

MY *Fine Art* STORY BOOK

VOLUME SEVEN

COMPILED BY MARLENE PETERSON

My *Fine Art* Story Book

Volume Seven



Stories of Artists and Fine Art
Pieces for the Young Reader

Compiled by Marlene Peterson

Libraries of Hope

My Fine Art Story Book
Volume Seven

Copyright © 2023 by Libraries of Hope, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without prior written permission of the publisher. International rights and foreign translations available only through permission of the publisher.

Book Design and Layout: Krystal D'Abarno

Cover Image: *Indian Encampment,* by Albert Bierstadt (1862). In public domain, source Wikimedia Commons.

Conway, Agnes Ethel & Conway, Sir Martin. (1909). *The Children's Book of Art*. London: Adam and Charles Black.

Lester, Katherine Morris. (1927). *Great Pictures and Their Stories, Volumes 1-8*. New York: Mentzer Bush & Co.

Carpenter, Flora L. (1918). *Stories Pictures Tell, Volumes 1-8*. Chicago: Rand McNally.

Bacon, Dolores. (1913). *Pictures That Every Child Should Know*. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company.

Libraries of Hope, Inc.
Appomattox, Virginia 24522

Website: www.librariesofhope.com
Email: librariesofhope@gmail.com

Printed in the United States of America

Table of Contents

Introduction to Art....1
- Introduction to Art....3

19th Century America....17
- The Old Santa Fe Trail....19
- Sir Benjamin West....23
- Inness....29
- Whistler....33
- Homer....45
- Sargent....53
- Hassam....59

Native Americans....67
- Miller....69
- Bierstadt....73
- Remington....79
- Dallin....83
- Russell....93
- Couse....99
- Ufer....105

Introduction to Art





The Nursery "Alice"

JOHN TENNIEL

Introduction to Art

Agnes Ethel Conway & Sir Martin Conway

Almost the pleasantest thing in the world is to be told a splendid story by a really nice person. There is not the least occasion for the story to be true; indeed I think the untrue stories are the best—those in which we meet delightful beasts and things that talk twenty times better than most human beings ever do, and where extraordinary events happen in the kind of places that are not at all like our world of every day. It is so fine to be taken into a country where it is always summer, and the birds are always singing and the flowers always blowing, and where people get what they want by just wishing for it, and are not told that this or that isn't good for them, and that they'll know better than to want it when they're grown up, and all that kind of thing which is so annoying and so often happening in this obstinate criss-cross world, where the days come and go in such an ordinary fashion.

But if I might choose the person to tell me the kind of story I like to listen to, and hear told to me over and over again, it would be some one who could draw pictures for me while talking—pictures like those of Tenniel in *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass*. How much better we know Alice herself and the White Knight and the Mad Hatter and all the rest of them from the pictures than even from the story itself. But my story-teller should not only draw the pictures

while he talked, but he should paint them too. I want to see the sky blue and the grass green, and I want red cloaks and blue bonnets and pink cheeks and all the bright colours, and some gold and silver too, and not merely black and white—though black and white drawings would be better than nothing, so long as they showed me what the people and beasts and dragons and things were like. I could put up with even rather bad drawings if only they were vivid. Don't you know how good a bad drawing sometimes seems? I have a friend who can make the loveliest folks and the funniest beasts and the quaintest houses and trees, and he really can't draw a bit; and the curious thing is, that if he could draw better I should not like his folks and beasts half as much as I do the lop-sided, crook-legged, crazy-looking people he produces. And then he has such quaint things to tell about them, and while he talks he seems to make them live, so that I can hardly believe they are not real people for all their unlikeness to any one you ever saw.

Now, the old pictures you see in the picture galleries are just like that, only the people that painted them didn't invent the stories but merely illustrated stories which, at the time those painters lived, every one knew. Some of the stories were true and some were just a kind of fairy tale, and it didn't matter to the painters, and it doesn't matter to us, which was true and which wasn't. The only thing that matters is whether the story is a good one and whether the picture is a nice one. There is a delightful old picture painted on a wall away off at Assisi, in Italy, which shows St. Francis preaching to a lot of birds, and the birds are all listening to him and looking pleased—the way birds do look pleased when they find a good fat worm or fresh crumbs. Now, St. Francis was a real man and such a dear person too, but I don't suppose half the stories told about him were really true, yet we can pretend they were and that's just what the painter helps us to do. Don't you know all the games that begin with 'Let's pretend'? —well, that's art. Art is pretending, or most of it is. Pictures take us into a world of make-believe, a world of imagination, where everything is or should be in the right place



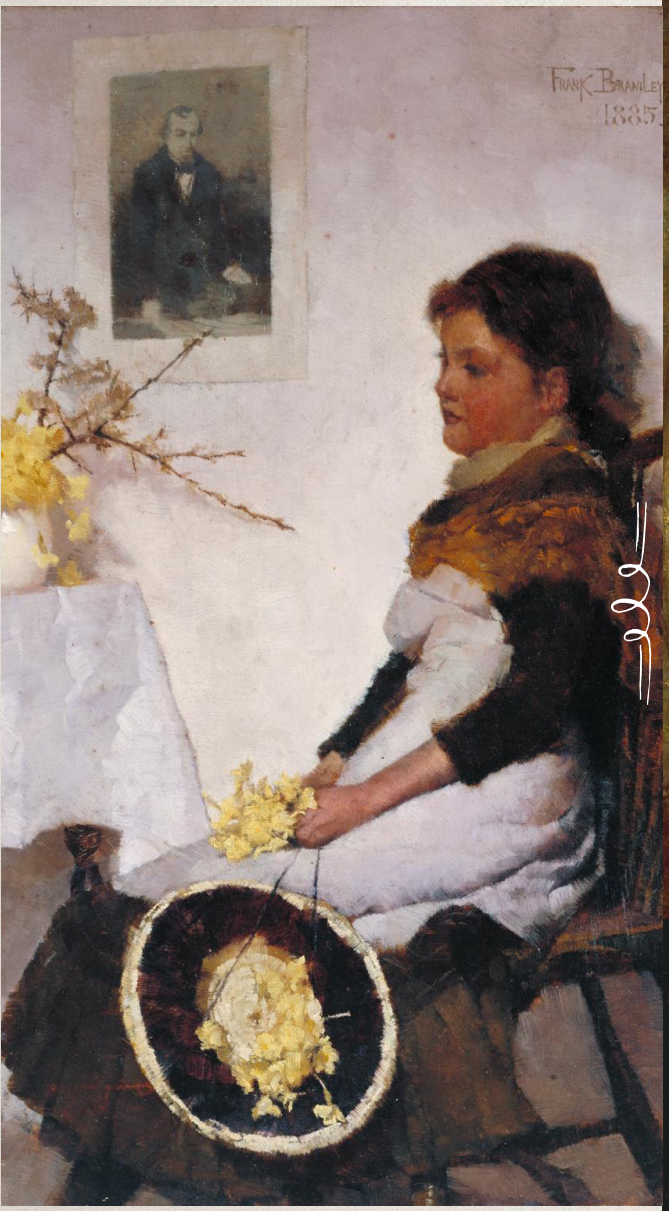
St. Francis Preaching to the Birds by Giotto



St. Jerome's Cell by Antonello da Messina

and in the right light and of the right colour, where all the people are nicely dressed to match one another, and are not standing in one another's way, and not interrupting one another or forgetting to help play the game. That's the difference between pictures and photographs. A photograph is almost always wrong somewhere. Something is out of place, or something is there which ought to be away, or the light is wrong; or, if it's coloured, the colours are just not in keeping with one another. If it's a landscape the trees are where we don't want them; they hide what we want to see, or they don't hide the very thing we want hidden. Then the clouds are in the wrong place, and a wind ruffles the water just where we want to see something reflected. That's the way things actually happen in the real world. But in the world of 'Let's pretend,' in the world of art, they don't happen so. There everything happens right, and everybody does, not so much what they should (that might sometimes be dull), but exactly what we want them to do—which is so very much better. That is the world of your art and my art. Unfortunately all the pictures in the galleries weren't painted just for you and me; but you'll find, if you look for them, plenty that were, and the rest don't matter. Those were painted, no doubt, for some one else. But if you could find the some one else for whom they were painted, the some one else whose world of 'Let's pretend' was just these pictures that don't belong to your world, and if they could tell you about their world of 'Let's pretend,' ten to one you'd find it just as good a world as your own, and you'd soon learn to 'pretend' that way too.

Well, our purpose here is to take you into a number of worlds of 'Let's pretend,' most of which I daresay will be new to you, and perhaps you will find some of them quite delightful places. I'm sure you can't help liking St. Jerome's Cell when you come to it. It's not a bit like any room we can find anywhere in the world to-day, but wouldn't it be joyful if we could? What a good time we could have there with the tame lion (not a bit like any lion in the Zoo, but none the worse for that) and the jolly bird, and all St. Jerome's little things. I should like to climb on



Primrose Day by Frank Bramley



The Primrose by Edwin Long



Primrose Day by Ralph Todd

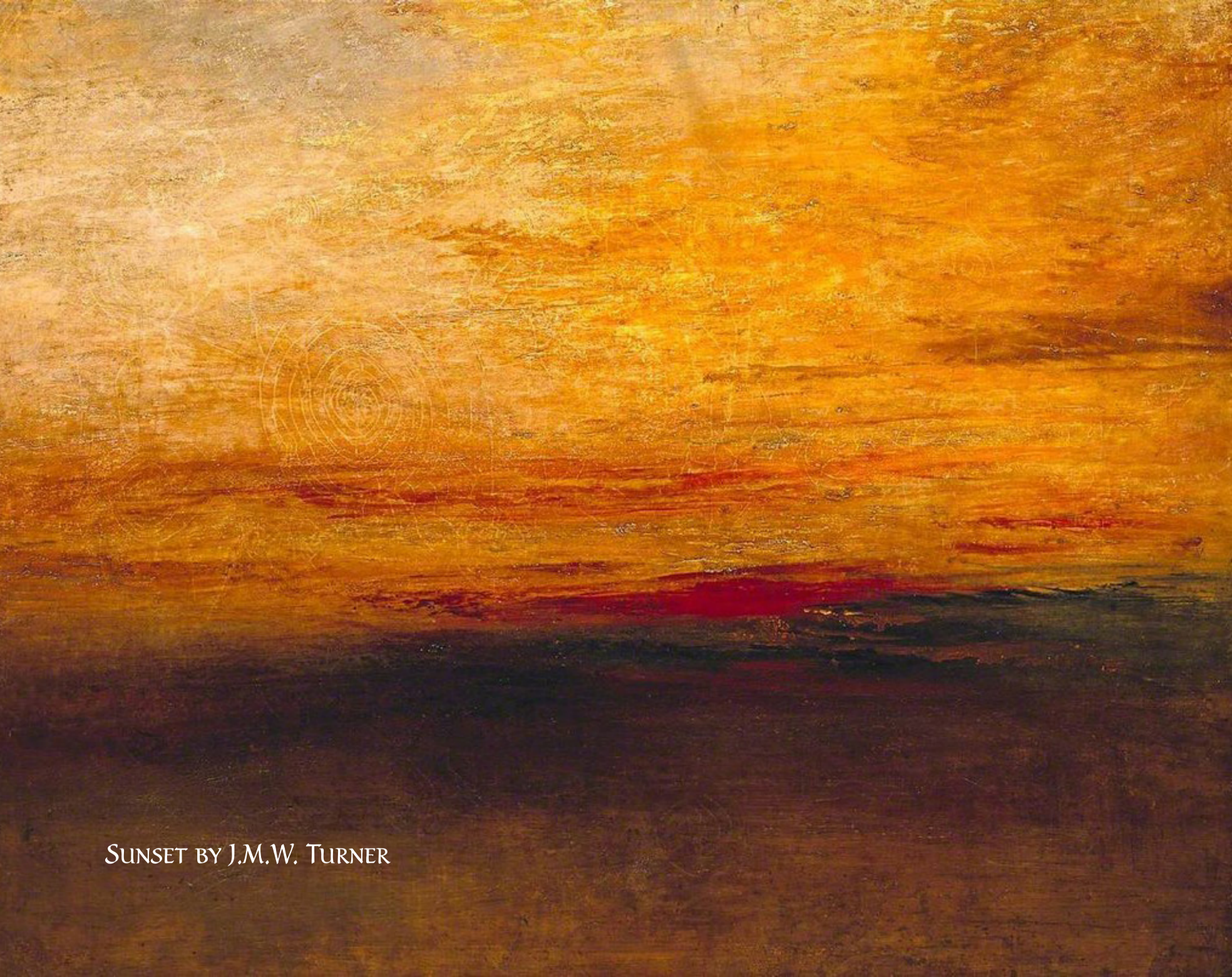
to his platform and sit in his chair and turn over his books, though I don't believe they'd be interesting to read, but they'd certainly be pretty to look at. If you and I were there, though, we should soon be out away behind, looking round the corner, and finding all sorts of odd places that unfortunately can't all get into the picture, only we know they're there, down yonder corridor, and from what the painter shows us we can invent the rest for ourselves.

One of the troubles of a painter is that he can't paint every detail of things as they are in nature. A primrose, when you first see it, is just a little yellow spot. When you hold it in your hand you find it made up of petals round a tiny centre with little things in it. If you take a magnifying glass you can see all its details multiplied. If you put a tiny bit of it under a microscope, ten thousand more little details come out, and so it might go on as long as you went on magnifying. Now a picture can't be like that. It just has to show you the general look of things as you see them from an ordinary distance. But there comes in another kind of trouble. How do you see things? We don't all see the same things in the same way. Your mother's face looks very different to you from its look to a mere person passing in the street. Your own room has a totally different aspect to you from what it bears to a casual visitor. The things you specially love have a way of standing out and seeming prominent to you, but not, of course, to any one else. Then there are other differences in the look of the same things to different people which you have perhaps noticed. Some people are more sensitive to colours than others. Some are much more sensitive to brightness and shadow. Some will notice one kind of object in a view, or some detail in a face far more emphatically than others. Girls are quicker to take note of the colour of eyes, hair, skin, clothes, and so forth than boys. A woman who merely sees another woman for a moment will be able to describe her and her dress far more accurately than a man. A man will be noticing other things. His picture, if he painted one, would make those other things prominent.

So it is with everything that we see. None of us sees more than certain features in what the eye rests upon, and if we are artists it is only those features that we should paint. We can't possibly paint every detail of everything that comes into the picture. We must make a choice, and of course we choose the features and details that please us best. Now, the purpose of painting anything at all is to paint the beauty of the thing. If you see something that strikes you as ugly, you don't instinctively want to paint it; but when you see an effect of beauty, you feel that it would be very nice indeed to have a picture showing that beauty. So a picture is not really the representation of a thing, but the representation of the beauty of the thing.

Some people can see beauty almost everywhere; they are conscious of beauty all day long. They want to surround themselves with beauty, to make all their acts beautiful, to shed beauty all about them. Those are the really artistic souls. The gift of such perfect instinct for beauty comes by nature to a few. It can be cultivated by almost all. That cultivation of all sorts of beauty in life is what many people call civilization—the real art of living. To see beauty everywhere in nature is not so very difficult. It is all about us where the work of uncivilized man has not come in to destroy it. Artists are people who by nature and by education have acquired the power to see beauty in what they look at, and then to set it down on paper or canvas, or in some other material, so that other people can see it too.

It seems strange that at one time the beauty of natural landscape was hardly perceived by any one at all. People lived in the beautiful country and scarcely knew that it was beautiful. Then came the time when the beauty of landscape began to be felt by the nicest people. They began to put it into their poetry, and to talk and write about it, and to display it in landscape pictures. It was through poems and pictures, which they read and saw, that the general run of folks first learned to look for beauty in nature. I have no doubt that Turner's wonderful sunsets made plenty of people look at sunsets and rejoice in the intricacy



Sunset by J.M.W. Turner



Laocoön and His Sons

and splendour of their glory for the first time in their lives. Well, what Turner and other painters of his generation did for landscape, had had to be done for men and women in earlier days by earlier generations of artists. The Greeks were the first, in their sculpture, to show the wonderful beauty of the human form; till their day people had not recognised what to us now seems obvious. No doubt they had thought one person pretty and another handsome, but they had not known that the human figure was essentially a glorious thing till the Greek sculptors showed them. Another thing painters have taught the world is the beauty of atmosphere. Formerly no one seems to have noticed how atmosphere affects every object that is seen through it. The painters had to show us that it is so. After we had seen the effect of atmosphere in pictures we began to be able to see for ourselves in nature, and thus a whole group of new pleasures in views of nature was opened up to us.

Away back in the Middle Ages, six hundred and more years ago, folks had far less educated eyes than we possess to-day. They looked at nature more simply than we do and saw less in it. So they were satisfied with pictures that omitted a great many features we cannot do without.

But painting does not only concern itself with representing the world we actually see and the people that our eyes actually behold. It concerns itself quite as much with the world of fancy, of make-believe. Indeed, most painters when they look at an actual scene let their fancy play about it, so that presently what they see and what they fancy get mixed up together, and their pictures are a mixture of fancy and of fact, and no one can tell where the one ends and the other begins. The fancies of people are very different at different times, and you can't understand the pictures of old days unless you can share the fancies of the old painters. To do that you must know something about the way they lived and the things they believed, and what they hoped for and what they were afraid of.

Here, for instance, is a very funny fact solemnly recorded in an old account book. A Certain Count of Savoy owned the beautiful Castle

of Chillon, which you have perhaps seen, on the shores of the Lake of Geneva. But he could not be happy, because he and the people about him thought that in a hole in the rock under one of the cellars a basilisk lived—a very terrible dragon—and they all went in fear of it. So the Count paid a brave mason a large sum of money (and the payment is solemnly set down in his account book) to break a way into this hole and turn the basilisk out; and I have no doubt that he and his people were greatly pleased when the hole was made and no basilisk was found. Folks who believed in dragons as sincerely as that, must have gone in terror in many places where we should go with no particular emotion. A picture of a dragon to them would mean much more than it would to us. So if we are really to understand old pictures, we must begin by understanding the fancies of the artists who painted them, and of the people they were painted for. You see how much study that means for any one who wants to understand all the art of all the world.

We shall not pretend to lead you on any such great quest as that, but ask you to look at just a few old pictures that have been found charming by a great many people of several generations, and to try and see whether they do not charm you as well. You must never, of course, pretend to like what you don't like—that is too silly. We can't all like the same things. Still there are certain pictures that most nice people like. A few of these we have selected to be reproduced in these books for you to look at. I hope you will find them entertaining, and still more that you will like the pictures, and so learn to enjoy the many others that have come down to us from the past, and are among the world's most precious possessions to-day.



Chillon Castle by Gustave Courbet

19th Century America



The Old Santa Fe Trail YOUNG-HUNTER



The Old Santa Fe Trail

JOHN YOUNG-HUNTER

The story of the great West begins with the "covered wagon." Today the covered wagon has become the symbol of the early pioneer days.

Then it was that whole families and neighborhoods gathered their possessions together and started for the unknown west. Their covered wagons made a long picturesque line as they trailed their winding way over the great stretch of western plain.

Many were the hardships endured. Many were the fierce attacks of the Indians. Sometimes, however, the Indians were friendly, and they and the white man smoked the peacepipe together.

The old Santa Fe trail runs toward the southwest, through New Mexico and the adjoining states. Now the Santa Fe Railroad follows this route.

It is a hot, dry country, full of clear, brilliant, and never-ending sunshine.

See the color of the landscape! The rocks and sand are burned to a brilliant red-orange. There in the distance are the sandstone cliffs. The little openings remind us of the people, who, long ago, lived up there in the shelving rock.

Below, the dry earth takes on the same color. Not a sprig of green!

The hot desert is everywhere!

In the midst of all this brilliant sunshine, a rugged pioneer stands leaning against the wheel of his covered wagon. Near him, on the grass, sits his companion. She too has come on this long, long journey. A little further to the right are two friendly Indians. They, perhaps, have come to trade. The heavy ox, with the wide-curving horns, has walked all the way. By this time he feels a part of the family. At the left a horse is quietly nibbling the brush. Lucky is he if he finds a sprig of green in this dry, sunburned country.

Off in the distance are other covered wagons, belonging to the same wagon-train. They have unhitched their horses and camped here for a brief rest.

How very real is the big wagon! It is just like hundreds of others that crossed the western plains. The sun, shining on the white canvas, turns it to yellow. The other wagons, too, have taken on delicate yellow tints.

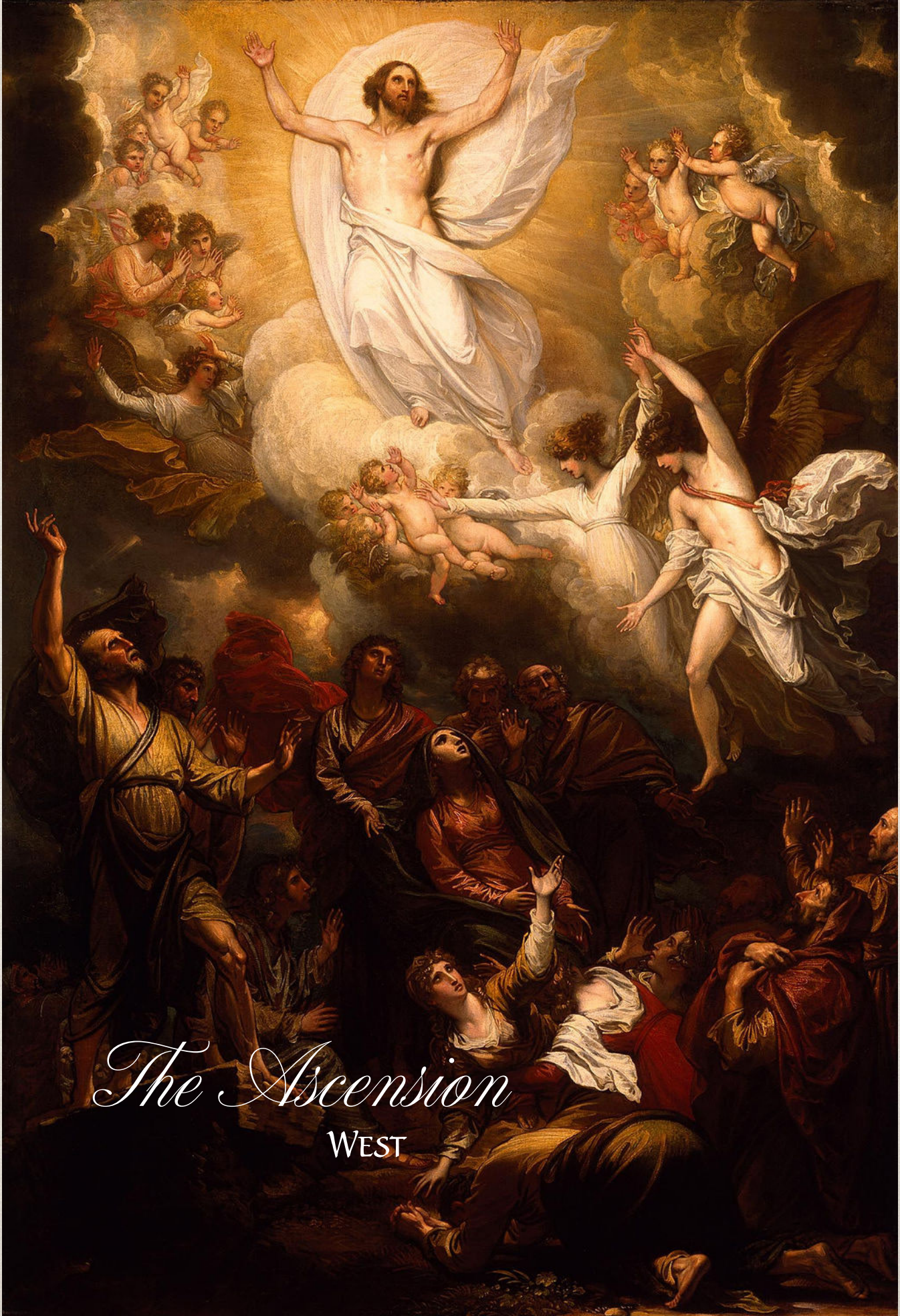
See the sharp contrast made by the blue and purple shadows against the white canvas!

See how the sun shines on the little group! It throws pretty lace-like shadows on the white shawl of the Indian. It turns the dress and bonnet of the seated woman to reds and browns. Even the ox taxes on the warm glow of the sun!

The sturdy pioneer stands in the full sunlight. He wears a rough shirt and broad-rimmed hat. His strong high boots protect his feet and legs. He is, indeed, the typical pioneer of the West. He seems to be the center of the little group, for all are looking toward him. Even the ox stands facing him! Although we look to the right, although we look to the left, although we look to the far distance, we always come back to our rugged pioneer, standing in the full sunlight beside his big covered wagon. So much has been written about the pioneers of the West! So much has been said about the long wagon trains, the desert camps, and the hardships of pioneer life.

Resting Horses with Wagons by Friedrich Eceknfelder





The Ascension

West

Sir Benjamin West

1738-1820, America

The beautiful smile of his little niece helped to make this man an artist. This is the story:

Benjamin West was born down in Pennsylvania, at Westdale, a small village in the township of Springfield, of Quaker parentage. The family was poor perhaps, but in America at a time when everybody was struggling with a new civilisation it did not seem to be such binding poverty as the same condition in Europe would have been. Benjamin had a married sister whose baby he greatly loved, and he gave it devoted attention. One day while it was sleeping and the undiscovered artist was sitting beside it he saw it smile, and the beauty of the smile inspired him to keep it forever if he could. He got paper and pencil and forthwith transferred that "angel's whisper."

No child of to-day can imagine the difficulties a boy must have had in those days in America, to get an art education, and having learned his art, how impossible it was to live by it. Men were busy making a new country and pictures do not take part in such pioneer work; they come later. Still, there were bound to be born artistic geniuses then, just as there were men for the plough and men for politics and for war. He who happened to be the artist was the Quaker boy, West.

He took his first inspiration from the Cherokees, for it was the

Indian in all the splendour of his strength and straightness that formed West's ideal of beautiful physique.

When he first saw the Apollo Belvedere, he exclaimed: "A young Mohawk warrior!" to the disgust of every one who heard him, but he meant to compliment the noblest of forms. Europeans did not know how magnificent a figure the "young Mohawk warrior" could be; but West knew.

After his Indian impetus toward art he went to Philadelphia, and settled himself in a studio, where he painted portraits. His sitters went to him out of curiosity as much as anything else, but at last a Philadelphia gentleman, who knew what art meant, recognised Benjamin West's talent, and made some arrangement by which the young man went to Italy.

Life began to look beautiful and promising to the Pennsylvanian. He was in Italy for three years, and in that home of art the young man who had made the smile of his sister's sleeping baby immortal was given highest honours. He was elected a member of all the great art societies in Italy, and studied with the best artists of the time. He began to earn his living, we may be sure, and then he went to England, where, in spite of the prejudice there must have been against the colonists, he became at once a favourite of George III, a friend of Reynolds and of all the English artists of repute—unless perhaps of Gainsborough, who made friends with none.

West was appointed "historical painter" to his Majesty, George III, and he was chosen to be one of four who should draw plans for a Royal Academy. He was one of the first members of that great organisation, and when Sir Joshua Reynolds, the first president, died, West became president, remaining in office for twenty-eight years.

About that time came the Peace of Amiens, and West was able to go to Paris, where he could see the greatest art treasures of Europe, which had been brought to France from every quarter as a consequence of the war. At that time, before Paris began to return these, and when



Penn's Treaty with the Indians by West



Christ Healing the Sick in the Temple by West

she had just pillaged every great capital of Europe, artists need take but a single trip to see all the art worth seeing in the whole world.

After a long service in the Academy, West quarreled with some of the Academicians and sent in his resignation; but his fellow artists had too much sense and good feeling to accept it, and begged him to reconsider his action. He did so, and returned to his place as president. When West was sixty-five years old he made a picture, "Christ Healing the Sick," which he meant to give to the Quakers in Philadelphia, who were trying to get funds with which to build a hospital. This picture was to be sold for the funds, but it was no sooner finished and exhibited in London before being sent to America, than it was bought for 3,000 guineas for Great Britain. West did not contribute this money to the hospital fund, but he made a replica for the Quakers, and sent that instead of the original.

West was eighty-two years old when he died and he was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral after a distinguished and honoured life.



The Battle of La Hogue by West


Old Homestead
Inness

George Inness

1825-1897, America

George Inness was destined to keep a grocery store as his father had kept one before him, and had grown rich in it. When George was a young man he was given a grocery store in Newark, New Jersey, a very small store indeed, and it is not surprising that the young man preferred art to butter and eggs. The Inness family had just moved from Newburg, probably the elder Innes seeking in Newark a good location for his son's beginning.

The first art-work Inness did was engraving, as he had been apprenticed to that business, but afterward he studied with Gignoux, a pupil of Delaroche.

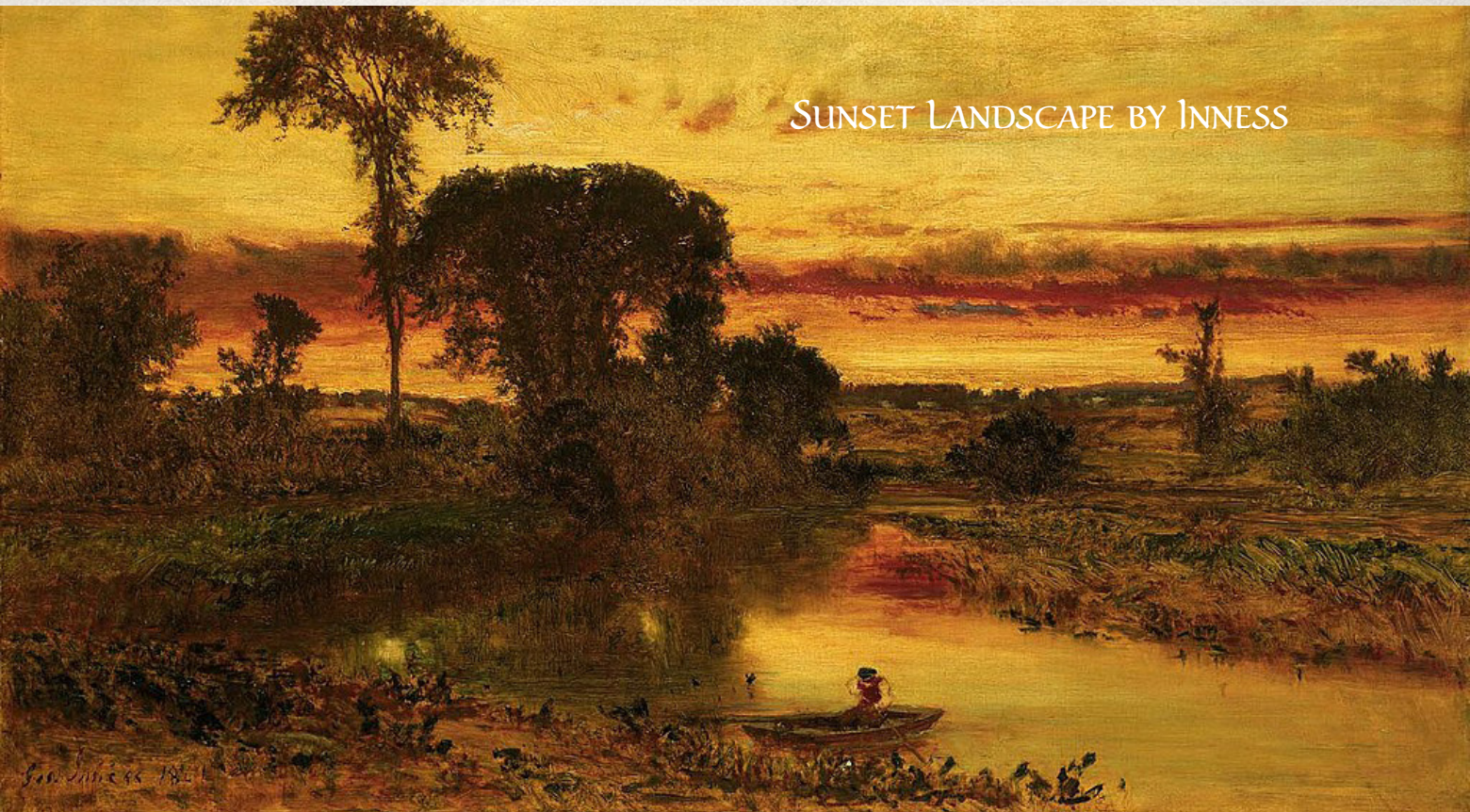
At that time there was what is known as the Hudson River School. Its ideas were set and formal, and not very inspiring, aside from the subjects treated. Church was then a young man like Inness, and he was studying in the Hudson River School, but the young grocer struck out a line for himself.

He was forty years old before he got to Paris, but once there, he turned to the men at Barbizon—Rousseau, Millet, Corot, and the rest—for inspiration, and began to do beautiful things indeed. Rousseau became his friend, and the art of Innes grew large and rich through such influences.

Inness had inherited much religious feeling from his Scotch ancestors, and all his work was conscientious, very carefully done.

When Inness returned from Paris he was not yet well known. He went to Montclair, New Jersey, to live and it was there that he did his best work. Finally, after he was fifty years old, he became known as a truly splendid painter. He loved best to paint quiet scenes of morning, evening sunset, and the like. His pictures began to gain value, and one that he had sold for three hundred dollars jumped in price to ten thousand and more. His work is not equally good, because his moods greatly influenced him.

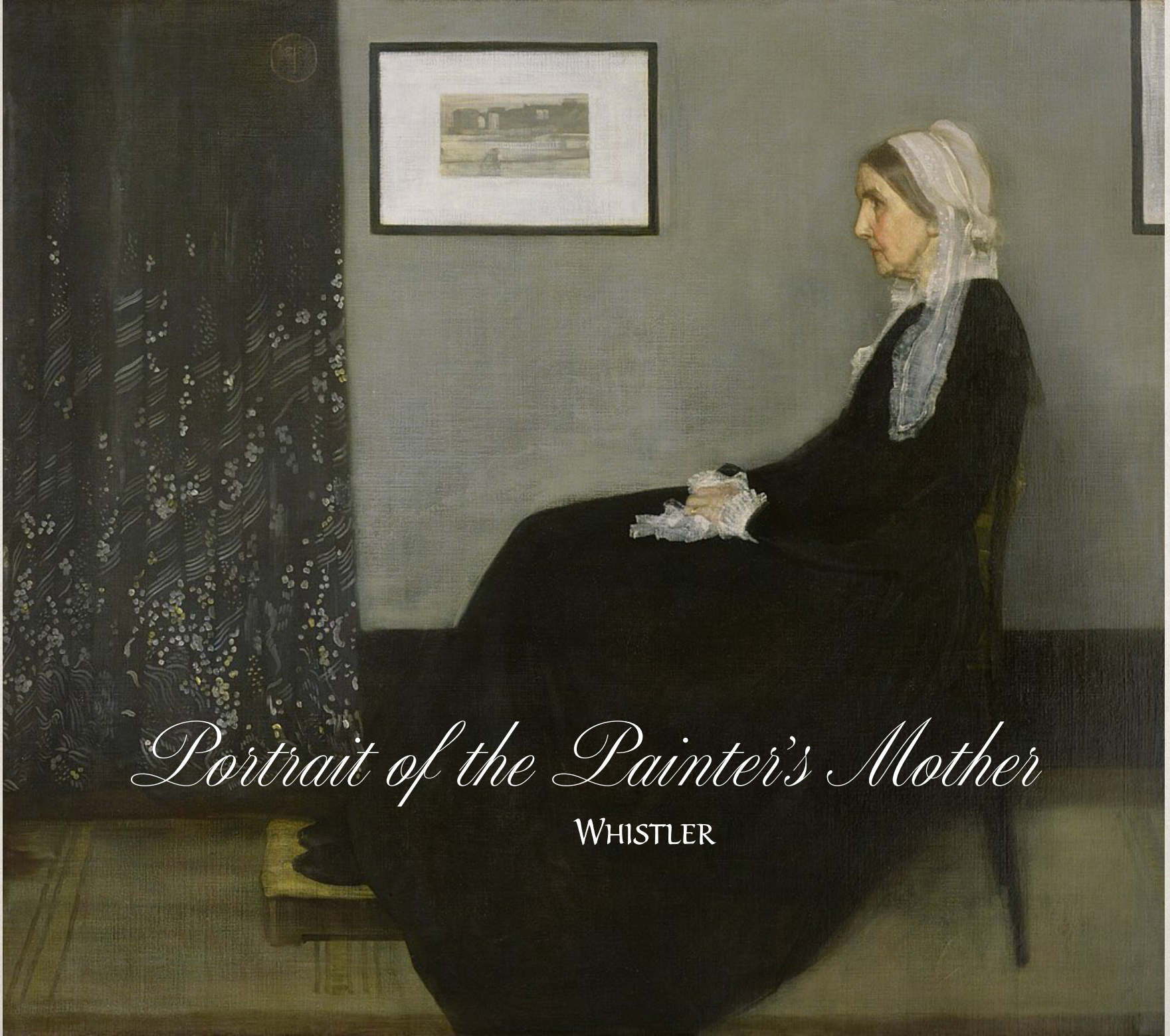
This picture [*Berkshire Hills*] in the George A. Hearn collection is full of the sense of restfulness that the works of this artist always convey. The trees are as motionless as the distant hills, and if the oxen are moving at all it is but slowly.



Sunset Landscape by Inness



Berkshire Hills by Inness


Portrait of the Painter's Mother
Whistler

James McNeill Whistler

1834-1903, America

Whistler called this picture "An Arrangement in Gray and Black," for he felt that the public could not be interested in a portrait of his mother. He said, "To me, it is interesting as a picture of my mother; but what can or ought the public to care about the identity of the portrait?" However, this knowledge of relationship has appealed so strongly to the people that by common consent the picture has been renamed by them, "Whistler's Mother," or "Portrait of the Painter's Mother," or even "Portrait of My Mother." Then again many critics declare the picture might well be called "A Mother," for it represents a type rather than an individual. The face seems to speak to each and every one of us in a language all can understand.

This dear old lady in her plain black dress, seated so comfortably with her hands in her lap and her feet on a footstool, has an air of peace and restfulness about her that is good to look upon. A feeling of stillness and perfect quiet comes to us, and we do not at first realize the skill of the artist in producing such an effect.

Seated in this restful gray room, she seems to be in a happy reverie of the days gone by. The simple dignity of the thoughtful figure is increased by the refinement of her surroundings. A single picture and part of the frame of another hang on the gray wall behind her. At the

left we see a very dark green curtain hanging in straight folds, with its weird Japanese pattern of white flowers.

All is gray and dull save the face. This contrast brings out its soft warmth. The dark mass of the curtain with its severely straight vertical lines, contrasted with the darker diagonal mass which represents the figure of the mother, gives us a feeling of solemnity and reverence. The severity of these dark masses is broken by the head and hands. The dainty white cap with its suggestion of lace on the cap strings softens the sweet face and relieves the glossy smoothness of her hair. In her hands she holds a lace handkerchief which we can barely distinguish from the lace on her cuffs. But the hands serve as an exquisite bit of light to lead the eye back to the face, where we study again the calm and tender dignity of the figure and the mysterious beauty of those far-seeing eyes.

By this very simplicity, quiet, and repose, Whistler has made us feel the love and reverence he has for his mother. He leaves us to guess what the mother herself may be thinking as she looks back over the life now past. With what reluctance she may have at first consented to pose for her portrait, believing that this great, wonderful son of hers had better choose some younger, fairer model, more responsive to his magic brush! But when she found his heart was set upon painting her portrait, she would hesitate no longer.

No doubt he knew just which dress he wished his mother to wear. We all know the dress we like to see our own mother wear. Very likely Whistler had planned the picture for days and knew exactly where he wished her to sit and just how the finished portrait was to look. And the mother, with her faith in her son's talent, probably thought his wanting her picture was only a token of his love for her, little realizing that this portrait alone would make her son famous.

We are moved by the silence and reserve of this gentle lady to an appreciation of the love, reverence, and respect that are her due.

Held at a distance, our reproduction of this picture seems to con-



Arrangement in Grey and Black No. 2 by Whistler



Wapping by Whistler

sist merely of a black silhouette against a light gray wall. On closer examination we soon discover two other values—that of the floor, which is medium gray, and the darker mass of the curtain.

Whistler was so fond of gray that he always kept his studio dimly lighted in order to produce that effect. His pictures are full of suggestions rather than actual objects or details. In his landscapes all is seen through a misty haze of twilight, early morning, fog, or rain. They suggest rather than tell their story. He makes us think as well as feel.



Perhaps there never was a boy more fond of playing practical jokes than James McNeill Whistler. For this reason he made many enemies as well as friends, for you know that, although very amusing in themselves, practical jokes are apt to offend.

But first we should know something about Whistler's father and mother. Of a family of soldiers, the father was a graduate of West Point Military Academy, and became a major in the United States army. During those peaceful days there was very little to keep an army officer busy, so the government allowed its West Point graduates to aid in the building of the railroads throughout the country. Civil engineers were in great demand, and from a position as engineer on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Major Whistler became engineer to the Proprietors of Locks and Canals at Lowell, Massachusetts. To Lowell, then a mere village, Major Whistler brought his family, and here James was born. Later the family moved to Stonington, Connecticut.

Whistler's mother was a strict Puritan and brought up her son according to Puritan beliefs. Their Sundays were quite different from ours at the present day. They really began on Saturday night for little James, for it was then that his pockets were emptied, all toys put away, and everything made ready for the Sabbath. On that day the Bible was the only book they were allowed to read.

When they lived in Stonington, they are a long distance from the

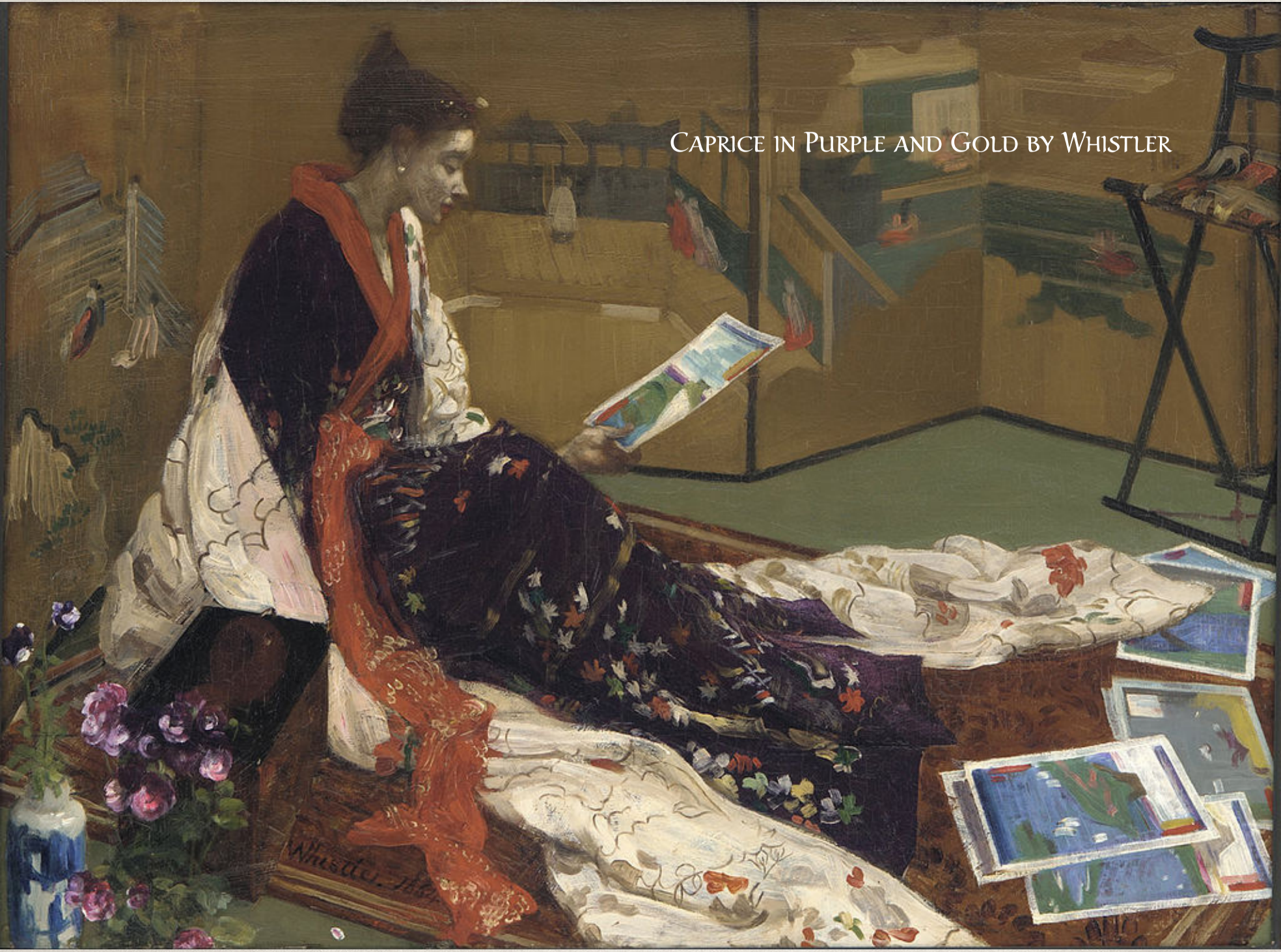
church and, as there were no trains on Sunday, the father placed the body of a carriage on car wheels and, running it on the rails as he would a hand car, he was able to take his family to church regularly. This ride to church was the great event of the day for James.

James's first teacher at school, though a fine man, had unfortunately a very long neck. In his wish to hide this peculiarity he wore unusually high collars. One day little James came in tardy, wearing a collar so high it completely covered his ears. He had made it of paper in imitation of the teacher's. As he walked solemnly to his seat, the whole school was in an uproar. James sat down and went about his work as if unconscious both of commotion and of the angry glare of his teacher. It was not many minutes before the indignant man rushed upon him and administered the punishment he so richly deserved.

When James was nine years old the family moved to Russia. The Emperor Nicholas I wished to build a railroad from the city of St. Petersburg (now called Petrograd) to Moscow, and had sent all over Europe and America in search of the best man to undertake this work, at last choosing Major Whistler. It was a great honor, of course, and the salary was twelve thousand dollars a year. Here the family lived in great luxury until the father died. Then Mrs. Whistler brought her children back to America to educate them.

When only four years old James had shown considerable talent for drawing, but although his mother admired his sketches she always hoped and planned that her son should become a soldier like his father. So at the age of seventeen she sent him to West Point, where he remained three years before he was discharged for failure in chemistry.

Although he had failed in most of his other studies, too, he stood at the head of his class in drawing. He received much praise for the maps he drew in his geography class, and some of them are still preserved. Whistler himself tells us: "Had silicon been a gas, I would have been a major general." It was during an oral examination, after repeated failures, that his definition, "Silicon is a gas," finally caused his



Caprice in Purple and Gold by Whistler



A Store of Chelsea by Whistler

dismissal.

Another story is told of his examination in history. His professor said, "What! do you not know the date of the Battle of Buena Vista? Suppose you were to go out to dinner and the company began to talk of the Mexican War, and you, a West Point man, were asked the date of the battle, what would you do?"

"Do?" said Whistler. "Why, I should refuse to associate with people who could talk of such things at dinner."

Whistler's real name was James Abbott Whistler, but when he entered West Point he added his mother's name, McNeill. He did this because he knew the habit at West Point of nicknaming students, and he feared the combination of initial letters would suggest one for him, so he substituted McNeill for Abbott. He was called Jimmie, Jemmie, Jamie, James, and Jim.

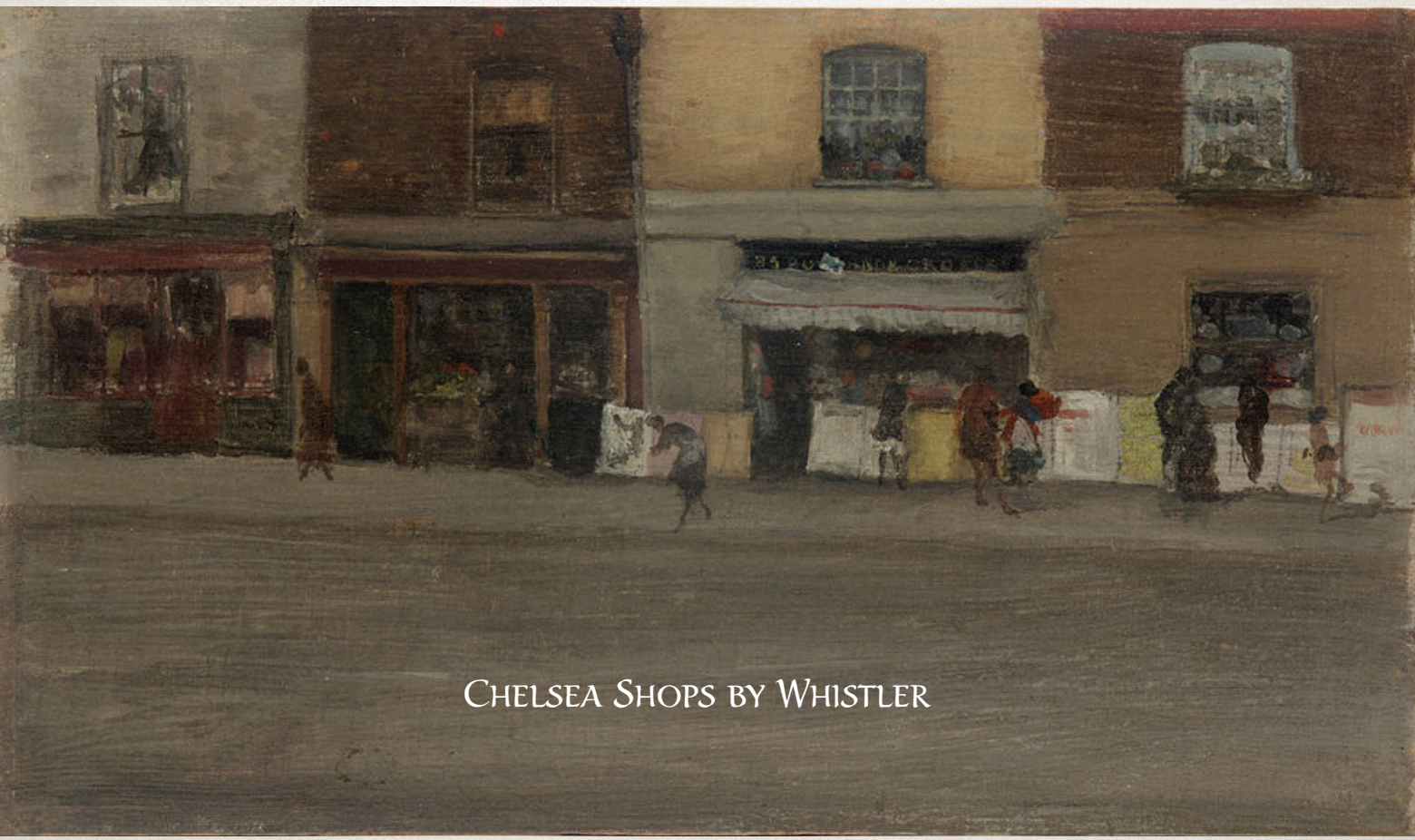
The older he grew the more Whistler seemed to enjoy playing practical jokes. Soon after he left West Point he was given a position in a government office, but was so careless in his work he was discharged. As he was going past his employer's desk he caught sight of an unusually large magnifying glass which that official used only on the most important occasions and which was held in great awe by the employees. Whistler quickly painted a little demon in the center of this glass. It is said that when the official had occasion to use the great magnifying glass again he hurriedly dropped it thinking he must be out of his head, for all he could see was a wicked-looking demon grinning up at him.

When Whistler began to paint in earnest he was very successful, and soon became the idol of his friends. In fact, the admiration of his friends proved quite a misfortune, for it sometimes made him satisfied with poor work. A friend coming in would find a half-completed picture on his easel and go into raptures over it, saying, "Don't touch it again. Leave it just as it is!" Whistler, pleased and delighted, would say he guessed it was rather good, and so the picture remained unfinished.

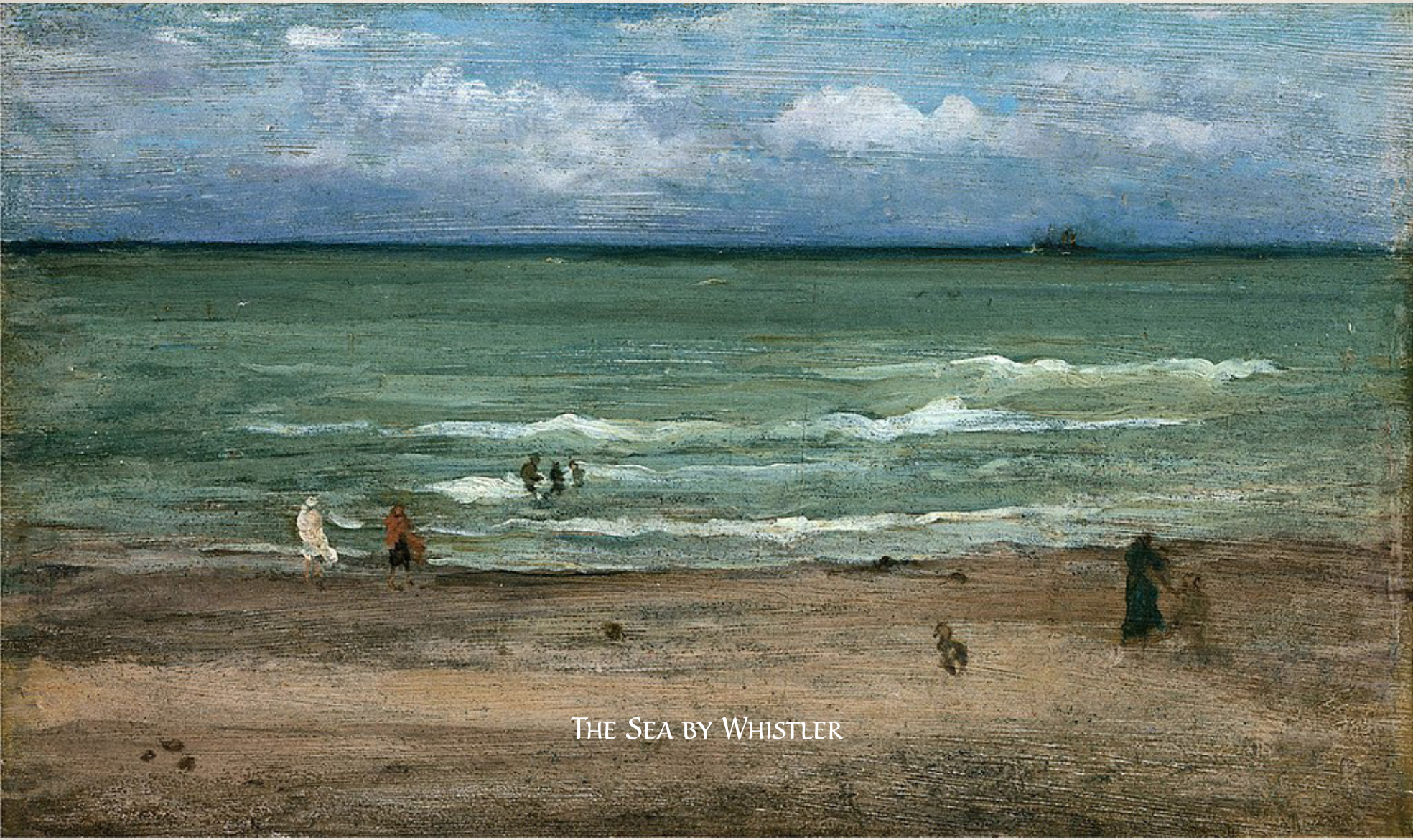
Many stories are told of the models he chose from the streets. Often

some dirty, ragged little child would find itself taken kindly by the hand and led home to ask its mother whether it might pose for the great artist. After some difficulty the mother would be persuaded to let the child go just as it was, dirt and all. As soon as Whistler began to paint, he usually forgot everything else and so at last the child would cry out from sheer weariness. Then with a start of surprise Whistler would say to his servant, "Pshaw! what's it all about? Can't you give it something? Can't you buy it something?" Needless to say, the child always went home happy with toys and candy.

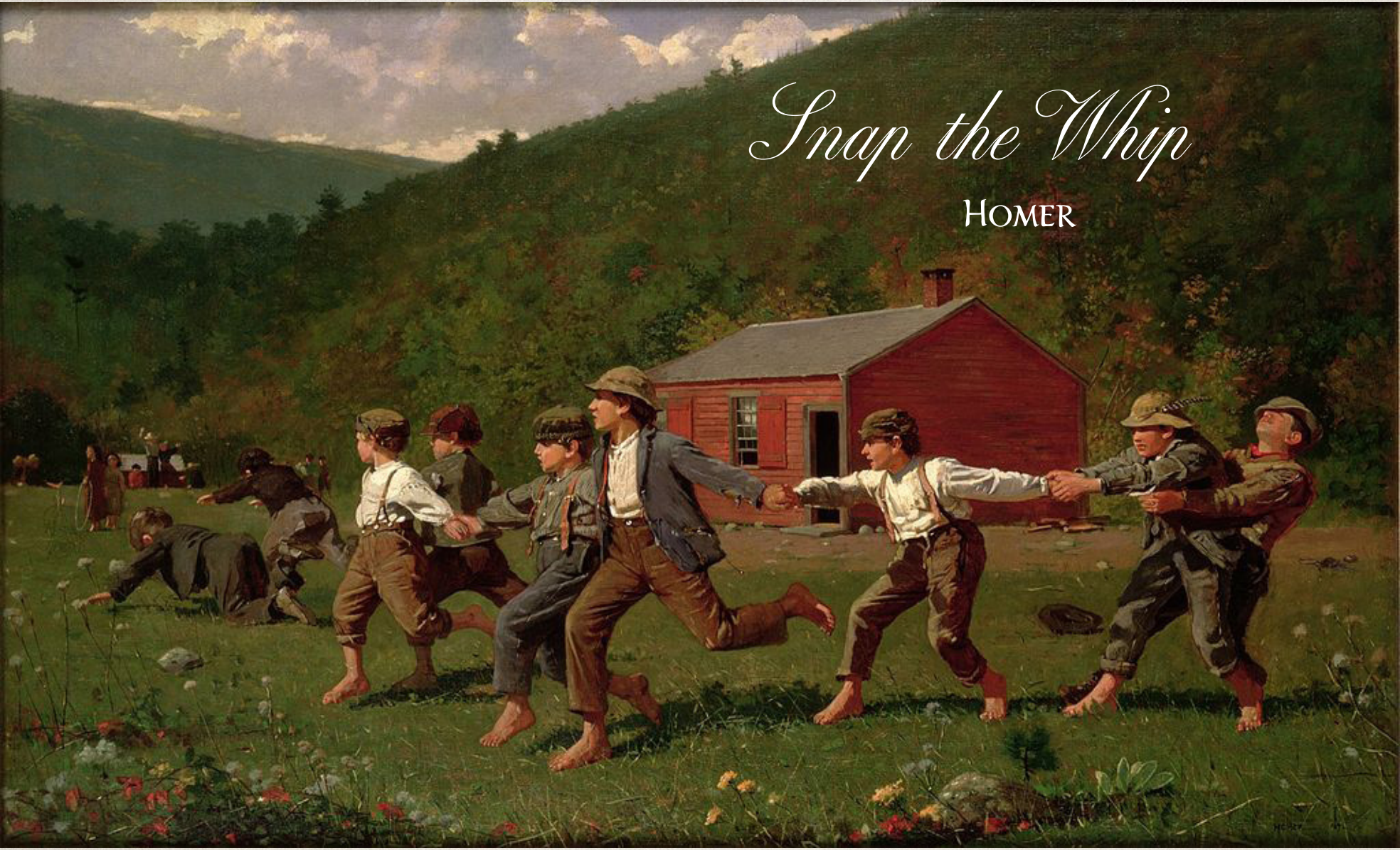
Whistler saw color everywhere, and he was especially quick to feel the beauty of color combinations. The names of his paintings suggest that this love of color was of first importance in his work, even before the object or person studied.



Chelsea Shops by Whistler



The Sea by Whistler


Snap the Whip
Homer

Winslow Homer

1836-1910, America



Sunday Morning in Virginia by Homer



Milking Time by Homer



Sparrow Hall by Homer

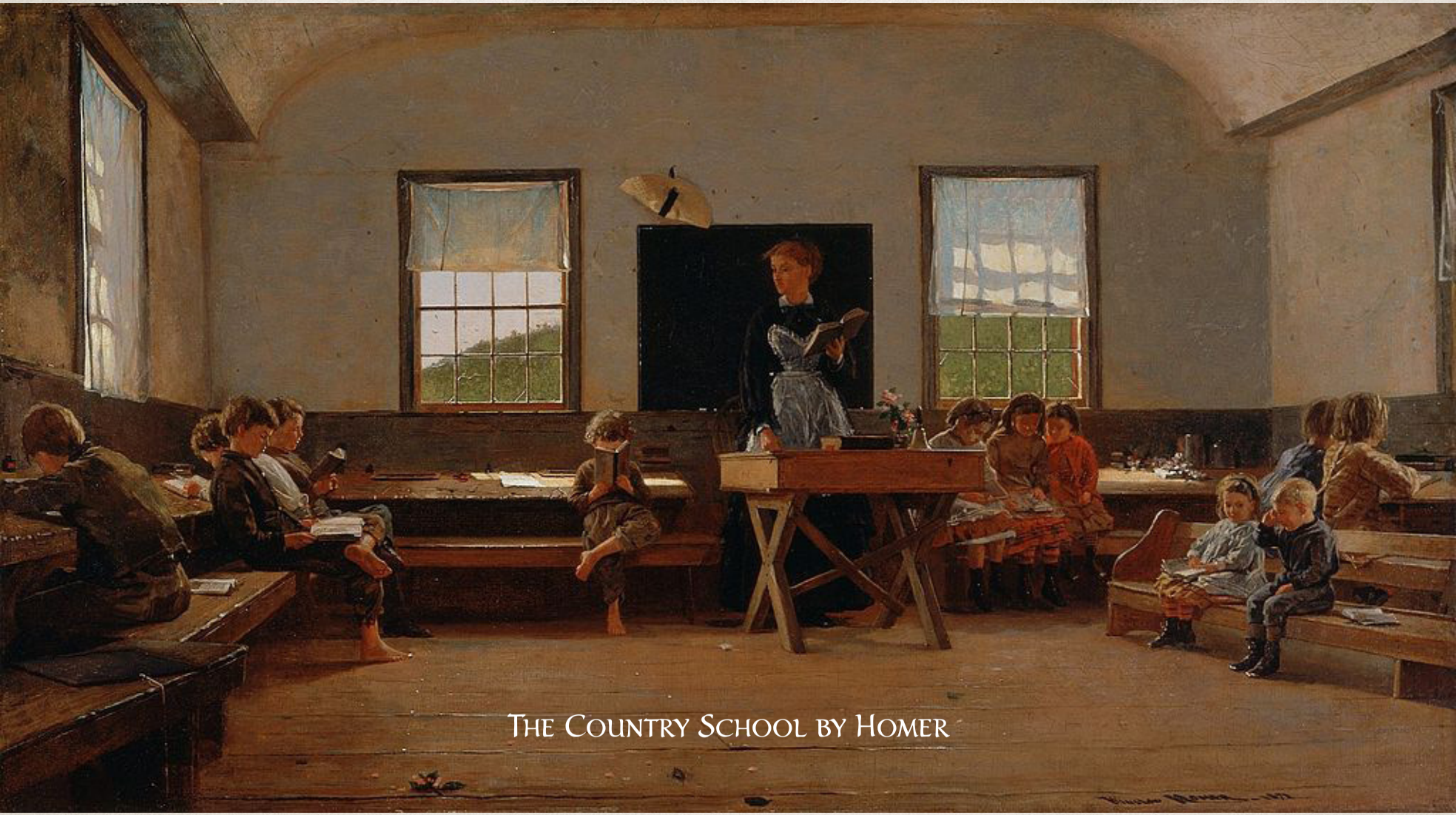


The Bright Side by Homer



Peach Blossoms by Homer


The Cotton Pickers by Homer



The Country School by Homer


El Jaleo
Sargent

John Singer Sargent

1856-1925, America

This artist was born in Europe, of American parents; thus we may say that he was "American," though he owes nothing but dollars to the United States, since his instruction was obtained in Italy and France, and all his associations in art and friendship were there. He is probably the most brilliant of the artists termed American. His great mural work in the Boston Public Library, is hardly to be surpassed.

Above all, Sargent's portraits are masterly. He was famous in that branch of art before he was twenty-eight years old. Among his finest portraits is that of "Carmencita," a Spanish dancer, who for a time set the world wild with pleasure. The list of his famous portraits is very long.

Sargent's father was a Philadelphia physician, who originally came from New England, but the artist himself was born in Florence. He was given a good education and grew up with the beauties of Florence all about him, in a refined and charming home. He was the delight of his master, Carolus Durand for he was modest and refined, yet full of enthusiasm and energy. In his twenty-third year he painted a fine picture of his master. Sargent is a musician as well as a painter; a man of great versatility, as if the gods and all the muses had presided at his birth.

In this picture [*Carmencita*] of the famous Spanish dancer Sargent shows all the life and character he can put into a portrait. The girl seems on the point of springing into motion. She is poised, ready for flight and the proud lift of her head makes one believe that she will accomplish the most difficult steps she attempts. The painting is in the Luxembourg, Paris.



Carnation, Lily, Lily and Rose by Sargent

Carmencita by Sargent

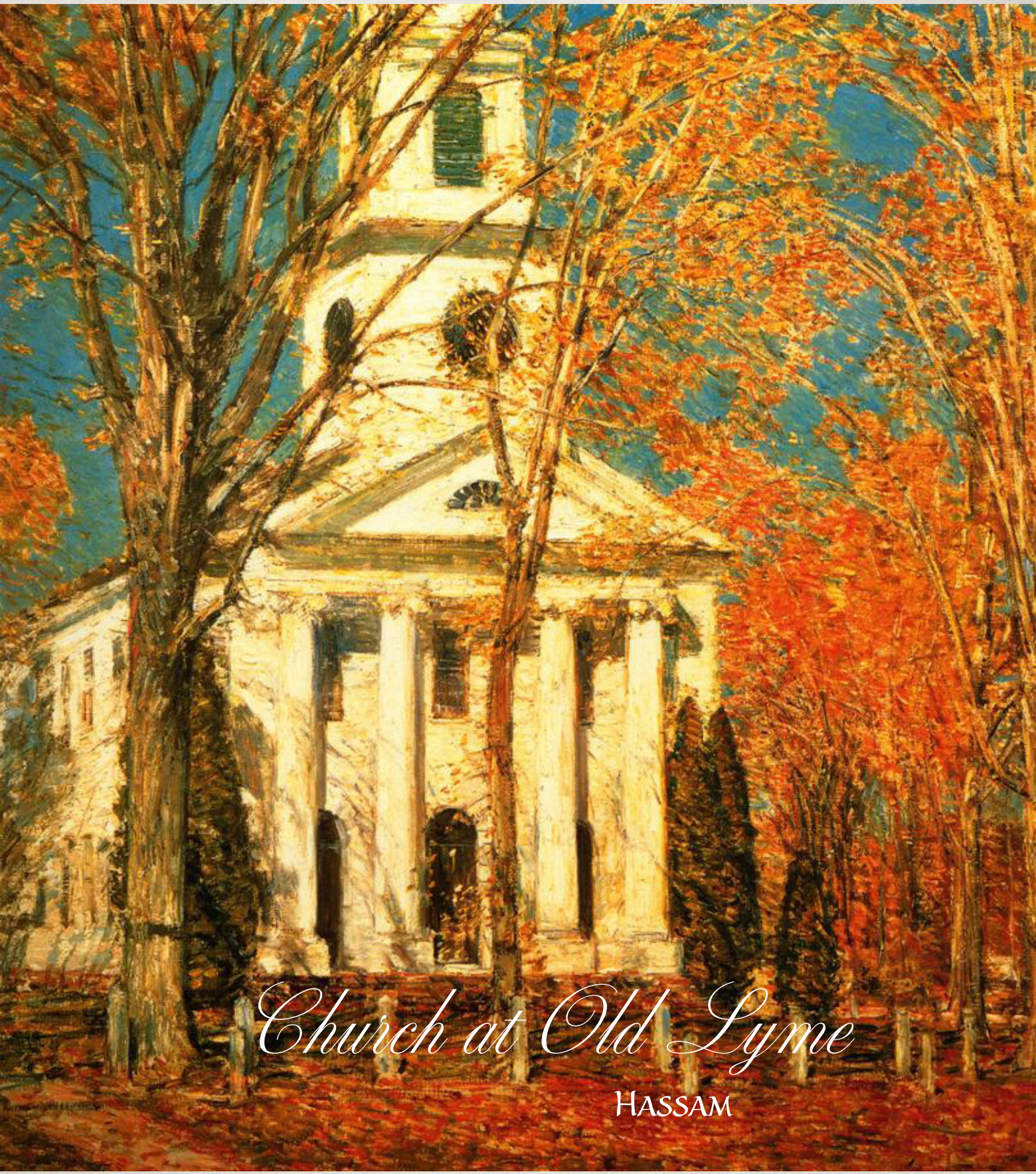


Smoke of Ambergris by Sargent





Gypsy Encampment by Sargent


Church at Old Lyme
Hassam

Childe Hassam

1859-1935, America

Down in New England, near the mouth of the Connecticut River, is the quaint town of Old Lyme. This region is typical New England country. Here stands a typical New England church, the church of Old Lyme.

It rises a mass of plain whiteness against the turquoise blue of the sky. Its four stately Ionic columns give a classic dignity to the entrance. Above towers the belfry.

See the brilliant New England sunshine! It sifts through the interlacing boughs. It plays over the church. It plays over the lawn, the walls, the trees. It dapples the whole scene! It brings to life the reds and greens of late autumn!

The old church is set in a frame of elms. They march back in regular line at the left. To the right the shadows on the white wall and the glimpse of foliage above suggest the tall trees that border the walk on this side.

See the lace-like pattern made by the long curving branches! See the powerful elm at the right!

No doubt it has seen many autumns such as this. See its sturdy trunk, ashen gray in the sunlight! See the vigor in its long branches!

Oh, yes, the artist knew trees. He knew their growth, their char-

acter. He knew their foliage, and the effect of glinting sunlight upon it. The green firs at each side of the porch make a dark accent, framing in the beautiful classic entrance. Thus, you see the artist first frames in, with the tall elms, the larger setting; next, he places the smaller, darker accents, as a second note. These frame in the most important part of the picture, the classic columns and the arched doorway. This gives design form to the picture-pattern. This is the art of the picture.

See how the sun glints across the lawn! Light green, dark green, and here and there patches of red!

All the rich red of autumn, however, has fallen this side of the little white posts. It is not so much the leaves, you see, but the light upon them that the artist paints.

To paint the effect of sunlight this artist often works with little spots of pure color, placing them side by side. This produces a very different effect from that of the earlier painters, who mixed their colors. It produces a vibrating light. It makes a picture of the atmosphere as it plays upon the landscape.

See the long lines of shadow across the lawn! They lead right up to the steps, then up to the door of the church. Below, the white church is patterned with the pale blue shadows that mark it. Above, the belfry is bathed in a warm yellow light.

See how the beautiful arch of the door is repeated again and again in the windows above, and then in the arching boughs of the elms! One after another, to right and to left, they bend and meet in archlike form above.

Indeed this repetition gives a beautiful rhythmic quality to the setting. It helps to make the design-pattern for his composition.

The artist was not unmindful of this repetition of line in his picture. He saw it again in the graceful height of the Ionic columns repeated in the tall trunks of the elms. He saw it still again in the little white posts that border the walk.

Light and air play over the entire canvas. It draws the reds, greens,



Geraniums by Hassam



Sunset sky by Hassam

blue, and white into one harmonious key, until the whole picture sings together in perfect tune.

This painting now hangs in the beautiful Albright gallery, in Buffalo, New York. Here one may study first hand the work of this gifted American painter, Childe Hassam.

Among the most distinguished American artists of today is Childe Hassam, the painter of sparkling light and color.

Mr. Hassam represents the modern style in painting. While the old masters mixed their colors to produce the subtle tones of light and shade, the modern painter often uses pure color. He places one spot or dot of pure color against another. This produces the effect of vibrating light. It gives sparkle and spirit to a picture.

Then, too, while the old masters confined themselves to religious subjects, the modern painter finds the world about him of absorbing interest. He sees the green fields, the flowers, the sea. He finds a new beauty in the busy streets of a great city; in the irregular outlines of distant skyscrapers, or the indistinct life of a busy wharf.

This love of the real world has produced the modern landscape painter. Among these modern painters Childe Hassam is a distinguished leader.

This painter of light and life was born in Boston in 1859. He grew up in the artistic atmosphere of that beauty-loving city. He was educated in the Boston Public Schools.

Later he went to Paris for study. His great ability, however, was largely self-developed. Childe Hassam knew what he wanted to do, and he went forth to do it.

He painted in the great out-of-doors. He painted exactly what he saw. He was thoroughly individual, painting only his own impression of a scene. For this reason he is known as an "impressionist" painter. He is one of the most successful of America painters in the use of pure pig-

ment, “spotted in.”

This manner of painting is expressive not so much of the material landscape as it is of the light and atmosphere that envelop it.



The Sonata by Hassam



Rainy Day, Fifth Avenue by Hassam

Native Americans




Interior of Fort Laramie
MILLER

Alfred Jacob Miller

1810-1874, America



War Ground by Miller


Indian Courtship by Miller



The Trapper's Bride by Miller


Lander's Peak
Bierstadt

Albert Bierstadt

1830-1902, America



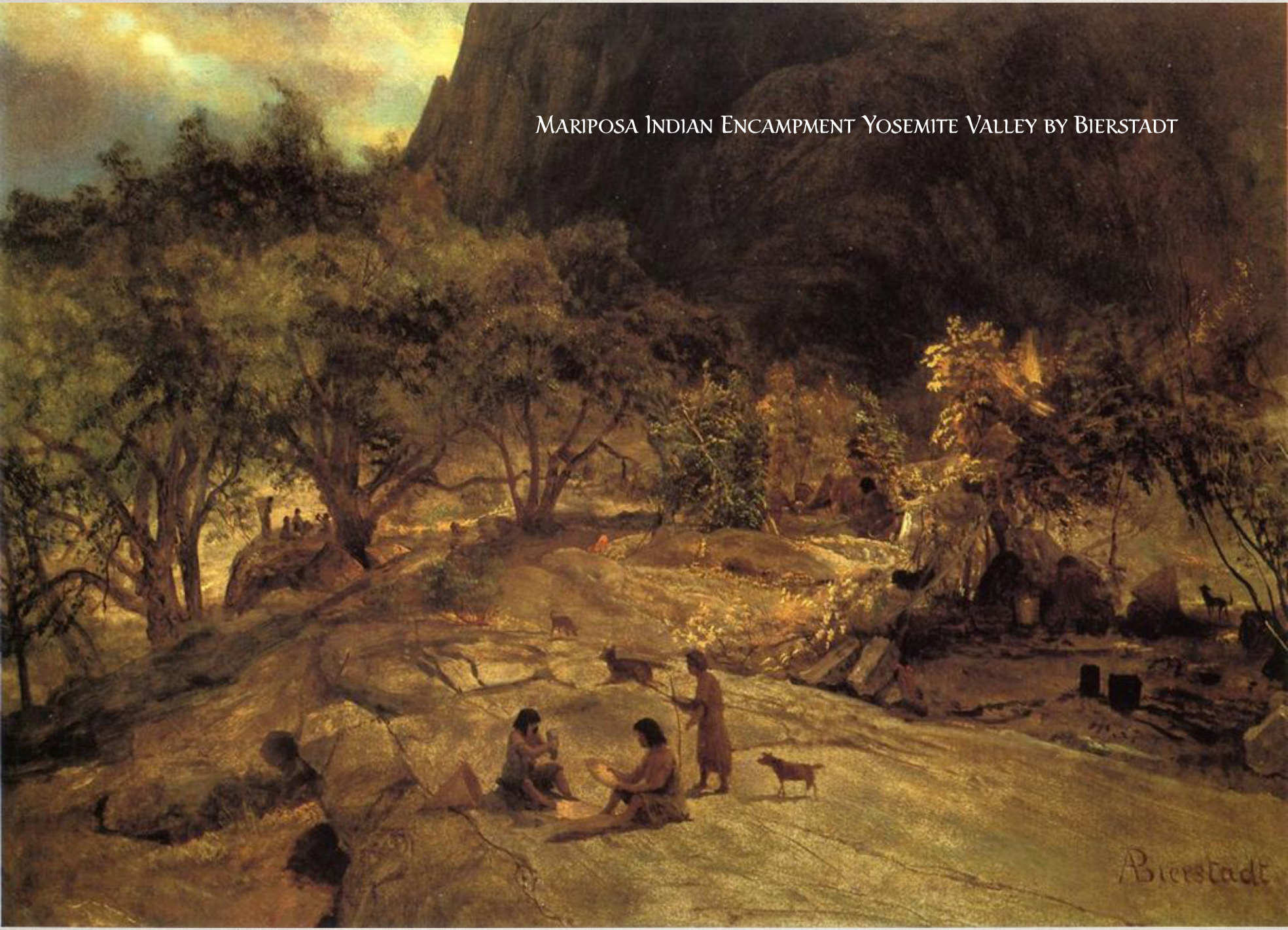
The Landing of Columbus by Bierstadt



Departure of an Indian War Party by Bierstadt



Indian Encampment by Bierstadt



Mariposa Indian Encampment Yosemite Valley by Bierstadt



Discovery of the Hudson River by Bierstadt



The Blanket Signal

REMINGTON

Frederic Remington

1861-1909, America



Historians of the Tribe by Remington



The Grass Fire by Remington



The Herd Boy by Remington

Appeal to the Great Spirit

DALLIN



Cyrus E. Dallin

1861-1944, America

Years ago this great country of North America belonged to the Indian. He roamed its broad plains at will. He climbed its rugged mountains. He paddled his canoe over its shining waters. There was nothing to disturb him. But one day the white man came. The white man destined to rule! Gradually, the Indian gave up his land, gave up his possessions.

By and by, he looked about him. Behold! This great country with its broad prairies, and shining streams was rapidly becoming the home of another race. This land, once belonging to his people, was passing to the white man.

The white man was strong. They were many in number. The Indian looked upon the power and strength of the white man. He saw the end of his own possessions, the end of his race. He knew not where to turn. He was helpless and in utter despair.

The artist who modeled this statue [*Appeal to the Great Spirit*] lived among the Indians. He knew the Indian well. He knew their feelings. He knew their love of the mountains, prairies, and rivers. He knew, too, that the Indian looked to the Great Spirit as the Giver of all this good.

The sad plight of the Indian, bereft of his land, his possessions, and his freedom, touched the mind and heart of the artist. He wanted

to picture the Indian's feelings when he looked about him, and saw his vast country in the possession of strangers and his race about to disappear.

His imagination pictured the stalwart figure of the Indian seated upon his friendly steed. He saw him lonely, sad, dejected, thinking upon the passing of his great race. He saw the Indian's horse looking as dejected as the man himself.

Suddenly the Indian sees a ray of hope—the Great Spirit! He raises his head. He looks up. His lifeless arms begin to rise, and his hands slowly lift themselves beseeching the Great Spirit for help.

How still are the rider and horse! Not a muscle moves. The Indian sits, relaxed, without saddle or stirrup. Notice how the legs hang down over the back of the horse. The toes point down. The arms are extended down and out. The long braids hang down. All is down, down, down. The upturned face and outstretched palms, alone, look up.

Even the horse has caught the spirit of the rider. He, too, stands relaxed. His ears droop. The long tail hangs motionless. The four straight legs and the feet, side by side, show no action or spirit. The reins hang loose. He too, in his mute way, joins with his master in the appeal to the Great Spirit. In this way the artist makes not only one figure of horse and rider, but he makes them one in their feeling as well. In this way he gives unity to his statue.

But after all, the Indian is not without a ray of hope, for he looks up, up, and up. The Spirit that has been his help in the past surely will not desert him now! The upward look, the upturned palms, call upon the Great Spirit as the last hope of the red man!

It is the upward look, and the upturned palms, alone, that carry the message of hope. Suppose the head were bowed, and the arms hanging at the side. Would this change the picture? Yes, indeed! In such a picture there could be no hope. This, however, is not the message of the artist. He wished to tell of the faith and hope of the Indian, face to face with defeat.



Menotomy Hunter by Dallin



The Protest by Dallin

No other statue in the world expresses the deep feeling of the Indian as does this. To put feeling like this into bronze is the work of a master-artist! Such a one is Cyrus W. Dallin, the American sculptor.

Among his many bronze figures commemorating the life and faith of the Indian, none has gained greater fame than this, his recent work, "The Appeal to the Great Spirit."

Cyrus E. Dallin was born and reared among the Indians. He knew them well. These were the pioneer days, and Dallin's home like those of other pioneers was a log cabin with adobe walls. He says there were two things about his boyhood home that thrilled him. One was the Indians, the other his mother's flower garden.

The Indians were such splendid fellows in their gay trappings, their feathers, and beads, that they won the young sculptor's heart. Many times, no doubt, they stopped at the gay-colored garden of his mother and chatted with her and the boy. Little did they know that this same little boy was destined to make the Indian live forever in bronze!

All through this western country great beds of clay abound. Naturally this little western lad easily discovered the great fun of modeling in clay. To model an Indian! To model the Indian's pony! This, was indeed a happy discover.

It is said that at seven he had modeled the heads of his favorite chiefs. Later, as a lad of eighteen, he was working one day with some miners in a mining camp when they struck a bed of fine white clay. Young Dallin quickly made some tools and immediately set to work on two life-sized figures.

The miners of the camp were so delighted with the boy's work that they determined to help him.

One day they learned that a great fair was to be held in Salt Lake City. They decided to send several examples of the young sculptor's work to the fair. This was the beginning of his success.

At once, a number of wealthy miners recognized his great talent and sent him to Boston for study.

After several years study in Boston, he had the good fortune to go to Paris. Here he became the friend of the celebrated animal painter, Rosa Bonheur.

Dallin and his friend, Rosa Bonheur, spent many days in study at the Indian camp. The Indians showed great friendship for both Dallin and the French painter.

Just before the show [Buffalo Bill's] left Paris the two artists visited the camp. Rose Bonheur carried a little gift with her. This was a ring which she presented to an aged chief as a token of her friendship for the Indian. The old chief took the ring, placed it on his finger, and said through an interpreter, "I place this ring on my finger as a sign of friendship and the finger shall leave the hand sooner than the ring."

The result of the sculptor's study in the Indian camp was a life-sized statue called, "The Signal for Peace." It now stands in Lincoln Park, Chicago. The statue pictures the welcome the Indian gave to the white man. It was the first of a series of four statues presenting the story of the Indian.

The subject of the second is the seer of the tribe—"The Medicine Man." He sees the end, and tries to warn his people as to what will soon happen.

"The Protest" shows an Indian on horseback, hurling defiance at the white man.

The fourth—"The Appeal to the Great Spirit"—pictures the last hope of the Indian. This statue now stands before the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Here many people stop and admire it every day.

It is said that the educated Indian of today joins with the white man in praise of the sculptor's work.

One day an Indian was seen standing before one of Dallin's figures. Soon he spoke: "This statute at once brings back to my mind the scenes of my early youth—scenes that I shall never again see in reality."



The Signal for Peace by Dallin



Medicine Man by Dallin

Then he added words of praise for the artist who could rise above the petty likes and dislikes of one race for another, and picture the real man beneath the strange exterior.

The secret of Dallin's art is best understood by reading his own words: "The Indian is to me first of all a human being, with emotions and affections. No one is stronger in friendship, or quicker in appreciation, once you have established yourself in his confidence."

America is proud to claim Cyrus W. Dallin as one of her distinguished modern sculptors, who has made the American Indian live forever in bronze.



Chief Washakie by Dallin


In the Enemy's Country
Russell

Charles Marion Russell

1864-1926, America



The Story Teller by Russell



Medicine Man by Russell



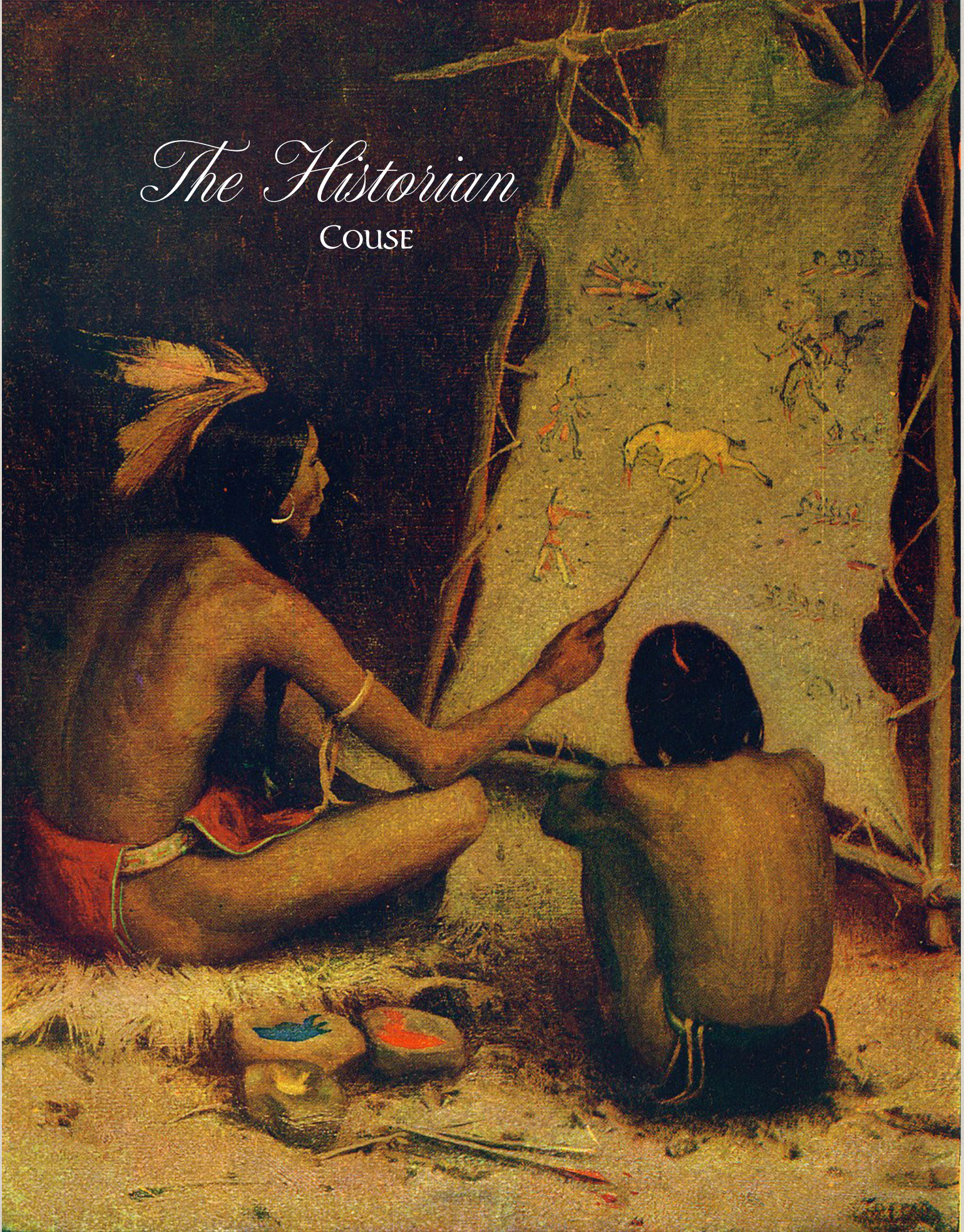
Water for Camp by Russell



Lewis and Clark Meeting the Mandan Indians by Russell



The Beauty Parlor by Russell


The Historian
Couse

E. Irving Couse

1866-1936, America

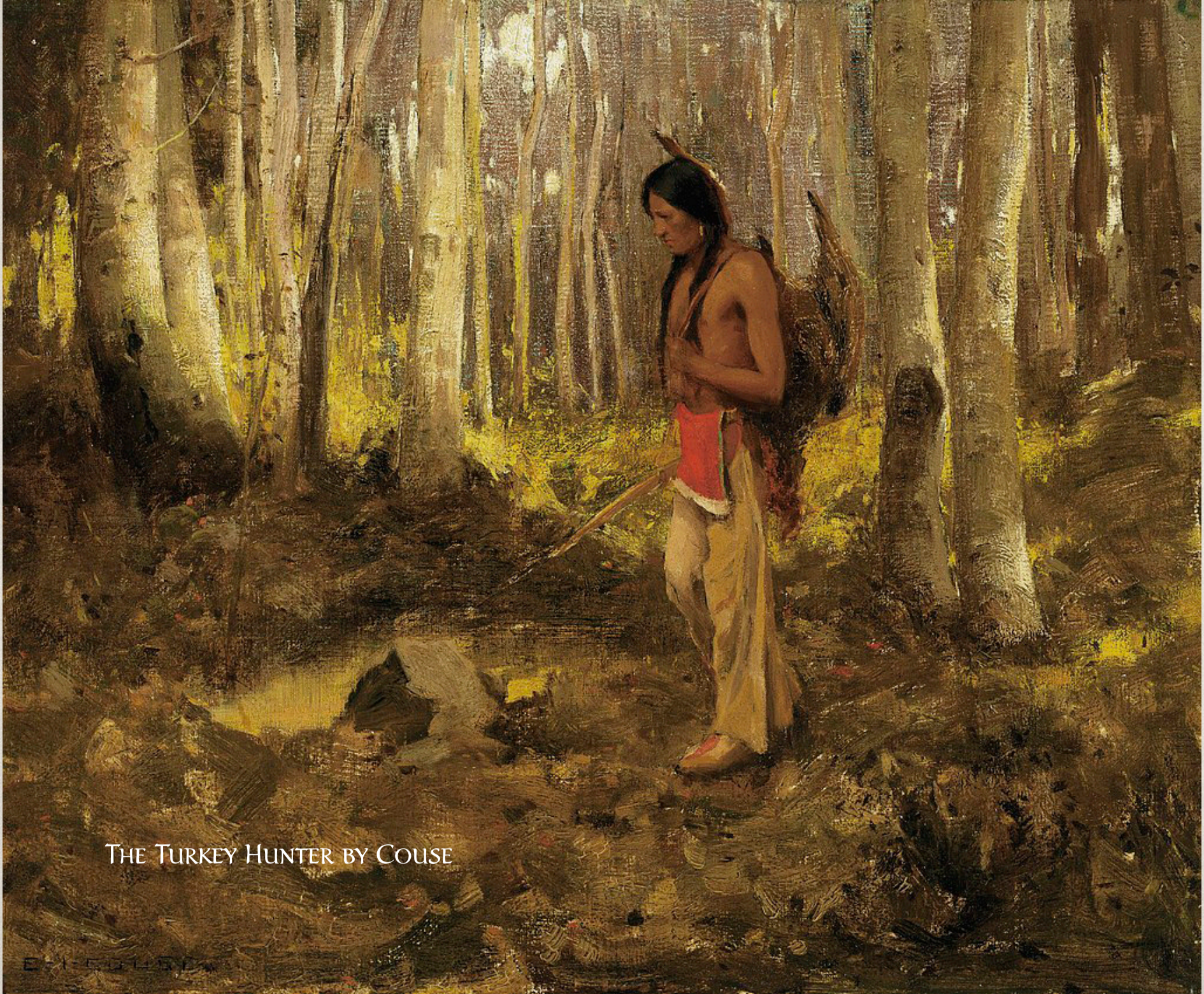
The artist loves to paint Indians, because he knows the red man well.

His name is E. Irving Couse. He has lived long among the Indians of New Mexico. Here also live many other artists.

These Indians are not fighters. They are peaceful men. In the early days they would not allow an artist to paint their pictures. They were afraid their souls would return and dwell in the pictures, instead of going to the happy hunting ground. Now it is different. Gradually the Indians have become more and more willing to pose for their pictures.

This artist and the Indians are on the best of terms. You will be surprised to know that the gay green sweater of the artist caught the eye of the Indian. It said just one word to him. That word was "green." Then, too, the artist was a very large man. This, also, said just one word to the Indian. That word was "Mountain." So they gave him a new name! They called him "Green Mountain!"

Today Green Mountain is known as the good friend of the red man. The Indians come often to his house to visit him. They are always willing to pose for the artist's pictures. It is his paintings of the American Indian that have made this artist famous.

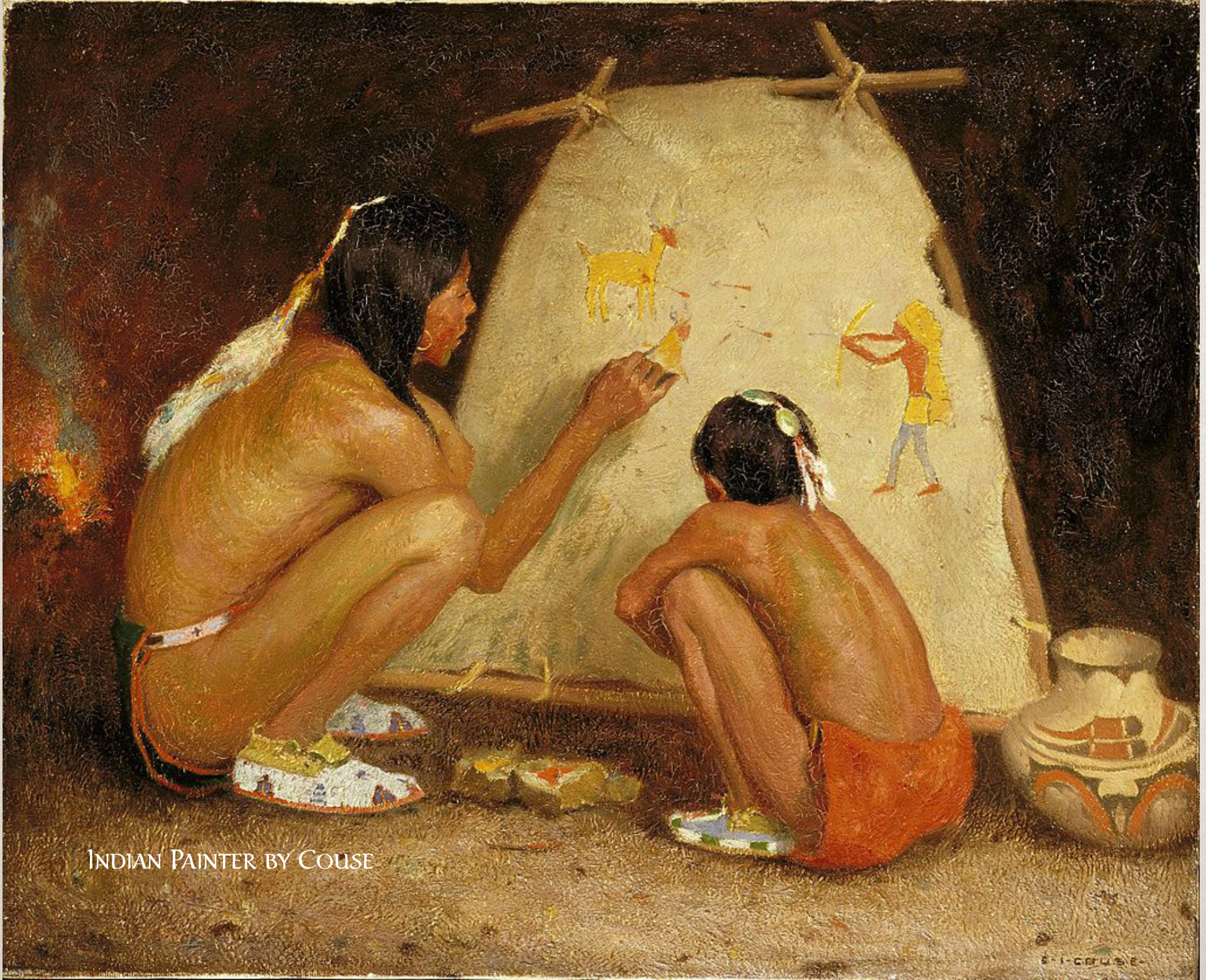


The Turkey Hunter by Couse



Lovers (Indian Love Song) by Couse


The Harvest Song by Couse



Indian Painter by Couse


Solemn Pledge
UFER

Walter Ufer

1876-1936, America

See the fine dark heads of the Indians! They are very solemn! Something unusual is taking place. They are looking at the youth who stands at the left.

See the stern face of the tallest Indian! See him as he eyes the young boy! The next Indian looks very grave, and is deeply interested in the lad. His friend below lays a hand upon his arm, and looks earnestly into his face.

There stands the young Indian boy! He is very serious. He is making a solemn promise. He is making a pledge of friendship. It is, indeed, a solemn pledge.

This artist says that in his country the Indians often have misunderstandings. Sometimes on Indian will be hostile to another. Then one of the elders tries to bring about a friendly feeling. Sometimes they go to the fields to make the pledge of friendship. Sometimes they go up into the hills.

Many times a little pile of stones is raised to commemorate the solemn pledge which each has taken. Sometimes this monument is made by the friends of each side, in turn, laying in stones until quite a pile is raised. All through the State of New Mexico these little piles of stones are seen. They tell of a solemn pledge of friendship made sometime in

the past.

Here stand the Indians in the great out-of-doors. The open country lies all about them.

See the sage-brush of the desert! See the distant dark mountain! See the cloud forms above!

How rugged, and stern, and strong they are! They are just like the figures of the Indians.

See how the artist has grouped his figures! They stand very close, in a compact mass. See the pattern they make against the background! They wear the great white blankets of their tribe. See the broad, simple surface of the blankets! How they emphasize the dark heads of the Indians!

The standing youth wears a blanket, too. It has dropped to his waist. We see the warm yellow shirt that he wears.

See his fine dark head! See the long braids as they fall over his shoulders! See the little line of light about his head! The light must shine full upon his face, too, although we cannot see it.

This is the land of brilliant, dazzling light!

All the light in the picture is made by the artist's color. He knew just how to choose his color. He knew just how to place his color.

How the light plays along the edges of the other figures! It lights up the shoulders of the tallest Indian. It touches his thick coarse hair with light. See it as it shines on the dark copper color of his skin!

It also plays along the outline of the second Indian. Below it falls full upon the face of the young boy. It touches the top of his dark hair, too.

See how it lights up the shoulders of the yellow shirt! Yes, light is everywhere! The bright, clear sunlight of Taos!

It is the painting of light, and the strong pattern or design of his pictures that has brought fame to this artist.

"The Solemn Pledge" is one of the prize pictures of the artist.



El Cacique del Pueblo by Ufer



Anna by Ufer

The artist who painted this picture lives in Taos, New Mexico, the land of the Pueblo Indian. His name is Walter Ufer. He is one of the foremost modern artists of America. Today many American artists are making their homes in this western land.

Taos is a sage-brush desert seven thousand feet above sea level. Around it rises the giant mountains to a height of thirteen thousand feet. Here is a sky that is always blue. Here is a sun that is always shining. Here is color everywhere!

And then the Indians! These superb copper-colored fellows wrapped in their white blankets are a marked contrast to the "pale-faces" who come from the East. Over seven hundred of the finest Indians in America live in Taos. No wonder the artists are making their homes in this western country!

Though Mr. Ufer lives in the west he was born in Louisville, Kentucky. There he went to school just like other little boys. There his teacher learned that he liked to draw. She found him making sketches on the pages of his reader. The principal, too, found that the little Walter had great talent. One day he asked him what he wanted to be when he grew to be a man. "An artist," immediately replied the little fellow.

So determined was he to become a painter that he planned, when still a child to earn money for study. He did many kinds of work. Like so many ambitious American boys of today, he carried a paper route. Rain or shine, through all kinds of weather, on he trudged.

By taking care of the pennies, earned on the paper route, and adding to them little by little, he managed to save a small bank account. This he planned to use for his studies.

When he was a young lad he went to the World's Fair in Chicago. Here he saw the great White City with its beautiful walks, buildings, pictures, and sculpture. The exhibition of pictures interested him most.

He wanted more than ever to be a painter! It was his one desire.

By and by opportunities came to him. He studied both in America and Europe. He won many honors.

When he returned to America in 1914, he went to this western land of the Pueblo Indian, a land of light and color. Here he painted many of his famous pictures.

For many years Walter Ufer has continued to carry off many prizes and honors. All his pictures make one feel the bigness of grandeur of the West.

Instead of painting landscape and figures just as they are, he weaves them into beautiful patterns or designs. Such a pattern is our picture, "The Solemn Pledge."

Within recent years many new honors have come to the artist. His pictures now hang in many of the important galleries of America.

Mr. Ufer says he won his success. And more, "One can win only through hard work."





The Garden Makers by Ufer