

Art

Well-Educated Mother's Heart Learning Library

Libraries Of Hope

Art

Compiled by
Marlene Peterson

Well-Educated Mother's Heart Learning Library
Libraries of Hope

Art
Mother's Learning Library

Copyright © 2019, 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.

Compiled from:
Great Pictures as Moral Teachers, by Henry E. Jackson, Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company, (1910).

How to Show Pictures to Children, by Estelle M. Hurll, Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, (1914).

How to Enjoy Pictures, by M.S. Emery. Boston: The Prang Educational Company, (1898).

Libraries of Hope, Inc.
Appomattox, Virginia 24522

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

Printed in the United States of America

Contents

Great Pictures as Moral Teachers **1**

The Use of Pictures in Teaching 3

How to Show Pictures to Children **19**

Preface 20

Introduction 23

The Child and the Picture 28

How the Picture is Made 40

How to Make Pictures Tell Stories 50

The Game of Picture-Posing 69

Practical Suggestions to the Mother 82

The Use of Pictures in the Schoolroom 91

Animal Pictures 112

Pictures of Children 127

Story Pictures 149

How to Enjoy Pictures **169**

The Enjoyment of Pictures 169

Landscapes 176

Buildings and Street Scenes 193

Pictures that Tell a Story 210

Animals 227

Portraits 242

Studies of Life and Character 262

Illustrations of Legend and Fancy 291

Pictures with Religious Themes 312

The Pages of a Magazine 365
The Journey from Artist to Reader 397
Pictures in the School-room..... 422

GREAT PICTURES AS MORAL TEACHERS

With twenty reproductions of photographs from originals of painting and sculpture, each accompanied by an interpretation; also an introduction on the use of pictures in teaching.

BY

HENRY E. JACKSON

Author of

"Benjamin West, His Life and Work."

"The Message of the Modern Minister."

THE USE OF PICTURES IN TEACHING

A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

There never was a time, when the educational value of pictorial art was more generally recognized than it is to-day. That pictures are more used now than ever before, is partly due to the fact that time is more valuable than ever before, and pictures are time-savers. They represent to the eye, what it would take much longer to tell to the ear. They do a work of mental economy, and this is a real service, for the less time and strength it takes to get an idea, the more will be left to use and enjoy it. The right use of pictures, therefore, rests on sound principles of teaching. A truth which reaches the mind through the ear gate and the eye gate at the same time, doubles the impression. Psychologists tell us that sense impressions received through sight are of a higher order than those received through any other sense. We say, "in one ear and out the other." We do not say, "in one eye and out the other." That pictures are of great value in teaching certain forms of knowledge is not now questioned; on the contrary, it is approved and practiced.

In view of this fact, it is surprising that there is so little use made of really great art in religious teaching. Time was when art rendered religion an incalculable service. From the Edict of Milan to the Reformation, the church was the patron of art. In the days when the truths of religion were preached in Latin to people who could scarcely have understood them even in their own tongue, the sacred story was told in the universal language of the painter and the sculptor. For the masses the painter's brush has taught the Christian story more convincingly than the pen of the theologian. Works of art were the people's Bible. But the Puritanism of the Reformation divorced art from religion, and as in Greece art killed religion, so in Christian Europe religion killed art. The protest of Puritanism against art was made in the heat of conflict, and was therefore one-sided and prejudiced. Religious people to-day have regained a truer perspective and a saner judgment. They see that the abuse of a thing is no sufficient reason for its disuse altogether. They see that to present truth in the form of beauty is not a hindrance, but a help, to truth. They see that the Bible has been denied the imagination as an aid, and its value has been lessened in consequence. They see that the function of art is to render visible the Divine and it is, therefore, not a foe, but a friend of religion.

The religious world is beginning to turn to art with a new spirit. This may be due in part to the fact that undiscerning condemnation leads to indiscriminate approval. It is due even more to the ease with which the public now has access to the originals of great pictures, or may possess copies of them. As the printing-press ushered in the democracy of learning, the camera ushered in the democracy of art, and the pictures that were once found only in the great collections, or in the homes of the few, are now found everywhere in reproductions. The very multitude of pictures in the people's hands brings with it a great danger and produces a crying need; the need of careful selection and of educating the popular taste. The present work makes an attempt to do what it can to meet this need.

Whether we will or not, the child will visualize the stories he hears. He makes images of the characters and incidents of the Bible. To render him the best service, in this process, only the best pictures ought to be put into his hands. Poor pictures will do more harm than good, for they will give false notions which must later be unlearned. Here, as everywhere else, the good is not to be substituted for the best. Coleridge would sometimes say, after looking at a picture, "There is no use in stopping at this, for I see the painter had no idea. It is mere technical drawing." In every great picture there are

two elements, the idea and its expression. There ought to be no disparity between these, for in proportion as an artist values the thought he portrays, he will spare no pains in perfecting his technique. All truly great art is both adequate in form and significant in content. For this work only those pictures were selected which are considered great, both from the standpoint of the artist, and from that of the teacher and people as well.

HOW A PAINTING DIFFERS FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

If pictorial art is to do real service for religion it is of first importance to keep in mind the distinction, made by Henry Turner Bailey, between a view and a picture. That distinction, in brief, is that a view is taken directly from nature, whilst a picture is composed to embody an idea. Views are valuable aids in creating mental images of places outside of one's experience. Views may serve as a background of actual occurrences. The view of a city "so compacted together" that a woman on her own housetop could drop a stone upon the head of a King passing in the middle of the street below; a bed of such proportions that a man could pick it up and carry it through a crowd to his own house; a roof that could be opened by four men without creating a panic in the packed congregation below; photographic views of such elements as these in Biblical scenes, serve to give one

vivid images. It ought to be remembered, however, that such photographs give one only the mere externals. A view of Jacob's Well, for example, as it is to-day, has value only as indicating the fact that the Well still exists. It has no value in teaching any truth about the water of life. The truth that Jesus presented to the woman of Samaria is vastly more important than any fact about the Well. Truth is always more important than facts.

The difference between a view and a picture is like this: If the brain cap of a man could be removed and a photograph of the brain, in active work, could be taken, what would it reveal? It would reveal only decomposition and recomposition, molecular agitations and vibrations. These are physical phenomena. There is absolutely nothing else which the eye can see. But the man on whom the operation is performed, what does he see? He is conscious of an entirely different set of phenomena. He is conscious of thought, emotion, will, hopes, aspirations, and ideals. The photograph gives one the external physical facts. The artist's picture gives one the true inwardness of the same facts. Art does not deal with things as they are in themselves. Science does that. But art deals exclusively with things as they affect the human soul. "Science," says Ruskin, "studies the relations of things to each other, but art studies only their relation to man; and it requires of everything which is

submitted to it imperatively this, and only this, what that thing is to the human eyes and human heart." The difference between a view and a picture is well illustrated in human portraits, which Carlyle thought were, of all portraits, the welcomest on human walls. Tennyson once asked Watts his notion of what a true portraitist should be. Watts' reply so impressed the poet that he wrote it out in the beautiful lines, which afterwards appeared in the poem of Elaine in "The Idyls of the King:"

> "As when a painter, gazing on a face
> Divinely thro' all hindrance, finds the man
> Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
> The shape and colour of a mind and life,
> Lives for his children ever at its best."

The camera gives one the physical features of the face, but the artist finds the man behind them and preserves the man's true spirit ever at its best. It is the artist's function to portray what the camera cannot give and what the eyes of other men often do not see. A woman, looking once with the English artist, Turner, at one of his marvelous delineations of nature, said to him, "Mr. Turner, I cannot see in nature what you put into your pictures." The artist's quiet answer was, "Don't you wish you could, Madam?" Precisely this is the artist's mission, to help us see, in nature and in human life, what the physical eye, unaided, could never discern.

He is not an artist who merely puts on canvas that which any man can see with his own eyes. The artist's function is to show us something we have not seen, or have only imperfectly realized. Thus he becomes an interpreter and a teacher. The vast majority of pictures now used by Bible teachers are not pictures at all, but merely views; and while they serve to impart information, they are of little or no value for religious purposes. It is time to turn to something higher. While we use views to impart information on facts of minor detail, there is an inviting field for the use of the masterpieces of art which have a spiritual message.

THE SERVICE WHICH ART RENDERS

Classical religious paintings render at least two great religious services. One is to impress deeply on the mind and heart some great truth or Biblical scene which has made only a slight impression before. Such a service is rendered by Holman Hunt's picture of the "Scapegoat;" this picture makes more vivid the sense of desolation caused by sin, as set forth in the Old Testament. There is a great opportunity for works of art, because the Bible record is very brief. The Bible expresses an important truth in a few verses, or in a brief scene which may fail to make a deep impression. Many a picture does for a Biblical scene what Browning's poem "Saul" does for a

scene in Saul's life. The poet has taken an incident in the life of Saul, and by a legitimate use of the imagination, has elaborated it into a long poem, and by this means, makes us see the true import of what the Bible so briefly states.

Another great service which classical pictures render, is to call our attention to a side of some truth which we have never before noticed. Browning says this is one of art's great functions.

"For don't you mark? We're made so that we love,
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see.
And so they are better painted, better for us,
Which is the same thing. Art was given for that.
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out."

Pictures may tell us what we have often seen with the eye, but never grasped. How true this is can be seen by the simplest test. Ask almost any man who has been raised in the country and has seen apple trees a hundred times, to tell you the color of apple blossoms. In all probability he does not know, though he thinks he does. If you tell him that Dante says, "apple blossoms are a little less than rose and more than violet," he will have to confess that he never noticed the violet color in them, but there it is, as distinct as the blossom itself. An

artist's picture would have given him that fact. In like manner Holman Hunt's picture, "Finding Christ in the Temple," does a similar service. It embodies a dozen passages of Scripture from Deuteronomy to John, and sums up, in small compass, all the facts of the subject, many of which we may never have noticed. More important still, a picture often opens up a side of some great spiritual truth which we may never have known. Watts' picture, "Hope," embodies a trait of the grace of hope which is not infrequently passed over. The pictures selected for this work are those only which make a positive contribution to moral or spiritual truth.

ART FOR ART'S SAKE

There are those who believe that it is not a legitimate function of art to teach religious ideas. Curiously enough, the people who thus believe, belong to two classes very widely separated in other respects. One class is that of the mere technical artist, the other is that of the Puritanic type of the religious man. Extremes meet sometimes, when they are extreme enough. Both classes believe in "Art for Art's Sake." "Art for Art's Sake" and "Art for Truth's Sake" have been in conflict for many centuries, and the conflict represents a side of one of the oldest problems of human history. It is the conflict between the Hebrew and the Greek ideals of life. I believe there

is a reconciling principle between the two. John Ruskin reconciled them in his own person. It is only because of the common human defect, which prevents us from seeing more than one side of a truth at the same time, that we imagine there is any antagonism between these two ideals.

If by "Art for Art's Sake," is meant that beauty is an end in itself, and one of the functions of art is to give pleasure through beauty, there is nothing in this statement to which the religious man ought to object, for there is such a thing as the holiness of beauty as well as the beauty of holiness. It ought to be remembered that the early Christians undervalued beauty because the beauty they saw about them was an element in a civilization which was only corrupt. They put beauty away because, for the moment, they had to fight for righteousness. The condition was only temporary, not complete or final. When the crisis had passed and they were free to look at life whole, they craved beauty, as before they had craved truth. We are so accustomed to look at beauty as merely decorative and ornamental that we forget that beauty is a moral necessity. God wrought beauty into the structure of the world. Beauty is the highest form of righteousness. Beauty and truth are not separated in God's world, and ought not to be in our thought. It is only because we are accustomed to righteousness in its

lower and cruder forms, that we have made the separation. God, who gave as much care to painting a lily as to forming the eternal hills, joined truth and beauty in holy union, and what God has joined together, man ought not to put asunder. Beauty has a moral value for truth. To assert that beauty has a moral value, does not mean that beauty has any power to create the moral or spiritual life, but the spiritual life, having been already started, beauty is of great service in its development. Art cannot regenerate religion, but religion can regenerate art, and ought to do so, and thus utilize the help that art can give. "The Kingdom of God," says Martineau in his "Hours of Thought," "is not a business set up in rivalry with worldly business, but a divine law regulating and a divine temper pervading the pursuits of worldly business. It does not change the materials, but the form and spirit of our lives."

The universal love of beauty is one of those resources of human life which Christianity ought to pervade with its spirit and claim as its own. It is to this common instinctive love of the beautiful that the artist makes his appeal, and, therefore, gets a wide hearing for the truth he presents in this universally loved form. The universality of the love of beauty, and what it does for men, is well stated by Mark Rutherford in his "Deliverance." "The desire," he says, "to decorate existence in some way or other with

more or less care is nearly universal. The meanest and most sensual almost always manifest an indisposition to be content with mere material satisfaction. I have known selfish, gluttonous, drunken men spend their leisure moments in trimming a bed of scarlet geraniums, and the vulgarest and most commonplace of mortals considers it a necessity to put a picture in the room or an ornament on the mantelpiece. The instinct, even in its lowest forms, is divine. It is the commentary on the text that man shall not live by bread alone. It is evidence of an acknowledged compulsion, of which art is the highest manifestation, to escape."

If by "Art for Art's Sake" is meant that it is not the business of art to preach or moralize, there is nothing in this statement to which the religious man ought to object, even though he be a preacher. For the preacher knows perfectly well, that if one paints a picture of a horse, and then has to write under it, "this is a horse," it is evident that the picture has been poorly painted, and has missed its aim. If, at the close of a story, one must add the statement, "This is what I meant to teach," it shows that the story has been lamely told.

Paul's letter to Philemon has done more for the liberation of slaves than any other piece of writing in the world, and yet in it there is not one word of moralizing on the evils of slavery. The letter simply preserves the

record of Paul's act and attitude towards a runaway Christian slave. That act did its own preaching. The best preaching is always so done. It is didactic indirectly. This is what Dr. Van Dyke meant when he prayed, "Lord, let me never tag a moral to a story, nor tell a story without a meaning." So a great work of art embodies a spiritual truth, or fact, which speaks for itself.

Whilst a great painting does not need a moral label, but chiefly needs only to be "dwelt on and wondered at," yet a legitimate and needed service is rendered when one man tells another what he sees in it, and what it says to him. For a picture is of no private interpretation, and may even mean more than the artist himself at first intended, and it often suggests more than it says. G. Stanley Hall conceives art as dealing to a great extent with the future. Man is far from complete and is still in the making. The best things in his history have not happened yet. But art is prophetic. It deals with what we wish and long for. Therefore painting or music will suggest much more than they say, and stir up emotions that cannot be put into words. They will, therefore, suggest more to one man than to another, and if one man tells, so far as he can, what a picture says to him, he may help others to read the same message. The interpretations which accompany the pictures in this volume state what they have said to one man. But since every work

of art has one center of interest, or covers one moment of time, or embodies one central idea, the interpretations are limited to pointing out the one chief idea for which each picture stands.

That art was intended to embody such great spiritual ideas and human interests for the upbuilding of men, few will deny. If "Art for Art's Sake," meant that it was not so intended, then Christianity, which is the mother of painting, will disown her child, and Christian men could no more believe in "Art for Art's Sake" than, as Chesterton says, they could believe in "voting for voting's sake, or in amputating for amputating's sake." Art is for life's sake. It must always speak to the great human and divine interests of men, and this will always be its basis of general appeal. Whilst real works of art are not moral sign-posts they are profoundly moral, and are necessarily so. Because, as Morley says, "Morality is not in the nature of things, but is the nature of things." To attempt, therefore, to describe the nature of things and leave out the moral or spiritual side of them, is to misrepresent them. All true art is a transcript from life, and all art is great in proportion as it helps us to see things, not as they seem, but as they are; in proportion as it helps us to see life, "steadily and see it whole."

Art is the interpretation of the great eternal realities of life, and as soon as the artist tries to embody the great-

est feelings and aspirations, he gets on Biblical ground, for there is no great interest of man which the Bible has not treated. It is for this reason that great artists have dealt so largely with Biblical themes. Painting and the Bible could not be kept separate. They are congenial companions. They have in common one leading characteristic. The function of art is to embody the universal and eternal. It deals with nothing local or temporary. Its symbols are concrete, but they are symbols of what is universal and true. The Madonna and Child are not intended as historical figures, but are types, and stand for the universal ideas of motherhood and childhood. One of the greatest services of art is that it looks at life under the aspect of eternity; and this is also the Bible's chief characteristic, and the Bible, for this reason, has been called eternal literature. It is concrete and historic, but it describes all concrete acts in their eternal relations. When it describes the sowing of seed it immediately discloses the harvest. In every deed it reveals the ultimate results of the deed in power or misery. It does not foretell by looking ahead, but by looking at the heart of things. It sees life through the sense of eternity. The chief characteristic of the Bible and of art is the same. They belong together.

When the Bible's spirit more generally pervades artists' work, and men become more familiar with the

work of such artists, then great pictures will be "Sabbaths to the soul," and art will render to religion the service which George Frederic Watts, the Prophet-painter of the Nineteenth Century, longed for it to render. In a letter to Julia Cartwright, Watts said, "I even think that in the future, and in stronger hands than mine, art may yet speak, as great poetry itself, with the solemn and majestic ring in which the Hebrew prophets spoke to the Jews of old, demanding noble aspirations, condemning in the most trenchant manner prevalent vices, and warning in deep tones against lapses from morals and duties." There is something more to be done in this way, I believe, than has yet been done.

HOW TO SHOW PICTURES TO CHILDREN

BY

ESTELLE M. HURLL

AUTHOR OF THE RIVERSIDE ART SERIES



PREFACE

THE first suggestion for this little book came from Miss Elizabeth McCracken, editor of *Home Progress*, whose enthusiasm and sympathy have been a constant inspiration. In her wide correspondence with mothers in regard to the training of children, she discovered the need of a book giving practical advice about pictures for children. A similar report came from the libraries, where the same need had long been noticed at the consulting-desks. The call from art educators and public school teachers has been equally urgent. As the custom of hanging pictures in the schoolroom has become almost universal, the demand has arisen for helpful information in matters of art. I am especially grateful to Mr. Henry Turner Bailey, editor of the *School Arts Magazine*, and Mr. James Frederick Hopkins, director of the Massachusetts Normal Art School, for their words of encouragement and counsel. My chapter on the "Use of Pictures in the Schoolroom" owes much to valuable advice from some experienced teachers. Miss Mary Austin, of the New Bedford High School, a pioneer in the use of pictures to illustrate historical study, has shown me how much can be done in this line. Miss Josephine B. Stuart, supervisor of the Primary Schools in New Bedford, has coöperated cordially in pointing out the many advantages of pictures in the lower grades. To her, and to Miss Lucy Bedlow, director of drawing in

New Bedford, I am indebted for the privilege of putting methods and theories to a practical test in the schoolroom.

I have had three aims in preparing the following chapters: first, to answer some theoretical questions concerning the hows, whys, and whatabouts of pictures; second, to offer practical suggestions to mothers and teachers about showing pictures to children; third, to supply information about the most desirable picture material for children. The repertory of the art dealers is constantly increasing, and the time will no doubt soon come when all the important pictures of public collections will be available in popular reproductions.

ESTELLE M. HURLL.

WATERTOWN, MASS.,
May, 1, 1914.

HOW TO SHOW PICTURES TO CHILDREN

I

INTRODUCTION

In preparing the Riverside Art Series for publication some years ago, I first came to a full realization of what a picture may mean in a child's life. It is like a magic carpet transporting him to distant realms, or like Aladdin's lamp bringing him for the time being his heart's desire. No figure is too fanciful to express the wondrous capacity it has for quickening the imagination and giving joy. We can hardly overstate its influence upon the mind and character. It is sometimes said that this is a mechanical age and ours is a mercenary, not an art-loving, people. But this is not the testimony which comes from the home and school. The children all love pictures, love to look at them, love to hear about them, love to possess them. And we, who have the shaping of their youthful tastes, are eager to guide them aright. We want to consider what pictures our children like best, and why; what pictures we want them to like, and why; how we can cultivate their taste for the best art, and where we can find the material. Such questions concern the deep issues of life. If the child's single moment of pleasure were all that was to be con-

sidered, the matter would be simple enough. The very fact that the imagination needs so little to set it going, and supplies so many deficiencies, makes his elders a bit careless about the pictures they give him. If a poor thing affords him as much enjoyment as a masterpiece, why bother to get anything better? As well give him a comic supplement as a Raphael's Madonna, and trouble no more about it. But the faithful educator is concerned with the child's future, and the object of all culture is rounded development. Everything in the child's environment is chosen for this end, and the pictures should be among the most carefully selected of all his surrounding influences.

It is an almost cruel fact of psychology that a lack of youthful training can never be fully made up in after years. We see the inexorable law illustrated in the lives of hundreds of people about us, in manners, speech, and taste. So if children are surrounded by sentimental or meretricious pictures, they are seriously handicapped in after life in their susceptibility to noble art. On the other hand, the young mind fed only on the best pictures will by and by turn naturally to the good and reject the inferior. If the taste is cultivated in the impressionable years, it will become as sensitive to æsthetic impressions as a delicately adjusted instrument to atmospheric conditions. The theory is clear enough, but there have been many difficulties in its practical application. For obvious reasons graphic art is not nearly so widely understood or appreciated as literature. It is over four centuries since the printing press brought

books into general circulation, but it is less than half a century since photography brought good pictures within general reach. It is no wonder, then, that many who are well versed in reading are still more or less ignorant of art. Some of us whose childhood fell in the seventies were brought up among well-filled bookshelves, while the home pictures were few in number and crude in quality.

The last twenty-five years have seen a complete revolution in this matter. The home and the school may now be decorated with the same art treasures that millionaires enjoy, and all through the magic of process reproduction. The photographer has carried his camera into every corner of the earth and has photographed all the wonders of nature and architecture. Without setting foot out of doors we may travel all around the world in imagination by covering our walls with photographic views. Even more remarkable is the photographic work done in all the great galleries of painting and sculpture, reproducing for us the world's masterpieces. The Greek marbles of the Vatican and the British Museum, and the works of Michelangelo, may now be as familiar to the children of America as they once were to the children of Athens and of Florence. The paintings of Raphael and Titian, of Holbein and Dürer, of Rembrandt and Frans Hals, of Rubens and Van Dyck, of Velasquez and Murillo, of Reynolds and Gainsborough, of Corot and Millet, of a multitude of contemporary painters, French, German, Dutch, Italian, Scandinavian, English, and American, are all within our

reach, if we will put forth our hands to take them. Besides photographic prints, there are all sorts of so-called process pictures, photogravures, half-tones, and so on, ranging in price from several dollars to one cent each. The reproductions are in delicately shaded grays and browns, some even in facsimile colors, interpreting the original beauty of the pictures with wonderful accuracy. With such treasures at our command, the coming generation ought to become as familiar with good pictures as with good books, and should be able to discriminate as correctly in artistic as in literary matters. Educators and parents are striving towards this end.

A child's pleasure in a picture is greatly increased by the sympathetic companionship of an older person. Though his imagination is keener than his elder's, his powers of observation are presumably less developed. His natural impatience to turn the page of a book, or hurry on to the next room of a gallery, can be restrained by pointing out the details of the composition. In forming habits of observation, the memory is trained to retain distinct images of the pictures worth knowing. It is surprising how vague our ideas are of many supposedly familiar things. The Sistine Madonna, for instance, is probably one of the best known pictures in the world, but if one were called upon to describe it fully, how many recall the foreshortened hand of the Pope, the crossed legs of the Child, the Virgin's bare feet, and other similar details? A clear memory image of a masterpiece is a sort of touchstone to carry about as a test for other pictures.

INTRODUCTION

The first rule in all our dealings with children is not to talk down to them, and this is especially true in selecting their pictures. Nothing is too good for them. Some pictures may treat subjects beyond a child's comprehension, but none are beyond him in artistic excellence. The best children's pictures were not made for children at all. Only the illustrators of children's books have consciously addressed a juvenile audience. The great masters worked in obedience to their own heavenly vision, and it is one of the tests of success when a picture appeals equally to all ages and all sorts and conditions.

Pictures are primarily intended for pure æsthetic joy, and it is a thousand pities to assume a didactic tone in showing them to children. Let them be, like the stories we tell, among their dearest delights. Above all things else we must avoid mechanical methods of instruction as the most deadly blight to the imagination. We cannot be too careful lest the child's perception be dulled by prosaic influences, or his taste vitiated by unworthy material. For the imagination is the key by which we unlock the doors of beauty. While the divine gift is still unspoiled, the child is most keenly alive to the joys of life.

II

THE CHILD AND THE PICTURE

In selecting pictures for children we must take the child's point of view. He likes a picture for what it shows him. His interest is in the subject, not in the art. He does not know or care whether it is beautiful, or cleverly treated, rare or famous or what not. He wants to know what it is about. If it represents something which pleases him, that is enough. He has reasons of his own for his preferences, apparently growing out of very simple psychological principles. It is for us to study and gratify these childish preferences, making them a stepping-stone for the higher appreciation of art.

I recently asked a young mother what pictures her little boy likes best. "Animals," was the prompt reply. Glancing around the nursery, I saw a perfect menagerie of toys: horses, dogs, cats, sheep, etc., in every imaginable material from rubber and china to the most realistic imitations in skin and fur. The father had begun in the child's infancy to bring home toys of this sort, and it was a natural transition from toy to picture. A baby girl's first toy is commonly the doll, and from this the natural transition is to pictures of babies. If daddy happens to be fond of yachting, the boy's first toys are likely to be boats, and from these he is ready for shipping scenes. If mother has

a fad for gardening, the little girl, brought up among flowers, will naturally like pictures of flowers. Both boys and girls spontaneously point out other children as soon as they begin to "take notice." Naturally enough, then, the pictures of children secure their immediate response. In short, the child's first pleasure in pictures seems to consist largely in the principle of recognition. He is proud and pleased to be able to identify an object. You arouse his interest in a picture by pointing out the familiar features. The other day I dropped a bank-book which opened on a small woodcut of the "Institution for Savings," a very uninteresting edifice. My four-year-old nephew fell upon it eagerly. "See the cunning house," he exclaimed, gazing at it with the rapture of Ruskin before the cathedral of Amiens. This plainly was the sheer joy of recognizing a familiar thing in miniature.

The child's first favorites, then, in the way of pictures, are from the subjects most familiar to him in his toys and surroundings. These are easy to supply, and should be in the best possible form, artistically and mechanically. They should represent large, plain, simple objects, making what educators call a "unit." Many designs intended for children are made in a decorative style to please the illustrator, and are not at all suitable for the young. Intricacy of line is confusing to the child's eye. A figure must emerge well from the background to be clearly distinguished. Impressionism is not for children. At first the pictured object is not so satisfying as the

real thing, because it cannot be handled. The pictured baby cannot be hugged, nor the pictured animal dragged about the nursery floor. In the course of time, however, pictures make a place of their own in the child's affections. They are perhaps the most restful of all his playthings. Certainly they afford his most quiet amusement — much to the mother's relief.

Next to the principle of recognition in the child's picture experience comes the element of curiosity. He is eternally asking questions and trying to increase his stock of ideas. Pictures like all other objects will contribute to this end. From pictures of domestic pets so easily identified, he passes with awe and curiosity to pictures of wild animals which have never come into his ken: elephants, camels, and lions; and from these again to mythical beasts like the dragon. From pictures of houses and churches, such as he sees daily, he turns with inquiring eyes to views of splendid public buildings such as he has never known. From children of his own class, in dress and appearance like his own, he advances to the child life of other periods and lands. In these cases the new thing is enough like the old to seem halfway familiar, and still so unfamiliar as to stimulate new interest. The child must begin with what he can understand, but his thirst for knowledge gives him a zest for something beyond, not so far beyond, however, that it is in outer darkness. The universal rule of progress is by one step at a time.

It is singular how the opposite pleasures of recognition and curiosity alternate and balance each other



Mansell, Photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

PENELOPE BOOTHBY

in a child's likes and dislikes. All boys and girls have a strong conservative element in their make-up, the girl clinging tenaciously to her battered old dolls, and the boy loyal to his dismembered dogs and horses. At the same time they are always teasing for some new toy or amusement. So with pictures. At times they seem interested only in something familiar, and again they utterly refuse to look at the "tiresome old" picture book they "know by heart." I have a box of miscellaneous prints which tests the caliber of many an unsuspecting little visitor. While I am busy at my desk, this box is explored, and the discoverer brings me the special treasures selected. I remember one little girl whose amusement consisted in counting out the pictures she herself happened to have. Another surprised me very much by finding a few old photographs I had entirely forgotten. They were Nativity subjects by some early Italian painters, quite archaic in style and supposedly unattractive to a child. But in this case they were the reminder of a happy hour in the schoolroom, and the child poured forth to me the story of the manger as she had heard it from her teacher. All the charming modern children's pictures counted for nothing beside these which suggested a familiar train of thought. Children of a different temperament choose the striking and unusual things to have them explained. "What is the giant [St. Christopher] going to do with the baby on his shoulder?" "Why does a little boy [Prince Charles] wear a lace bonnet, or a little girl [Penelope Boothby] lace mittens?"

As soon as the child is capable of grasping more than one object at a time, or, in other words, of relating the various elements of a composition, he progresses from the single object, or unit, to the story picture. His pleasure is now of a higher order than mere recognition or curiosity: it is the awakening of the imagination. This faculty once aroused needs only the right touch to transport him into a paradise of joy. The good story picture is the great desideratum. This may be illustrative of a text or anecdotic in itself. In either case his lively fancy finds plenty of exercise in reading the story into the picture or the picture into the story. The story subjects he likes best at first are those drawn from his own little world, but he soon grows to new interests. As kindergartners so well understand, children enjoy seeing things done, and those pictures are ever popular which portray the primitive tasks of life like spinning, knitting, sewing, churning butter and feeding hens, sowing the seed and gathering the harvest. Other subjects follow in due order, and go far towards widening the horizon of the child's mind.

There are certain classes of subjects to which the child remains long indifferent. He has no use for adult portraits, generally speaking, unless they are connected with some story. They are all very well to vary the monotony of a history lesson, but taken by themselves, they are dull and uninteresting. This is natural enough. What normal, wide-awake child enjoys sitting in a company of silent grown-ups?

Landscape art pure and simple does not interest

the average child to any extent. The love of nature in early years is due in a measure to the exhilarating effect of air and sunshine. The great out-of-doors is a glorious playground in which the child delights to sport like any other healthy young animal. As his mind develops, the latent æsthetic impulses are awakened. He rejoices in the "shout of color to glad color," and his heart leaps up at the sight of the rainbow in the sky. Though beauty must make its first appeal to the senses, it finds its way at last to the inner spirit, quickening the imagination, and creating a joy which is quite of its own kind. We can never draw a hard-and-fast line between the sense experience and the underlying æsthetic joy, but we come to recognize the signs of the deepening experience in our children's maturer years. In the mean time we can hardly expect a pictured out-of-doors to produce the same effect that the world of nature does on the child. It lacks the stimulating influence of sun and air. Nature pictures like nature poetry must bide their time. We need not be discouraged if our children fail to respond to Corot and Inness, but we can please them best by giving them photographs of the woods and meadows associated with their own summer outings. They usually respond more quickly to actual views of natural scenery than to ideal landscape. Subjects representing the unusual and striking in nature, like Niagara Falls and the majestic peaks of the Alps, also arouse their interest. Another opening wedge to the appreciation of pure landscape art is the animal picture with landscape setting, like some

of the Dutch or French cattle subjects. It has been a capital idea in some schoolroom decorations to arrange a series of such subjects to follow the sequence of the seasons. This correlation of landscape art and nature study makes a pleasant introduction to an otherwise uninteresting subject. In schools where pupils are taught to recognize the forms of trees, I am told that landscape pictures take on a peculiar interest if they contain well-defined tree examples.

Besides the subjects which the children do not themselves like are those which we do not want them to like. The vulgar and the sensuous should, of course, be eliminated from their repertory. The imagination should be fed only on the pure and clean. The beauty of the human figure should be taught chiefly through the ideal forms of great sculpture. The child familiarized with the austere and chaste nobility of the Greek gods will be embarrassed by no impure suggestions. The repugnant and the horrible should likewise he kept from children. We pride ourselves that we have traveled a long way from the mediæval period when churches were decorated with the martyrdom of saints and the last sufferings of the Saviour. In their place we have moving-picture shows which display all the details of disaster and crime as if actually taking place before our eyes. Philanthropists are trying to save the children from patronizing these places, and we must avoid a similar element in illustrated newspapers and magazines and in prints. If a child is attracted by such things, he

shows a morbid taste which should be repressed. If he shrinks from them, he should be carefully guarded from anything which will give a shock to his sensitive nature. I recently heard of a little boy of five who was convulsed with grief over the fate of a picture kitten — left alone on a rock in a stormy sea. A friend of mine once confessed to me that she had never quite recovered from the horror of a vivid picture of the Deluge shown to her in her childhood.

The grotesque often has a certain comic element in it which has its value in amusing the child, but the line is sometimes hard to draw between the grotesque and the gruesome. I have seen illustrated books of fairy tales in which the ogre who looks so funny to the grown-ups is a very alarming creature to the child. The children who are terrified by the circus clown — and there are not a few such — are of the kind whose pictures must be carefully chosen.

Pictures which are outside a child's range of interest should certainly not be forced upon him. If he is overdosed by zealous parents and teachers with subjects beyond his comprehension, or not appealing to his preferences, he may revolt altogether. Whatever a child likes to hear about, or read about, or look at in real life, that he enjoys in a picture. We must look, then, for the material which connects naturally with the average child's experience, and we should provide it in sufficient variety. Some of us recall with amusement a period in the nineties when the schools "discovered" the Madonna, so to speak, and the children were treated to the subject till they

were tired. A little girl I knew, coming home to lunch one day to find a dish she especially disliked, exclaimed wearily, "If there's anything I hate it's turkey soup and Madonnas." Boys and girls have different tastes, corresponding to their different interests. On the whole, however, we may be fairly sure that all children will like pictures of animals, pictures of child life, and pictures with story interest. Under these headings I have collected a quantity of available subjects for home and school use.

In our collecting we must never forget to choose good art. Though the child himself finds his chief delight in what the picture is about, we must take pains to note how it is made. We remember that it is not for to-day merely, but for the future, that we are building. Let the first pictures be such as will last a lifetime, so that the man may never be ashamed of the treasures of his boyhood, enjoying them in increasing measure as he develops the higher appreciation of art.

The child's enjoyment of pictures is unhampered by any prejudices or preconceived ideas. There is a certain advantage in having nothing to unlearn. The motives which actuate the adult do not affect him at all. It means nothing to him that a picture is by Raphael or Titian, as he has never heard of these worthies. When his love of beauty is aroused, it is an unaffected joy. We must never force our own tastes and opinions upon him. It is better to admire the wrong thing sincerely than the right thing insincerely. As the child learns more about the principles

of art and craftsmanship, the critical faculties enter into his experience and enrich his pleasure. At a certain stage of his development we can help the child to understand and appreciate how the picture is made, as I try to explain in the next chapter. The whole tale of our art enjoyment is a threefold one: the perfect picture satisfies the senses, stimulates the critical faculties, and inspires the spiritual imagination. The body, mind, and spirit are all involved. The keener the senses, the more susceptible the imagination and the more extensive the technical knowledge, the greater will be the capacity to enjoy. The most encouraging thing about training the æsthetic sense is that if started right, and properly nourished, it will come to sure fruition.

III

HOW THE PICTURE IS MADE

If you are giving a child a cake, it adds nothing to his enjoyment to tell him that it came from an expensive caterer, that it contains certain ingredients and was made by certain rules, or that it will contribute to his nourishment. If it is good, he eats it and wants more, and your object is accomplished. The careful mother, however, must be sure that the cake comes from a trustworthy source, and is composed of wholesome materials, and if she is of the domestic sort, she knows pretty nearly how it was made. So in the matter of pictures: one need not worry the child by didactic explanations in regard to the artist or his art, converting his pleasure into a "lesson." Yet all that teacher and mother can learn about the making of the picture will enable them the better to choose those pictures which will foster the child's love of art. The critical knowledge, which increases so much our own æsthetic enjoyment, may little by little be imparted to the child as occasion offers. The more unconsciously he absorbs such instruction, the better. The art of teaching at its highest point is an art of concealing art.

How, then, is a work of art produced? By a mere haphazard process? Assuredly not. In the first place, the mere mechanical achievement of reproducing a

drawing or painting in the form of a print is a marvel. We accept this as a matter of course, as we do all other manufactured articles. In this age of industrial miracles, we have no time to praise one above another. Behind the machinery is the artist with his simple tools, pencil, brush, and color. Here is the wizard performance by which a few dexterous strokes will transform a blank sheet into a living creature, or fill vacancy with a fairy world. Outwardly the success of his work depends upon his craftsmanship. He must be master of a thousand technical details. He must know anatomy, perspective, the values of light and shade, modeling, drawing, the mixing of colors, and whatever else has to do with the manipulation of the raw materials. Of all that makes up the so-called technique of art the ordinary layman has little inkling. Only one who has tried his own hand at it has any notion that what looks so easy is really so hard. And just as a few elementary lessons in the use of any musical instrument give the amateur some faint idea of the skill represented in a great orchestra, so the drawing lessons of the public school train the eye to discriminate between fine and faulty draughtsmanship. It is a fashion in certain social circles to frequent the haunts of artists and pick up some of the studio vernacular, but it is a question how far this goes towards raising art standards. What will really help us to a more intelligent appreciation of a picture is to understand its structure. For every noble work of art is based on principles as well defined as the laws of nature,— principles which are common to all

the branches of the fine arts: painting, sculpture, poetry, music, and architecture. It is true that in the highest creative work, the artist acts as by inspiration, without conscious analysis. But when his work is done, it is tested by its conformity to certain laws of composition. The symmetry of a tree seems like a happy accident, but as a matter of fact there are phyllotactic laws governing the position of every branch. The stars seem scattered over the sky as carelessly as the leaves on a tree, yet each one is a world revolving in a fixed orbit by immutable laws. Nothing "happens" either in nature or art.

"Composition means literally and simply putting things together so as to make one thing out of them, the nature and goodness of which they all have a share in producing." This is Ruskin's definition in the *Elements of Drawing*, and I have never found a better one. It means that in a true art composition there is a reason for everything. Not a single line or spot of color is superfluous or meaningless. Every touch contributes to the whole effect. The architect, sculptor, painter, musician, and poet shape their materials into a complete and perfect oneness — a unity. The methods of reducing variety to unity constitute the laws of composition.

To begin with, a picture contains some one feature to which all others are subordinate. This is Principality, and by this law every means should be taken to fix attention upon the supreme point of interest. In some cases the scheme of color brings the important element into prominence. Again the method of

lighting is the artist's device for emphasizing his leading idea. In a portrait by Rembrandt the wonderful high light in the face illumines the very soul of the sitter, and is intensified by the heavy shadows from which it emerges. In most pictures the principal features are shown by the use of a diagram or framework, so to speak, on which the linear composition is built. One can trace the structural form by connecting the strongest lines of the picture. Notice, for instance, how carefully the four figures are placed in Landseer's Shoeing. On the left side the three heads — the horse's, the donkey's, and the dog's — are all in line. On the right, the blacksmith stands so that his entire figure will come compactly within the diagram.

One of the commonest compositional forms is the pyramid, which was a favorite device with the Italian masters, especially Raphael. Some of his Madonna pictures and Holy Families, referred to in my lists, are in this style. Murillo used this form a great deal in arranging his groups, the Children of the Shell being an excellent example. The lamb is lying in such a position that a line drawn from the Christ-child's head to the left corner forms one oblique side of the pyramid, and the diagram is completed on the other side by a line running along the back of the kneeling St. John. The two Fruit Venders also lean towards each other in attitudes which bring the figures within a pyramidal outline. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who, like Murillo, derived much from the Italians, arranged many portraits in pyramidal style. Miss Bowles is an

instance, the spreading dress on one side and the spaniel on the other helping to produce the desired effect. Many of Millet's peasant figures, like the Milkmaid, the Man with the Hoe, and the Woman Churning, are posed in a way to suggest the pyramidal outline. In all these cases, of course, the apex of the pyramid is the focal point of the picture, the point the painter wishes you to see.

Some beautiful elliptical designs are illustrated in compositions by Botticelli, the Lippi, and Michelangelo. The Delphic Sibyl of the Sistine Chapel ceiling is drawn in this form. Trace the curve described by her scroll and continue it along the edge of her robe to form an arched line on the left side. This meets the complementary curve of her back and makes a complete ellipse. Even more wonderful, perhaps, is the Italian *tondo*, or circular design, so perfectly consummated in Botticelli's Incoronata and Raphael's Chair Madonna. Here the lines flow around in concentric circles, producing a charming effect which has been likened to the clustering petals of a rose. Titian had a way of bisecting his space with a diagonal line, as in the Pesaro Madonna, where the draperies fall in a sort of cascade across the picture. The portrait of Lavinia is designed in the same way, the foundation line being the long curve running diagonally across the canvas from upper left to lower right corner. Van Dyck and Rubens, who were Titian adorers, imitated this method with great success. Van Dyck's St. Martin dividing his Cloak with a Beggar is constructed in

this way, and Rubens's Descent from the Cross is a masterly example of the same idea. These academic methods of older artists have become a standard for later art, though with less geometrical exactness. The aim in every case is to bring one object before the eye as the leading idea of the picture. In describing a picture to one who has not seen it, or in showing a picture to a child, we are unconsciously guided by this law of Principality in picking out the most important feature of the picture at the first glance.

Next to Principality let us note the law of composition most pleasing to the child: Repetition. No one who reads or tells stories to children can fail to observe the gurgle of delight which greets the recurrence of some repeated line. How eagerly the little listener waits for the catch phrase. The oldest story-tellers made abundant use of this principle, as we see in the Old Testament literature, and it is the most captivating quality in popular verse and song.

Repetition is the simplest element in decorative design. One of the child's never-failing amusements is to pick out the repetitive feature in the rugs and wall hangings. The first lessons in designing are based on this principle, and teachers often use the Doge's Palace in Venice to illustrate the beauty of this device. Repetition occurs in a picture in many forms: in color, mass, or line. We see it illustrated in a very simple way in Landseer's composition of the Newfoundland Dog where the cloud forms repeat the ripples in the water. A clever example of Repetition is found in the favorite school picture of Prince

Baltasar on his pony (Velasquez). How charmingly the boy's scarf and sash, and even his baton, emphasize the diagonal line described by the pony's spirited attitude. Without any suspicion of the reason, the child catches the buoyant sense of the forward motion expressed in the whole picture. Precisely the same idea is carried out in Guido Reni's Aurora in a succession of parallel curves across the composition. Long before either of these pictures was painted, however, Raphael had set the example in St. Michael and the Dragon. In this composition the uplifted spear of the warrior angel makes a line parallel with that running the length of his right side and along the right leg, while his sword swings back in a line parallel with the left leg. These devices add to the spirited effect of the attitude.

Repetition is offset, compositionally speaking, by Contrast. This principle, as the word implies, means a direct opposition of elements, light to dark, the perpendicular to the horizontal, the convex to the concave, etc. The main diagonal line of St. Michael and the Dragon (running from upper left to lower right) is offset by the diagonals running directly across them. These contrasting lines may be traced, one across the left arm and left wing of the angel, and another across the outstretched arms of the prostrate victim. In exactly the same way the curve of Lavinia's uplifted arm cuts across the curve of her swaying body and Diana's right arm cuts the long line extending from her left hand to her right foot. The drawing of Millet's Sower is on a similar plan. The predomi-

nant curve of the Aurora is similarly counterbalanced by a series of shorter lines curving in the opposite direction.

Contrast comes into effective play where a good many figures are brought together: youth offset by age, gayety by seriousness, motion by repose. The angelic beauty of Raphael's St. Michael is contrasted with the ugliness of Satan; the rugged strength of St. Christopher by the infantine face of the Christ-child; the aristocratic sleekness of the horse in Landseer's Shoeing by the shaggy coat of the plebeian donkey. Such devices, however, must not be too pronounced. They are held in check by the laws of Consistency and Continuity. In other words, the elements of a good composition are homogeneous, and hold together well, so to speak. All the color should conform harmoniously with the one scheme and the flow of line should be complete and satisfying.

It is obvious that the art of a picture may be considered quite apart from the subject, and that we may admire the composition as such, either in color or line, whether the subject is "pretty" or not, and whether we like or dislike the theme. The word "art" is not a synonym for prettiness or sentimentality, though the popular taste so often calls for these qualities. Some of the noblest pictures contain figures which are far from "pretty" in the general acceptance of that term, like Millet's Milkmaid, or Water Carrier, or the Man with the Hoe. Van Eyck's famous portrait of the Man with the Pink represents an almost ludicrously ugly subject treated with con-

summate artistry. Rembrandt's Anatomy Lesson, which repels the average person, is one of the world's masterpieces. It is often with pictures, as with novels, whose cleverness we are bound to admit, but whose themes are unpleasant or objectionable. A Drunken Bacchanal by Rubens may delight us for its color, or a Tavern Brawl by Teniers or Brouwer attract us for its life and action, however disgusting we may think the subject. The distinction should be kept clearly in mind between subject and art. Nevertheless, the perfect picture is that which unites noble ideals with strong craftsmanship. Such should be the art we set before our children.

No hard-and-fast rules can be laid down about the age at which the child may be taught the artistic qualities of a picture, so much depends upon the natural aptitude. Generally speaking, children are curious to hear how things are made. They like to see the wheels go round, and they are pleased to learn that even pictures have secrets. Repetition and Contrast are the most readily noticed of all qualities. Often without any hint from an elder the child points out in a picture one, two, three spots of red, or a curved line here and another like it there. The pupil who is fond of drawing may very likely ask questions which will open the way naturally to simple explanations. He is quick to see how his lessons in design may be applied to the structure of a picture.

I knew a boy of fourteen who became much interested in Raphael's compositions as a help in his camera work. He had attended an art lecture only

for the fun of hearing his sister speak in public, but when the diagrams of the various Madonna groups were explained, he observed at once their application to the arrangement of figures in photographs. An intelligent lad who has a definite motive like this can learn a great deal by placing tracing-paper over the photograph of a good composition, and outlining in pencil the strongest lines. I am confident that ingenious mothers and teachers can make a great deal of picture-posing or tableaux to show the children how much better the effect is when the figures are properly related. The boy taking the exact pose of Millet's Sower, and the girl posing *à la* Lavinia must get some notion of the rhythmic flow of line in these masterpieces. Another chapter is given to the full explanation of this subject.

When the botanist analyzes a flower he must needs leave it in fragments, but the process once over, he ever after remembers the blossom in its entirety. The critical analysis of a picture would be a sad process if it were the end and object of our interest. Whatever we see in the beauty of its make-up should help us to enjoy it better as a whole. For the true work of art, like one of God's flowers, is made first and foremost to delight the heart of man.

REFERENCE BOOKS:—

M. S. EMERY. *How to Enjoy Pictures.*
JOHN C. VAN DYKE. *Art for Art's Sake.*
CHARLES H. CAFFIN. *Guide to the Study of Pictures.*
JOHN RUSKIN. *Elements of Drawing.*
ARTHUR W. DOW. *Composition.*
GEORGE LANSING RAYMOND. *The Genesis of Art Form.*

IV

HOW TO MAKE PICTURES TELL STORIES

A CHILD'S insatiable thirst for stories is one of the demands which every mother has to meet as best she may. The story-teller's gift is a special endowment not vouchsafed to many. The most of us have to cultivate it assiduously for the benefit of the little ones. We rack our brains for new ideas, or look through many books in search of interesting subjects. Even when we have a good story to tell, we begin haltingly, failing in the power to express ourselves fluently, and unable to produce a vivid impression. Now here is where a certain class of pictures can help us out amazingly. The picture which illustrates a dramatic situation, in other words, the anecdotic or story picture, has undreamed-of possibilities in the way of story entertainment. It furnishes us a subject and puts the story into our very mouths, so to speak. All children take naturally to pictures, and we secure their attention at once when we produce a print or open an illustrated book. Usually, however, their interest quickly flags, unless guided by an older companion. The young mind, untrained to concentration, flits from subject to subject, as a butterfly from one blossom to another. But let the mother begin to talk about the picture, and the child fixes eager eyes upon it, and follows every word with breathless atten-

tion. And "talking about" a picture is simply letting the picture talk, provided, of course, that it is the right sort of picture. The artist does all the work: one has only to follow his thought. No descriptive phrases are needed: the objects describe themselves. The process of unfolding the story becomes more and more fascinating as we go on, and the teacher usually learns more than the pupil.

Suppose the child comes with the familiar request at a moment when the mother is too weary for any new invention. Her eyes fall upon Guido Reni's Aurora hanging over the mantelpiece. It is one of the colored reproductions so many people bring home from abroad and which our large art stores now sell. Here is a story ready to hand. She begins in this wise: Every morning the sun god Apollo starts forth on a journey across the sky. Aurora gives him the signal and leads the way, floating in the air and scattering roses on the sleeping world which lies far below. Apollo sits in his chariot and guides his horses four abreast, as they dash along so swiftly that the wind fills out his fluttering garments and blows back his golden curls. The little winged love god Cupid flies through the air just over the team carrying his flaming torch, for wherever the sun shines, love and joy are sure to follow. Apollo is accompanied by all the hours which fill the day, each one beautiful, no two alike, and every one bringing the right time for some special duty or pleasure. First come the maidens of the morning in the delicate colors of early daylight, their faces full of anticipation. Then follow the

glowing noontide hours in warm colors, when life and strength are in their fullness, and then the waning hours of afternoon in pale tints and with pensive faces. All are linked hand in hand, keeping perfect step, none missing and none delaying. So the procession moves along, and presently the world awakens to welcome the Dawn, and to follow the course of the chariot across the sky. If you look out of the window and gaze up towards the sun, you may see how far Apollo has gone on his way, and you know that the horses are still speeding onward that every hour may have its turn in blessing the world.

A very simple world-old tale is this, which you might never have thought of putting in this way if the Italian painter had not composed it for you.

In homes which are decorated with good works of art the natural beginning is with the subjects on the walls. When the children come to love the pictures with which they are surrounded, they will hold fast to these ideals all their lives. The "silent influence" of good art is all very well in its way, but it will be greatly strengthened by a little judicious story-telling. I was rather shocked one day when a charming young girl, halfway through college, professed that she knew nothing at all about any of the beautiful pictures with which her home was filled. I have a small boy friend, only five years old, who could quite put her to shame with all he knows about the pictures in his home. He is on familiar terms with Titian's Lavinia and Sir Joshua Reynolds's Miss Bowles, and likes to tell of the little English maid's frolics with her

spaniel in the great park where we see them. He loves the Sistine Madonna and explains how the beautiful mother, with her baby boy upon her arm, hearing from afar the call of the suffering and sorrowful, came out of the dim angel hosts of heaven and hastened forth with shining eyes to bring her child to help people in their trouble. I shall be much disappointed if this promising child does not grow up to discriminate between Raphael and Bouguereau, between Reynolds and Greuze, between the strong and sincere in art, and the weak and sentimental.

If we have good success with our picture story-telling, it will gradually take a place of its own in the home life. The "Children's Picture Hour" should be a regular institution corresponding to the "Story Hour," and perhaps alternating with it at certain intervals. The mother should keep a good supply of pictures on hand, with some always in reserve for a surprise. They are easier to get than books, and cheaper, too. The art dealers have excellent lists of penny, nickel, and dime prints, and if we wish something more expensive, we may get fine photographs from original paintings both at home and abroad. Files of old magazines are a rich storehouse of treasures. From their pages we may cull pictures by famous illustrators, like Howard Pyle, E. A. Abbey, Maxfield Parrish, Boutet de Monvel, Jessie Wilcox Smith, and many others.

The typical child's collection contains plenty of animal pictures, and these are a prolific source of story material. Landseer's Shoeing is just what we

want to explain the blacksmith's occupation and tell a story about the bay mare standing at the forge. Her name is Betty, a fine, high-bred creature with straight legs, arching neck, and a pure white star on her forehead. Her master, Mr. Bell, takes pride in having her rubbed down till her glossy sides fairly shine. She is so intelligent that when the time comes for her regular visit to the blacksmith she walks off of her own accord to the familiar spot. The bloodhound Laura, her boon companion, has followed her here. No halter is necessary to keep her standing, but she takes her place quietly as if perfectly at home. A shaggy little donkey is also there waiting his turn very meekly. When Betty appeared at the shop, the blacksmith first removed her old shoes and pared and filed her feet. Then he chose new shoes as near the right size as possible and shaped them one by one. Holding the shoe in his long tongs, he thrusts it into the fire while he fans the flame with the bellows. Thence it is transferred, a glowing red crescent, to the pointed anvil near the window. Now the workman swings his hammer upon it with ringing strokes and the sparks fly up in a shower. The soft metal is shaped at will, the ends are bent to form the heels, the holes pierced for the nails, and the shoe is ready to try on. If it is a satisfactory fit, it is thrust hissing into a barrel of cold water, and when it is hardened, it is nailed to the hoof. Betty is now having the left hind shoe fastened in place. The blacksmith holds her foot between his legs against his leather apron. Laura thrusts her nose out inquisitively as if super-



Fr. Hanfstaengl, photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

SHOEING

National Gallery, London

intending the job. This outline of a story can be filled in with many details in regard to each of the four figures in the picture. The blacksmith's tools and even the birdcage may come in for a share of attention.

The picture of Prince Baltasar Carlos on his pony (by Velasquez) carries a story which any one may read on the surface, but which may be greatly enriched by some historical information about the original of the young cavalier. The whole story runs something like this: In the country of Spain, nearly three hundred years ago, lived a prince name Baltasar Carlos. He was the first child of King Philip IV and Queen Isabella, and was therefore the heir-apparent to the throne of a great and powerful kingdom. The king was a sober, long-faced man, but the prince was a chubby boy, of sunny nature and winning ways. Great hopes were centered in his future, and he was his father's idol as well as the darling of the court. Whatever toys were to be had were of course supplied to him, but in those far-away times there were none of the wonderful mechanical inventions which are made nowadays for children's amusement. To entertain the little prince, a dwarf was employed as a playmate.[1] But Prince Baltasar liked animals better than toys, and playing with his pets was more fun than playing with a dwarf. This pleased the king very much, for he was himself a true sportsman, and the best horseman in Spain. He was determined to give his son every advantage of fine

[1] See picture of Prince and Dwarf in the Boston Art Museum.

physical training. The prince was sent to a riding-school when still a tiny child, and showed great skill and daring. His Uncle Fernando, with whom he was a favorite, was almost as proud as was the king, of the boy's sportsmanship. He made the prince fine presents of armor and dogs, and once sent him a spirited pony. By the time Prince Baltasar was six years old, he could ride his mount like a little man, sitting erect in the saddle with perfect ease. He had, of course, many fine clothes, as became a prince, and he liked to wear a certain green velvet embroidered jacket, with a bright-colored sash tied diagonally across his breast with the fringed ends fluttering behind. With this costume he had a high-crowned, broad-brimmed hat which was very jaunty. As a crowning touch, his gauntlets and riding-boots gave him a look of real manliness. Dressed in this way he had many a fine gallop along the country roads, exercising the plump little pony, which was so well fed in the royal stables that it needed a brisk gallop now and then. The pony was as playful as his rider, and knew how to please his master.

Of course a prince could not ride unattended. His riding-master or some courtier followed at a suitable distance to see that no harm befell the boy. Sometimes this attendant would go on ahead, wheel around, and watch the little cavalier approach. Then how proudly the six-year-old boy would square his shoulders and sit at attention. To teach him how to bear himself as a king, he was given a baton, the symbol of authority, and told how to carry it, and

how to use it to give orders. It was like playing he was field marshal at some great military occasion. The pony seemed to enter into the spirit of the game, by leaping forward with great effect.

The king had a court painter named Velasquez, of whom he was very fond. Velasquez had become much attached to the royal household, and liked nothing so much as to paint the portrait of the young prince to please the king. He had visited the riding-school to watch the boy's progress in horsemanship, and often saw him on his country rides. The inspiration came to him that he could make a splendid picture of the scene, and he threw himself into this task with unusual enthusiasm. He used a large canvas, which made the subject seem very real and lifelike. The king was so proud of it that he kept it in his favorite palace, and it has been handed down to our own day in all its original beauty.

The highest aim of every faithful parent is to impress upon the children the necessity of fighting against temptation. So great is the power of evil in the world that we have come to speak of it in personified form as a terrible beast going about seeking whom he may devour, or in Biblical phrase as the fallen angel Satan, the arch-deceiver, who makes wrongdoing attractive and lures the weak to destruction. The old legend of St. George and the Dragon is really an allegory in which the soul's victory over sin is expressed. An attractive picture of this subject, like Raphael's or Carpaccio's, will be a great help in the home in teaching the desired moral. The subject

of St. Michael slaying the dragon is even better, and Raphael's spirited composition is an admirable illustration from which to tell the story. St. Michael is described in the book of Revelation as one of the archangels, the warrior who leads the angelic hosts to victory in the great conflict between the powers of light and the powers of darkness (Rev. IX, 7). Swift as a flash of lightning is his motion through space, his aim is unfailing, his arm powerful. At his coming the Evil One falls prostrate and writhing, his courage vanishes — for he is really a coward; he knows there is no hope for him, the end has come. With one strong, sure stroke the avenging spear does its work, and the enemy is put down forever. No anger mars the victor's serene countenance, for his is a holy cause. His face shines with heavenly glory. He is eager to be on his way as a messenger of peace rather than an avenger. The world beyond is waiting for him, and he scarcely pauses for his work; his wings are spread, and his body poised for immediate flight. And so we, having put down once and for all the tempting thought, go on our way rejoicing to the good deeds of the day.

In making a picture tell its story, our aim is to lead the child to look as well as to listen. If we do all the talking ourselves, his attention will wander from the object before him. A few questions will help him to draw out some of the story for himself. If he points out the salient features as we mention them, his interest is quickened and his powers of observation stimulated. By and by he will know the picture by

heart, and is proud and pleased to retell the story. He will then clamor for another, but he is always faithful to his first favorites.

The joyous pastime of making pictures tell stories is quite as feasible in the school as in the house, except that here with a larger audience the picture must be large enough for all to see. Almost every modern schoolroom, especially in the primary grades, boasts at least one such treasure.

Millet is a prime favorite, and one of the most familiar schoolroom subjects is the so-called Feeding her Birds. This is the kind of picture which tells its own story so readily that the children know it by heart and never tire of it. The baby brother is the pet of the two sisters. They have been playing together in the yard, and it was for him that the rude cart was made which now lies discarded during the lunch-time. They have played so hard that they are glad to sit down in the doorway to rest. Their funny wooden shoes make a noisy clatter when they are moving about, but now all is still save for the clucking of the hens which run up in the hope of getting some crumbs. Father is still hard at work in the garden and mother never rests but in this feeding-time. How hungry they all three are, yet the sisters generously let the little brother have the first taste. The younger of two girls can hardly wait, but watches the spoon with open mouth. Usually it is broth which French peasant families make the chief article of a meal, nourishing and appetizing. And the warmth is agreeable, too, we may be sure. For though the

weather is mild enough for gardening, it is not so warm but that close caps and high-neck dresses are worn.

If the school supply of pictures is rather limited, the enthusiastic teacher may supplement it with borrowed prints of large size from outside sources, — library collections and private houses. Who would not be glad to lend a favorite picture to a schoolroom for a week, that the picture might tell its own beautiful story to the children? So much has been said and written of late about the value of story-telling in the schools, as a means of recreation and education, that it is superfluous in this place to present any arguments in its favor. Our teachers all believe in it heartily, but many are timid in their experiments, and lack confidence in their ability. Good pictures will fortify them wonderfully for the task and furnish the necessary material.

It will be seen that making pictures tell stories is somewhat different from the so-called "picture reading" used in some schools as a part of the language work. The latter is apt to be fabrication rather than interpretation, and leads the child far afield. Is it not taking a great liberty with a fine work of art to tack an entirely extraneous story upon it? One could so easily spoil a good thing in this way. The child grown to years of discretion may wish with all his heart he could forget some of the foolish tales of his own invention about some masterpiece.

Picture story subjects may be of various kinds, dealing with child life or ranging over all the world

interests, dealing with the life of the home or with outdoor pursuits, illustrating history, legend, or mythology. In another chapter I have classified some of the material most available and desirable for the purpose. Many of us believe that the most important story subject we can possibly present to the children in our homes is the life of Christ. This is the story, too, which many mothers find the hardest to tell at their own initiative. The New Testament narrative is a little beyond the child's early understanding, and is somewhat lacking in the explicitness which the child loves. The artist's imagination here comes to our aid with his wonderful magic. With a wealth of illustrations to draw from, we have only to set the pictures before our children and the story unfolds itself with very simple interpretation on our part. We need not be troubled about theological explanations, or stumble over difficult Biblical phrases. The picture does all the story-telling. It shows how the angel Gabriel came to tell Mary of the high calling of her coming babe; how the young mother bent rapturously over her child as he lay on a bed of straw; how the shepherds came from the fields, and the wise men from the East, with their gifts; how the mother carried her babe in her arms as she rode on a donkey into Egypt, with Joseph leading the way; how the twelve-year-old boy astonished the learned doctors in the Temple by his wise questions; how Jesus, come to manhood, was tempted in the wilderness and baptized in the river Jordan; how he went about doing good, gracing the wedding feast, blessing the

children, encouraging the fishermen, healing the sick, and raising the dead; how he was transfigured before three of his disciples; how he sat at supper with the twelve on the eve of his betrayal; how he was arrested, falsely accused, brought before Pontius Pilate, and crucified; how he rose again from the dead, appeared to Mary in the garden, ate supper with two of his friends at Emmaus, and finally ascended into heaven.

Some of the print manufacturers have complete sets illustrating the life of Christ from good works of art. These are desirable possessions alike for the home and Sunday School. I am inclined to think, however, that a child prizes most a collection which has been accumulated slowly rather than bought as a whole, especially if he adds to it by his own exertions. Illustrations may be cut out of magazines, religious weeklies, and advertising literature of various kinds and supplemented by bought prints and post-cards.

I must here tell of the little nine-year-old girl to whom I once gave a scrapbook of my own making containing good Christ pictures arranged in chronological order, which became her chief delight. We began by reading the story together as the pictures unfolded it. How eagerly we passed from page to page till we reached the glorious climax. It was not long before she preferred to tell the story all by herself, and I can still hear the little voice falter sorrowfully over the picture where his "cruel enemies crucified him," lingering tenderly on the next page where the loving women prepared him for burial, then breaking out joyously, "But he rose again from the

dead and finally ascended into heaven." The child, now grown a woman, still keeps the tattered "Jesus book" among her cherished treasures. What the child's mother thought of the book may also be of interest. It came at a moment when she most needed it — longing as she was to have her little girl know and love the Christ story, but feeling shy and incompetent to tell it in her own words. The pictures gave her confidence, and literally furnished her vocabulary. The same sort of testimony came to me some years later when I published the *Life of Our Lord in Art.* A woman who was almost a stranger stopped me in the street one day to tell me how she used the book as a means of telling the Christ story to her children. "I did n't know just how to begin," she said, "and the pictures solved the problem for me."

A picture story program for Christmas-time can be arranged as a very acceptable entertainment either in the home or school. In the larger gatherings a stereopticon or radiopticon is more effective, but the mother talking in her own home circle can use any sort of prints. The Nativity story can be made up in a series of pictures from the Old Masters, each one interpreted by verses or old carols. Good Christmas poetry is as abundant as good Christmas art, and it is pleasant to match the subjects, making the poet tell the story of the picture. From my own collection I have arranged a list something like this: —

1. Luini's Nativity in the Cathedral at Como. (A choir of angels overhead.) Interpreted by a verse from Richard Watson Gilder's Christmas hymn: —

"Tell me what is this innumerable throng
Singing in the heavens a loud angelic song?
These are they who come with swift and shining feet
From round about the throne of God the Lord of Light to greet."

2. Correggio's Notte of the Dresden Gallery, or Fritz von Uhde's Holy Night. Interpreted by Alice Archer Sewall's poem, "How Love Came": [1]—

"The night was darker than ever before
(So dark is sin)
When the Great Love came to the stable door
And entered in.

"And laid himself in the breath of kine
And the warmth of hay
And whispered to the stars to shine,
And to break, the day."

3. Van Dyck's Presepio, Corsini, Rome (child asleep on mother's lap). Interpreted by G. K. Chesterton's Carol:—

"The Christ-child lay on Mary's lap."

4. Bouguereau's Repose (angels playing on musical instruments and baby asleep). Interpreted by the Benediction Carol (Dyke's):—

"Sleep, Holy Babe, upon thy mother's breast;
Great Lord of earth and sea and sky,
How sweet it is to see thee lie
In such a place of rest.

"Sleep, Holy Babe, thine angels watch around,
All bending low with folded wings
Before the incarnate king of kings,
In reverent awe profound."

[1] From *Ode to Girlhood and Other Poems*, copyright 1899, by Harper and Brothers.

5. Three Wise Men on the Way, by Portaels, or Three Magi, by La Farge (Boston Art Museum). Interpreted by the old hymn, "We three kings of Orient are," or by the third stanza of Richard Watson Gilder's Hymn.

6. Ghirlandajo's Adoration of Kings, or Burne-Jones's Star of Bethlehem. Interpreted by Burdett's Carol, the second stanza of which tells, —

> "How they opened all their treasures
> Kneeling to that infant King;
> Gave the gold and fragrant incense
> Gave the myrrh in offering."

7. Lotto's Adoration of the Shepherds (at Brescia, Madonna kneeling). Interpreted by this verse by Estelle M. Hurll, in *Christian Endeavor World*, Christmas, 1911: —

> "Upon her knees before the Holy Child
> The mother falls adoring. This is He
> Whom prophets have foretold, the Undefiled,
> Whose coming all the world has longed to see.
> A heavenly messenger proclaims his birth,
> Angelic voices loud hosannas sing:
> She humbly prays and bows herself to earth,
> The first to worship him as Christ the king."

8. Raphael's Chair Madonna. Interpreted by an old carol: —

> "When I see the mother holding
> In her arms the heavenly boy,
> Thousand blissful thoughts unfolding
> Fill my heart with sweetest joy.
>
> "Each round other fondly twining
> Pour the shafts of mutual love,
> Thick as flowers in meadows shining
> Countless as the stars above."

9. Botticelli's Madonna in the Louvre. Interpreted by Alice Archer Sewall's poem, "Madonna and Child": [1] —

"Little Son, little Son, climb up to my breast,
And lie amid its warmth at rest."
But shut those stranger eyes from me,
My Rose, my Sorrow, my Peace divine,
And call me 'mother' and not 'Mary,'
Although thou art not mine.

"It is I would climb to thy little breast.
O, hold me there and let me rest!
It is I am weak and weary and small,
And thy soft arms can carry me.
So put them under me, God, my All,
And let me quiet be."

10. Raphael's Sistine Madonna, as a climax to the program, is best interpreted by some single verse expressing the devotional spirit of the Christmas story. Some suitable ones from old church hymns are: —

"Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart and soul and voice;
Now ye need not fear the grave:
Peace! Peace!
Jesus Christ was born to save.
Calls you one and calls you all
To gain his everlasting hall:
Christ was born to save."

or

"Praise to Jesus, Holy Child,
Gentle infant meek and mild;
Who can fill all hearts with peace,
Who can make all sorrows cease.
Hail the messenger of love
Sent to man from God above."

[1] From *Ode to Girlhood and Other Poems*, copyright 1899, by Harper and Brothers.

V

THE GAME OF PICTURE-POSING

Of many delightful ways of familiarizing our children with good art, the game of picture-posing is one which captivates the child's fancy at once. It is an attempt to "act out" or reproduce a famous picture. The child "plays" he is the figure in the picture, and assumes the same pose and gesture to the best of his ability. The game is a somewhat modernized version of one of the most popular of old-time amusements, the *tableau vivant*. In days when most of our pleasures were home-made, "tableaux" were next in favor to amateur theatricals. They were a favorite pastime in stormy days indoors, when we invented our own subjects as we went along. The multiplication of children's amusements has relegated this fashion to the background, but it is now being revived in new form. The idea of reproducing famous masterpieces has usually been associated with the more ambitious efforts of public entertainments. To adopt it as a children's game is a comparatively new departure, just as it is a new thing for children to get masterpieces in penny prints. The plan is well worth working out both in the home and the school.

The theory is perfectly simple. What could make children look at a picture more attentively than the suggestion that they are to reproduce the action of

the figures? To get the pose and arrange the drapery correctly, they have to make a careful study of the lines and masses of the composition. While they are having a great deal of fun, they are unconsciously learning something of pictures. They are surely not likely to forget the make-up of a picture they have handled in this way. Quite aside from the art standpoint, such a game is a means of developing self-expression. On this ground it is of special interest to the primary teacher. It connects closely with the dramatic games now growing in popularity in the schoolroom. Apparently it accomplishes similar results helping the child towards flexibility and freedom, while it gives him something worth remembering all his life.

Some wonderful and never-to-be-forgotten mornings of picture games have strengthened my confidence in this new educational method. I had the privilege of visiting a primary school, to try a program with the children, and the experiment succeeded beyond my fondest expectations. Besides my parcel of pictures, the rest of the apparatus was of the most limited kind. The teacher and I had hastily collected a few odds and ends in the way of properties. It is not necessary or desirable to introduce costumes and accessories into the schoolroom. In the home the conditions are altogether different and permit an expansion of the idea as I shall presently explain; but in the school the plan is on the simplest basis. Our selection of pictures had been made very carefully on this account. Pose rather than costume was the

guiding principle of choice. So we took the following six subjects: —

Millet's Sower;
Titian's Lavinia;
Murillo's Fruit Venders;
Madame Le Brun and her Daughter;
Rubens's Two Sons;
William M. Chase's Alice.

My big parcel was eyed with eager curiosity, and every little face broke into smiles at the announcement of a new game. To prepare the way, the children first played one of their dramatic games, and while the runaway sheep were in the meadow, and the cows in the corn, little Boy Blue being fast asleep in the corner, we had a chance to pick out the boys and girls best adapted to the picture rôles. It was a slum neighborhood with a mixture of nationalities; most of the children were poorly dressed, and some were very dirty. It might seem an unfavorable field for an art experiment. But what we wanted most was responsiveness, and this good quality was found in abundant measure. The Portuguese children promised well for the Spanish types of Murillo's street children, and plenty of boys would do for the Sower, but how to match, among the ill-clad, anæmic little children of the poor, the plump, richly gowned Lavinia, or the elegant, high-bred sons of Rubens? However, we did not let such difficulties deter us. These sons of toil need the picture study, even more than the children of the rich, to bring beauty into starved lives. We had

come for their benefit, not to arrange an elaborate art entertainment for a cultured audience.

We began our program by fastening to the blackboard a large photograph of the Sower, and telling the familiar but ever new story of seed-time and harvest: how the sower carries in his bag the precious grain to feed many hungry folk; how the seed falls into the ground to soften and swell and push up a tiny shoot; how the blades grow into tall, strong stalks which bear the wheat-ears; how the grain ripens and is made into flour, and finally into fragrant loaves of bread. The sower's task is far-reaching in its results, and he regards the planting season very seriously. The story made every boy in the room want to be a sower, and we called up a little fellow to the desk and posed him just below the picture. The rest of the children formed an expectant audience, looking from picture to poser to pronounce upon the merits of the reproduction. The small sower was given a half-tone print to examine carefully, and then he manfully stepped forth as if to his task. The teacher's large shopping-bag was slung over his left arm and we taught him how to fling his right arm to and fro to scatter the seed, describing the arc of a circle in the motion. After repeating this action several times, we arrested his arm at the proper point to imitate the gesture of the picture. We were well satisfied with his success, and if his tremulous smile was not quite like the solemn dignity of the Norman peasant, it was certainly pleasant to see.

Titian's Lavinia now replaced the Sower on the

wall, and the children listened to the story of the old Venetian painter's devotion to his motherless daughter. I told them how he loved to dress her in pretty clothes to make pictures of her; how he used to send for her when he was entertaining his guests in the garden and let her bring luscious fruits for their refreshment. When the question came, "Would any little girl like to play Lavinia?" every girl in the room was at our disposal. A little Jewess with kinky hair and round face came nearest to the type, but her "middy blouse" made her impossible. The child who wore the right kind of dress (as to cut) had little sticks of arms too weak to lift a tray of fruit. Here was a dilemma till the resourceful teacher hit upon the simple expedient of having the two exchange dresses for a few minutes. Lavinia advanced shyly, but forgot herself in the absorbing occupation of arranging the fruit just as in the picture. We had supplied a ten-cent silver tray for the purpose. Carefully but decidedly the child placed each apple, then set the lemon aslant in the foreground, and laid on top the pink cotton rose we gave her. Then she took a long, steady look at the picture, as she was bidden, lifted the tray to the level of the forehead, turned her face to the audience, and behold Lavinia in the flesh. With instinctive grace she had poised the tray in exactly the right way, her plump arms describing the same curve as the original Lavinia's. An immediate success like this is a rare inspiration. Perhaps one ought not to expect to reach perfection twice. When the photographer came the next week to catch

Lavinia in his camera, the long delay in setting up the instrument wearied the child, and stiffened her muscles. At the critical moment she clutched the tray bravely but awkwardly, and did not lift it high enough to produce the right effect. So our best picture of this little school Lavinia is only a memory.

The story of the Fruit Venders appealed mightily to a class of children who themselves earn money by selling fruit, candy, and papers. As the photograph was pinned up, it brought forth a murmur of approval: the subject was within the experience of the audience. The girl of the picture has sold out her stock and is counting over her earnings, while the boy, who is but just setting forth, looks on with generous pleasure in her success. It is a charming tale of cheerful industry and good fellowship. We chose a boy and girl of the same relative ages, who were much in earnest to do their parts well. An empty waste-basket was rather an inadequate representation of the young merchant's large stock of Andalusian grapes, but it was of the proper size and shape for the pose, and happily the children's imagination was equal to the supply of this trifling deficiency.

Madame Le Brun and her Daughter requires no accessories, and of course we did not disrobe our model like the lady of the picture. The photograph brought forth the story of another idolized artist's daughter, the painter this time being a charming Frenchwoman. A picture or a story illustrating family love is always welcomed by the teacher as an opportunity to impress an obvious lesson. For this

group we arranged a teacher with an affectionate little girl who was only too pleased to embrace the object of her affection. The subject is not quite so easy as it looks: the lady must be seated at a height to require the child while standing to reach up a bit to bring her head to the mother's chin. The little arm must fall within the bend of the larger arm, to form a parallel curve. When the group is arranged the outline should describe the form of a pyramid.

Rubens's Sons is a lovely presentation of brotherly companionship. When this picture was put up, I explained the rich velvet and satin costumes as the Flemish court dress of the seventeenth century. The artist was court painter to the Archduke Albert and Isabella, and was in high favor with royalties. So he gave his eldest son the name of his patron, and both boys enjoyed all the advantages of his wealth and station. But fine clothes did not seem to spoil them as they sometimes do less sensible lads; their frank round faces make them very likable. It happened that one of the boys in our school was an Albert, and he was eager to play the part of Albert Rubens. For the younger boy, whose name was Nicholas, we found a lad of proportionate height. The two took their places below the picture. Of course boys are not expected to wear velvet and satin in school, and our models were not at all embarrassed by their shabbiness. They were proud and pleased with the honor, and blissfully unconscious of any incongruity between their threadbare suits and the elegant attire of their prototypes. Indeed, for the time being they fancied

themselves dressed like the picture. As they looked at the print we asked each in turn, "How are the feet placed?" "Where is the right hand?" "Where the left?" and at every inquiry, the member in question assumed the proper position. A curious detail in the picture is the captive goldfinch whose perch is held by the younger boy. To secure a similar use of the hands we took a school ruler. It occurred to me afterwards that a more pictorial substitute would have been a small flag, or perhaps a whirling paper "windmill."

The picture of Alice needs but little explanation to the average school girl. Skipping rope is one of the favorite games which never loses its fascination. To substitute a ribbon for a rope and draw it tightly across the back seems a simple matter. Yet the picture is hard to make satisfactory simply because it requires entire self-forgetfulness to free it from stiffness. The original Alice is having a delightful time with no thought of looking pretty. Our little Alice, when practicing privately in the school hall, threw herself into the game with charming abandon and grace, not unworthy of the original. But when the eyes of the schoolroom were focused upon her, she lost her charm. Only a *premiere danseuse* would feel at ease under such circumstances.

We carried the picture program from grade to grade, and in each room made a special hit with some one subject. With older classes we took more pains to explain the lines of the composition, illustrating the idea by simple diagrams on the blackboard. The

counterbalancing diagonals in the figure of the Sower, as well as of Alice, the pyramidal outline of the group of the Fruit Venders and Madame Le Brun and her Daughter, the curves of Lavinia's swaying body and uplifted arm, were all pointed out in the pictures and in the models. A six-subject program is inordinately long, and was permitted only for purposes of experiment. Under ordinary circumstances, in the schoolroom, a single picture at a time, like a single dramatic game or a story, is quite enough for an occasional exercise. A pleasant device for giving all the children a chance to take part is to have the girls all standing together for the Lavinia pose, and the boys all together for the Sower. A single girl and boy may then be called out to pose for the class.

When we see how much can be done with the game of picture-posing in the school, it is easy to imagine the almost endless possibilities for its enjoyment in the home. Here there is no need of haste, as in the schoolroom, and time and thought may go towards perfecting the result. Here, too, are facilities for accessories and costumes to complete the faithfulness of the reproduction. The repertory of subjects can be greatly enlarged. Many pictures, impracticable in the schoolroom for lack of theatrical properties, can be worked out easily in the home. With a large family of children or a neighborhood circle, it may be developed as far as one may wish. The effect is enhanced by the use of a frame.

It is important to hold the children to a strict ideal of accuracy in the essentials. For this reason a single

picture should be done over and over again. We become fond of certain ones, as of certain oft-repeated songs. Every attempt ought to better previous efforts, and all the family must learn to be very critical. Every detail of the composition should be examined, remembering that nothing is too small to have a reason for its introduction. The angle at which a hat is set, the direction of the eyes, even the length of a ribbon, may seriously affect the success of the picture.

Picture-posing opens a very interesting class of subjects for the amateur photographer. When his ingenuity is taxed for new ideas, he can find pleasure and profit in reproducing the compositions of the masters. If he has groups of figures to arrange, he may interest his sitters in posing *à la* some famous portrait group of an old master.

The subjects for picture games cannot be chosen at random. A great deal of thought must go into the selection. Millet's figures are admirably adapted to the purpose. They have the plastic qualities of sculpture, and by merely reproducing attitude and gesture, the poser suggests the essential quality of the original. Other artists have made much of costume, and the success of the reproduction depends upon the careful study of these details. This is the case with Van Dyck and Velasquez. The English and Spanish royalties whom they painted would never be recognized without their court finery, for there is little distinctive in their attitude or gesture. Many famous portrait heads by the old masters are

remembered for their quaint or fantastic headgear: the so-called Beatrice d'Este with her gold-meshed hair-net; Beatrice Cenci, with her big turban; Holbein's Jane Seymour, with her pointed cap; Botticelli's Lucrezia Tornabuoni, with the pearl festoons and strange aigrette. Some of Reynolds's child pictures are delightful subjects within reach of all. Penelope Boothby's mob cap and lace mitts, Simplicity's cap, and the Strawberry Girl's turban are easily imitated. Of course, the kind of portrait painting which depends upon psychological interest is quite beyond the province of our simple game.

An elaborate landscape composition is also obviously impossible in house tableaux without painted scenery, and it is best not to be too ambitious in this direction, keeping to the simplest settings. An out-of-doors program may be arranged in the summer, making a unique entertainment. Then the Sower, and the Lark, Murillo's Beggar Boys, and some of Reynolds's portraits can be rendered with most satisfactory effect.

After a few experiments in picture-posing, children will enjoy selecting their own subjects, rummaging through illustrated books and magazines for their material. The following lists may be helpful as a beginning: —

Single Girl Figures —

Titian's Lavinia.
Chase's Alice.
Reynolds's Penelope Boothby, Age of Innocence, Miss Bowles, Strawberry Girl.

Bouguereau's Broken Pitcher.
Greuze's Broken Pitcher.
Madame Le Brun's Girl with Muff.
Hoecker's Girl with Cat.
Breton's Lark, the Gleaner, the Shepherd's Star.

Girl portraits requiring careful costuming —

Old Italian — Beatrice d'Este.
Titian's Bella.
Van Dyck's Princess Mary (detail of the group of Children of Charles I).
Velasquez's Princess Margaret (bust in the Louvre).
Velasquez's Princess Margaret (full length in Vienna).
Velasquez's Princess Maria Theresa (full length in Madrid).

Single Boy Figures —

Millet's Sower.
French's Minute Man (sculpture).
Velasquez's Mœnippus, Æsop.
Manet's Boy with a Sword.
Reynolds's Little Samuel.
Volk's Young Pioneer.
Sully's Torn Hat (head only).
Cuyp's boy head.

Boy portraits requiring careful costuming —

Gainsborough's Blue Boy.
Millais's Bubbles.
Watteau's Gilles of the Louvre (without accessory figures).
Van Dyck's William of Nassau.
Van Dyck's Prince Charles (detail of the group of Children of Charles I).
Van Dyck's Prince James or "Baby Stuart" (detail of the above group).
Paris Bordone. Boy's head.

Two Boys —

Rubens's Sons.
Millais's Princes in the Tower.

BOY AND GIRL —

Murillo's Fruit Venders.
Millet's Potato Planters, Angelus, and Going to Work.
Boughton's John Alden and Priscilla.
Millais's Huguenot Lovers.
Van Dyck's Prince William and Princess Mary (elaborate costumes).

OLDER GIRL AND SMALL CHILD —

Bouguereau's Sister and Brother.
Millet's Knitting Lesson.
Madame Le Brun and her Daughter.
Sergeant Kendall's An Interlude.

OLDER GIRL AND TWO CHILDREN —

Abbot Thayer's Caritas and Virgin Enthroned.

VI

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS TO THE MOTHER FOR THE CHILD'S PICTURE EDUCATION

To surround the child with good pictures chosen from subjects of greatest interest to him and in sufficient variety, to train his eye gradually in artistic discrimination and color feeling, to awaken his sense of joy in beauty, — this has been the burden of my little preachment. So may we wisely foster a love of art which will delight and enrich his life. The mother who has these aims in view always welcomes eagerly any helps towards carrying them out. Story-telling and the game of posing I have described at some length as two important picture pleasures of the home and school. It still remains to make a few practical suggestions to mothers who are anxious to provide every advantage for the child.

To begin with, the nursery decorations are of prime importance. The place should be a veritable picture gallery of delight to the little folks. For a child's symmetrical development, there should be as much variety as possible in the selections, both in subject and treatment. Delightful as are Sir Joshua's children, and beautiful as is the Madonna theme, the nursery should not be all Sir Joshuas and Madonnas. Where two Madonna pictures are hung they should represent quite dissimilar ideals: the Chair Madonna

contrasted with the Sistine, an Italian work with a German, or an old master with some modern picture. In methods of arrangement, some of the kindergarten ideas may be borrowed to advantage, as they are ingenious and practical. A frieze on the level of the child's eyes, made of separate prints and changed from time to time, is a pretty thing. Also a burlap screen on which pictures may be fastened temporarily. The color element should be decidedly prominent but should be carefully studied to harmonize with the scheme of decoration. The bright, crude prints once regarded as peculiarly adapted to children have given place to artistic process work in soft tints and low key, which the child soon learns to prefer. Anything that is good in itself may be pressed into service, however cheap the form, post-cards in harmonious colors, magazine supplements, artistic calendars, and what-not. But with all the cheap and transient material, let us have one truly great thing as a fixture in the nursery, as an inspiring influence to follow one from the cradle to the grave. A Madonna and Child, St. Michael and the Dragon, the Boy Christ in the Temple, the Children of the Shell, or the Guardian Angel are especially good for this purpose. For other subjects consult the lists of animal, child and story pictures. If the house is too small for a distinctive nursery, the living-room should contain at least one conspicuous picture which is of special interest to the child. One of Millet's subjects makes an excellent all-around family favorite.

Illustrated children's books should be chosen with

great care. It is false economy to buy crude, poor books from the bargain counters in order to spend more money on toys and other less important nursery furnishings. A really good illustrated book is copy-righted and commands a good price, as it should, but it is worth the cost. Happy the nursery possessing any of Boutet de Monvel's priceless volumes, or Walter Crane's illustrated fairy tales, or Kate Greenaway's lovely designs.[1]

Not the least attractive of illustrated nursery volumes are the children's scrapbooks of their own making. For this purpose the material should be accumulated gradually, as a delightful pursuit, the mother gently directing the collection that it may consist of really good things. It is best not to draw the lines too sharply to discourage a child, but so far as possible weed out inferior pictures from time to time. A scrapbook of miscellaneous pictures is best adapted to the little ones, but as children grow older they are more interested to specialize in their collections. Definite subjects may be chosen for their books: animals, child figures, mythology, chivalry, history, Italian art, American art, Bible story, the life of Christ, famous beauties, authors, royalties and so on. A very pleasing idea for boys and girls bearing historical names, or names of saints, is to find pictures of their famous prototypes. The Georges may look for

[1] Among present-day illustrators, Jessie Wilcox Smith, Millicent Sowerby and Arthur Rackham do charming work for children. A beautiful art treasure for children is Mrs. Isabel Anderson's *Great Sea Horse*, a collection of fairy tales with illustrations designed by the mural painter, John Elliott.

the subject of St. George and the Dragon, or for the figure of St. George in armor represented in so many old altar pieces. They will find also portraits of sovereigns, painters, and poets of that name, as well as a certain United States President. The Marys, Catherines, and Margarets will find charming pictures of saints of corresponding names among the works of old Italian masters. Coöperation and competition are the life of collections as of business. The children will keep up their interest much longer if the parents join with them in their search, and the fashion must spread through the neighborhood to give greatest zest to the game.

Never throw away a good picture. A large box or drawer may be set apart for the purpose and the children taught to carry thither every print or card that falls into their hands, and which for the moment they do not know where to place. From time to time the contents may be examined and sorted. Some of the pictures will do for one kind of scrapbook and some for another. Some may be laid between the pages of books, as extra illustrations. Your books of history, travel, and biography may be greatly enriched in this way by portraits and views collected from various sources. Some of the tiny pictures may be put together for doll's scrapbooks. Some may be mounted on cards for Christmas or birthday gifts, decorated with appropriate inscriptions — or quotations from poetry. Growing boys and girls should be encouraged to fill their own rooms with pictures of their own choosing. Even if they make mistakes, the

experience will help towards forming their taste. They usually get together a medley of posters, souvenir programs, college pennants, valentines, and snapshot photographs. But in the midst let us see that they have some really good picture which has come as a Christmas or birthday gift. Some strong and interesting heads for a boy's room are Michelangelo's David, Rembrandt's Officer, and Frans Hals's Laughing Cavalier. A girl of fine feeling likes the heads now commonly separated out by photographers from famous compositions of old masters (Luini, Perugino, Raphael, Titian, etc.); Angels, Saints, or Madonnas. Burne-Jones's Flamma Vestalis, or Rossetti's Blessed Damozel are also favorites. Other subjects of suitable kinds for our young folks' rooms are suggested in the various lists scattered through these chapters.

The practice of taking our children to art museums and exhibitions is one which cannot be too often urged upon parents. It is worth making a great effort and even going a long distance from time to time to afford the child this advantage.[1] Such a visit must be made a genuine treat, — not a disguised lesson, — planned and talked of beforehand as a festive occasion. Naturally it is a part of the festivity to have a car-ride and a luncheon. The first object is

[1] In the Metropolitan Museum, New York, delightful art lectures for children have drawn hundreds of juvenile visitors to the place and in Boston professional story-tellers are employed to conduct children's parties through the Museum. But these public methods, valuable as they are, should not be substituted for the visits of parents, with their own children, to study the pictures together.

to get impressions, and as the whole atmosphere of the place is unique, it cannot fail to produce some effect upon the imagination. One need not feel discouraged if the children come away without having apparently learned anything. A long time after they may refer to something you supposed they did not notice. A second visit brings a pleasant sense of familiarity. They enjoy recognizing something they saw before, and look at it now a bit more attentively. Little by little you may bring them around to look at your own favorites, or draw their attention to the best things. But you must begin diplomatically and bide your time. If a child is going to enjoy himself, you must not be too officious in leading the way. If you say, "Come, look at this," he may hang back a little. But if you suddenly leave him and start off on your own account to look at some picture, he is pretty sure to follow. There is absolutely no use in deciding beforehand what pictures you are going to show a child, or what he will like best. The one thing you can count on is that he will surprise you. I remember the first time I took a small boy to the Boston Art Museum bent on educational ends, I had hard work to get him out of the Japanese Garden, and as soon as he had dutifully followed me through the picture gallery he wished to return to this enchanted spot. A little friend whom I took to the American Old Masters room, for the express purpose of seeing the George and Martha Washington portraits, was so entranced with the antique pianos that he cast but a single languid glance at the Father of his

country. But he surprised me quite as much when we were hurrying through the next room, where I was sure there was nothing to interest him, by pausing before the great Velasquez, the Prince Baltasar and Dwarf, with sudden decisive approval, "That's a nice picture." And so it is. After all, what does it matter what the child likes best, pianos, pictures, or what-not, so long as it is something in this fairyland of art which will make him want to come again? That is the great desideratum. A picture gallery on a free day is a delightful resort for children. One can pick up many chance acquaintances there. The choosing game almost always meets a response. I have sometimes managed to make friends very quickly with stray young visitors by proposing that we all walk around slowly, and choose the picture we like best. The Modern Masters room at the Boston Museum has many favorites. I have seen boys there quickly choose Regnault's Horses of Achilles, the Boy with the Hurdy-Gurdy, and Tarbell's beautiful portrait of children on horseback.

The use of the camera opens a valuable opportunity for training boys and girls in matters of art. The young photographer wants to learn to make pictures, and his experiments duplicate in a far-off way the experience of the great artists. His first care is to get the image in the right place on the plate. If he is taking a house, he must have enough sky above it, enough grass in the foreground, and enough space on each side to look well. Repeated attempts show him what different effects he gets by changing the dis-

tance and the point of view. He begins to realize that a landscape painter has a reason for every tree and rock in his picture. When there are figures to photograph, the arrangement of the lines, the position of the hands, the turn of the head, and the focus of the eyes are all points to notice. If the amateur is really anxious to do good work, the pictures of the masters suddenly become very interesting to him. The Raphaels, Titians, and Rembrandts, once regarded as very dull and grown-up subjects, are found worthy the study of every aspiring young photographer. What better arrangement for a mother holding a baby than in the Granduca Madonna (Raphael)? What pose more graceful than that of the Man with the Glove (Titian)? And when was a group about a table more beautifully planned than in the Syndics of the Cloth Guild (Rembrandt)? The young people whose camera work teaches them to appreciate such pictures have made an excellent beginning in art study.

The amateur's artistic progress depends very much upon the help of parents. Indiscriminate praise is almost as bad as indifference. Sympathetic criticism is just what is needed. The right-minded boy or girl is glad to learn how the work can be bettered.

In a home adorned with good works of art, where all the family are familiar with pictures, many little picture games may be invented to play with the children. There is one in which each by turn describes a picture for the others to guess the name. A half-hour of this easy guessing is very pleasant while sitting on the piazza in the dark of summer nights. The game is

made harder when the mother describes an altogether new picture, and the children listen intently in order to identify it among a mixed collection of picture postals and prints brought forth at the close of the description. Mothers will also find that a bedtime picture may occasionally be substituted for a bed-time story, the picture being vividly described, not actually seen. The love of pictures, like the love of books and music, binds parents and children together in delightful intimacy, and will permeate all the home intercourse.

VII

THE USE OF PICTURES IN THE SCHOOLROOM[1]

In the modern schoolroom of the progressive type, pictures are among the most valued possessions. First of all, from the viewpoint of mere decoration, they add immeasurably to the attractiveness of the child's environment. Artistically considered their chief function is to minister to the sense of beauty, to create an atmosphere of culture, and to develop the taste for good art. This is indeed enough to ask of pictures. For purely artistic reasons, every school in the land, like every home, should be beautified with genuine works of art. But the latter-day teacher makes pictures serve many purposes besides their original æsthetic end, using them in a multitude of ways to enrich the course of study. Even these secondary uses have an indirect artistic value, for any method is praiseworthy which arouses a child's interest in good art. The work of the school grades begins with stocking the child's mind with certain fundamental concepts: ideas of animals, flowers, fruit, and the various phenomena of nature; ideas of the family:

[1] In many of our large cities there are societies to further artistic interests in the schools; The School Art League of New York; the Chicago Public School Art Society; the Buffalo School Art Association; and similar organizations in Columbus, Ohio; Evanston, Illinois; Houston, Texas; Washington, D.C.; and Worcester, Massachusetts. A great work has also been done by many women's clubs and High School Alumni associations in furnishing pictures for schoolroom decoration.

the relations of parents, brothers, and sisters; ideas of home life and occupations; ideas of the world's work, in the field and factory, on land and sea; ideas of the child's own interests, activities, and plays. What a storehouse of pictures is at the primary teacher's command to impress all these lessons upon the pupil's mind. If large pictures are not to be had, small prints are almost always available; if expensive prints cannot be afforded, the newspapers and advertisements come to our aid.

As to the variety of animal pictures to be had, I speak at length in a special chapter. We have dogs and deer by Landseer and Rosa Bonheur; lions by Barye, Bonheur, and Rubens; horses by Bonheur, Dagnan-Bouveret, and many others; cows by Troyon and Van Marcke; sheep by Mauve; foxes by Liljfors and Winslow Homer. Let me urge again the importance of choosing really good animal art, pictures of animals which are alive, not stuffed; animals which show their real nature, not the caricatured half-human type.

In bringing out the happiness of family love all teachers find the Madonna pictures the most satisfactory expression of motherly tenderness. The strong maternal element in Raphael's Chair Madonna makes it a prime favorite, and Dagnan-Bouveret's Madonna of the Arbor is another making the same sort of appeal. Beautiful portraits of mother and child are Madame Le Brun and her Daughter, Romney's Mrs. Cawardine and Babe, and many examples by Reynolds, like the Duchess of Devonshire and her

Baby; Lady Spencer and Boy; Mrs. Payne-Gallway, and so on through a long list. Meyer von Bremen's Little Brother shows two children eagerly gazing on the newborn baby in the arms of the mother. Millet's First Step brings in the whole family, the mother supporting the baby toddler as he starts on his journey across the yard to the outstretched arms of his kneeling father. Bouguereau's Sister and Brother is used to show how the older child becomes a little mother to the younger, and Rubens's Two Sons charmingly illustrates brotherly love.

To illustrate farm labor Millet and Breton furnish many subjects, from the sowing of the seed to the gleaning of the harvest. The spirit of play — simple gayety of heart — is delightfully illustrated in such subjects as Chase's Alice, Israels's Boys with a Boat and Murillo's Beggar Boys. How all these pictures may be used for story-telling and for the game of picture-posing I explain in separate chapters. The teacher may also have ways of her own for pointing out the lessons she wishes to inculcate.

The use of pictures in language work runs through all the school grades. The picture furnishes something to talk about or write about. It stimulates observation, starts up the thinking apparatus, and arouses the imagination. Among younger children teachers usually prefer story pictures, that is, illustrative or anecdotic compositions embodying a more or less dramatic situation. The pupil is drawn out by a series of questions: "When did the action take place, that is, at what time of the day or season of the

year?" "Where does the action take place, indoors or out, in city or country, and in what land?" "Who are the actors? and what are they doing?" This process is called picture-reading, and forms the basis of the pupil's story composition. The method is one which easily lends itself to exaggeration, if we go beyond the limits of these questions. It is best to keep our "reading" to just what is really written in the picture, merely getting out of it the meaning the artist put into it for our pleasure. When we build upon this foundation a long imaginary tale about the persons of the picture, the process is apt to lead far afield from the proper use of pictures. The sharp distinction which is made in language work between description and narration applies equally to pictures. Sully's Torn Hat, for instance, or Manet's Boy with the Sword, is a subject for description, while Blommers's Shrimp Fishers or Kaulbach's Pied Piper is really a story picture. A story picture may be treated in either way, descriptively or dramatically, but the non-story picture is less flexible, and should be merely described. A landscape, for instance, is not, properly speaking, a story picture, and in language work should be reserved for pure nature description. The chapters on "Animals," "Children's Pictures," and "Story Pictures" will suggest abundant material to the language teacher. The writer of a composition based upon a picture is bound to scrutinize the subject until every detail is stamped on the memory, and thus the child's art repertory is enlarged.

USE OF PICTURES IN THE SCHOOLROOM

The uses of pictures in the study of literature are manifold. It is a long standing custom for teachers to familiarize their pupils with the portraits of the poets whose works they are taught to love. The benign countenance of Longfellow and the prophet-like head of Tennyson look down from many schoolroom walls. For nineteenth-century writers it is customary to use the accredited photographic portraits. For the celebrities of the older centuries we have many ideal heads. Raphael's two great frescoes in the Hall of the Segnatura (Vatican) called Parnassus and the School of Athens, contain some fine figures of the poets and philosophers of antiquity: Homer, Dante, Virgil, and Ovid, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, etc. I always find high-school pupils greatly interested in these pictures, though I do not recall seeing them in any school hall or catalogue.[1] Two modern pictures giving vivid interest to the life story of the poets represented are Munkacsy's Milton dictating *Paradise Lost* and Dicksee's Swift and Stella.

A few illustrations of famous poems are specially adapted to schoolroom decoration, for the benefit of the literature classes. Such are: Hiawatha as a boy, by Elizabeth Norris; Walker's four lunettes in the Congressional Library illustrating the Boy of Winander (Wordsworth's *Prelude*), Adonis (Shelley), Endymion (Keats), and Comus (Milton); Landseer's Twa Dogs, to illustrate Burns's poem; Kaulbach's

[1] Since this was written I have seen with great pleasure a beautiful Arundel print of the Parnassus in the Waltham (Mass.) High School.

Pied Piper, for Browning's poem; Boughton's John Alden and Priscilla, for *Miles Standish;* Stothard's Canterbury Pilgrims for Chaucer's *Prologue*. For older classes, Rossetti's Dream of Dante, illustrating a passage in the *Vita Nuova;* the same painter's Blessed Damosel, illustrating his own poem, and Alexander's Pot of Basil, for Keats's poem, may be used, the languorous type of beauty in the pictures corresponding to the character of the verse. Two pictures illustrating the moment of Dante's first seeing Beatrice are by Ary Scheffer, and Holiday. On the whole, the world's great poetry has not been and indeed cannot be adequately illustrated. The pictures which a teacher can best use in literature study are those illuminating in a general way the subject treated. For instance, in studying the origin of the drama, a flood of light is thrown on the old Mysteries and Miracle Plays by the works of the contemporary Italian painters. The story of the Nativity and of the Saviour's Passion, first arranged in scenes in the cathedral and later acted in the public squares, was staged, so to speak, just as in the pictures by Giotto and Duccio. Later painters still adhered to the same traditions and a Nativity by Pinturicchio or Luini or the Crucifixion in the Spanish Chapel, Florence, would be excellent illustrative material of this kind. Tennyson's *Idyls of the King* are illuminated, but not directly illustrated, by Abbey's decorations in the Boston Public Library, which follow the *Morte d'Arthur* more closely than the poet. The statue of King Arthur from Charle-

magne's tomb at Innsbruck fairly puts Tennyson's hero before us. Watts's Sir Galahad is a figure well liked in the schools. Any pictures embodying the spirit of chivalry throws light on the *Idyls*. I cannot think of anything better than Millais's noble work, Sir Isumbras at the Ford, where the gentle old knight carries the two children safely across the stream. A modern series of pictures by Blair Leighton gives the four stages of knighthood: The Vox Populi, or Acclamation; the Dedication; the Accolade; the Godspeed.

Pupils studying Shakespeare should be encouraged to collect pictorial Shakespeariana, a pursuit which may become so engrossing that they will follow it all their lives. The making of the Shakespeare scrapbook will work both ways, to fix the characters and plots in the memory, and cultivate artistic discrimination. The material consists, first of all, of course, of all the portraits one can find of the dramatist himself, as well as views of Stratford-on-Avon. Portraits of great Shakespearian actors are also of prime importance, and such a search offers endless possibilities. The list extends from the famous English tragedienne, Mrs. Siddons, whom Reynolds portrayed so superbly as the Tragic Muse, to the stars of our own generation, whom latter-day photography has represented in every pose and costume. There are besides many ideal pictures of Shakespearian characters from Reynolds's Puck to Millais's Portia. Ideal illustrations of Shakespearian scenes are not so easy to find, but should be added when possible. Abbey's series are of this class. The extra-illustrated Shakes-

peare is a glorified form of Shakespearian collection, bringing text and illustration together — a scrapbook *de luxe*. One begins by laying in loose pictures here and there in a volume until the binding breaks with the strain. Then the book is taken to pieces, the pages interleaved with illustrations, and the whole collection rebound. It is a worthy ambition to stimulate in young people to be possessed of an entire set of single-play volumes, each one the basis of a picture collection.

Connecting equally well with work in literature or history is the general subject of the evolution of book-making. Alexander's series of six lunettes in the Congressional Library illustrate this theme with remarkable success. Mounted in a single frame this row of photographs (or colored reproductions) is in high favor in schools. There are other pictures, too, of correlated interest showing the book customs of those far-away times before the printing-press. Old pictures of St. Augustine in his cell poring over his books, or of St. Jerome translating the Bible, give an idea of the library accessories in the time of the painters, Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, Bellini, or whoever it happened to be. A very pretty subject by Cabanel, called The Florentine Poet, is a garden scene of Renaissance Florence where a wandering story-teller relates to a group of young listeners a tale of love and adventure. Alma Tadema's Reading from Homer carries a similar subject into still more ancient times.

The domain of classic mythology is contiguous both to literature and to history. It is a fairyland of

dreams and visions beloved by children of every age. Not all the subjects lend themselves to art, but some have been beautifully illustrated, and such works are of immense interest in the schoolroom. The teachers of Greek and Latin need them as much as the teachers of literature and history. One must make the selections carefully, avoiding a certain line of subjects, like the amorous adventures of the gods, which are quite unsuited for use. It is through antique marbles that we get our highest conception of Greek divinities. The great sculpture museums of the Old World contain noble statues of Zeus (Jupiter), the sky father; and Hera (Juno), his spouse; of Athena (Minerva), the Queen of the Air; and Aphrodite (Venus), the beautiful; of Ceres, the mother of the race; of Apollo and Diana, rulers of sun and moon; of Hermes (Mercury), the messenger of the gods; and all the rest. Like the portraits of sovereigns, as a background of history, these sculptured figures form the background of our mythological lore, and should be made familiar to school children of higher grades either in plaster reproductions or in photographs of the originals. A few modern representations may be added to our collection of antiques, like Bologna's Flying Mercury and Vedder's Minerva.

Our list of pictures naturally begins with that universal favorite, Guido Reni's Aurora, representing the sun god driving his horses across the sky. Another good picture of the same subject is by Guercino. An appropriate companion picture is Correggio's Diana, the moon goddess, setting forth for the chase in a

chariot drawn by a stag. The fluttering veil and wind-blown hair and garments give an effect of breezy motion to the picture. A quiver full of arrows is slung across her shoulder, with the bow. The crescent moon gleams above her forehead. A charming picture of the same goddess sporting with her nymphs in a smiling landscape is by Domenichino, in the Borghese Villa, Rome. The fair shepherd Endymion, with whom Diana fell in love as he lay asleep among his flocks, is also treated in art. There is a little circular panel by the old Venetian painter Cima, in the Parma Gallery, and a lunette by Walker in the Congressional Library, both showing the youth asleep. As Diana is attended by nymphs, so Apollo, as patron of the arts, is surrounded by the nine muses. Thus we see them all circling around in a rhythmic dance in the picture by Giulio Romano, in the Pitti, Florence. Another picture of these figures may be had by isolating the central group in Raphael's famous fresco of Parnassus. Apollo's pursuit of Daphne is a subject painted by Giorgione (Seminario, Venice), but the figures are rather inconspicuous in a landscape. A graceful group by the late Italian sculptor Bernini is in the Borghese, at Rome.

The Marriage of Bacchus and Ariadne is not an especially important incident in mythology, but it happens to be the subject of one of the finest works of the Venetian Renaissance. The picture is by Tintoretto, in the Venice Academy. Venus hovering in the air joins the hands of the lovers and marries them with a ring. Grace and poetry of motion, flow



Alinari, photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

DIANA

Convent of S. Paolo, Parma

of line, beauty of modeling, and harmony of color could hardly go farther, and the pure joy of living, which is the essence of the Greek spirit, is perfectly expressed here. Titian's Bacchus and Ariadne in the National Gallery, is also a celebrated and beautiful picture, showing the young god leaping from his chariot drawn by leopards, as he first sees Ariadne. Watts's Ariadne in Naxos (Metropolitan Museum) is a noble picture full of dignity and expression. The Birth of Venus from the Sea is a subject too often emphasized on the sensuous side, but Botticelli's famous and beautiful picture (Florence Academy) expresses the essential poetry of the myth. The goddess floats on a seashell towards the shore where she is welcomed by the Graces.

A mythical hero endeared to us in Hawthorne's *Wonder Book* is the gallant Perseus, who set forth to secure the Medusa's head and ended by the rescue of Andromeda. He was equipped for the adventure, as we all remember, by the sandals of Hermes and the helmet and shield of Athena. Burne-Jones has illustrated the whole tale in a series of five pictures, of which the best subject for school is the hero receiving the precious gifts from the sea maidens. The bronze statue by Cellini, which is one of the sights of Florence in the Loggia dei Lanzi, shows the victor standing on the body of Medusa holding aloft his gruesome trophy, the head with the snaky locks. Canova, in a later century, repeated the same subject in a more elegant but less vigorous figure in marble. The Rescue of Andromeda is the subject of a fresco by Guido

Reni, in the Farnesina at Rome, not a great work, but an excellent illustration. Old Cosimo Roselli made the story the subject of some quaint and delightful panels in the Pitti Gallery, Florence. The monster dragging his long body towards the fainting maiden is like Carpaccio's dragon in the story of St. George, a creature to produce delicious thrills of horror and amusement.

The tale of Europa's elopement on the back of the bull is one we might not be keen about but for its beautiful rendering in Venetian art. Veronese's opulent picture in the decorations of the Doge's Palace is one to remember, and the fine work of Titian, admired by Rubens, is one of the chief treasures of Fenway Court, Boston. Other mythological pictures in which young people will find pleasure and profit are Curzon's Psyche, bringing from Hades the casket of beauty to Venus, passing with bated breath the three-headed Cerberus (Louvre); Regnault's Automedon with the Horses of Achilles; Watts's Orpheus and Eurydice, full of tragic feeling; Atalanta's Race, by Poynter, showing the fleet-footed maiden stooping as she runs to catch up the fatal ball; and Titian's Three Graces. The Three Fates have been treated by several painters, and one can choose between the attractive modern pictures by Simmons and Thumann, or, if preferred, take the old Italian work once attributed to Michelangelo, representing the weird sisters as rather fearsome old women. Of kindred interest are the sibyls, so often referred to in classic literature and mythology. Among the series by

Michelangelo on the Sistine Chapel ceiling two figures are of special interest in the schoolroom, the Delphic and the Cumæan. The Delphic Sibyl presided over the temple of Apollo in Delphi, as a sort of priestess. Here the people came to consult her and she delivered the message, or oracle, communicated to her by the god. The Cumæan Sibyl lived in a great cave at Cumæ, where, according to Virgil, Æneas came to enlist her aid to visit his dead father. At Wellesley College is a large painting by Elihu Vedder, often reproduced, showing the Cumæan Sibyl stalking across the desert, a fierce old creature, carrying her precious oracles to the Roman Emperor Tarquin.

The purely classical spirit has never been more admirably expressed than in the works of the late Sir Frederick Leighton. Herakles wrestling with death for the body of Alkestis and the Captive Andromache at the fountain are among the few subjects commonly reproduced. When one reads the long list of classic subjects the painter treated, it seems much to be desired that such treasures should be known to us all. Some of the Homeric stories centering in Ulysses have sometimes been illustrated. By Guido Reni, in the Naples Museum, is Ulysses with Nausicaa and her Maidens; and by Pinturicchio, in the National Gallery, the Return of Ulysses to Penelope.

The history teacher, more than any other, perhaps, needs pictures. First of all she wants plenty of portraits as a background for the story of the nations. Unfortunately it is impossible to collect a series of uniform merit, and in trying to fill the gaps, there is

danger of mixing indiscriminately the good and the inferior. The following list of really fine works may be helpful: antique statue of the Emperor Augustus (Vatican, Rome); antique equestrian statue of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius (Capitol, Rome); Vischer's statue of King Arthur, from Charlemagne's tomb; Saint-Gaudens's statue of Lincoln, and the equestrian group of General Sherman led by Victory; Stuart's heads of George and Martha Washington; Sebastian del Piombo's Columbus, in the Metropolitan Museum; Titian's Francis I, Charles V, and Philip II; Velasquez's Philip IV and the young princes and princesses of his court; Goya's Charles IV of Spain; Henry VIII, from copies of Holbein's portraits, and Holbein's drawings of the statesmen of his court; Dürer's Maximilian; Antonio Moro's Queen Mary; Clouet's Elizabeth of Austria; Van Dyck's Charles I, Queen Henrietta Maria, many of their courtiers and statesmen, besides the young princes and princesses of the family; Sir Peter Lely's Charles II; Richter's Queen Louise (ideal); Rigaud's Louis XIV; Greuze's Louis XVI, and the Dauphin (son of Louis XII and Marie Antoinette), and Napoleon; Drouais's Les Enfants de France (Charles and Marie Adelaide, in the Louvre); Madame Le Brun's Marie Antoinette alone, and the same queen with her children, both pictures at Versailles; Lenbach's Bismarck. The pupil who gets an insight into a historical character by means of a fine portrait has gained something towards understanding the meaning of portrait art.

In the study of ancient history there is very great

need of a class of pictures which reconstruct the past, so to speak, and do this with trustworthy accuracy. An enthusiastic teacher once said to me plaintively: "After I have given my classes a glowing account of the glories of Rome, all I can show them is ruins!" It is surely too much to ask of the ordinary pupil to transform a collection of pillars and stones into the Roman Forum as it looked to Cicero. While a few architectural views are desirable, it is wiser not to multiply them, and especially not to choose those which are mere heaps of stones. Maccari's series of subjects, from the decorations of the present Roman Senate Chamber, is very useful; particularly those representing Cicero's Oration against Catiline and Claudius entering the Senate. Piloty's Triumph of Germanicus is a picture I have seen worked as a mine of historical information by a veteran history teacher. By the same painter is an interesting picture of The Last Moments of Julius Cæsar. Wagner's Chariot Race, Vernet's Roman Triumph, and Leroux's School of Vestals are all good reconstructions. Salvator Rosa's Conspiracy of Catiline and David's Oath of the Horatii (both in the Louvre) are standard works of the old school of classical painting. Two pictures by Gabriel Max, The Last Token and The Lion's Bride, illustrate the tragedies of the Roman persecutions of Christians.

In French history the most richly illustrated subject is the career of Napoleon. This suggests an excellent opportunity to a class to make collections or scrapbooks of pictorial Napoleonic material. Files

of old magazines will yield many contributions, besides prints and photographs to be had from art dealers. I have seen one interesting collection of this kind in which I noted the following subjects: Meissonier's "1814"; Wilkie's Napoleon and the Pope at Fontainebleau; Statue of Napoleon, by Vela, at Versailles; the monument at Waterloo; photograph of the palace at Fontainebleau; photograph of the throne at Fontainebleau; photograph of Napoleon's tomb in Paris; many miscellaneous portraits of Napoleon, Josephine, and Marie Louise from magazine articles. Jeanne d'Arc is another character in French history whose life has been so fully illustrated that one can make charming collections of artistic material in this line. A friend of mine has such a scrapbook of many treasures. It contains, of course, Bastien-Lepage's Vision of Joan of Arc in the Metropolitan Museum; Frémiet's famous statue, the ideal figure by Ingres, and Rossetti's Jeanne d'Arc Kissing the Sword of Charlemagne. There are besides some subjects from the decorations of the Pantheon: Flandrin's Joan of Arc in prayer; and by Lenepveu, the Martyrdom of Jeanne d'Arc and Jeanne d'Arc at the Coronation of Charles VII. Others are Joan of Arc taken prisoner by Rowland Wheelwright, and Joan of Arc going into Battle, by Lionel Royer. Boutet de Monvel's fascinating child's illustrated Jeanne d'Arc is unhappily out of print, but may be seen in large libraries. Two popular pictures connected with French history are the Charlotte Corday of the Corcoran Gallery and Millais's Huguenot Lovers.

In the study of English history the teacher finds rich illustrative material in the noble old buildings of England, — cathedrals, abbeys, and castles, — about which cluster the memories of so many epoch-making events. These views, together with the countless number of historical portraits from the English portrait painters, make a far better showing than the rather scarce and inferior anecdotic paintings of English historical events. In recent years an admirable contribution to English historical art for school use is the series issued by Longmans. There is one set of pictures in black and white, and another in color designed by H. J. Ford, intended for wall decorations. These are in use in the library and schools of Brookline, Massachusetts.

In our zeal for illustrating the history of our own nation, a good many pictures are often collected which have little or no artistic merit. The following list of subjects can be recommended to teachers: —

The Recall of Columbus, by George Augustus Heaton (Capitol, Washington).

Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella, by Vaclav von Brozik (in the Metropolitan Museum).

George H. Boughton's many colonial subjects, including Pilgrim Exiles, Pilgrims Going to Church, the Return of the Mayflower.

French's statue of the Minute Man at Concord, Massachusetts.

Washington and Lafayette at Mount Vernon (Rossiter).

Trumbull's Signing of the Declaration of Independence.

Abbey's Reading of the Declaration of Independence, in the Capitol at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Dallin's series of Indian equestrian subjects, the best, per-

haps, being the Appeal to the Great Spirit. Others are the Signal of Peace; the Protest; the Medicine Man; an Indian Hunter.

Moran's series of historical marine subjects, about a dozen in number, in the Smithsonian Institution, Washington.

Certain local historical subjects are being used by contemporary mural painters with good effect in the decoration of American public buildings. Such, for instance, is F. D. Millet's Treaty with the Indians, in the Capitol at St. Paul, Minnesota, and such the Edict of Lord Baltimore, by E. H. Blashfield, in the Baltimore Court-House.

It is in view of so many lesson uses of pictures that our schools have multiplied the prints on the walls in the last years, greatly beautifying the rooms. Educators and dealers have prepared carefully graded lists of subjects corresponding to the school grades. These are helpful and suggestive, but by no means final. No two schools, and no two homes, should be decorated alike. Mechanical monotony is to be avoided. There is danger, too, of letting the utilitarian view of art take precedence of the prime value of pictures as pure decoration and pure joy. The educator must be careful not to let the instructive element outweigh the æsthetic.

The wall pictures are only a part of the school picture equipment. The enterprising teacher makes portfolio collections on her own account, and encourages the pupils to collect prints in such ways as I have indicated. The stereopticon, the reflectoscope, or the radiopticon are also in wide use in school lec-

ture work. The teacher who has once caught the enthusiasm for pictorial lesson helps will leave no stone unturned to add to the repertory.

REFERENCE BOOKS:—

SEVERANCE BURRAGE AND HENRY T. BAILEY. *School Sanitation and Decoration* (second part).

M. S. EMERY. *How to Enjoy Pictures*. Chapter on "Pictures in the Schoolroom" (by Stella Skinner).

"*Art Museums and Schools*"; Four Lectures delivered at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Report of the Committee on Instruction by Means of Pictures. Boston Public Schools, School Document No. 6, 1913. Valuable list of stereopticon slides illustrating the scenery, architecture, and industries of many lands, to connect with lessons in geography, history, and science.

VIII

ANIMAL PICTURES

From time immemorial children have loved animals, as pets and playfellows, as toys, as heroes of nursery tales, and as the subject of pictures. Without trying to analyze the psychological reasons, we all accept the fact. When other resources fail in amusing a child, we are always glad to fall back on this one absolutely sure subject of interest. In the school and in the home, animal pictures are much used to combine amusement and instruction. The teacher takes them to illustrate nature lessons, and the mother finds them helpful in pointing many a moral. One cannot begin too early to enlist the child's sympathy with the brute creation.

What constitutes a good animal picture? Correct drawing, certainly, but this is not enough. The animal must seem to be alive. He must show, too, his distinguishing characteristics. We know by his looks what manner of beast he is, gentle or fierce, sly, heavy or fleet-footed. It requires no mean ability to produce a real work of animal art. It means a faithful study of the nature and habits of the animal, and a special aptitude on the part of the artist. Two common faults are conspicuous in much of the animal art given to children. One is stiffness, or lack of vitality:

apparently some illustrators do all their work from natural history collections. The other is the humanizing of the animal character. This quality is doubtless the logical outcome of animal folk-lore, which attributes human sentiments to wild creatures. If we are zealous for good art, we must look out for these faults when making our selections.

In the childhood of the race, as in the childhood of the individual, animals were the favorite art subject, as we see in the ancient sculpture of various peoples. Centuries before the age of painting, the figure decorations of temples and palaces consisted largely of lions and horses. Critics still visit the British museum to marvel at the lion hunt so realistically depicted on an Assyrian bas-relief, and the noble cavalcade of horses forming the frieze of the Parthenon. The best modern animal painters have something to learn from these. The painters of the early Christian centuries had very little idea of animal art. As their subjects were chiefly religious, animals were mere accessories to them, represented with childlike crudeness. In the old Nativity scenes the ox and the ass, standing (or kneeling) beside the manger, look like the wooden toys of a Noah's ark, and the horses in the procession of the Magi, or in the Crucifixion scenes, are stiff wooden models covered with gorgeous trappings. Only once in a while some painter with a keener eye for street scenes would catch a child with a pet dog and smuggle him into the corner of his picture. You find such a group in a great fresco by Botticelli in the Sistine Chapel, and another in Titian's

famous Presentation of the Virgin, as well as in his Ecce Homo. But these are exceptions. It was late in the history of painting when the animal came into his own, when the perfection of technique made every branch of art possible. We may date the beginning of modern animal art from the seventeenth century Dutch school. From this time on, the most mediocre artist could make a presentable animal picture. But it is only now and then that an artist has attained high distinction in the subject. There is perhaps a general idea that the animal world is not quite worthy the entire life devotion of a master, but a few have forcibly refuted this error and their work reveals undreamed-of possibilities in this direction. When you put the lion of the ten-cent picture book beside the lion of Barye, you see the difference between representing the outer skin and the real leonine nature. One is a stuffed museum specimen, and the other is the king of beasts.

The child's first animal pictures are single figures, as are his first pictures of children. The simple object, without accessories, appeals directly to him, and is most easily understood. Of course, it would be impossible to make a complete collection of single animal figures from masterpieces of art, but one can get a goodly number of subjects from Landseer and Rosa Bonheur. Landseer's Newfoundland, and the head My Dog are good examples. Some fine animal heads are among the works of Rosa Bonheur, as the shepherd's dog of the Wallace collection, the mastiff, Flambau, and the companion subjects



Fr. Hanfstaengl, photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY

National Gallery, London

sometimes called "Peace" and "War," a horse and a lion.

The child's first favorites are his domestic pets, the dog, the cat, and the bird. Next come the farm animals which the kindergarteners describe as the child's friends, the hens which give him eggs to eat, and the cow which gives him milk to drink, the sheep which give their wool for his clothes, the horse which carries him to and fro, and the oxen which draw his heavy burdens. Then come the creatures of the woods, the rabbits, squirrels, fox and deer, the beasts of the jungle, the lion and the tiger, the strange creatures of polar regions and the mythical monsters of old poetry and legend.

All children are delighted with pictures of children with their pets, like Hoecker's little Dutch girl with a kitten, who has won so many child friends. Such pictures are not strictly animal art, but often their chief charm to children is the pet — the first thing to exclaim over as they fall upon the picture with rapture. Many portrait painters have represented their juvenile sitters with their pets, notably Velasquez. The Prince Baltasar Carlos on his pony illustrates almost every quality we desire in a child's picture. We hardly know which is more charming, the sleek little animal with his plump round body or the joyous child astride him. The same young prince with his hunting dog is also a notable work in the Prado Museum. There is tremendous latent power in that big, lazy-looking creature lying beside his young master. Van Dyck several times painted his Prince Charles with a

dog, but the animal is rather a decorative accessory than a live and interesting creature. Reynolds treated the child's canine friends with more sympathy. The spaniel which little Miss Bowles holds in a choking embrace captivates us with his bright eyes, while the delightful poodle over which the baby Princess Sophia creeps divides favor with his young mistress. A lovely subject originated by Murillo is that of the child St. John Baptist with a lamb. It was this saint, as will be remembered, who referred to the Saviour as the "lamb of God," and for this reason it became a fixed tradition in sacred art to make the lamb a distinguishing mark of the saint. The idea is very pretty when used as Murillo used it to make the gentle little creature a playmate for the child. There are at least four pictures of this subject.

The child passes gradually from single figures of animals, and pictures of children with animal pets, to more elaborate compositions showing the many-sided life of the animal. It is only by multiplying examples that one can understand how many poses an animal can assume, or what variety of motions he is capable of. The statuesque pose of Landseer's Newfoundland is quite a different thing from the relaxed figure of the Sleeping Bloodhound. A majestic monumental lion is as far removed as possible from the fierce writhing and struggling beasts of Rubens's mighty scenes of the Lion Hunt. There are fifteen of these wonderful pictures. The royal dignity of Landseer's Monarch of the Glen is in striking contrast to the tragic agony of the fallen hero in the Hunted Stag

(National Gallery), while Rosa Bonheur's beautiful Deer in the Forest (Metropolitan) shows the graceful creatures in peaceful home surroundings. The sleek, high-bred driving-horse standing at the forge in Landseer's picture is at opposite poles to Dagnan-Bouveret's strong, rough cart-horses at the watering-trough. These quieter types again differ from the mighty horses of Achilles rearing and plunging, which Automedon holds in check, in Regnault's painting at the Boston Art Museum — or the "flying horses" of Géricault's famous Derby (in the Louvre). Schreyer's Arab horses are of a distinctive type, familiar in many compositions. Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair is a veritable equine panorama showing many types of the animal in different moods. Two well-known paintings in the Metropolitan Museum show contrasting conditions in the life of the sheep: a flock peacefully grazing in the spring, by Mauve, and another caught in the fury of a snow-storm, by Auguste Schenck. The appealing weakness of baby animals is tenderly set forth by our William Morris Hunt, in the Belated Kid and Twin Lambs of the Boston Museum. It is a revelation in the life of the fox to see him in Winslow Homer's picture, Winter (Pennsylvania Academy), speeding over the field of drifted snow in his flight, chased by two great black crows. The two beautiful creatures ranging through the woods in Liljfors's painting (Buffalo) present another and more peaceful phase of the animal's life. Paul Potter's famous Bull at the Hague is unique among art animals, even in the land of cattle painters,

for the marvelous skill in which the creature's coat is reproduced and the character of his eye.

For pictures of cattle in the surroundings of the farm we have had two notable schools of art, the Dutch and the French. In the seventeenth-century Dutch group belong Cuyp, Adrian van der Velde, Berchem, Paul Potter, Du Jardin, and Wouverman. Examples of these masters are in all the galleries of the Netherlands, and the more important pictures have been reproduced by the large foreign photographers. The traditions of Dutch cattle painting have held their own in a remarkable way through the successive generations. The favorite animal is the cow, which a witty modern critic has described as the "omnipresent quadruped" of Dutch art, the "inexhaustible source of ideas re-created a hundred times, but always lending itself to fresh transformations." A group of nineteenth-century men have proved themselves worthy followers of the great seventeenth-century school. Conspicuous among them are Mauve and Maris. The Metropolitan has excellent examples of Mauve as well as of the Belgian Verboeckhoven.

Pictures from modern French animal works are widely circulated. Nearly all of us are familiar with Rosa Bonheur's Ploughing in Nivernais, where the huge oxen, three yokes for each of the two ploughs, plod patiently across the field drawing the primitive implement which upturns the soil for the planting. Pretty well known, too, are Troyon's Oxen going to Work and the Return to the Farm, companion subjects in the Louvre. Émile Marcke was a pupil of

Troyon, and his cattle pictures show much the same method of treatment. There are examples in various American collections which are familiar in reproductions. Dupré, who also belongs in this company, sometimes painted animal subjects; and still another member of the nineteenth-century French group was Charles Jacque, whose specialty was sheep. Pictures of sheep are very pleasing to children, and two favorites of the schoolroom and nursery are Millet's Shepherdess and LeRolle's Shepherdess. The pig, though a familiar figure in nursery tales, is not often encountered in the polite society of art, but George Morland's Midday Meal, in the Metropolitan Museum, is a pig picture worthy of admiration.

As I have referred frequently to Landseer, something should be said of the work of this famous animal painter. In the mid-nineteenth century he was the popular idol in England, admired equally at the court and among the common people. Engravings from his pictures carried his name and his art all around the world. Then came a reaction when critics began to scoff at his literary and anecdotic qualities, and compared him unfavorably with the new favorite, Rosa Bonheur. At the present time we can judge both painters more fairly and see their respective excellences. It is true that Landseer emphasized a dog's kinship with man rather than his characteristic animal traits. Instead of showing the bloodhound in search of his prey, his nose to the trail, he represented the noble creature waiting outside his wounded master's door in an agony of suspense. Instead of

showing the Scotch collie at his proper business of keeping the flock within bounds, he represents him grief-stricken beside the shepherd's coffin. In such subjects as Dignity and Impudence, and Jack in Office, the dog assumes an almost human pose which appeals to the sense of humor as a sort of caricature. This method tends to sentimentalize and overhumanize the dog, instead of representing him in his true function in the animal kingdom. But even if we count out all the pictures in which the painter catered to the popular anecdotic taste, there still remain a sufficiently large number beyond such criticism, to give him high rank as an artist. His technical facility is above praise: he reproduced cleverly the texture of the hair and the brightness of the eye, and had a fine sense of pose. The deer was practically his original discovery. Studying this noble creature in the Scottish Highlands, he interpreted his life with great fidelity and sympathy.

Rosa Bonheur's animal art covered a much larger range of subjects. She lived surrounded by a perfect menagerie of pets, ministering to them with touching devotion through their ailments and old age. Horses, dogs, cattle, deer, and lions were by turns her favorites, both as companions and art subjects. She knew the lion in every stage of his life from the soft cub, like the picture in Bowdoin College, to the old beast whose head was the model of "War." Though none knew better than she the friendly human side of all animals, she exercised admirable self-restraint in subordinating this element to the essential animal

nature. Her strong, sure technique is of high rank. There is nothing weak or effeminate in her style, but marked virility. Comparing her work with Landseer's, I should say in a general way that his animal figures are more often in repose, and hers in action. Perhaps she was a bit overpraised merely because she was a woman. It was something new in the nineteenth century for a woman to attain artistic distinction, and still newer to enter a field regarded as distinctively masculine. Her work, too, had the obvious qualities which make for popular favor, rather than the subtleties which appeal to the connoisseur. The very bigness of the Horse Fair and the Ploughing in Nivernais calls forth encomiums from the unsophisticated admirer. Severer critics find her lacking in the subtleties of modeling which Barye's work has taught us to look for, or in the dashing qualities of style and *verve* which Géricault exemplified.

Another woman devoting herself to animal art was Henrietta Ronner, born in Holland, and living after marriage in Belgium. For the last thirty years of her life she specialized in cats, and was liberally patronized by royalty and people of wealth. In the nineties she published two beautiful books with reproductions of her pictures. These illustrated volumes and some scattered magazine articles are the only means the general American public has had of knowing the wonderful work of this cat artist. It is to be hoped that time will open these treasures to us all. Some popular cat pictures in wide circulation among the dealers are by Adam and Lambert.

If we cannot get hold of reproductions of good animal art, we can at least find photographs direct from life, and these are far better than copies of poor paintings, especially crudely colored lithographs. A poor color print is likely to be flat and wooden in effect, while the camera reproduces the delicate gradations of black and white which show the modeling of the body. Good magazine illustrations supply us with much excellent material. The source of the picture is of little consequence, so long as we see to it that the animal represented is true to life.

REFERENCE BOOKS: —

JOHN VAN DYKE. *Studies in Pictures.* Chapter on the "Animal in Art."

SIR WALTER GILBEY. *Animal Painters of England.* London, 1900.

COSMO MONKHOUSE. *Works of Sir Edwin Landseer, with a History of his Art Life.*

ESTELLE M. HURLL. *Landseer.* In the Riverside Art Series.

RENÉ PEYROL. *Rosa Bonheur: Her Life and Work.* London, 1889.

MARIUS VACHON. *Henriette Ronner, the Painter of Cat Life and Cat Character.* Translated by Clara Bell, 1895.

MAX ROOSES. *Dutch Painters of the Nineteenth Century.* Chapter on Henrietta Ronner. London, 1898.

LIST OF ANIMAL PICTURES

Child with animal pet.

Hoecker. Girl with Cat. (Dutch child with quaint cap.)

Velasquez. Prince Baltasar Carlos on Pony. Madrid Gallery.
Prince Baltasar Carlos (with hunting dogs). Madrid Gallery.

Reynolds. Miss Bowles (and spaniel). Wallace Collection, London.

Reynolds. Princess Sophia (and poodle).
Lady Spencer and Son (with dog, in the park).
Murillo. St. John the Baptist playing with the Lamb.
Examples in the galleries of Vienna, Madrid, and the National Gallery, London.
The Divine Shepherd. (Christ Child and lamb). Madrid Gallery.
William Morris Hunt. The Belated Kid. (Young girl carrying home the tired "baby.") Boston Art Museum.

Cattle Subjects.

Dutch. Seventeenth century.

Cuyp. Landscape with cattle. Metropolitan Museum, New York.
Landscape with cattle. Metropolitan Museum, New York.
Paul Potter. The Young Bull. The Hague Gallery.

Dutch. Nineteenth century.

Mauve. Spring. Metropolitan Museum.
Autumn. Metropolitan Museum.
Sheep on the Dunes. Buffalo.

French. Nineteenth century.

Troyon. Oxen Going to Work. Louvre.
Return to Farm. Louvre.
Holland Cattle. Metropolitan Museum.
On the Road. Metropolitan Museum.
Schenck. Lost. (Sheep in storm.) Metropolitan Museum.
Van Marcke. The Mill. Metropolitan Museum.
Farm Scene. Corcoran Gallery.
Herd. Pennsylvania Academy.
The Water Gate. Layton Gallery, Milwaukee.
Golden Autumn Day. Art Institute, Chicago.
Dupré. The Escaped Cow.
The Drinking-Trough.
Jacque. The Sheepfold. Metropolitan Museum.
Feeding Sheep. Louvre.
Pastoral. Buffalo.

Miscellaneous animal subjects.

William Morris Hunt. The Twin Lambs. Boston Art Museum.

Winslow Homer. The Fox. Pennsylvania Academy.
Liljfors. Foxes. Buffalo.
Géricault. The Derby. Louvre.
Dagnan-Bouveret. At the Watering-Trough. (Cart-horse and driver.)
Regnault. Horses of Achilles. Boston Art Museum.
Schreyer. Halt in the Desert.
On the March.
Arab Scouts.
Rubens. Lion Hunt. (Seven men, three horses, lion and lioness.) Munich.
Lion Hunt. Dresden Gallery.

Landseer's subjects.

The Newfoundland Dog. ("Distinguished Member of the Humane Society.")
Shoeing.
My Dog.
King Charles Spaniels (lying on table). National Gallery.
Sleeping Bloodhound.
Monarch of the Glen. (Deer.)
The Challenge. (Deer.)
The Sanctuary. (Deer.)
Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner. (Shepherd dog beside master's coffin.)
Suspense. (Bloodhound.) South Kensington Museum.
Twa Dogs. South Kensington Museum.
High Life and Low Life. (Bulldog and greyhound, companion subjects in National Gallery of British Art, London.)
The Nutcrackers. (Squirrels.)

Rosa Bonheur's subjects.

The Shepherd Dog. Wallace Collection, London.
Flambeau. (Dog's head.)
Deer in the Forest. Metropolitan Museum.
Lion Cub. Bowdoin College.
Peace. (Head of horse.)
War. (Head of old lion.)
Ploughing in Nivernais. Luxembourg, Paris.
Horse Fair. Metropolitan Museum.
Haymaking in Auvergne. Luxembourg.
Brittany Sheep.
Sheep of Berry.

IX

PICTURES OF CHILDREN

A WISE mother is glad to have her child enjoy the companionship of other children. It makes for normal development that he should mingle with others of his own age in the home, in the school, and at his play. And it is simply an extension of the same principle that his first books and pictures are about children. Every little boy or girl he meets or hears about is interesting to him, and he welcomes a picture child as a new friend. Among very little ones, pictures of boys or girls are equally enjoyed, but the time soon comes when boys naturally take to their own kind and girls to theirs. We can hardly surfeit them with this class of subjects, and indeed no grown-up with a heart for children ever tires of good art of this sort. The popularity of such subjects is seen in the immense output of advertising material adorned with child pictures. Many of these reproduce photographs of real babies, and are by no means to be despised. Much of the artistic modern photography compares favorably with high art. Nevertheless, our repertory should not be wholly supplied from this source. It is desirable for the child's all-around education that his art world be peopled with children of many periods and nationalities. In the embarrassment of riches which are available for this purpose

the classified descriptive list at the close of this chapter will help mothers and teachers to make wise selections. The pictures referred to have been tested by much practical experience and found attractive and interesting to children.

Technically the picture of a child is a far more difficult achievement than that of an adult. When the Italian primitives were struggling with the problems of the human figure they represented children as miniature grown-ups. The Christ-child in the arms of his mother, as old Cimabue and Giotto painted him, is a good deal like a doll. The real live baby was not born into the world of art till a much later date. Indeed, the very young baby has never been a common art subject, for the painter has naturally preferred the more attractive stages of childhood.

An inexhaustible storehouse of child pictures, as all the world knows, is that vast body of works to which we apply the Italian name "Madonna," because it was in Italy that the subject had complete historical development. It represents Mary, the mother of Jesus, with the Christ-child in her arms, and was the first artistic effort of the Christian era to portray childhood. The theme makes an instantaneous appeal to children of all ages, and will never outgrow popular favor. In making selections for our children, we do well to avoid the archaic paintings of the early centuries and all the more formal altar pieces, looking first for the elements of human interest and childish affection. The simplest compositions are best. From the great Renaissance Italians the best beloved mas-

ters are Andrea del Sarto, Raphael, Correggio, Luini, Bellini, and Titian. The German Holbein's Meyer Madonna also belongs in this period. From the seventeenth-century names I would add those of Carlo Dolce (with discrimination), Murillo (Spanish), and the two great Flemings, Rubens and Van Dyck. All these men understood well the representation of innocent, happy childhood. There are also many excellent modern Madonna pictures in the art stores by Gabriel Max, Bodenhausen, Dagnan-Bouveret, Sichel, Ferrari, and others.

The children's special favorites among Raphael's works are the Madonna of the Chair and the Sistine Madonna. In innumerable schoolrooms all over the land hangs one or the other of these two pictures. Many stories are told by the teachers of the beneficent influence of these noble ideals of motherhood and childhood upon pupils of every race and creed. Such subjects may be considered entirely apart from their original ecclesiastical significance as a universal type of the tenderest of human relations. I heard of a young high-school girl, obliged to give up her course because of tuberculosis, who talked constantly of the beautiful picture which hung in the schoolroom. The mother found upon inquiry that it was the Sistine Madonna, a copy was procured, and the girl's last days were made happier by the gracious presence in her sick-room.

The two great Raphaels illustrate a contrast in motive which a child is quick to grasp. The child of the Chair Madonna nestles in his mother's protecting

arms, seeking shelter from danger, but the Sistine boy is like a little prince who is thinking of his people, and is setting forth to help the world. In the chil-dren's phrase one is "babyish," and the other "manly." I call the Chair Madonna the "Madonna of Love," and the Sistine, the "Madonna of Service." The central portion of the Sistine Madonna makes a picture complete in itself. In fact many of the most attractive Madonna subjects are made in this way, by photographing the central detail in a separate print.

A subject closely akin to the Madonna and Child is Charity, a symbolic expression of that all-embracing spirit of love which gathers the children of the world in its care. A noble group by Andrea del Sarto treats this subject as a motherly woman seated, with a child at her breast, another on her knee, and another at her feet. Burne-Jones made a tall, narrow panel of Charity standing with a baby on each arm and four children at her feet. Abbot Thayer's painting in the Boston Art Museum is a third well-known example. Here Charity extends both arms as if to shelter all children beneath them, and two little ones stand at her feet nestling against her sides. Such pictures are admirably adapted to the nursery and the lower grade schoolroom. And perhaps here, better than anywhere else, should be mentioned that beautiful picture of kindred theme, Murillo's Guardian Angel.

The Holy Family is an enlargement of the Madonna subject by the introduction of other figures. A pleasant fancy of the old masters was to represent

the little St. John Baptist, cousin of Jesus, as a playmate of the holy child. Here are endless possibilities of story interest for a child's delight. An effective contrast is made between the swarthy, skin-clad Baptist and the fair-haired Christ-child. The sturdy St. John is the most affectionate slave of his cousin, bringing offerings of fruit and flowers or kneeling in adoration. Raphael was particularly felicitous in this subject, and examples are numerous also among his contemporaries. Single ideal portraits of either of the two boys are not very common, but are treasures worth picking up when they are to be found. Andrea del Sarto's St. John Baptist, the boy, is an exceptional picture, and a great favorite. Murillo's so-called Children of the Shell is a delicately conceived subject of the relation between the two cousins. They have been playing together with the lamb, when St. John becomes thirsty, and the Christ-child offers him to drink from a shell.

The several striking incidents of the infancy of Jesus have all been very often illustrated, and form a series of delightful pictures of child life. The birth in the Bethlehem manger, the visit of the shepherds to the newborn babe, the coming of the wise men with their Oriental gifts, the presentation of the babe in the Temple, the flight into Egypt, and the visit of the twelve-year-old boy in the Temple, have been made vivid by the art of many centuries. In choosing such pictures we must be careful to see that artistic beauty is united with good illustrative quality. It must be understood that none of the great painters of

the past made any attempt to represent Bible scenes with historical accuracy. They knew and cared nothing about the customs and topography of Palestine in the first century. Happily, however, our children have no archæological prejudices. Their interest centers upon the babe, who lies serenely on his bed of straw in the company of the ox and the ass, who receives his first gifts with eager delight, who is borne in his mother's arms on their long donkey ride into a far country, and who later discusses gravely with the gray-beards of the Temple the great volume of the Scriptures.

Another class of attractive child pictures emanating from the old masters is the joyous company of angels who figure so conspicuously in religious compositions. They fill the heavenly spaces with their choirs and make music before the Madonna's throne. They sport playfully in the clouds or make themselves useful on the earth, companions and playmates of the Christ-child, or attendants upon sacred personages. And always, whether praying, adoring, singing, serving, they are the perfect embodiment of the eternal child spirit. Correggio is easily first in this peculiar field, as the creator of the most fascinating elflike sprites, bubbling over with mischief. The same elfin creature is by turns angel or cupid, playing with the helmet and sword of St. George, or sharpening an arrow by the couch of Danaë.

The child angel as a musician belongs especially to the Venetian art, placed at the bottom of a formal altar piece. Some of the best-loved figures of painting

are these artless little creatures, bending over lute or violin with complete absorption. Bellini, Palma, and Carpaccio contributed some winsome examples. A few of the Florentines — notably Raphael and Bartolommeo — and the Bolognese Francia adopted the Venetian idea with characteristic variations. Other baby figures, or "putti," for all sorts of decorative purposes, are scattered freely through Italian Renaissance painting, carrying banderoles or cartouches, supporting pedestals or medallions. In the limited repertory of subjects in this period, these child ideals formed a sort of outlet for the artist's playful fancy.

Turning from these ideal child subjects of past centuries to the field of portrait painting, we find that real portraits of real children constitute a very interesting and attractive class of pictures for the little ones in our schools and homes. They make the home life of historic periods more vivid to us, they teach us how the boys and girls of olden times dressed, and, most of all, they show us that child nature is the same in all ages. With what wonder and curiosity do we gaze upon the monstrous skirts, the long, stiff corsets, and the elaborate finery which burdened little royalty of long ago. But that babies of four hundred years back played with rattles as they do now, and that children frolicked with pet dogs and clung to their mothers' knees, unites the past and the present very closely. Sometimes we come unexpectedly upon a style of dress which seems quite familiar — a plumed hat, a jaunty cap, a broad lace collar, a "Dutch cut" of hair, a "Russian blouse." The picture of a child

elicits the prompt demand for information about the original — where does he live, what is his name, etc. We must take pains to answer such questions intelligently and consistently. If we cannot learn much of the pictured child's real story, we may at least place definitely the nationality, the period, and the social class, so to speak, while the face tells us something of the particular temperament. A little experience makes us adept in the art of inference and teaches us to note every detail which may give the clue to the child's character. When a historical personage is represented, we have plenty of interesting material to connect with the portrait.

Child portraits were rare articles in the Italian Renaissance, but of course we all know that there is no rule without exception. Now and again some painter — Ghirlandajo, Botticelli, Pinturicchio — pleased himself by turning off the portrait of a boy or girl whose face had caught his fancy. Occasionally a fond parent, like the great Duchess Isabella d'Este or a Medici prince, gave an order for the likeness of a beloved child. We can count these exceptional pictures on the fingers, but they are precious enough to cherish both for their artistic and historic value.

With the great portrait schools of the seventeenth century the child came into his rightful art place. From this time forward children's pictures occupy their proper proportion in the total product of any period and school of art. But with all this abundance of material one can never choose a child's picture at random. It is not given to all in equal measure to

understand the heart of a child. There is a certain touchstone of sympathetic imagination by which we must test the essential quality of the pictures. To begin with, let us look for something better than mere doll-like superficial prettiness. The child need not be pretty to be interesting or attractive. Just a plain little everyday kind of girl who looks like a nice playmate, or a jolly good-natured sort of boy who is ready for any fun, makes the most delightful picture. A self-conscious, artificial child is as undesirable in a picture as in real life, and that artist is most successful whose work is most simple and natural. This is why Velasquez is so great, and Greuze often so weak, and Van Dyck so uneven. Where in the world of art can you match the simple babyish gravity of the infant Baltasar (Boston Art Museum), the pathetic timidity of Maria Theresa, or the sweet shyness of the Princess Margaret? Velasquez was free from the common fault of overmodeling the child's face, painting only what he saw. Never straining after effects, his perfect self-restraint was an element of his success. All their absurd and gorgeous court costumes cannot hide the true child nature of the little Spanish royalties.

Now the young girls of Greuze, with all their prettiness, are not really natural. They are consciously posing for your admiration. And as you come to look at them the second time, you see that they are not so young as they seem to be. Some of them are only make-believe little girls, with arch smiles. Even the charming maiden of the Broken Pitcher, so carefully

made up with a rose in her hair and a nosegay in her corsage, is not quite convincing. While the picture has some fine qualities, the motive lacks sincerity and spontaneity, and I for one would give a good deal more for the wistful child with the apple in the London Gallery. Associated in our thoughts with the name of Greuze is that of Madame Le Brun, who began her art career by copying Greuze's heads. She was, however, more sincere, if less gifted, than he, and she added something to the treasures of child portraiture in the charming pictures of her little daughter. The Mother and Daughter in the Louvre is a fine and deservedly popular work.

The child portraiture of Van Dyck is always sincere and serious, but the posing and grouping are not uniformly natural. The oft-repeated children of Charles I stand in rather stiff and uncompromising rows, but any such faults are forgotten for the splendid artistic qualities of the work. The heads are beautifully done and make complete separate pictures, particularly Prince Charles, and the inimitable "Baby James," the Duke of York, in his little bonnet. Princess Mary is a bit too prim to be really childlike. My own favorites among Van Dyck's child figures belong to the earlier periods when his inspiration had not lost its freshness, like the White Boy of the Durazzo Palace in Genoa, souvenir of his youthful Italian journey, and Richardot and his son,[1] from the Flemish groups. The child portraits of Cornelis de Vos should

[1] An illustration in the volume on *Van Dyck* in the Riverside Art Series.



Painted by Van Dyck. John Andrew & Son. Sc.

CHARLES, PRINCE OF WALES
Royal Gallery, Turin

be classed with those of Van Dyck, whose contemporary he was, and whose skill he closely rivaled. They represent his own engaging little daughters. The Dutch schools of the same day furnish us many valuable examples of the subtle art of child portraiture. It was a fashion there for well-to-do merchants to have group pictures painted of the entire family. From this custom we see in the galleries a wonderful array of these pictures showing well the solidarity of the Dutch home life. It goes without saying that Dutch children are always chubby and rosy, and the soberness of their costume gives them an air of quaint gravity. Besides the more common or typical works, we have a few priceless gems which every child-lover values.

It was the glory of the English eighteenth-century art to develop the beauty of womanhood and childhood, and from this school came forth a host of picture children to delight the world. A characteristic quality is their animation. Contrasted with the staid and quiet figures of the little Italians, Spaniards, and Flemings of the previous centuries these English young folk are sparkling with life and gayety. In attitude, gesture, and expression we get the whole story of the child's individual temperament. Sir Joshua Reynolds was the head of the School. He was one of those rare spirits who win the complete confidence of a child. He was their boon companion, and while he romped with them as a playmate, his keen artist's eye noted their qualities as models. Delightful stories are told of that great octagonal room in Lei-

cester Square from which proceeded such shouts of laughter that none could have dreamed it was a painter's studio. From this enchanted castle were sent many masterpieces which have made the youthful originals household names, like Penelope Boothby and Miss Bowles. Not content with filling a multitude of orders, the painter seized every opportunity to make ideal or "fancy" subjects of children for his own amusement, using his little niece and grandniece as models. It is thus that we have the Strawberry Girl, the Age of Innocence, Simplicity, and Little Samuel. Gainsborough, like Van Dyck, inclined to the more poetic and serious aspects of child life, and therefore does not so readily win a child's attention. But the Blue Boy should be introduced to all our children as a notable work of art, and no one can fail to respond to the intimate charm of his expression. The works of the lesser painters of the English school, Romney, Opie, Hoppner, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, have not been widely enough reproduced to become familiar to the general public. But little by little, as they find their way to large collections, we may hope to add to our knowledge of this marvelous setting-forth of child life in its happiest and most wholesome vein.

When we come down to our own period in our art study, our troubles increase, as we try to collect reproductions of some modern masterpieces of child portraiture. Costly copyrighted photographs we cannot all possess, but we derive such satisfaction as we may from poring over chance cuts in magazines

and expensive illustrated books. Through these sources we learn how many children's pictures were made by the French Bouguereau and Boutet de Monvel, the English Sir John Millais and Burne-Jones. A few good contemporary pictures, like Shannon's Miss Kitty and Mr. Chase's Alice, are scattered through our American public collections, and are rapidly becoming known through the efforts of art dealers.

And now for our lists: —

List of Pictures of Children

Madonna subjects.

Raphael. Madonna of the Diadem. Louvre, Paris. (Baby asleep.)
Granduca Madonna. Pitti Gallery, Florence.
Tempi Madonna. Munich.
Chair Madonna. Pitti Gallery, Florence.
Sistine Madonna, Dresden Gallery.

Correggio. Madonna with Angels. Uffizi Gallery, Florence.
Kneeling Madonna. Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

Andrea del Sarto. Madonna of the Harpies. (So called from decoration of pedestal.) Uffizi Gallery, Florence. (Detail of mother and child.)

Botticelli. Madonna. Louvre, Paris.

Filippo Lippi. Madonna. Uffizi. (Mother seated, and angels holding babe.)

Perugino. Kneeling Madonna. National Gallery, London. (Central panel of triptych.)

Luini. Madonna of the Rose Hedge. Brera, Milan.
Madonna at Lugano. (Lunette. Christ-child playing with lamb, little St. John on other side.)

Bellini. Madonna of Two Trees. Venice Academy.
Madonna and Child. National Gallery.

Titian. Pesaro Madonna. Church of Frari, Venice. (Detail of mother and child.)
Madonna of Rabbit. National Gallery.

Giorgione. Madonna. Castelfranco, near Venice.

Palma. Madonna and Saints. Dresden.

Moretto. Madonna and St. Nicholas. Brescia. (Unique and charming. The old saint introduces two little boys to the Christ-child, two others following him.)

Carlo Dolce. Madonna. Dresden. (Child asleep.)
Madonna. Pitti Gallery, Florence. (Child standing on mother's knee.)

Holbein. Meyer Madonna. Dresden Gallery.

Murillo. Madonna. Pitti Gallery, Florence.
Madonna. Corsini Gallery, Rome.

Van Dyck. Presepio. Corsini, Rome.

The Holy Family.

Raphael. Cardellino Madonna (Madonna of Goldfinch). Uffizi, Florence. (Mother with two children in landscape; St. John bringing goldfinch.)
Madonna of the Meadow. Vienna. (Mother and the two children in landscape.)
Belle Jardiniere. Louvre. (Mother with two children in landscape.)
Madonna dell' Impannata. Pitti. (Two mothers, Mary and Elizabeth, with the two children.)
Madonna of the Pearl. Madrid. (Four figures as above. Full of joyous domestic feeling.)

Pinturicchio. Holy Family. Siena Gallery. (Landscape. Mary and Joseph seated. The two children running across meadow to draw water from fountain. The children's figures are photographed separately.)

Titian. Madonna of the Cherries. Vienna. (Mother with the two children. St. John bringing fruit.)
Madonna with St. Anthony. Uffizi. (Mother with two children. St. John bringing flowers.)

Luini. Holy Family. Ambrosian Gallery. Milan. (Two mothers, Mary and Elizabeth, with the children.)

Andrea del Sarto. Holy Family. Two pictures in the Pitti, Florence.

Knaus. Holy Family. Metropolitan, New York. (Little angel peeping at babe in mother's lap. Joseph on donkey in rear.)

Rubens. Holy Family. Pitti, Florence.

Van Dyck. Holy Family. Turin. (Two mothers and St. Joseph. Christ-child eagerly springing toward St. John.)

Nativity.

Correggio. Holy Night. Dresden.
Luini. Nativity. Louvre.
Nativity. Como Cathedral.
Lorenzo di Credi. Adoration of Shepherds. Uffizi, Florence.
Lorenzo Lotto. Adoration of Shepherds. Brescia.
Murillo. Adoration of Shepherds. Madrid Gallery.
LeRolle. Arrival of Shepherds.
Burne-Jones. Nativity. Torquay.

Adoration of Kings (or Magi.)

Ghirlandajo. Foundling Hospital, Florence.
Gentile da Fabriano. Florence Academy.
Burne-Jones. Star of Bethlehem. Oxford, England.

Flight into Egypt.

Holman Hunt. Triumph of Innocents. (Circle of angels dancing about wayfarers.)
Correggio. Madonna della Scodella. Parma Gallery. (Mother dipping water from pool and St. Joseph plucking dates for Christ-child.)

Presentation in Temple.

Bartolommeo. Vienna. (Group of five figures, the aged Simeon holding the Christ-child.)

Christ among Doctors.

Holman Hunt. (Interior of Temple with many figures, Mary just discovering the lost child.)
Hoffman. (Group of six figures in three-quarter length. Boy Christ pointing to Scriptures.)

Child Angels.

As parts of compositions.

Botticelli. In the Incoronata, Uffizi, Florence. (Holding crown of stars over Madonna's head, and supporting her writing materials for inscribing the Magnificat.)

Filippino Lippi. In Holy Family, Pitti, Florence. (Adoring and scattering rose petals over child who lies on the ground.)

In The Vision of St. Bernard, Church of the Badia, Florence. (Four attendants of Virgin. One with folded hands is photographed separately.)

Leonardo da Vinci. In the Baptism by Verrochio, Florence Academy. (Two kneeling attendants. Photographed separately.)

Titian. In the Assumption. Venice Academy. (Angelic throng upbearing ascending Virgin. Some groups photographed separately.)

Correggio. In frescoes in dome of Church of St. John Evangelist, Parma.

In ceiling decoration in Convent of S. Paolo, Parma. (Bearing implements of chase, to accompany Diana. Each figure in a medallion, photographed as separate picture.)

Murillo. In Immaculate Conception, Louvre, Paris. (Angelic throng upbearing Virgin.)

Van Dyck. Repose in Egypt. Pitti, Florence. (Circle of baby angels dancing to entertain Christ-child.)

Raphael. In Sistine Madonna, Dresden. (Two cherub heads at bottom of picture.)

In Foligno Madonna. Vatican Gallery. (Cherub holding cartouche at bottom of picture.)

In Jurisprudence fresco, Vatican, Rome. (Cherub in right corner.)

In Fresco of Sibyls, S. Maria della Pace, Rome. (Cherub.)

As separate pictures.

Rubens. Vienna Gallery. (Angels playing with Christ-child and lamb.)

Munich Gallery. (Angels playing with garland of flowers.)

Rosso Fiorentino. Uffizi, Florence. (Angel with guitar.)

Andrea del Sarto. Florence Academy. (Two angels with scroll.)

Musical child angels in altar pieces, photographed as separate figures.[1]

Bellini. In Frari Madonna, Venice. (Lute-player. Flute-player.)

Vivarini. In Redentore Madonna, Venice. (Two baby lute-players.)

Carpaccio. In Presentation. Venice Academy. (Lute-player.)

Palma. In Madonna enthroned. Vicenza. (Violinist.)

Raphael. In Baldacchino Madonna, Pitti, Florence. (Two choristers.)

Bartolommeo. In Marriage of St. Catherine. Florence. (Guitar-player and violinist.)

Francia. In Madonna of S. Giacomo, Bologna. (Two girl musicians.)

Child portraits.

Italian Renaissance.

Pinturicchio. Dresden Gallery. (Boy. Bust.)

Ghirlandajo. Louvre. (Old man and little child.)

Francia. Federigo Gonzaga. Bust. Altman Collection, New York. (The boy was son of Isabella d'Este and the Duke of Mantua.)

Morone. Bergamo Gallery. (Little girl. Bust.)

Paris Bordone. Uffizi Gallery. (Bust of boy with plumed hat.)

Baroccio. Prince of Urbino. Pitti, Florence. (Baby in cradle.)

Tiberio Titi. Prince Leopold de' Medici. Pitti. (A baby.)

Bronzino. Don Garcia. Uffizi. (Fat baby boy with bird.)
Princess Mary. Uffizi. (Prim little girl.)

Titian. Lavinia. Berlin Gallery.

Flemish. Seventeenth century.

Rubens. Two sons. Vienna Gallery. (Full-length figures in rich costumes.)

Van Dyck. Children of Charles I.
Group of three (full length). Turin Gallery. (The group from which the separate heads

[1] La Farge's Suonatore in the Worcester Art Museum is a beautiful picture inspired by the musical angels of the old Italian altar pieces.

are taken, Charles, Mary, and Baby James.)
Group of three (full length). Dresden Gallery.
Group of five. Berlin Gallery.
Princess Mary and Prince William (her fiancé). Amsterdam.
Prince William of Nassau. St. Petersburg.

Cornelis de Vos. Baby. Antwerp. (In high chair with toys.)
Two little daughters. Berlin Gallery. (Children richly dressed seated on floor. Bewitching.)

Dutch. Seventeenth century.

Cuyp. Boy's head. (Wearing broad-brimmed hat.)

Maes. Boy with hawk. Wallace Collection, London.

Frans Hals. Ilpenstein Baby. Berlin Gallery. (Richly dressed baby bubbling over with laughter. In arms of nurse.)

Moreelse. Princess. Amsterdam. (Half-length; dressed in stiff corset.)

Terburg. Helen van Schalke. Amsterdam. (Cabinet picture. Full-length figure. Dressed like a Quaker lady with reticule over arm. Very quaint.)

Ver Meer. Girl's head. Hague. (Wearing turban. Wonderful light on face.)

Lirens. Portrait of Boy. Berlin.

Spanish, Seventeenth century.

Velasquez. Princess Margaret. Louvre. (Bust.)
Las Meninas. Madrid Gallery. (Interior with little Princess Margaret in center, surrounded by attendants.)
Princess Margaret. Vienna Gallery. (Full-length figure similar to that in Las Meninas.)
Princess Maria Theresa. Madrid Gallery.
Prince Baltasar Carlos on his Pony. Madrid Gallery.
Prince Baltasar Carlos (with hunting dog). Madrid Gallery.
Prince Baltasar Carlos (with dwarf). Boston Art Museum.

Murillo. Boy at window. National Gallery, London.

PICTURES OF CHILDREN

French.

Greuze. Broken Pitcher. Louvre, Paris.
Child with apple. National Gallery, London.
Girl with lamb. National Gallery, London.
Innocence. Wallace Collection, London. (Girl with lamb.)

Mme. Le Brun. Madame Le Brun and her Daughter. Louvre.
Girl with muff. Louvre.
Head of daughter. Bologna Gallery.

Fragonard. Head of child. Wallace Collection, London.

English, Eighteenth century.

Reynolds. Angel heads. National Gallery.
Age of Innocence. National Gallery.
Infant Samuel. National Gallery.
Lady Cockburn and children. National Gallery.
Duchess of Devonshire and baby.
Lady Spencer and son.
Simplicity.
Miss Bowles. Wallace Collection, London.
Strawberry Girl. Wallace Collection, London.
Penelope Boothby.

Gainsborough. Blue Boy. (Two versions. One at Grosvenor House, London. The other in collection of Mr. Hearn, from which reproductions have been made. Full-length figure in landscape. Dressed in blue satin.)
Eliza Linley and brother. Morgan Collection, New York.

Romney. Gower children. (Four little girls dancing in a circle. Tall girl striking tambourine.)

Sir Thomas Lawrence. Calmady children. (Two children's heads in circular composition, sometimes called "Nature.")

Miscellaneous.

Manet. Boy with sword. Metropolitan Museum. (Full-length.)

Sully. Boy with torn hat. Boston Art Museum. (Bust.)

Whistler. Rose of Lyme. Boston Art Museum. (Half-length of little girl.)

Sargent. Boit children. Boston Art Museum. (Interior with three children.)
Carnation Lily, Lily Rose. (Two little girls in garden lighting Japanese lanterns.)
Burne-Jones. Dorothy Drew. (Full-length figure of little girl seated.)
Shannon. Miss Kitty. Pittsburg. (Full length.)
William M. Chase. Alice. Chicago Art Institute.
Frank Benson. My Daughter. (Bust portrait.)
Bouguereau. Sister and brother.
The Broken Pitcher.
George de Forest Brush. Mother and child. Boston Art Museum.

REFERENCE BOOKS: —

ALICE MEYNELL: *Children of the Old Masters: Italian Schools.* London, 1903.

A quarto volume with fifty-six beautiful plates. An essay in nine sections, covering about seventy pages and discussing the old Italian interpretation of child life, with some emphasis on the work of the Tuscan sculptors.

LORINDA MUNSEN BRYANT. *Famous Pictures of Real Boys and Girls.* London, 1912.

Arranged by countries: Italy, Spain, Germany, Holland, Belgium, France, England, and America.

X

STORY PICTURES

A CHILD'S love of stories is well-nigh universal, and no argument is needed to prove the value of gratifying this taste. Whether it is regarded from an educational standpoint, as a training for the mind, or merely taken for pure amusement, the story is the child's natural pabulum. How pictures may facilitate and enrich the story-telling process I have tried to explain in a previous chapter. It remains to make some suggestions in regard to story-picture material. For as there are stories and stories, some good for children, and some not, so there are pictures and pictures, from which to choose. Some subjects attract a child at once, and others make no impression on him. Some which appeal to him with an obvious story interest may be wretched specimens on the artistic or mechanical side. Some which interest an older person very much, deal with themes which a child is incapable of grasping. Worst of all, some have an unwholesome or artificial, sentimental or silly, story to tell. On the whole, it is much better to have a few good things than many inferior prints.

In one sense any and every picture is a story picture. An active imagination may weave a drama out of the most meager material. The figure of an animal, Landseer's Newfoundland Dog, let us say, may sug-

gest all sorts of exploits to form an endless tale. A portrait, like the head of Van Dyck's Prince Charles, may be the starting-point of the life-story of the Merry Monarch. This story use of the picture is perfectly legitimate, but it is not the original intention of the artist. A real story picture differs from one upon which a story may be based as the Adoration of the Shepherds differs from a simple Madonna, or Boughton's Pilgrims going to Church from Stuart's portrait of George Washington. The real story picture is dramatic in character and contains a story by implication, the story the artist meant to tell, and to draw this out is quite another matter than building one of our own upon a picture not designed for the purpose. The line cannot be rigidly drawn, but it seems to me well to keep the distinction clearly in mind. We do not want to fix the "literary habit" upon a child so that every picture necessarily means a story to him. In a real story or anecdotic picture, the position or action of the figures and the accessories of the composition all point out a story, and if the artist has done his part, we ought to read it easily.

The first story subjects we give our children are naturally those dealing with child life. We begin by looking for pictures illustrating the doings of the average boy and girl in the home, with his playmates, and in the great outdoor world. Few artists have in any sense specialized in these lines, and we pick up our material among scattered examples from many countries and many periods. The most satisfactory

pictures of this sort are general and typical in character rather than local in interest. The good old stories which have been retold from time immemorial retain their hold upon us because they deal with the typical elements of human nature and child life. They have no local color to fix the time and place. So with story pictures. If they reach the heart of child life, they last forever, but if they depend too much upon transient elements, the next generation will not understand them. I can best explain my meaning by illustrations. About three hundred years ago the Spanish artist Murillo painted some groups of beggar boys playing in the street. They were ragged and unkempt, not particularly pretty and not over-clean, but they were full of the joy of life. Happy-go-lucky as the birds of the air, they are feasting on melons and grapes, and kings of the earth might envy them. There are at least eight of these subjects, the best-known being the group in the Munich Gallery, and they are among the most popular and delightful pictures in the world. Though painted three centuries ago in Seville, you can find their counterparts to-day in the streets of New York, or Boston, or Chicago. To the end of time boys will flock together to loaf in the sun, devour stolen fruit, and play games on the ground. Murillo's pictures will never need explanation and will never go by. Now many story pictures which seem very funny and clever at first sight lose their interest as time passes, because the details are too definitely localized. In the latter part of the nineteenth century there were vari-

ous painters whose works had great vogue, but which are already going out of fashion. Meyer von Bremen's pictures of Swiss child life and J. G. Brown's of New York newsboys and bootblacks are of this class. They deal with local customs which are already passing. We speak of them as "old-fashioned"; but it never occurs to anybody to call the Spanish Beggar Boys old-fashioned. Fashion has nothing to do with them. Nor does the seventeenth-century setting prevent our enjoyment of the merrymaking in some of Jan Steen's Dutch pictures. This painter did more children's subjects than seems to be generally known. We debar, of course, any which are coarse in vein, but scenes of simple hilarity, even if it is of a boisterous kind, are good to have. Steen's contemporary, Peter de Hooch, is at opposite poles in his choice of subjects, gentle, quiet, refined, and poetic. His demure little girls helping their mothers about the housework are the pattern of dutifulness. One can scarcely imagine them doing anything naughty, but they are not too prim to be thoroughly childlike and lovable. Among modern painters the French Millet and the Dutch Israels seem to me the most natural and spontaneous in their delineations of children's occupations and amusements. In fact, the doings of country children seem to make a wider appeal than city subjects. It would be foolish to insist that a child's pictures should be only those which have stood the test of years. As well give up all magazines and newspapers. It is well, however, to keep in mind the difference between the permanent and the transient. The

pictures which we select as birthday and Christmas gifts for our little ones, pictures to keep as special treasures, should be of the higher order. For the rest we hail gladly any child pictures with good drawing, good story interest, and a natural rather than an artificial or forced situation.

To limit a child's story pictures to subjects of child life would be a mistake which no wise educator is likely to make. It would be like shutting him up in a Lilliputian kingdom. We must help our children to grow up, and pictures are an invaluable means to this end. They should open to the young mind many avenues of thought and enjoyment. They may reflect the life of the workaday world about us, make the past vivid, or awaken visions of the fairyland of fancy. Sometimes they arouse an interest in something we should not otherwise care for by investing the subject with the glamour of art. It was the peculiar charm of the seventeenth-century Dutch school to interpret homely domestic themes. These painters were wonderful realists and clever story-tellers, with good dramatic sense and much humor. Their pictures suggest to the quick imagination endless stories of everyday life — the goldsmith weighing his gold, the old market-woman haggling over her fruit and vegetables, the lady at her piano, or the cavalier with his lute. We look into the parlor, the kitchen, the chamber, the banquet-hall, the tailor's shop, the market, and the inn, and imagine all sorts of pleasant things about the occupants. With Gerard Dow and Maes we see touching scenes among the poor, the old

woman saying grace over her frugal meal, or working at her spinning-wheel. With Terburg we get a glimpse of fashionable life, peeping into the homes of the wealthy, where slender ladies, in satin gowns, are completing their toilets, playing on musical instruments, or engaged in polite conversation. A French *genre* painter of the eighteenth century, whose domestic subjects are closely akin to those of the Dutch school, was Chardin. There is, however, a delicacy and sentiment about his work which distinguishes it from the Dutch. Even his cooks and housekeepers, with their coquettish frilled caps, have a vein of the poetic in their make-up.

It is because the occupations of daily life appeal so strongly to children that Millet is a great favorite with them. They are much interested in the simple French peasant-folk pursuing their common tasks in the house and field. The sense of strength and efficiency in these figures is an important element in their attractiveness, and there is usually a placid content in labor which is good to see. They take their tasks seriously, almost solemnly sometimes, as if performing a religious rite. The Potato Planters (man and woman), the Sheep-shearer, the Sower, and the Gleaners illustrate these qualities. The Angelus, the best-known, but by no means the greatest, of Millet's works, represents a man and woman in the field at the close of the day's labor, bowing in prayer at the sound of the Angelus bell. When the laborers lack facial beauty, their pose is as majestic as Greek sculpture. The Man with the Hoe, notwithstanding his stupid vacant

expression, has a monumental dignity and the plain-faced Milkmaid is as graceful as a caryatid. The Churner's beauty is in her vigorous handling of the dasher, and her satisfaction in the results of her work. Even the cat who rubs up against her feels the cheerful atmosphere of content which pervades the room. The Little Shepherdess and the Woman Feeding Hens are really pretty and are the children's special favorites. A wide horizon and a long vista are other features of Millet's pictures which make them restful and uplifting. One does not weary of such subjects.[1]

Jules Breton is another French painter of peasant labor whom the children love. The Song of the Lark is a picture of a young woman at work in the field, pausing scythe in hand to listen to the wondrous bird at which she gazes transfixed. As in Millet's Angelus there is here a suggestion of the idealism which lightens toil. Companion figures to the girl of the Lark Song is the Gleaner, with a sheaf of wheat on her shoulder, and the Shepherd's Star, who carries a big bundle on her head. Other subjects relate to the close of the day's labor, like the End of Labor, and the Close of Day, and the Return of the Gleaners. It will be noticed that not one of these subjects shows the actual process of labor as in Millet's works. Some other French pictures to include in this group have to do with haymaking. In Bastien-Lepage's Haymaker a woman sits in the foreground at rest, with a man stretched full length behind her. Dupré's Before the

[1] All the pictures here referred to are illustrations in the volume on *Millet* in the Riverside Art Series.

Storm shows the haymakers hastening to load the wagon under a cloudy sky. Adan's End of Day shows a solitary haymaker tramping across the field, and in L'Hermitte's La Famille the entire family group sits in the hayfield in which the father is at work. With this class of pictures belongs Ridgway Knight's Calling the Ferry, a representation of French country life which shows the splendid physical development of the women who live and work out of doors.

Horatio Walker is an American painter whose works are naturally compared with those of Millet as interpretations of farm labors. Such subjects as ploughing, wood-cutting, ice-cutting, feeding sheep, pigs, and turkeys have been treated very vigorously. These pictures are mostly in private collections, but a few are available as reproductions. For the most part we must go to the art of distant lands to show our children the primitive tasks of life. In our own country the use of modern machinery and the life of the factories have for the time being removed the subjects of labor from the field of art. It is for the artists of the future to interpret American industrial life in its modern form.

The story of the whaling industry, now rapidly becoming a thing of the past, was the special subject of the American painter, William Bradford, some of whose works have been reproduced in prints for schoolroom decoration. The Arctic Whaler and Homeward Bound are of this class. In more recent times Winslow Homer has done more than any other artist, perhaps, to show us the lives of the toilers of

the sea. In the Boston Art Museum are two of his famous pictures. In one we see the sailor at the look-out calling, "All's well," as the bell behind him swings out its measure of the hour. In the Fog Warning a fisherman in a dory pulls a strong oar to race with the fog which is just rising above the horizon. The Gulf Stream in the Metropolitan Museum is in a more tragic vein, where a wrecked fishing-boat is rolling in the trough of a heavy sea. Another very thrilling and more cheerful subject is the Life Line. Across the surging waters the rescuer carries his human burden, swinging from the cable on which they are both drawn to safety.

Nearly all boys like pictures of ships which suggest romantic adventure. Turner's Fighting Téméraire is a great historic masterpiece which, rightly read, tells a thrilling tale of naval prowess. A stately old battleship, no longer fit for service, is towed to its last anchorage by a steaming little tug. A glorious sky gives dignity and distinction to the event, like a triumphal funeral march. The frigate Constitution, "Old Ironsides," corresponds to the Téméraire in our own American history, and this has been painted by a contemporary artist, Marshall Johnson, in two subjects, one showing the ship in full sail alone, and the other showing the victorious frigate in contrast to the dismantled Guerrière. A few other sea subjects are in our list.

A fascinating class of story pictures, and one which is very conspicuous in the art of the old masters, is that dealing with the lives of the saints, heroes, and

martyrs of Christianity. Here are some thrilling dramatic situations, and incidentally a "moral" which is plain enough to need no pointing out. I have previously spoken of the group of legends symbolizing the triumph of good over evil, the most important subjects being St. Michael and St. George. St. Margaret is the maiden counterpart of St. George. A wicked king had cast her into a dungeon where a dragon appeared and devoured her. Whereupon he burst open and she stepped forth unharmed and radiant, just as we see her in Raphael's charming picture in the Louvre.

The gentle St. Francis, who preached to the birds, called all the beasts his brethren, and went about doing good, is a character whom children should be taught to love. The church at Assisi is full of quaint decorations by Giotto and other early Italians illustrating the life of the Saint. Some of these are very acceptable to children, but we need not go so far afield for the material, since Boutet de Monvel has given us the whole story in the series of designs for "Everybody's St. Francis." The story of St. Anthony of Padua, to whom a vision of the Christ-child was vouchsafed, makes a very tender picture which touches a child's heart readily. This was a favorite subject with Murillo, and in many schools and homes prints are to be seen from the Spanish painter's works, showing the good man kneeling with the precious babe in his arms. St. Christopher wading through the stream with the Christ-child on his shoulder is another favorite picture subject with the

children. They love to hear how the giant buffeted with the storm-tossed waters, as his burden grew heavier and heavier, till he set the child safely on the farther bank and learned that he had been carrying the Maker of the world.

Of St. Cecilia, whose music drew the angels down from heaven to listen, of St. Ursula, who voyaged to distant shrines with ten thousand maiden attendants, and of St. Genevieve, the little French shepherdess whose name is revered in Paris, we also have many attractive story pictures.

From legend to allegory is but a step, and allegory is very common as a subject of mural decoration in public buildings. Such pictures are often very interesting and suggestive to children if properly explained, and possess a certain kind of story quality. The works of Puvis de Chavannes in the Boston Public Library are particularly appropriate for school, as they illustrate various branches of learning. The subjects in the Congressional Library, at Washington, are widely circulated and extremely popular for schoolroom. I refer to these more particularly in making recommendations for "The Use of Pictures in the Schoolroom." In that chapter, too, are included the story pictures which illustrate subjects of chivalry, classic mythology, and history.

Of all the world stories none is so important religiously or educationally as the story of the life of Jesus. The subject has been the inspiration of the noblest art of past centuries, so that no one can in any measure understand the history of painting without

studying this class of pictures. Happily all this material is available in many forms of prints illustrating the complete life from the promise of the angel to the ascension from Mount Olivet.

List of Story Pictures

Stories of child life.

Murillo. Beggar Boys. Munich. (Two ragged urchins seated by ruined wall, eating grapes and melons.)

Beggar Boys. Munich. (Two boys seated on a stone, eating, with dog.)

Fruit-Venders. (Boy and girl with fruit baskets seated on ground counting earnings.)

Dice-players. Munich. (Two urchins playing dice on flat stone. Child and dog watching.)

Chardin. Grace before Meat. Louvre. (Two little girls at table. Mother standing over them directing them to give thanks.)

Jan Steen. Feast of St. Nicholas. Amsterdam. (Dutch interior with family group on Christmas Eve, the children discovering the gifts in their shoes. Boy crying to find switch instead of gift. Very merry scene.)

The Cat's Dancing-Lesson. Amsterdam. (Dutch interior. Merry group about a table on which a boy holds the cat upright on hind legs. A girl plays accompaniment on flute and dog barks. Homely, simple amusement.)

Christening Feast. (Dutch interior, with many figures. Baby in cradle at left; little boy and girl dancing at right.)

Millet. Feeding her Birds. (Doorway of cottage with three children seated on sill, fed by mother from bowl.)

The First Step. (Dooryard. Mother steadying baby who tries to toddle toward father kneeling at a distance with outstretched arms.)

Knitting-Lesson. (Old woman teaching tiny girl how to manage knitting-needles.)

Millais. For the Squire. (Little girl in quaint quilted sunbonnet carrying letter.)

Millais. Princes in Tower. (Illustrating historical incident of murder of sons of Edward IV. Two boys clinging together on stairway, hearing approach of murderer.)

Sir Isumbras at the Ford. (A noble presentation of an aged knight riding a splendid horse, with two little children, a girl and a boy, whom he is carrying across the stream.)

Boyhood of Raleigh. (Two children sitting near the beach, one, the boy Raleigh, listening to the tales of a tramp sailor who points across the sea.)

Israels. Little Brother. (At the seashore. Boy wading ashore carrying small child pickaback.)

Interior of a cottage. (Mother sitting by cradle watching baby.)

Little seamstress. (Little girl sewing.)

Boy sailing a boat.

Blommers. Little Shrimp Fishermen. (Group of children in shallow water dragging for fish.)

Curran. Children catching minnows.

Meyer von Bremen. Little Brother. (Cottage interior. Mother standing with young babe in her arms stooping to show him to children.)

The Pet Bird. (Swiss interior. Four children gathered about table on which is open cage. Bird perched on boy's finger.)

Renouf. The Helping Hand. (Open boat with old sailor at oars, a little girl putting her hand over his to help.)

Leighton. The Music-Lesson. (Young mother and daughter seated side by side playing lute.)

T. C. Gotch. Pageant of Childhood. Liverpool Museum. (Procession of boys and girls in costume, marching by twos, graded in size.)

T. Couture. Day-Dreams. Metropolitan Museum. (Boy seated at table, leaning back in reverie, holding pipe from which he has been blowing bubbles.)

P. A. Cot. Paul and Virginia (also called the "Storm"). Metropolitan Museum. (Illustrating the story by Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. Youth and maiden fleeing before the storm.)

Kever. Sewing-School. (Two rows of little girls in chairs outside cottage, bending assiduously to their sewing tasks.)

Kaulbach. The Pied Piper. Illustration of Browning's poem. (Courtyard with flight of stone steps up which a crowd of merry children are rushing in pursuit of the piper.)

Elizabeth Gardner. Two Mothers. (Young mother and child, hen and chicks.)

Three Friends. (Two little girls and calf.)

Peter de Hooch. Interior, Metropolitan Museum. (Little girl bringing jug into house from outer door. Mother seated within. Dog.)

Storeroom. Amsterdam. (Little girl and mother.)

Courtyard. National Gallery, London. (Mother and little girl hand in hand.)

Plockhorst. Christ Blessing Little Children. (The Saviour seated with group of children pressing about him.)

Titian. Tobias and the Angel. S. Marziale, Venice. (Illustrating story in Apocrypha. Boy led by angel and accompanied by dog. Child carries fish for his father.)

Presentation of Virgin in Temple. Venice Academy. (Child Mary walking up long flight of Temple steps, at top of which High Priest is standing. Many spectators.)

Tintoretto. Presentation of Virgin in Temple. S. Maria dell' Orto, Venice. Same subject as above in different composition.

Miscellaneous story subjects of home and outdoor life.

Gerard Dou. Poulterer's Shop. National Gallery, London. (Young lady bargaining with market-woman for hare.)

Spinner's Dream. Munich. (Old woman saying grace at meal.)

Maes. Old woman spinning. Amsterdam.

Old woman paring apples. Berlin.

Terburg. Lady washing her hands. Dresden Gallery.

Terburg. The Concert. Berlin. (Two ladies, at violin and 'cello.)
Woman peeling apples. Vienna Gallery. (A pert-looking little girl stands behind table, with very modern wide-brimmed hat.)

Vermeer. Woman at Casement. Metropolitan Museum.
Woman pouring milk from jug. Amsterdam.
Lacemaker. Louvre.

Chardin. The Cook. Lichtenstein Gallery, Vienna. (Young woman seated, with vegetables on floor and in dish beside her.)
The Housekeeper, or "Home from the Market." Louvre. (Young woman leaning against heaped-up serving-table, and carrying a large sack of provisions.)

Millet. Potato-Planters.
Woman churning.
Sheep-Shearer.
The Sower.
The Gleaners.
The Angelus.
The Shepherdess.
Woman feeding Hens.
Going to Work.

Breton. Song of the Lark. Chicago Art Institute.
The Gleaner. Luxembourg, Paris.
The Return of the Gleaners. Luxembourg. (Full of life and action.)

Horatio Walker. Spring Ploughing.
The Woodcutters. St. Louis Art Museum.

Bastien-Lepage. Haymakers.

Dupré. Before the Storm.

Adan. End of Day.

L'Hermitte. La Famille. Buffalo. (Hayfield, father at work, mother and babe, little girl and grandmother seated on ground.)

Ridgway Knight. Calling the Ferry.

Sea Subjects.

William Bradford. Arctic Whaler.
Homeward Bound.

Winslow Homer. Lookout. Boston Art Museum.

Winslow Homer. Fog Warning. Boston Art Museum.
Gulf Stream. Metropolitan Museum.
Life Line.

Turner. The Fighting Téméraire. National Gallery, London.

Marshall Johnson. The Constitution.
The Constitution and Guerrière.

Mauve. By the Sea. (Hull of a dismantled ship drawn on the shore by horses.)

Sadee. Portion of the Poor. (Women and children in shallow water picking up small fish cast away from the newly arrived fishing-vessel near by.)

Illustrations of legends.

Raphael. St. George and the Dragon. National Gallery, London.

Tintoretto. St. George and the Dragon. National Gallery, London.

Carpaccio. St. George and the Dragon. Church of S. Giorgio, Venice.

Raphael. St. Margaret and the Dragon. Louvre, Paris.

Raphael. St. Michael and the Dragon. Louvre, Paris.

Guido Reni. St. Michael and the Dragon. Church of Cappuccini, Rome.

Van Dyck. St. Martin dividing his cloak with a beggar. (Illustration in *Van Dyck*, Riverside Art Series.)

Murillo. Vision of St. Anthony. Berlin Gallery.
Vision of St. Anthony. Seville Cathedral.
Vision of St. Anthony. St. Petersburg.

Van Dyck. Vision of St. Anthony. (Illustration in *Van Dyck*, Riverside Art Series.)

Titian. St. Christopher. Doge's Palace, Venice.

Raphael. St. Cecilia. Bologna Gallery.

Carpaccio. Story of St. Ursula in series of paintings in Venice Academy. Special favorite: The Dream of St. Ursula.

Puvis de Chavannes and others. Life of St. Genevieve, in decorations of the Pantheon, Paris.

APPENDIX

LISTS OF BOOKS FOR A WORKING LIBRARY IN ART STUDY

NOTE: A collection of books for art study should contain: (1) a general handbook of the art of every country; (2) separate monographs devoted to the work of those individual artists selected for study.

Both classes of books are of two kinds: (1) the brief outline which simplifies and popularizes the subject, (2) the exhaustive special treatise, representing a study of original sources.

The following two lists are made up with these distinctions in mind.

LIST I — FOR GENERAL READERS

GENERAL HISTORIES

Mrs. Jameson. *Early Italian Painters.* Revised and in part rewritten by Estelle M. Hurll.
H. H. Powers. *Mornings with the Masters.*
Symonds. *Renaissance in Italy.* Volume on the Fine Arts.
Julia Cartwright. *The Painters of Florence.*
Sir Walter Armstrong. *Art in Great Britain and Ireland.*
Sir Gaston Maspéro. *Art in Egypt.*
Louis Hourticq. *Art in France.*
Comm. Ricci. *Art in Northern Italy.*
Marcel Dieulafoy. *Art in Spain and Portugal.*
Max Rooses. *Art in Flanders.*

The last seven books are issued in the "General History of Art" series.

Eugene Fromentin. *Old Masters of Belgium and Holland.* Translated by Mary C. Robbins.
Charles H. Caffin. *Story of Spanish Painting.*
Charles H. Caffin. *Story of French Painting.*

John La Farge. *The Higher Life in Art.* (Treating the French painters of Barbizon school.)
Charles H. Caffin. *Story of Dutch Painting.*
Charles H. Caffin. *Story of American Painting.*
Isham. *History of American Painting.*
G. H. Marius. *Dutch Painters of the Nineteenth Century.* Translated by Alexander de Matteo.

POPULAR ILLUSTRATED BOOKS

John La Farge. *Hundred Masterpieces.*
Esther Singleton's compilations: *Great Pictures,* and *Famous Paintings.*
Charles Barstow. *Famous Pictures.*
Henry T. Bailey. *Twelve Great Paintings.*
The Children's Book of Art, by Agnes Ethel Conway and Sir Martin Conway. London, 1909. (The selections are chiefly from the National Gallery and from private collections in England.)

BOOKS ON SEPARATE ARTISTS

Series: The Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture. Edited by G. C. Williamson. (Short biographical and critical monographs by reliable critics, carefully worked out, and made especially valuable by complete descriptive lists of the artists' works. Well illustrated.)
Riverside Art Series. By Estelle M. Hurll. Twelve volumes. (Each volume contains sixteen selected illustrations of an individual artist with simple descriptive commentary. A biographical outline and an essay summing up the artist's character and place in art history are special features.)

List II — For Serious Students

GENERAL HISTORIES

Vasari. *Lives of the Painters* (Italian). In four volumes. Edited by E. H. and E. W. Blashfield and A. A. Hopkins. The original source of all our information about the

old Italian masters. Brought up to date with corrections and valuable critical commentary.
Crowe and Cavalcaselle. *History of Painting in Italy.* Edited by Edward Hutton. In three volumes.
Kugler. *Handbook of the Italian Schools.* Revised by A. H. Layard. In two volumes.
Sir William Stirling-Maxwell. *Annals of the Artists of Spain.*
Kugler. *Handbook of the German, Flemish, and Dutch Schools.* Revised by J. A. Crowe. In two volumes.
Clara Cornelia Stranahan. *History of French Painting.*
W. C. Brownell. *French Art.*
Allan Cunningham. *Lives of the Most Eminent British Painters.* Revised by Mrs. Charles Heaton.

BOOKS ON SEPARATE ARTISTS

Symonds. *Michelangelo Buonarotti.*
Eugene Müntz. *Leonardo da Vinci.*
Eugene Müntz. *Raphael.*
Corrado Ricci. *Correggio.*
Claude Phillips. *Titian.*
Charles B. Curtis. *Velasquez and Murillo.*
Carl Justi. *Velasquez.*
R. A. M. Stevenson. *Velasquez.* (In series, "Great Masters of Painting and Sculpture." Very original and remarkable.)
Lionel Cust. *Albert Dürer, A Study of His Life and Work.*
Emile Michel. *Rembrandt; His Life, His Work, His Time.* Translated by Florence Simmonds.
Gerald Stanley Davies. *Frans Hals.*
Emile Michel. *Rubens; His Life, His Work, His Time.*
Lionel Cust. *Van Dyck.*
Sir Walter Armstrong. *Reynolds.*
Thomas Humphrey and William Roberts. *Romney.*
Sir Walter Armstrong. *Gainsborough.*
Julia Cartwright. *Millet.*
René Peyrol. *Rosa Bonheur.*
John Guille Millais. *Sir John Millais's Life and Letters.*

APPENDIX

Malcolm Bell. *Burne-Jones: A Record and a Review.*
Emilie Isabel Barrington. *Sir Frederick Leighton: The Life, Letters, and Work.*
Mary S. Watts. *George Frederick Watts. The Annals of an Artist's Life. His Writings.*

HOW TO ENJOY PICTURES

CHAPTER I

THE ENJOYMENT OF PICTURES

THIS little book has a distinctly limited purpose. Its aim is to help those who now find pleasure in studying pictures to find still more pleasure; to help those who care but little for pictures to see how much delight and inspiration may be theirs for the taking; to suggest ways of studying photographs and other inexpensive prints.

No attempt is made in these pages to discuss theories of fine art, or to trace the historic development of different schools of painting. The literature already existing in regard to these subjects is extensive, and additions to it are continually being made by critics who spend their lives in art study. A brief list of some of the more desirable art books for reference and for systematic study is given in an appendix. This little volume itself is not offered as a contribution to art criticism. It does not treat at all of original paintings as seen in the world's great galleries and cathedrals, but only of such reproductions as are practically accessible to everybody in the form of photographs and prints of various inexpensive kinds.

The pictures specially selected as texts for study have been arranged, not according to the dates of their production nor according to schools of art, but according to *subject*, as evident at the first glance.

Photographs direct from nature are not here considered at all. The pleasure we take in them is more akin to the interest we feel in our immediate, visible surroundings than to the interest feel (or may feel) in photographs from works of art. Through studying reproductions of artists' paintings, we come into touch not simply with the reflected images of real things such as we see in the world about us, but with the thoughts and feelings, the joys, hopes, and aspirations, of some of the great men who have looked at the world and lived in it. If we can gradually learn to look with their clearer eyes and to see the beauty which delighted their more appreciative souls, our own world becomes larger and lovelier through that experience.

It is, of course, idle to suppose that one can become a competent judge of "art" simply through studying photographs and other prints. But it is not in the least necessary for most of us to become judges and critics. What is heartily to be desired is that we shall all learn a larger measure of appreciation. We should study great pictures as we study great books, not for the purpose of being able to pass learned criticisms upon them, but for the purpose of appropriating and enjoying our share of whatever they have to give us.

Miss Anna Brackett, in her book entitled *The Technique of Rest*, gives us a bit of sage counsel on this point: —

> "It is never to be forgotten that it is the rest of the world and not you that holds the great share of the world's wealth, and that you must allow yourself to be acted upon by the world if you would become a sharer in the gain of all the ages to your infinite

> advantage. Many lose all the possible benefits to be won by travel because they have not the necessary passivity. You should go to the picture galleries and museums of sculpture to be acted upon, and not to express or try to form your own perfectly futile opinion. It makes no difference to you or to the world what you may think of any great work of art. This is not the question; the point is how it affects you. The picture is the judge of your capacity, not you of its excellence. The world has long ago, perhaps, passed upon it, and now it is for the work to estimate you. If, without knowing that a certain picture is from the hand of a great master, you find yourself wonderfully attracted by it, and drawn to it over and over again, you may be glad that its verdict upon you is favorable."

The knowledge of great pictures which can be obtained from such illustrations as are included in these pages — reproductions *of* reproductions — is necessarily superficial in a certain sense; but it by no means follows that such knowledge is not worth having. In the first place, a work of art which is really great, in any immortal sense, will bear a good deal of dilution at the hands of "process" reproducers and still have tonic qualities left in it. Its pleasure-giving power may be but a small fraction of that possessed by the original work in a gallery three thousand miles away, but that measure of power which remains is well worth invoking. And, in the second place, "a little learning" is not a dangerous thing unless its possessor mistakes it or tries to pass it off for great learning. In these days, when any serious kind of labor calls for unstinted devotion of the worker's time and strength, it is evidently impracticable for average busy people to make any thorough study of many subjects outside of the routine of their required work. One is consequently often reduced to choice between slight knowledge and none at all; and, in the case of picture study, where a very little increase of sympathetic understanding enlarges

so much our resources of happy imagination, there can be no question that a little is better than nothing. In fact the study of pictures probably constitutes, for those who really care for it, a resource of rest, delight, and inspiration second to none within the reach of every-day people. Nature, books, music, all have charms to make us forget weariness and worries. We learn to recall their messages in imagination. We learn to fill up the dreary expanses of a sleepless night on a railroad train with memories of beautiful places far distant in time and space, or with favorite poems, the ones that live contentedly in memory, or with passages from noble musical compositions that we have loved till they have become a part of us. Different people take to one or another of these lines of personal resource, according as their habitual enthusiasms are for nature, for literature, or for music. It seems less common for people to appropriate great pictures to themselves in this intimate fashion, so that these can be called up before

> ". . . the inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude,"

yet many do possess this happy gift.

One of America's greatest artists, William Morris Hunt, used to urge his studio pupils to study the best pictures over and over again: . . . "You must set yourselves ahead by studying fine things. I've told you over and over again whose works to draw, — Michelangelo, Raphael, Albert Dürer, Hans Holbein, Mantegna. Get hold of something of theirs. Hang it up in your room; trace it, copy it, draw it from memory over and over, until you own it as you own 'Casabianca' and 'Mary had a Little Lamb.'"

Most of us could not carry out this advice in detail, so far as the copying is concerned; still there is here a hint for us all. Suppose we have pored over the photograph of some masterpiece till we know it literally by heart and can see it complete with our eyes shut, with all its expressive masses and outlines, and all its harmonies of lights and darks, — should we not be passing rich? And it can be done. Anybody who cares to do it can gradually accumulate a little picture gallery of this sort all in his own head, quite independent of circumstances, of time, and place, and money.

One of the leading art critics of our own country, John C. Van Dyke, says: —

> "You must look at pictures studiously, earnestly, honestly. It will take years before you come to a full appreciation of art; but when at last you have it, you will be possessed of one of the purest, loftiest, and most ennobling pleasures that the civilized world can offer you."

In choosing pictures for this intimate friendliness of companionship, one general rule is safe, — choose the best. Every artist who knows how to draw at all has something to give the public in the way of pleasure and profit; but the greatest men have the most and the best to give. Anthony Hope is all very well, but Shakespeare is sure to be better. As among books, so among pictures, the best names are almost always a safe guideboard pointing the way to a Palace Beautiful whose windows look out towards the Delectable Mountains.

In the following pages author and reader study together a number of pictures, looking for what is specially interesting and beautiful in each one. Pictures, like people, have individual character and charm, and he gets most pleasure out of them who takes them for what they are, not criticising them for their failure to be something else. No attempt is made to point out technical defects or mistakes. Teachers and students of art will doubtless see these for themselves where they exist. For the most of us it seems much more important to delight in what is inspiring and lovely than to detect small errors of workmanship.

It is possible that these pages may come to the notice of picture lovers who deprecate studying drawings in detail, to whom the analytic interpretation of a work of art seems a species of sacrilege and disenchantment. While it may be true that the most richly gifted or highly cultivated sensibility often takes in the beauty and the spiritual significance of a picture with unconscious æsthetic recognition and appreciation, it remains also true that different people have very different ways of absorbing ideas and feelings and of enjoying these. There cannot reasonably be one exclusive highway to be followed by us all. The author's experience and observation have led to the belief that many of us can best reach the point of fair appreciation and honest enjoyment of pictures through studying them in such ways as are indicated in the following chapters. It is by no means assumed that the methods here suggested will be the best for everybody, or that they will always be the best for any one reader. The author's hope is that such readers as do find these methods of study desirable may go on by themselves to apply and improve upon them,

and so enter into fuller and happier possession of an inheritance which belongs to us all.

"Who sees may be wise. Who knows shall be wise. Who admires is wise."

CHAPTER II

LANDSCAPES

AN artist is, in the first place, one who knows how to *see*, and, in the second place, one who has a gift for making us see with him.

Consider the sky, for instance. There are people who seldom look at it at all save to consult it on problems of personal convenience. Others take momentary pleasure in the colors and fleeting lights and shadows of the heavenly show, but think very little about it between these moments. Still others are haunted by a sense of majesty and mystery in the elemental forces playing about our little world. They ask us to stop, to look and listen with them.

Ruysdael's[1] picture of the windmill by the shore of a Dutch river is full of the sense of mysterious, mighty, elemental forces in nature. Our first impression, as we look at the print, is that of vast spaces through which the wind, hushed for a moment, will soon be blowing. Those great, soft clouds, rolling up across the sky, mean coming storm. We can see them move, with slow, inevitable transformations, behind and beyond the waiting windmill. We feel as if we were very little creatures indeed, and the expanse of the heavens something marvellously great. These hushed minutes before the storm comes are minutes

[1] Jakob Ruysdael (1625–1682), one of the greatest Dutch landscape painters.



LANDSCAPE WITH WINDMILL. RUYSDAEL.

of apprehensive suspense. The broad stream has something strangely mysterious about it too. It flows silently on and on, and we cannot stay its coming. It began, maybe, as a feeble little stream somewhere in another country, a long way off, but here its floods are full of quietly ominous strength, like the strength of some dumb creature whose purposes are unspoken — only guessed. Yes, we are very little people, moving tiny distances on the surface of a great, mysterious earth, with still greater and more awe-inspiring spaces all above and around. Yet we are daring and adventuresome when we have the encouragement of each other's company and support. We fell trees and dig stones out of the earth to make homes. We even bid the silent waters and the unseen winds of heaven come help us about our little affairs, turning our mill-wheels to make us bread, and carrying us to and fro in our frail boats on our brief little errands. How do we ever dare?

Was it something like this that our Dutch friend felt, three hundred years ago?

Just look at the picture again and see in how many unobtrusive ways he makes us realize the quiet but tremendous power that surrounds us everywhere in the forces exerted by air and water. In the first place, he devoted almost two-thirds of the whole picture space to the sky. That space and the masses of soft-rolling clouds give us a feeling of air against our faces. The huge windmill, with its wide-reaching arms, being the one prominent, emphatic feature of the landscape, makes the strongest impression, and that impression is one of wind just *ready* to blow. Notice how the oblique positions chosen for the arms of the windmill suggest motion. If the arms had been drawn exactly vertical and horizontal, +, they would

not have looked half so much like arms made to revolve. An upright cross is instinctively associated in our minds with stability in one position. An ×, on the contrary, gives us a sense of motion either onward or rotary or both. In this case we know the motion of the arms must be very slight, if indeed they are moving at all, for we can distinguish the separate ribs in the construction of the arms — something which it would of course be impossible to do if they were moving rapidly. The sails on the boats are still another reminder of expected wind; their straightness now, and the perfect reflection of the nearest one in the water, show that the air is nearly still, as we have often felt it just before a shower. The heavy roof of the house beyond the mill is suggestive of the need of shelter from wind and storm. Evidently the wind can blow vigorously here, when its time has come. In the very foreground, the tall sedges and grasses at the water's edge, bowing this way and that, remind us once more of the masterful air to which they lend such easy submission. No wonder the picture gives us a feeling of the invisible majesty of the coming wind.

Then look at the water. It occupies a large share of all the picture space which is not sky. The curving shores behind which the river hides every now and then have a good deal to do with our feeling of its unaccountableness. We quite lose sight of it in the distance. The last gleam of the water, as we see it in this print, is hardly more than a speck of light. It vanishes and we can trace it no farther. This is at once a charm for the eye and a challenge to the imagination. It makes us speculate as to whence the stream comes and whither it is bound. The introduction of two boats, one nearer than the other, adds to the suggestion of motion in the water or through

the water, which might have been made by the sight of one boat alone. The lapping of the waves on the foreground shore is significant, too, strengthening our sense of motion in the stream as a whole, and the sight of the bank below the windmill, so carefully protected by its breakwater to prevent its being worn away, makes us realize that those little waves which now look so mild have it in them, on occasions, to beat fiercely upon the grassy banks and even clutch at the old footpath along the riverside.

Notice the direction of the principal lines in the picture. They did not simply happen. This old master drew them with intention. He had, to start with, an oblong space, divided into two unequal horizontal parts : the upper one (sky) much larger than the lower ; the lower space itself divided about equally between land and water. To avoid the monotony of too many long horizontal lines, dividing the picture into awkward stripes, he chose a standpoint from which the general lines of the shore would appear oblique to the exact horizontals and verticals. The details, too, have their artistic reason for being just as they are. The tall, dignified figure of the windmill, based on the earth but standing up high into the sky, holds the ground space and the sky space together, giving a pleasant effect of unity to the landscape as a whole. In the windmill itself, the oblique lines of the roof and arms and the curved lines of the gallery rails combine with the vertical lines of the main wall to make a shape as attractive to the eye as it is significant to the imagination. Our eyes like variety of line somewhat as our bodily muscles like variety of exercise.

The beauty of the picture as a whole is greatly increased by the unobtrusive repetition of each kind of

lines, — vertical, horizontal, oblique, curved. Without knowing at the moment just why, our eye is instinctively gratified by the repetition or echoing of a pleasant line somewhat as the ear is gratified by the rhythmical repetition of pleasant sounds. Here, in this picture, where the emphatic note — so to speak — is the upright windmill, we have its vertical repeated over and over, — in the masts, the nearest sail, the walls and pinnacles of the church, in the little building with the arched opening, in the tower at the right end of the picture, even in the posts of the breakwater. The level line of the far horizon is repeated by the hull of the large boat, the cross-beams of the breakwater, and the ridges of the waves at play in the little cove. The oblique lines of the windmill-arms answer those of the receding shore, and are echoed again, more faintly, in the roofs of the house and the church, fading into a playful trace of resemblance in the bending grasses by the water's edge. The gently rounding masses of the trees about the mill are repeated on the distant point at the bend of the river, and faintly suggested again in the rolling masses of cloud far overhead. These may seem small points, but they are actually points of great importance in making the artist's picture a thing of beauty, something to be pored over and to be admired more and more, the better we come to know it.

Very different in its general spirit and effect is Corot's[1] *Morning*, or, as it is sometimes called, *The Dance of the Nymphs*. We have here an open space just at the edge of a forest. The sun is shining out through the morning mist, and a band of wood sprites are frisking and frolicking over the grass. Near the right side of the picture one of the nymphs jokingly pulls a companion by the arm, teasing her to come join in the fun.

The feeling in this picture is one of mingling mist and sunshine, of the awakening song of birds, of delight in the simple fact of being alive. Those who know Wordsworth's "Ode on Immortality" by heart are reminded at once of some of its word pictures where the irresistible charms of spring and sunshine have been set in half a dozen lines of verse. What we have here is a certain sort of impression about nature and life, rather than the exact photographic images of trees and rocks and shrubbery and dancers. That was Corot's way of working. He loved nature with boyish enthusiasm up to the very end of a long, busy life; he knew her ways, not merely as the scientist knows them in a cool, literal, intellectual fashion, but by heart. He once said of his own habits of work: —

> "After one of my excursions I invite nature to come and spend a few days with me. . . . Pencil in hand, I hear the birds singing, the trees rustling in the wind; I see the running brooks and the streams charged with the thousand reflections of sky and earth, — nay, the very sun rises and sets in my studio!"

Hold the page off at arm's length, so as to lose sight of the small details, and see how beautifully the dark parts and the light parts of the picture blend with each other.

[1] Jean Baptiste Camille Corot, one of the most famous French landscape painters (1796–1875).



MORNING. — COROT.

The soft, feathery masses of the foliage make the most delicate of transitions from the deep shade to the full sunshine and the misty haze of the distance. The picture is pleasant to look at, even when we do not quite see what it is all about. If we bring it gradually nearer, so that the detail shows more and more plainly, trees and rocks and dancing nymphs seem gradually to take shape out of airy haze, as they did in the painter's happy fancy. There are touches in the foreground that must mean flowers abloom among the wet grasses. The slender tree beyond the dancers, stretching itself up and up as if it were just waking from sleep, has delicate young foliage as much like a shimmering veil as like separate leaves; do we not all remember seeing just that effect sometimes in spring and wishing it could last weeks rather than change to the more robust masses of June and July? And look at those tree trunks off at the right, dappled and splashed with sunshine. Some lover of out-of-doors has said that such touches of sunshine in a landscape are like affectionate little caresses from an unseen hand.

It would perhaps be difficult to identify the trees, botanically, but who cares to collect herbarium specimens on a fairies' playground? These trees were intimate friends of Corot's — friends whom he valued more for their souls than for the cut of their clothes. What he wanted to show us about them was chiefly their vigorous, upward growth in response to sun and shower, their lovely play with the light, and their attitude of protection towards the earth below, like that of tall children who begin to take care of their mother. Even the nymphs and fauns have something of the hazy outline of the foliage above their heads. They were meant to look so. The artist did not intend to draw them with full ana-

tomical detail or to bring out their features clearly as individuals. Their costume is of a nondescript sort; the artist was not trying to show us that he knew all about classic draperies. What he did wish to do was to put into his wood scene a suggestion of the impulse to frolic and sing which comes with the dawn of a fresh country morning. This game of the nymphs means just what is meant by the song of birds, the fluttering of butterflies, or the dance of midges in the sun. Notice the lightsome, springy air that is given to the figures by arranging them in such a way that those at the right and left extremities of the group stand higher up against the sky — not against the ground. This gives the group the general shape of a garland or something swung rhythmically to and fro. Imagine all the dancers placed in one straight line, this side of the trees, and you see at once how wisely Corot carried out his fancy. This curve is like the curves we see on the surface of water where waves are lightly swinging to and fro. It suggests the very poetry of rhythmic motion: what was it that Florizel said to Perdita at the country festival?

> "When you do dance, I wish you
> A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
> Nothing but that."

This swinging curve, so full of airy grace, is suggested again — not too explicitly — by the forms of the trees and shrubbery around the left, lower, and right edges of the picture. See how the soft masses of the foliage in the left-hand tree are continued in a gentle curve by the shrubbery below, and how, after a little break in the lighted foreground, the grasses and bushes on the right side of the picture take up the idea of the curve, running

off at last into the thin, sunshiny branches of the extreme right-hand tree. This repetition of the curve made by the group of dancers is so unobtrusive that we hardly see it until we begin to study the picture closely, but it has a great deal to do with the effect we have been enjoying. Again, does not the opposite curve in the picture — the arch made by the trees — have a great deal to do with the charm of the whole? Notice that, while the tree trunks are nearly enough vertical to give an impression of energy and vigor, there are no absolutely straight lines in the whole picture. Everything is full of graceful curves and soft touches of light and shade.

The very haziness of the distance has its reason in the idea of the picture as well as in a meteorological fact. We cannot see far off. We see only one sunny spot, but that seems to promise for all the rest.

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven,
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn,
God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world."

The glory of the sunset is something that many and many an artist has tried to capture and immortalize.

One of the most famous picture-sunsets is that of Turner's [1] *Fighting Téméraire*. It takes for its text the towing of a famous warship, condemned as unseaworthy, to her last anchorage after long and eventful service. The name of the vessel means *The one that dares*. She was captured by the English from the French in the battle of the Nile in 1798, and used in the British navy until 1838, when she was pronounced past her usefulness.

Although our print is only black and white, the impression received is one of gorgeous color. We feel that the sky is ablaze with sunset light, and that the waters reflect the glow of the clouds in every ripple. The important little steam vessel towing the warship emphasizes by contrast with its own dark shape and belching smoke the vivid hues of the sky and the surrounding water. The distant shore, behind which the sun is about sinking, is veiled in a fiery haze through which walls and towers loom with the indistinctness of a dream. We can see how the whole surface of the broad stream is alive with rippling color, and yet our eyes do not rest long on the water. The two vessels draw our gaze to themselves, and, as soon as our glance reaches the group with its long reflection in the still water, we find ourselves involuntarily tracing the height of the dark smoke-stack, of the flagpole, of the tall, slender, bare masts of the old ship, leading up once more into that wonderful sky.

See how the bustling, business-like little convoy and the dignified battle ship emphasize each other's character

[1] J. M. W. Turner, the English landscape painter (1775–1851). Turner painted this same subject more than once, and there are interesting differences between his versions of the same theme.

by contrast. The low, broad hull of the smaller boat is heavy and common-place ; the high set of the *Téméraire* in the water (she is of old-fashioned build, empty and viewed from the water-level besides) gives her the stately effect of one whose head is held uplifted with conscious pride of birth and of worth. Yet there is an element of desolation and sadness mingled with this pride. We instinctively feel that we see the end of a great career as well as the end of a day. We find ourselves almost resenting as a cruel touch of impertinence the cloud of black smoke which the little convoy so nonchalantly puffs into the face of her queenly superior. "The old order changeth, giving place to new." The first war vessel to be propelled by steam was built almost a quarter of a century later than the capture of the *Téméraire* from the French. The ancient battle ship had her day — a glorious day. Now it is all over !

The effect of forward motion in the two vessels is something beautiful to be enjoyed, and, if we like, something interesting to be studied. The plash of the water, churned into foam by the paddle-wheels of the forward boat, and the faint wake left behind the larger boat, give us definite testimony that both are sweeping slowly, steadily forward ; yet we have a sense of their forward motion almost without looking at these particular details. But how are we aware of it ? Perhaps the long, sloping lines, or rather the diagonal *directions* followed by the eye, help give us that impression. See how the tops of the two nearer masts of the *Téméraire*, the top of the flag-staff, and the upper lines of the ghostly white sails in the distance make us *feel* a diagonal line reaching down towards the foreground in the lower right-hand portion of the picture. The streaming cloud of smoke gives us



THE FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE. — TURNER.

another line, leading in the direction of the lower right corner of the picture. There is even a faint, echo-like hint of the same direction in the slanting lines of light streaming from the clouds down towards the water, far in the background beyond the white-sailed boats; and, complementing all this, there is the buoy in the right foreground, answering, with its upward slant, all these forward-reaching lines. Consciously or unconsciously, we feel the pull of these lines towards the water-level in the foreground, and we instinctively translate it into forward motion in the vessels, — motion steady and confident, motion proud and reluctant, motion slow and sad, with the gorgeous sunset flooding the whole scene and lending the spectacle the mournful magnificence of a military funeral.

See how the buoy and the row-boat and the white sails, all at different distances from us, help strengthen the effect of breadth in the water spaces. We involuntarily measure the horizontal distances according to the variations of these details in size and distinctness, and come to realize that it is a wide expanse over which we look. The noble old vessel has a lonely journey for this, her last, with none grateful enough to do her honor as she passes to her end. The careless city seems dozing in its remote and dream-like haze, unaware of the passing of a vessel that has brought honor to the whole nation. If the men in the little row-boat give a thought to the solemn sight in mid stream, their interest only emphasizes the absence and neglect of the rest, as a few scattered spectators in a scantily filled audience room inevitably make it seem lonelier than if it were quite empty. There is evidently little thought among men about the fate of the worn-out vessel; in a certain sense there is a grimly

cynical suggestiveness about the picture's composition. Yet, when we look once more at that marvellous sky, as the artist makes us look again and again, — that sky which fills nearly three-quarters of the whole picture space, and into which all the lofty vertical lines of the vessels lead our eyes and our feelings, — as we look into that sky we realize that the essential spirit of the picture, over and above its inherent beauties of line and color and light and dark, is not cynical after all. The feeling comes to us that the painter, besides delighting our eyes, has said here in his chosen language of form and color something akin to what his great countryman once said in verse, of the ultimate measure of all earthly greatness : —

> "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
> Nor in the glistering foil
> Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies,
> But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
> And perfect witness of all-judging Jove.
> As He pronounces lastly on each deed,
> Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

And, again, this picture of the old ship, led away to a prosaic and humiliating end, reminds us of Holmes' "Old Ironsides," written when it was proposed to allot a like ignoble fate to the American frigate *Constitution:* —

> "Aye, tear her tattered ensign down!
> Long has it waved on high,
> And many an eye has danced to see
> That banner in the sky;
> Beneath it rung the battle shout,
> And burst the cannon's roar, —
> The meteor of the ocean air
> Shall sweep the clouds no more.

"Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

"Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave.
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!"

CHAPTER III

BUILDINGS AND STREET SCENES

ARCHITECTURE is in itself a field for endless study by those who have the taste and the opportunity for systematic research; but even a little glimpse into the subject, such as a magazine article may give, is always enjoyable. When we have well-drawn illustrations to look at, their interest is two-sided. We are interested in the subject for its own sake, and also in the artist's way of showing us the subject.

Take, for instance, the glimpse of an ancient temple, shown on page 27.[1] If we came across such a picture in a magazine or a volume of travels, the context would naturally give us more or less information about this particular spot, but, even in the absence of all text, the picture has a great deal for us. Brief notes about the building in question are given at the end of this chapter for those who may like to refer to them later.[2] Let us, for the moment, take the picture just as it stands and ask it to speak for itself.

What about the height of the building, — is it an ordinary row of columns such as might be found in a church, or something more than that? (Compare the men's stature with the height of the columns.) Can we

[1] This is from a pen-and-ink sketch by H. B. Warren, an American artist who has earned distinction and fame in illustrative work.

[2] See page 40.

roughly estimate the diameters of the columns, by reference to the same convenient measurement? What appears to be the material used? Are the columns whole or built up in sections? How are they ornamented? Notice the flower-like outward curve of the capitals, where the columns take the weight of the roof above. Notice, too, the shape of the roof, arched, slanting, or flat. What do the broken wall and leaning pillar in the distance suggest as to the age of these buildings? Does the picture give us any suggestion as to the climate and atmospheric conditions of the region? (Notice the sharpness and intensity of the shadows where they come in contrast with the full light. See the costumes of the two sitting figures; they are but slightly indicated, for the artist did not intend to make them conspicuous at the first glance; but we can easily make out something of the general character of the clothing, especially that of the head.)

Now let us withdraw a little from these details and look at the picture as a whole. Hold the page off at arm's length, or, better still, set the open book at a little distance and look at the illustration through a telescope-shaped tube an inch or two in diameter, made by rolling up a card or a sheet of note paper. This cuts off irrelevant surroundings and brings out the general effect of the drawing in a delightful way. It brings out the lofty proportions of the massive columns, the deep shadow in which they are enfolded (deep and yet at the same time luminous shadow, for even the deepest darks are full of reflected light, showing us the surface of the stones), and it gives added emphasis to the glare of light beyond, where we can feel the hot sunshine beating fiercely down. And see, by the way, how exquisitely the shadow on the



A GLIMPSE AT KARNAK. — WARREN.

ceiling is modified by lights reflected from below. The deep dusk of the ceiling in among the pillars changes almost imperceptibly as our glance travels towards the middle portion just over the open aisle, being more and more lighted up by reflections from the cylindric sides of the pillars and possibly in part from the ground.

When we come to think about the artist's personal responsibility for these effects, — effects produced merely by the right sort of black marks on a scrap of white paper, — we realize that it took a clever man to do what has been done here. As we very well know, the emphasis and repetition of vertical lines in a picture give us a feeling of loftiness and dignity. By making the dark mass of the roof also a strongly conspicuous part of the drawing as a whole, the artist inevitably attracts the eye up, up, up the tall columns, and, thus forcing us to trace their whole height, emphasizes the impression of their vastness and grandeur. We actually cannot help feeling the impression of loftiness which he wanted to give us. And note, also, how much more impressive he made his sketch by showing us two rows of columns instead of one. (Cover up either row and look at its fellow alone.) Notice also how he secured the advantage of a V-shaped composition while avoiding its disadvantages. The geometric rigidity of the symmetrical V, so strongly suggested in the outlines of the successively shorter (*i.e.* more distant) columns, gives us an impression of strict formality, almost of ceremonial stateliness. It reënforces our already existing sense that this building must have been a serious affair, the scene of gravely considered and orderly proceedings. Still, our sense of the beautiful would make us object to a picture having a complete triangle of light, apex down, precisely in the middle of

the composition, and the artist, knowing this even better than we do, avoided the completion of the triangle. He let its sloping sides change their minds and go wavering off into the irregular outlines of distant ruins away in the sunshiny background.

It is interesting to see how beautifully the artist succeeded in making those pillars stand out perfectly, one beyond another. We have gray against gray, where two come together, yet the effect is that of perfect separateness and round solidity. If we try to trace the *how* of it, we find the secret is largely a matter of subtile variations in the depth of grayness; but it takes an artist's eye and hand to see and show these variations in exactly the right way.

Notice how the brilliance of the sunshine on the left-hand columns and on the ground has been produced; it is chiefly a matter of sharp contrast between black and white instead of between a soft gray and white, as in the case of the distant ruins. Of course the sunshine outside is equally brilliant, but, as we realize when we stop to think, the free reflection of this strong light back and forth from so many strongly lighted surfaces must necessarily make any shadow cast there less dark in effect than it would be in among these dusky, giant columns.

Very different in its general air and effect is this bit of New York City from Hassam's brush.[1] The towering masses of the large buildings in the background take the eye at the first glance; then we become tangled in that confused, confusing swarm of carriages and people, and our main impression is likely to be one of shifting, kaleidoscopic motion. The twinkling mixture of light and dark spaces in the carriages and costumes, and the criss-cross directions of the lines made by them as they are arranged here in the lower part of the picture, give us a surprisingly vivid feeling of the restless stir of the crowds of a city street, with their eddies and cross-currents and changing tides.

The artist's choice of a standpoint from which the general trend of the streets is seen as an oblique line across the picture adds to the effect of motion, and immensely increases the interest of the picture as a whole. It is not easy to explain to ourselves just why this is so; but, if we imagine the two curbstones as running exactly horizontal and parallel across the lower edge of the picture, we feel at once a loss in its spirit. Such a street would be much less attractive to the imagination. But this one, sweeping by with a sort of magnificent haste, and losing itself in a hazy prospect of distant roof lines, seems to entice us on with vague, fascinating promises of interesting things yet to see.

And was not the artist also wise to show us the tall masses of those "sky-scrapers" with their loftiness set

[1] Childe Hassam, one of the prominent American artists of the present day. He has exhibited many pictures of city streets, wherein he seems to have a special gift for discovering beautiful effects of line and color. This illustration, giving a glimpse across Madison Square at the crossing of Broadway and Fifth Avenue, originally appeared in the *Century Magazine* and is reprinted here by courtesy of the Century Company.



MADISON SQUARE. — HASSAM.

off by the soft, bower-like masses of the trees in the square, rather than by neighboring buildings of moderate height? For, admirable as one of these tall buildings may be in its own way, there is always something grotesque and disagreeable about its contrast with the modest four-story structure of an earlier generation, which may unfortunately stand beside it. We are inevitably reminded of a giant on the one hand or a dwarf on the other — possibly both; and giants and dwarfs, set up permanently in iron and stone along one's daily path, are ugly things to look at. But buildings and trees have no such dangerous resemblances. We instinctively and quite unconsciously measure the trees by the height of the people walking near, and think of them as tall and stately, no recent graduates from a nurseryman's grounds; then, seeing how far above the tree-tops the walls of these two great buildings rise, we get an impression of stateliness unmixed with regretful comparisons. That huge apartment house is really a marvel of modern city architecture, and we see it here in its most poetic aspect.[1] Seen at this distance there is nothing mean or ugly about its commonplaces. Even the ventilators take an air of dignity, lifting the pile higher still into the open sky.

Notice how beautiful the sky line is, thanks to the trees that help fill in the space between the buildings at the left and right sides in the background. We have a

[1] The famous French critic, M. Brunetière, is credited with a very suggestive comment on tall buildings of this sort, noting the opportunity they offer for quiet, serious thinking, even in the midst of a noisy city. Those tower-like structures certainly do seem to promise a host of delightful things, — remoteness from the dirt and noise of the streets, clear air, unbroken breezes, an outlook far, far around over the common earth, embracing an almost limitless space of open sky, with its changing clouds and sunshine.

glimpse of the intervening roofs through the foliage, and can readily see how much pleasanter the picture is now than it would have been if the artist had shown us all the roofs in sequence, making an outline full of ugly oblong openings like jigsaw "ornament." It is not often that an artist tries to show us the beautiful side of our commonplace, American city streets. Lacking his help, we are likely to suppose that there is no beauty in these crowded ways, and that the comment of Mrs. Carlyle's little maid, "Lor, how expensive!" is about all there is to say regarding them. So, when a man like Mr. Hassam calls, "Wait — let me show you how to look at this crowded thoroughfare with its handful of trees at one side and its majestic towers keeping watch overhead," we are grateful enough for a chance to see with his more appreciative eyes.

Though we may be surprised at finding the poetic on Broadway, we expect to find it in the little old French town where Pennell[1] went sketching a dozen years ago. The quaint stone houses, with their steep roofs and towering chimneys, have an air of conservative self-respect which is most attractive. Their building evidently dates back to the times when artisans and artists were less separated than now — when men with taste and talent put into simple, manual labor the best that was in themselves. Look at that corner building and see how admir-

[1] Joseph Pennell, reckoned a master of pen-and-ink illustration. His work is often seen in the best magazines and in well-illustrated books. The drawing on page 35 is reprinted from P. G. Hamerton's delightful volume on *The Saône*, by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Roberts Bros. The town of Gray is in eastern France at the head of navigation on the river Saône.

ably its wall spacing was planned. We would not have the shapes and placing of those doors and windows changed by a foot either way, the effect is so good as it is. The arched space on the street floor (is it a window with an entrance door beside it?) is a hundred times pleasanter to look at than it would be if divided exactly in the middle. And notice that strong, graceful scroll which holds the street-lamp well out beyond the wall, where it can light both ways around the corner. Some workman put all his love for beautiful form into the shaping of that simple scroll. It was not turned out by machinery, and sold by the gross, one hundred and forty-four copies, all just alike!

The house next beyond the corner seems to be covered with some sort of plaster or stucco; Mr. Pennell's drawing suggests a roughish surface, like coarse plaster. And are there blinds over the ground-floor windows?

That coquettish curve of the street around to the right is very alluring; there is nothing like a flavor of concealment to sharpen interest. In a drawing like this we find ourselves wishing we could see just a little farther around the curve. It is with such sketches as with letter-writing, according to Sam Weller — the great art of it consists in making you wish there was more!

But see what a charming bit this is, just as it stands, with its happy combination of strong masses of dark color, soft grays in the rough, stuccoed wall and the long horizontal shadows in the street, and full, clear whites where the sunshine falls unbroken on the smoother walls and the pavement. The window and door spaces are just irregular enough to add picturesqueness to the blending of dark and light in the print. The picture is really charming to look at when we take it from this point of view,



STREET IN GRAY. — PENNELL.

even without any special thought of the locality or its romantic suggestions. Does not the figure of the shirt-sleeved citizen, meditating in the sun, really add a great deal to the general effect, giving, as it does, a strong, spirited accent of dark color in the part of the picture where accent would otherwise be lacking, and where the picture might in his absence seem just a little weak and faded?

As we study the spaces of distinctly dark color in the roofs and elsewhere, we gradually see, what was perhaps not evident at first glance, that there is a good deal of variation in the depth of their color. For instance, in the house just at the left of the corner building, the shadow cast upon the roof by the neighboring roof makes one triangular half of it much deeper in color than the rest. The shadows under the eaves of the corner house are much deeper than the roof above. In the picturesque, unevenly divided arch down below, the narrow portion gives us a deeper dark than the wide portion. These delicate transitions of color make for the beauty of the whole, somewhat as the delicate veinings and half-tints of color in a flower's petals make for the beauty of the whole flower.

The glimpse in Siena, on page 39, is from a sketch by Charles Herbert Woodbury.[1] It takes us at once into story-book-land. These old buildings, shouldering each

[1] One of the younger American artists who has already earned recognition both here and abroad. This sketch is reproduced with his permission from a portfolio of lithographed facsimiles of his pencil drawings, published by L. Prang & Co. Reproduction in "half-tone" cannot show perfectly the pencil strokes of the artist just as he made them, or reflect all their fine effects; still we have here an approximation to the original sufficiently close to be well worth examining.

other unceremoniously like people in a crowd, and — still more like people in a crowd — standing on tiptoe to peer over each other's shoulders, are just what we want to see in a little, old Italian city whose history runs back into the days of Augustus Cæsar. Just such streets as this there should naturally be in a town with a record of "battles, sieges, fortunes" all through the Middle Ages, a town where picturesque villains hatched plots and picturesque heroes planned victories, while priests in gorgeous array prayed for passing souls.

Besides the romance which is suggested to the imagination by the balconies, the shuttered windows, the dark passageway, and the high garden walls, the very shapes of the buildings and the play of lights and shadows over roofs, walls, and foliage are a delight to the eye. The contrast between the streaked brick wall of the arch and the deep gloom of that passageway is beautiful to look at. The contrast between the full glare of light on the face of that tall building at the left and the warm shadows on its weather-beaten side is beautiful in itself, besides giving us a comfortable sense of the caressing sunshine. The recessed door in the garden wall, on which the sunlight falls to be reflected back from the worn panels, must have some individual color different from that of the wall; the dark effect of the pencil there gives us the impression of color. (Can it be a dull red or green, or some such hue?) It cannot be shadow alone, its tone is so different from the shadow that marks the depth of the recess in the wall. And the irregular, twinkling masses of dark and light in the garden foliage give us a dazzling effect of mingled color and reflected sunshine, such as we have many a time sighed over in admiration by some Yankee roadside.

A sketch like this can give us a multitude of "points" about looking at nature. For one thing, look above and a little to the right of the recessed doorway in the foreground and see how the slightly projecting coping along the upper edge of the wall is indicated. We have merely a few slight horizontal dashes of dark, marking the shadow cast by this projecting edge on the nearly vertical surface below, — only a few streaks of shadow, absolutely not a mark besides, — but this alone tells us that the narrow space above it must project a little to cast such a shadow. Ten to one, unless we have tried to do a little pencil sketching ourselves, we never noticed the ribbon of shadow lying under such a line of stone or woodwork exposed to the sun from above. Then look farther along this same wall to the place where there is an opening into an alley; notice that the termination of the wall this side of the alley is not marked by any hard outline, in fact, it has no outline at all. It simply stops, and beyond it we have the shadowed side of the alley. This may seem to some of us an odd fashion of drawing; but if we look at a similar edge of wall with strong sunlight falling on it, we shall often find that we really do not see any sharply defined outline. What we do see is such an effect as the artist gives us here. A similar appearance can be studied in the edge of the wall at the farther side of the alley and in the vertical edges of the buildings in the left-hand half of the picture. Notice particularly the farther edge of the tall building just above the alleyway. In the dazzling light we see no sharp edges, but only the ending of one kind of colored space, and the beginning of another kind of colored space, beyond it.

Artists differ greatly in the kind as well as the amount of suggestiveness which they put into pencil sketches like



OLD STREET IN SIENA. — WOODBURY.

this. Mr. Woolbury, as we have already seen, actually shows us a good deal of color, using merely a black pencil on white paper. Look at that streak of sunshine streaming in from between those buildings at the right, widening warm across the bulging pavement, and spreading into a broad splash on the weather-stained garden wall at the opposite side of the roadway. It is merely a scrap of perfectly white paper where the artist refrained from doing anything whatsoever. He simply arranged the surrounding spaces of shade and shadow in the best way, and contrast did the rest.

Notice also, incidentally, how the proximity of this light streak and the dark interior of the arched passage intensifies both effects. The sunshine seems all the brighter and the dusk all the darker for their sharp contrast. In a somewhat similar fashion the contrast between the strongly lighted house walls and the dark interior spaces behind the open windows adds to the effect of brilliance in this southern sunshine.

The illustration by Mr. Warren on page 27 shows a portion of an ancient Egyptian temple at Karnak. Although only a part of the whole temple, this pillared hall is three hundred forty feet long and one hundred seventy feet wide; it included one hundred sixty-four great stone columns. Those shown in the illustration are sixty feet high and thirty feet in circumference. The beginning of the building dates away back to 2700 B.C., but certain parts of it were added about 970 B.C. The historic perspective almost takes one's breath away.

The flower-shaped capitals of the columns might be made a text for volumes about ancient Egypt and its people. Artists and archæologists see in them a symbolic representation of the opening blossom of the lotus (a flower strongly resembling our common water lily) which grows in the waters of the Nile. Egypt, being practically a rainless country, has been from time immemorial dependent on the annual freshets of the Nile to overflow the river valley, wetting down the sun-baked fields and fertilizing them with layers of fresh mud. Indeed, the dependence of

the whole country on this overflow of the river has been so absolute, and the service of the river so unfailing, that it can hardly seem strange the ancient Egyptians worshipped as a conscious, powerful personality the stream which came from nobody-knew-where and brought help every year just in time for the raising of magnificent harvests. The lotus, blooming in the midst of the beneficent waters and associated with their blessing, came to be regarded as a symbol of increasing life, of resurrection, of immortality. The patient carving of the enormous stone blocks of the temple pillars into the lotus form takes a meaning at once pathetic and sublime when we think of the millions of dead-and-gone people, so like us and yet so unlike us, who have stood in the shadows of this silent temple.

CHAPTER IV

PICTURES THAT TELL A STORY

DO we like a picture "with a story"? Very well, — here it is. Only we must supply the plot of the story for ourselves.

The arched bridge over the canal and the prow of a gondola just coming in sight tell us at once that we are in Venice. The artist[1] called his picture *Curiosity*, and no doubt smiled to himself over the joke involved in the name; for, if the people on the stairs are curious to see what is coming, we who are outside are devoured by curiosity to know at what they are all gazing so intently. There is a tantalizing quality about the picture, akin to that of Mr. Stockton's famous tale about *The Lady or the Tiger.* "Well, which was it?" says the novelist quizzically, leaving the burden of his tale on our shoulders. And "What is it these Venetian folks are gazing at?" queries the painter, giving us just a scrap of one approaching boat, and then laying aside his brushes.

What can it be to interest all sorts and conditions of men and women, as apparently it does? Every soul except the chubby baby in his pretty sister's arms feels the importance of the occasion, and the different kinds of people are so cleverly sketched we feel acquainted with every one. Would that somebody of the company

[1] Pasini, an Italian painter of the present generation.



CURIOSITY. — Pasini.

would vouchsafe a word of explanation! The urchin shouting and beckoning to a distant comrade does not enlighten us much, for small boys are alike the world over: —

> "A wedding or a festival,
> A mourning or a funeral,"

are all delightful pageants to them. But will not the sober, middle-aged workman near by help us out, or perhaps the handsome youth with the dark curly hair and the open shirt collar? Is a gay wedding party coming down the canal? Is it some procession of church dignitaries on their way to a special service at one of the old Venetian shrines? Is it a group of those queer American tourists, armed with guidebooks and umbrellas, taking a first gondola ride and chattering their barbarous language in the unabashed manner of American citizens? What is it?

Whoever is approaching is being studied by the shrewd old fellow in the rough cap, who stands a little farther up the staircase, beside that shrinking, slatternly matron in the plaid shawl. The man has an air of having seen plenty of just such sights before, and knowing how much they are worth. Just see the air of wise reserve with which he stands there, by no means condescending to lean out over the parapet in the eager fashion of his neighbors. If we had but a chance to ask him for information, we should get not only the facts in the case, but some homely, sententious comments thereon, without extra charge.

The girl next beyond is absorbed, heart and soul, in the spectacle. But what about her companion with the heavy hair and downcast eyes, who lays one pretty white hand on the first girl's shoulder? That young woman

has a story. Can it be a wedding procession approaching, and had she hoped to be in the bride's place? The saucy girl at her elbow, who deliberately turns to stare at her, may be looking, with the calm cruelty of precocious childhood, to see how she takes the disappointment. Or, possibly, this little side scene has nothing to do with the procession at all. There may be a quarrel between the families represented by the white-handed young person and the saucy girl, and those discreetly downcast lids may be meant only to "cut" the impertinent damsel. That is, unless the old priest is the cause of the serious face and the down-drooping lashes. Has she some reason for wishing that the severe father shall not see her here, and is she overdoing, just a little, her pretence that she does not know he is near? Some dramatic intention or other is hidden behind that handsome, heavy face of hers, we feel sure.

The boy in the white shirt, just beyond the dignified priest, has probably very few intentions in life other than to have a good time as he goes along. His happy-go-lucky type we all know — and sometimes envy. Envy? No; if we were going to envy anybody, should it not rather be the buxom girl who stands on the next higher step, one hand on her hip, with that smile of good-natured, "superior" satisfaction on her round face? If it is a wedding procession drawing near, here is one girl who has no jealousy of the bride — not she! This girl knows for a certainty that her own sweetheart is handsomer than the bridegroom of to-day, and that her own wedding gown will be even more becoming than the finery in the approaching gondola. She can well afford to patronize the procession with an approving smile.

And what of the substantial citizen at the top of the

stairs, his head towering against the sky? And what of the hooded figure at his elbow, and the crowd on the farther side of the bridge? Have we been all wrong in our surmises? Is the sight they flock to see a company of soldiers, starting for the wars? — or a criminal being haled to prison? — or, maybe, the infant heir of an old name, borne to his christening by a gay company of sisters and cousins and aunts, godfathers and godmothers, all in their best clothes?

And all this time, that problematic gondola in the corner of the picture has not advanced an inch.

See how gracefully the artist managed to avoid an exactly diagonal division of his picture space by introducing that elbow in the parapet at the foot of the stairway, where the young girl stands with the baby. (By the way, how clever it was to put the plump, large-eyed morsel of humanity there in the foreground, with his solemn, absent-minded gaze quite away from the show, emphasizing, by the contrast with his cheerful, vague indifference, the sharply focussed interest of all the rest.) And see how the painter utilized the open space at the top of the stairway, beyond the old priest, giving us two more girls in quaint, picturesque costume, in attitudes that make so pleasant a variety from the poses of their neighbors, though they fit naturally enough into the idea of the general situation. The girl who stoops with her hand on the bucket, the lines of her body all curving the other way from the lines of the people near the parapet, makes the picture, as a whole, much pleasanter to look at. Compare the outline, Figure 2, on page 149, where the lines curving to the left balance those curving to the right. In arranging a bouquet of curving flower or foliage sprays, we naturally like to have some unobtrusive effect

of this sort; it gives the eye more pleasure than would be afforded if the lines curved all one way. This artist evidently has an eye for beauty of line in composition as well as interest in human nature and a sense of humor.

He has, too, feeling for beauty in the combination of light and dark spaces. Though these are mingled in such a way that the changes from light to dark have the effect of shifting change (almost of what we call "twinkling" in a candle flame or a star), making us feel the stir of life in the scene, there is nothing staring or harsh in the contrasts. The spots and streaks and gleams of light color seem to lead easily and naturally towards the larger light space of the open sky at the top of the picture, and down to the strong, conspicuous light masses of the broad stone coping in the foreground, reflecting in its turn the light of the overarching heavens.

During the Franco-Prussian War many clever young artists were enrolled in the armies of both nations. Detaille[1] was one of the Frenchmen who made conspicuous use of his talents in this connection, studying the dramatic aspects of war, and portraying these with much the same sort of spirit and dash that other men put into the writing of short stories. The charm of a picture which thus tells a story is likely to be evanescent if the picture does nothing more than tell a story, but when such a picture is well done, it is sure to be attractive in its own way.

Detaille called this *L'Alerte*, The Alarm. The horseman has evidently brought serious news. The horse is

[1] Jean Baptiste Edouard Detaille, a Parisian, born in 1848, well known for his military pictures.

panting and steaming from the haste of his gallop. The attitudes of the officers plainly show how important they consider the message. Notice the intentness of look on both sides — that of the man on horseback and of those on foot; see how cleverly the artist has tilted all four heads at such angles as to direct the men's gaze at each other, though on very different levels. In one sense this is a trifle. We say, "Of course they ought to be looking at each other." True. But let us try to draw a spirited group where people are on different levels, and we soon find it is far from being a trifling and easy matter to make our people look each other straight in the eyes.

See how wet and sloppy the ground is under the new-fallen snow. The blackness of the footprints betrays that, for the overcast sun could cause no shadow effects so black. The air must be raw and chilly; if we question the men, more than one is ready to testify on that point. Collars are turned up, shoulders shrugged together; cold and dampness are felt in shivering combination.

Nearsighted people have so many disadvantages in life, it is a pity for them to miss any of the small pleasures which might be theirs as compensation. To such readers it is suggested that they take off their glasses and walk into this picture boldly. Bring the page up near enough to see the foreground with perfect distinctness *without* glasses, and to cut off from view everything outside this one page. Behold! The spectator actually seems, himself, to be standing in this soggy snow, staring up at the man on horseback, and shivering while he stares. The village street stretches away before him, losing itself in snowy haze, and the waiting soldiers, their bodies and guns at varying angles with the ground, actually give the impression of shifting, kaleidoscopic motion in the



THE ALARM. — Detaille.

restless individuals. We probably get this impression from having to adjust our eye to first one slant of line and then another and then another, all slightly different.

This way of looking at the picture is, it is true, a good deal like playing a game. It is a method which would be equally disrespectful and disappointing if we tried to apply it to the *Sistine Madonna* or Sargent's *Old Testament Prophets*. But Detaille's style of drawing is very different: here the minute finish of all the particulars (even to the chilly, huddled-up look of the farthest soldier in the background) invites a different kind of study, and awakens a different kind of admiration.

There is in this picture, besides its immediate story, a succession of striking contrasts, giving it accent, so to speak, like the vigorously marked accent of military music. Thus, we have dark figures of men against white snow; the ancient building crumbling at the sills over against the sturdy young officers so full of life and strength; the decisive alertness of these few responsible leaders with their distinct individuality, set off by the ready, acquiescent passiveness of the private soldiers, grouped in a mass like some huge weapon to be wielded by a will quite outside itself; and, most suggestive of all from the "story" point of view, we have the almost microscopically clear detail of the foreground and middle distance (the present tense of the story), contrasted with the blank uncertainty of mist and haze beyond.

What is to be the fate of this little company with its alert, athletic leaders, now so full of vigor to plan and to execute? Will the day's end find that boyish, blonde officer in the tall boots and the fur-trimmed coat still energetic and gay, equally ready for a dance or for a mad gallop across smoky fields? Or will he have

finished this chapter of his career, and be beginning a new one somewhere in the Next Country, where there is no more warfare with bullets and swords?

The *Othello* of Becker[1] is one of the pictures which tells a story with dramatic spirit and local color happily combined. We could construct quite a part of the old play for ourselves on the strength of this clever pictorial rendering of one suggested scene. The old man and the young girl must be father and daughter. The swarthy guest with the picturesque costume is evidently watching the effect of his own exciting story. Desdemona's frankly adoring attention cannot possibly be misunderstood, and the possibilities of parental objection and interference are all to be read in the set lips and square jaw of the senator. Iago and Cassio and Emilia have not yet come into tragic touch with the drama. What we have here is the idyllic prologue as sketched by Othello himself, in the account of his courtship given to the Duke (Act I, Scene 3).

Aside from the interest of the suggested story, the picture has attractions worth noting, — color, for instance. We can hardly help thinking of the picture as gorgeous with color, so full it is of the indications of rich hues and textures. Brabantio's robe must be of velvet by the way in which it takes the light on its thick folds. The gleam of Desdemona's gown suggests satin. It is an interesting experiment to fill out the colors in our minds, planning combinations of hues that will be gorgeous yet not gaudy, against the background of marble walls and pillared balustrade. Othello him-

[1] Carl Becker, a contemporary German painter.

self must certainly be brilliant as a tropical bird in that magnificent confection of doublet and hose, sash and hanging sleeves, dagger and chain, all contrasted with the Moorish complexion! And, as if the artist could not give us enough color, we find still more in the seat which Othello has just quitted, in the rug upon the floor, in Desdemona's embroidered cushion, in the stiff brocaded and satin-lined curtain behind the open book, and in the gleaming glass and metal of the lamp swinging before a panel of the Madonna and Child. The picture is crowded as full of color as a fruit-cake is of sweetmeats, only we must paint in the actual hues with our imaginations.

The soft, hazy atmosphere about the buildings on the other side of the canal suggests warmth and languor, yet there is no clear, brilliant sunshine: mark the absence of all sharply defined shadows. The sun seems to be veiled in a luminous mist, lending to the distant view an air of delicious vagueness. It is a place for a damsel of Desdemona's temperament (no scholarly Romola — she!) to be driven to some great emotional outburst by the monotony of elderly companionship and big, dry books.

This picture is a good one to study at short range, like Detaille's soldiers, holding the page near enough to the eyes to cut off surrounding objects, so that one seems to be actually on the spot, close beside the people. See how beautifully the mottled coloring of the marble pillars is suggested. See the severe elegance of the darker-colored marble behind the father, so beautifully carved. See how Desdemona's fair hair is set off by contrast with her father's velvet robes, and how the two faces — that of the stern old man and the bloom-



OTHELLO. — BECKER.

ing young woman — insist on a certain family resemblance underlying all their detailed differences. Yes, the girl does look like her father. No wonder that, when she had once made her choice, she stood by it; there is a vein of obstinate resolution underneath all her surface prettiness and flower-like delicacy. Ill-fated Desdemona! We like best to think of her here in her father's house, an ignorant, lovely, lovable girl, with a heart aching full of adoration for her chosen hero, dreaming vague, girlish dreams of a long life together, made all of valorous deeds on his part and wifely devotion on her own.

When the matrons of to-day were children in the nursery, they were delighted with the drawings of a German artist named Oscar Pletsch. His style of working is a little old fashioned now, but his exquisitely sympathetic understanding of childhood is something that never can go out of date.

This simple, homely, domestic interior is what most appealed to him — an interior where mistress, maid, and babies cheerfully take life as it comes, full of commonplace duties and innocent fun. Here preparations are making for dinner. The kettle is steaming on the stove. The girl at the cupboard is taking down a huge loaf of bread for the coming meal. The plump, capable housewife, with the neatly braided hair, is absorbed for a minute in some thrifty plan about making over the children's clothes. Although she stares so intently at the stick in her hand, she is not thinking of it at all; it is some project of housekeeping that is taking shape in her flaxen head. And meantime the children, in blissful ignorance that clothes have to be planned for at all, are

absorbed in the fascinating spectacle of the fishes in the tub and on the floor. The serious intentness of the small boy's inspection is something we have seen and smiled over many and many a time. They have so responsible an air, these wee men with tousled heads, as they watch gravely over the occupations of the carpenter and the cook and the street workman!

The roly-poly body leaning on the edge of the tub is likely enough to slip and fall in. She has already lost one shoe in the course of the morning's travels. If now she plunges her shoulders into the tub of water, she is lucky to have a good-natured, philosophic mother to pull her out, dry her tears, change her clothes, and put her in the way of different entertainment.

There is something irresistibly appealing in the third baby, the funny little figure bent over to see if the queer monster with gaping mouth will dare to bite her fat forefinger. Suppose she should accidentally touch the scaly thing — ugh! what a jump and recoil would be there. This round little maiden is not the first to find bravery easier at a generous distance from the danger.

There is nothing heroic about the people this artist loved to draw, but they live in an atmosphere of such sunshiny content that the sight of them warms our hearts. Children love pictures like this for their faithful, precise portraying of things which they recognize or which suggest episodes easily built up in their own imaginations. And grown-up people hold them dear like the memories of their own childhood, when

"The world (was) so full of a number of things"

that it read like a big, hazy, marvellous picture-book from one long day to another.

In this drawing, where we can see the very strokes of the artist's pen, it is very interesting to watch him at work, as it were, and see how he gets his effects. Notice, for one thing, how he puts space into the picture, making the farther wall of the room *look* as if it really were quite a distance beyond the stove and the table. It is chiefly a matter of emphasis or accent of lines. That is, the lines used in showing things in the background are dimmer and fainter. The fact that we see the outlines of the bench and the tub so much more distinctly than we see the outlines of the objects hanging on the wall between the mother's shoulder and the huge, overhanging shelf, makes us feel that the bench and the tub are near and the open wall farther off.

The artist's manner of showing us the hair on his people's heads is something interesting, it is so simple and yet so effective. See how few touches give us the impression of the mother's tidy braids and coils; even the perfectly blank spaces of white paper between the lines make us think of smooth brushed hair, reflecting the light from its glossy surface, and not of white paper. See, again, how the effect of plump roundness is given to her arms and to those of the urchin on the bench, by a few light strokes on the side where the arm is in shadow. It is a pretty touch to make the puffing cloud of steam from the kettle look transparent, indicating it by the fewest possible touches where it comes between us and the distant, light-colored wall, and making it, by the addition of more and clearer strokes, seem to take the darker color of the chimney where it comes between us and that different surface.

For there is a good deal of color in this picture, even though it is made only with streaks of black ink on white



FISH FOR DINNER. — PLETSCH.

paper. Look at the valiant mite holding out her forefinger to the fish. Her long "tyer" and her frock are so managed as to give the effect of a strong contrast of color, only we are left to imagine the detail of it for ourselves. Is it a red frock and a white apron, or a dark indigo-blue frock with a light pink apron, or what? There is a similar suggestion of contrasted colors in the sleeves and the bodice of the mother's gown; we can see by the way the light and shade fall on and under the arm that the additional strokes on the bodice mean darker or deeper color in the stuff itself, and not simply temporary shadow. Again, the heavy lines across the stove door suggest at once that it is of some material different from the body of the stove, — iron, probably, contrasted with the lighter-colored surface of tiles of baked earthenware. Indeed, we should necessarily infer from that nonchalant pose of bare arms on the stove that it could not be all of iron, like our American stoves to-day.

What did our good-natured German artist do? He made a few marks on a sheet of paper, that is all. But those few marks, duplicated for us on our page here, build up by a magic of their own a frugal German home of thirty years ago, with its characteristic furniture and simple belongings, call back some now ponderous dame to the days of her young wifehood; make children once more of three grown-up people, now heads of their own households. Perhaps the model for that boy is now a soldier under the Emperor. Perhaps each sister now has babies of her own, and tells them at bedtime stories about just such an old kitchen with a tiled stove, and a tall cupboard with double doors, and a brook behind the house where they used to go a-fishing long ago with strings and bent-up pins.

CHAPTER V

ANIMALS

THE *Return to the Farm*[1] gives us a bit of French country life, but it is of a sort that translates itself readily into the American consciousness, at least for those who have had the good fortune to be on intimately friendly terms with country sights and sounds. It is the simplest thing in the world, — just a group of farm animals coming home down a long lane at the close of day, — but, to initiated eyes, it has all the charm of a comparison of experiences with some congenial acquaintance.

Yes, indeed, we know just what he means! Have we not seen just such grassy roadways and embowering trees; just such wide, delightful reaches of fields; just such swampy little ponds where the cattle love to linger, drinking and switching their tails as they drink? Have not we too watched the play of light and shade over the angular bodies of meditative cows (they seem "all elbows," those large-eyed beasts) and over the cushiony contours of straying sheep? Have we not petted and

[1] By Constant Troyon (1810-1865), one of the greatest French painters of landscape and animals. Troyon began work as a porcelain painter in the Sèvres potteries, but his heart was in larger, out-of-door work. It is said that during his years of struggle with poverty he used to paint landscapes till his unreplenished funds gave out, return to the porcelain painting long enough to fill his purse, and then turn once more to his beloved fields. When he died, one of his most careful provisions was for a Parisian scholarship for promising young painters of animals.

patted and scolded a dog of just such mischievous proclivities as this one with whom matronly mooley has quite lost patience? And, best of all, do we not know that very touch of late afternoon sunshine, — the kind that lays long, horizontal shadows over the ground, — gestures full of unguessed significance, fascinating us with a mysterious quality in their beauty, suggestive of some wonderful meaning, we know not what?

There is something about this late afternoon sunshine which cannot quite be put into words, though Troyon succeeded pretty well in putting it into his picture.[1] Somebody once wrote a charming little story about a young Swiss girl, who, to help out the slender family

[1] "Suppose ye want to paint a field of ripe corn; will ye get at it, do ye think, by sitting down and pentin' the stalks and the heads, — ay, if ye were to spend a lifetime at it and paint fifty thousand of them? Ay, and if ye painted a hundred thousand of them as like as could be, ye'd be no nearer getting at your cornfield. For what ye have to paint is what ye see; and when ye look at a cornfield, ye see na single stalks at all, but a great mass of gold, as it were, with a touch of orange here or paler yellow there, and a wash of green where the land is wet, and sometimes of warm red even where the stalks are mixed with weeds; and ye are no going to get that color either by chasing the daylight out of the sky, and taking the thing into a room, and making a clever bit of a fuzzy sketch in gray and green and black. That's easy, — but it's no the cornfield. Ay, and there's more. Ye've got to paint more than ye see. Ye've got to put just that something into the cornfield that will make people's hearts warm to it when they see it on your canvas. Suppose that ye've been ill for a month or two; laid on your back maybe, and sick tired of the pattern on the wall o' your room; and at last the day comes when the doctor thinks you might be lifted into a carriage and taken oot for a drive. And we'll say it's a fine warm afternoon, and your heart is just full of wonder and gladness, like, at the trees and the soft air, and we'll say that all of a sudden, at the turning o' the road, ye come in sicht o' this field of ripe corn, just as yellow as yellow can be under the afternoon sky. Ay, and what is it when ye see such a wonderful and beautiful thing — what is it that brings the tears to your e'en? I say, what is it? For it's *that* ye've got to catch and put in your picture, or ye'll be a d—d mistake as a painter!" — William Black in *Shandon Bells*.



HE RETURN TO THE FARM.-

fortunes, went to Dresden as nurse-maid in a rich man's family. She was sadly homesick, this country maid, shut up in a brick house on a city street, but most of the time her duties kept her from thinking too much about the old familiar things. Only, late each afternoon, as the sun sank low in the west, sending its level beams in through the house windows, she could not bear just *that* look, remembering how those same rays fell upon the fields at home. And she used to cover her face with her apron.

It might seem at first thought as if Troyon had not done much here beyond holding a mirror up to nature, so like nature's own self the image seems. But we have, in fact, a great deal to thank him for besides just his skill in making his trees look like trees, his cows like cows, and his sheep like sheep. He had an artist's eye. He knew not only what to see, but also how to look at it.

For instance, take the matter of choosing a point of view. Is not the picture a great deal more attractive for showing us not only a vista of fields at the left of the bouquet of trees, but also a little glimpse of the open country at the right? Lacking that hint of nearly level reaches continuing at the right-hand side of this causeway path, we should have no good clew to the "lay of the land" off in this direction. Try covering up a half-inch section across the right end of the picture and see how much we lose of that feeling of vast, roomy space above and around us which was before so pleasant.

On the other hand, if the artist had chosen a standpoint which brought that cluster of trees exactly in the middle of the picture, with equal sky spaces at the right and left, we should probably not have liked it half so well as now. Exact symmetry in a landscape instantly impresses us as artificial and unpleasant.

The repetition of the contours of the large mass of trees by the others over beyond the cows' watering-place is something grateful to the eye. We find it pleasant, somewhat as we find an octave pleasanter to the ear than a single note. And, besides, those farther trees, by their intervention between us and the horizon, help us measure the distance with the eye. They help make a very few inches (here actually only a small fraction of an inch) of space to mean miles of space. That is a part of the artist's magic.

And see, too, how, in spite of the fact that the animals are all, in a general way, coming towards us, Troyon managed to make us see them in a great many different positions, so as to bring out all their characteristic proportions, their variety of curves and angles. Each attitude chosen for portrayal is exquisitely true to life, and each gives us some beautiful change from the contours of the others. And this, of course, did not merely happen. Troyon grouped his beloved beasts in such a way as to try to make us see them with his own appreciative eyes.

The sun is steadily sinking. Is it possible those shadows across the road have grown no longer in all this time that we have been standing looking back down the lane? It is time for the cows to be milked and for the sheep to be turned into their pen. Let us whistle to the dog, give an encouraging chirrup to that doubtful donkey, and move on towards home.

Though cats are so common in actual life, comparatively few artists have been successful in representing them. Lambert[1] is one of these few, and the family group shown here (page 65) is deservedly popular.

But wait a moment. Let us not turn the page after one hasty, approving glance. It is not enough to recognize that these are cats, and that they are up on the table where they have no business to be. Any child can see as much as that. The picture can give us a good deal more pleasure than that of merely identifying the animals and the furniture, if we give it a chance.

Our artist evidently saw a great deal to admire in the outlines of these graceful creatures and in the exquisite textures and colors of their fur. It was a clever idea to show us five different poses while having only four cats.

See how significant is the mother cat's attitude, the long, lithe, curving and recurving outline of her head, shoulders, body, and tail leading the eye from table top to bird-cage, delighting us with the beauty of its curves in themselves, and at the same time suggesting so clearly the movement meditated inside that alert head. The contrast of sleekness with fluffiness in her fur and her children's is beautifully shown. The profile of the kitten at the left side of the picture irresistibly suggests a lion (compare with the group on page 211); yet see how the tail of the same kitten neutralizes this suggestion of dignity and stateliness by its babyish inconsequence and frivolity. This mingling of would-be dignity and inherent silliness is, indeed, for the most of us, the chief charm of a kitten's character, but it takes a clever artist to capture so evasive a quality and put it on paper or canvas.

[1] E. Lambert, a contemporary French artist. The original of this picture is in the Luxembourg gallery at Paris.



STUDY OF CATS. — LAMBERT.

See the solemnity of the eyes of the next kitten reflected in the mirror ; how can so grave an expression belong to the owner of that deliciously fluffy bunch of a body and those diminutive forepaws, braced wide apart in babyish awkwardness? There is something marvellously wise and judicial about a cat's mysterious eyes. When we have studied them a little, we hardly wonder that the old-time Egyptians felt there must be some supernatural power lurking behind that inscrutableness, and so prudently paid them special respect and honor.

Again, besides being delusively wise looking, cats' eyes are so beautiful in their color and lustre. See how delightfully the artist caught the characteristic, jewel-like gleam in the eyes of the wee fellow at the right-hand edge of the table. There are, too, other expressions of color in the picture. There are many variations of color in the fur of the four animals, and many besides in the furniture and other accessories. The black-and-white reproduction leaves us to imagine for ourselves the actual color effects at which it hints; let us supply the colors from our own imagination. It is entertaining to fill these hints out in fancy, seeing the picture in our mind's eye with table, chair back, chest of drawers, bird-cage, earthenware dishes, and the rest in harmonious coloring. We may not hit upon the artist's exact idea; but, if we follow the hints of the print as well as may be, we can make it mean much more than it meant at first sight : the table and the chest of drawers, the shallow plate, and the odd, three-legged vessel with the projecting handle taking their places as parts of a harmony in colors as well as of a harmony in masses and lines.

The condition of the mirror-lined cover of the work-box is eloquent of past experiences and exploits on the

part of this lively family; and, as we see when we study their poses carefully, we have also clear testimony as to what they mean to do next. It is interesting to notice how, although all four animals are still just for the moment, we have a vivid suggestion of movements that each one is just about to make. The mother-cat, as we have already noticed, is planning for a spring upon the bird-cage. The left-hand kitten in another instant will have sent the ball of yarn spinning to the floor, and the absent housewife's scissors, we may well believe, will go clattering down after the ball of yarn. After the reflected puss has studied her duplicate a few seconds longer, she will be inaugurating a quarrel or a game of romps with the kitten behind the looking-glass. And then, with all these interesting things happening, will the jewel-eyed morsel be long content merely to lean on the edge of the table, a passive spectator? It is a lively drama that we find suggested here. And does not the artist really show us a great deal more of feline beauty and feline disposition by representing the dainty, mischievous creatures at momentary rest before spirited movement, rather than by showing us the actual movement? From these charming, motionless poses we can easily supply the coming movements in our own imagination, so that we have practically both pictures to enjoy; whereas, it would not be nearly as natural or easy for most of us, given the representation of swift, complicated movement, to complement it in our minds with images of the same figures grouped in repose.

Among the few women who have attained distinction in painting, Rosa Bonheur[1] is probably the best known. Her long life has been spent in the shrewd and faithful study of animals, — horses, cattle, donkeys, lions, all sorts of four-footed creatures.

The picture of cattle ploughing, shown on page 69, was painted some fifty years ago when the artist was a young woman, and its homely, wholesome vigor and truth earned prompt recognition. Nothing could be more simple, and in one sense commonplace, than a team of oxen, ploughing an open field; but to such an artist's eye the scene has endless attractions. Let us find what the gifted French woman saw in this bit of nature and life.

Was not the tremendous strength of the awkward creatures one of the things that most appealed to her? Certainly it is one of the things which she most vividly shows to us. Notice the hind leg of the forward ox and see how its lines of bone and muscle can be traced away up into the hip joint. Look at the forward leg of the ox next behind and see how the vigorous thrust of this member can be traced from the very shoulder. The power acting through these living levers shows much more forcibly for our being able to trace these lines throughout. Imagine what a difference there would be between the impressive effect of an athlete's naked arm and that of the same arm hidden from shoulder to knuckles in a bishop's voluminous sleeve! Rosa Bonheur knew ox anatomy by heart; she had studied every one of the curving ribs and cunning joints that show through those tough hides, and she knew, besides, just how much to show us in order to make us feel the chief characteristic

[1] Rosalie Marie Bonheur, born in France in 1828 and still at work. The original of the picture on page 69 is in the Luxembourg in Paris.



PLOUGHING IN THE NIVERNAIS. — Rosa Bonheur.

of the patient brutes she loved. Strength they have, and strength indeed they need for a task like that. Observe the long, gradual, upward slant made by the lines of the backs of the animals as they drag the clumsy old-fashioned plough through the tough, caked soil. It is not obtrusively emphasized, but, taken in connection with the upward slant of the breast bones, it gives one the feeling of a long, hard *pull*. The gearing of the oxen is after a fashion little known to most of us, though still practised in some farming regions. Instead of wearing a yoke across the shoulders, these cattle carry the central pole or beam by a primitive sort of harness fastened to their horns. Shouting and prodding on the driver's part are fashions which have probably held about the same since ploughs were first invented. It is easy to see which of that middle pair of oxen is the sufferer just now. The rolling eye of the magnificent fellow nearest us seems to express pain and repressed indignation, as if to say, "Stupid! Why can't he see I am doing the best I can? I just wish he could try my end of the job for a while." And his mate has the patiently meek and neutral look of one who realizes it may be his own turn next.

The varied colors of these wrinkled hides and the play of the sunshine over them are beautifully shown even in this little print. The whole picture has a fresh, hearty, out-of-doors effect. It almost seems as if we could smell the delicious, earthy fragrance of the upturned sods and feel the warmth of the sunny air.

Before we leave the page let us give one glance towards the woods in the distance. Perhaps they meant to the artist chiefly an opposite sloping diagonal, to pleasantly balance the slant of the oxen's pull and keep the picture as a whole from seeming likely to slide out of its frame.

Perhaps the purpose was partly to give a strong mass of color, different from that of the brown earth and the sunshiny sky and the brawny oxen. And possibly it was also in the artist's consciousness that this bit of woods, giving definite limits to one part of the field, would suggest to us the idea of other enclosing boundaries, and so of the simple, self-respectful satisfaction of managing a wee section of the big earth's surface for oneself, commanding the brute creation into loyal service and making ten blades grow where one had grown before.

Artists' jokes oftenest turn on the follies and absurdities of us humankind. Probably we ourselves really are more ridiculous than any of the other inhabitants of this amusing world. But now and then we find a man whose imagination has a whimsical bent, enabling him to conceive the quaint humors of animal life. Church[1] is famous for this quality, portraying all sorts of incredible, fairy-story situations with an air of demure good faith which is exquisitely "taking."

We have all read many times the old fable of the race between the hare and the tortoise, when the hare, presuming too far upon his established reputation, lay off for a nap, and the tortoise, by keeping at it, came out ahead. But who, save Mr. Church, could see in his mind's eye the closing scenes of the drama as we have them on page 73? One who thoroughly enjoys the fun of these drawings is sorely tempted to talk too much about them, but it is well known that a joke analyzed is

[1] F. S. Church of New York, an artist of wide reputation, especially in illustrative work.

a joke assassinated. Let us each discover the subtile excellences of this one for himself.

It is only after we have taken in the delicious humor that we begin to notice the cleverness of the composition and the workmanship. Could a turtle's shell be better shown in all its hard, brilliant, mosaic effects than this artist shows it with pencil and paper? And how charmingly graceful is the fashion in which the two scenes are clearly separated for the eye, yet held together for the thought. The two drawings are really nestled inside the principal curves of a long scroll shaped like a reversed S. The scroll begins unobtrusively in the outline of the distant hillside at the top of the page, comes down through the "goal" post, trails off towards the left in that wandering spray of bindweed, and, after taking another downward turn around the turtle's back, curls about and ends in the bending spray, where four giggling little birds talk the whole thing over.



THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE. — Church.

CHAPTER VI

PORTRAITS

ONE of the most famous portraits in existence is that of *Mona Lisa* (My Lady Lisa), by Lionardo da Vinci.[1] Very few pictures have ever received so much admiration as this one, during the four hundred years since it was painted. If we feel the charm of it at once, so much the better; still, we shall be quite pardonable if at the first glance we have thought the smiling lady not particularly pretty, but strange and puzzling. Only we will not on that account pass the picture by. A portrait over which one of the world's greatest painters spent years of patient work — considering it even then not quite finished — must have a great deal in it. If we do not see much in it, the fault is ours, not the painter's. If we do not all see just the same things in it, we have each a right to our own impressions. A great picture may bear a dozen dissimilar messages to a dozen dissimilar types of mind and temperament. Until the critics are agreed upon uniform understanding of *Hamlet*, we need not be disturbed by finding that many

[1] One of the greatest geniuses of Italy (1452–1519). He was eminent in a great many different ways, — as painter, author, architect, sculptor, scientist, musician, and mechanical engineer. The original of this picture hangs in the Louvre. Mona Lisa was the wife of an Italian named Francesco del Gioconde, and her portrait is sometimes called *La Gioconda*.

men are of many minds in regard to this problematic picture now before us.

On one point our admiration is a unit. The hands of this lady of olden days are as exquisite as hands can well be. The more we study their lovely outlines, comparing them with the hands we see on every-day people around us, the more we feel that they are the perfect fulfilment of a sort of ideal beauty, an ideal only dimly suggested and clumsily approximated in most of the hands that come under our own direct observation.

But the head with that strangely haunting smile, rising between us and the fantastic landscape such as we have seen in dreams! How much of the mysterious quality of the smile is in those eyes? Cover up the lower part of the face, from the eyelids downwards, and we find their look very little changed. Cover all the upper part of the face, leaving the nose and mouth in sight, and we find the expression almost the same as before, so much of it lies in the mouth. (Notice, by the way, how little the lips tend to part, for all their smiling. They are lips behind which the owner's secrets would be forever safe.) Now try one more experiment, if the shade of Lionardo will pardon us the liberty. Make the Lady Lisa close her eyes. We can do it by laying a sheet of paper across the upper part of the picture in such a way as to cut off the iris and pupil of the eyes, while still showing the softly shadowed under lids. These under lids seem transformed temporarily into upper lids. And still that same baffling expression, even while she sleeps!

The moral implications of the expression actually seem different at different times. Sometimes the look seems one of innocent archness and coquetry. Sometimes we seem to feel an uncanny element in it; was she possibly

one of those strange, fascinating creatures who could poison her husband, strangle her babies, and stick an opportune dagger into the heart of an unfaithful lover, all the while walking before the world with a show of virtuous calm?

Biographers tell us that the painter spent four years trying to make this portrait just what he wanted it to be. It is natural to build up a little romance in our minds on the strength of this tradition, picturing him as held under the spell of a personal infatuation, tossed to and fro by the changing humors of the capricious mistress of his heart, and consoling himself as best he could with the artistic satisfaction of immortalizing her strange personality. But it may be that, if we drop the solution here, we are losing the great in the little. Lionardo may indeed have been in love with this inscrutable woman; but the fact is that something of this same facial expression is traceable in others of his pictures that have nominally nothing to do with Francesco del Gioconde's wife. Some idea, for which this smile stands, seems to have haunted him. It would seem as if the painter meant more than just painting that one woman's portrait. For Lionardo was a great deal besides a painter; his mind was many-sided to a marvellous degree. He believed that science and art had deep interrelations, and he was continually probing deep into the nature of things and the philosophy of things. In several lines of research — as his note-books and published writings show — he was accomplished far and away beyond the times. He designed mills and hydraulic machinery, guns, cannon, war vessels and paddle-wheel boats, civic and religious buildings, musical instruments. He studied fossils, and all but reached — quite by himself — the idea of their being



MONA LISA (LA GIOCONDA).—DA VINCI.

remnants of prehistoric life. He studied botany, chemistry, and physics, making endless laboratory experiments, and inventing ingenious scientific apparatus; he practically anticipated the invention of the telescope, and almost grasped the principle of the pendulum. With all the rest, he was a friend of the explorer, Amerigo Vespucci, and we can imagine what surging emotions the stories of a vast new world beyond the Atlantic must have brought to a man of his alert intellect and imaginative temperament.

And what has all this to do with *Mona Lisa?* Perhaps a great deal. Lionardo studied people just as he studied the rest of the marvellous world around him, only with still deeper interest, because of that mysterious, spiritual something which sets humanity above all the rest of visible creation. And Lionardo had a theory that everything has some bearing on everything else. What then so natural, for a man with his cultivated sense of beauty, as to wonder and ponder over the meaning of the human face, especially over the unknown reality behind a woman's beauty and charm? More than one great writer has been haunted by the desire to penetrate into its meaning. Both men and women feel it. Browning muses: —

> "But the time will come, — at last it will,
> When, Evelyn Hope, what meant (I shall say)
> In the lower earth, in the years long still,
> That body and soul so pure and gay.
> *Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,*
> *And your mouth of your own geranium's red* —
> And what you would do with me, in fine,
> In the new life come in the old one's stead."

And George Eliot philosophizes: —

> ". . . The beauty of a lovely woman is like music; what can one say more? Beauty has an expression beyond and far above the one woman's soul that it clothes, as the words of

genius have a wider meaning than the thought that prompted them; it is more than a woman' slove that moves us in a woman's eyes — it seems to be a far-off, mighty love that has come near to us, and made speech for itself there; the rounded neck, the dimpled arm, move us by something more than their prettiness — by their close kinship with all we have known of tenderness and peace.' '

It seems as if our painter, four centuries ago, over beside the Mediterranean, had puzzled over the same insoluble problem: insoluble because of the psychological chasm which separates every two human souls. Near as we come to our nearest and dearest, is there not always an impassable space between, implied by the very fact of distinct, personal identity?

"We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

"Heart to heart was never known;
Mind with mind did never meet;
We are columns left alone
Of a temple once complete. . . ."

Was it partly his sense of this everlasting mystery of personal existence in the flesh, which made the old Florentine artist put so fascinating and baffling a look into the face he had studied so long, so intently, so ardently?

Those who have given the longest and wisest study to this masterpiece see in it still more than all this. Walter Pater's critical rhapsody over *Mona Lisa* is, in its own way, almost as famous as the painting itself, and many readers will like to be reminded of it while the picture is before them: —

"*La Gioconda* is, in the truest sense, Lionardo's masterpiece, the revealing instance of his mode of thought and work. In

suggestiveness, only the *Melancholia* of Dürer is comparable to it, and no crude symbolism disturbs the effect of its subdued and graceful mystery. We all know the face and hands of the figure, set in its marble chair, in that cirque of fantastic rocks, as in some faint light under sea. Perhaps of all ancient pictures time has chilled it least. As often happens with works in which invention seems to reach its limit, there is an element in it given to, not invented by, the master. In that inestimable folio of drawings, once in the possession of Vasari, were certain designs by Verrocchio, faces of such impressive beauty that Lionardo in his boyhood copied them many times. It is hard not to connect with these designs of the elder by-past master, as with its germinal principle, the unfathomable smile, always with a touch of something sinister in it, which plays over all Lionardo's work. Besides, the picture is a portrait. From childhood we see this image defining itself on the fabric of his dreams; and but for express historical testimony, we might fancy that this was but his ideal lady, embodied and beheld at last. What was the relationship of a living Florentine to this creature of his thought? By what strange affinities had she and the dream grown thus apart, yet so closely together? Present from the first, incorporeal in Lionardo's thought, dimly traced in the designs of Verrocchio, she is found present at last in Il Gioconde's house.

That there is much of mere portraiture in the picture is attested by the legend that by artificial means, the presence of mimes and flute-players, that subtle expression was protracted on the face. Again, was it in four years and by renewed labor never really completed, or in four months and as by stroke of magic that the image was projected?

The presence that thus so strangely rose beside the waters is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years man had come to desire. Here is the head upon which all "the ends of the world are come," and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little by little, cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed? All the thoughts and experience of the world have etched and moulded there in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, — the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the

reverie of the Middle Age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secret of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and traflicked for strange webs with Eastern merchants; and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments and tinged the eyelids and the hands. The fancy of perpetual life, sweeping together ten thousand experiences, is an old one; and modern thought has conceived the idea of humanity as wrought upon by, and summing up in itself, all modes of thought and life. Certainly Lady Lisa might stand as the embodiment of the old fancy, the symbol of the modern idea."[1]

The portrait by Titian[2] on page 83 is worth study both for its subject and for its style. Compare it for a moment with the portraits on pages 77, 87, 91, and see how individual it is in its character. We should feel quite sure from its general effect that it did not come from the same artist as any of these, just as we feel sure that *Henry Esmond* was not written by the author of *Paradise Lost* or of *Cranford*, or of *Soldiers Three*. Not only the subject, but the painter too, is some one with strong individuality.

Let us study the subject. He is evidently a person of consequence; satins and furs and triple loops of gold chain speak of magnificence and state. Though we have here only black and white in fact, the impression given is one of rich colors and elegant textures. The pose has something essentially commanding about it. A prince

[1] From *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*.

[2] Tiziano Vecelli (1477–1576), accounted the greatest of the Venetian masters. This portrait is now in the Berlin gallery.

might sit thus among his cabinet advisers. The eyes are searching. We feel sure that whatever they chose to look at would yield up its secrets to the active brain behind them. And those steady eyes have been studying the world for many a long year, that is evident; for the haughty, masterful face in which they are set is lined and wrinkled with years, the beard is gray, and we feel certain that the close cap setting off the handsome head with such effectiveness is serviceable as well as ornamental, covering a scantier growth of hair than used to flourish. The hands are interesting too, — perhaps not exactly beautiful in this little print where we lose their color, — but there is a deal of character in them. They look distinctly strong and supple. The square tips so plainly visible on the fingers of the right hand suggest skill and deftness. We imagine that this wearer of satin, fur, and gold had the use of his hands as well as his eyes. Even the left hand, spread out on the knee with an air of meditation and judgment, has an intensely "capable" look. It seems to lie partly in the hand itself and partly in the intimate connection of the hand with the shoulder and trunk and commanding head. The portrait is quite remarkable in this respect of making us feel the vital unity of the whole body. The exquisite hands of *Mona Lisa* (page 77) attract the eye at once by their intrinsic beauty; but, while the drawing of the arms is unimpeachably correct, we hardly think of the arms one way or the other. It scarcely occurs to us to trace them from the shoulder down to the wrist, or to imagine the hands doing anything in particular. In the portrait of this man we instinctively trace the strong lines of shoulder and arm under all their fine trappings, feeling that they are essentially avenues down which messages go from that imperious head to



PORTRAIT. – TITIAN.

those accomplished fingers. It is the everlasting miracle of mind's command of matter that is demonstrated to us.

It is demonstrated by the magic of *line*. A great artist can show us whatever he will with just the right motion of pencil or brush. We see, and wonder how on earth he does it. It is another phase of the same magic whose power we feel in words. Every syllable of Rudyard Kipling's *Recessional*, for example, was in the dictionaries for years, nay more, it was on everybody's lips in common speech. But Kipling touched those common, simple English words and made them take shape in five stanzas that will live for centuries. And all artists are brothers. The writer of the *Recessional* and the painter of this portrait belong to one family, working in different ways for the inspiration and delight of all us simpler folk from one generation to another.

Like children watching a master at his work, we wonder why our artist proceeded just as he did. Was that table introduced in order to give the eye the pleasure of a few straight lines, making variety from the curves of features, limbs, and elaborate costume? Was it partly for the sake of an added touch of color, and for the establishment of a dignified, elegant transition from the strong lights on the waistcoat to the strong lights on the hand, giving opportunity at the same time for an easy and effective pose of the right hand entirely different from that of the left? Possibly all these surmises may be right. At all events, we can see that these purposes are admirably served by the introduction of this simple detail. Hold the page off at arm's length and see how beautifully the lights and darks in the picture blend into each other and set each other off. We can see, too, how precisely right the general proportions of the picture are. Surely

a great man, such as this one must have been, ought to sit high up in the space. It suits his character and temperament better than being lower down in the same space and much better than being placed alone in a wide, horizontal space.

Have we recognized the sitter? The picture is so frequently reproduced that most of us may have known, at once, that this is Titian's portrait of himself painted when he was over seventy. We can well believe that, besides being a masterly piece of art in and for itself, it was an admirable likeness of the painter, for whose productions every nobleman in Europe was covetous, — the painter for whom Charles the Fifth, the head of the Holy Roman Empire, gladly stooped to pick up a fallen brush, saying, as he laid it in that right hand, "Titian is worthy to be served by Cæsar."

Reproductions of pictures by old masters often have a dingy, smoky look, as in the case of Rubens'[1] portrait of his wife and children. Something of this dingy look is unavoidable in a photograph taken direct from a canvas dulled by time; but, if we realize that the effect is that of age, like the yellowing of a book's worn pages, we can forgive the blemish, and even find it interesting in its own way.

Which of these three figures was first in the thought of the painter? It is easy to see. That handsome boy, meeting our eyes for the moment with such bold frankness, yet ready to bury his face in his mother's bosom the next moment in babyish coquetry, was plainly the centre

[1] Peter Paul Rubens (1577-1640), the leading Flemish artist of the seventeenth century. This portrait group is now in the Louvre.

of the group in his artist father's eyes. A son and heir is traditionally of much more importance than the womankind of a family, and Rubens in his day felt about the matter just as other European gentlemen felt. Besides, he was always painting his blooming young wife in one guise or another, and could easily afford to make her temporarily a minor figure. And is it not beautifully managed — this emphasis on the bright-eyed youngster in his mother's lap? See how the mother clasps him in her arms and gazes admiringly at him; see how the gentle little sister comes bringing an apronful of treasures for him. The large, flowing curve on the right side, made by the outline of the mother's neck, shoulder, and sweeping gown, and the curve on the other side just hinted at in the outline of the sister's head drapery, surround and infold the baby boy as the petals of a flower enclose the heart of it. The painter did two things at once when he thus planned the relative positions of the sitters in his family group. He made every one look first and foremost at the heir of whom he was so proud, and he made the principal lines in his composition so beautiful that people still love to pore over the picture, whether they care anything about his wife and children or not.

Until we study the print quite carefully, we are not likely to notice that the three heads make an oblique line across the picture. When we do first notice it, we wonder, perhaps, how this rather awkward arrangement can look so well. We know that when an ordinary photographer poses three people in a flight-of-stairs fashion, the effect — though it may be "taking" at first sight — soon seems foolish and tiresome. But this grouping of Rubens does not grow tiresome; it is always a pleasure to the eye. For one thing, the heads are placed at un-



RUBENS' SECOND WIFE WITH CHILDREN.—Rubens.

equal distances from each other, not at regular intervals like steps. The boy's position in his mother's lap naturally brings him nearer to her than to the sister, and, besides, her head is bent a little to meet him. Then, again, does not that column or tree trunk, rising between the heads of the boy and the girl, have a good deal to do with softening the otherwise stiff effect of the diagonal, leading the eye and the thought up away from the slanting line?

The substantial comeliness of the young matron is something very pleasant in its way. She was evidently neither an angel nor a club president, but

> "A creature not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food."

Rubens thought the plump curve of her shoulder lovely, and quite right he was. We are much obliged to him for calling our attention to it by echoing its outline just above, in the hat brim with the drooping feather. Her gown, too, with its big double sleeves and voluminous skirts, was evidently a joy to the painter. The play of light and shade on long curving folds of woven stuffs, working all sorts of transformations in their color and sheen, is something as delicious to such an artist's eyes as the flavor of meats and drinks to his palate. If the graceful disorder of Madame Helen's petticoats seems at first sight (in the absence of color) to have insufficient reason for being, study the delicate changes from light to dark, and back to light again, which are caused by the looping and drooping folds, and imagine how much more beautiful the rich stuff of the gown is, thus arranged, than it would be if it hung in one straight, unbroken surface.

With all the rest, see how much the heavy, carved chair does for the beauty of the whole picture. It gives us a few strong, straight lines to balance the delicate curves of faces and hair and drapery, making us enjoy the look of dimpled flesh and flowing robes a great deal more through their contrast with what is severe and rigid. Of course the painter could have represented the mother seated without actually showing us the chair itself, but in that case we should have lost this fine contrast of lines and surfaces. Even in the print we can see how the dark, deep color of the chair sets off the airier colors of the mother's gown.

Some of the most interesting portraits are not paintings at all. For instance, that of the *Young Man, Musing*, on page 91, by Rembrandt, was originally etched on a copper plate.[1]

Nobody knows now, after two hundred and sixty years, who this moody young man may have been, but when we are once familiar with his portrait we never forget it. Although he looks at us, we can see perfectly well that he is not thinking about us at all. He is puzzling and frowning over affairs of his own. Note the narrowed eyes, the vertical wrinkles between the brows, the compressed lips, the downward settling of the neck inside the fur collar and the voluminous muffler. One could make up a hundred theories as to the reasons for his

[1] Chapter XI, pages 240–243, gives notes on the processes involved in etching, to which readers may like to refer. The print there is reproduced by permission of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, from a proof of the original plate. Something is unavoidably lost in the reproduction, still it gives an idea of the style and general effect of the famous Dutch artist's work.

rather sulky attitude and the smouldering gleam in his eyes, but all we really know about him is that the great Rembrandt van Ryn thought him picturesque enough to be worth immortalizing, clothes and all.

Those of us who have watched a landscape slowly shape itself into hill and hollow, projection and depression, under a sunrise sky, will not soon forget what magic the sun worked there. A neighboring hillside, for example, in the soft half-light before dawn, looked like an evenly rounded surface, all of nearly the same color ; but, once the sun came up, variations of light and shade began to appear on this same hillside, revealing myriad variations of its roundness. Every contrast of sunshiny and shadowed spaces betrayed something of the form of the hill, — here a deep hollow, not yet lighted but full of the lingering dusk of night, there a prominent ridge reaching out to catch the glow with brilliant emphasis, and trailing a long veil of sweeping shadow behind it on the side away from the sun. Each sunbeam was like a magic touch, waking the hillside into life and character after the vague, formless void of the night.

It is a secret that every artist knows, and into which some artists are never tired of studying. The one who signed this picture of the *Young Man, Musing* took endless delight in watching the play of light and shade, not only over the landscape, but over the human face and figure. In this particular instance he seems to have lingered with keen appreciation over the fashion in which light and shade told their tale of the moody young person in the fur-trimmed coat.

See, for one thing, how boldly the strong, decided nose stands out from the rest of the face. Its own shadow, thrown on the right cheek, contrasted with the strong



A YOUNG MAN, MUSING. — REMBRANDT.

light on the other side, makes its prominenee unmistakable.[1] See how the shadows in the corners of the eyes suggest the forward projeetion of the brows above, and how the shadows below the under lip indicate the coneave curve of the chin. Do not the dusky spaces about the left ear and the back of the neck show that the hair is in loose locks standing out a little from the head rather than plastered tight against the scalp? Even the three narrow vertical shadows between the eyebrows have their tale to tell; they must be grooves in the flesh, that is to say, they must be furrowed spaces or wrinkles. It is the sun that betrays them.

The sunlight can play a much livelier game with that rakish cap and its reversed eurves than with a modern gentleman's plain cylinder of polished silk. Just notice how the variations of light and shade on its surfaee tell us the whole story of its varying curves, the plaees where it is hollowed in, the places where it stands out full and round, the places where its corded edge lies in narrow, parallel ridges and grooves.

When we look at the coat and the neckcloth, we see they too were studied with this same thought in mind, — the way in whieh light and shade make them real to the observer's eye. We see the hollows where the sunlight is eut off, and they tell us of folds in the loose coat outlining the form within. The delicate, shallow pencillings of shadow in the neckcloth suggest the stringy folds of a soft silken stuff. And note how cleverly the artist showed just enough of the radiating effeet of the shadows

[1] There is a tradition that Queen Elizabeth of England, when sitting for her own portrait, painted by an artist of distinction, failed to see the reason of a shadow on the cheek similar to this, and peremptorily forbade the painter to represent her face as disfigured by any such "discoloration"!

among the coarse hairs of the fur to make the identity of the material unmistakable, while yet he gracefully declined the futile task of trying to draw every separate shadow.

See again, in the contrast between the background and the drapery over the right arm, how a difference in the lighting of the two grays makes one stand out clear and clean from the other.

Did Rembrandt put in that scrawly suggestion of an open book for the sake of making the picture space better balanced (the man himself, we see, is away over in one corner), the downward sloping diagonal of book and background making an effective contrast with the opposite sloping diagonals of shoulder and fur collar? And was there possibly another idea also in the suggestion of the book, giving us the notion of a scholarly bent in the meditative young man? Perhaps both thoughts were in the artist's mind, perhaps neither purpose really crystallized into conscious thought, — the artist etching in that background with an unconscious instinct of just the right thing to do, his quaint signature up in the corner giving the final touch of completeness to the whole.

CHAPTER VII

STUDIES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER

THE greatest work in portraiture necessarily involves deep study of human nature; but, besides the life portraits of distinguished historic personages and other real people, we find artists drawing and painting a great many other pictures which specially interest us from the standpoint of character study.

In order to enjoy such pictures thoroughly, one needs to remember that artists choose subjects for the picturesque or decorative effectiveness with which they can be worked out rather than for their moral perfection. Dramatists and novelists have always done the same thing. We enjoy Shakespeare's portrayal of Iago and Lear, Lady Macbeth and Queen Katharine, no less than that of characters in themselves serene and admirable and enviable, though Shakespeare's presentation of them makes us feel with added force the blackness of sin and the awfulness of sorrow. We need sometimes to remind ourselves, when looking at pictures, that artists are no more bound than authors to show us simply the agreeable and "pretty" aspects of things.

> "Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
> Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours
> Weeping upon his bed hath sate.—
> He knows ye not, Ye Heavenly Powers."

Putting out of account the frankly coarse and brutal pictures which coarse and brutal men sometimes make from sheer, perverse love of ugliness and uncleanliness, it is safe to assume that every picture which is artistically good is worth our study, whether it strikes us at the first glance as attractive or the contrary.

Regnault's *Salome*[1] (page 97) takes for its subject the daughter of Herodias, who danced for the entertainment of the Judæan king, and, at her mother's instigation, asked for John the Baptist's head in payment (Mark vi, 17–28).

We can see at a glance that the original painting must be gorgeous with color. This color can be imagined as one examines the black-and-white print, and the experiment will be well worth while as a bit of play and training for the imagination.

The general impression we get from it is that of barbaric, oriental luxury. The tangle of Salome's abundant, glossy hair, the gleam of bare flesh through her shimmering gauzy draperies (that shimmering, silken, transparent stuff is wonderfully well represented), the glint of metal in the heavy basin or "charger," in the sheath of the knife and in the girl's bracelets, the elaborate decoration of the piece of furniture on which the dancer rests, the suggestion of sensuous comfort in the shaggy furs upon the floor, — all these give one a feeling of being close to the land of the Arabian Nights.

Notice the perfect animal health and vigor of the

[1] Alexandre George Henri Regnault was a French painter, mainly of historical subjects, born in 1843; he died in 1871. The model used for this picture is said to have been a Spanish girl.

seated figure. The attitude has no look of weariness. We feel that it was assumed, not from exhaustion, but only for the sake of the physical pleasure of a change from dancing. That vigorous young body could not be easily tired. The slipping of the drapery from the shoulder, showing the union of the arm with the chest, is suggestive of a firmly constructed skeleton under the glowing flesh, of reserve strength like that in the strong, supple joints of a beast of prey. The legs and feet are full of life; the feet especially look ready to go on with the dancing at a moment's notice.

The heavy mass of the hair, by its luxuriance and unconventional tangle, gives one the same sort of impression as that obtained from a tropical forest or a swamp where vegetation runs riot. The eyes, the lips, and the teeth add gleams of vivid hue and color, like birds or flowers in the shadow of the tree masses. But notice how little there is in the face suggestive of other than an animal nature. The parted lips show a feeling of satisfaction, — a sense of pleasure in the exercise just abandoned, a sense of anticipated pleasure too in the coming reward; but there is no more soul in them than in the parted lips of a dog that comes back to his master after performing some task, to receive a luscious bone. The leopard skin under the girl's feet, while a perfectly natural part of the accessories of the scene, not dragged in for the sake of symbolism, gives a clever touch of suggested emphasis to the portrayal of her own nature. You feel that she is rather closely related to the creatures of the jungle.

Or, if this Salome must be measured with men and women rather than against leopards and such graceful, strong-limbed beasts, she is to be counted a grown-up woman with a brain arrested in its development. There



SALOME. — Regnault.

is something not childlike but childish in that irresponsible laugh of her eyes and her lips. It is the look of one who is morally "lacking." The easy, matter-of-fact way in which she holds the knife and platter that wait for the prophet's head shows that she was incapable of taking in the reality of what she did. The mother who instigated her to ask for the ghastly reward did so deliberately. "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," or a woman who has been held up to public scorn. Herodias knew very well what she was about. But this splendid savage with the tropical hair and eyes? She danced a prophet to his death with smiling unconcern.

This feeling which one has, in looking on the picture, of the hopeless unreachableness of the girl's soul, the uselessness of effort to make her see what she was doing, is unobtrusively strengthened by the very plan and arrangement of the drawing. Notice that, as you look at the picture, you see but a little way into the metal basin which Salome holds. You see it (and were intended to see it) as if your eyes were only a little above the level of the edge of the basin as it rests in her lap; that is to say, you see Salome as if you were on your knees before her, looking up. She is above, dominant.

It is often interesting to notice little points like this about a picture. Artists plan these details with the greatest care.

A half-tone reproduction of this photograph destroys some of its fine effects of detail: still, much remains accessible to the observer. The effects of the different kinds of surfaces and textures were admirably brought out by the artist. The metallic basin evidently is metallic, not wooden. The glint of the light on its burnished surfaces is unmistakable. It actually looks hard and

polished. By contrast with it both the flesh and the drapery over it are heightened in effect. The firm flesh gains in delicacy by contrast with the unyielding metal; the curves of the legs look rounder by contrast with the thin, flat margin of the basin; the transparent gauzy skirt looks all the more filmy by contrast with the hard lines of the basin and the chest on one side, and with the shaggy heaviness of the fur rug on the other side. The depth of color in the mass of curling hair is made doubly effective by relief against the lighter mass of the silken curtain behind the seated figure.

In striking contrast to Regnault's barbaric beauty with her knife and charger are the school-girls of Eugen Blaas[1] in *Punch and Judy at the Convent*. Here the atmosphere is not that of lawlessness, but of the strictest conventionality, both secular and spiritual. The scene is within the charmed precincts of a convent where young girls are taken as boarding pupils, taught by nuns of the order controlling the institution. It is recreation day. Properly accredited visitors are allowed to enter the adjoining room and talk with the pupils in a subdued and decorous fashion through ornamental gratings or screens set in the partition wall, — a sort of spiritually antiseptic gauze, to prevent the bacilli of worldly ideas from drifting into young souls and finding lodgment there! For the entertainment of the other girls, who have no visitors, a Punch-and-Judy show has been brought in. Probably, in the minds of the sedate sisters, the little drama of Punch and his wife seems sufficiently unlike real life to be quite safe in its effect on impressionable girlish minds.

[1] An Austrian artist of the present generation.

The most evident value of the picture lies in its showing so many different kinds of girls in their teens. Almost every variety of the school-girl type is here, and to any one who feels the charm of just this phase of life — the half-way stage between child and woman — the picture is well worth some detailed study. Look at the separate figures and see what differences are to be observed in their dispositions and temperaments. Notice, for example, the farther girl in the front row of chairs, the one who leans far forward in her close attention to the marionettes. She is a rather slow, matter-of-fact girl, not particularly brilliant at her lessons, often deficient in imagination, yet now and then showing a surprising amount of clear, level-headed common sense in questions of practical judgment.

Her dark-eyed neighbor, with the pretty head tilted to one side like a flower, is much more emotional, and takes to innocent little coquetries as naturally as to eating and sleeping. She can (and does) cry easily, but her tears are rather becoming than otherwise. Her nose and eyes never grow red and swollen in the process. As she grows up, men will adore her; but women may be a little severe with her.

The serious maiden in the seat nearest us is a lovely bit of youthful life. We have all seen girls like her. She is just at the age when life begins to take on new beauty and new solemnity at once; new worlds of spiritual experience open hazily before her wondering eyes, like far-off horizons seen for a moment in magnificent perspective from a misty mountain top, cut off from view the next minute by enveloping clouds of near-by circumstance full of absorbing demands. She lives half in the simple daily round of school-room tasks and duties, half in untold



PUNCH AND JUDY AT THE CONVENT. — Blaas.

dreams. They may be dreams of religious devotion; they may be dreams of romantic love. The beautiful lines in the head and neck of this particular figure in Blaas' picture are most pleasant to look at.

The two girls in the seats just behind have quite forgotten their manners. Theirs is a dreadful indecorum from the standpoint of convent precepts. To laugh aloud, to point with outstretched forefinger, to twist one's ankles with such recklessness between the rounds of one's chair in the delirium of giggling — what a sin! The demure prize scholar who sits next turns to warn them that Sister Angelique is frowning from her post over by the visitors' window. It is useless; they can take no hints. All the principles of drawing-room etiquette have vanished from their consciousness as completely as last year's geography lessons. Sister Seraphine is actually obliged to lay her cool, dry hand on the shoulder of the nearest ne'er-do-weel to recall the erring pair to a sense of the proprieties. Will they be put *en pénitence* for their transgressions? Maybe; but even if they spend the next three recreation hours over irregular verbs, the memory of this gay, good time will pull them cheerfully through the ordeal. They had their fun. They are not the girls to grudge paying for it.

The prim little damsel with the straight back, just beyond the culprits, answering her elegant mother's inquiries about her progress, has certainly a creditable report to offer. No girl who carried her shoulders like that would ever get bad marks for misbehavior. In fact, if the discipline of the house depended on that plump, substantial sister standing near, nobody would ever receive any bad marks. She is not above enjoying the Punch-and-Judy show herself, this placid image of a

woman; even if the quaint little drama were not thus absorbing her attention, she would not for a moment be comparable as chaperone with the vigilant sister who stands at the opposite side of the room intent on two responsibilities at once.

The two wise senior pupils, sitting in rather stately reserve at the back of the room, are only politely tolerant of the puppet show. They evidently feel that the affair is just a little beneath their dignity. The exquisite daintiness of their girlish gowns is well matched by the grave courtesy with which they refrain from casting the least fraction of a glance towards the visitors' gratings. The dark-haired one has force of character in her face. She has less beauty than some of her mates, but she will be a woman of decision and influence. She will do some genuine thinking before she is forty.

The picture gives one a very strong sense of the sheltered remoteness of these flower-like figures from the conflicts and perplexities of common work-a-day life outside the sheltering convent walls.

Though the greatest interest of this picture lies in its character study, it has many other excellences of other kinds. For instance, the contrasts of lights and darks are beautiful. If we hold the picture far enough away to lose all detail in the figures, and get simply an impression of masses of light and masses of dark, we find the effect is very pleasant to the eye. This did not happen accidentally. The artist composed his groups in such a way as to give variety and contrast while avoiding a spotty, patch-work effect. If again we bring the picture nearer, so as to observe details once more, we see how the airy colors and textures of the school-girls' gowns are at once set off and relieved by the severe, strong masses of

darker color in the robes of the nuns, in the hanging draperies under Punch and Judy, and in the deep shadows of the outer room as seen through the gratings.

Again, there is (at least, for the most part) a nice relation of lines to each other. Even if we do not stop to analyze this effect, we feel that the pretty curves of the girlish figures and faces are some way more effective in this room, where the main architectural lines are so strong, straight, and imposing, and where the grown-up people are so heavily statuesque. Girlish curves alone, indefinitely multiplied, would become insipid. Vigorous, direct, straight lines entering judiciously into the composition keep it energetic in character.

George Eliot says, in *Adam Bede*: —

> "All honor and reverence to the divine beauty of form! Let us cultivate it to the utmost in men, women, and children — in our gardens and in our houses; but let us love that other beauty too, which lies in no secret of proportion, but in the secret of deep, human sympathy. Paint us an angel, if you can, with a floating violet robe, and a face paled by the celestial light; paint us yet oftener a Madonna, turning her mild face upward, and opening her arms to welcome the divine glory; but do not impose on us any æsthetic rules which shall banish from the region of Art those old women scraping carrots with their work-worn hands, those heavy clowns taking holiday in a dingy pot-house, — whose rounded backs and stupid, weather-beaten faces have bent over the spade and done the rough work of the world — those homes with their tin pans, their brown pitchers, their rough curs, and their clusters of onions. In this world there are so many of these common, coarse people who have no picturesque sentimental wretchedness! It is so needful we should remember their existence, else we may happen to leave them quite out of our religion and philosophy, and frame lofty theories which only fit a world of extremes. Therefore let Art always remind us of them; therefore let us always have men ready to give the loving

pains of a life to the faithful representation of commonplace things — men who see beauty in these commonplace things, and delight in showing how kindly the light of heaven falls on them."

Nicholas Maas,[1] in his picture called *The Spinner*, gives us just this sort of homely beauty. While the soft contrasts of light and shade are lovely in themselves (look at the page from such a distance as to lose its details, and you find the opposition of light and dark spaces is so managed as to make a serene sort of harmony, like certain chords in music), the main impression of the picture is upon the heart and the sympathetic imagination even more than on the æsthetic sense.

This old housewife evidently belongs to a humble rank in life. The bare, rough walls stand for a very simple, primitive sort of home life. Yet the suggestion of self-respectful comfort is complete. The roof over the head of that tidy, capable old woman is unquestionably a whole roof, not a leaky one. She sits near a great fireplace; the tongs, besides making a pleasant variety in the detail of lines, and giving a gleam of metallic surface to contrast with all the wood and plaster, remind one of the cheerful comfort of a blaze on the hearth. The earthen pot in the corner is just where it is for many reasons at once: its robust curves break the monotonous, upright surface of the wall and lessen the severity of the three tall, parallel, vertical lines along the right-hand edge of the composition; again, the texture of the bit of quaint, rude pottery (and, in the original, its color) adds to the interest; besides all this, the homely earthen pot is full of suggestions of

[1] A Dutch painter whose life (1632–1693) was spent mainly in the Netherlands.

good things to eat and drink, — of sweet milk, or savory stew, or toothsome fried cakes set away on a high shelf.

The pose of the thrifty old mother herself is eloquent of homely industry. The seamed and wrinkled face is that of one whose whole life has been a ceaseless round of patiently borne responsibilities. The rough hands have been used to constant, unsparing labor. They are a little stiffened now with age and rheumatism, yet not so much as to forget their former skill. There is no need for any officiously deft granddaughter to offer help in this momentary emergency — not at all. Give her time, and those callous fingers that have handled flax so many long years will prove that they have not forgotten their accustomed cunning. The serious intentness of the woman's face as she bends over the task is exquisitely true to life. The coarse gown and apron and kerchief, the close cap protecting the temples where once abundant hair now grows thinly, these all have a simple dignity of their own. She never had high-flying ambitions, — this good soul at the linen wheel, — but she has lived with self-forgetful faithfulness up to such duties as were plain before her; and her children, if they are anyway worthy of their descent, rise up and call her blessed.

Look once more at the picture as a composition, and see how perfectly it was planned. The tall distaff at one end of the flax wheel, with its own soft shadow behind it, helps break what would otherwise be a glaring triangle of light on the wall, and leads the eye easily across from the dark mass of the spinner's left shoulder to the shadows in the edge of the fireplace. Notice, on the other hand, how the light on the legs



THE SPINNER. — Maas.

and the inner rim of the wheel keeps the shadows in the lower part of the picture from being too dense. The deep shadows in the lower left corner of the picture seem transparent, for all their depth; this is partly because the form thrust into the shadows (a circle with inner radii) is a form particularly easy for the imagination to trace. We *think* we see even more than we actually do see in that dim corner.

The hint given of the back of the spinner's chair is a very slight hint, but it serves several purposes. In the first place, it gives satisfactory evidence as to the old woman's real pose. Lacking it, we should suppose there must naturally be a seat of some sort over behind the wheel, but we should have to take it on trust. The suggestion of a substantial seat for the bending figure gives us unconsciously a feeling of repose and satisfaction. Besides this, the ornamental post of the chair back makes an end for that curving line of light beyond the woman's shoulder, much more diversified and so much pleasanter to look at than it would have been had the light space finished abruptly in contact with her dark petticoats. The light behind her would have had, in that case, the forced, theatrical look of a manufactured halo. As it is, the effect of the mellow daylight on the conscientious, stooping figure has just enough remote suggestion of a halo contained in its perfectly natural, unobtrusive, every-day effect to give us a serene sense of blessing and of peace.

The *Joan of Arc*, by Bastien-Lepage,[1] represents the French heroine listening to the supernatural voices that called her to save her country from a foreign foe. The marvellous chapter of fifteenth-century history in which she figured has been made freshly familiar during the last few years by American writers. We recall her humble, peasant parentage, the visions which impelled her, a girl in her teens, to go to the aid of the French prince against Henry VI of England, her military victories, bringing about the coronation of the prince as Charles VII, and then her cruel death in Rouen at the hands of the British. The figure of this strange girl — seer, warrior, and woman all in one — had been a favorite subject for painters and sculptors for four hundred years before Lepage's day, but he treated it with as fresh originality as if he had been the first who ever pondered and wondered over the mystery of her short life. Unlike most other artists, he pictures her as a genuine peasant girl, not as an angel of beauty, condescending to the help of distracted humanity, but an honest daughter of the soil with a common, peasant frame, rough hands, and coarse clothes such as poor peasant women wore about the commonplace tasks of kitchen, field, and farmyard. He shows her leaving work for a moment to wander out into the woods near her home, and listening to the heavenly Guides who called her from barnyards to battle-fields. Near by, seen indistinctly through the shrubbery, a Vision is shaping itself, the vision of a warrior in armor and two accompanying figures whose details are less clear. St. Michael, St. Catharine, and St. Margaret are said by tradition to be

[1] Jules Bastien-Lepage, a French artist, born in 1848. He died in 1884. The original of this picture is in the Metropolitan Art Museum, New York City.

the celestial ones who came to instruct and lead the humble country maid: but the artist wisely left their forms vague and incomplete, — sufficiently made out to be suggestive to the imagination, yet not so definitely figured as to rival Joan in the appearance of reality. It was Joan herself, not the guiding Saints, whom he had most in mind. It is difficult, and indeed hardly necessary, to identify the figures beyond a doubt. A Vision like this, shown in a picture, may be not unreasonably compared with shapes seen in drifting clouds, in flames, or in waves breaking into foam. Each of us translates the shapes according to his own inward bent of fancy and sympathy. But on the whole the distracting confusion of this Vision, all tangled up as it is with the crowded disorder of the shrubbery where lights and shadows play hide-and-seek, sends us back to study with more care the silent figure over at the other side of the picture, leaning against a tree.

It is a fascinating figure. Joan has no girlish beauty such as belongs to the "teens." Her square jaw, her ugly hands and arms, her shapeless body and careless dress give the aesthetic sense very little satisfaction. But, when we look at her eyes, we see why this picture is counted a masterpiece. Those eyes certainly do see more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy. They are the eyes of a mystic seer, a devotee, a martyr. One can readily believe that she who looked out through them was no dull peasant after all, but a "strong excepted soul" shut by some strange freak of fate in that particularly common, clumsy box of bone and muscle which served her for a body. George MacDonald says somewhere that it is a serious blunder to teach a child that he has a soul. It is not true that he has a soul. He *is* a soul. What he has or possesses, — a matter



JOAN OF ARC. — Bastien-Lepage.

quite secondary to what he essentially is, — what he *has* is a body. This is no mere dictionary quibble; there is a real truth involved in the choice of phrase. And the longer we look at Lepage's *Joan*, the more we feel that the canny MacDonald is right. The real Joan we see looking out through those great eyes as through windows in a wall. The body which she inherited from her simple, plodding ancestors was only a convenient tool for temporary use. Incidentally we may notice the squareness of the jaw, as a token that its owner had not only the gift of spiritual divination, but a goodly share of what in small affairs we call obstinacy, in great affairs resolution and firmness.

It would have been a much easier matter to give us a beautiful girl in armor, riding a galloping horse to glory. But Lepage chose to paint a great soul.

About the middle of the seventeenth century a great Spanish artist, Velasquez,[1] painted a picture of *Æsop*, which has since obtained world-wide fame. In Velasquez' day, as in ours, Æsop's fables were household classics; indeed, as far back as the first century A.D., Quintilian, the great Roman writer on rhetoric and oratory, advised that Æsop's fables should be used as a first reading book for children. Translated as they have been into the languages of all civilized peoples, and used the world over to answer the perennial demand of childhood for a "story," the tales of Æsop are now the common intellectual property of the race.

[1] Don Diego Rodriquez de Silva Velasquez, born in 1599, died in 1660. His works are in various European galleries, an especially large number of them at Madrid. This picture is in the Madrid museum.

Authorities differ in regard to the personality of Æsop himself. According to the more commonly received tradition he was a slave in the sixth century B.C., a part of his life being spent in Athens under a Grecian master, and a part in Asia Minor in the service of Cræsus, the king of Lydia. Modern research tends towards the theory that the fables attributed to him were not the work of one man, but were a gradual compilation from many sources, including old Egyptian literature.

The gradual compilation of a series of quaint old fables is something unpaintable. A poet might do something with this idea, but an artist never. What the old Spanish master did was to set before us his conception of the kind of mind and the kind of life experience out of which the fables seemed to him to have grown, and he expressed himself in seventeenth-century forms.

The costume worn by the old man is something quite unknown to Greece or to the court of Cræsus, and the book cannot be taken seriously as belonging to an age six hundred years before Christ; yet these details were not blunders. Velasquez was no archæologist, and was not trying to paint an exact image of the clothing and furniture of an earlier civilization. Let us see on the other hand what he did undertake to do.

Notice how exquisitely the artist combined the evidences of a humble, hard-working life and of a philosophic mind. The face and figure are those of a poor man, old, weather-beaten, bent by the carrying of heavy burdens both on his shoulders and on his soul, yet in another sense made independent of

> ". . . the whips and scorns of time,
> The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,"

by the shrewd insight which made him aware how little the proud man's contumely amounts to. There is something about the figure which suggests the sober, kindly patience of the husband in the old story, asked by his neighbors why in the world he allowed his shrewish little wife to beat him. "Oh, well," he explained, "it amuses her, and it doesn't hurt *me!*" There is a subtle pathos in the tired droop of the shoulders and arms, the sagging of the hips, the clumsy, outward roll of the foot in its coarse shoe. The physical vigor of youth has all gone by. Yet, in spite of this, in spite of the deep lines of care and suffering in the face above, we should not presume to pity any man with so strong a face, any man who could stand off and look at the tangled affairs of life with the clear, true-seeing common-sense of this pilgrim and wayfarer. His is a face capable of laughter, yet not much given to laughing. The eyes look as if in their time they had known the feeling of hot tears, — but tears shed when there were none to see. The firm-set mouth tells volumes about the growth of self-control. The lips that framed this man's thoughts in imperishable phrase knew also how to keep inscrutable silence. They were far from uttering all that their owner thought.

Once more it is interesting to see how the artistic composition of the picture helps give this impression of serene self-poise and mastery to the figure of the shabby old man, standing one-sided in a narrow space with no imposing accessories. For one thing, the very proportions of the picture space are significant. The narrow boundaries around the standing figure are not so narrow as to seem to crowd the man's form. You feel that he has room enough to throw out his arms and throw up



ÆSOP. — VELASQUEZ.

his head if he chose. But on the other hand, the figure completely dominates the space. A single human figure under a great open sky almost inevitably suggests the littleness and powerlessness of man in contrast with the inscrutable mightiness of the universe enfolding him. On the other hand, the complete filling of the given space with a single figure, as in this *Æsop* of Velasquez, produces an exactly opposite impression, — that of humanity as essentially superior to chance conditions; of man able to say

> . . I am the master of my fate;
> I am the captain of my soul."

Notice, too, how the chosen standpoint of the artist strengthens this effect of quiet, dignified mastery. The picture was so drawn that our eyes seem on a level but little above the knee of Æsop. This is evident if we notice the top of the tub which rests on the floor. If the spectator were standing, his eyes on a level with those of Æsop, he would necessarily see the top of the tub as a very broad ellipse, almost a circle; and, on the other hand, he could not in that case see, as now, the under surface of the chin and the cheek bones. The spectator is obliged to look up; he has a sense of looking up, though the feeling may not be consciously analyzed. And, as in the case of a very different sort of picture previously cited (see page 97), the result is a subtle impression of power or command in the main figure of the picture itself.

The sad, wise old face, from which the eyes gaze out with so wonderful a look of reserved judgment, is the face of a large-minded old pagan, even though Velasquez doubtless did use some devout son of the Mother Church for a model. He has the look of one strong through

sturdy human philosophy like Socrates, rather than strong through the rapt, ecstatic visions of a mediæval saint. Did he look forward to another world beyond this, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest"? Perhaps not. His shrewd, humorous philosophy was a lamp to walk by through crowded, crooked, terrestrial paths, not a search-light for sweeping the heavens. But, as we look up to the worn face, in its strong, simple, self-respecting ugliness, we feel that we are indeed in the presence of one whose sayings are as full of vital truth to-day as they were twenty-five hundred years ago.

The First Step, by Millet [1] (page 119), makes its appeal at once to our instinctive human sympathies. The people in the picture are far from beautiful. They are ordinary, hard-working peasant folk. But the self-forgetful love of this man and woman, guiding their baby's uncertain feet, makes them akin to everybody who has a warm heart of his own.

As we look at the page we seem to be nearly on a level with the kneeling man; we see the things in the picture at about the angle at which we should see them if our eyes were on the same level as his. The people are not drawn as if we were looking down on them, in either a literal or a figurative sense, but as if we were one of them.

The heavy awkwardness of the man's pose is undeniable, emphasized by the uncompromising ugliness of those

[1] Jean François Millet (1814–1875), one of the most celebrated French artists of the nineteenth century. Fame came to him after a great many years of patient work with meagre recognition. This print is reproduced from a pastel drawing.

shapeless wooden shoes and of the trousers, baggy and overtight by turns. And yet see what a subtile mingling of brute strength and fatherly tenderness there is in the outstretched arms. We can trace so plainly the union of the right arm with the trunk, and the union seems so strong and firm and flexible, that it impresses us with its pure animal vigor, like that in the limbs of the cattle on page 69, or the lions on page 211; and yet the gesture of the man's limbs is full of affectionate invitation and encouragement.

See the character in the mother's arms too; how sure their lines are. There is nothing seductive or siren-like about them (compare *Circe* on page 125), but they have a certain "dependable" look that is full of homely attractiveness. If they tried to play with a fan, they might be as clumsy as a cow; but let them be trusted with a load to carry or a helpless baby to protect, and they can be relied on for faithfulness and tenderness. Every line of her honest, awkward, bent figure speaks of a life full of hard work, like the man's.

The whole make-up of the picture emphasizes this impression of humble toil. There are no tall vertical lines in it, suggestions of majesty or of aspiration. Almost everything is horizontal — as we say, figuratively, "on a dead level." The heavy spade and wheelbarrow, the clumsy garden fence, the rough earth in the foreground, and the little cottage in the background, all so closely shut in without any suggestion of a far outlook, even into the sky, — these unite to make us feel the bare simplicity of these peasant lives and the narrowness of their spiritual horizons.

And yet, — evidently even this dull, small scrap of a world is large enough for real, human happiness, and



THE FIRST STEP. — MILLET.

these people have the key to it! Though backs may be bowed and muscles may be stiffened in the endless routine of toil, yet there is a solid satisfaction in the management of a cottage and a patch of vegetables all one's own; there is the satisfaction of coaxing tender young plants to grow out of inert earth, and the delight of aiding tender young lives to grow out of helpless infancy into conscious, self-active power. The man and the woman do not directly look at each other at all in this picture, yet the artist makes us feel the frank oneness of their lives, linked as they are by that toddling baby figure. Indeed, the three figures practically make one. The outstretched arms of the father and the child make a line to all intents and purposes continuous, like the horizontal line of a broad, irregular H shape in the centre of the picture space. The little gap that is left we fill in with our own imagination. The simple theme of family affection is quite perfect, and the picture, as a picture, — that, we find, is beautiful too.

The better we know this drawing, the more we see in it. We begin, perhaps, by pardoning its rude, commonplace subject and details for the sake of the tender human feeling underlying it all; but after a while we see that the picture is actually beautiful in itself. The lights and darks melt into each other so softly; the strong masses of dark in the clothing of the two older people are so unobtrusively saved from looking separate and "spotty," and made to look as if they belonged to each other by the out-reaching, uniting shade of the man's arm and the baby's arm; the dark spaces of tree foliage overhead repeat the emphatic note in the figures below, bending over them in so kindly, protecting a way, somewhat as the parents bend over the child: yes, this artist, who

chose to spend the best years of his life painting simple peasants at their work, did know how to make something wonderfully beautiful and impressive out of that seemingly unpromising material. We cannot quite tell where the charm of the composition lies, but we feel it. There is something about the way the picture is put together, like the "something" inside the wordless melody of an old Irish song, which wins a place in our hearts and keeps it.

Millet had his own characteristic ways of working. He showed us what he wanted us to see with him — nothing useless or irrelevant to the main idea. He was not, in this sketch, concerning himself at all with the detailed features of this particular Jean and Marie. It was the tender fragrance of rude, ignorant, toil-worn lives that he wanted to make real to us, not the exact image of any one particular couple identifiable in the parish records of one particular French village. If we would be sure that it was intention, not carelessness, which left the faces blurred, let us notice how perfectly the artist expressed all the small details about which he did care to spend his time. See, for instance, the sagging hang of the garden gate; see the suggestion of muscle in the man's right arm, closely outlined by the clinging shirt sleeve. And see how perfectly the stooping woman and the baby stand out against the background of the fence. The grayness of the woman's right arm, for example, is almost the same as the grayness of the fence pickets, and its outline seems entirely unobtrusive; yet there is no confusion between them as there would be in an amateur's drawing. We feel that the woman and the child are much nearer us than the fence; there is actually an open, airy space between her right shoulder and the wooden

palings. How does Millet give us this feeling of airy space between two solid bodies, just by laying gray lines, *almost* alike, side by side on a sheet of paper? That is one of the fascinating mysteries of a master's workmanship.

CHAPTER VIII

ILLUSTRATIONS OF LEGEND AND FANCY

THE *Circe* of Burne-Jones[1] deserves careful study, both for its masterly handling of a subject so old in story, and for the charm of its composition in the matter of forms and lines, lights and darks.

The picture takes its theme from the tenth book of the *Odyssey*, where the wandering Ulysses reaches the island of the enchantress. The artist has chosen a moment when Circe, in her palace by the shore, makes ready a fatal banquet for the men whose approaching boats are seen through the open window. She is dropping into the wine jars some secret potion destined to hold the voyagers under her magic power. Two wretched beings who drag out their days transformed into panthers plead dumbly for mercy on their brother men, but they are evidently utterly helpless to save the advancing sailors from a fate like their own.

See how irresistibly the vessels are borne on towards the enchantress. The swelling of the sails shows that a strong wind is blowing the boats directly on shore. The oars, too, are at work; not merely blown upon the coast, the men by the sheer perversity of fate are hastening their own misfortunes, hurrying to meet them. The odd, processional grouping of the vessels, one behind another,

[1] Sir Edward Burne-Jones, an English painter (1833–1898). He was a distinguished member of the Royal Academy.

intensifies the feeling that the coming is something ordained. Such a repetition of one detail in a picture almost always lends to what might otherwise be without great significance an effect of ceremonial rite, and so of symbolic meaning.

The wide expanse of open horizon suggests the mysterious isolation of Circe's land from the common, honest ground of homes and firesides. We feel that the voyagers have come a long, long way. We wonder if they will ever recross that great, trackless sea and meet their own once more.

The palace of witchcraft is a beautiful spot. We can see how exquisite it must look to sailors tired of wind and storm and rough fare. The walls are carven with vines and garlands. The seat of the mistress is magnificent in its air of dignified repose. The waiting feast is set out in a fashion to delight the eye, with immaculately fresh linen, flowers, and great jars of wine. The witch lady herself is evidently robed for the occasion in some filmy, diaphanous stuff that will later reveal the seductive curves of her lithe figure, now only hinted at under a calyx-like wrap of heavy stuff with sweeping folds. Her delicately modelled face is intent on the measuring of the magic philter. She is mistress absolute in this fateful palace; the panther captives may safely see all that goes on, for they can tell no tales! Yet it is ingrained in her nature to be sly. She steps with the noiseless grace of a cat, merely for pleasure in the process. She does not refuse the mute petition of the panthers; worse than that, she does not trouble herself to notice that they are begging her to relent, to let her slaves go free. And meanwhile, seen through that queer, wide window-slit, as through an eye with dropped lid nar-



CIRCE. — Burne-Jones.

rowing it to a sinister, level line, — the ships come nearer and nearer. . . .

The singular contrasts between long straight lines and curved lines in this picture strike the eye and the imagination at once. We are all the more impressed by the feline quality of Circe's figure, comparing its long, sleek suppleness with the outlines of window frame and horizon and table.

The repetition of lines is another important element of beauty here. Repetition of line in a picture is in a certain fashion analogous to the repetition of sounds in poetry, or what we call musical prose. Take the famous line of Lorenzo's speech to Jessica, in Portia's garden at night : —

> "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank."

We all feel that the phrasing is melodious. Besides its being an effective figure of speech to speak of moonlight as sleeping, the echo or reflection of the same sounds in *sweet* and *sleep* is something charming to our sense of hearing. Or take this passage from the prose of Robert Louis Stevenson : —

> "It was a long look forward; the future summoned me as with trumpet calls; it warned me back as with a voice of weeping and beseeching, and I thrilled and trembled on the brink of life like a childish bather on the beach."

Even when we read silently to ourselves, we pronounce the words in imagination with sufficient distinctness to be touched by their music. Everybody who cares for poetry at all knows how much his pleasure in it is increased by noticing these graceful touches in an author's workmanship. It is much the same way with pictures and their repetition of masses or of lines, or of lights or

darks. In this *Circe*, for example, see how the bending stalks of the flowers beside the wine jar and the crouching figures of the panthers, repeating in certain varieties the general effect of the principal figure, emphasize the impression of that effect. One might again compare it to the repetition of a motive in music which develops further the musical idea. The creases in the hanging table-cover echo that oppressive wide level of the vacant, helpless horizon. The tall, slender-necked vase by the right end of the table reflects the stately uprightness of the throne-like seat whence the mistress is to preside over the feast. The forward-stretched paws of the beasts, seen dimly through the shadows, repeat with a fascinating sort of grotesqueness something of the pose of Circe's own exquisite white arm.

One of the most popular American illustrators of the day is Charles Dana Gibson. Everybody who sees the leading magazines knows the type of woman he draws over and over again, — a tall, erect young person with an athletic figure and tailor-made clothes, her head haughtily thrown back, and an expression either of elegant boredom or breezy self-assertion according to circumstances. She might not be the most agreeable of girls to live with, week in and week out; but plenty of people are delightful in stories and in pictures whom we find less desirable in the flesh. Gibson's enthusiastic, reiterated practice on this one theme has given him perfect mastery of it in his own way, and his drawings in *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *Life*, and other magazines are always worth study.

It is interesting to see what admirable effects this artist secures with very simple means. The illustration on page

129 is from a pen-and-ink drawing,[1] illustrating the old story of King Midas. Midas was offered by one of the gods the fulfilment of his dearest wish, and chose the power of turning into gold whatever he touched. Hawthorne, in his version of the legend, relates how the king kissed his daughter, and, in dismay, saw her change before his very eyes into a gleaming metal statue.

The princess here is the very same "Gibson girl" whom we have often met both in *Life* and in life. But see how perfectly the artist shows her terrible transformation. We feel certain, as we look at her, that her face and neck are not of flesh and blood. They actually look hard and metallic. The way in which their surfaces reflect the gleam of the light shows that they are of some dense, polished stuff, not of living, throbbing tissues. And notice the rippling locks down over her shoulders. They, too, look not so much like living hair as like shining masses of metal, hardened into permanent curves. The draperies have the same appearance of rigidity; their long, straight folds give a singular impression of weight. When we have studied the figure a little, we find its effect of being heavy, rigid, and shining is something quite wonderful as the result of a few pen strokes.

One of Mr. Gibson's favorite bits of humor is to show how the typical American girl rules her parents. One cannot help surmising that the horror and despair of the poor old king here have an admixture of terror at the thought of that tall daughter's severe judgment of him and his latest blunder. Is there not something apprehensive as well as remorseful in the way in which the poor fellow huddles himself together, clenching his hands in his straggling beard? Notice, in this figure, as well as in

[1] Originally made for the Prang Elementary Course of Art Instruction.





KING MIDAS AND HIS DAUGHTER. — GIBSON.

the other, how much is told with a very few bold lines; we have all the signs of emotion which Delsarte himself could ask for in such a circumstance, — kneeling posture, staring eyes, forehead drawn into vertical wrinkles between the brows, the lower jaw dropped, the hands convulsively clenched, the whole figure shrinking into smaller compass as if to elude fate's blow. Only a clever draughtsman could put so much expression into so few lines. Even the rich texture of the king's robe is indicated by the stiff bulkiness of its folds. It looks like woven stuff, not like metal as in the case of the princess's gown, but the way in which its folds hang shows that it must be of the stiffest brocade, probably gold-embroidered in gorgeous patterns. Alas, poor Midas! He had ordered it before having so unhappy an overdose of his favorite luxury.

There are fashions in pictorial subjects as well as in literary subjects. The books bought by our great-grandfathers for family reading were mostly of a grave and sedate character, harmonizing discreetly with the *Paradise Lost* and *Pilgrim's Progress*, which had come down from a still earlier generation. The book illustrations made in those days partook largely of this serious, scriptural character; some of the best artistic ability of the times went into the quaint old-fashioned prints which we nowadays turn over with careless haste, seldom giving them more attention than the ponderous essays and formal verses with which they are associated. Many of them, doubtless, might just as well be forgotten; still, there are among these old drawings some which have an immortal truth and beauty about them, and which appeal to us to-day quite as strongly as to our grandsires.

Blake's[1] *Death's Door* is one of these. The idea is simplicity itself, — the old man entering into the rest he longs for, the youth springing from the earth, his frame full of vigor and his face full of eager aspiration. We feel certain that the joyful strength of the young man is prophetic for the old man, — that just such strength will come to the tired wanderer, and that just so he too will rise to new life and new work. We feel, as we look at the open door, that the darkness and silence beyond are only like the darkness and silence of a night wherein we can rest to wake up ready for another long, full day.

Notice the dignified simplicity of the artist's manner of treating the subject. Here is no place for trifling, temporary prettiness. The upright pillars and the cross beam above are severely plain, the opening door is heavy. If closed tight, it would seem to guard impenetrable secrets and treasures. But it opens at the old man's approach: there is no need for him to raise the knocker which hangs against the panels. There is a strong inward draught blowing through the door; see how the flowing hair and draperies respond, hurrying the unsteady feet towards the threshold.

The tired droop of the shoulders, the nerveless hugging of the staff to the side by an arm whose fingers have forgotten how to grasp a thing forcibly, the shaky look of the knee which we see from behind, — all these combine to make us feel how sorely the traveller needs the promised rest.

The athlete above is full of life and spring. The very pose of the right leg and the right arm mean abounding

[1] William Blake, an English artist and poet (1757–1827). This drawing was originally made as one of a series of illustrations to a volume by a distinguished Scotch clergyman.

strength and vigorous self-command. Just contrast that arm and hand with the arm and hand of the man below. Those square shoulders will be able to bear any sort of burden the new life lays upon them. And those eyes, looking upward with such frank confidence in destiny, will see rights and duties clearly. Everything good and great and happy may come to him. He is immortal youth.

And yet: —

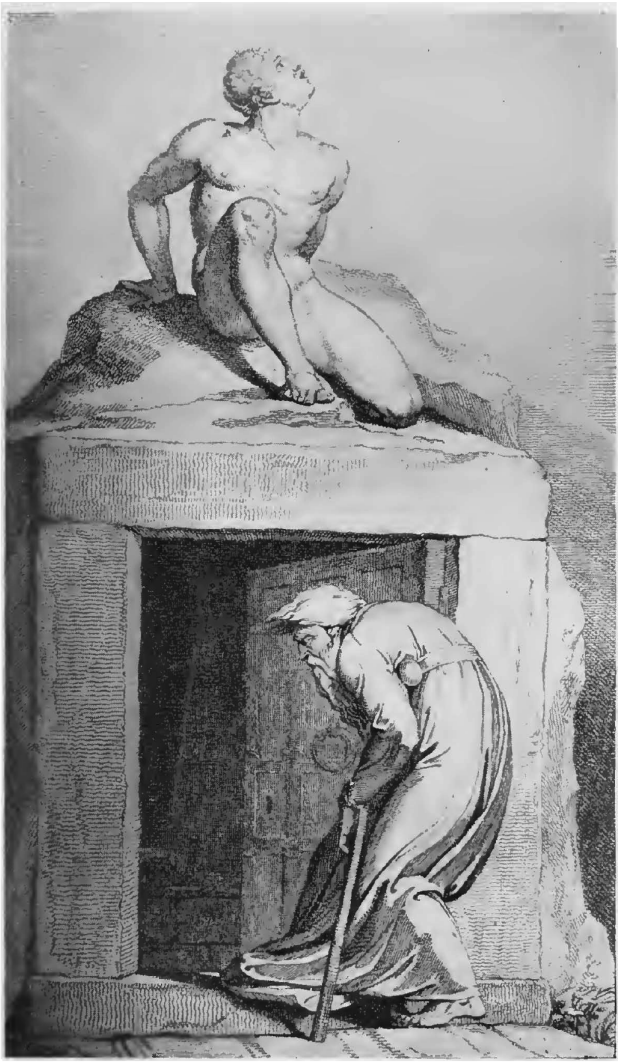
We feel a special tenderness for the old man who is tired, so tired! Perhaps it is because the youth in his strength is self-sufficient and the man in his weakness appealingly dependent; at all events, the bent and trembling figure has a warm place in the hearts of those who care most for the picture. It associates itself in memory with the exquisite imagery and the quiet flowing rhythm of Louise Imogen Guiney's "Open, Time": —

"Open, Time, and let him pass
Shortly where his feet would be!
Like a leaf at Michaelmas
Swooning from the tree,

"Ere its hour the manly mind
Trembles in a sure decrease,
Nor the body now can find
Any hold on peace.

"Take him weak and overworn;
Fold about his dying dream
Boyhood and the April morn
And the rolling stream:

"Weather on a sunny ridge,
Showery weather, far from here;
Under some deep-ivied bridge,
Water rushing clear:



DEATH'S DOOR. — BLAKE.

"Water quick to cross and part
(Golden light on silver sound),
Weather that was next his heart
All the world around!

"Soon upon his vision break
These, in their remembered blue;
He shall toil no more, but wake
Young, in air he knew.

"He has done with roofs and men.
Open, Time, and let him pass,
Vague and innocent again,
Into country grass."

The *Electricity* of Puvis de Chavannes[1] needs a word of explanation as to its setting. It is one of a series of wall paintings over the great central stairway of the Boston Public Library. Each panel is surrounded by a setting of tawny marble. A bit of this enclosing marble is seen in the print on either side of the arched outline of the picture proper.

The subjects of the various panels, Philosophy, Astronomy, History, Chemistry, Physics, Lyric Poetry, Dramatic Poetry, and Epic Poetry, typify the many-sided receptivity of man's spiritual nature, or, on the other hand, the manifested agencies at work in the universe for man's inspiration and uplifting.

The general subject of this panel M. de Chavannes calls Physics; the detailed subject is Electricity as a means of communicating the thoughts of human beings

[1] Pierre Puvis de Chavannes (1824–1898), one of the greatest French artists of the nineteenth century. The reproduction of this example is made by the kindness of Curtis & Cameron, of Boston, in whose series of "Copley Prints" several of his finest works are included.



ELECTRICITY. — Puvis de Chavannes.

to each other. We see a deep mountain valley with wild, rocky walls, one of the vast, waste spaces of the earth, interposed between distant centres of life and thought and action. Through this barren interval stretch the lines of the electric telegraph; and over these lines fly messengers of good and bad tidings, the one joyful, waving an olive branch, the other hiding her face with dread of the suffering she herself is doomed to bring.

The theme is very simple. The artist deals with no elaborate conception requiring research and explanation on the intellectual side. He tells no story. He makes his appeal to our sense of beauty in spaces, lines, lights, and darks (and, in the original, to our sense of color harmony), rather than to our knowledge of facts or our judgment of theories. This picture in particular was meant to be looked at from a considerable distance, whence it would seem like a part of the wall of the staircase hall. We cannot see this reproduction of it in just that way; but we can make an approach to the best method of study.

Hold the picture off at such a distance that you no longer distinguish the separate fingers of the outstretched hands or the separate blossoms on the little shrubs in the foreground. Try to see it as one whole, without selecting out any details at all; look at it just as you listen to orchestral music or to chorus singing, for the general effect of harmony in the complete work.

It is easier to see that the composition is beautiful than to say why it is beautiful. For that matter, it is not necessary to say why. But if we make changes in the arrangements of lines and spaces, comparing our results with the artist's idea, we begin to feel more vividly the essential rightness of the actual picture. The pro-

portions of the picture space were planned by the architects of the building, with a view to securing the most stately and beautiful effect in the whole wall, so we must keep to the upright oblong with its arching top. Suppose we take the same two angels, a sloping mountain side, a telegraph line, and a pile of rocks: that is about all that Puvis de Chavannes used. But suppose these are arranged somewhat as in Figure 1. The effect, we own at once, is stupid and ugly. The unity of the composition is lost. The angel with the dark draperies seems crowded into a very small garret, quite independent of the rest of the picture; besides, she gives such an effect of weight as to make the whole thing top heavy. The angel below ought to look as if she were flying, but some way she does not. The telegraph post coming between us and her body spoils the effect of forward motion, and makes her look as if she were impaled on a spindle. The diagonal crossing of the telegraph wires with the mountain outline is not pleasant to the eye; it is ugly and uninteresting. The rocks below take up too much room. We should never care to give such a picture as this a second glance.

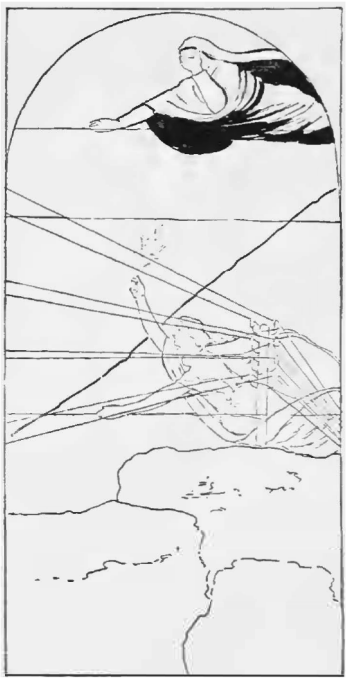


FIG. 1.

But what was it that Puvis de Chavannes did with the same materials?

See in the first place how the whole panel holds together. It is all one thing; there is no appearance of one figure being fenced off away from the rest. The deeper-colored figure with the more horizontal lines is placed lower than the other; the airier figure with the soaring, upward curves is placed above, and this seems as it should be. The draperies blown back by the wind are full of suggestions of onward motion, and there are no impeding lines between us and the figures to injure this effect. Only the heavier coloring of the lower figure, its position just a little behind the sister with the olive branch, and its partial hiding by the edge of the picture, all together give this lower figure an effect of just a little appropriate reluctance in its motion. And are not the two figures much more pleasant to look at for their avoidance of exactly even positions? We do not want them to remind us of a span of horses.

The slope of the mountain side is balanced by an opposing diagonal which prevents the picture from having too one-sided and slanting a look, but this diagonal is much more delicately managed than in Figure 1. The artist merely *suggests* the balancing direction in the pose of two outstretched arms: one of the bearer of sad news, and one of the joyful angel above. It is so unobtrusive that we do not realize its importance until we think of the long slope left quite unbroken, or the same slope broken with awkward insistence as by the telegraph wires in Figure 1.

As for the rocks below, they are simply just as they should be. We feel that something is needed here to suggest the nearer wall of the valley. The rock masses

give a satisfactory sense of weight at the bottom of the picture, and yet they are not too much in evidence. Their comparatively light color makes them offer a pleasant contrast with the darker space of the mountain, and serve at the same time as a softened echo or reflection of the stronger lights in the upper part of the picture. See, too, how much the delicate touch of light in the telegraph pole and wires does for the sombre space of the valley. We see bits of composition like this on well-designed Japanese panels, where a seemingly irrelevant leaf spray, or a spider's web, or a curling wreath of cloud relieves what else might be a monotonous and unlovely bare space within a given outline. And, in this connection, notice how the cloud streaks and the olive branch and the lightning zigzag keep the upper arched space from bare emptiness.

Even in a print like this, where we have nothing whatever of the positive colors of the painting, we can see enough of its beauty of design to feel that the man who composed it is rightly reckoned among the great. He has a style of his own. As we reminded ourselves in the first place, he does not profess to tell stories, or even to sing hymns and ballads. His pictures are more like the great music which has no words to go with it, but which delights our sense of harmony and rhythm. In one sense this picture may not "mean" so much to our minds as many others which we have been studying; but the more we study it the more we like to look at it over and over, just as we like to hear a certain piece of music. It rests us.

It is interesting to see how many different ways there are of doing a good thing well. Comparatively few artists attempt to draw in Flaxman's[1] manner; but, when we do have a chance to see a bit of drawing in the style of *Thetis and the Nereids*, it is likely to be well worth studying, for the very reason that its difficulties frighten away ordinary draughtsmen.

The subject of the drawing is taken from Book XVIII of the *Iliad*, where Thetis, the goddess mother of Achilles, starts to ask Vulcan for a new suit of armor for her son, sending her attendant nymphs meanwhile back to their home to await her return.

Before we look much at the details of the drawing, let us notice the leading lines and see how expressive as well as graceful their directions are. The exquisite, long curves of the goddess' body and draperies, extending almost to the top of the picture, and sloping a little to one side when we take them as a whole, give us a vivid sense of upward motion, easy and light and sure, like that of a soaring bird. And yet it is not actual, present motion. Thetis is pausing for an instant to give her maidens their orders. Her form is still just for the moment, and yet we feel that in a second more she will be gone. There is a suggestion of swiftness too in the pose of the figure, like the upward sweep of a rocket.

Then look at the Nereids. Those long draperies blowing in the wind seem to rise and fall in long, gradual swells. The bodies of the nymphs, just turning to descend at the goddess' command, irresistibly suggest

[1] John Flaxman, one of the most famous of English artists (1755–1826). He was an eminent sculptor, and his work in that direction had an evident influence upon his style of drawing, leading him to the use of very simple outlines with comparatively little dependence on effects of light and shade.



THETIS AND THE NEREIDS.—Flaxman.

rolling motion — motion in downward curves that roll onward and over, not altogether, but with hesitating pauses, and little upward tendril-like curves here and there, yet on the whole rolling steadily forward and downward. It is for all the world like the motion of waves rolling in-shore, with a surging swell of waters behind them, and a flutter of backward-blown spray at their crests, like the waving of hair and the gesture of white hands. Surely; for these are sea-nymphs!

The more we pore over the picture, the more charming this subtle likeness shows itself to be. To make the simple outlines of these water-sprites in themselves express the rolling curves of breakers on a beach — who but a master could show us so intangible, elusive a sort of beauty? And yet Flaxman did just that. Do we not remember how, when watching the waves on a lake or seashore, we have seen one wave spend itself prematurely, breaking into foam and leaving a broken fringe of bubbles on the curving shoulder of the wave next ahead of it? Do not the forward-drooping, limp, white fingers of the nymph with knotted hair and of the sister with loose locks suggest this very trick of the waves? And see how irresistibly the forward-reaching hands of the nymphs at the extreme left, with their lazy, stroking gestures, remind one of the lapping of the thin, innermost edge of a wave, where it reaches in over the sandy space of a beach, advancing and withdrawing and advancing again, with indolent, irregular outline.

It is evident enough that the man who drew this picture must have entered with truly marvellous sympathy and understanding into the poetic spirit of the old Greek legends. As the ancient Greek saw in the heaving, rolling, caressing waves of the sea something like the forms

and motions of living creatures, so this imaginative Englishman, in his turn, conceived the nymphs of the Homeric story as betraying their kinship to the sea with every curve of their supple bodies, every flying fold of their draperies, and every touch of their slender fingers. We can readily believe the stories the biographers tell of how the boy Flaxman, growing up in his father's shop full of plaster casts from antique sculptures, taught himself Latin and Greek for the sake of reading the poetry that belonged with the exquisite forms of the classic gods and goddesses.

The poise of the figures in this particular drawing is so perfectly managed, it does not occur to us for some time that not one of the six has an inch of anything substantial to rest on — not even a cloud! When we do come to think of it, we are a little surprised to find how easily we were satisfied. The fact seems to be that in the case of both the goddess and the nymphs the feeling of motion is so vivid that there is no room for questions of stability. We have no more fear for Thetis, pausing for a second in her upward flight, than we should have for a bird, hovering for an instant in mid air above our heads. As for the nymphs, our eyes are so impressed by the buoyant, floating effect of their flowing veils and by the wave-like effect of their own delicate bodies that we forget to ask prosaic, literal-minded questions about supports and centres of gravity. We should as soon think of asking them their ages! We gladly give ourselves up to this charming bit of artistic imagination — this scrap of poetry written in lines instead of in words.

CHAPTER IX

PICTURES WITH RELIGIOUS THEMES

WHEN studying religious pictures, it is sometimes desirable to be able to put one's own theological convictions temporarily out of the question.

If we want an author or an artist to lend us his imagination through which to look, we must naturally consent to look from his standpoint, putting ourselves into a heartily sympathetic attitude. It is manifestly futile to quarrel with old-time artists, even if they did think about some things in ways different from our own ways. What we have to do, in cases where ideas differ regarding the subjects treated, is, of course, to try to enter as fully as possible into the feeling of the artist or of the people among whom the artist lived and for whom he frankly painted. Only by such means can we expect to see what there is to admire in the work of art itself.

The Madonna and Christ Child, shown on page 147, have a solemn, old-time air about them; and well they may, for Botticelli[1] painted the original picture within a few years of the date when Columbus first sighted the Western world. In looking at it for the first time, one is likely

[1] Sandro Botticelli, of Florence (1447–1515). This picture is commonly distinguished from other Madonnas of the same artist by calling it his *Madonna of the Louvre*, as the original is now in that famous gallery in Paris.

to be impressed both by the sorrowful, mysterious beauty of the two principal figures and by the quaint picturesqueness of the Virgin's robe and transparent veil and crowning halo. There is something about the picture as a whole which seems to bid us lower our voices and move gently as in a house of prayer; yet, at the same time, there is a childlike simplicity in its pride of finished details, which makes us smile with half-amused approval. There are depths of mystical, heavenly communion in the faces of Mother and Child. There is the frankest self-satisfaction in the artist's elaborately correct showing of the ruffling folds of the gathered-up stuff under the book in the corner. It is true, the book may have been meant to remind us that the writers of the olden days had foretold the coming of a Messiah; the closing and clasping of the book may have served in the painter's fancy to signify the ending of the old revelation with the beginning of the new. All the same, Sandro Botticelli took keen delight in showing us how cleverly he could draw the book in itself and for itself, with studded clasps and covers and silken wrappings.

This pure, unworldly image of the Mother is worth long study. Her exquisite face and long, slender neck have the immaculate delicacy of white lilies on bending stalks. But her expression is very different from that of most of the Madonnas we commonly see. There is a subtile self-distrust and reluctance in her accepting of the destiny imposed upon her. It is the look of one who will be absolutely faithful, but who yet secretly cries out in her girlish heart —

> "Consider well if virtue be in me
> Sufficient, ere to this high enterprise
> Thou trust me. . . ."

See the awe-struck reverence in her very affection, as shown in her pose. She nowhere willingly touches the baby flesh direct. A filmy veil interposes between her cheek and the Child's forehead, even in her caress; her hands come in contact only with His draperies. The Child, for His part, clings to her with the most winning of baby gestures. The touch of the dimpled hand on the Mother's neck is charmingly true to child nature. We can supply for ourselves in imagination the position of the other hand, which the artist did not show. The chubby awkwardness of the feet, too, is something which appeals at once to every lover of babyhood's enchanting curves and colors. And yet there is, in those great eyes fixed on the Mother's face, something more than the solemn questioning that awes us in an every-day baby's eyes. It is a look so full of wonderful meaning that the girl Mother can hardly bear to meet it. One almost imagines those delicately cut lips of hers quivering with feelings that never could be put into common human speech.

The little St. John in the background, with the sheepskin mantle over his shoulders, looks like a woodland elf, or rather like some shy, shaggy little animal sidling up to you with hesitating curiosity, and lingering a minute to be stroked before it bounds away out of reach. Yet, when we look longer at the face, we see more spirituality in it. Is it spirituality, or is it the sort of dumb devotion which a dog lavishes on a child master? It is a strange type of face, this little St. John — a fascinating type. Botticelli himself was evidently fascinated by it, for he used it again and again in other works.

The background of this picture has a great deal to give us. That clear expanse of sky, against which tree trunks, masses of shrubbery, and rose sprays stand in silent sil-



MADONNA OF THE LOUVRE. — Botticelli

houette, gives one the emotional effect of a certain sort of afterglow, which most of us have known and loved. There is a mysterious charm about this look in a western sky after the sun has gone down, while the sky is still aglow with a clear, still radiance, when every object between us and the sky stands darkly outlined with wonderful sharpness against the light: a radiance utterly different from the radiance of full sunshine; a sharpness of line utterly different from the sharpness of midday shadows. It always seems to have some mysterious significance of its own, if only we could understand it — like the look of one turning at the door to say *Remember!*

It seems as if, away back in the fifteenth century, Botticelli saw in this strange yet common enough look of the sky just what we ourselves have seen in it. Perhaps he saw it one night in Florence after he had heard Fra Savonarola preach, and while he was walking home, his mind half full of mediæval theology and half full of his beloved paint-pots and brushes. Be that as it may, he put into this picture for us a hint of just such a mysterious sky-message. It is precisely the light for the shrinkingly human loveliness of this young mother gazing into the baby eyes of One Divine.

This old master had a fine eye for beauty of line. We feel that in looking at the separate faces and figures, and it can be traced also in the relation of one part of the picture to other parts. One line flows into another just as the line of a leaf twig flows into that of the main stem, or as the fine lines of the fronds of a feather flow into the line of the midrib or main stalk, *i.e.* without break or abrupt change. (Figure 2.) It is interesting to trace this "flow" of line in the picture. Take, for example, the outline of the

crown of the Virgin's head. Its curve is continued by the filmy folds of the part of the veil resting on her neck; the baby arm takes it up, and then, with a new sweep, it includes the Child's body, the timidly protecting right hand of the Mother, and the baby feet, the line returning on itself, like a loose, curly tendril, in the embroidered edges of the Virgin's quaint, big oversleeve.

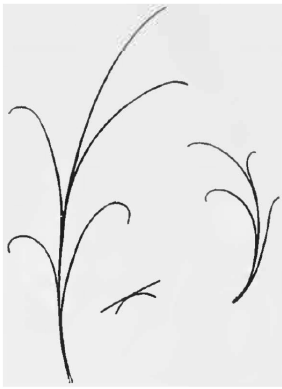


Fig. 2.

Again, there is a beautiful planning (or artistic happening; perhaps this old painter did not consciously think it out, but, guided by his cultivated instinct for beauty, builded better than he knew at the moment) in the main lines of the group made by the two children. The large, sweeping curve of the embroidered sleeve hem can be traced upward, and then to the left over the heads of both the Christ Child and the St. John, enclosing them in an almost complete oval, as shown in the traced outline. (Figure 3.) Oval curves like these are universally beloved by artists and others who have made any great study of beauty in form. Compared with the oval, a circle is quite a roly-poly, matter-of-fact affair. The curves of a circle are absolutely and always the same. The circle tells us its



Fig. 3.

story of line at a glance and has no more left to tell. But the oval has the charm of variety. Here its curves are round and robust — there they subtly relax ; again, they gather themselves into the most graceful of arches. Under all these caprices it has its own serene plan how to come out. It is no wonder that sculptors and painters see in it vast possibilities of charm.

It would evidently have been an unpleasing thing to show these oval curves complete in this picture of the Madonna. It would have broken up the tender oneness of mother and child for the sake of an artificial conceit ; and, again, the complete tracing of it would have been much less attractive than a hint, as here, — a hint to be followed out by our own imagination. The picture seems to belong to us more completely when we have thus hunted up the key and peeped into one or two of its secret drawers.

The tree trunks in the upper background of the picture serve still another purpose besides that of helping to give us that sense of mysterious meaning in the sky which we have already noticed. Suggesting, as they do, foliage and open air still higher, they put plenty of breathing-space into the picture and prevent it from looking crowded at the top. Without them, it is not impossible that the head of the Virgin, with her rather substantial halo, might seem too nearly touching the upper edge of the picture. These vertical lines of the tree trunks carry the top of the picture higher, on the same principle which makes a vertical-striped garment give a person the effect of being taller. The painter evidently took great pains with all these details. See how he saved the large, comparatively unbroken space in the lower right-hand corner from monotony by putting in an unobtrusive suggestion

of the carved chair on which the Mother sits. It is evidently a bit of her chair, yet at the same time it is a beautiful bit of ornament for the picture-corner, put in somewhat as a monk, at work copying a sacred manuscript, might fill up a blank corner of a page with a decorative scroll, just for the sake of added pleasantness to the reader's eye.

Quite different in its general style is the *Holy Family*, by Murillo,[1] on page 153. Elizabeth kneels at one side, her left arm affectionately clasping the little St. John. The Christ Child, standing on His Mother's knee, steadies Himself with one hand on her breast, and, with the other, takes from John (His prophet-to-be) a cross, the symbol of His laying down of life. Above, in the clouds, the Father is seen, stretching out His hands in benediction; and midway between Him and the lower group a dove is poised in air, emblematic of the Holy Spirit. The lamb stands for purity, innocence, and self-sacrifice. In the lack of any more detailed explanation of the scroll in John's hand, we may assume that it was meant to remind us of the ancient Scriptures and their Messianic prophecies.

Murillo is said to have been a man of exceptional devoutness, painting his religious pictures in the same spirit in which he said his prayers. And, besides, he was, like Abou ben Adhem, one who loved his fellowmen. He delighted in the simple types of humanity to be met with every day, — common working people, peasants, and street urchins, even beggars sunning themselves

[1] Bartolomé Estéban Murillo, one of the old masters of Spain (1618–1682). The original painting is now in the Louvre. Another famous picture by this same artist is shown on page 175.

lazily in a corner; and he used their faces over and over again in his various pictures, even of sacred subjects. There is a certain frank lovableness about all the figures in this particular picture which makes it go to one's heart. We do not wonder that the original painting attracts admiring travellers, and that photographs and prints of it find their way quite around the world.

The Mother's clasp of the Child shows something of the same reverential element that is noticeable in Botticelli's *Madonna of the Louvre* (page 147); there is the same shielding of the baby flesh from the direct touch of her hands, by the interposition of drapery. But notice how different the Mother's face is in the two pictures. It is a serious sweetness we have here, but not a look of sorrow or of dread, — rather a half-shy, half-proud, girlish confidence in her Son. Notice how the artist managed to have her, though holding Him protectingly in her lap, yet look distinctly *up* to Him. Although the little group seems charmingly simple and informal, all the people nearly on a level with each other and with the spectator, with no enthronement of the chief personages to separate them from the others, still, Mary, Elizabeth, and the little John all have to look up to see the Child's face.

And notice how wonderfully significant is the expression of the older woman's eyes and mouth. Does it not seem to express relief and satisfaction as well as affectionate reverence, as if she were thinking, — "The wonderful Child indeed has come. I am an old woman; I have worked and waited a weary, long time. But surely this is He at last"?

The Christ Child Himself, with His babyish dimples and His serious, dark eyes, His appealing, childish help-



HOLY FAMILY. — MURILLO.

lessness and yet His commanding dignity, is one of the most beautiful of all the children this old master drew with such affectionate pains. Just see how His more refined and spiritual type of face is set off by the commoner boyish features of John. John is a kind of small boy that every primary school-teacher knows. They had no primary schools and compulsory education laws in Spain two centuries ago; the urchin who served as model for this little fellow doubtless played all day in the streets at his own sweet will, and was not greatly scolded if he came home dirty at night.

We of to-day wonder a little at the naïve daring which ventured on a definite, visible representation of our Father. But in the days when this picture was painted most people had a more blunt, childlike way of putting these things than we have now. To this devout old Spaniard's imagination there seemed nothing irreverent in figuring the One in whom we live and move and have our being as a bearded man, with sleeves of colored stuff draping His outstretched arms; and, indeed, as we feel the benignity of the venerable face and the comforting assurance of the gesture which crowns the picture, we would not wish it changed.

The form of the Father crowns the picture in more than one sense; for, besides its significance in idea, its lines have a good deal to do with the artistic impressiveness of the picture as a whole. We can test this for ourselves by laying a sheet of paper across the top of the page, coming just far enough downwards to hide the dove. What we have left is certainly a beautiful picture, but it is not the same as before. The Child is as winning as ever, the Mother as lovely, Elizabeth breathes the same long sigh of satisfaction, yet something is lack-

ing. Is it the feeling of airy space and light and color? Let us see it once more, complete as Murillo designed it. Yes; it is better so. We do not wish to lose that glow of light and color up in the left-hand corner of the picture. We could not quite spare the cherubs at the right, their dimples melting into clouds and then taking shape again out of the mist. And now we see, besides, that the head and downstretched arms of the Father, repeating the arched or pyramidal outline of the three heads grouped just below, emphasize this outline and unobtrusively strengthen the spiritual significance of the Child's central position above the others. This detail of the composition is in one sense a trifle, in another sense it is far from being a small matter. It is like having just the right bit of harmony for an accompaniment to the voice. If it is taken away, we begin to realize how much it had to do with the perfectness of the whole.

Another famous picture of Mary with the baby Christ is known as *The Madonna of the Burgomaster*.[1] The picture takes this name from the fact of its having been ordered by Jacob Meyer, then burgomaster of Basle, who had himself, his first and second wives, and three children introduced into the picture as accessory figures, in devotional attitudes. There is a tradition that the picture was a thank offering to the Virgin for the recovery of the Meyer baby from some dangerous sickness. Whether or

[1] Painted by Hans Holbein the younger (son of another Hans Holbein), who lived from 1497 to 1543. He was German by birth, but travelled widely for those times, and did a good deal of work in England. Of this particular picture two slightly different copies exist, this one at Dresden and another at Darmstadt.

no this be true, it is on record that Burgomaster Meyer remained a devoted son of the Mother Church through stormy times when the new thoughts and theories of the Lutheran movement were causing serious upheavals in the church and in society. Whether or no we sympathize with him in his views, we honor his evident loyalty to what he felt to be the right. His homely, commonplace features are lighted up into something almost beautiful by the spirit of honest devotion shining through them; and the somewhat stubborn build of his face makes one feel sure he was master in the family. If he said "as for me and my house we will serve the Lord" after any one particular fashion, we may be sure there would be no straying away from that one path on the part of members of the Meyer household!

See how the somewhat formal arrangement of the group expresses at once the Virgin's dominance and her benign protection. She stands on the same carpeted floor upon which the others kneel, but her attitude brings her head and shoulders above them, and the gently rounding arch of the odd little alcove or niche where she stands has the effect of adding a good deal of stateliness to her really very mild and gentle figure. On the other hand, the sweeping folds of her mantle almost enclose the nearest worshippers, and the columns on either side of the alcove, with the low walls running off to left and right, suggest the idea of protecting arms ready to ward off danger from this faithful little company.

See what a sweet and lovable face the Mother has, and how exquisitely pure and unworldly her whole air is, in spite of the modish crown with which the German simplicity of those times thought to honor her.

The Christ Child here is a rather sad little figure. His



MADONNA OF THE BURGOMASTER. — HOLBEIN.

head resting wearily on the Mother's breast and one hand stretched out in benediction. There have been several different interpretations of this detail of the picture. The story has been told that, when the Virgin was appealed to for help during the sickness of the burgomaster's baby boy, she took the child up into her own arms for a little while to cure him, letting the infant Christ take his place temporarily in the cradle. According to this fanciful idea, the child in Mary's arms may be really the ailing baby, cuddled and comforted back towards life and health. But it seems more likely, since we know something of what stormy times those were just then in ecclesiastical history, that the Child's weary attitude was meant only to express the sorrow supposed by the artist's devout patron to be felt in heaven over the strife and discord stirred up by men in connection with church affairs.

The kneeling woman nearest the Virgin is usually supposed to be the deceased wife of Meinherr Meyer, arrayed in her burial clothes. Beside her kneels the second wife, an anxious, conscientious-looking dame in a fashionable collar and head-dress (the Meyers were prosperous people, that is evident). In the foreground, slender and demure in her festival gown, and with her own best head-dress set carefully over her close-braided hair, kneels the daughter of the house. The half-grown son and the debatable baby are grouped with the father on the opposite side.

Considering that the artist undertook to put three people on each side of the Virgin, — one behind the other, the older ones in the background, and the younger ones in front, it is quite remarkable how successfully he avoided any disagreeable monotony in the poses. We find in the left-hand group each figure proceeding from back to front

is moved a little nearer the centre of the picture. In the right-hand group, the relative places of the three women are entirely different. The shrouded figure in the background is nearest to the centre of the composition; the living wife kneels almost at the outer edge of the picture, and the prim young girl only a shade further forward. Notice also, that, although there is great decorum in all the faces, no two are looking in just the same direction, and no two have the same expression. Each keeps its individuality, and so the picture is saved from any stiffly "set" appearance.

We cannot help wondering whether that remarkable wrinkle in the carpet was put in for the same purpose, of avoiding too stiff regularity, or whether perhaps the painter was merely amusing himself here, as he finished the details of his drawing, trying to see and show the effect on the elaborate border pattern of the rug if it were rolled up into alternate waves and depressions. Such experiments are always interesting to any one who has a quick eye for alterations in the appearance of form; but it takes a skilful hand as well to show the transformations truly to other eyes.

On each side of the picture the arrangement of the ornamental pillars and the background wall leaves a little open space, and here we find the painter seizing the opportunity for a bit of ornamental leaf tracery. But see again how cleverly he avoided making the two spaces monotonously alike. (We expect the two pillars to match; that is the accepted thing in an architectural composition like this alcove. But it is naturally different with the surrounding spaces and with family portraits.) In one case he shows the complete right angle made by wall and pillar, in the other he hides the corner by Frau Meyer's

head-dress. And see the interesting differences between the outlines of the leafy twigs so gracefully silhouetted against the light backgrounds. Either one would make a beautiful decoration for a book-cover or an inlaid panel.

It is interesting, besides, to see how beautifully Holbein managed the arrangement of light and dark colors in this picture. With eight necessarily light-colored faces appearing against a rather dark background, it took a good deal of artistic sense and feeling to avoid an effect as of light spots and splashes dotted over the given space; but the painter did very successfully avoid any such "spotty" look. The figure of the Christ Child, with its delicate variations of light and shade, leads the eye naturally from the strong light of the mother's face to that of her hands; and the middle tone of her sleeves and girdle makes a gradual transition back to the darker masses of her robe. In both groups of worshippers we find the masses of strong light unobtrusively connected with each other by the arrangement of attitudes and costumes, so that, while the contrasts between light and dark are pronounced and vigorous, they are never harsh or startling.

If we take one last look at the picture as a whole, we feel its simple dignity very clearly. Though we actually see only a little part of the vertical edges of the alcove and of the pillars, we are half-consciously aware of their presence complete, suggested as they are by the long lines of the Virgin's erect figure; and this loftiness of line gives us a dim sense of lofty thought and feeling. Then the horizontal lines of the pillar capitals, reëmphasized by the level band of darker space above, give us somehow the impression of strength. (Do not broad, square shoulders on a man always give us a feeling of strength?) And the gentle outline of the young Mother's head, repeated

by the curve of her diadem, and again (as rippling circles widen in the water) by the overarching curve of the shell-shaped roof above her, softens the severity of plain verticals and horizontals, and lends a gracious sort of benediction to the whole.

Van Dyck's[1] *Madonna with the Donors* divides our interest quite evenly between the holy Mother and Child and the portraits of the two patrons by whose order the picture was painted. It is difficult now to trace with any certainty the identity of these "donors"; we are not sure where the picture was originally hung after its completion. We only know that, in the days when kings and princes were ordering pictures from this famous painter, none but the rich could afford to pay for the work he did. This particular picture may have been ordered for the adornment of a private chapel or oratory, — such as was often a part of a great man's establishment, — or, as the word "donors" implies, it may have been intended as a gift to some church, — such a gift as would take the form of a memorial window if made to-day in our own country.

This representation of the Madonna, contrasted with those chosen from Botticelli (page 147), Murillo (page 153), Raphael (page 169), and Holbein (page 157), shows what a wide variation of treatment the main subject receives according to the time and the place, the temperament and the training, of the artist. Van Dyck was not only a man of great gifts in his own profession: he was also a man of

[1] Anthony Van Dyck (1599–1641), one of the most famous Flemish painters; a pupil of Rubens. This picture is now in the Louvre at Paris.

elegant accomplishments, of wide travel and large acquaintanee ; a man of the world in an era when European society was given to all sorts of gay extravagance; a courtier knighted by King Charles I, of England, at the time when the Pilgrims and the Puritans in self-imposed exile were building their bare, rough log-houses on the Massachusetts shore.

The virgin Mother as we see her here is as far as possible from being a Jewish peasant girl. For that matter, artists have very seldom kept to historical facts about her nationality and social station. They have had other ideas about her which they cared much more to emphasize. Van Dyck's fastidious preference for what was refined and dainty made him give the Mother the look of a gracious, high-bred gentlewoman, simply clad, as one with simple tastes, but never to be mistaken for the daughter of common working folk. She holds the Child on her lap, not in any close embrace of passionate affection, and not with any mystical awe of His person, but with a quiet confidence as if she knew He must soon be about His Father's business, and she would not hold Him back from a divine mission. He for His part holds the Mother's fingers with one dimpled baby hand, and with the other touches, in a rose-leaf sort of caress, the cheek of the man who kneels close by. He is a live, warm, human baby, "trailing clouds of glory" to be sure, but showing them only to the inward eye of the beholder. He wears no halo, He carries no cross, His benediction is so much like the blessing of any dear baby's affectionate touch that apparently none but His own see anything to wonder over.

It would seem as if Van Dyck amused himself by indicating, in a delicately satirical fashion, which one of



MADONNA AND CHILD WITH DONORS. — VAN DYCK.

the kneeling donors was His own and which one was a stranger.

Just look at the man. His whole body bends eagerly forward; his hands are devoutly joined; his face — in spite of the rakish little beard and the loose love locks which speak of fashion and frivolity — shows complete absorption in one idea or one ideal that has newly dawned upon him. He has not been very good all his life. No; but he does have in him the possibilities of a fine type of manhood. If the Christ message had come to him earlier in life!

And his elegant lady wife with her ruff and her rings, her jewelled buttons and her lace-bordered cuffs? She too is kneeling, but her hands are studiously arranged to display her rings (to be quite just, this may mean vanity on Van Dyck's part rather than on the lady's, for he was notoriously fond of showing off beautiful hands); her head is calmly erect above her expensive buttons. No sudden gusts of pious emotion, if you please, for the wearer of that marvellous ruff. Most significant of all, her eyes, — as we see when we trace their gaze, — do not regard the Child or His Mother or the companion of her mature prosperities; they look calmly, placidly off into space, without the slightest consciousness of the spiritual drama going on at her elbow. Not that she is a bad-hearted woman — not at all. She looks like a "capable" house-mistress, a person who could be depended upon for the orderly performance of every-day duties and the maintenance of a high standard of dignified respectability. But how hopelessly wooden! We may be sure she never saw anything to which to object in her own portrait, as painted by the most fashionable artist of the day. Her ruff and her laces and the rest of her matronly finery

were carefully immortalized; and as for her face, did not all the neighbors declare with respectful admiration that it was as natural as life? There is little doubt that she was perfectly satisfied.

There is one more curious bit of character study in this picture. At what is the Virgin looking? If we examine the picture closely, it seems evident that her gentle, questioning gaze rests, not on the devout, repentant man, eager to vow allegiance to her Son: she leaves him in those baby hands; it rests on the figure of the decorous wife beside him, who has no passionate sins to be repented, and no passionate love to lift her above the level of respectable commonplace.

Van Dyck gave a great deal of pains to other things in this picture besides the interesting expression of attitudes, gestures, and faces. He meant that the picture, as a whole, should be a pleasure to the eye; and we can see, even in this little black-and-white copy, a part of his idea in the composition. The main light in the picture evidently comes from some source off at the left; we can trace this by the way shade falls on the faces. The effect of light is carried on across the picture into the open sky in the upper right-hand corner. On the other hand, we find large spaces or masses of distinctly darker color extending across from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner. There is a consistent idea in this: it did not simply happen. But, to make these contrasted portions of light-colored space and darker-colored space blend happily together, some further thought had to be given to their details. So the dark draperies behind the Mother were carried out a little way beyond the line of her shoulder in drooping, slightly oblique folds, and their effect of darkness was delicately continued still

further by branches of foliage whose irregular outlines and openings make a graceful transition from the heavy folds of hanging stuff to the airiness of the floating clouds in the sky. The sky space itself, being almost an even square of light in the upper right-hand corner, might easily have given the picture an awkward look, as if a quarter of its space were unfinished; but the projecting foliage and the chubby cherubs, with their gay variety of curves and their combination of lighted and shadowed surface, save this quarter of the picture from looking bare and empty. They also serve to attract the eye upward from the monotonous, level line made by the three heads of the Child and the donors, and so add greatly to the pleasant impression of the picture as a whole.

Among the hundreds of pictures of the Virgin and the Christ Child, there is probably none more widely known than Raphael's[1] *Sistine Madonna*, or, as it is sometimes called, the *Dresden Madonna*. Details of the picture are often published by themselves, — the cherubs are familiar to almost everybody, — yet, perhaps, some of us have not yet seen in the picture, as a whole, all that we might see to admire and enjoy.

The picture was painted for a little company of people bound by vows to a life of religious devotion and self-denying labor, and its main idea is that of a Vision of

[1] Raffaello Sanzio, of Florence (1483–1520), one of the most widely known and admired of the Italian masters. The original of this picture was painted for the Benedictine monastery of St. Sixtus at Piacenza, in northern Italy; but about the middle of the eighteenth century it was sold by the monks to the Elector of Saxony and taken to Dresden. Napoleon seized it, and carried it to Paris as a trophy; but it was afterwards returned, and is in the Dresden gallery now.

divine love to cheer the down-hearted, and bring new inspiration to the faithful. From this point of view, the curtain arrangement on either side is an appropriate bit of detail, helping carry out the idea of a revelation-for-the-moment. It seems as if the heavy folds might fall in another minute, shutting off the radiant group from our sight.

It is the Mother who most attracts our eyes. The more we study the noble proportions of her figure, and the calm benignity of her serious face, the more we are impressed by her dignified beauty. The image of a tall woman, standing on rolling clouds, might well have something grotesque about it, portrayed by a common draughtsman; but see what a master did! The figure seems to be pausing for an instant in its *forward* motion (motion indicated by the folds of the draperies blowing back from head and shoulder, and by the backward sweep of the lower draperies around knees and ankles), and this effect of forward motion so balances in our consciousness the downward pull of gravity as to make the Virgin's airy pose seem mechanically possible and altogether beautiful.

The artist makes us look up. Even when we hold the picture exactly on the level of our eyes, we have a sense of looking up from what is low to what is high. Compare the picture in this respect with the *Spinner* of Maas (page 107) or Rubens' *Wife and Children* (page 87). In these two latter pictures we see the portrayed people as if we were frankly on the same level with them. But here, where Raphael made the page for us, we find ourselves seeing the lower side of the Virgin's arm and the Child's thigh, the lower surfaces of the drapery about her head and her elbow, — that is to say, we see the central figures of the picture at about the angle at which

they would appear if we were kneeling on a floor, and they appearing above a church altar. And this sense of looking up with the eyes instinctively associates itself with looking "up" in a spiritual sense.

Besides this, the picture gives us a feeling of airy space, in spite of the fact that the actual picture limits are nearly filled with details. The more we look at the central figures and the space around (the original has hosts of cherub faces in the background, but the print shows only a few of these dimly above the Mother's head), the more we feel that there is really endless room above and behind and around them. The wind that blows aside the Virgin's draperies seems to speak of infinite energies acting through infinite spaces. We feel that it is the world this side of those drooping curtains which is small, confined. A whole boundless universe belongs to that Mother and her Child.

Raphael painted many Madonnas in an age when everybody tried to paint Madonnas; but most people who know this one well agree that its noble beauty has a certain impressiveness not to be found in any other picture. For there is wisdom as well as sweetness, energy as well as purity, in the lines of that face and figure. Those wide-set and far-seeing eyes look not so much *at* us as through our present selves into our far-off destiny. Those strong arms so tenderly upholding and cradling the Child seem to promise protection without end for them who need.

Raphael's conception of the Christ Child in this picture is different in many ways from the Christ Child of his other Madonnas and those of his brother artists. It is interesting to compare the picture with those of Botticelli, Holbein, Murillo, and Van Dyck (pages 147, 153, 157, 163). We have here no dramatic pose or gesture on the



SISTINE MADONNA. — RAPHAEL.

Child's part, — many people think He is less beautiful here than in other famous pictures, — but there is something marvellously winning and commanding that looks out through His large eyes, lighting up the baby face with solemn meaning.

The accessory figures — St. Barbara on the right, and St. Sixtus, the patron of the monastery for which the picture was painted, on the left — have a place both by virtue of the religious idea of the painting and on account of the plan of its composition as a piece of beautiful decoration. Saints were often introduced by the old masters into representations of the Madonna, carrying out the idea of their mediation between the divine and the human. To understand the significance of the two figures introduced here, we must turn to some dictionary of names or a volume of lives of the saints. According to old traditions, Sixtus was a bishop of the church at Rome, away back in the third century, and chose death by imperial persecution rather than disloyalty to his faith. What more natural for the brethren at Piacenza than the thought of the old man for whom they had named their house, as caring for them up in Paradise in a fatherly way, and praying that they might be kept faithful too? As for the stiffly gorgeous vestments in which Sixtus appears, we must grant that

> ". . . if eyes were made for seeing,
> Then beauty is its own excuse for being."

There is probably small historic authority for robing a third-century martyr in so magnificent a fashion ; but the heavy folds of these draperies are very effective in their own way. That ponderous, three-story tiara resting on the parapet has its technical significance, as indicating his

papal rank. The artist realized this, and put it into the picture as a bit of decorative detail down in the corner; but, mark well, he was far too great an artist to spoil the beautiful outline of the saint's head by crowning him with so heavy a construction in the way of headgear where it would come in strong relief against the light!

Just see what a beautiful old head this is, upturned with such dignified humility! (By the way, is it not strange that there should be so radical a difference between the relations of age to beauty in the respective cases of men and of women? If a man has any genuine beauty at all, he usually grows handsomer as he grows older.)

St. Barbara, kneeling on the other side, complements the tribute of venerable experience with that of youthful impulse. The tradition attached to her name is that of a beautiful girl, shut up in a lonely castle by her father, who meant to keep from her all knowledge of the new faith called by Christ's name. (A glimpse of the castle is seen here just over her shoulder.) But, in spite of all these precautions, Barbara learned the story of the Master, vowed allegiance to Him, and allowed the exasperated father to take her life rather than prove false to the light that had dawned upon her.

Notice what exquisite differences of detail keep this balanced arrangement of the two saints from being stiff or "set." We have already noted that we have an aged man balanced by a blooming young girl. One head is uplifted and shown in profile with upturned eyes; the other head is bent downward and turned almost facing us, with the eyelashes sweeping the cheeks. One head is shaven; the other crowned with soft braids. One figure is wrapped

in heavy, official vestments reaching to the chin, and hanging in long, sweeping folds; the other clad in simple, girlish clothes, with bare neck and shoulders, the lines of her draperies falling into curves, short and rounding like ringlets of curly hair. The attitudes have been interpreted by critics as being respectively that of pleading for a blessing on the monastery brotherhood (St. Sixtus), and of inviting the faithful to join in adoration of the Vision (St. Barbara).

Again, the looped-back curtains are in a general way symmetrically arranged; but, if we look more closely at their lines and colors, we find there is no dull, mechanical "matching" about them. No line on the one side is the precise duplicate of a line on the other side, and the light and shade effects are different in the two cases.

The meditative cherubs down below are so beautiful as to need little other excuse for being. (Is there a strong resemblance between the right-hand cherub and the Child in the Mother's arms?) But, if we look at the picture a little further, we see that besides being so charming in themselves they have a great deal to do with the beauty of the composition as a whole. Try the experiment of cutting a slip of blank paper three-quarters of an inch wide and two inches long, and laying it over these little fellows, blotting them out temporarily. At once the picture seems unfinished. That empty cloud space at the bottom looks too hollow, the figures above, in spite of the buoyant, upward trend of their principal lines, seem to need something more beneath them, some mass darker in color than the clouds, to keep the composition from being top heavy. Take away the screening slip of paper, and, behold, we see that what Raphael did was precisely

the right thing — as might have been expected. It is always safe to assume that a really great artist has excellently sufficient reasons for what he does. It is not at all necessary *for his sake* that we should prove his judgment good. But it is sometimes, as here, a pleasant thing for ourselves to find that we can follow his thought part way with our own.

Before leaving the page, look at the beautiful gradations of light and dark. Even in the absence of all positive color, we have exquisite transitions from bright illumination to deep, dark tones made partly by shadow and partly by the original colors of the painting. We find the principal light comes from above. The soft shadows, thus made to fall under the brows of both the Mother and the Child, add intensity to the radiance of their eyes — eyes beautiful as stars, but looking down not

> ". . . with cold,
> Sweet invitation, like a star
> Fixed in the heavens old;"

rather with the kindly glow of living hearts that understand and love.

Before printed books were cheap and plenty, and before there were any provisions for the education of ordinary people's children, the church walls were depended upon much more than at present for instruction in sacred history. The saints of old-time legends have always been dear to the imagination, with their pathetic or heroic mingling of human weakness and divine strength; and, naturally enough, artists living in times and countries where such legends were most honored have used them over and over again as subjects for pictures.

Murillo's[1] *St. Anthony of Padua* gives us an imaginative picture of the Franciscan brother, blessed by a Vision of the Christ Child come down from heaven to cheer and strengthen him. The kneeling Anthony is clad in the conventional robe and sandals of the Franciscan order, with shaven head and a girdle of coarse rope showing his renunciation of personal luxuries. The background vista of hills indicates his withdrawal from the bustling, business affairs of this world into solitude with its opportunity for devout meditation. His face is honest and kindly, as well as handsome, not yet made harsh by conflict or sharp by suffering. One can easily conceive him a disciple of large-hearted St. Francis, who called the birds his brothers; indeed, there is a legend that Anthony himself once preached to the fish in the sea, telling them of the love of their Creator, and that the water creatures listened gladly.

The Christ Child has seldom been shown in a more adorable guise than here, where He trusts Himself with such winsome confidence to His follower's arms, reaching out His own dimpled hand to caress the strong man's cheek. We can make out just enough of the Child's left arm to guess that its gesture is equally tender and affectionate. There could hardly be a more exquisitely lovely and lovable sight than this baby with His blossom-like beauty, so appealing in its delicacy, and His loving nature, so joyfully shown in look and gesture.

The monk's face, with its look of rapt devotion, is well worth thoughtful study. Notice, too, the exquisite delicacy of his own response to this gracious Vision. His hands hardly venture to touch the Child's person.

[1] Bartolomé Estéban Murillo, one of the great Spanish masters (1618–1682). The original of this picture is now in Berlin.



ST. ANTHONY AND THE CHRIST CHILD. — MURILLO.

They shield it from their own contact by interposing a bit of drapery between the man's strong fingers and the baby flesh.[1]

The playful cherubs attendant on the Child are delightful in their own childish way. One suspects that the dark-haired mite, thumbing the saint's abandoned book, is the immortalized image of some real, live street urchin, who once played in ragged, sunshiny contentment in the streets of an old Spanish city. Let him rumple the leaves to his heart's content; St. Anthony no longer needs to con the records of other experiences to gain comfort and inspiration, since such a Vision has come to him direct! The chubby fellow bearing the stalk of lilies (emblems of purity and unworldliness) may be calling the others to come witness the honors paid to a holy man; but it really looks quite as much as if he were sharing with the three above him in a game of romps, holding the lilies aloft to prevent their being captured by that other round-bodied morsel reaching down so eagerly from his vague support among the clouds! Why, indeed, should not these celestial babies have their fun? The pair hovering just over the chief figures in the picture are of a more sedate sort, and seem to be gravely talking the whole thing over in some cherubic dialect.

[1] It is interesting to know in this connection that Murillo painted this same subject (the appearance of the Christ Child to St. Anthony) many times, making significant changes in his compositions as the idea changed its shape in his poetic imagination. The first time he painted the subject he represented Anthony kneeling on the ground, the Child being revealed as a Vision high up in the air above his head. The second time he attempted the same subject, he showed Anthony kneeling before a reading-desk, the Child standing on the open pages of the book upon the desk, one hand laid very lightly in the saint's hand. On a third canvas the Child sits upon the open book, one hand lifted in benediction. Still another version is that which is reproduced here. All these originals are now in different European galleries.

See how beautiful the light is in this picture, centring on the baby Christ and fading softly away into the surrounding dusk in the illumination of the half-open book by the light reflected down from the Child's body! Did the devout old painter mean to suggest the flooding of old knowledge with new importance and beauty when looked at in the light of personal, spiritual experience? Or did he just wish to finish out that corner of his picture with a bit of added pleasantness for the eye, by leading his lights and shadows a dance over the contrasting surfaces of a dry, old book and a warm, live small boy? It is not necessary to decide the question. We are richer if we hold to both interpretations at once.

We can readily see how much the dusky trees in the right-hand side of the picture add to its beauty of general effect. They cannot do much for the story part of the picture beyond helping out the thought of Anthony's retirement to forest solitudes; but certainly they are of great importance in filling in the space behind the kneeling man. This space itself is of more importance than one might at first think. Just try the experiment of laying your hand or a sheet of paper across the right-hand portion of the picture, cutting off everything beyond the toe of the nearest sandal. The shape of the remaining picture as a whole is not half so agreeable. We immediately feel that it needs more breathing room. If we had the full space in the proportions chosen by the old master, but left quite empty, that again would be very unsatisfactory. The eye wants something to break the monotony of that dusky space, and yet something not so distinct as to make a strong call to the eye, attracting it away from the principal figures and the circling cherubs. On the whole, then, we come back to

Murillo's own idea, and see that his trained artistic instincts led him to do precisely the right thing in the right place.

Have you ever sat in the evening in a room lighted only by the glow and flame of an open fire, watching the play of the firelight on faces and furniture, walls and ceiling, as it alternately dulled and brightened, and worked mysterious transformations in the aspects of the most commonplace, familiar things? The memory of such experiences often helps one appreciate the beauty of Rembrandt's[1] interiors: for what he delighted in above all things was the rich contrast of warm lights and shades. He enjoyed these as ardently as other artists have enjoyed exquisite outlines and beautiful colors.

The picture shown on page 179 is a reproduction from Rembrandt's *Pilgrims at Emmaus*. The original painting is in the Louvre. The text, so to speak, was evidently taken from the Gospel of Luke (xxiv, 30, 31). The same subject has been treated by a great many artists in a great many different ways. This is the way in which it appealed to the fertile fancy of the most famous of Dutch painters.

To see it rightly, one needs to look at it first from a little distance so as to get the effect of the whole, at arm's length, let us say, to see the beauty of its central light, rippling off into the darkness above and around. This beauty is almost the same in whatever position the picture is held or in whatever attitude the observer looks at it. Just try the experiment of tilting your head side-

[1] Rembrandt Hermanzoon van Ryn (1607–1669). It is interesting, when one is studying this picture, to know that Nicholas Maas, who painted *The Spinner*, shown on page 107, was one of Rembrandt's pupils.



THE PILGRIMS AT EMMAUS. — Rembrandt.

wise towards one shoulder and looking at the print with half-shut eyes. The loveliness of it, even in a little reproduction of this sort, is something surprising to one who tries the experiment for the first time.

It was probably this impressive effect of light and shade, made a hundred-fold more impressive and beautiful by its play into the colors of the painting, for which the artist chiefly worked; but there is much besides this to enjoy in the print.

The source of the light is a little puzzling. It seems to come partly from an unseen window, rather high up in a wall at the left (indicated by the slant of the shadow on the partly lighted pillar beyond the left-hand figure), and partly from the figure of the Master. This effect of radiation of light from His figure in the big, bare dusky room, in itself gives one a sense of something wonderful, beyond the every-day nature of things. The sudden dawning of the truth upon the consciousness of the two disciples is finely shown; the instinctive movement of the one at the right of the picture, as if to spring to his feet, is beautifully true to human nature. One wishes he could see the other face; what is its expression? What ought it to be? The great painter takes us into friendly counsel with him here, leaving us to work out the detail of the picture with him. He could easily have drawn the second disciple in such a position as to show his face and have given him any one of a hundred different kinds of features and expressions; but, instead, he paid the public (including you and me) the compliment of letting us imagine that bit of the picture for ourselves.

And what is it these two disciples see? The face of One who has passed through vigil and trial and martyrdom; One whose eyes have a strange, far-off look, gazing

not on His companions but away into heaven and judgment and eternity. . . .

The unearthly pathos of the central figure, all aglow with softly radiant light, and the amazed conviction of the two disciples, are given exquisite emphasis by the dense, good-natured unconsciousness of the black-eyed boy bringing a plate of food to the modest supper table. He evidently sees only three guests who are or ought to be hungry, and he is doing his humble best to serve them as they should be served. His utter obliviousness of what is going on before his eyes is like the pathetic unconsciousness of a little child, offering some well-meant, childish service to grown-up people too absorbed in a deep tragic experience to notice or to care.

The dark colors of the boy's hair and eyes and garments make a fine contrast with the lighter clothing and white hair of the disciple by whose side he stands; and the gentle deference with which he bends to place the dish upon the table gives the outlines of the right half of the group a beautiful curve *around* the figure of the Christ, thus adding to the emphasis of the centring lights of the picture. This arching curve, suggested in the outlines of the right-hand figures and traceable — though less distinctly — in the left-hand figure, is repeated, we see, a little farther off in the picture, by the faintly discernible arch, intentionally left indistinct, just as the lower one was intentionally left incomplete, only hinted; but both help make up the beauty of the whole as it appeals to our eyes.

Look once more at the light and dark before we leave them. See how gently the transitions from strong to lesser light are managed. At the left of the central light, the upraised hand and the half-turned face of one disciple

take the illumination in a subdued fashion, and lead the eye off to the wall just faintly aglow. The overhanging edges of the table-cloth are a little less light than the table top, and the curiously curved legs of the table are still a little less light, leading the eye down to the shadowy floor. At the right, the heavy table-cover and the clothes of the other disciple make still another avenue of transition, leading from the central light away to the dusky wall, where the strange glow seems almost to flicker and change while we watch.

There are few things in life more terrible than broken despair in a strong man. The sight of stalwart shoulders, accustomed to practical burden bearing, bowed with grief, and eyes accustomed to steady far seeing filled with tears, is almost as appalling as the calamity which caused it. We instinctively hush our own voices and walk with gentler tread.

It is something akin to this feeling which comes over us when we look at this bearded man, bowed in such hopeless sorrow on his throne-like seat. The frieze above his head and the arched spaces below hint that we have before us a part of the decoration of some great building. On the tablet at his feet we read the Latin form of *Jeremiah*. He it is, Jeremiah, the old Israelite prophet, as Michelangelo[1] portrayed him three hundred years ago on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

Our familiar English phraseology speaks of "heavy"

[1] Michelangelo Buonarotti, one of the greatest of Italian masters (1475–1564). He was eminent, not only as a painter, but as sculptor, architect, and poet. The Sistine Chapel is a part of the Vatican, the papal palace at Rome. It takes its name from its builder, Sixtus IV.



JEREMIAH. - MICHELANGELO.

grief, of "crushing" sorrow, of "sinking" under the burden of despair. The figure of speech is rooted in a deep reality of human experience, so close, although so subtile, is the analogy between outward facts and inward states. See how this phase of spiritual life took form in the imagination of a great artist. As we look at the picture, we are almost overpowered by a sense of dragging heaviness. The seated figure, built on the massive scale of the giants of ancient days, gives us a feeling of enormous weight, bearing down as under an awful load. The huge shoulders, meant to be magnificently square, are bent in a curve whose lines lead the eye steadily down. The powerful legs, that seem built for a steep climb or a long march, are bent into impotent curves, still tending downward. The hands, that were made for heroic gestures of exhortation and command, have lost their indwelling temper. The right hand dully lifts itself to the lips to stifle a groan; the left hand hangs limp and nerveless over one knee. The feet on which this Titan was wont to stand erect have forgotten their vigor, and, in dumb misery, are pushed back so far under the seat that, even if he would, their owner could not use them at a second's notice. It looks as if he hardly expected to ever stand again.

The majestic sorrow of the downcast head is something which, once known, cannot be forgotten. Thereafter it links itself with all the grandest poetic passages in the Hebrew writings that bear the prophet's name — passages where a great soul cried out in hopeless sorrow over an ignorant, perverse, though still beloved, people, whose sins deserved all that divine justice sent upon them: —

They have forsaken the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns that can hold no water. . . .

The joy of our heart is ceased; our dance is turned into mourning.

The crown is fallen from our head; woe unto us that we have sinned!

For this our heart is faint; for this our eyes are dim.

The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved. . . .

If we take pains to learn some particulars about the painting of this picture, we find the strange shape of the composition accounted for in an interesting fashion. This odd triangular space is one of several around the edge of the oblong ceiling of the famous chapel. It might well have seemed impossible to do anything serious and imposing in a space like this; but the old master in charge of this work saw how he could use these seemingly unpromising conditions as great opportunities. The fan-shaped spaces were saved from any accidental and scattered look by having a practically continuous band or frieze, with a dignified, architectural effect, run through them all, extending quite around the ceiling. But each space was closely confined, the heavy frieze shutting it in with severity as well as dignity. On the high ceiling of a chapel built for the head of the church, what could be so fitting and impressive in these niche-like spaces as the solemn, meditative figures of the sibyls of ancient days, unearthly, awful beings, to whom human destinies were known from the foundations of the world, and prophets who had seen visions in their youth and dreamed dreams in their old age, and who had told both the visions and the dreams with passionate insistence to man's careless ears!

Volumes have been written about the frescos of Michelangelo, for ever since they took shape under the master's hand men have recognized in them something as real and imperishable as life itself.[1] They have inspired many poets; and few have sung of them more fittingly than Cranch in his slow, sonorous verses on their great painter: —

"In his interior light
Awoke those shapes of might
Once known, that never die;
Forms of Titanic birth,
The elder brood of earth,
That fill the mind more grandly than they charm the eye.

"Like some cathedral spire
That takes the earliest fire
Of morn, he towered sublime
O'er names and fanes of mark,
Whose lights to his were dark;
Facing the east he caught a glow beyond his time.

"A heaven of larger zone
Not theirs, but his, — was thrown
O'er old and wonted themes;
The fires within his soul
Shone like an aureole
Around the prophets old and sibyls of his dreams."

[1] "Every genuine work of art has as much reason for being as the earth and the sun. The gayest charm of beauty has a root in the constitution of things. The Iliad of Homer, the Songs of David, the odes of Pindar, the tragedies of Æschylus, the Doric temples, the Gothic cathedrals, the plays of Shakespeare, all and each were made not for sport but in grave earnest, in tears and smiles of suffering and loving men." — Emerson in *Society and Solitude*.

The figures of Moses, Elijah, and Joshua, from Sargent's *Old Testament Prophets*,[1] constitute the middle section of a long frieze containing in all nineteen figures of heroic size. Above this horizontal space, on the walls of the building where the pictures are placed (the Boston Public Library), are others whose theme is taken from the Egyptian and Assyrian mythologies and from the earliest struggles of the Hebrew nation out of political bondage and pagan polytheism. The frieze of the Prophets continues this thought into that of growth towards the nobler spirituality of faith in one all-ruling Jehovah, and the expectation of a Christ to come. One understands better a little section of the painting when knowing the general idea underlying the work as a whole.

This Moses, as might naturally be inferred from its general appearance, is the central figure in the long line of the prophets. All the other figures (nine on each side) are paintings on a flat surface. The Moses alone is a piece of combined modelling and painting, the colossal figure standing out from the wall in low relief, face, beard, shoulders, and arms, as well as the Tables of the Law, having the effect of massive, sculptured stone. He stands there holding the whole composition together as the keystone of an arch holds that structure together. The eye is involuntarily drawn to him first. The artistic dependence on his massive figure, as the central weight of the composition, in itself immensely emphasizes one's sense of the majestic import of his per-

[1] John Singer Sargent is an American artist of the present day, born in 1856. The great wall painting, of which this shows a small section, is in the Public Library of Boston. Messrs. Curtis & Cameron, of Boston, publish, in their series known as the Copley Prints, photographs of the Sargent pictures, and it is to their courtesy that the authors of this volume are indebted for the privilege of reproducing the present example.

sonality in the great drama of Hebrew history — that drama of religious development which still shapes the inward life of all Christian peoples.

Moses stands there with a sort of monumental dignity, at once supporting and supported by the Tables of the Commandments, and enfolded by the wings of cherubim and seraphim as one dwelling close to the very throne of God. His severely straight figure with its stiffly conventionalized drapery, his solemn face with its deep-set eyes, his massive shoulders and arms, do actually make one think quite as much of some magnificent monument as of a man, sharing men's qualities and circumstances. And this no doubt is the way the artist meant that we should feel. In no other manner, perhaps, could he have so deeply impressed our imagination with a sense of this ancient Hebrew's exceptional destiny — a destiny which set him marvellously apart from all human kind in his own day, which forced upon him the most majestic isolation. The great-minded, spiritually endowed leader of a restless people incapable of grasping his intellectual conceptions, or sympathizing in any permanently loyal fashion with his spiritual convictions — his was inevitably a life of magnificent loneliness. We gather a faint hint of the experience from the lot of men and women here and there to-day, forced to be strong and brave for the sake of others dependent on them, constantly meeting demands upon them for sympathy, counsel, and encouragement; yet, by the very fact of their position of leadership, debarred from asking in their own turn for the commonplace comfort of friendly sympathy and encouragement in their anxieties and perplexities. Moses bore the spiritual responsibilities of a whole nation of ignorant, turbulent idolaters, and through that nation, of the long procession



MOSES, ELIJAH, AND JOSHUA SARGENT

of all the Christian peoples on this earth. It is well that his image here should speak to us not at all of flesh and bone and the other temporary physical accessories of an Israelite citizen's career among his fellows, but rather of a spiritual giant, who talked with God upon the mountains, and who laid the solid foundations of a highway over which we walk to-day in our own quest after the Eternal.

At the right, as we look at the picture, the warrior Joshua sheathes the sword so vigorously wielded in the cause of the infant nation. The main lines of his figure are severely plain and simple, fitting the virile simplicity of Joshua's energetic character, and harmonizing with the lofty grandeur in the lines of the Moses. Notice how the effect of strength in the figure is brought out by its pose, where the most significant lines are at right angles with each other: the folds of the drapery are mostly vertical, the muscular forearm is almost horizontal, the sword sliding into its sheath repeats the vertical. A figure whose main lines are thus plain verticals and horizontals naturally gives the impression of stability and strength. Compare the capital H with the capital Q.

The Bible student, reading the book of Joshua over and over (as indeed the artist seems to have done), will be more and more impressed by the perfect appropriateness of this figure to stand for the type of character which shines so clearly through the Scripture story. It is, in fact, a much finer touch of artistic insight to show the warrior king sheathing his sword, than it would have been to show him brandishing it in the heat of military conquest; for the wisest strength of a strong man often lies in his ability to make other people rise into strength. This picture of Sargent's sends us back to read again[1]

[1] Joshua xxiv, 1-28.

how the Hebrew ruler forced his people to make a stand, to decide for themselves whether they would take the side of the God of Jacob or of the pitiful, ugly divinities of their barbarian neighbors: how he set up a monument to serve as a reminder to them of their self-imposed vows of loyalty. He had long led them, commanded them, cheered them. It was time they should learn to stand on their own feet and quit themselves like men.

Elijah, at the left-hand side of the picture, strikes the observer at once as an enthusiast, a man of violent emotion. The rigid pose of the neck, the intense feeling of the worn, ascetic face, the nervous strain in the muscles of chest and arm and hands, all speak of the seer and devotee. The uplifted arm with the tall staff, and the other arm across the chest, combined with the long lines of the rude drapery, give once more the effect of firmness and energy to the figure in itself, and at the same time make a beautifully harmonious balance for the Joshua at the other side. It is interesting to notice how like, and yet how unlike, are the main lines in these two figures. Both are tall, straight, severe, with bare feet and clinging draperies, and with an effect of dark rich color about them; each has an arm across his breast, each carries something involving long vertical lines (sword and staff). When one holds the picture off at a distance, the two figures have the dignified beauty of two tall, dark columns, one on either side of the Moses.

But, as soon as one begins to look at the figures in detail, it is surprising to see what characteristic differences there are in the two figures, and how completely the artist avoided monotony and dull repetition. Joshua's head is bowed; his face is nearly hidden in the deep shadows of overhanging drapery; Elijah's head is bare

to the mountain winds and storms, his face uplifted. Joshua's right arm crosses over to his left side, and holds a defensive weapon, pointing downwards. Elijah's left arm crosses over to his right side, where the other hand grasps a staff reaching upward. Joshua's draperies hang in discreet folds, reposeful as those of a judge upon the bench. Elijah's are full of careless disorder, like those of an advocate who quite forgets the conventional proprieties of life in his zeal for a cause. Even the feet of the two figures are entirely different in position and drawing.

Once again, Sargent sends us with fresh enthusiasm to our Old Testament reading. The more we study the picture, the better we grasp the story of the fiery old prophet and his doings. The more appreciatively we read the story, the more we find to admire in the picture. Is not this truly the very image of the old man who poured out such fierce, dramatic sarcasm on the unhappy priests of Baal, taunting them with the hopeless impotence of their lumpish divinity: —

> Cry aloud; for he is a god: either he is talking or he is pursuing or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked.

And, again, is not this the very image of the prophet who stood alone on the heights, when

> a great and strong wind rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks . . . and after the wind an earthquake . . . and after the earthquake a fire . . . and after the fire a still, small voice. And it was so, when Elijah heard it, that he wrapped his face in his mantle. . . .

And even this is not all that Sargent put into the picture. Suppose we look at it again, this time not so

much for its intellectual and religious suggestiveness as for its beauty of mass and of line, and of light and dark. Color we must perforce be content to miss.

The level lines across the top of the picture (which in fact separate the long horizontal panel of the prophets from another portion of the composition just above) are broken by the curving wings of the cherubim behind the head of the lawgiver. In no other case, in the whole length of the panel containing nineteen figures, is this line touched by any part of the figures themselves. Only in the space where Moses stands, the artist carried the lines of the prophet up higher. By so doing, he marked in an unobtrusive, yet easily recognizable, manner the exact middle point of a long line reaching across the end of the large room for whose decoration the pictures were planned.

Our instinctive love of symmetry and balance is (perhaps unconsciously) gratified; furthermore, our minds, following our eyes, are led at once to identify the principal figure — Moses — as being the principal figure. And in order that the overlapping of the wings upon the cornice may show itself to be a dignified intention, not an accidental miscalculation of distances, it is repeated by the tips of another pair of wings over the prophet's shoulders. Yet again, besides their overlapping the cornice, the wings project slightly over the side edges marking the right and left extremities of the space where Moses stands. This is still another quiet device for emphasizing the middle point of the composition, as well as the point of leading interest in thought.

Of course, from a purely pictorial standpoint, it is not at all necessary that the principal figure in a composition should occupy its geometric centre. There are many

other ways of indicating, pictorially, the centre of thought and interest. But when an artist paints a picture, as here, for the express purpose of making a given wall space in a building as beautiful as possible, his work naturally takes on certain new qualities as a result of considering its adaptability for the special setting.[1]

The wings themselves are crossed in variations of the X shape, giving us lines radiating from centres, and the feathers in the wings repeat this suggestion of radiation. Even as we see them here, in the absence of all positive color, they give us the idea of beams of light streaming out from a luminous source. The variety and sharpness of the angles of their lines set off in strong contrast the upright rigidity of Moses himself. We appreciate the restful calm of his lines all the more because of the almost bewildering complexity of the wings enfolding him.

When we are studying the composition of a picture, we not seldom find we have a strong sense of the beauty of a certain choice or arrangement of forms without being quite able to decide in just what the advantage consists. The placing of the Tables of the Ten Commandments may be a case in point. We all see the beauty of their simple spaces and of the Hebrew characters, so ornamental with vigorous strokes and graceful curves. We someway feel too that the effect of the picture as a whole is immensely more beautiful to look at with the tables placed,

[1] John Ruskin, the famous English art critic, says: "The only essential distinction between decorative and other art is the being fitted for a fixed place, and, in that place, related either in subordination or in command, to the effect of other pieces of art. And all the greatest art which the world has produced is thus fitted for a place and subordinated to a purpose. There is no existing highest order of art but is decorative. The best sculpture yet produced has been the decoration of a temple front; the best painting the decoration of a room."

as now, at slight angles to the floor level, than it would have been if both tables had been set down, square and even, the edges of each one exactly parallel with the edges of the other one. But why? It is not absolutely necessary that we should know; the main thing is to be able to *feel* the beauty which a great artist put into so simple a matter as these angles. Perhaps the secret may be partly in the fact that this slight leaning of the Tables makes the lines of their severe shapes partake of the nature both of the oblique-rayed wings and the mainly vertical figure of the prophet. An effect thus midway between two strikingly contrasted effects often adds to their beauty, by helping blend them into one consistent whole.

The likenesses and differences which we have already traced (191–192), in the figures of Joshua and Elijah, are quite as important from the decorative standpoint as from the standpoint of character study. Think them over once more. Notice, too, in each case, how the light falling on the head and arm of the prophet makes a gentle transition from the glory of the heavenly wings to the darker masses of heavy draperies. The light on Elijah's face and breast is echoed, so to speak, by the light on the lower half of his garments; the light on Joshua's right arm repeats itself in the long, sweeping folds of the cloak below.

The grouping of the two dark figures close beside the Moses, one on either hand, has its intellectual significance, — they seem to support him faithfully, one through ecstatic insight into the far-off and the other through executive ability in affairs close at hand, — but, besides this, the grouping has great beauty in the very massing of darks and lights. Hold the picture off once more till

you lose most of its small details, and you see the dark masses on either side (softened in their darkness by the play of light upon them) enclosing the central figure with its stronger lights and more conspicuous variations of color. The effect is most grateful to the eye. It would be beautiful to look at, even if we never heard of the prophets and had no idea what the picture meant. We feel here quite plainly what artists mean when they talk about the harmony of a composition. Our impressions of the three figures blend into the impression of one closely related group, dominated by one central figure, as musical notes blend in a chord.

CHAPTER X

THE PAGES OF A MAGAZINE

WE who read the new magazines each month, often fail to get from their illustrations anything like the amount of pleasure and profit which they might give us. We sometimes pass, with a moment's careless glance, drawings to which an artist with a national reputation devoted whole days. This is, perhaps, because as a people we "take" to literature more naturally than to the pictorial and decorative arts, assuming that the one function of a magazine illustration is to elucidate the text, like an explanatory foot-note. The fact is, this is only a part of its function, and by no means always the most important part. A really good drawing always has a value of its own, over and above its explanatory bearing on the context, and the study of such drawings is greatly worth while, whether we ourselves can draw or not.

The daily newspapers and some of the lesser magazines do publish a good deal of rubbish in the shape of poor drawing, just as they publish a good deal of rubbish in the shape of poor writing; but the leading magazines, like the *Century*, *Harper's*, and *Scribner's*, do not print anything which has not genuine merit of one sort or another, and the minor magazines sometimes show very good work by comparatively unknown artists. Besides this, the

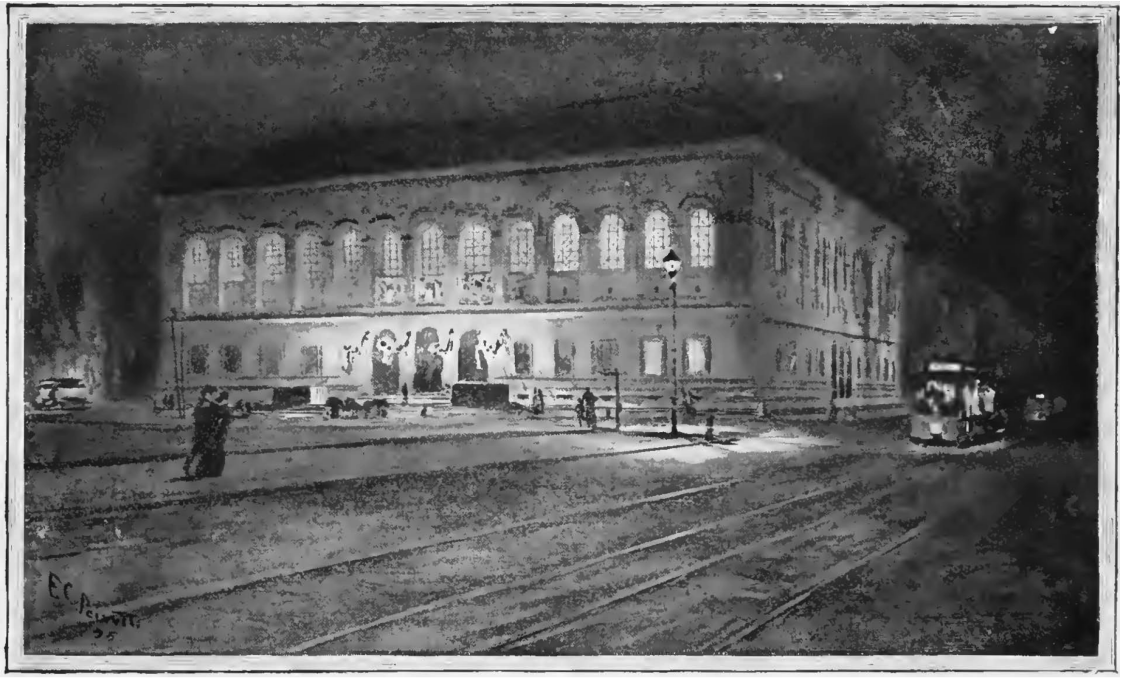
inexpensive magazines often give us attractive "half-tone" reproductions of pictures by old masters.

Suppose the next few pages of this present volume were the pages of one of the best magazines. Let us see what we are likely to find for our entertainment.

Perhaps the first article is on the great libraries of America, and, among other pictures, we find this one[1] (page 199), showing the Boston Public Library Building at night, as seen from Boylston Street, across an angle of Copley Square. Let us not turn the leaf as soon as we have made out the identity of the building and given a moment's admiration to the cleverness of the effect of inner illumination; rather, let us linger a little to observe what else there is particularly good about the building or the drawing, and possibly to see a little into the artist's way of making his effects.

How solid and dignified the great library looks! The artist's choice of a standpoint had something to do with that. A position just opposite the middle entrance, with only the front of the building in sight, could not have commanded half so impressive a view. This sketch brings out beautifully the stately simplicity which is, perhaps, the greatest charm of the building as a whole. It looks, besides, as if it had room enough on which to stand; it looks as if the lower story were substantial enough to bear the weight of the upper stories. These features make the eye grateful, after seeing so many buildings towering above painfully limited standing room, and (in the retail shopping regions) piling story after story of ponderous

[1] Drawn by Peixotto, and reproduced here from *Scribner's Magazine*, by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.



BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY. — Peixotto.

brick and stone on the top of a ground section made merely of spider-web girders and plate glass. And it looks as if it were built to last. That effect is partly a matter of noble proportions in the whole building itself, and in its details of window and door spacing; but, besides that, the artist's way of making his sketch has something to do with it. The suggestions of motion in the things around — in the people coming and going, and the electric cars tearing by with insistent gongs — emphasize by their contrast the serene stability of the big building, with its cheerful glow of lights. If we choose to think of it in that way, there is a pretty bit of dramatic effect in the strong lights about the entrance, contrasting with the soft darks of sky and street, inviting the passer-by to come in where there are always good company and good cheer.

Then, to look at the same artistic effect from an entirely different standpoint, hold the page off at arm's length, and see how beautifully the strong light, half-light and soft, transparent, deepening shadows melt into each other. Right side up or sidewise or reversed, the page is pleasant to look at on account of the harmonious blending of these different effects. The beauty of it is comparable in a rough way to the color variation in a leafy twig in spring: here it is faintly rosy, there the rose somehow melts into a tawny yellow, then the yellow turns into a sunshiny green, and last into a full, deep leaf green; yet we can hardly tell where one effect leaves off and another begins.

Just notice, by the way, how the brilliant effect of the library lights is produced. All we really have in fact are tiny streaks and dots of blank paper, but they seem to glow and shine. Has not the strong contrast of these

white spaces with the dark spaces of the entrance doorways, and with the heavily shadowed sides of the oblong pedestals in front, a good deal to do with the apparent brilliancy of the light? It was a delicate touch for the artist to show the globe of the tall arc light close against one of the most brilliantly lighted windows. Light against light we have here, and the difference between their intensities is not very great: a bungler would make them seem to run together in one blur, the top of the pole seemingly fastened to the side of the building; but our illustrator knows exactly how much whiter one light should be than the other. Thanks to his delicate perception and cleverness of hand, we see the arc light as it should be, that is, several rods nearer us than the lighted windows of the long reading-room. And just see, in passing, how perfectly the shadow of the lower part of the arc lamp is thrown at the foot of the tall post and surrounded by a shallow pool of light, spreading far out over the pavement.

We noticed the motion of the people in the picture as emphasizing, by contrast, the solid stability of the great building. Of course, these people also help us to estimate the size of the building. If the human figures were all blotted out, it would be manifestly difficult, if not impossible, for us to judge with any accuracy, from the picture itself, whether the doors were ten or twenty feet high. As it is, the stature of the man on the steps (the most familiar of measures) helps us guess at the size of doors and walls, and the comparative sizes of the nearer and more and more far-away people help us feel something of the distance between us and the lighted entrance. The print itself is in fact only a flat surface of paper possessing merely length and breadth; but this

arrangement for effects of distance gives it depth also — makes it practically a hollow space, with length and depth and height, all three.

The next article in our imaginary magazine is a story, let us say, — the story of an emigrant from the Old World coming to America to make a place for himself and prepare a home for his waiting sweetheart. And at the head of the story we have another picture. Fine feeling for landscape, telling bits of study in human nature, and an exquisite sense of decorative effect in the make-up of a page, — all this we have in Castaigne's [1] *Landing*.

It is a portion of the deck of an ocean steamer just coming into New York towards night. There is eager expectancy in the attitudes of some of the passengers. Notice how clearly this is shown. The standing figure of the bearded man with the light on his face sets the key for the others, so to speak. His dignity is offset by the picturesque gawkiness of an emigrant in the very corner of the picture, eagerly pointing out some landmark to his comrade. In other cases the spirit of expectation is exquisitely suggested by the merest trifles; sometimes it is just a matter of changing the curving outline of an indistinct felt hat, so as to suggest its being pushed back on the head; sometimes it is a change in the curve of a coated shoulder that tells the story. A sixteenth of an inch of difference in the drawing of one little blotted outline, and you have a whole drama suggested about a seeker after new fortunes in a new country.

[1] André Castaigne is one of the leading illustrators of to-day. This particular drawing is reproduced from the *Century Magazine* by permission of the Century Company.



LANDING. — CASTAIGNE.

The feeling of forward motion is wonderfully good, at least to anybody who has ever travelled on a large water-craft. It almost seems as if, while we are looking at the page, that bit of shore ahead, with its irregular sky-line, must shift and change, new vistas coming in sight. What magic has our artist used here? Study the print a little and you will guess that the secret lies, in part, in his repeated use of long diagonal lines, reaching off in the direction (or approximately in the direction) which the vessel takes. Those ropes and their location are doubtless true to the traditional facts of ocean liners; but the artist has made them show us more than mere chance portions of a steamship's cordage. And is the effect of steady, onward motion further helped out by the dim showing, through these flying diagonals, of the distant buildings with their irregular dots of light, and the still more distant piers of the great bridge? Perhaps. The suggestion of wash and ripple in the water just outside the rail has also something to do with it.

There are many suggestions of motion and life in neighboring objects. For all the drawing is so small and contains so few details, it gives us an impression of stir and action. It is a great, live, bustling city that lies so near. The windows, just beginning to light up, speak of work that cannot cease at sundown. There are puffs of smoke and steam here and there, telling of tugs and ferry boats and coast steamers. One boat is just ploughing out of sight in the right edge of the drawing. The gleaming wake behind her, traceable in a long line half across the picture, gives us a sense of the vigorous, onward push of the nearly invisible craft. Where is she bound?

It is interesting to see with what poetic charm the irregular sky-line of lower New York can be invested by

an artistic eye. It certainly does have a picturesque and attractive air as we see it here. And the giant piers of Brooklyn Bridge with their cobweb cables, — that bridge looks like what it truly is, a fairy tale of modern engineering science. Men may be only tiny dots and atoms crawling on the surface of a big globe; but, after all, men are greater than the earth, for they have it in their brains and their hands to wrest out of the very heart of the earth the materials for bridging her chasms and spanning her streams and sailing the whole circuit of her heaving oceans.

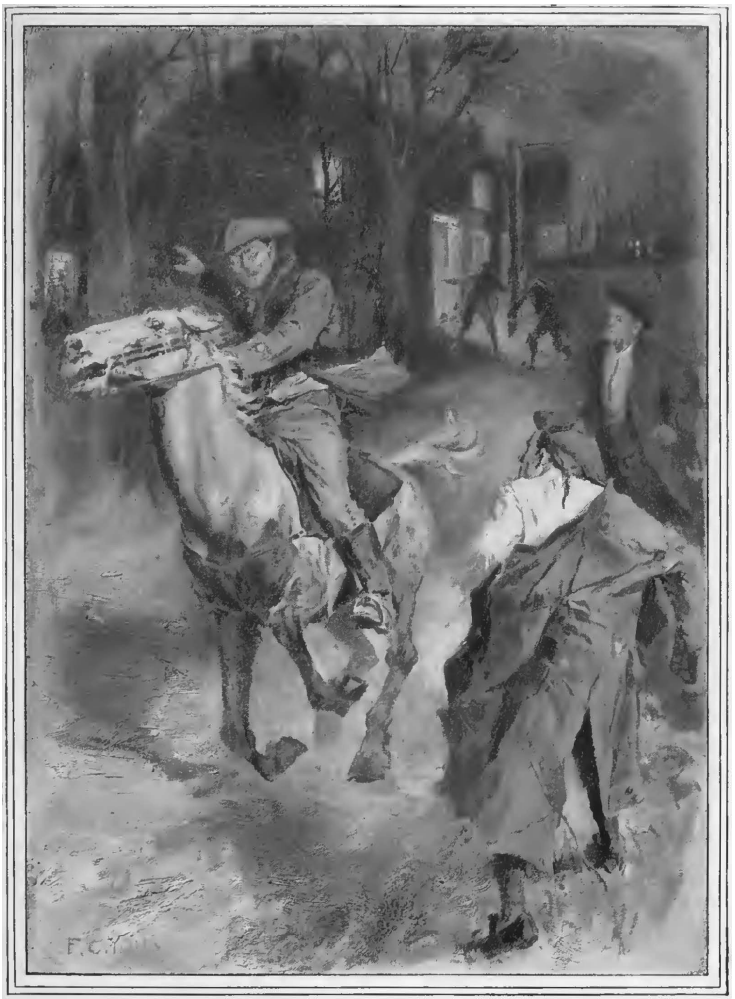
Did the artist have anything of this in mind when he designed this picture, leaving out the sky that often makes us so realize our littleness, and putting in chiefly the things that speak of life and daily work? Possibly he had some idea of thus centring thought on the hurried, struggling life towards which the passengers are moving, yet not necessarily so. The most remarkable thing about a good picture is the number of interesting suggestions it often contains without the artist's *consciously* putting them in.

One thing the artist certainly must have had consciously in mind here, and that is the beautiful composition of the picture which makes it so gratifying to the eye. If we hold it at a little distance, so as to forget its small particulars, seeing only the general directions of the lines and the general shapes and proportions of the respective spaces of dark and light, we find it is as pleasing to the eye as many a bit of ornament, elaborately executed. We find our narrow horizontal oblong divided into two parts by the long oblique edge line of the deck. The light space and the dark space thus separated are not precisely equal in size nor precisely alike in shape; with-

out being able to explain just why, we are conscious that an *exactly* even division would have been much less beautiful, savoring of the easy commonplace of our grandmothers' calico patchwork. Then the soft gray masses of the distant buildings — midway in color between the dark deck and the light water — add a touch of variety to both the contrast of shapes and the contrast of colors. And how much those delicate, spider-web rails and ropes add to the beauty of the little oblong considered just as an ornamental panel, regardless of its story! If this picture had its details blurred over, so that we could no longer distinguish passengers or buildings or bridge piers, if its general shapes and contrasted colors were reproduced in lacquer on a Japanese box or tray, we should be immensely pleased with it as a bit of decorative composition.

We turn over a few pages of our magazine and come to a chapter of Revolutionary history by some scholarly statesman of the day. Our eye is caught by the spirit and dash of this horseman galloping madly down a country highway (page 207). We hardly need to be told that it is Paul Revere on his world-famous errand.[1] The horse, excitedly alive to the emergency, hardly pauses for a second, but hurls himself and his rider on through the star-lit night. This is a live beast, — no conventional wooden rocking-horse, but a thing of flesh and blood, that pants and glares and quivers as it goes galloping by. Nor is the motion all in the horse's legs. Notice how much is suggested by the backward-blown skirts of the rider's coat, by the pulling of the cocked hat down over

[1] This illustration, by F. C. Yohn, originally appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*. The publishers allow its reproduction here.



PAUL REVERE'S RIDE. — Yohn.

the brows, and by the cloud of dust filling the surprised roadway.

In fact, the whole picture is full of hurrying motion. The long stride of the man in the foreground, squirming into his coat as he goes, the heavy trot of the substantial citizen approaching him (we cannot see this worthy's legs, but we know his pace is hurried by the way he clenches his hands), the excited scampering and gesticulating of the men by the tavern door, — all unite to make us feel ourselves in breathless haste. See in how many different directions the principal lines of these figures slant. No two bodies or two limbs exactly repeat each other's direction. The very effort made by the eye to adapt itself successively to one and another and another, gives us a feeling of the confusion of the scene. And note, too, the intense strain of attention in the nearer figures, especially in the man with his back towards us. It is only a small bit of his face which we see, but that little, backed by his good square shoulders, is charged with purpose and resolution enough to dare an invading regiment, single-handed!

See how the detailed drawing of the figures in the foreground, contrasted with the dim, indistinct showing of the tavern and of the house and trees beyond, relegates all these latter to a distance. The tavern certainly looks several rods behind the galloping horse, and that other house with the gleaming windows is at least six or eight times as distant yet. The brilliancy of the lights in windows and doors (secured by making a sharp contrast between surrounding darks and little bits of entirely blank space) adds a great deal to the dramatic effect of the scene, and, at the same time, quite independent of its suggestion how

"... then and there were hurrying to and fro,"

it makes the picture a great deal pleasanter to the eye than it would have been if the background were all unrelieved gray and black. As it is, the strong flash of light in the immediate foreground seems not to be smothered at once in the neighboring darkness, but to flicker out gradually, lessening and lessening in the distance, till at last the only light left is that of a few, silent, meditative stars in the April sky.

What have we next? An article on lion hunting, full of thrilling descriptions of hair-breadth 'scapes and illustrated with drawings of the noble beasts themselves, — drawings not made upon the spot, since a lion whose jungle privacy has been invaded cannot be depended upon at that moment for good manners as a sitter. One of our pictures is of this regal pair by Van Muyden.[1]

Is it not a wonderful combination of magnificent laziness and ominous strength? The grim lines of those powerful muzzles have an absurd likeness to the corresponding lines in two fluffy kittens that you could put in your pocket; and yet, on the other hand, that truly kittenish way of narrowing the eyes and rubbing against another warm body sends a little shiver down our own spinal columns at the thought of playing the part of mouse in a drama where these are the star performers. What pitiful little sticks our bones would be, grasped by those jaws!

It seems strange, when we come to think of it, that the male lion, huge as his head is in proportion to his body, never for an instant looks top heavy or ridiculous. Yet

[1] Evert Van Muyden, a Swiss artist who has done especially interesting work from animals. This illustration is from an etching and appeared in *Scribner's* some three years ago. Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons allow its reprint here.

exaggeration of the size of a head is almost the first easy device that occurs to any cheap caricaturist when he wishes to make a man absurd. Does the saving grace in the lion's case lie in the plainly seen mechanical structure of the body's skeleton, where every line is significant of strength and agility? A picture like this sets us to thinking. The next time we have a chance to see a live lion we shall study him with more keenly questioning eyes.

How much character there is in the tails! A horse's tail, beautiful as it is when perfect according to nature's plan, impresses us as being little more than an effective ornament. We know it is useful as a fly switch, but the owner seems to use it in a casual, incidental fashion, as a lady might drive away a fly with a carved and painted fan. Look, on the contrary, at the long, curving tail of this king of the jungle and see if it does not appear full of conscious, self-controlled will power down to the very tip. Spine and tail, it is all one, and the brain under that shaggy mane, behind those watchful eyes, has its own uses for the whole powerful mechanism.

The muscular build of the legs and their traceable attachment at the shoulder and hip joints, as the artist shows them here, are immensely significant in making up the impressive effect of the picture as a whole. And see how exquisitely the different kinds of surface are suggested, the smooth flanks, the softer, hairier spaces of the breast, and the shaggy luxuriance of my lord's magnificent mane. Even the claws — but let us not start again on that path so full of shuddering suggestiveness.

The shadows directly underneath the bodies add a suggestion of tropical sunshine, beating fiercely down from overhead.

The artist doubtless chose this particular pose of the



LIONS. — Van Muyden.

animals because he liked it. What is there about it better than a dozen other poses that might have been caught after a fashion, by a kodak in the zoölogical gardens?

The wonderful "build" of the male lion is so much more evident and impressive when seen in profile that we feel grateful for that pose, to begin with. And, since one beast is in profile, head and all, are we not richer for a distinct difference in the pose of the female, showing us the full front face with foreshortened body? The two forms, as they are grouped here, are practically quite distinct and individual; yet there is a unity in the pose; the two seem to *belong* together. That majestic head with the tossing mane dominates both bodies. And the vigorous curves of those two long tails, both so thoroughly true to life, though differing in direction, serve a double purpose. They make the two motionless figures look much more intensely alive than would be the case if the tails were out of sight, and, besides that, their fine curves take the eye almost unconsciously and give us a sense of subtile, sinuous grace — of everlastingly mysterious charm wedded to what is terrible.

We turn over the remaining pages of the sportsman's article and find next a chapter on village life in France. As in America, so in France, the public school is one of the most significant of social institutions, and the writer of our article — let us say — explains the workings of the established system in a typical country district. To brighten the page, what could be better than a reproduction of Geoffroy's[1] *Primary School in Brittany* exhibited a couple of years ago in Paris?

[1] Jean Geoffroy, a French artist of the day. He has painted several other pictures of school children that are deservedly popular.

Considering how much artists have studied and painted children in home interiors, it seems a little odd that so few should have attempted to portray child life at school. Of course there have been a good many burlesque presentations of school life, the teacher figuring as an absurd figure-head or a hateful tyrant, the pupils as mischief-makers; but most of the drawings of this sort have had little more artistic character than a so-called "comic" valentine. It is only within a very few years that artists have fairly begun to realize what a delightful field exists for them in the various phases of child life during the school years. Geoffroy is one of the few who have entered here with genuine feeling for the subject.

As with *The First Step*, the main appeal of this picture is to our affections. It must be a stolid individual who fails to feel the charm of the demure little maid in the foreground, planted in those clumsy wooden shoes, waiting her turn with a conscientious frown on her baby face. The classmate who reads from the book at the teacher's knee, tracing the syllables with a hesitating forefinger, tempts one to interrupt the halting performance with a hug. The stupid little girl behind her, gazing vaguely out of the window, her lips absent-mindedly parted, will certainly make a sad failure of her own recitation; but we forgive all her blunders in advance for the sake of her quaint face and figure. The chubby mite sitting in the very corner of the picture, with her fat hands decorously clasped and her head so coquettishly tipped to one side as she watches with awe and admiration the doings of her sage elders — the Lord was wise when he planned that babies should look like that. No matter how much weariness, perplexity, and pain come with them, we grown-up mortals fall helplessly under their spell; and so each

new generation is adored and tended and spoiled (at least other people's children are spoiled) until by and by, through some incomprehensible magic of that most incomprehensible thing called *Time*,[1] the babies themselves melt into grown-up people and begin the whole programme over again.

This Brittany school-room reminds us of our own school-houses in rare "back country" districts where salesmen for adjustable desks and patent ventilators have not yet penetrated; but the French windows and the French costumes emphasize its geographical remoteness. The teacher is a sweet, womanly girl in whom we can see traces of childhood very like that of her own charges, and the sedate daintiness of her attire is exquisitely effective as she sits erect in her straight-backed chair, ruling her small kingdom with gentle dignity. She might not be worth a large salary in a "hoodlum" ward of one of our own large cities, but as guide and model for this handful of shy, well-bred little maidens, who could be better? The artist evidently meant to concentrate our attention on the teacher and the little circle around her; for he has left the faces and figures of the children at the desks quite vague and indistinct, showing them just about as we should see them in real fact. If we were giving our main attention to the near-by group, the dis-

[1] "Once there was a baby Effie;
She began to grow.
Now there isn't any baby,
But the little girl we know.
By and by the child will vanish,
The bud will bloom a rose:
How can all the three be Effie?
Tell me, — one who knows."

— M. E. B. E., in an autograph album.



PRIMARY SCHOOL IN BRITTANY. – GEOFFROY.

tant pupils could be, at the moment, little more than a pleasant blur of caps and collars and quiet, oval faces.

Notice how graceful as well as natural the grouping is. The quadrant-shaped curve of the class in the floor secures a much more interesting variety of pose than would have been given by a partially straight row. There is just enough difference in the stature of the girls to bring their heads at different levels, and so avoid stiff monotony in that direction. And mark the delicate appreciation of effects which led the artist to seat the teacher, not in the very corner of the picture, but a little removed, leaving space for the tiniest pupils of all to cuddle cosily in beside her. The eye involuntarily compares their proportions and lines with hers, feeling, even though unconsciously, the subtile charm of the mingling of likeness and unlikeness in the relation of the child to the adult. The baby figures echo the woman's seated pose with a grave dignity prophetic of coming years, and yet at the same moment contradict their own pretty pretence of sober age by their roly-poly curves and by the light of those wide eyes, full of endless, unspoken curiosity and wonder. Over them

> ". . . Immortality
> Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
> A presence which is not to be put by."

Turn over the pages of our hypothetical magazine once more. We come now to a story, illustrated with drawings by Gibson.[1] The story, we will suppose, is a fanciful retelling of Pandora's fatal thirst for general information, its setting and details being a mixture of classic vagueness and end-of-the-century explicitness. One of the Gibson drawings shows the fabled heroine, as on page 219, kneeling before the closed casket in an agony of inquisitiveness, yet trying with all her might to keep from lifting the lid.

This drawing by a master is worth careful study, both of its effects and its means of producing effects. As to the expressiveness of the pose, there can be but one opinion. If ever a woman was "dying" with curiosity, this is the one. See how the backward slant of the thighs and the forward pull of the trunk demonstrate her strife against herself. See how the intentness of her stare at the mysterious casket is complemented by the rigid clasp of her hands behind her back, the parted lips showing breathless, excited interest in her own experience. One cannot help thinking that her present curiosity extends even to the question how long she can hold out against the temptation to investigate.

When we look more closely at the picture, examining its lines in detail, we are very likely surprised to find how few and scratchy the lines are, and apparently how incomplete. If we try to trace the lines of the neck and bust, for example, we find actual gaps in them as if the

[1] Charles Dana Gibson, at present the most popular of American illustrators in subjects where women are introduced. The drawing here reproduced, originally made in pen and ink, was, as a matter of fact, prepared as an example of sketching from the pose, and was published by the Prang Educational Company in one of their text-books of elementary art instruction.

lines had been accidentally broken. Accidentally? Not at all; that is just the point. These open spaces are so left with definite intention. They prevent the outline from being hard and wiry, and (as we shall find if we once more hold the page off at such a distance as to see only the effect of the drawing as a whole) actually give the eye an impression that strong light is falling on the surface of flesh and gown, and that the exact outline is lost here and there in the play of light and shade. There is another break in the line at the woman's bare right shoulder. Here what we should really see, in a live woman thus posed, would be a curving space of flesh around the top of the arm, foreshortened into nothing whatever. The whole width of this volume's cover may be similarly foreshortened into nothing, if we hold the book horizontal in front of us with the upper surface just on a level with the eyes. How can that sort of elusive fact be expressed with a pen dipped in ink? Mr. Gibson, being an artist of resources, leads his outline towards this point and then leaves it altogether, making us feel the rest in imagination. Only a clever draughtsman can do this as successfully as Gibson does it; but, if it is well done, it adds greatly to the effect, as here, where strong light falls on the softly rounded limb.

We feel when we first look at this kneeling Pandora that she is nervously alive from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet. Have not the clinging draperies a good deal to do with this effect? The folds of stuff between her knees take the light in uneven masses mixed with shadows; the part falling down her right side is smoother and takes the light evenly, filled out as it is by the long, lithe curves of her body. And, again, the part of the drapery which lies behind her takes the light



PANDORA. — C. D. Gibson.

evenly just where the drapery lies smooth over the leg beneath; but on either side, where it falls into rumpled masses, the stuff is largely in shadow. So the mere indication of light and shade on the draperies, in a rough, sketchy way, is made to show that there is a substantial creature of flesh and blood behind the rippling folds of the classic gown.

Following the story of Pandora's curiosity and its consequences comes an illustrated article about a great flower show, with critical notes on the latest methods of floriculture, and reminiscences of former favorites now gone or going out of fashion. And here we will suppose we come upon (page 223) Mr. Ross Turner's[1] drawing of a simple potted geranium.

Nothing could be much farther from the sort of flower drawing one sees in cheap catalogues sent out by average seedsmen. From an artistic point of view, the hard, wiry outlines and confused multiplicity of details in the catalogue drawings are to this drawing of the geranium what the crude, scrawly illustrations in the colored supplements of the Sunday newspapers are to the magazine illustrations which we are considering in this chapter. If the catalogue draughtsman made his hard-lined sketches absolutely accurate, we should perhaps not find fault with him for their lack of beauty, assuming that his aim was merely scientific, not aesthetic. But, in too many cases, the drawings are equally unbeautiful and untrue.

Mr. Turner's geranium does not profess to give us

[1] Mr. Turner's paintings of landscape and flowers have had a wide reputation for years, and his work in pencil is receiving increasing recognition.

definite points about its precise technical variety. It gives us not so much a formal lesson in botany as a lesson in beauty.

In the first place, the artist asks us to look at it, with him, from one side rather than from above, and from a quite low level, so that we may actually look *up* into the flower cluster — even up under some of the spreading leaves. Those of us who have ever lain flat on the ground among growing grasses and clover, know what a revelation it brings to thus put oneself on the level of green, growing things, seeing life and the world from their standpoint. Here we do almost the same kind of thing, thanks to the angle at which Mr. Turner chose to show his geranium.

See how exquisitely the artist caught the characteristic upward and outward thrust of the leaf stems. There is a certain robust vigor about the up-springing curves of a healthy geranium which is irresistibly attractive and cheery. Although the beginnings of the stalks are hidden from sight by the nearer leaves, we can see in imagination just how they start from the short, sturdy, main stem. The geranium has its own distinct and self-respectful way of growing, and this the artist shows, unobtrusively, but with clear comprehension. He wants us to see, too, the exquisite, curving veins into which the leaf stalk divides its fibres at the upper end, spreading them out like the ribs of an umbrella or the sticks of a fan, to support the broad, heart-shaped expanse of tender, breathing tissue, the velvety green leaf. Notice how perfectly this wonderful bit of plant engineering is shown in that further leaf, which is a little tilted to one side. Engineering? That is too mechanical a word for it. As we look up under the leaf in this way, the stem

seems more like a live arm with flexible fingers at the end, consciously holding up its own soft palm to the sky to receive the gifts of air and sunshine.

Then look at the flower cluster, borne so proudly on that tall stalk which grew up and up on purpose to display it. Geraniums almost always carry their flowery heads high, with the gay audacity of those who take our admiration for granted. There is nothing shy about their dispositions, although the individual blossoms do gather together in a bunch, like bright-eyed girls pretending to need the support of each other's companionship. See, again, how perfectly the artist caught the characteristic angle at which the separate blossom-stems leave the summit of their common stalk; notice what a charming hint we have of the shadowy spaces among and under the blossoms, between them and the upper end of the single, long, straight stalk.

Mr. Turner has a master's eye for color, and, as we see, knows how to show us something of the colors of this vigorous plant, even when his fingers hold nothing more than a lead pencil. The variations of dark and light on the leaves suggest at once differences in color effect, — differences mainly inherent in the actual leaves, but here and there intensified by the influence of light and shade to dilute or deepen the color effect as the case may be. See the charming difference between the upper and lower sides of the extreme right-hand leaf. See how the skeleton veins show through the two leaves in the immediate foreground, in one case lighter than the rest of the leaf, in the other case deeper, like spreading streaks of stain. We may not be able to satisfy ourselves as to the exact hue of the blossoms, but the artist surely must mean us to see them, in our mind's eye, with some delicate tint no



GERANIUM. — Ross Turner.

stronger than that light-colored leaf which overhangs the edge of the pot, — that is to say, they cannot be a very deep, dark red; they must be something airier and more ethereal than dark red. And see how, even then, the sunlight falling on the curving petals is reflected here and there from their satiny surface, giving us, in those spots, just gleams of light with only a faint flavor of any color at all.

What have we next? A poem, let us say, full of the mystery and music of a summer night, and down at the foot of the page this little wood-cut for a tail-piece.[1] We get the most beautiful effect of it if we hold the page at arm's length. Simple and unpretentious as it is, could anything be more perfect after its own fashion? We have seen a silver moon and gossamer clouds look just like this. The fleecy masses seem to float by while we watch them. The silvery disc of the moon almost seems to change the intensity of its light, growing dim behind its veils, then shining out again, brighter than ever. The dark masses of the trees in the corner, by their contrast with the rest of the picture, give the clouds a far-off look (at least, far off in comparison with the distance of the trees themselves; clouds on a moon-lit night almost always look nearer than clouds in the daytime). Besides, see how much more filmy and silvery the clouds look for being contrasted with the trees in point of color and density. See those little gleaming touches on the edges of the clouds here and there, and especially the little pool

[1] This is one of Ernest Longfellow's illustrations to the poet's works, engraved by Andrews. It was made some years ago for a special quarto edition of Longfellow, and is reprinted here by permission of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



TAIL-PIECE. — MOONLIGHT SKY. — LONGFELLOW.

of light just below the floating disc, where the moonlight seems to have dripped liquid silver. We feel like saying to the artist, "Oh, I know just that look. I have seen it so a hundred times. I understand exactly what you have in your mind to show me."

If we care to go a step farther and say — "But how did you do it?" — we find ourselves on the threshold of a magician's workshop.

We have already noticed that the trees in the corner have a great deal to do with the effects of distance and of gossamer texture and of silvery color in the clouds. And does not the dark bit of open sky close by the moon help (by its suddenly strong contrast of color) to make the moon look a great deal lighter and brighter than the clouds? We should almost say at our first glance that the moon is brighter than the blank space in the margin of the page, though we know that is, as a matter of fact, impossible under the circumstances; indeed, if we look closely at the moon's disc, we discover it is really less light than the margins of the page, being covered with tiny dotted lines of black. Its apparent brilliance is purely the effect of contrast with the darks of the sky and the trees. (In parenthesis, just look at those trees and see how, as our eye becomes more accustomed to them, they show delicate differences in their degrees of darkness. Gradually, we can distinguish a good many separate masses of foliage, one beyond another. They stand out, after a little, as objects stand out, after a while, in a dusky room, where on our first entrance we could see only one conglomerate mass of shade.)

If now we examine the print near by, and quite closely, we may be amazed to see by what means and methods we have been given all these effects of dusky tree masses and

floating clouds and deep distances of sky. What we actually have on our page of white paper is merely a series of delicate lines, sometimes almost straight and parallel and of even width, giving equal spaces of black ink and white paper, sometimes zigzagging and tangling themselves into knots of black, sometimes thin and wavy with the white spaces wider than the black ones, and now and then (as, for instance, close to the moon) we have blots of solid black. And all these whites are nothing but paper, and all these blacks are nothing but printer's ink. Talk about oriental magicians! When four square inches of paper irregularly streaked with ink can give us the delights of looking more than a quarter of a million miles into the summer sky, we have little need to envy the spectators at the shows of India. The simplest stay-at-home of us all has marvels waiting at his elbow to be appreciated.

Let us give the picture one more glance as we turn the page, noticing how beautifully the narrow oblong seems to have been planned. It is as unlike Castaigne's *Landing* (page 203) as it well can be, yet we recognize the presence of an element common to both: we have here a certain intangible harmony and beauty born of the inherent relationship of the dark and light masses to each other, and of the long oblique lines and the tall vertical lines to each other. Someway, regardless of their representing beautiful things, they seem beautiful in themselves, arranged thus, in just this given space. We may not be able to determine just why the tiny picture is more beautiful with that one tall poplar, standing high up into the sky, than it would have been without it, still we are conscious that the result would not be half as pleasing in its absence. We may not be able to determine just why

that big, irregular, slanting rent in the clouds in the upper right-hand portion of the space makes the picture more beautiful than it would have been were the corner left a soft, even gray; but we feel its beauty, and that is enough.

CHAPTER XI

THE JOURNEY FROM ARTIST TO READER

ARCHÆOLOGISTS tell us that one of the oldest drawings now in existence is probably the rude outline of an animal scratched on the surface of a reindeer bone by some prehistoric man, and now treasured in a foreign museum. It is "a far cry," as our transatlantic cousins say, from that day to the present, and, in the interval, many are the ways that have been thought out and worked out, both for making original drawings and for preserving and multiplying copies of them. Some readers of this little book — without caring to go deeply into the science of modern processes of reproduction — may like to trace the chief stages through which such illustrations as these pass on their way from the artist's hand to the reader's.

Most of the illustrations in this book were printed from what are called "half-tone" plates. The *Sistine Madonna*, for example, on page 169, is a half-tone "engraving," so called, though the word "engraving" is not quite correctly used in such a case.[1] A half-tone print can be identified as such by the division of its chief

[1] The word "engrave" comes through the Latin from a Greek root meaning to *cut;* and in half-tone proper no cutting is done. Such changes as are made in the surface of the plate are made by the corrosive action of an acid and not by a knife or graver. However, most good half-tones are made so by retouching the plates by hand, as explained on page 236, so the word "engraving" becomes appropriate, after all.

surfaces, both dark and light, into tiny spaces, the dividing lines crossing at right angles to each other. Far-sighted eyes may need a microscope to distinguish these fine subdivisions, but to others they are quite easily perceptible.

The very darkest parts of a half-tone print, *e.g.* the deep folds of the curtains in the Sistine Madonna, seem to be a blurred mass of black. The lighter parts of the curtain reveal themselves, on close observation, to be made up of a network of black lines enclosing tiny white spaces. Look next at the drapery over the Mother's head and shoulders. It will be found that its variations of light and dark are produced by variations in the closeness and thickness of the black network. On the outermost folds of the drapery about the Mother's left shoulder, the network shows through a microscope that it is very thin; here and there are breaks in its lines, as in a bit of cloth worn to gossamer thinness. And, in the sky just behind and beyond the shoulder, the network has grown so thin that the lines are no longer continuous, but broken up into a series of mere dots, these dots marking the points where two lines should cross. The lines between the dots have apparently melted into open white space. In fact, if we examine the surface of the print closely, we find that its differences of color, all the way from black to a faint, vapor-like gray, depend upon the relative predominance of black lines or of white spaces. The manner in which these variations of the network are produced will be explained in the following pages, for those who are interested in the ingenious devices of modern art industry.

Raphael's original painting of the Sistine Madonna was made in oil colors. The actual canvas has done an unusual amount of travelling in its day (as noted on page 166), but it seems to be permanently located now in the famous gallery at Dresden. The picture has been photographed several times, and it was from one of the photographs that our print was made.

We are so used to the word "photograph" that we seldom think what marvels it stands for. In this particular case, we had, first, Raphael's canvas, coated by him with various colored pigments and protected by an outer coat of transparent varnish. The photographer's camera was set up before the picture as it might have been before a living sitter, the light reflected from its vari-colored surfaces passing through the arranged lenses and falling on a plate of glass coated with a stuff whose chemical condition made it exquisitely sensitive to the influence of light. What the light actually did to this sensitive substance was roughly analogous to what it does to the pigments and dye-stuffs in our carpets and curtains and wall papers; indeed, to our own skin, turning the surfaces darker or lighter according to their chemical make-up: it broke up the original chemical constitution of the sensitive substance and changed it into a different compound. Light reflected upon it from a dark red surface had a certain degree of influence to change it. Light reflected from a blue surface had a different degree of influence, and so on; and, besides, variations in the intensity of the light produced different degrees of change in the uniformly sensitized surface of the glass plate. Wherever a very strong light fell (*e.g.* from the Mother's forehead, from the clouds immediately around her, etc.), the chemical condition of the coating on the plate was very much

changed. Wherever a light of medium strength fell (*e.g.* from Mary's feet, below her draperies), the coating was less affected. Where comparatively little light fell (*e.g.* on the parts receiving reflections from the shadowed folds of the green curtains in the top of the picture), the plate's coating was but little affected. All the intermediate variations in the light produced correspondingly varying degrees of change on the plate.

This plate, known in photographic parlance as the "negative," was taken out of the camera after a proper length of exposure, and put through a series of chemical baths and water baths to "develop" the image cast on it through the lens. The effect of these baths, on the whole, was to dissolve away those parts of the sensitive coating which had *not* been changed by the impact of any strong light (*i.e.* in the dark portions of the picture), thinning, in various delicate degrees, the same coating in places where it had been slightly affected by medium light, and leaving it practically intact upon the glass in places where the strongest lights had fallen on it from the more highly illuminated spaces of the picture. After being thus developed, the "negative" appeared complete, the glass plate being quite transparent in places where the picture should be dark, veiled by a thin film in parts where there should be a medium light, and covered with its opaque coat in the places where there should be very light effects.

The next process was "printing" on paper coated with another composition of chemicals extremely sensitive to the influence of light. The glass negative was laid over the paper and the two were exposed together to the light of the open sky for a suitable length of time. Wherever the glass was transparent (darkest parts of the picture),

the light passed through to the paper underneath and turned the coating of the paper a rich, dark brown. Wherever the glass was protected by an opaque coating (lightest parts of the picture), the coating of the paper underneath was protected and left unchanged, *i.e.* light colored. Wherever the glass was more or less thinly veiled by a half-removed coating (parts of the picture intermediate between very light and very dark), the light penetrated more or less through to the coated paper underneath, and changed its color in varying degrees. After a suitable length of exposure, the paper was removed and put through a series of baths which "fixed" (*i.e.* made permanent) the various degrees of color change on the paper, washing away such chemical elements as would tend to continue the changes in color. As a final result, the paper appeared dark where dim light fell from the dark parts of the picture, light where strong light fell from the light parts of the picture, with all sorts of intermediate degrees, — in short, there was the finished photograph, such as travellers bring home from the foreign shops and dealers import for those of us who stay at home.[1]

Next came the making of the half-tone block for the printer. Our photograph sat for its own picture, in turn, with a pair of specially prepared sheets of glass interposed like a screen between the lens and the "negative" plate, in the camera. Each one of these

[1] Sometimes the photography of an original painting involves complicated problems, owing to circumstances of situation and lighting. For instance, Michelangelo's *Jeremiah* (page 183) is on the ceiling of a room whose lighting is far from ideal. In such cases artificial lighting and reflecting mirrors are often necessary to help out the camera.

glass plates had been covered with parallel lines ruled with the greatest precision, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred lines being ruled to an inch, and cut or rather eaten into the surface of the glass by an acid, the grooves being filled with a black pigment. The two screens, when in use, were set up closely face to face so that their ruled lines crossed each other at right angles. The negative taken *through* this intervening screen bore the image of the original photograph covered by a microscopically fine network of cross lines, the shapes in the picture being practically divided into myriads of microscopic spaces.

Instead of printing from this negative to a sheet of prepared paper, as in ordinary photography, the next procedure was printing from the negative to the surface of a finely polished plate of copper. This copper plate had been prepared by coating with certain chemical preparations highly sensitive to the action of light. When being printed[1] the coating of those parts of the copper plate which were exposed to strong light (*i.e.* the parts under clean, clear glass in the negative, the parts corresponding to *dark* portions of the picture and to the fine network of the screen) were so changed as to become insoluble in water. The coating over the light parts of the picture could be, and was, washed off after printing. Then the plate was exposed to a strong heat, which changed the still adherent parts of the coating to a hard, protecting enamel.

Next, the surface of the plate was treated to a bath of corrosive acid which ate away the surface of the

[1] Printing both on paper and on copper or other metals can now be done by strong electric light, without depending always on strong daylight as used to be the case.

copper wherever it was unprotected, that is to say, in all the tiny spaces between the cross lines where the picture was light-colored and no enamel coating adhered to the plate. In the lighter parts of the picture the acid ate more deeply into the open spaces within the network, even encroaching a little on the boundary walls of these spaces (the lines of enamel-coated network), thinning them, and making their upper edges, *i.e.* the network lines, narrower. In the very lightest parts of all, the acid, which began by attacking the open dots of white space between the lines, went so far as to eat away most of the boundary lines, leaving only dots of enamel-tipped copper standing where two lines had crossed. The whole surface of the plate was thus changed from uniform smoothness into fine alternations of relief (enamel-coated parts) and depression. In the darkest parts of the plate a great deal of the surface was left in relief, untouched. In the lightest parts of the plate most of the surface was depressed, tiny dots only being left in relief; in parts midway between light and dark, the portions in relief and the depressed portions were, on the whole, about equal in area.

The copper plate was then mounted on a block of wood to bring it up to the height of ordinary printing type. When inked and pressed against the paper of our book page, the parts in relief naturally left their imprint, the depressed parts leaving blanks; where the relief parts were in the greatest majority, with strong, close reticulations, the print came out dark; where the relief parts were reduced to mere dots, standing up out of comparatively large depressed areas, the print came out light; all sorts of delicate, intermediate gradations in effect ("half-tones," *i.e.* tones between dark and light)

were produced by differences in the proportion of relief space to depressed space.[1]

Sometimes handwork is necessary, in addition to the "process" work, to make a half-tone plate give a satisfactory effect. See, for example, in the print of Holbein's *Madonna of the Burgomaster* (page 157) the fine streaks of actual white in the veil which partly covers the forehead of the middle woman kneeling at the right-hand side of the picture. The delicate shade of difference, shown by the photographs, between the uncovered flesh about the eyebrows and the covered portion with the clinging veil, was lost in the course of the mechanical processes of half-tone reproduction; but it remained possible to bring out a difference between the two by using a hand tool on the metal block. What the workman did was to cut out parts of the veil with a sharp engraving tool, leaving delicate grooves in the plate deep enough to prevent the plate from carrying any ink at all to the paper in those streaks where the tool cut; that is to say, so that, in printing, the streaks would be left quite white. These white lines are unobtrusive, but they serve their purpose, restoring to the veil the filmy effect which it had in the photograph, and saving us

[1] The difference between the relief and the depression, *i.e.* the depth of the acid's corrosion, was in fact extremely slight, so slight that one unaccustomed to the examination of half-tone plates might not have supposed that one part stood out enough more than another to produce any effect; but, inked and pressed against a finely finished paper, such as is always used for half-tones, each change from relief to depression betrayed itself.

Any one who cares to see what slight variations in the "relief" of a surface are printable, so to speak, can experiment by rubbing his own finger tips in the dust made by sharpening a common lead pencil, and then pressing them on a *smooth*, finely finished paper. Every microscopic ridge and groove in the skin will be found to register itself, in alternate dark and light.

from the loss of the artist's beautiful contrast between the upper and the lower parts of the forehead.

In the reproduction of Peixotto's picture of the Boston Public Library, on page 199, there is also a bit of judicious tool work, *e.g.* in the globe of the arc light, and the strong lights on the ground at the foot of the tall post, etc. The artist's vivid effects of light here were more or less dulled in the course of the mechanical processes of reproduction, and were restored by cutting out specks and streaks of the surface of the plate in these places, so as to keep the paper here perfectly free from even the finest dots of ink, *i.e.* brilliantly white. Such retouching of half-tone plates, in order to be successful, must be done by people with good artistic appreciation as well as manual skill. In the best establishments it is, in fact, usually done by men or women who would be equal to the task of thus cutting or "engraving" the whole picture, without the mechanical aid of the corrosive acid at all. The time and expense involved in having a block prepared entirely by hand by a thoroughly accomplished engraver are, however, so much greater than in the case of a reproduction by mechanical processes, that book and magazine illustrations are now done almost always according to the newer methods, the engraver reserving his artistic feeling and skill for the retouching of the metal block to remedy its defects and increase its excellences.

Half-tone plates are often made from other originals besides paintings or photographs of paintings. Turner's *Geranium* (page 223) and Church's *Hare and Tortoise* (page 73) were reproduced in half-tone from pencil drawings, the artist's original sketches being taken for starting-points, just as Raphael's painted canvas was taken for a starting-point in the *Sistine Madonna*.

The domestic interior by Oscar Pletsch, on page 57, gives us a case where the main work of reproduction was that of the *wood-engraver*, mechanical processes serving to copy the engraving after that was finished.

Here we had first the artist's drawing done in pencil on the smooth-finished surface of a block of boxwood, sawed across the grain. Then the engraver took it in hand. With sharp, steel tools of different shapes, like fine knives, gravers, gouges, etc., he cut away the surface of the wood between the artist's pencil lines and over those areas where no lines were drawn, leaving the lines themselves raised above the level of the rest of the block. On the part of the block representing the deep shadows under the table, for example, considerable areas were left almost intact, the engraver merely picking out a few very small specks from the surface here and there, in order that it should not be a perfectly plain, unbroken space. On those parts of the block representing the distant wall of the room with the open shelves of dishes, the ridges of wood left standing to correspond to the artist's lines were intentionally made finer and somewhat broken — not firm and continuous.

When the relief portions of the finished block were inked and paper was pressed against the whole, in a printing-press, the lines and areas standing in relief left impressions corresponding to their shapes. The almost intact spaces under the table left broad expanses of black. The clear, sharp ridges outlining the mother's face left strong, distinct lines. The fine, broken tracery of the hanging shelves left faint, hesitating lines, and so on. The artist's drawing stood transformed into a print.

But the original wooden block would not survive long service in a printing-press. A metal duplicate would stand much better the wear and tear of printing; so the publisher of the picture-book in which the illustration was to appear had it *stereotyped*.[1] The stereotype plate was made by pressing the face of the wooden block into a soft mass of fine clay, plaster, or other suitable composition, forming a hollow mould. Molten type metal was poured into the resulting mould, and, on cooling, this gave a metal duplicate of the wooden original, producing exactly the same effects in printing.

And even this is not quite the whole of the history of our picture of the German household.

When it was desired to reproduce the print from a foreign picture-book, neither the original wooden block nor its stereotype duplicate was available. The reproduction had to be made by still another process.

A good clear print of the picture on the German book page was treated just as it would have been treated if it were an original drawing in pencil or pen and ink. (Such subjects as this are now very seldom engraved by hand upon wood, the newer processes being at once quicker and less expensive.) The print was photographed on a glass "negative," the second or "positive" plate being not a sheet of paper as in ordinary photography, nor yet a copper plate as in half-tone work, but a sheet of zinc, coated with a chemical preparation with special qualities of sensitiveness to light. The parts of the zinc plate where the black lines of the picture fell were "fixed" or

[1] That was the German custom of thirty-five years ago. Electrotyping would now be done in such a case, instead of stereotyping. See page 247.

made permanent, then the block was exposed to the action of an acid which dissolved away the surface between the protected lines, leaving those lines in relief. Very large open spaces, requiring a long time for the corrosive work of the acid, were dug out or "routed out" by the sharp, cutting edge of a machine tool made for the purpose. The degree of relief in this zinc plate was considerably greater than in a half-tone block, the lines standing up conspicuously from the rest of the surface. When finished and mounted on its wooden block, the zinc plate was, to all intents and purposes, just like the original wooden block produced by the German engraver and the metal-faced block produced by the German stereotyper.

Mr. Gibson's pen-and-ink drawings, shown on pages 129 and 219, were reproduced by this zinc-plate process; so were the explanatory diagrams on pages 137 and 149, the photography being done from the original drawings.

The picture on page 241 has had a varied history. It came originally from the hand of Rembrandt,[1] the famous Dutch painter and etcher; his signature appears in the lower edge of the picture, at the end of the sloping bank. The print is generally known as Rembrandt's *Cottage with White Palings*.

This landscape has here the effect of a pen-and-ink drawing, but as a matter of fact Rembrandt did not draw it on paper. He *etched* it on a sheet of copper. The copper was coated with a waxy composition adhering closely to the surface, and the drawing was done with fine, steel tools, cutting through the waxy coating down to the surface of the metal, leaving the latter exposed

[1] Rembrandt van Ryn, Holland (1607–1669).



COTTAGE WITH WHITE PALINGS.—Rembrandt.

wherever a streak of the wax had been removed by the etching needle. The plate was then given a bath of nitric acid. Where the waxy coating still adhered, the acid had no chance to affect the plate. Where it had been scratched away, the exposed streaks of copper were attacked by the acid, each line being eaten into a groove, the depth of the groove varying according to the length of time during which the acid was allowed to work. The width of the grooved lines depended partly on the width of the space originally opened to the acid, and partly (since, after it had once begun work, the acid could eat to the right and left as well as downwards) on the length of time the plate remained in the bath.

After remaining long enough to sufficiently etch the lines intended to be fine and shallow, the plate was taken out, and those lines temporarily filled with a pitchy composition which would prevent the acid from attacking them further. Then the plate was returned to the bath, that the other lines, which it was desired to deepen and strengthen, might be again acted upon by the acid. The removal of the plate to fill up finished lines, and then its replacing in the bath for still deeper etching, probably took place several times before the work was completed. Then, when all was done, the pitchy stuff was removed from the shallow lines, and the waxy composition from the untouched spaces, and the plate was ready for printing.

In this case, the appearance of the plate was exactly the reverse of that of a wood-engraved block or a zinc plate as described on pages 238–240; the lines, instead of standing out in relief from the background, were sunk into the background. In order to print from the plate, its surface was inked, the ink filling all the grooves, big and little, and the smooth even surface of the plate was wiped

partly or entirely clean, leaving ink in all the grooves. Then the close pressure of a sheet of paper against the plate drew the ink out of the grooves on to the paper, in lines and spaces exactly corresponding to the lines and spaces etched by the artist.

The comparatively thin plate of metal from which an etching is printed cannot be used in a common book printing-press side by side with half-tone blocks, zinc plates, and printer's type. For the present purpose, Rembrandt's etching had to be translated, as it were, into zinc plate, just as the wood-engraving on page 57 was translated into zinc plate, *i.e.* by photographing the image of a good original print and proceeding from that as if it had been the artist's first drawing. The result, as printed here, does *not* give precisely the effect of the real etching. There are many fine points of difference between the two, but one of the chief differences is that here, on page 241, the paper is merely streaked by coming in contact with an inky surface of metal, whereas, in a true etching, the paper has a sort of ridge of ink deposited on it from the hollow in the plate out of which the ink is drawn by the attraction of the paper. The two kinds of printing look quite different to an expert eye.

The portrait of *A Young Man, Musing*, on page 91, was reproduced from an etching in the same manner as the *Cottage with White Palings*.

The *Study of Lions*, on page 211, was also reproduced from an etching, but, in this case, the etching was translated into a half-tone print. The etching was photographed through a glass screen ruled off into microscopic squares, just as with the *Sistine Madonna*, whose history we have already traced out in detail. The diagonal lines

in the background of the Lions were worked up by hand after the practical completion of the block as a whole.

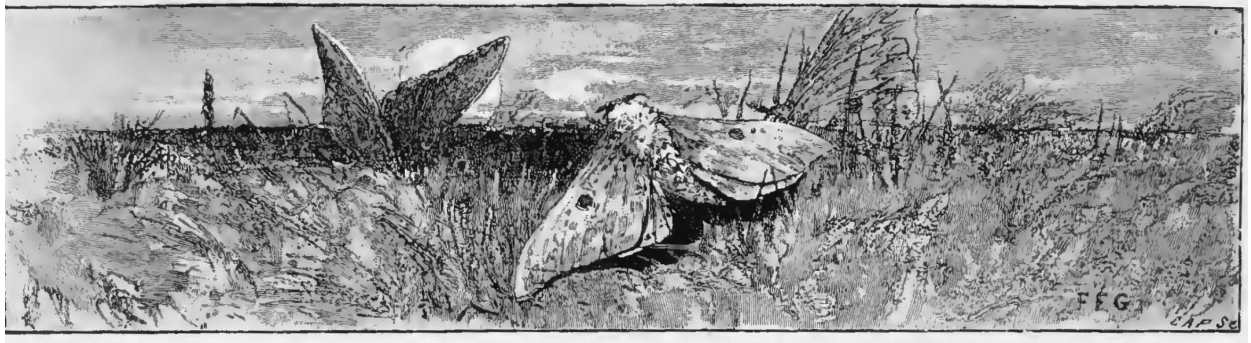
Flaxman's *Thetis and the Nereids*, on page 141, was reproduced from a steel or rather *copper-plate engraving*. The first engraving was done on a plate somewhat similar to that used in etching; but the lines were cut into the metal direct, by means of sharp tools in the engraver's hand, not eaten out by acids. This particular print was made by a process similar to that followed with Rembrandt's etching: the original engraving in an old book was photographed and used to make a zinc plate, all the sunken lines being thus transformed into lines standing out in high relief and printable like any book type.

Blake's *Death's Door* (page 133) was also reproduced from a steel engraving; but, in this case, the reproduction was made by the half-tone rather than the zinc-plate process.

The *wood-engraving* reproduced on page 57 was of a very simple sort, little more than mere cutting to an outline. The tail-piece by F. E. Gifford, engraved by Caroline A. Powell (page 245), shows something of the artistic possibilities of wood-engraving.[1]

It is now the almost universal custom in wood-engraving to have the artist's drawing or painting photographed on the finely finished surface of the wood — just as it might be photographed on to a sheet of paper, — the

[1] Mrs. Gifford is a well-known New York artist, the wife of R. Swain Gifford. Miss Powell is one of the leading engravers of the country, — the first woman member of the American Association of Wood Engravers. This print is reproduced from the *Century Magazine* with the publishers' permission.



MOTHS. — GIFFORD. Engraved by C. A. Powell.

original remaining intact, for comparison with the engraver's block, instead of being destroyed in the process of engraving, as was necessarily the case when the artist drew in pencil directly on the block itself. In this case, the artist's drawing was made with brush and india ink on paper and then photographed on the surface of the engraver's block, the engraver having the original drawing also at hand for comparison of effects during her own work.

Here, as we see, there are no actual outlines at all. The beauty and effectiveness of the engraving, as an engraving, consist in the exquisite perfection of its minute lines and in its expression of different kinds of color and different intensities of light, all through skilful uses and combinations of lines and spaces cut or ploughed out of the wood by tools in the engraver's hand. Notice how the engraver cut fine depressions out of a large, relief-space (producing, when inked and pressed against paper, white lines on a black background), or left ridges standing in relief on a depressed space (producing black lines on a white background), according to the effect she wished to produce. In the feathery grasses we have mostly white lines on black space. In the moon's disc we have broken black lines (dots) on white space. In the clouds, and in the sky seen through the cloud rifts, we have varying effects of light and dark, according to the varying proportions of relief to depression on the block. Notice how delicately these gradations were managed. And see how perfectly the textures of the moths' wings and bodies are shown, the fluffy, downy body of the nearest moth, the satin-like surface of its outspread wings, and the fluttering, airy fragility of the wings of the other moths, seen against the sky.

The moonlight sky on page 225 is another example of wood engraving. The good effect of all wood engravings depends very much — as in the case of half-tones — on being well printed upon paper of the proper texture.

The print which we have here was not made direct from the engraver's block, but from a metal duplicate known as an *electrotype*. It serves practically the same purpose as a stereotype (see page 239), but is better adapted to delicate detail, and so oftener used in fine illustrative work than the quick, cheap stereotype. The engraved face of the original wooden block was dusted with finely powdered graphite or "black lead" and pressed into a sheet of prepared wax so as to leave an exact impression of every relief and depression. The resulting mould next had its inner surface washed with a solution of iron filings in blue vitriol to make it a good conductor of electricity, then it was immersed in a bath containing sulphate of copper. This chemical solution was broken up by sending through the bath an electric current produced by the action of a dynamo or electrical machine, the effect being that a thin coating of copper was deposited all over the inner surface of the mould, the resulting shell of copper of course exactly reproducing the shapes of the surface of the original wooden block used to make the mould in the first place. The copper shell was then removed, its back coated with a film of tin-foil, and then all its hollows filled in with molten type metal. When cool, this produced a strong solid plate of metal. The whole was then mounted on a wooden block to bring it to the height of printer's type. The resulting block was practically an

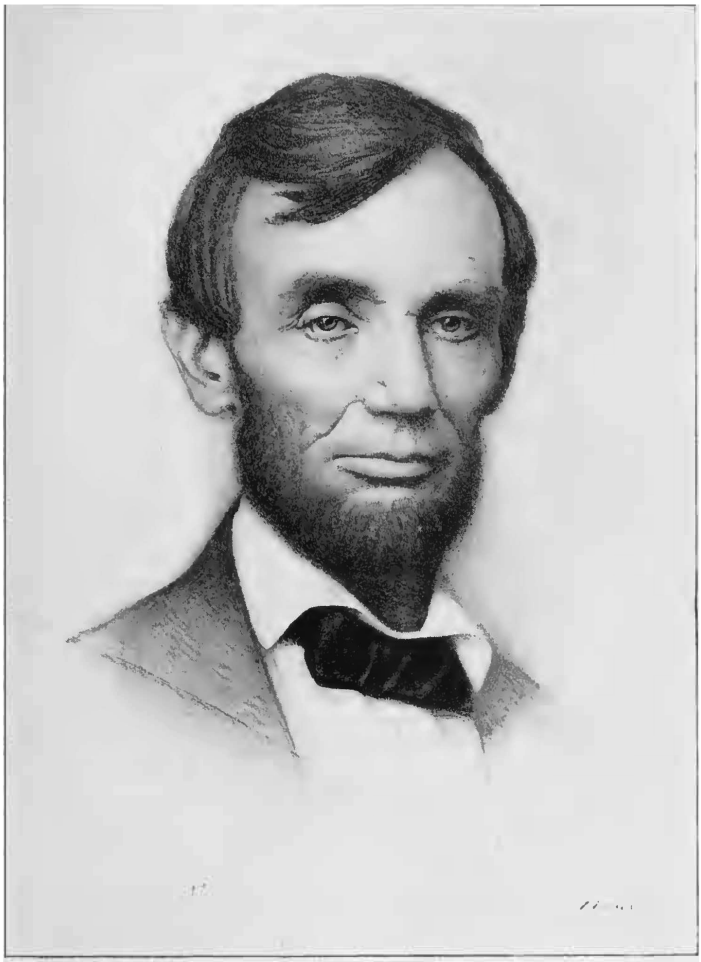
exact duplicate of the original wooden block, producing the same effects in printing.

Two general classes of printing plates have been alluded to thus far, — those where the lines of a drawing are sunk into the surface of the plate (etching and steel or copper-plate engraving), and those where the lines stand up in relief (wood-engraving, half-tone, and zinc plates). There is still another method of picture printing where the surface of the plate has no reliefs and no depressions, but is perfectly smooth, *i.e.* in *lithography*.

The portrait of Lincoln, by De Camp[1] (page 249), was printed from a half-tone block, but the half-tone was made from a lithograph print. And this is the story of the lithograph : —

The artist made his drawing, not on paper, but on the fine-grained surface of a slab of lithographic stone. (This is a certain variety of limestone, usually imported from quarries in Bavaria.) The black crayon used in making the drawing was also of a special kind, containing fatty substances. Variations in the lightness or darkness of the lines were made just as in drawing with a soft pencil on any rough-surfaced paper ; where the crayon rubbed lightly over the grained, *i.e.* uneven surface, its substance adhered to the fine elevations, leaving tiny open spaces between, untouched, producing a mark considerably diluted in color, that is to say, light gray. Firmer pressure in drawing rubbed more or less of the crayon substance into the grain of the stone, producing darker lines. Where the artist wanted the very strongest darks, he drew with his heaviest strokes, completely filling in the grain of the stone so that his lines had no breaks or open spaces at all.

[1] Joseph De Camp, an American artist of to-day.



PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN. – De Camp.

After the completion of the drawing, the stone was given a bath of acidulated gum arabic solution. This bath chemically affected at the same time, though in different ways, both the crayon lines of the artist's drawing and the blank portions of the stone. The effect upon the crayon lines was to fix them more permanently on the stone, and to give them a great attraction for fatty substances, like printer's ink. The effect on the blank spaces of the stone (where no lines had been drawn) was, on the contrary, to make them repel all fatty substances. In this condition the stone plate became ready for printing. Its surface was, as has already been said, plane and approximately smooth, the lines of the drawing being neither depressed nor raised, but differing from the rest of the surface simply by virtue of the fact that they had a strong affinity for fatty substances, like printer's ink, while the rest of the plate had not.

To take an impression from this plate it was moistened and then gone over with a roller covered with black printer's ink. The ink from this roller adhered to the crayon-covered parts of the stone, but stuck nowhere else; the rest of the stone refused the ink and remained clean.

Then a sheet of paper was laid on the face of the stone and the whole subjected to even pressure in a printing-press. The result was that the ink was transferred from the lines on the stone to the surface of the paper, producing lines exactly like those drawn by the artist. Where the artist's line had been light, *i.e.* broken, the grain of the stone giving microscopic spaces of light between the touches of crayon, the ink had been correspondingly attracted and then transferred, producing open, grayish lines in the print, *e.g.* on the cheeks, the side of the nose, the shoulder of the coat, etc. Where the artist had

used his crayon more heavily, partly filling up the grain of the stone as he drew, and producing darker strokes, there the surface of the stone had attracted still more ink, producing, in the course of printing, correspondingly darker lines on the paper. (Beard, shadowed side of throat, etc.) Where the artist, in working for his darkest effects, had rubbed the grain of the stone quite full of crayon stuff, the ink attached itself in practically unbroken masses; and, under pressure in the printing-press, these places came out sharp and black, with the same "accent" that the artist put into the original drawing. (Pupils of eyes, parts of hair and necktie.) The result, as a whole, was consequently an exact facsimile of the artist's own work, with this single difference, that the right and left of the picture were reversed in printing, just as the right and left of a man's face are reversed when he confronts a mirror.[1]

Woodbury's *Old Street in Siena* (page 39) was also reproduced by lithography, but in this case the artist made his sketch on ordinary drawing paper with ordinary pencils. The sketch was afterwards transferred to stone at the lithographer's, a more complicated process being followed in this instance than with De Camp's *Lincoln*.

But in neither case could the lithographic or stone printing be done in a common printing-press side by side with printer's types and relief blocks. In order to make it possible to print the Siena sketch and the Lincoln portrait on the same press, and at the same time with the other illustrations of our book, half-tone plates were made from the

[1] Artists drawing on stone for lithographic reproduction make allowance for this mirror-like reversal when at work on the stone. Mr. De Camp, for example, drew his portrait of Lincoln with the face turning towards the *left*.

lithographic prints, following essentially the same steps that have already been described in the history of our print of the *Sistine Madonna* (page 169); only, in the case of the Siena sketch, the portions of the plate representing the very lightest parts of the picture were afterwards entirely cut away with hand or machine tools, in order to keep those parts of the plate from carrying any ink at all to the paper in printing, *i.e.* in order to leave those parts of the picture entirely white.

We find, on the whole, that all the leading modern processes of picture reproduction have been put at our service to bring even these few works of a few representative artists into our very hands. Interest in these processes is, of course, something quite distinct from our enjoyment of the pictures for their own sake; but, to many of us, a little realization of the clear-headed thought and marvellous skill which went into the processes intermediate between the artist and ourselves makes the study of pictures all the more attractive and pleasurable. It is true the artist himself is in each case the one we have most to thank. Still, if the world contained only the one picture which came direct from the artist's hand, most of us could never know anything of it save through unsatisfactory descriptions. When the photographer, the engraver and the electrotyper, the half-tone maker and the printer all fall to and do their best to bring their artist's thought home to us, we have a very significant instance of the coöperation of the sciences in the service of the arts. Take, for instance, Botticelli's *Madonna of the Louvre* (page 147). In the days when the painter lived and worked in Florence, modern science was hardly born.

The very first printing of books on a hand-press from clumsy wooden types was a great event during his lifetime; most of the books in existence were manuscripts, patiently copied by scholars and clerks in the monasteries. Photography had not then been dreamed of. Stories of the existence of land west of the Atlantic Ocean were brought back before he died by the sailors under Columbus and Vespucci; but the land was far, far off, peopled by dancing savages, — who knows? perhaps by dragons and devils, — reached only by long, long sailing under mysterious skies. Not a steamship then in all the world's oceans, not a railroad train in all the world's continents, not a telegraph line nor a factory with steam or electric power under the sun. A bewildering dream, indeed, it would have seemed to our old-time Florentine, if he could have foreseen the way in which the picture he painted with such loving enthusiasm would reach our hands to-day — dwellers in the midst of a marvellous new civilization, with heat and light and electricity for servants, bringing us our share of the legacy he left behind him for his fellow-men.

CHAPTER XII

PICTURES IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM

ENJOYMENT is the first and final purpose of pictures in the school-room. But between the simple, unquestioning delight of early childhood and the thoughtful, intelligent appreciation which develops with the growing years, there is as wide a difference as between the *naïve* drawings of little children and the later purposeful expression which follows conscious study. The early years are precious, and we do well if we make the most of them while they last; for, as naturally as the child grows in body, so he grows in spirit, out of the childish attitude of mind into the "long, long thoughts" and vague questionings of youth.

School children become acquainted with pictures through seeing them on the school-room walls, — a more or less permanent feature of their daily environment, — and also through seeing small photographs, prints, and book illustrations. The movement for placing good art examples on the walls of our public schools is rapidly growing. In many places, however, much preparatory thought and work have to be given to the matter, to insure the placing of good pictures before the children in such a way as to be worthy both of the art examples themselves, and of the educational purpose which they are to serve.

In any plan of school-room decoration, its purpose and the use of the room should be borne in mind. The school-room is first of all a study, a workroom, not a parlor. The very construction of the room, its proportions, divisions of spaces by doors, windows, and heating and ventilating apparatus, should be determined by its use: but these proportions and spacings should be as pleasing as may be while conforming to the requirements of a school-room. Architects willingly coöperate with art teachers or others interested in these matters, and, so far as practicable, carry out offered suggestions.

No invariable rules can be laid down concerning color schemes for a school-room, but some suggestions may be of value.[1] The color note of a room is usually determined by its woodwork, especially as the use of natural woods is superseding that of painted wood. No one color or tone is suited to an entire building, where light comes by turns from various points of the compass. With natural pine or oak woodwork, a creamy tone on the wall surface (technically, a tint of brown or orange gray) is pleasant for a bleak northern room which seldom has a ray of direct sunshine, and to some extent compensates the children for their loss of the sun. On the south side, where the sunlight comes streaming in, a very warm tone[2] on the walls might seem disagreeable; here a cool, gray-green tint[3] is grateful. We must remember, however, that too cool a tone, *i.e.* one containing too great

[1] *Art for the Eye*, by Ross Turner (Boston, 1898, The Prang Educational Company), is valuable for reference in this connection.

[2] Colors tending toward orange are called warm; those tending toward blue are called cold. Warm colors are those that partake of the color nature of sunshine or of fire.

[3] *Tint* is used here as meaning a light tone, in distinction from *shade*, which is a dark tone.

a proportion of blue to the yellow, would by contrast intensify the warmth of the woodwork.

It is a matter of relationships; all should be considered together, — woodwork, blackboard (which let us hope is not *black* at all, but the soft gray of natural slate or a dark green-gray mixture), wall surface, and window shades. The latter should be selected with reference to their color *at the window*, when light shines through them, as well as taking into account their local color when unaffected by light.

In an old-fashioned building, where the woodwork is nearly black with age, a warm, softly pinkish tint on the walls is cheerful, and enlivens the deep tones of the wood. Where woodwork is painted, it is well to choose the same color for both wood and wall — a warm or cold gray, according to the lighting of the room, the woodwork being enough deeper in tone to give a pleasant accent, while window shades, carrying the same color if possible, add the necessary depth of color. Ventilators and heating apparatus, when forming a part of the wall space, should be colored as such; if within the dark blackboard area, the usual japanned finish is not especially objectionable, but it should not be tolerated on a light wall. It is possible to have any color desired for the finish of these register and ventilator surfaces, when a room is being painted.

When we consider the framing and hanging of pictures, again it is a question of relationship, and of purpose, or use. Compared with the number and arrangement of pictures in our own particular sanctum at home, or with the principal's office at school, there are certain differences to be borne in mind. Our own pictures represent a gradual acquisition, one or two at a time, covering perhaps a space of many years, and implying a correspondingly gradual assimilation of their charms. Besides, the home is supposed to be a permanent abiding-place, not the scene of an annual or semi-annual game of "Stage-coach," in which all players change to another room, scarcely regaining their mental equilibrium before still another change is called for. Remembering this matter of school promotions and considering the immaturity of the child mind, it may be better to have but few pictures in any one class-room. The hallways and the principal's office, being familiar ground for several consecutive years, might be made richer storehouses without danger of overloading and distracting children's minds; but in the special class-room, where the child does most of his work, a single picture, carefully chosen and judiciously hung, may exert a deeper and more abiding influence than half a score of pictures selected with less care, and scattered about the room, calling the attention hither and yon, until it settles upon nothing in particular.

If we agree that it is better to hang but few pictures at a time in a class-room, we find that the area of wall space is great in proportion to the picture area. Suppose we have selected a photograph of some fine building, the Parthenon, St. Mark's, perhaps the Capitol at Washington. Were this to be hung in the principal's

office,[1] where wall space is restricted and the view at close range, it might be desirable and pleasing to enclose it in a broad moulding, placed directly against the edge of the picture. But if the picture is to hang in the wide area in the front of a class-room, to be viewed from various points in the room, a moderately wide margin or mat between picture and frame usually increases its effectiveness, and brings it more into harmony with its surroundings. In short, the same rules which apply to dress should govern the selection of frames for pictures. The frame should set off the picture, as the dress sets off the wearer. Showy, elaborate frames are as much out of place in a school-room as rich clothing and profuse jewellery.

In surface, a picture frame for school service should be smooth and free from grooves and projections which invite the dust. In choice of color, the woodwork of the school-room and the general tone of the wall as well as the picture itself enter into the practical problem. For example, a heavy, dark frame would be manifestly discordant in a school-room with very light woodwork and white walls. In general terms it may be considered

[1] The art interest of a school building should centre in the principal's office. Here is opportunity for the exercise of individual taste and for establishing high standards. Here may be placed pictures a little beyond the comprehension of the children of the school, showing that there are art treasures yet unknown and beckoning them on, *e.g.* such a series as Alexander's *Evolution of the Book*, Blashfield's *Progress of Civilization*, Maynard's *Discoverers*, or some other of the beautiful decorations of the Congressional Library at Washington.

For the teachers' rest-room it may seem well to adopt the suggestions of the Japanese and choose just one beautiful thing on which the eye may repose and be satisfied, — perhaps one of Corot's forest scenes or one of Turner's sea-views. Much as a teacher may love her work, there come times when she seeks refuge from it; and what but nature can so renew a faint spirit?

a safe custom to make the frame correspond with the middle tone of a picture, that is, to have the color of the frame about midway, as to lightness or darkness, between the highest lights and the deepest shades of a picture, each appearing enhanced in value by the more neutral average of the frame. Sometimes a slightly suggestive color effect is pleasant, as a green-gray frame for a water view, a warm brownish gray on a picture representing freshly overturned earth, or a silver gray for a delicate moonlight scene; but such choice must depend also in part upon the actual color of the photograph or other print. Photographs made from the same negative often differ greatly in the matter of warmth or coolness of effect, owing to differences in printing and toning. In the main, plain inexpensive ash, birch, and oak frames are safe, durable, and pleasant to live with, like good, reliable, every-day friends.

Modern school-rooms are usually supplied with picture mouldings which, for the convenience of the teachers, should be placed as low as a pleasant spacing of the wall area will permit. In hanging pictures in a school-room it is the child's point of view which should be first considered. The very choicest picture naturally belongs in the front of the room where all may enjoy it, hung low enough to be easily seen from every seat. In some school-rooms the height of the window sills from the floor gives cozy little spaces which may well be utilized for the placing of smaller pictures, for close, intimate companionship and study.

Several considerations influence the choice of pictures for the school-room.[1] First and foremost is that of art culture; in choosing pictures we must think of their enduring, artistic qualities. Only the best should be given a lasting place on the walls. These are the things to live with and to carry permanently in heart and mind. But there are also pictures of transient interest, belonging to some particular age or experience, which worthily minister to temporary needs or desires, — pictures good in their own lesser fashion, but not of enduring value, pictures which we outgrow as we pass from childhood and youth to maturity. These are like the acquaintances whom we enjoy for the time and who contribute to the largeness of our conception of life, but they are not quite like the friends who become a necessary part of our very lives. And, lastly, there are pictures which relate directly to details of school life and work, to nature study in plant and animal life, to the progress of the seasons, to literature, history, and geography. These *may* indeed be of intrinsic artistic worth, and may deserve a place on the walls at least for a time; but, if they possess only slight artistic value, they would better form part of a portfolio collection, to be brought out when needed for special reference, like a dictionary or other useful reference book, and then put away.[2]

[1] A list of pictures and casts for public school class-rooms of various grades was recently prepared by Stella Skinner and M. Rachel Webster, of New Haven, Conn., and published in New Haven.

[2] Many teachers make collections of pictures illustrative of points treated in school lessons on geography, history, natural science, and the like, and keep these in portfolios or large envelopes, assorted as to subject so that any desired print may be easily found when needed. Others prefer to mount such pictures in scrap-books to save them from the wear and tear of much direct handling. Where the scrap-book plan is

To the little child who comes, sensitive and shy, from the home circle into the larger community of the school-room, what more gracious welcome could await him than the gentle, loving presence of one of the Madonnas, assuring him, as it does, of love and care and sympathy in his school home, not less than in the familiar family life? For surely no teacher under that benign influence can be impatient or harsh with the little ones who trust her so confidingly. They are not cherubs, these little five and six year olds, and when the shyness and strangeness wear away, some of them prove veritable imps of mischief, wriggling and squirming and tormenting their hapless neighbors. It is true these vices are usually but perverted virtues; wriggling itself may be only excess of vitality or nervous energy, awaiting guidance into right avenues of expression; but unless the teacher is wise and patient, her heart must sometimes fail as she sees her favorite theories vanish into the thin, clear air of experi-

followed, it is better to attach the photographs or other prints with only a slight touch of library paste or mucilage at the corners, not pasting over the whole surface; better still, if paste is applied only along that edge of the picture which is to come next to the binding of the scrap-book, the rest of the picture may be turned like an in-set leaf of the book itself, and be almost absolutely secure from wrinkling and rumpling.

A single large sheet of heavy cardboard, to which pictures may be temporarily attached with pins or thumb-tacks, is often used by teachers like a bulletin board, giving special information or suggestions bearing on the lessons for any given day. Still another plan is to have wall charts upon which pictures may be pasted. The millboard used by bookbinders has been found satisfactory, with the upper edge of the sheet eyeletted and strung with gray tape for hanging.

Illustrated articles may often be cut entire from old magazines and fastened into manila covers for use in the school reference library; or illustrations may be mounted on small cards and kept in envelopes or boxes to be passed around the class for individual study. All these various plans have been found desirable by workers under differing conditions.

ence, and she too will be helped and comforted by the calm, sweet, mother presence beside her.

And what of the street urchin whose only idea of home is a place for eating and sleeping, and with whom the thought of "mother" is too often associated with harsh tones and impatient blows? What can a picture of the Madonna mean to him? May it not teach him that, after all, the world is full of love; that he himself, neglected little waif though he seem, is entitled to his share of it? Fortunate indeed will he be if, in his own teacher, he finds the realization of this motherly ideal.

After these youngest children have lived with the Madonna picture for some weeks or months, and it has had time to become a part of their very life, they like to talk about it (indeed, they may wish to talk about it from the first, even before they have anything to say), and to tell the story they find in it, which is always "The mother loves the baby." Then they want to tell about the baby at home, and of the love which surrounds it. Skilful questioning will lead the children to look into the picture again and again for deeper meaning. How do they know that the mother loves the baby? How does the baby show that it loves its mother? Where are they? Do you think it is a cold or a warm country where they live? Why? The children will have questions to ask, — questions too deep and serious, maybe, for answer, for who has the skill to tell the Christ story to a little child? The Madonna idea embodies for us all much more than one mother and one child. It stands as the type of motherhood, and of the love which surrounds all childhood. "Each new child's a new Messiah," a message and a hope to world-weary men, and

the very highest purpose of education is to nourish this inborn, divine spirit, not to quench it.

Children enjoy bringing in pictures of mothers with their babies for a little loan exhibit, — temporary, because many of their selections may be poor. Then, if this interest has had timely association with the Christmas season, the teacher may like to give each child one of the inexpensive prints now obtainable, to carry into the home circle with its beautiful message of peace on earth, good will to men, where it may comfort and cheer a weary mother.

Children a little older may become interested in knowing something about the man who made the picture, especially if Raphael has been chosen ; his boyish portrait will delight them. If they have come to know one Madonna well, others by the same artist and by other artists will interest them, just as we enjoy several books by one author, or several photographs of a dear friend. Care should be taken, however, to avoid over-emphasis on this biographical aspect of picture study. In a few cases, where an artist's life history shines out through his work in a way to be attractive to the childish imagination, — *e.g.* in studying some of Millet's peasant pictures, — bits of personal history or anecdote may help even very little people to feel the spirit of a special picture ; but, as a rule, it is safer to postpone artist biographies to the higher grades of school, perhaps, to confine them, for the most part, to written exercises.

Farther on in school life, as boys and girls come to know more of art and of history, it will interest them to learn that the Madonna has been a favorite theme for artists and poets for many centuries (appealing as it does both to the spiritual nature and the human emotions), and they can then classify and study such pict-

ures by schools, — the Italian, Spanish, French, German, Dutch, English, and American interpretations, noting resemblances and differences. With older pupils, it is well to study the artist's manner of work as well as his subject, to look for the beauty of his composition as a composition, and to notice his ways of treating details to make them contribute to the beauty and impressiveness of the whole. (See the notes on certain Madonnas of Botticelli, Murillo, Holbein, Van Dyck, and Raphael, Chapter IX.) This closer study would of course be out of place with little children.

Interest thus aroused may grow on and on beyond the school life, leading into delightful paths of after-school study. The leisure of a series of winters might be well given to the study and enjoyment of this one subject, beginning with the early Italian conceptions which mark the dawn of painting as an art in itself, — its development in Italy, and its relation to the religion and the home life of the people, comparing the interpretations of one artist with another; reading between the lines much of the life and environment of the people. Then, moving on from one nationality to another, what an insight may be gained into the lives and thoughts of the people! Finally, how interesting would be a comparison of contemporary interpretations of the one subject by the different nationalities, noting how the life of the period, its religious conceptions, and physical types influence the artist! All this detailed and mature study is, of course, beyond the province of the school-room, but not beyond the resources of a teacher whose tastes lead her in such directions, and who has access to a good library.

A comparison of subjects of art expression by different nations would be of interest with mature pupils, and valu-

able in relation to historic study. The preponderance of religious themes with the Italians, conquest and national greatness with the French (up to the present century), civic and domestic life with the Dutch, — all these reveal the characteristics of the people and the time.

But to return once more to the little people. Picture study has a valuable bearing on school lessons in language. From the first, children should be encouraged to express their thoughts and feelings concerning pictures, not in a stilted, self-conscious way, but naturally and incidentally, as they would talk among themselves upon any familiar subject of interest, the teacher remaining in the background until her help is really needed. Then, from her wider knowledge and broader outlook, let her guide them by skilful questions and suggestions to still greater appreciation and fuller enjoyment. Sometimes the attention of the entire school may be held by a general conversation, at other times that of only a group; occasionally it is worth while to give opportunity for separate, individual study and expression. Picture study affords the teacher an excellent chance for the quiet observation of disposition, temperament, and home environment in individual children.

A simple description of a picture may profitably form the basis of reading, writing, and spelling lessons for young children. Occasional memory exercises in describing a picture, one pupil telling all that he can put into words and the others recognizing and naming it from his description, are valuable not only as language exercises, but also in strengthening the mental image of a thing beautiful in itself.

Pictures form admirable subjects for compositions, older pupils writing the "story" which they find in them. Artists and their works may be as profitably studied as authors. It is surprising to find what a wealth of material pupils can sometimes bring in from their homes, once their interest is awakened. The current magazines are searched for articles and illustrations, the school and public libraries are explored, and delightful illustrated compositions are produced about Raphael, Rembrandt, Millet, Rosa Bonheur, Landseer, Abbott Thayer, and other favorites.

We count a person uneducated who has no acquaintance with Shakespeare, Scott, Hawthorne, Lowell, and Longfellow; yet artists like Raphael, Murillo, Van Dyck, Millet, Breton, and Thayer should be equally familiar to him.

Picture study may often be helpfully associated with nature study. Life and motion appeal to little children strongly, and are embodied in their first attempts at graphic expression. Next to pictures with human interest they enjoy those containing animals, and, most of all, those in which child life is associated with familiar animal life. Fortunately we are rich in really admirable pictures of this sort. From Millet, Jacques, Lerolle, Mauve, and Monks we have charming pictures of sheep; Bonheur, Fromentin, and Remington give us fine studies of horses, Landseer of dogs, Troyon and Dupré of cows, and Ronner, Lambert, and Dolph the most fascinating of cats.

With such an embarrassment of riches, how shall a teacher choose? One solution of the problem may be found in the principle of correlation among school studies. If cats are chosen for science study in a certain grade,

cats are likely to be also the subject for reading, writing, and spelling lessons, for a certain period. This may be an opportune time to lead the children's thought up to some charming artistic interpretation of feline life by a famous painter. A temporary loan collection might profitably be made, strengthening the relations between home and school; if conditions are favorable, pupils might each bring some trifling sum, — ordinarily spent for candies, — to be used for the purpose of purchasing and carrying into the home a small print of their favorite picture. This, however, should always be put to the child as a privilege, never as a requirement.

Another determining factor in the choice of pictures in the primary school-room is the procession of the seasons and holidays. At the opening of school in the fall, it is natural both to look back upon the summer holidays and to look forward to the autumn occupations. From the haying of early summer to the later wheat harvest, — how delightfully Dupré and Breton tell us these incidents through their pictures! — we pass to the garnering of fruits and vegetables. Nature is preparing for the winter, the festival culminating in the Thanksgiving season. This would be incomplete without some thought of the early Pilgrims and their first Thanksgiving; and here we have the most natural opportunity for studying the beautiful, old-time pictures of Boughton. The religious pictures whose interest centres around the Christmas story would naturally follow. In February, when patriotism is an especially timely theme, portraits of Washington and Lincoln and pictures of special historic significance may well claim the attention. Then comes the gradual awakening of the earth from the long winter's sleep. Bonheur's oxen plough the fields (page 69), and Millet's

Sower goes out to scatter seeds; the baby takes its first step out in the garden where the father is at work (page 119), Corot's nymphs and fauns dance in the dewy morning (page 15), Dagnan-Bouveret with his *Watering Trough* gives us the stalwart young farmer pausing a moment in his labor, and Breton's *Song of the Lark* carries the joy of life and springtime into the heart. All is movement, expectancy, growth. "Everything is upward striving." Eyes tired of lesson books grow soft and dreamy as they gaze and gaze, through these pictures, beyond the school-room walls out into the fields and meadows. Body, mind, and soul grow.

One great purpose of picture study is that of opening the eyes to beauty all around, which an artist's trained eye perceives while it is missed by others.

> " . . . We're made so that we love
> First, when we see them painted, things we have passed
> Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see,
> And so they are better painted, — better for us,
> Which is the same thing. Art was given for that;
> God uses us to help each other so,
> Lending our minds out. . . ."

Many a boy and girl, after seeing Rembrandt's love for beautiful contrasts of light and shade, will all the rest of their lives notice and enjoy more of the exquisite effects of light and shade in even the most commonplace surroundings. That is the essential service of all great men, — to draw us up, in some degree, toward their own level of insight, enjoyment, and aspiration.

The study of Literature would be incomplete without the aid of pictures in the school-room. Not only are portraits of authors and photographs of their homes and haunts of interest, but our appreciation of a writer's works may be deepened by the sympathetic interpretations of an artist. For instance, take Shakespeare, Tennyson, and Longfellow, parts of whose writings are now studied in primary and grammar schools. The charm of Longfellow's poems of colonial life and romance may be still farther heightened by associating the verse with Boughton's conceptions of *The Return of the Mayflower*, *Pilgrim Exiles*, and *Puritans going to Church*. We love Evangeline the more for having artist as well as poet portray for us the sad-eyed, faithful woman, who

"Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest; and she longed to slumber beside him."

Many of the subjects treated by Tennyson are rich in art interpretations. In our own country are Abbey's fine pictures of the *Quest of the Holy Grail*, of which excellent reproductions have been made. *Sir Galahad*, painted by Tennyson's friend Watts, is a picture to arouse the impulses of youth to high endeavor.

When we come to Shakespeare, every child is interested in the vine-embowered cottage of Ann Hathaway at Shottery, where the young Will spent so many happy hours, and in the beautiful view of Stratford-on-Avon, with the placid river in the foreground and the church-spire rising from among the trees. But these are by no means all to which a teacher may resort. Becker's *Othello* (page 53) is but one instance of how artists have delighted to portray Shakespeare's characters in a manner worthy of the master. Millais has shown us the *Princes in the Tower*. A

few years ago, *Harper's Magazine* published a fine series of Shakespearean illustrations by Abbey, and teachers having access to those files have a wealth of admirable study material at their command.

The impetus given to mural painting by the Columbian Exposition of 1893 has resulted in some fine decorative compositions, many of which are being reproduced in an artistic manner. Mention has been made of Abbey's decorations in the Boston Public Library; one of Puvis de Chavannes is shown on page 135. Portions of Sargent's *Triumph of Religion* (see page 189) are suitable for school-room study, although the composition as a whole demands maturity of thought beyond that of school children. Chaucer's *Canterbury Pilgrims* have been portrayed by Sewell as a decoration for the entrance hall of George Gould's home, and reproductions of these compositions might well be given a place in a high-school class-room.

These are but a few suggestive examples of the association of art and literature in school life.[1] Opportunities for such helpful coördination of studies are practically innumerable, as those teachers find who once become interested in the idea.

Mythology and legend were written in pictorial forms long before the alphabet came into use. Our knowledge of Egyptian life has been largely obtained from picture writings found in their tombs and temples, which tell us of their beliefs, customs, and occupations. Combining

[1] The connection suggested here may sometimes be helpfully presented in reverse order; thus, occasionally, a bit of good literature sometimes seems to express the same *feeling* that an artist has put into a picture. (See pages 18, 23.) Older pupils like to make this association in their own minds.

fact and tradition in a most significant manner, these show how their religious beliefs, which to us may seem but myths, formed an integral part of their very lives. Art is the expression of the beliefs and aspirations of a people, and anthropology would be incomplete without its light upon the pages of the past.

Among the Greeks we find religion, literature, and art inseparable. In Greek literature the gods hold familiar intercourse with mortals, aiding them in their achievements and punishing them for their misdeeds. What more natural than that art should give tangible form to the imaginings of the Greeks, and embody some of their finest conceptions? Whether the little children study Hawthorne's *Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales*, or the older ones read *Myths of Greece and Rome* and *The Age of Fable*, or make a beginning in Latin and Greek readings, a wealth of art material is at their disposal in reproductions, both of paintings and sculptures. With young children the illustration should usually accompany the story. In some instances it might precede it, and so awaken the children's interest beforehand; in others it might be well to have the story, and give the children an opportunity for exercising their imagination in original illustration before showing them the artist's interpretation. Or, again, the children might be given the picture and allowed to imagine and write the story in it before reading the text.

Older pupils might make a more comprehensive study of a given subject, as suggested in connection with the "Madonna" idea (page 264). For example, choosing a subject of wide interest, as Athene (Minerva), Apollo, or Hermes (Mercury), it would be interesting to study and compare interpretations of the one subject by different

artists, trying to discern the thought of each artist and the particular characteristic or episode which he has depicted. In this as in all picture study, the elements of beauty should be sought: is it the rhythmic lines, the relation of areas, the harmony of mass-composition and idea, or a blending of all these, which gives us the sense of ideal beauty?

We must bring to pictures, as to literature, our best effort at interpretation, if they are to yield up to us their deepest meaning. "Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not."

Time and effort in geographical study may be economized by the use of pictures. Natural divisions of land and water are more clearly and easily comprehended through a typical picture than through painfully memorized verbal descriptions. *The Sea*, by Alexander Harrison, gives a vastly better idea of the grandeur of the ocean than any definition in a text-book. To Gérôme we are indebted for wonderful interpretations of the lonely desert, to Turner for exquisitely beautiful pictures of Venice, the bride of the sea. Such pictures, when obtainable, give children not only topographical facts, such as they might get from photographs direct after nature, but also a spirit and feeling which are greatly to be desired. Of course, photographs direct from nature are also valuable.

The wall paintings of the early Egyptians show us, as no words could, the occupations and industries of the time. Blacksmithing, bricklaying, and glass-blowing were depicted in a most graphic manner, and still make

those early days seem very real. Modern artists are carrying a similar idea into mural decoration; Galland's *Manual Arts* frieze in the Hotel de Ville, Paris, and Baudoin's *Cornfield* frieze are fine examples. Excellent illustrations of modern industries and occupations may be obtained from the current magazines.

The life and customs of different nations have been pleasingly shown through paintings now obtainable in reproduction. Thoren has helped interpret Russia by his vivid portrayals of scenes of life and travel. Schreyer has given us spirited sketches of Arabs and their adventurous lives. *Curiosity* (page 43) gives us in a small composition a great deal of attractive information concerning the every-day life of Venice as well as its peculiar street architecture. Much is told of the simple, provincial French peasantry in the *Primary School in Brittany* (page 215). Mesdag, in his sketches of the Holland coast, has given us a familiar insight into the lives of the Dutch fisher-folk, through compositions of artistic merit. Blommers has shown us child life; and Hoecker's charming *Girl with Cat* shows a quaint Dutch costume to advantage, and, while emphasizing external differences, contains that "touch of nature" which makes the whole world kin. In using such pictures as these, the teacher will do well to distinguish clearly, in her own mind, between those which have genuinely artistic qualities and those which are valuable only (or chiefly) as convenient sources of information. Pictures which mainly give information or "tell a story" are indispensable in their own way, but teachers and children should both realize the underlying difference between those and really great works of art.

General history covers too broad a field to admit of detailed suggestions here as to the use of pictures; but, as a rule, all historic study in the elementary schools should include some thought of the best art produced by the nation or the period under consideration. Text-books on art history are helpful in this connection, giving information concerning art and artists to complement that concerning authors and literature.[1] The art catalogues of dealers in photographs give necessary details as to pictures (or photographs of sculptures) by the artists mentioned in text-books, and there is a growing disposition to have school libraries, especially those of high schools, equipped with well-chosen photographs for reference. Where fine photographs are inaccessible, one turns gladly to the less expensive reproductions. One can often obtain, through a public library or by other means, back numbers of standard magazines in which fine reproductions of the best things in art have been printed, together with valuable articles upon the artists themselves, giving insight into some special phase of the subject under consideration at the time.

In studying American history, incidents in connection with the early settlement of the country may be fixed through pictures.[2] History and geography are so closely allied, the suggestions already made concerning study of the occupations and industries of a people would be equally applicable to the study of discoveries and inventions. A child gains more through seeing a picture of the first steamboat or of the cotton-gin than from the most minute verbal descriptions.

The nation's leaders have a warm place in the hearts of

[1] See Appendix, page 289.

[2] For example, the pictures by Boughton, mentioned on page 269.

American children, Washington and Lincoln most of all. It is now possible to obtain excellent reproductions of the Gilbert Stuart and other portraits of George Washington and Lady Washington. Portraits of Lincoln by De Camp and others are obtainable, as well as photographs of the St. Gaudens' statue of Lincoln in Lincoln Park. Each year places at our disposal more excellent material illustrative of the nation's life in the persons of her greatest men.

The crisis through which the country passed during Washington's time yielded fine material for pictorial expression. Willard's *Spirit of '76* may well be hung in every class-room where the war of the revolution is being studied. Trumbull's *Declaration of Independence* is always of interest in this connection. In the selection of battle scenes the most careful discrimination is necessary. Carnage is an inevitable result of war, but pictures which display the ghastly details of the battle-field are out of place in a school-room. Let us rather emphasize the *spirit* of patriotism, as in Willard's picture already mentioned, and the common humanity which no difference of opinion can wholly crush out of the hearts of men. Thus Hovenden's *In the Hands of the Enemy*, in which the blue and the gray come together in common sympathy, is a truer expression of the sentiment of to-day than any picture which tends to keep alive sectional bitterness.

Photographs of historic buildings and mementos are of great educational value, especially in this country, where we have so little historic perspective. They serve to keep alive our best traditions, and to inculcate a spirit of reverence so sadly needed. In this connection the memorials to the nation's heroes are of significance. The

beautiful tombs of Garfield and Grant, recording their achievements as was done by the early peoples, and the statues to Nathan Hale at Hartford, Colonel Shaw in Boston, and General Logan in Chicago, are all valuable object lessons in training for citizenship in a free republic.

The architecture of all peoples and ages is a rich inheritance, and the children have a right to share it. How can we help them to know and to love these beautiful art creations into which the very lives of generations of men have been builded?

> "The hand that rounded Peter's dome
> And groined the aisles of Christian Rome
> Wrought with a sad sincerity.
> Himself from God he could not free.
> He builded better than he knew;
> The conscious stone to beauty grew."

In one of the leading American art schools, whose walls are enriched with fine reproductions of the choicest paintings of the world, the entire staircase and hallway are hung with reproductions of historic architecture and ornament. Beginning with the earliest historic remains of the ancient nations, the development from one epoch or style to another may be clearly traced, and the student may, if he will, avail himself of this complete epitome of the architecture of the world. Here is a valuable suggestion for the public schools. Their halls and staircases might well be educationally serviceable to the hundreds of children who pass to and fro, so many times during the week. This need not necessarily banish from the regular classrooms such examples of historic art as are peculiarly appropriate to the work of any special grade nor such as possess a permanent charm for the pupils. It would, on the contrary, enlarge their idea of their own especial pict-

ure, by giving it an environment or context, so to speak, and showing its relation to the greater whole.

If it is especially desired to emphasize American history, the same idea of a hall decoration could be carried out with the patriotic motive prominent, beginning with the discoverers and progressing to the present time.

Where teaching is closely specialized, it may be well to have a Greek art room where Greek is taught, a Roman room for Latin recitations, and to have the same idea carried out in rooms where the modern languages are studied. This plan is already in operation in many high schools, where portfolio collections of pictures — listed as library material — supplement the pictures on the walls. This suggestion is equally applicable to recitation rooms for literature and history classes. In fact, all the art resources of a building are called into play in the intelligent teaching of history to older pupils.[1]

Picture study is an essential part of a public school course in elementary art study. While children should be given abundant opportunity for original expression, they need also to form right ideals of art, just as they need to cultivate good taste in literature.

It is often well to let small children first give their own original expression, with brush or pencil, to a story or description; then, after they have done their best, they may be helped by seeing how an artist has expressed the same or a similar thought. Very young children are,

[1] The use of stereopticon views, accompanied by an explanatory talk, is a profitable way of becoming acquainted with historic art, while, for individual use, many pupils have drawing-books containing examples, and there are inexpensive prints to be had for note-book illustrations.

in fact, usually more interested in their own drawings than in pictures made by others. Not until they have had opportunity for self-expression do they become receptive. One of the most puzzling educational problems is how to lead children from the expression of some nebulous, preconceived notion of a thing (producing usually a curious medley of lines or else a diagram standing symbolically for the definite idea) toward the expression of what they really do see. For example, they are at first entirely satisfied to draw a large circle with lines at the side for arms and lines from the bottom for legs, and call the result "a boy." It requires patient, tactful effort to lead them to really see and express that the body has both neck and trunk. In this connection it is helpful for children to see not only a real boy posed as a model, but also some good picture made by an artist, *e.g.* Van Dyck's *Children of Charles I.*

Literature, history, geography, and natural science all afford opportunities for illustrative drawing to be done by the children. Some conceptions, for instance, those of a mountain, a growing plant, or a piece of physical apparatus, can be expressed more clearly and satisfactorily through drawing than through words. But the description of objects by means of drawing is not the highest use of art, any more than the description of objects by means of words is the highest use of language. Not until the child becomes creative and expresses what he thinks and feels in an individual way, does he begin to use either drawing or language in its highest sense. The teacher's province is to help him to develop true and beautiful ideas, through the best things in literature, art, and life, and to train him in technical processes; then to give him opportunity for self-expression and hold him to his own

best possibilities. Picture study can do much to aid pupils in original art expression; but, for this purpose, only the best pictures should be held up as examples. Bad composition and poor drawing should be excluded from the school-room as carefully as triviality or vulgarity of subject.

> "Beauty, which is the natural food of a healthy imagination, should be sought after by every one who wishes to achieve the great end of existence, — that is, to make the most of himself. If it is true . . . that man liveth not by books alone, it is equally true that he liveth not by knowledge alone. . . . Cultivate admiration. It is by admiration only of what is beautiful and sublime that we can mount up a few steps toward the likeness of what we admire."[1]

Very few of the public school children of to-day may prove to be themselves artists, but almost every child can gradually learn to appreciate and enjoy what is best in the works of the great masters. Differences of temperament incline individuals toward one branch of literature rather than another, for example, toward poetry more than toward history or *vice versa*, and similar divergencies of taste are to be expected in the matter of pictures. But it remains possible for teachers to see that no kind of truly great art remains absolutely blank and meaningless to the children under their charge.

Simple exercises in the study of picture composition, with older pupils, may be made of great practical value, leading both toward the better appreciation of artists' masterpieces and toward improvement in the quality of a pupil's own drawings and sketches. It is, however, a safe rule to postpone definite, explicit study of picture composition until children are old enough to be working

[1] John Stuart Blackie in *Self-Culture*.

out its underlying principles in their own drawing. Even then, all will probably agree that there should be no picture analysis just for the sake of the analysis itself. The analytical interpretation of a picture should be used only as a means to fuller appreciation and enjoyment of what is especially admirable in any given picture. (See the notes on Botticelli's *Madonna of the Louvre*, page 147, and others.)

As a beginning in the study of composition, pupils may advantageously be led to think about the *shapes* of pictures. For instance, the majority of pictures are oblong in shape; the reason or purpose underneath this fact should be sought. A child can readily see that the circle allows variety only in size, the square allows variety in size and position, while in the oblong we may have variety in size, position, and proportion; it is plain that this adaptability of the oblong has led to its wide use by artists.

An exercise in designing oblongs of pleasing proportions again sends a pupil to the masters. Is a simple, arithmetical proportion as pleasing as one more subtile? which holds our interest longer? Why? A pupil can be led to see that a long, narrow oblong seems exactly right for Guido Reni's *Aurora* and a wide one equally satisfactory for Millet's *Shepherdess* (page 281); that the enclosing oblong of Burne-Jones' *Hope* is best vertical, and that of his *Circe* (page 125) horizontal.

Pupils may profitably be asked to design oblongs with a definite thought for a picture in mind, as, for instance, a marine view, a landscape, a figure study. Such practical problems as these quicken observation and set young minds to working in fruitful ways.

Divisions of the enclosing form can also be studied to advantage. If a landscape is in question, shall one have more sky or more land? if a marine, shall there be



KNITTING SHEPHERDESS WITH SHEEP.—Millet.

more of sky or of water? Again we learn from the artists. Turning to Millet, Troyon, Corot, Turner, they tell us to emphasize the more interesting portion, or the portion which we wish to make the more interesting. Corot might well give often a large proportion of his picture area to the sky, which forms so luminous a background for his wonderful trees, while Millet, intent upon portraying human life and human interests, can spare only enough sky space to give a pleasing balance to his pictures.

In this connection a study of the structural lines of pictures is of value. Millet is considered a master of composition; let us turn once more to his *Shepherdess* (page 281), and study its structure. Notice into what beautifully proportioned parts the horizon line divides the whole area, and see the subtile relation of one portion of the side verticals to another. Did this simply happen, or did the artist consciously aim to produce beauty? Again, observe the placing of the most prominent figure, the shepherdess. Is that the most pleasing position for her? Fancy her moved to the right or the left; do we like the composition as well? Finally, draw an oblong of the same proportions as the original picture, divide it horizontally by the line of the horizon and vertically by the axis of the girl's figure, and see what beautifully harmonious areas are the result (Figure 4).

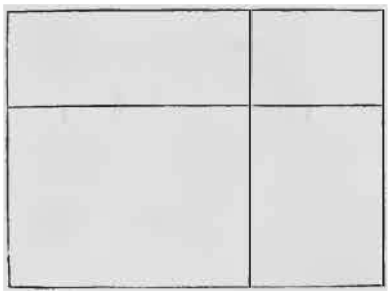


FIG. 4.

Such study may profitably be followed by an exercise in designing the structural lines of a picture, for example,



LANDSCAPE WITH WINDMILL. — REMBRANDT.

a marine view with a boat or lighthouse, a landscape with fence and tree, a hillside with a telegraph pole, or whatever suggests itself to the pupil.

Perhaps the pupil wishes to make an imaginative composition to illustrate a familiar poem. It is often well to let him at first struggle unaided, that he may realize his need of help; then, after he has tried his best, he has a right to expect assistance. Sometimes the teacher's own sketches of similar subjects will be suggestive, but no one can afford to ignore the masters. Suppose one is trying to express a sky. If a placid, clear, serene effect is desired, we turn for hints to Rosa Bonheur's *Ploughing* (page 69), or, again, to the *Shepherdess*. If we want to express wind and coming storm, Rembrandt's *Landscape with Windmill* (page 283), will be suggestive. An admirable exercise in connection with original brush composition is to compare different pictures for the hidden "stories" in them. How do the earth and sky masses in Troyon's *Oxen going to Labor* and Millet's *Shepherdess* tell the time of day? Why is the earth mass in the former relatively darker than in the latter? Again, why is the outline of the earth mass against the sky so much more pronounced in Millet's *Sower* than in his *Shepherdess?* What does it indicate concerning the contour of the country? Are these effects true to nature? Is the earth mass relatively lighter near midday than at sunrise or sunset? Why? Are distant outlines as distinct as near outlines? Recall personal observations of nature. Note, in the accompanying print (page 285) of *The Willows*, by Corot, the exquisite blending of the feathery foliage outlines into the tone of the sky; "Silvery fountains transfixed in air," Ruskin calls the early spring foliage. Observe also the suggestion of the freshness of recent



THE WILLOWS. — COROT.

ram. The trunks are still dark with moisture, and are reflected in the pool which has not yet been absorbed into the soil, so full of moisture it already is from freshet and shower.

Masses of light and dark, as well as areas formed by structural lines, are an element of beauty in a composition. This principle is charmingly illustrated by Corot, not only as to balance of parts, but also in the exceeding beauty of the shapes or contours of light and dark masses. See *Morning* (page 15) and *The Willows* (page 285).

Concentration, another important principle, is well illustrated in Rembrandt's *Landscape with Windmill* (page 283), where the interest in both sky and earth masses focusses in the mill, based upon solid rock, its arms reaching up into the boundless sky. See also *The Spinner* (page 107), *Paul Revere's Ride* (page 207), and others of the illustrations in preceding pages.

Subordination, still another principle of composition, finds admirable expression in Rembrandt's *Pilgrims at Emmaus* (page 179). We find beautiful balance of the parts of a composition in Turner's *Fighting Téméraire* (page 21). Unity is exemplified in Botticelli's *Madonna of the Louvre* (page 147), in the *Mona Lisa* of Da Vinci (page 77), and in the family portrait group by Rubens (page 87). The teacher who begins leading pupils to look for beautiful exemplifications of these art principles in the works of the masters, finds endless wealth of material for such study.

Great pictures are thus indispensable to the elementary study of art in the public school-room, where children are preparing both to receive from the world and to give to the world. All earnest, honest observation of good pictures brings to the student of drawing larger concep-

tions of the possibilities of art, new insight into strong and beautiful ways of working, and deepened incentives to personal endeavor. On the other hand, even the most elementary attempts at art expression on his own part increase his power to understand and appreciate the work of masters. The highest purpose of picture study in public schools is thus many-sided: it helps open a child's eyes to the beauty in the world around him; it helps bring him into inspiring communion with master minds in all the ages; and it helps bring out the best of his own creative powers.