for him. The lamb watches them contentedly, while from the sky above the angels, with clasped hands and smiling faces, look down in silent adoration. Although he does not look at them, Jesus seems conscious of their presence, for he points toward them with his little hand. Light radiates from the clouds and the angels, while deep shadows at the left and the right serve to heighten the effectiveness of the central part of the picture. The lamb, as the symbol of innocence, is the natural playmate of these two healthy, sturdy boys. The little John drinks eagerly, as if he were indeed thirsty and weary, while Jesus, although younger in years, has the kind and thoughtful look of an elder brother caring for a younger.

At this moment they seem to be merely two thirsty boys, little knowing the great work before them or thinking of anything but to



Jacob's Dream by Murillo



The Holy Family with a Bird by Murillo

quench their thirst. Yet some of the coming greatness shows itself in the generous action of the child Jesus and the gentle acceptance of John the Baptist.

The story of Murillo has been delightfully told by Mrs. Sarah Bolton.

Like Velazquez, he was born in Seville, a city called "the glory of the Spanish realms," and was baptized on New Year's day, 1618, in the Church of the Magdalen.

Murillo's father paid his rent in work, instead of in money. He made a bargain with the convent who owned his house that he would keep it in repair if he might have it free of rent, so there Gaspar Estéban and his wife, Maria Perez, settled. "Perez" was the family name of Murillo's mother, who had very good connections; one of her brothers, Juan del Castillo, being a man who encouraged all art and had an art school of his own. Little Murillo therefore had encouragement from the start, an unusual circumstance at a time when parents rarely wished to think of their sons as painters. As a matter of fact, his mother would have preferred that he should become a priest, but she was kind and sensible, and put no difficulties in the way of the little Murillo doing as he wished.

The story goes that the Perez family had been very rich, but, however it may have been, that was not the case when the artist was born. One day after his mother had gone to church, Murillo being left at home alone, retouched a picture that hung upon the wall. It was a picture of sacred subject—"Jesus and the Lamb." He thought he could make some improvements in it, so he painted his own hat upon the head of Jesus and changed the lamb into a little dog. His mother was a good deal shocked at what seemed to her an irreligious act, though it showed the family genius. After that the boy was found to be painting

upon the walls of his schoolroom, and making sketches upon the margins of his books, though he did little else at school.

He had one sister, Therese, and they were left without father or mother before the artist was eleven years old.

It was at that time that he received the name of "Murillo" by which he is known.

It came about thus: After the death of his parents he went to live with his mother's sister, the Doña Anna Murillo, who had married a surgeon called Juan Augustin Lagares, and since the little artist was to live with his aunt, he soon became known by her family name. There, in her home, he and his sister Therese were brought up, but he was not to become a surgeon like his uncle-in-law, but an artist like his uncle Juan, the teacher in Seville. That uncle took him in hand, taught the boy to draw, to mix colours, to stretch his canvas, and soon Murillo's genius won the love of master and pupils.

In peace and reasonable comfort he served a nine years apprenticeship, and painted his first important, if not especially great, pictures. These were two Madonnas, one of them "The Story of the Rosary." St. Dominic had instituted the rosary; using fifteen large and one hundred and fifty small beads upon which to keep record of the number of prayers he had said; the large beads representing the *Paternosters* and *Glorias* and the small ones, the *Aves*. This practical way of indicating duties helped the heedless to concentrate their attention, and did much to increase the number of prayers offered. Indeed, it is said that "by this single expedient Dominic did more to excite the devotion of the lower orders, especially of the women, and made more converts than by all his orthodoxy, learning, arguments, and eloquence." It was this incident in the history of the Catholic Church that Murillo commemorated.

When the artist was twenty-two years old, his uncle, Juan del Castillo, broke up his home and went elsewhere to live, leaving the artist without home or means, and with his little sister to take care of. Without vanity or ambition, but with only the wish to care for his sister



Virgin and Child with a Rosary by Murillo

and to get food, the marvellous painter took himself to the market place, and there, wedged in between stalls, old clothes, vegetables, all sorts of wares, like a wanderer and a gypsy, he began his career.

At the weekly market—the *Feria* or fair, opposite the Church of All Saints—his brotherly, kindly feeling for the vagabonds he daily met is shown in the treatment he gives them in his wonderful pictures. During the two years that he worked in that open-air studio he had flower-girls, muleteers, hucksters all about him, and he painted dozens of rough pictures which found quick sale among the patrons of the market. What Velazquez was doing in the court of Madrid, Murillo was doing in the streets of Seville; the one painting cardinals, kings, and courtiers; the other painting beggars, gamins, and waifs. Between the two, the world has been shown the social history of Spain as it then existed.

After selling…six pictures Murillo started a-foot, not to London but on a terrible journey across the Sierra Mountains, to Madrid—the home of Velazquez. Murillo knew that this native of Seville had become a famous artist. He was powerful and rich and at the court of Philip II, while Murillo had no place to lay his head, and besides he had left Therese behind in Seville in the care of friends. He had no claim upon the kindness of Velazquez but he determined to see him; to introduce himself and possibly to gain a friend. It was under these forlorn circumstances he made himself known to the great Spanish court painter.

The story of their meeting is a fine one. For Murillo Velazquez had a warm embrace, a kind and hospitable word. The stranger told Velazquez how he had crossed the mountains on foot, was penniless, but could use his brush. Instead of jealousy and suspicion, the young man met with nothing but the most cheerful encouragement, found the Velasquez home open to him, took up his lodging there and established his workshop with nothing around him but friendship and the sympathy his nature craved.

From the market-place to the home of Velazquez and the Palace of Philip II! It was a beautiful dream to Murillo.



The Pastry Eaters by Murillo



The Flower Girl by Murillo



The Adoration of the Shepherds by Murillo

With what splendour of colour and mastery of design he illuminated the annals of the poor! Coming forth from some dim chancel or palace-hall in which he had been working on a majestic Madonna picture, he would sketch in, with the brush still loaded with the colours of celestial glory, the lineaments of the beggar crouching by the wall, or the gypsy calmly reposing in the black shadow of an archway. Such versatility had never before been seen west of the Mediterranean, and it commanded the admiration of his countrymen.

All his beggarly little children, neglected and houseless, appeared only to be full of cheer and merriment, with soft eyes and contented faces. It was a happy, care-free, gay, and kindly beggardom that he painted, with nothing in it to sadden the heart.

Thus he lived for three years... In the course of time, however, he grew restless, and Velazquez wished to give him letters of introduction to Roman artists and people of quality, advising him to go to Rome to study the greatest art in the world. This was an alluring plan to Murillo, but after all he longed for his own home and chose to return there rather than go to Rome. Besides, his sister Therese was still in Seville.

Once more in his home, at one stroke of his magic brush Murillo raised himself and a monastic order from obscurity to greatness. In his native city was the order of San Francisco. The monks had long wished to have their convent decorated in a worthy manner by some artist of repute; but they were poor and had never been able to engage such a painter. When Murillo got back home, he was as badly in need of work as the Franciscans were in want of an artist. The monks held a council and finally agreed upon a price which they could pay and which Murillo could live upon. Then he began a wonderful set of eleven large paintings. Among them were many saints, dark and rich in colouring, and no sooner was it known that the paintings were being made than all the rich and powerful people of Seville flocked to the convent to see the work. They gathered about the young artist, overwhelmed him with honours and praise, and the monastery was crowded from morning till

night with those who wished to study his work. From that moment Murillo's fame, if not his fortune, was made.

He married a rich and noble lady with the tremendous name of Doña Beatriz de Cabrera y Sotomayer. He had fallen in love with her while painting her as an angel.

About that time he formed a strange partnership with a landscape painter, who agreed to supply the backgrounds that his pictures needed, if Murillo would paint figures into his landscapes. This plan did very well for a little time, but it did not last long.

Murillo painted in three distinct styles, and these have come to be known as the "warm," the "cold," and the "vaporous." He painted pictures in the great cathedral of the Escorial and the "Guardian Angel" was one of them. Also, he painted "St. Anthony of Padua," and of this picture there is one of those absurd stories meant to illustrate the perfection of art. It is said that the lilies in it are so natural that the birds flew down the cathedral aisles to pluck at them. Many artists have painted this saint, but Murillo's is the best picture of all.

When the nephew of his first master, Murillo's cousin, saw that work he said: "It is all over with Castillo! Is it possible that Murillo, that servile imitator of my uncle, can be the author of all this grace and beauty of coloring?"

While Murillo was doing his work, he was living a happy, domestic life. He had three children, and doubtless he used them as models for his lively cherubs, as he used his wife's face for madonnas and angels.

He founded an academy of painting in Seville, for the entrance to which a student could not qualify unless he made the following declaration: "Praised be the most Holy Sacrament and the pure conception of Our Lady."

The most delightful stories are told of Murillo's kindness and sweetness of disposition. He had a slave who loved him and who, one day while Murillo was gone from the studio, painted in the head of the Virgin which the master had left incomplete. When Murillo returned



Guardian Angel by Murillo



The Virgin of the Napkin by Murillo

and saw the excellent work he cried: "I am fortunate, Sebastian"—the slave's name—"for I have not created only pictures but an artist!" This slave was set free by Murillo and in the course of time he painted many splendid pictures which are to-day highly prized in Seville.

Murillo's fame brought fortune to his little sister, Therese. She married a nobleman of Burgos, a knight of Santiago and judge of the royal colonial court. He became the chief secretary of state for Madrid.

Murillo made money, but gave almost all that he made to the poor, though he did not make money in the service of the Church, as Velazquez made it in the service of the king.

His work of more than twenty pictures in the Capuchin Church of Seville occupied him for three years, and in that time he did not leave the convent for a single day.

Of all the charming stories told of this glorious artist, one which is connected with his work in that church is the most picturesque. It seems that every one within the walls loved him, and among others a lay brother who was cook. This man begged for some little personal token from Murillo and since there was no canvas at hand, the artist bade the cook leave the napkin which he had brought to cover his food, and during the day he painted upon it a Madonna and child, so natural that one of his biographers declares the child seems about to spring from Mary's arms. This souvenir made for the cook of the Capuchin convent has been reproduced again and again, as one of the artist's greatest performances.

Toward the close of his happy life, he became more and more devout, spending many hours before an altar-piece in the Church of Santa Cruz where was a picture of "The Descent from the Cross," by Pedro Campana. "Why do you always tarry before 'The Descent from this Cross?'" the sacristan once asked of him.

"I am waiting till those men have brought the body of our blessed Lord down the ladder," Murillo answered. His wife had died, his daughter had become a nun, and all that was left to him was his dear son Gaspar,

when in his sixty-third year he began his last work, "The Marriage of St. Catherine." He had not finished this when he fell from the scaffolding upon which he was working, and fatally hurt himself. He died, with his son beside him. He was a much loved man, and when he was buried, his bier was carried by two marquises and four knights and followed by a great concourse of people. He chose to be buried beneath the picture he loved so much—"The Descent from the Cross," and upon his grave was laid a stone carved with his name, a skeleton and an inscription in Latin which means, "Live as one who is about to die."

The church has since been destroyed, and on its site is the Plaza Santa Cruz, but Murillo's grave is marked by a tablet.

Of all the painters who ever lived, Murillo was the one who painted little children with the most loving and fascinating touch. Besides the little angels in this picture ["Immaculate Conception"], we have a bewildering choice among many other beauties.

Many pictures of this subject have been painted, and many were painted by Murillo, but the one presented here is the greatest of all. It hangs in the Louvre, Salle VI. Mary seems to be suspended in the heavens, not standing upon clouds. Under the hem of her garments is the circle of the moon, while there is the effect of hundreds of little cherub children massed about her feet, in a little swarm at the right, where the shadow falls heaviest, and still others, half lost in the vapoury background at the left, where the heavenly light streams upon them, and brilliantly lights up the Virgin's gown. In this picture are all Murillo's beloved child figures, some carrying little streamers, their tiny wings a-flutter and all crowding lovingly about Mary. Far below this gorgeous group we can imagine the dark and weary earth lost in shadow.



Immaculate Conception by Murillo


The Spanish Wedding
Fortuny

Mariano Fortuny

1838-1874, Spain

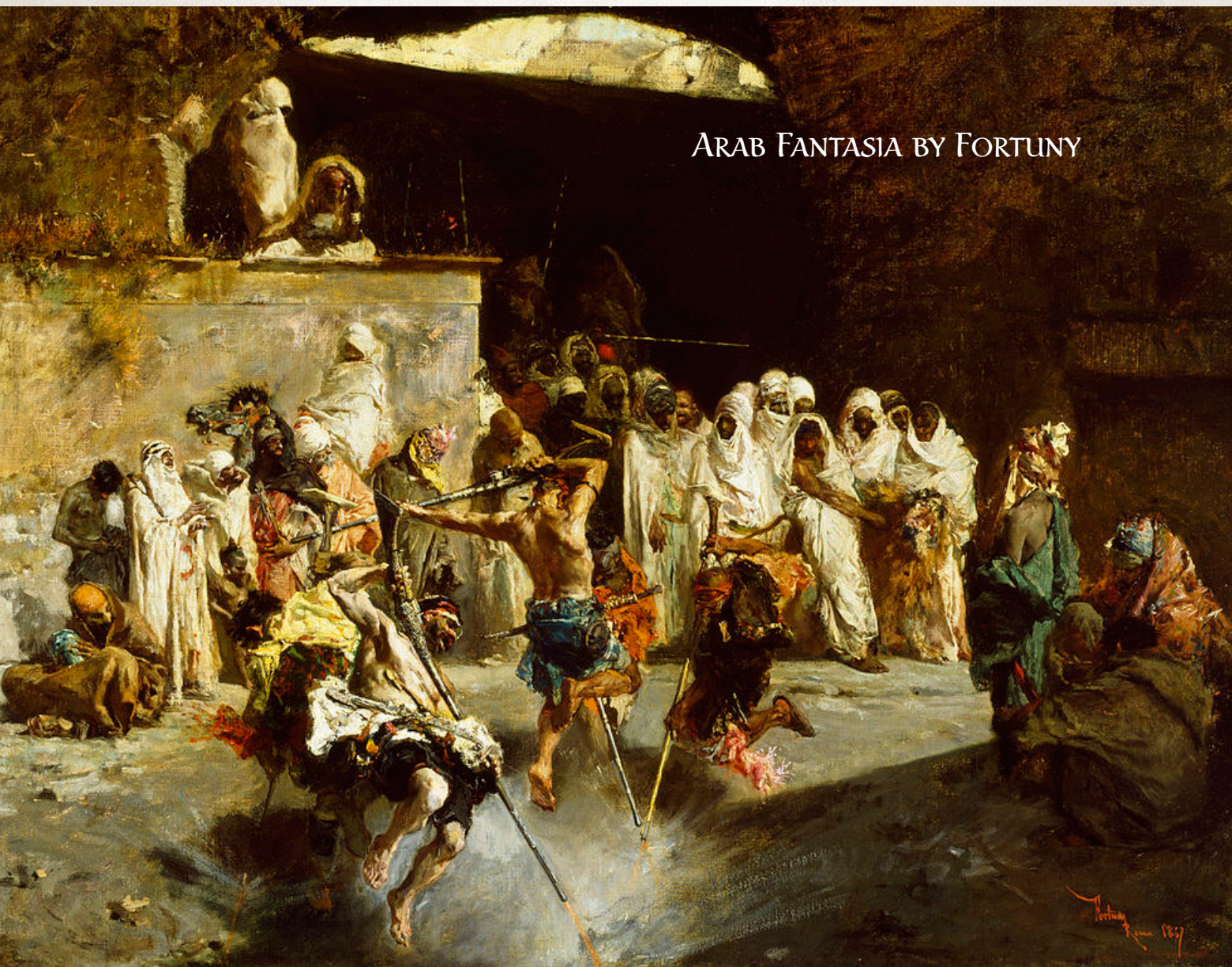
Fortuny won his own opportunities. He took a prize, while still very young, which made it possible for him to go to Rome where he wished to study art. He did not spend his time studying and copying the old masters as did most artists who went there, but, instead, he studied the life of the Roman streets.

He had already been at the Academy of Barcelona, but he did not follow his first master; instead, he struck out a line of art for himself. After a year in Rome the artist went to war; but he did not go to fight men; he was still fighting fate, and his weapon was his sketch book. He went with General Prim, and he filled his book with warlike scenes and the brilliant skies of Morocco. From that time his work was inspired by his Moorish experiences.

Fortuny is said to "split the light into a thousand particles, till his pictures sparkle like jewels and are as brilliant as a kaleidoscope. He set the fashion for a class of pictures, filled with silks and satins, bric-à-brac and elegant trifling."

Look at the brilliant scene in this picture! The priest rising from his chair and leaning over the table is watching the bridegroom sign his name. This chap is an old fop, bedecked in lilac satin, while the bride is a dainty young woman, without much interest in her husband, for she is

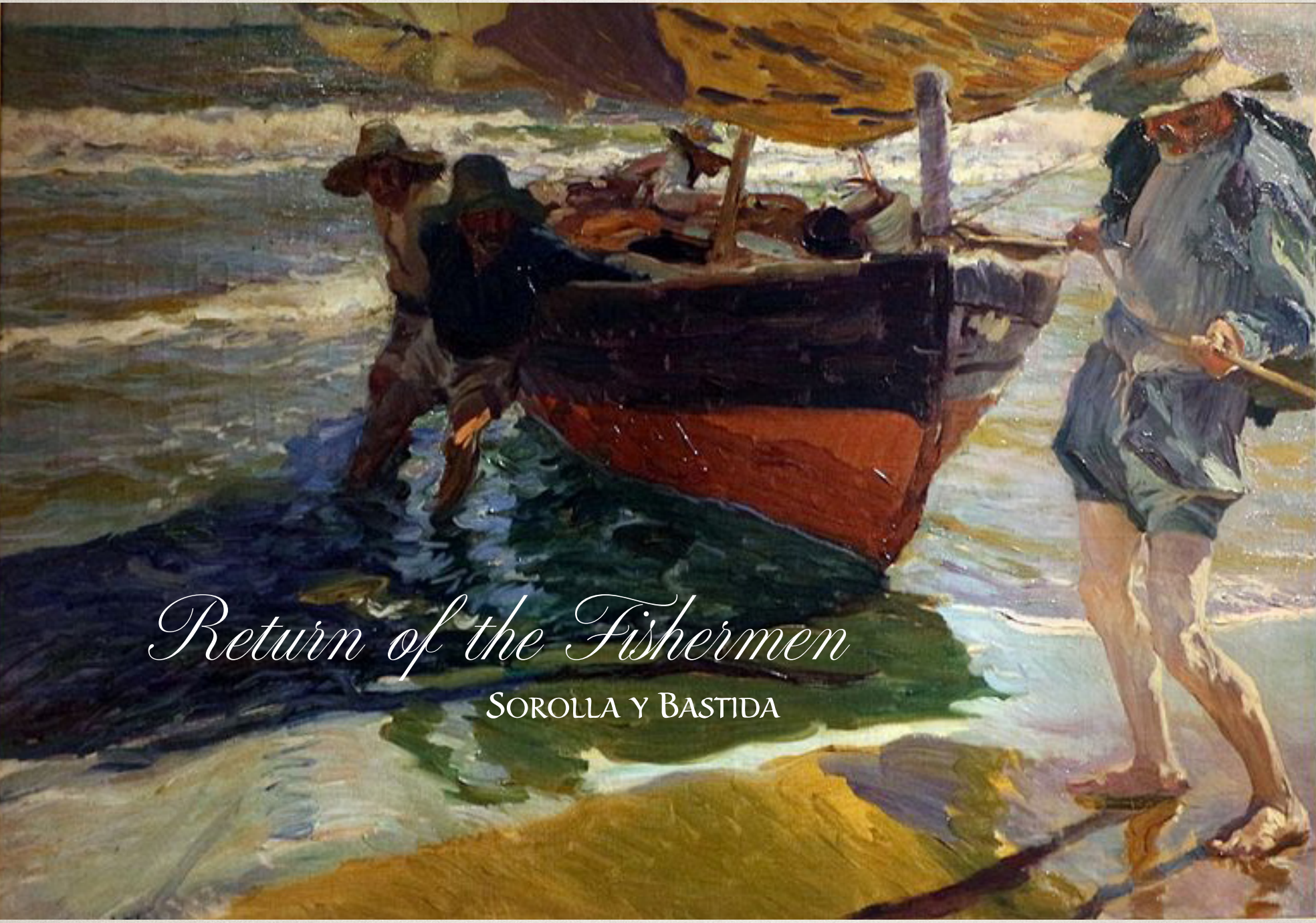
fingering her beautiful fan and gossiping with one of her girl friends. She wears orange-blossoms in her black hair and is in full bridal array. One couple, two men, sit on an elegantly carved seat and are looking at the goings-on with amusement, while an old gentleman sits quite apart, disgusted with the whole unimpressive scene. Everybody is trifling, and no one is serious for the occasion. The furnishings of the room are beautiful, delicate, almost frivolous. People are strewn about like flowers, and the whole effect is airy and inconsequent.



Arab Fantasia by Fortuny



Dinar a l'Alhambra by Fortuny


Return of the Fishermen
Sorolla y Bastida

Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida

1863-1923, Spain

The sea! Dazzling sunlight! Fishing boats with gay colored sails! Such are the pictures that spread the fame of Sorolla, Spain's greatest modern artist.

Here on the sandy beach he set up his easel. He sees only the brilliance of sunlight. He sees only the shapes it makes, and the colors it takes. The shapes and forms of objects are never painted for themselves alone. The artist sees only the way the sunlight glistens upon them and the colors reflected from them.

In our picture three sturdy fishermen are bringing their heavy boat up on the beach. They are wonderfully drawn. It is not the drawing, however, that attracts the eye, but the sunlight upon the figures. There is little distinct but the clear-cut outlines.

How the sunshine lights up the foremost fisherman! It glistens on his wet flesh. It makes bright patches on his clothes. It turns the old straw hat golden yellow.

See the dark lines of clear-cut shadow cast by his thin legs over the sand! See the reflections in the shallow water! Note how the sunlight plays all over the picture. It is everywhere.

The two sturdy figures in the water push with all their strength, while the foremost fisherman holds the tow-rope. Soon the boat will be

dragged smoothly up over the sand. The strong, old boat is such as is frequently seen in the coast cities of Spain. Its sails are as gay in color as the sunshine itself.

See the shadow cast by the prow of the boat upon the beach! See the purple-blue shadow on the water! It is the shape and color of these shadows that the watchful eye of the artist seizes. It is these wonderful shadows that make the pattern for his picture.

Although there is only beach, and water, and sky, notice the many shapes and colors made by the sun and the deep shadows.

What a picture it is! First, a bit of sandy beach; next, a sunlit band along the edge; then, the "near" sea, the "far" sea, and the sky!

Note the colors in the beach, the "near" sea, and the "far" sea. See the color in the fisherman's boat. It seems that all the colors in the picture have been floated together, darkened, and spread upon the old boat! Surely the artist knew how to harmonize his color!

"Sunlight!" is the one word in the art of Sorolla. It produces color. It produces form. It produces the bright, sparkling atmosphere in this picture of the sea!



Selling Melons by Sorolla y Bastida



Sewing the Sail by Sorolla y Bastida

Belgium





The Vision of the Blessed

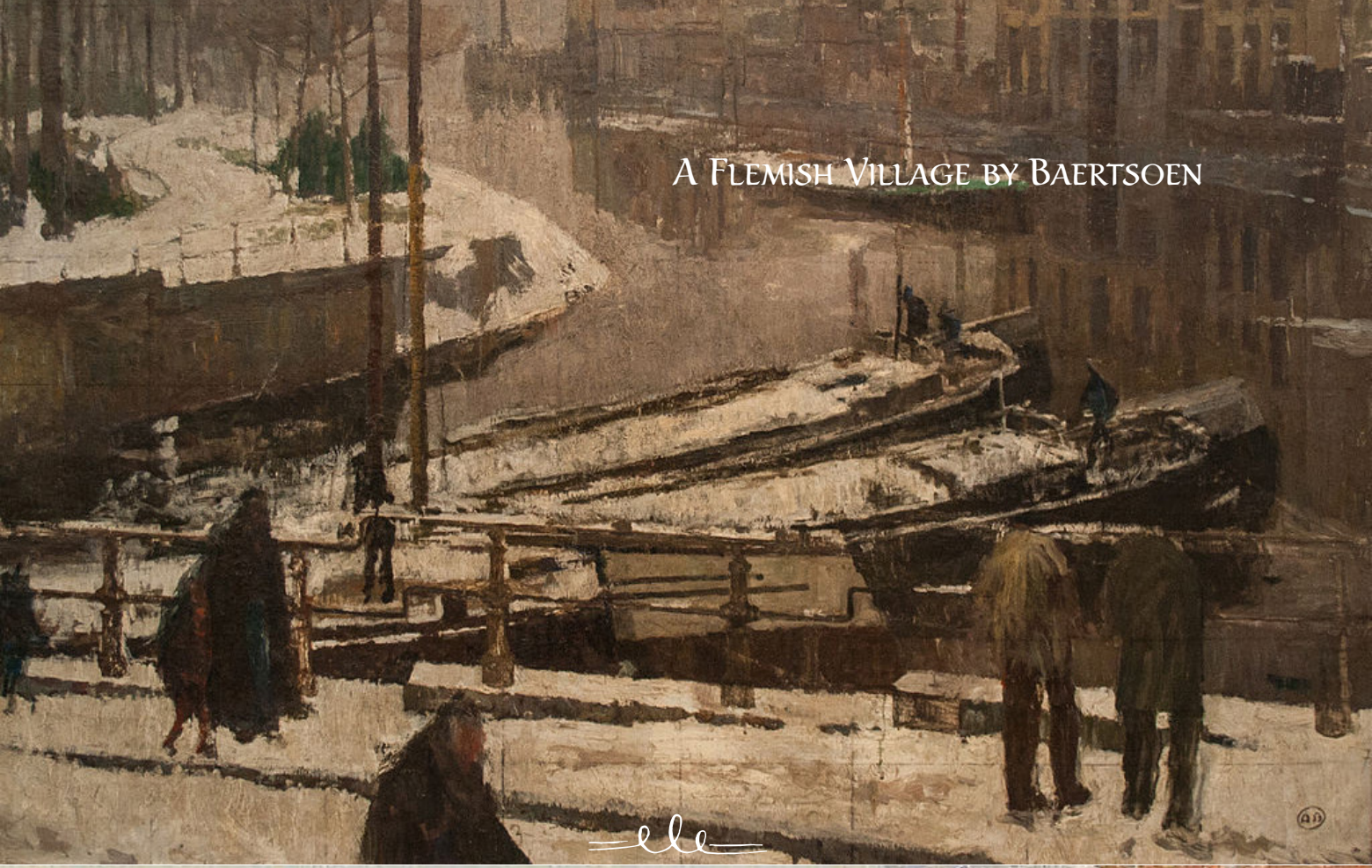
VAN DYCK

Sir Anthony van Dyck

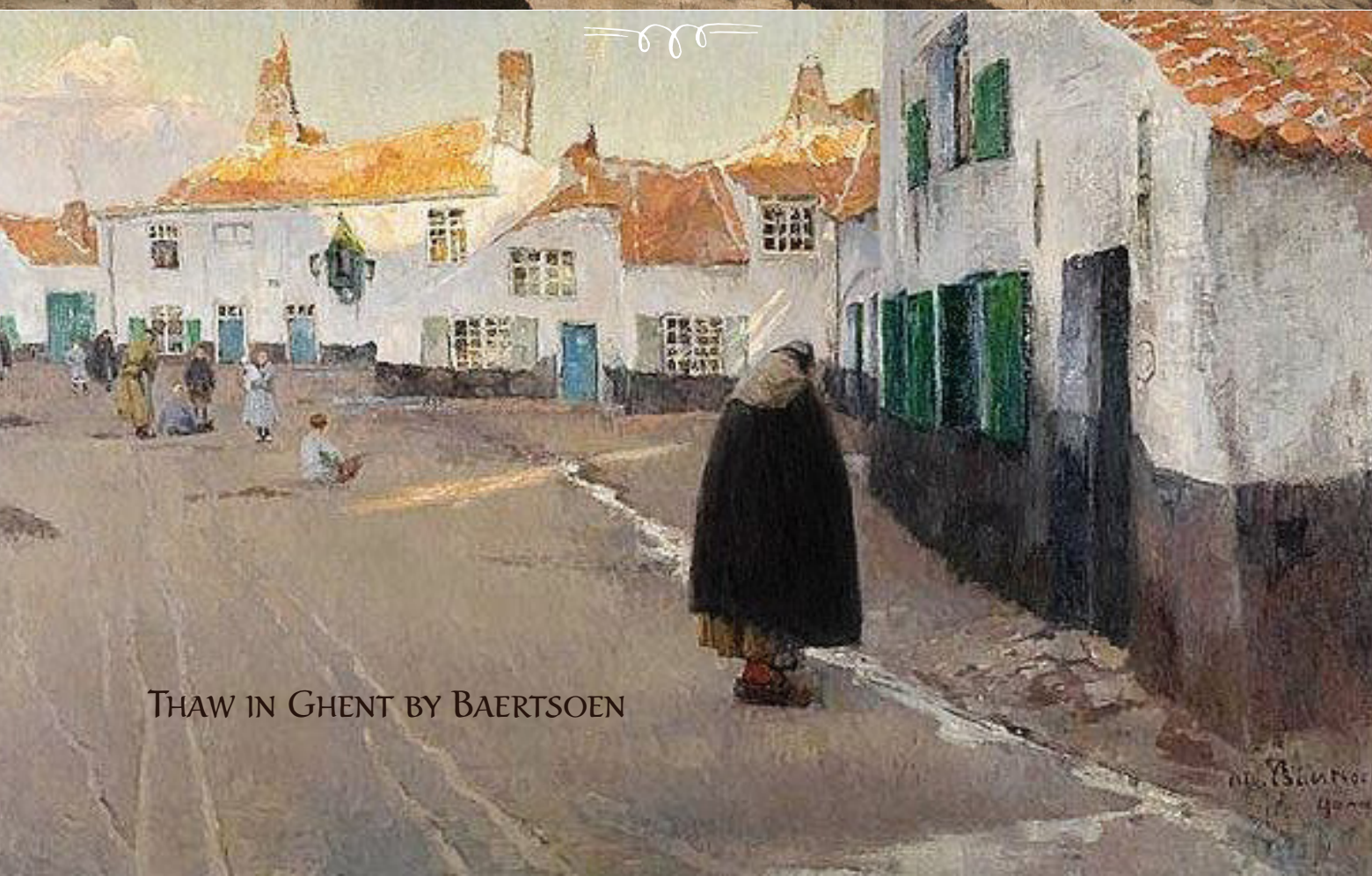
1599-1641, Belgium



Portrait of François Langlois by Van Dyck



A Flemish Village by Baertsoen



Thaw in Ghent by Baertsoen

Albert Baertsoen

1866-1922, Belgium

M. Albert Baertsoen, painter of the old cities of Belgium, was born in Ghent in 1866. He is one of the famous modern artists of Belgium. He is sometimes called the painter of "dead cities," because he wandered through these placid old towns of Flanders where life moves so slowly, painting the mouldering walls, ancient belfreys, old houses, and slow moving canals with their many-colored reflections.

He is an artist who seems to understand the spirit of these old towns, and while he paints the scenes as they appear, he is able to put into his picture much of his own "feeling" about them.

Baertsoen began to paint when he was quite young. Honors came to him quickly. Invariably he received recognition when exhibiting his pictures in the art centers of Paris, Berlin, Munich, and Brussels.

Baertsoen soon became known as a colorist. He seems to know the color of mouldering walls, of reflections in dreamy canals. He seems to know the secrets of color in the lights and shadows of a day most done. The color of the hour of dusk, just before nightfall, he catches as few others have done. In the picture "A View of Ghent," is it this play of late sunlight which gives charm to the old street.


The Jester
HALS

Frans Hals

1866-1922, Belgium

This gay mischievous fellow is posing for his picture as a "jolly mandolier." He must be serenading beneath a favourite window. He has been twanging the strings of his friendly guitar for some time. Now his eyes catch sight of some one he knows, and a glad smile or recognition spreads over his face.

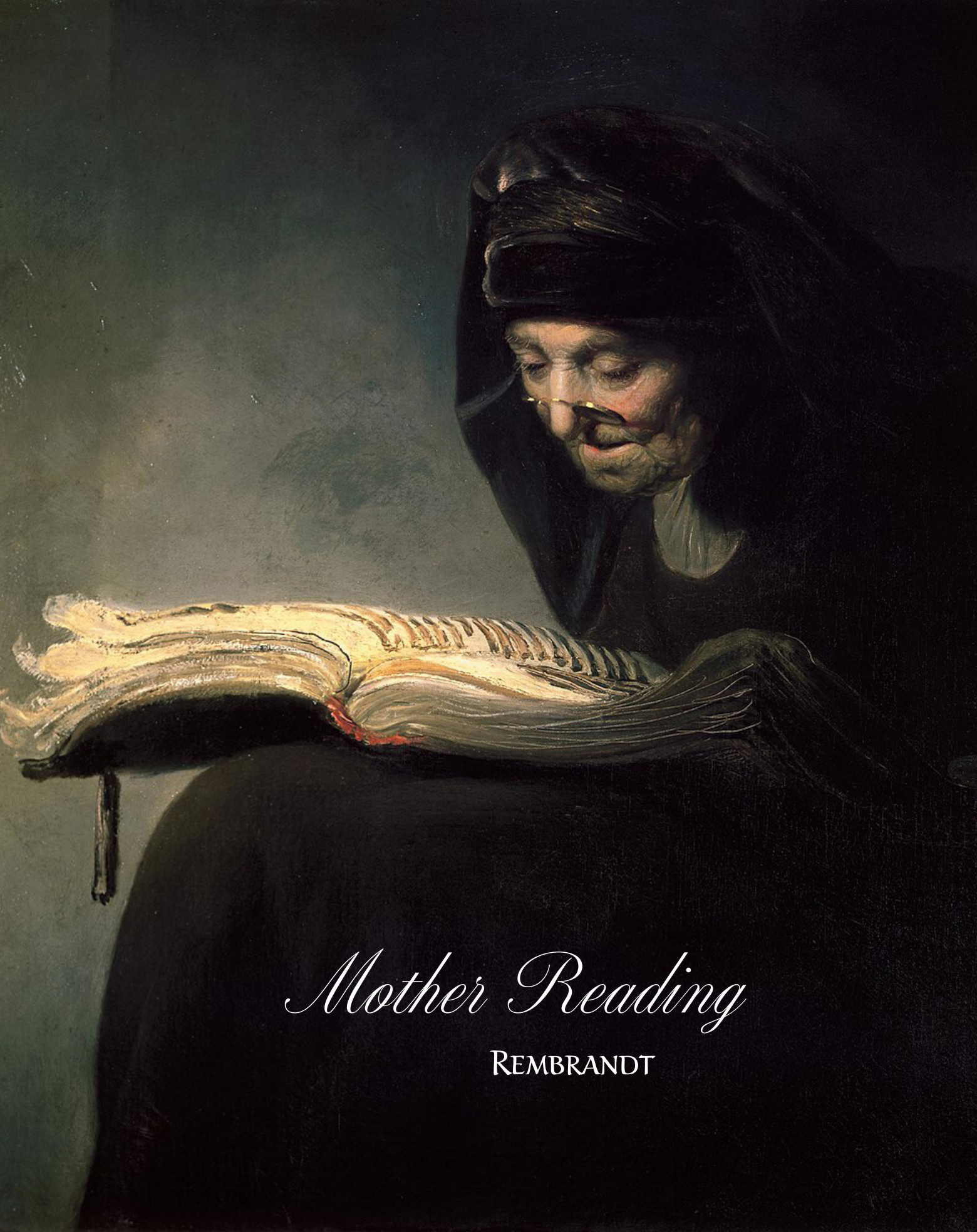
You will be surprised to know that "the jester" was a well-known artist in Holland. His name is Adriaen Brouwer. Many of his pictures hang in the galleries of Europe. He was a pupil of Frans Hals, and known far and wide for his practical jokes...

Very little is known about the life of young Hals, but he probably worked with other painters who were studying in Haarlem. As he became more and more skilled in his art, he was in great demand for portraits, for everybody in Holland was eager to have his portrait painted. Hals painted no beauties, but his pictures are full of interest.

Frans Hals is the most successful painter of a smile that we know. His portraits are always smiling, singing, or playing upon musical instruments. So fascinating to him was the study of faces, that he often invited friends to his studio, and there entertained them by telling funny stories. Then, in an instant, he would dash off their smiling faces.

Netherlands





Mother Reading

REMBRANDT

Rembrandt van Rijn

1606-1669, Netherlands

Here are a few of the titles that have been given to the greatest Dutch painter that ever lived: The Shakespeare of Painting; the Prince of Etchers; the King of Shadows; the Painter of Painters. Muther calls him a "hero from cloudland," and not only does he alone wear these titles of greatness, but he alone in his family had the name of Rembrandt.

One writer has said that the great painter was born "in a windmill," but this is not true. He was born in Leyden for certain, though not a great deal is known about his youth; and his father was a miller, his mother a baker's daughter.

When the Pilgrim Fathers, who had sought safety in Leyden, were starting for America, where they were going to oppress others as they had been oppressed, Rembrandt was just beginning his apprenticeship in art.

He was born at No. 3, Weddesteg, a house on the rampart looking out upon the Rhine whose two arms meet there. In front of it whirled the great arms of his father's windmill, though he was not born in it; and of all the women Rembrandt ever knew, it is not likely that he ever admired or loved one as passionately as he admired and loved his mother. He painted and etched her again and again, with a touch so tender that his deepest emotion is placed before us.

Until the past thirty years no one has seemed to know a great deal of Rembrandt's early history, but much was written of him as a boorish, gross, vulgar fellow. Those stories were false. He was a devoted son, handsome, studious in art, and earnest in all that he did, and after he had made his first notable painting he was compelled by the demands of his work to move to Amsterdam for good. He hired an apartment over a shop on the Quay Bloemgracht; it is probable that his sister went with him to keep his house, and that it is her face repeated so frequently in the many pictures which he painted at that time. This does not suggest coarse doings or a careless life, but permits us to imagine a quiet, sober, unselfish existence for the young bachelor at that time.

Soon, however, he fell in love. He saw one other woman to place in his heart and memory beside his mother. His wife was Saskia van Ulenburg, the daughter of an aristocrat, refined and rich. He met her through her cousin, an art dealer, who had ordered Rembrandt to paint a portrait of his dainty cousin. Rembrandt could have been nothing but what was delightful and good, since he was loved by so charming a girl as Saskia.

He painted her sitting upon his knee, and used her as model in many pictures. First, last, and always he loved her tenderly.

In one portrait she is dressed in "red and gold-embroidered velvets"; the mantle she wore he had brought from Leyden. In another picture she is at her toilet, having her hair arranged; again she is painted in a great red velvet hat, and then as a Jewish bride, wearing pearls, and holding a shepherd's staff in her hand. Again, Rembrandt painted himself as a giant at the feet of a dainty woman, and in every way his work showed his love for her. After he married her, in June 1634, he painted the picture, "Samson's Wedding," Saskia, dainty and serene, sitting like a princess in a circle of her relatives, he himself appearing as a crude plebeian, whose strange jokes frighten more than they amuse the distinguished company… The early years of his marriage were spent in joy and revelry. Surrounded by calculating business men who kept a



Samson's Wedding by Rembrandt



School of Anatomy by Rembrandt

tight grasp on their money bags, he assumed the role of an artist scattering money with a free hand; surrounded by small townsmen most proper in demeanour, he revealed himself as the bold lasquenet, frightening them by his cavalier manners... His existence reads like a fairy tale.

It is said that Saskia strutted about decked in gold and diamonds, till her relatives "shook their heads" in alarm and amazement at such wild goings on.

Before he married Saskia he had painted a remarkable picture, named the "School of Anatomy." It represents a great anatomist, the friend of Rembrandt—Nicholaus Tulp—and a group of physicians who were members of the Guild of Surgeons of Amsterdam. It is so wonderful a picture that even the dead man, who is being used as a subject by the anatomist, does not too greatly disturb us as we look upon him. The thoughtful, interested faces of the surgeons are so strong that we half lose ourselves in their feeling, and forget to start in repulsion at sight of the dead body... The artist was twenty-six years old when he painted the "School of Anatomy." This picture is now at The Hague and two hundred years after it was painted the Dutch Government gave 30,000 florins for it.

Rembrandt painted a good many "Samsons" first and last—himself evidently being the strong man; and the pictures beyond doubt express his own mood and his idea of his relation to things. After a little son was born to the artist, he painted still another Samson—this time menacing his father-in-law but as the artist had named his son after his father-in-law—Rombertus—we cannot believe that there was any menace in the heart of Rembrandt-Samson. Soon his son died, and Rembrandt thought he should never again know happiness, or that the world could hold a greater grief, but one day he was to learn otherwise. A little girl was born to the artist, named Cornelia, after Rembrandt's mother, and he was again very happy.

Meantime his brothers and sisters had died, and there came some trouble over Rembrandt's inheritance, but what angered him most of all,

was that Saskia's relatives said she "had squandered her heritage in ornaments and ostentation." This made Rembrandt wild with rage, and he sued her slanderers, for he himself had done the squandering, buying every beautiful thing he could find or pay for, to deck Saskia in, and he meant to go on doing so.

At this time he painted a picture of "The Feast of Ahasuerus" (or the "Wedding of Samson") and he placed Saskia in the middle of the table to represent Esther or Delilah as the case might be, dressed in a way to horrify her critical relatives, for she looked like a veritable princess laden with gorgeous jewels.

One of his pictures he wished to have hung in a strong light, for he said: "Pictures are not made to be smelt. The odour of the colours is unhealthy."

The first baby girl died and on the birth of another daughter she too was named Cornelia, but that baby girl also died, and next came a son, Titus, named for Saskia's sister, Titia, and then Saskia died. Thus Rembrandt knew the deepest sorrow of his life.

He painted her portrait once again from memory, and that picture is quite unlike the others for it is no longer full of glowing life, but daintier, suggestive of a more spiritual life, as if she were growing fragile.

It is written that "from this time, while he did much remarkable work, he seemed like a man on a mountain top, looking on one side to sweet meadows filled with flowers and sunlight, and on the other to a desolate landscape over which a clouded sun is setting." With Saskia died the best of Rembrandt. He made only one more portrait of himself—before this he had made many; and in it he makes himself appear a stern and fateful man…

He was a great portrait painter, but he loved certain effects of shadow so well that he often sacrificed his subject's good looks to his artistic purpose, and very naturally his sitters became displeased, so that in time he had fewer commissions than if he had been entirely accommodating.



The Feast of Ahasuerus by Rembrandt


The Night Watch by Rembrandt

His meals in working time were very simple, often just bread and cheese, eaten while sitting at his easel, and after Saskia died he became more and more careless of all domestic details.

Rembrandt finally married again, the second time choosing his housekeeper, a good and helpful woman, who was properly bringing up his little son, and making life better ordered for the artist, but he had grown poor by this time for he was never a very good business man. His beautiful house was at last sold to a rich shoemaker. Every picture latterly reflected his condition and mood. He chose subjects in which he imagined himself always to be the actor, and when his second wife died he painted a picture of "Youth Surprised by Death"; he had not long to live. He became more and more melancholy; and sleeping by day, would wander about the country at night, disconsolate and sad. Finally, when he died, an inventory of his effects showed him to be possessed of only a few old woollen clothes and his brushes.

The miracle in Rembrandt's painting is the deep, impenetrable shadow, in which nevertheless one can see form and outline, punctuated with wonderful explosions of light. Nothing like it has ever been seen. It is the most dramatic work in the world, and the most powerful in its effect. Other men have painted light and colour; Rembrandt makes gloom and shadow living things.

This miracle-worker's funeral cost ten dollars; he died in Amsterdam and was buried in the Wester Kirk.

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This picture is generally known as "The Night Watch," but it is really "The Sortie" of a company of musketeers under the command of a standard bearer. Captain Frans Banning-Cock and all his company were to pay Rembrandt for painting their portraits in a group and in action, and they expected to see themselves in heroic and picturesque dress, in the full blaze of day, but Rembrandt had found a magnificent subject for his wonderful shadows, and the artist was not going to sacrifice it to the vanity of the archers.

This picture was called the "Patrouille de Nuit," by the French and the "Night Watch," by Sir Joshua Reynolds because upon its discovery the picture was so dimmed and defaced by time that it was almost indistinguishable and it looked quite like a night scene. After it was cleaned up, it was discovered to represent broad day—a party of archers stepping from a gloomy courtyard into the blinding sunlight. "How this different light is painted, which encircles the figures, here sunny, there gloomy! Rembrandt runs through the entire range of his colours, from the lightest yellow through all shades of light and dark red to the gloomiest black." One writer describes it thus: "It is more than a picture; it is a spectacle, and an amazing one. A great crowd of human figures, a great light, a great darkness—at the first glance this is what strikes you, and for a moment you know not where to fix your eyes in order to comprehend that grand and splendid confusion. There are officers, halberdiers, boys running, arquebusiers loading and firing, youths beating drums, people bowing, talking, calling out, gesticulating—all dressed in different costumes, with round hats, plumes, casques, morions, iron corgets, linen collars, doublets embroidered with gold, great boots, stockings of all colours, arms of every form; and all this tumultuous and glittering throng start out from the dark background of the picture and advance toward the spectator... The more you look at it, the more it is alive and glowing; and, even seen only at a glance, it remains forever in the memory, with all its mystery and splendour, like a stupendous vision." Charles Blanc has said: "To tell the truth, this is only a dream of night, and no one can decide what the light is that falls on the groups of figures. It is neither the light of the sun or of the moon, nor does it come from the torches; it is rather the light from the genius of Rembrandt."

This picture which alone was enough to make him immortal, was the very last commission that any of the guilds were willing to give the artist, because he would not make their portraits beautiful or fine looking to the disadvantage of the whole picture.





The Storm on the Sea of Galilee by Rembrandt


The Concert
Ter Borch

Gerard ter Borch

1617-1681, Netherlands

Today, after nearly three hundred years, the beautiful pictures of the "little Dutchmen" are a delight to the whole world. These painters of Holland are often called "little Dutchmen," because at this time they formed a large group who were painting pretty little scenes of home life. Scenes in-doors, and out-of-doors, and the common happenings of every day life, appealed to these painters of the Netherlands.

In this day there were no grand lords and ladies living in Holland. There was no court life to inspire the painters to large magnificent pictures. Their churches, too, made no demands upon them for religious paintings. So the artists of Holland contented themselves by painting beautiful little pictures of domestic life, pictures only large enough to hang upon the wall of the Hollander's simple home.

"The Concert" is one of the most famous of these little pictures. Perhaps the artist looked into this quiet room and saw the two girls playing their duet. It was just the kind of picture the "little Dutchmen" delighted in!

They liked to represent deep space as in a room. They liked to fill the space with softly lighted air. This made the objects in the room seem immersed in different degrees of shadowy light. They liked to illumine the principal figure with gay, bright color. This made the "center

of interest" in the composition.

When the artist looked into this quiet room, the soft hazy light, and the gleaming satin dress captivated him.

The two girls are playing a duet. One plays the large bass viol, and the other the spinet. They are very quiet and serious. They are interested only in the beautiful harmony of the deep-toned viol and the sweet-toned spinet.

How subdued and soft is the shadowy light on the walls! The dark pictures seem veiled in the thin air. The chair, too, is soft and hazy. One figure sits facing us at the spinet. How tranquil and serene she is! The second sits with her back to us. But how charming she is! Her head with its mass of braided hair is a little inclined as she listens to the sound of the deep-toned viol. She wears the gleaming satin skirt that caught the artist's eye. Her satin jacket is of gay salmon-pink, with a fashionable collar of fur. Her skirt is spread out to the very best advantage. The light strikes full upon its gleaming folds.

How it illumines the satin sheen! How it sharpens the crisp edges! The magic in the artist's brush changes mere paint into satin! ... The white satin dress is a gleaming spot in the picture. It is repeated, in a softer light, in the neck of the girl, and again in the headdress of the quiet figure at the spinet. The beautiful color of the jacket is repeated, toned off, in the wood of the quaint little spinet.

We are not at all conscious of the plan of the artist. We know only that the picture is beautiful. However, when we begin to study the picture-plan, we discover that the artist has brought together lines, dark and light, and color, in so perfect a way that the result is a charming picture, a masterpiece of art.

For nearly three hundred years "The Concert" has been considered one of the most beautiful of all the paintings of the "Little Dutchmen."



The Cow Shed by Ter Borch


The Windmill
Van Ruisdael

Jacob Van Ruisdael

1628-1682, Holland

Jacob Van Ruisdael was born at Haarlem, Holland, in 1628. Although he was one of the greatest of the Dutch landscape painters, very little is known of his life. When he was only twelve years old he painted a picture in which he showed so much talent that his father consented to his giving up the study of medicine, for which he had been preparing. Ruisdael's elder brother was probably his first teacher in painting. Later he went to Amsterdam to study, but his great desire was to be out in the country, where he could be alone with nature. His pictures are usually of landscapes, including a glimpse of the sea and land, with vast sky spaces overhead. In color, a rich, warm green predominates. It was always very difficult for him to draw people, so he usually had some other artist paint his figures for him.

Although his paintings are extremely valuable now, he could not sell them then, and he was so poor he was obliged at last to go to the almshouse, where he died in 1682.

People at that time were not interested in an ordinary landscape such as they saw every day. They thought Ruisdael was wasting his time painting such common things. Other artists painted pictures of people and of interesting events, real or imaginary, in brilliant colors and style. Ruisdael painted pictures in which the landscape and not

the people was the center of interest. He was one of the very first artists with enough appreciation for the beauty of nature to use it as the subject for his paintings.

From what we read of Ruisdael's life, it must have been a rather lonely one. Of a dreamy, thoughtful nature, he spent much of his time wandering alone by the seashore, among the sand dunes, and through the open country. These are the scenes he painted again and again. He loved to study the same scene in different lights, with different cloud effects, at different times and seasons; and so we find twenty pictures of a certain scene called "View of Haarlem from the Hill of Overveen."

Few men have shown a more thorough knowledge of trees, the trunks, their branches, and the character of their leaves. In his earlier work this knowledge caused him to put too many details into his pictures, making them somewhat stiff. But he soon overcame this difficulty and began to put into his landscapes a peace and tranquility that rests the eye. But since his paintings still remained unpopular he tried a change of subjects, painting pictures of mountain scenery and rocky waterfalls.

It is generally believed that the artist Hobbema was Ruisdael's friend and pupil. If this is true, the two must have spent many happy days together painting the quiet landscapes they loved so well. Neither of them ever traveled out of Holland.

So much alike was the work of these two artists that at one time long after their death, Hobbema's name was removed from his paintings and that of Ruisdael placed in its stead in order to sell them. Later every effort was made to correct these errors. Some critics declared that every rocky landscape must be by Ruisdael, and every peaceful scene of cottages, high trees, and waterfalls must be by Hobbema, and so doubtless many mistakes were made. But it was not until after Ruisdael's death that people awoke to his greatness and genius. Fabulous sums have been paid for many of his pictures and they hang in the best galleries of Europe.



Forest Landscape with Waterfall by Van Ruisdael



A Courtyard in Delft

De Hooch

Pieter de Hooch

1629-1684, Netherlands

"Pieter de Hooch is a magician, and the sun is his wand." So said a French writer many years ago.

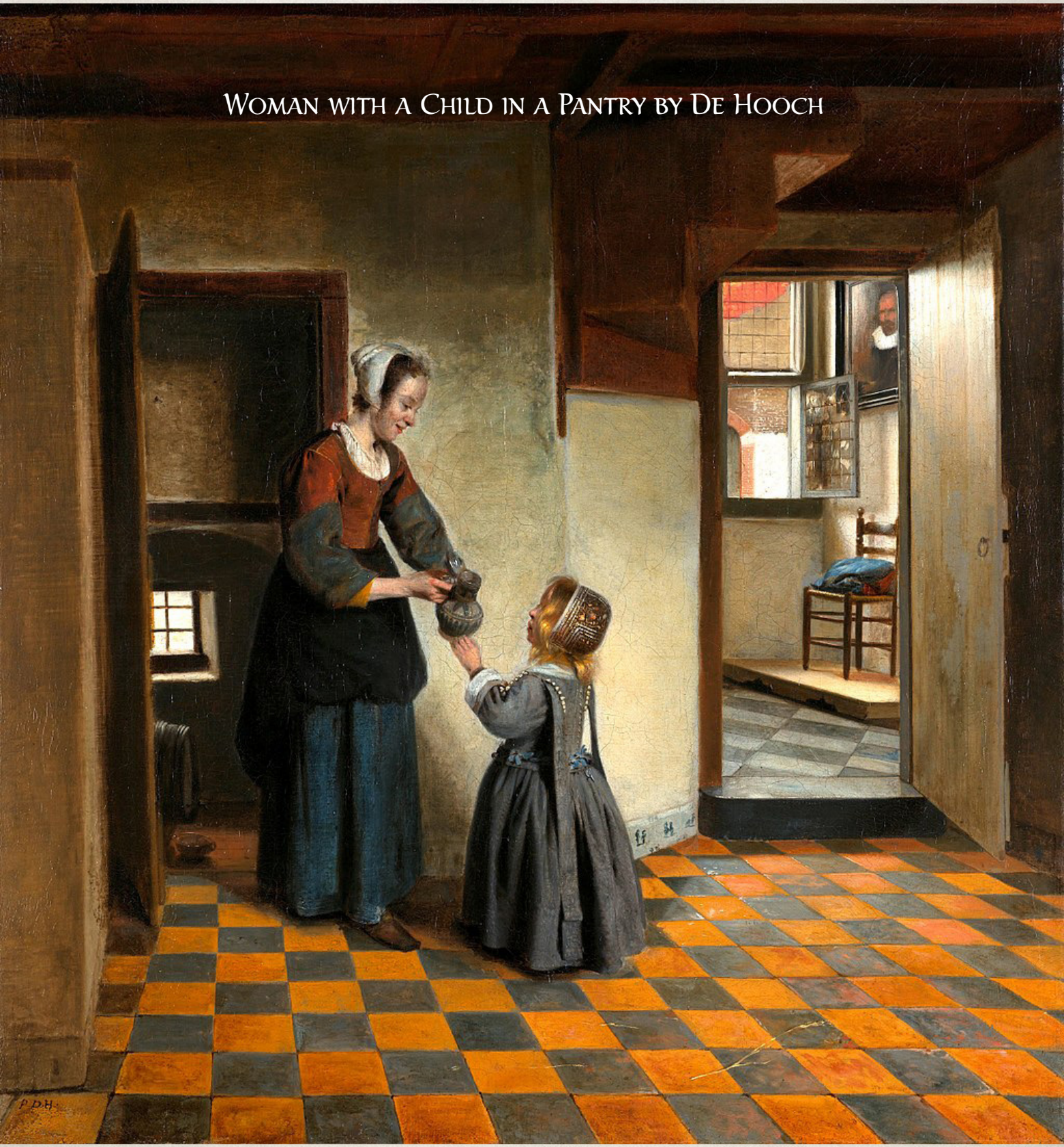
Yes! Pieter de Hooch is the painter of sunlight! It may be a simple Dutch interior, it may be a paved courtyard; it may be a red brick house with its garden and gate. But whatever it is, it is first of all bright glowing sunlight.

This artist loved rooms with high windows, and the sunlight streaming through. The open door, with a sunlit space beyond, was also a favorite. Dutch houses of red brick, aglow in sunlight, had an irresistible charm for him. Indeed, no one ever painted sunlight better than Pieter de Hooch!

De Hooch was a lover of glowing yellow and rich red. Every picture that he painted vibrates with these colors. The repetition of one bright color again and again over his picture is characteristic of his work. His love of rich beautiful red gained for him the name, "Red Pieter de Hooch."

Though many of the famous Dutch painters of the day pictured the gay happy life of the Dutch people, this artist liked best to picture the home duties of the Dutch family. One picture he painted shows a mother teaching her little girl to lay away the clothes that have just been

Woman with a Child in a Pantry by De Hooch



laundered. In another, a Dutch woman gives a little girl a picture of milk to carry home. In still another a little child is playing in the kitchen. It is always these simple scenes in the common life of the Hollander that de Hooch pictures.

He thought light of far more importance than men, women, or children, and consequently gave it first place in his pictures. People were never the actors in the pictures of de Hooch. The actor was the sunlight!

It streamed into the room. It danced on the floor. It played "hide and seek" about the objects in the room. It was always the bright, laughing sunshine that this artist painted!

It is the poetry of light in the pictures of de Hooch that has made his name immortal. These priceless little pictures of this famous Dutch painter now hang in the greatest galleries of the world.



The Bedroom by De Hooch


The Milkmaid
VERMEER

Johannes Vermeer

1632-1675, Netherlands

Jan Vermeer of Delft is one of the greatest names in Dutch painting. During his lifetime he was known by all the distinguished people in Holland. Shortly after his death, however, he was well nigh forgotten. He remained unknown for centuries. It was only after his name had been discovered signed to an old painting, that the world of today came to know anything about Jan Vermeer.

Now it has been found that, after his death, false names had been signed to the pictures he had painted during his lifetime. These pictures had paraded for years under these false names.

One day, however, when the grime of centuries was being removed from a painting, the name of the artist was found neatly lettered on the background. Since that time many of the original paintings of the artist have very fortunately been received.

Today about thirty or forty pictures by Vermeer are known. About one third of this number are in this country.

Because this famous artist was discovered centuries after he had passed away, little is known of his life. We do know, however, that his parents lived in the quaint little town of Delft, and that there Jan was born in 1632. It is impossible to say where he studied or who his teachers may have been.

Who his teachers may have been, or where he studied, however, matters little to us of today. We know him as the painter of daylight. His favorite subject was light passing through open doors or windows of a room. Many times the windows are closed, and the light, passing through the glass, is diffused over the room. The room, the furniture, the wall and the people seem to be bathed in an atmosphere of light. Generally the walls of his rooms are plaster, upon which the atmosphere seems to move. A map or large picture usually breaks the wall space. His figures are always expressive and intent upon what they are doing. In our picture, "The Lady with a Lute," we find many ideas that are characteristic of all the pictures that Jan Vermeer painted. Here we see the glowing light coming from the left side of the room as it usually does. We see the hazy light on the walls and the deep shadows lurking about the room. We see the sharp edge of the curtain softened by shadow. We see the space of the back wall broken by the map hanging upon it. Against the wall, in the full light, we see the expressive head of the lady intent upon what she is doing. So it usually is in all of Vermeer's paintings.

Perhaps, some day, you may see other pictures of this great Dutch master. If you do, remember to look for the light coming through a window at the left, the map or picture hanging on the wall, and the expressive face of the figure.

There are certain colors, too, which we see again and again in this paintings of this famous master of The Netherlands. His favorite colors are a cool "midnight blue" and lemon yellow. The yellow tones are seen in the softly illumined walls, the furniture, curtains, and other surfaces in the rooms. Both blue and yellow are seen in the costumes of his figures.

In our painting of this lady playing on the lute, his favorite yellow is seen in the fur-trimmed jacket. In the mellow light on the back wall and in the soft shadows lurking about the room we see the same favorite yellow, toned off, into a warm golden glow.



Girl with a Pearl Earring by Vermeer



The Lady with a Lute by Vermeer

Avenue at Middelharnis

HOBBEMA



Meindert Hobbema

1638-1709, Netherlands

When a man becomes famous many people claim his acquaintance, and often many places his birthplace. In Hobbema's case it has never been decided whether he was born in the little town of Koeverdam, or in the city of Haarlem or in Amsterdam. Nor is it quite certain when he was born; but what he did afterward, we are all acquainted with.

No one knows much about the life of this artist, but his master was doubtless his uncle, van Ruisdael. Hobbema was dead a hundred years before the world acknowledged his genius, thus he reaped no reward for hard work and ambition. He, like Rembrandt, died in great poverty, and with nearly the same surroundings. Rembrandt died forsaken in Roosegraft Street, Amsterdam, and Hobbema died in the same locality. We must speak chiefly about his work, since we know little of his personality or affairs.

If Bocklin's pictures seem to be composed of vertical lines, Hobbema's are as startling in their positive vertical and horizontal lines combined. We are not likely to find elevations or gentle, gradual depressions in his landscapes, but straight horizons, long trunked, straight limbed trees; and the landscape seems to be punctured here and there by an upright house or a spire. It is startlingly beautiful, and so characteristic

that after seeing one or two of Hobbema's pictures we are likely to know his work again wherever we may find it.

Hobbema got at the soul of a landscape. It was as if one painted a face that was dear to one, and not only made it a good likeness but also painted the person as one felt him to be—all the tenderness, or maybe all the sternness.

It may be that Hobbema's failure to get money and honours, or at the very least, kind recognition as a great artist, while he lived, influenced his painting, and made him see mostly the sad side of beauty, for it is certain that his landscapes give one a strange feeling of sadness and desolation, even when he paints a scene of plenty and fulness.

The French have made a phrase for his kind of work, *paysage intime*—meaning the beloved country—the one best known. It is a fine phrase, and it was first used to describe Rousseau's and Corot's work; but it especially applies to Hobbema's.

While this artist was not yet recognised, his uncle van Ruisdael was known as a great artist. The family must have been rich in spirit that gave so much genius to the world.

Hobbema certainly loved his art above all things, for he had no return during his lifetime, save what was given by the joy of work. There are those who complain that Hobbema was a poor colourist. True, he used little besides grays and a peculiar green, which seemed especially to please him; but since that colouring belonged to the subjects he chose, one cannot complain on the ground that what he did was unsatisfying. For lack of knowledge about him we can think of him as a man of moods, sad, desolate ones at that; because his work is too extreme and uniform in its character for us to believe his method was affected.

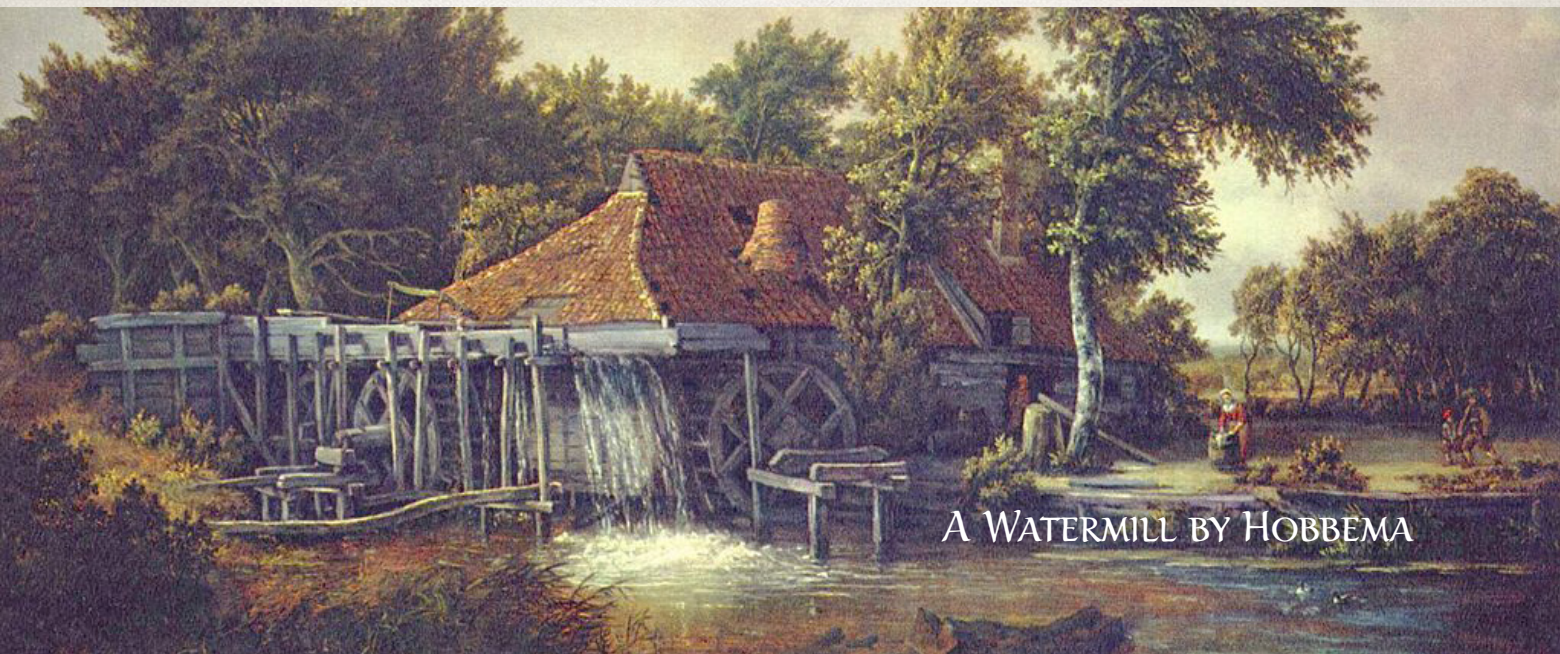
This ["Avenue at Middelharnis"] perhaps is one of the most characteristic of Hobbema's pictures. Note a strange hopelessness in the scene, as well as beauty. The tall and solemn trees, the high light upon the road, suggesting to us all sorts of joys struggling through the cheerlessness of life. What other artist would have chosen such a corner



View of Brederode by Hobbema

of nature for a subject to paint? To quote a fine description:

"He loved the countryside, studied it as a lover, and has depicted it with such intimacy of truth that the road to Middelharnis seems as real to-day as it did over a hundred years ago to the artist. We see the poplars, with their lopped stems, lifting their bushy tops against that wide, high sky which floats over a flat country, full of billowy clouds as the sky near the North Sea is apt to be. Deep ditches skirt the road, which drain and collect the water for purposes of irrigation, and later on will join some deeper, wider canal, for purposes of navigation. We get a glimpse on the right, of patient perfection of gardening, where a man is pruning his grafted fruit trees; farther on a group of substantial farm buildings. On the opposite side of the road stretches a long, flat meadow, or "polder," up to the little village which nestles so snugly around its tall church tower; the latter fulfilling also the purpose of a beacon, lit by night, to guide the wayfarer on sea and land; scene of tireless industry, comfortable prosperity, and smiling peace. Pride and love of country breathe through the whole scene. To many of us the picture smiles less than it thrills with sadness. Perhaps it speaks thus only to those who find a kind of hurt in the revival of the spring, which promises so much and may fulfill so little."



A Watermill by Hobbema



Wooded Landscape with Merrymakers in a Cart by Hobbema


Children of the Sea
Israëls

Jozef Israëls

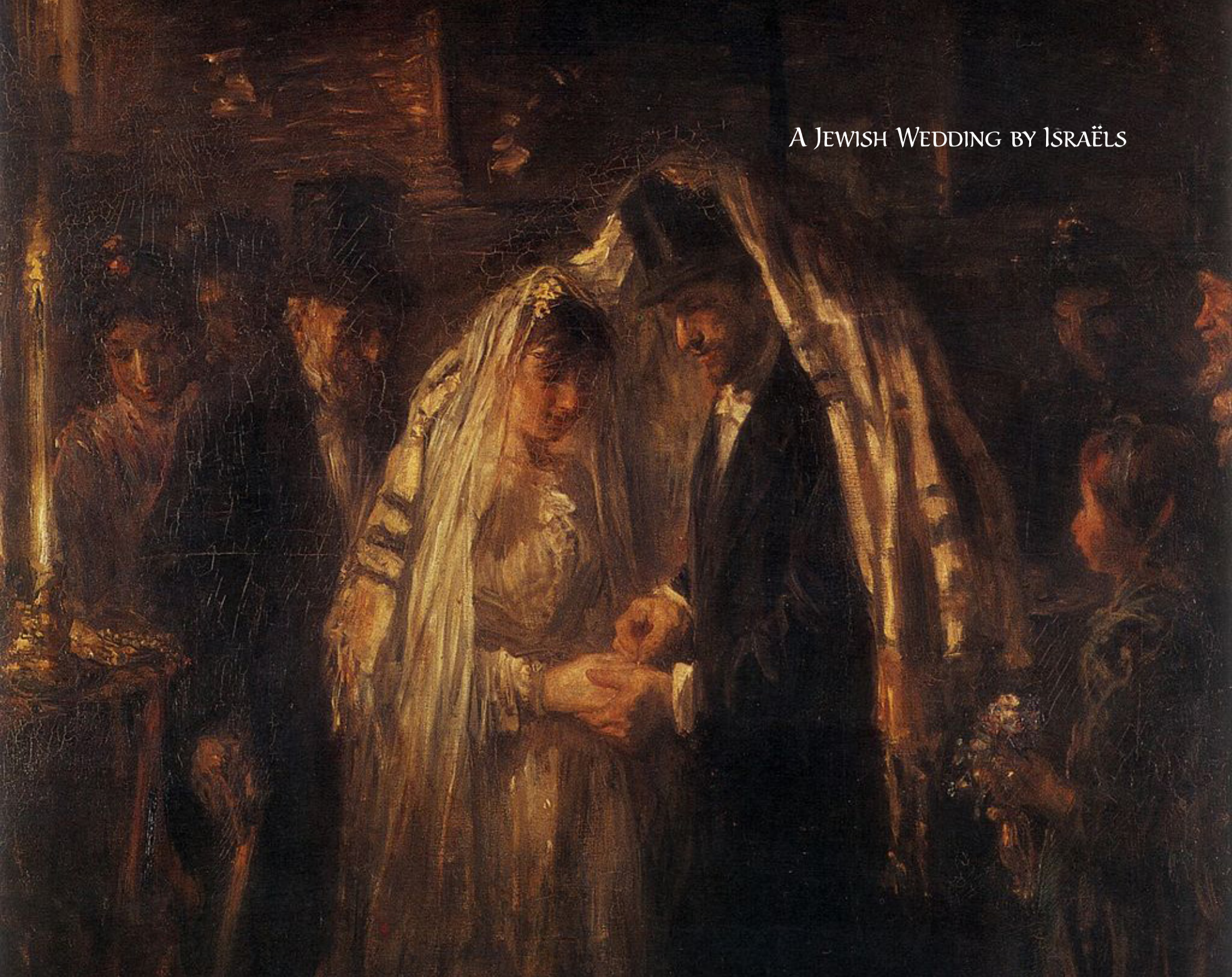
1824-1911, Netherlands



Dreaming by Israëls



The Day Before Parting by Israëls



A Jewish Wedding by Israëls


The Sewing School
Artz

David Adolphe Constant Artz

1837-1890, Netherlands

"Every day people in their every day ways is all that can appeal to my heart and eye," so wrote Constant Artz, the Dutch painter, to a friend in England. It is for his beautiful pictures of the Dutch people—"every day people in their every day ways"—that this artist has won fame.

David Adolphe Constant Artz was born at the Hague, December, 1837. Here he lived until he was about eight years old, then he moved to the large city of Amsterdam.

When he was a mere child he showed great talent for drawing. His family, however, were poor and could not afford to give the little boy drawing lessons.

Later he went to night school where he had a little instruction in drawing. This helped him so much that by the time he was eighteen he drew very well. Indeed, so unusual was his talent that before long he was admitted to the great art school of Amsterdam.

This made him very happy. This was the beginning of this great success.

Every year his paintings became more and more popular, not only in Holland, but in England and France as well.

In Holland he spent his winters at the Hague, and his summers on

the dunes at Katwyk, overlooking the sea.

In 1880 he sent his picture—"The Sewing School" or "The Orphanage at Katwyk," as it is sometimes called, to the Paris exhibition, where it received Honorable Mention. This is his most famous picture.

Artz loved the picturesque Dutch people. All his paintings picture the "every day people in their every day ways," for they alone spoke to the "heart and eye" of this happy painter of Holland.



TWO GIRLS ON THE DUNES, BLEACHING BY ARTZ

Return to the Fold



Watching the Ships Return
by Constant Artz



Young Cowherd



The Return of the Flock

MAUVE



Anton Mauve

1838-1888, NETHERLANDS

It was in the low flat country of Holland that our painter, Anton Mauve, was born.

In Holland the wide fields and pastures stretch far to the distant horizon. All day long the cattle and sheep graze contentedly.

When Anton Mauve was little, he liked best to draw and paint. His parents, however, did not want him to be an artist. They had other plans for him.

The little lad knew what he wanted to do, so he kept right on with his drawing. By and by his father decided to give him drawing lessons. He studied hard for a long time.

Later he began to paint the fields and pastures of Holland. He always drew sheep and cows in the fields.

Soon he became famous. It was his pictures of sheep that made him famous. Can you tell how he painted sheep?

He liked, also, to show the different kinds of light as it fell over the Dutch landscape and the woolly backs of his sheep.

Sometimes he painted morning light, sometimes afternoon light, like the twilight in our picture.

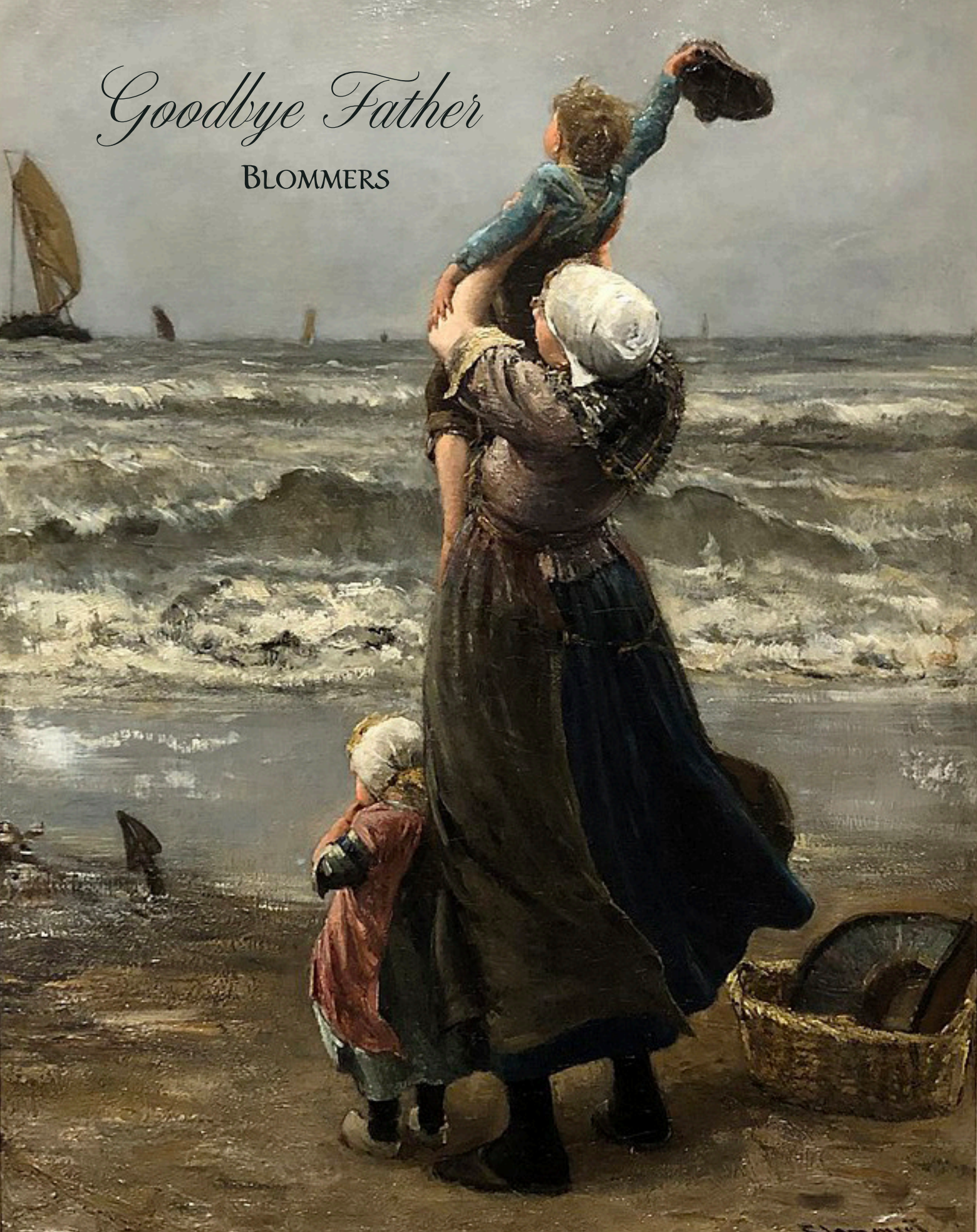
Before very long, little Anton Mauve had grown to be one of the famous painters of Holland.



Fishing Boat and Draught-Horses on the Beach by Mauve

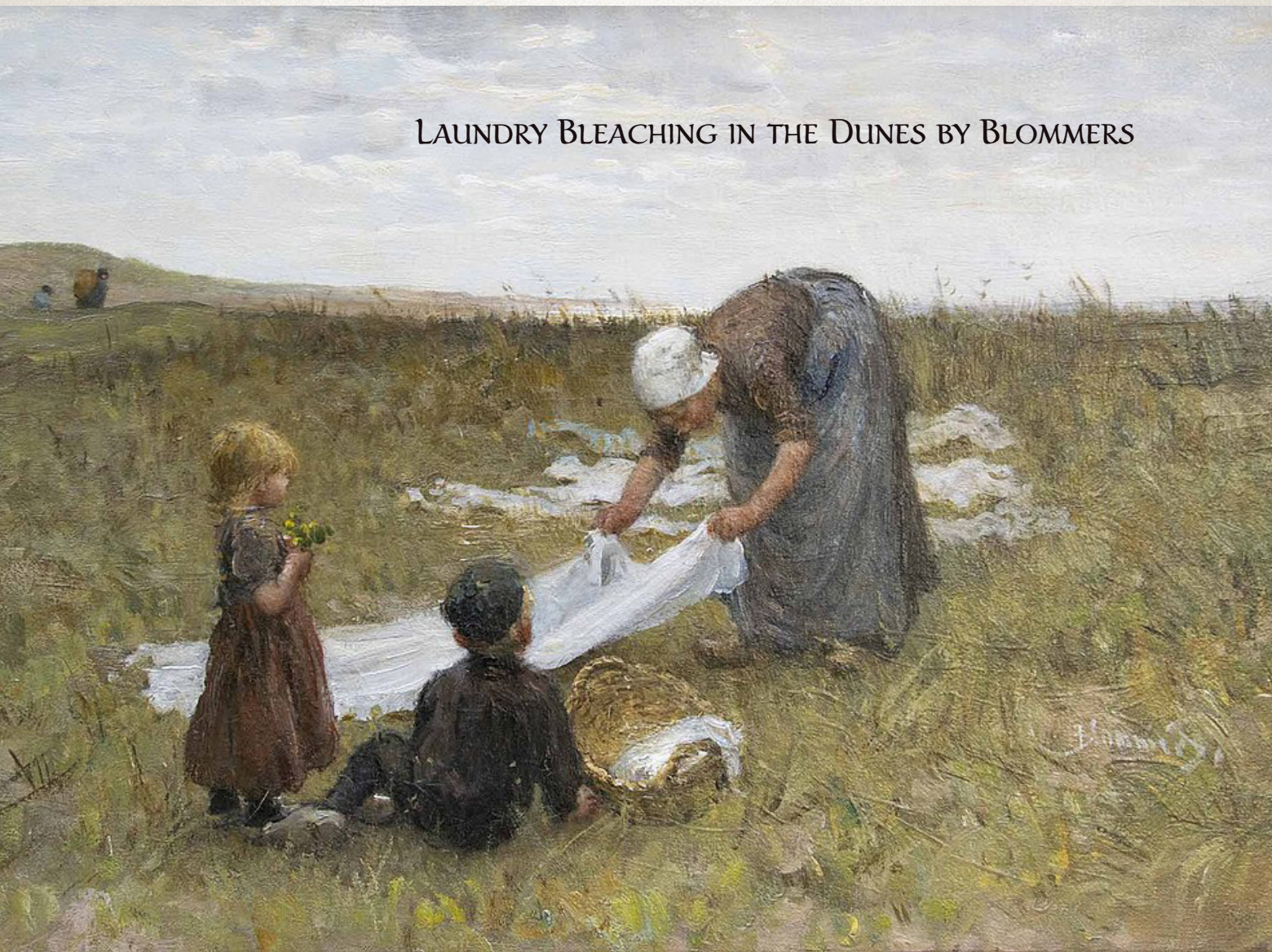


Dekkers Dune by Mauve


Goodbye Father
Blommers

Bernardus Blommers

1845-1914, Netherlands



Laundry Bleaching in the Dunes by Blommers



The Fisherman's Children by Blommers



Eating Apples by Blommers

Flower Girl in Holland HITCHCOCK



George Hitchcock

1850-1913, Netherlands

Holland is a quaint little country bordering on the North Sea. It is a land of dikes, canals, and windmills. It is a land of soft green willows and gay-colored flowers.

Any day one may see the happy Dutch girls in their wooden shoes and freshly starched caps, working among their gardens.

And such wonderous gardens they are! Tulips and hyacinths! The gayest in the world! No wonder Holland is known as "Tulip Land"! No wonder the whole world sends to Holland for hyacinth bulbs! With patient care the Dutch fraulein tends her garden. She expects to carry to market the gayest bouquets in all Holland!

Our picture shows the Holland flower girl. She is ready for market. Perhaps, just now, she is stopping at some friendly house to sell her bouquets.

See how she carries her load! The yoke passes across her shoulders. The large baskets hang from each end.

What a mass of pretty bright flowers! See the lovely colors! See the violet dress and blue-green apron!

The artist put shining yellow flowers against the purple dress. The artist knew that they are always beautiful side by side. With her gay bright flowers and her pretty dress she makes a charming picture. She

will soon sell every one of her lovely bouquets!

The house is near a long road on the edge of the village. See the mellow stone wall! See the dark rich shutters and the comfortable seats beside the door! Even the hardy vine clinging to the wall lends its share of color to the picture.

The road winds along one of the narrow Dutch canals. The banks are outlined by the pretty Dutch willows.

The road stretches far into the distance. See the dark color of the "near" trees. They become lighter and lighter as they go back into the picture. The grass, too, is darker in the foreground. It grows lighter and softer as it goes back into the distance. This is one way in which the artist gives perspective to his painting.

Far down the road the sun glistens on a little white gate. The sun is very bright in Holland. Shining through the trees, it makes pretty lace-like patterns on the landscape.

See the dappled roadway! The soft, fleecy clouds above help to make the atmosphere warm and light. It is a long, long stretch of level green to the pretty light distance afar.

Our eyes travel easily along the road, and out into the distance. The artist has drawn the long vanishing lines of the road to lead us on and on. He has placed the trees in the very best position to carry us along. Though we see all over the picture, near and far, our eyes always come back to the flower girl. There she stands in her pretty white cap, violet dress, and blue-green apron, carrying her basket filled with the gayest of Holland flowers.

Though the artist has become famous for his many pictures of Holland, this is one of his best known paintings.


Tulip Culture by Hitchcock


Blessed Mother by Hitchcock



Easter Sunday by Hitchcock



With Grandma by MacEwen

Walter MacEwen

1860-1943, USA (Worked in Netherlands)





Returning from Work by MacEwen



Two Women in an Interior by MacEwen



The Notary by MacEwen