

MY *Fine Art* STORY BOOK

VOLUME TEN

COMPILED BY MARLENE PETERSON

My Fine Art Story Book

Volume Ten



Stories of Artists and Fine Art
Pieces for the Young Reader

Compiled by Marlene Peterson

Libraries of Hope

My Fine Art Story Book
Volume Ten

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Germany





Adoration of the Trinity

DÜRER

Albrecht Dürer

1471-1528, Germany

Albrecht Dürer by nationality was a Hungarian, but he was born in the city of Nuremberg. His parents had come from the little Hungarian town of Eytas to Nuremberg that his father might practise the craft of a goldsmith. Notwithstanding his Hungarian origin, the name is German and the family "bearing," or sign, is the open door. This device suggests that the name was first formed from "Thurer," which means "carpenter," maker of doors.

The father became the goldworker for a master goldsmith of Nuremberg named Hieronymus Halper, and very soon the new employee had fallen in love with his master's daughter. The daughter was very young and very beautiful; her name was Barbara, and as Herr Dürer was quite forty years of age, while she was but fifteen, the match seemed most unlikely, but they married and had eighteen children! The great painter was one of them.

Albrecht loved his parents most tenderly, and from first to last we hear no word of disagreement among any members of that immense household. Young Albrecht was especially the companion of his father, being brilliant, generous, and hard-working in a family where everyone

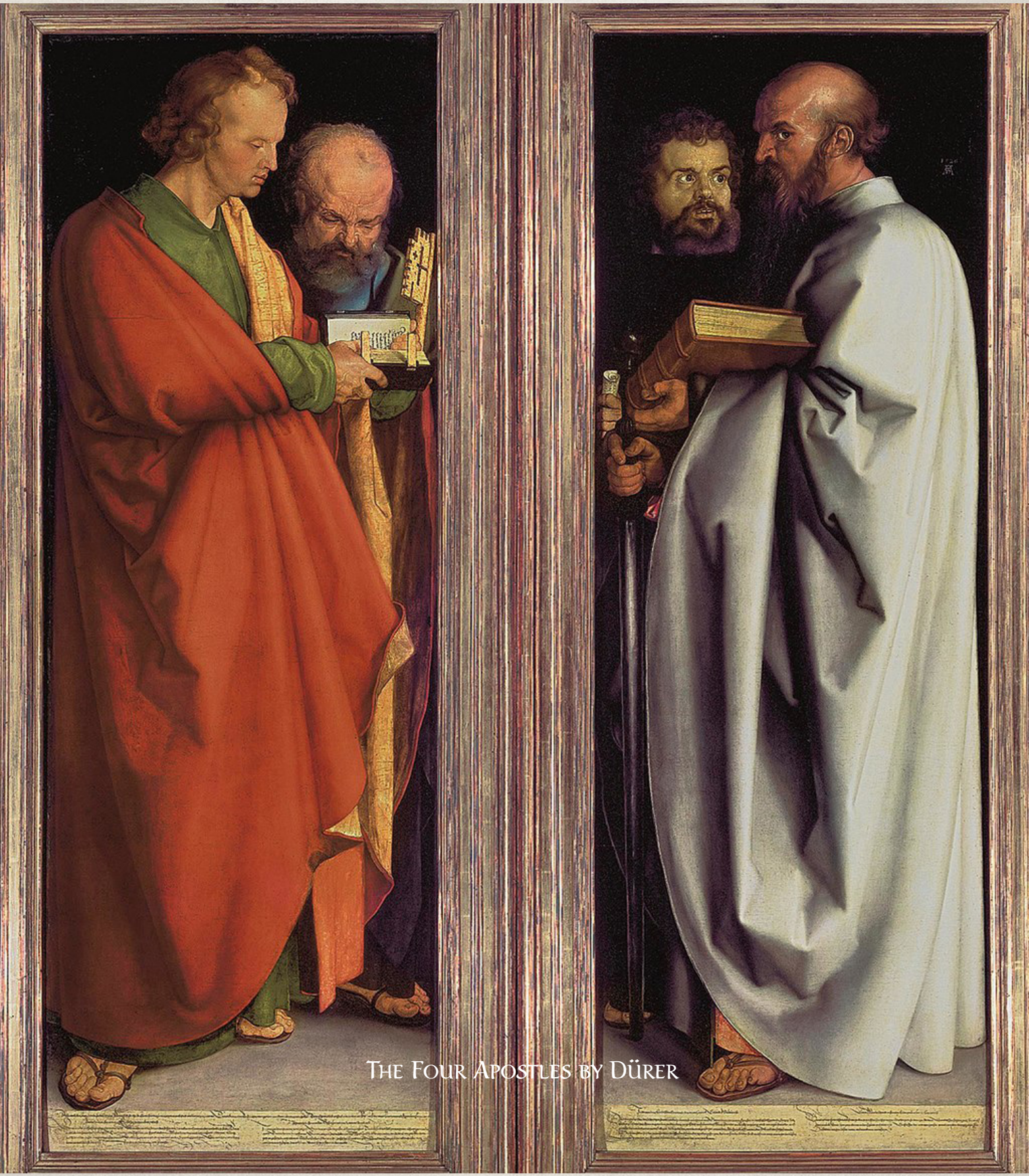
needed to do his best to help along. This love and companionship never ceased until death, and after his parents died Albrecht wrote in a touching manner of their death, describing his love for them, and their many virtues. He was an author and a poet as well as a painter, and only Leonardo da Vinci matched him for greatness and versatility.

In the days when the great artist was growing up, Nuremberg was the centre of all intellectuality and art in the North. The city of Augsburg also followed art fashions, but it was far less important than Nuremberg, because in the latter city every sort of art-craft was followed in sincerity and with great originality.

In those days, the craft of the goldsmith was closely allied with the profession of the painter, because the smith had to create his own designs, and that called for much talent. Thus it was but a step from designing in precious metals to the use of colour, and to engraving. In making wood engravings, however, the drudgery of it was left almost entirely to workmen, not artists. Nuremberg was also the seat of musical learning. Wagner makes this fact pathetic, comical, and altogether charming in his "Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

Till Dürer's time, however, there had been little painting that could be regarded as art, and when he came to study it there was but little opportunity in his own land, but Dürer was destined to bring art to Nuremberg. If he went elsewhere to study, it was only for a little time, because he was above all things patriotic and dearly loved his home.

With seventeen brothers and sisters, young Dürer's problem was a serious one. His father not only meant him to become a goldsmith like himself—a craft in which there was much money to be made at a time when people dressed with great ornamentation and used gold to decorate with—it was highly necessary with so large a family that he should learn to do that which could make him helpful to his father. Hence the young boy entered his father's shop. If he had not been handicapped with so many to help to maintain, he would have laid up a considerable fortune, because from the very beginning he was master of all that he



The Four Apostles by Dürer



Christ Among the Doctors by Dürer

undertook; doing the least thing better than any other did it, putting conscience and painstaking into all.

"My father took special delight in me," the son said, "seeing that I was industrious in working and learning, he put me to school; and when I had learned to read and write, he took me home from my school and taught me the goldsmith's trade."

The family were good and kind; excellent neighbours, deeply religious, and little Albrecht certainly was comely. He was beautiful as a little child, and as a man was very handsome, with long light hair sweeping his shoulders, and gentle eyes. He was very tall, stately, and full of dignity.

In his father's shop he made little clay figures which were afterward moulded in metal; also he learned to carve wood and ivory, and he added the touch of originality to all that he did. He was the Leonardo da Vinci of Germany, an intellectual man, a poet, painter, sculptor, engraver, and engineer. He approached everything that he did from an intellectual point of view, looking for the reasons of things.

After a while in his father's shop, he found mere craftsmanship irksome, and he begged to be allowed to enter a studio. This was a great disappointment to the father, even a distress, because he could see no very quick nor large returns in money for an artist, and he sorely needed the help of his son; but being kind and reasonable, he consented Albrecht was apprenticed to the only artist of any repute then in Nuremberg, Wolgemuth.

To his studio Albrecht went, at the age of fifteen, and if he did not learn much more of painting, under that artist's direction, than his own genius had already taught him, he learned the drudgery of his work; how to grind colours and to mix them, and he studied wood engraving also.

In Wolgemuth's studio he remained for the three years of his apprenticeship, and then he fled to better things. For a time he followed the methods of another German artist, Schongauer, but finally he went

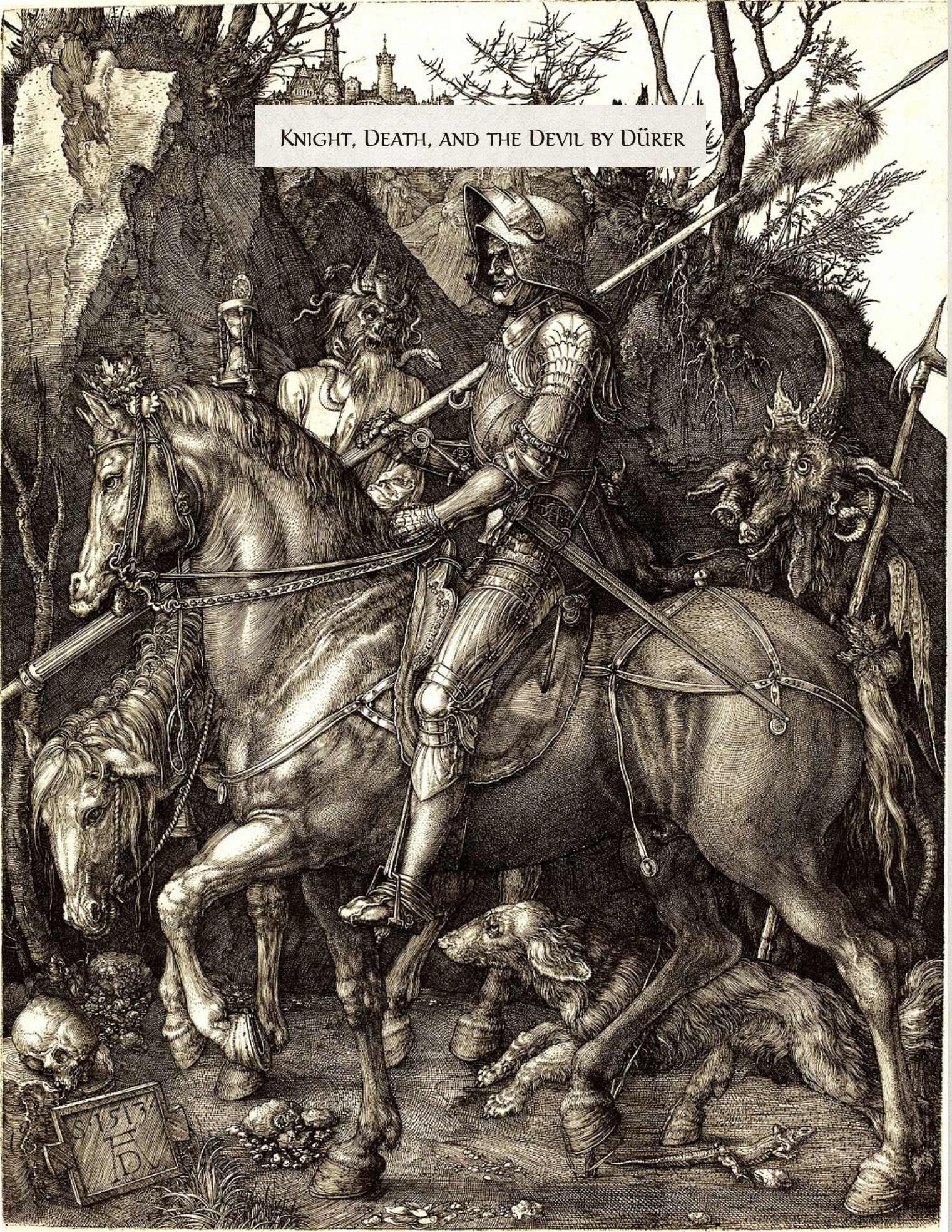
forth to try his luck alone. He wandered from place to place, practising all his trades, goldsmithing, engraving, whatever would support him, yet always and everywhere painting.

It is thought that he may have gone as far as Italy, but it is not certain whether he went there in his first wanderings or later on. However, he was soon recalled home, for his father had found a suitable wife for him. She was the daughter of a rich citizen and her name was Agnes Frey. She was pretty as well as rich, but had she been neither Albrecht would have returned at his father's bidding. There was never any resistance to the fine and proper things of life on Albrecht Dürer's part. He was the well balanced, reasonable man from youth up.

There have been extraordinary tales told of the artist's wife. She has been called hateful and spiteful as Xantippe, the wife of Socrates, but we think this is calumny. The stories came about in this way: Dürer had a life-long friend, Wilibald Pirkheimer, who in his old age became the most malicious and quarrelsome of old fellows. He lived longer than Dürer did, and Dürer's wife also outlived her husband. Pirkheimer wanted a set of antlers which had belonged to Dürer and which he thought the wife should give him after Dürer was dead, but Agnes thought otherwise and would not give them up. Then, full of rage, the old man wrote the most outrageous letters about poor Agnes, saying that she was a shrew and had compelled Dürer to work himself to death; that she was a miser and had led the artist an awful dance through life. This is the only evidence against her, and that so sane and sensible a man as the artist lived with her all his life and cherished her, is evidence enough that Pirkheimer didn't tell the truth. When Dürer died he was in good circumstances and instead of being overworked, he for many years had done no "pot-boiling," but had followed investigations along lines that pleased him. After his death, the widow treated his brothers and sisters generously, giving them properties of Dürer's and being of much help to them. During the artist's life he and she had travelled everywhere together and had appeared to love each other



Paumgartner Altarpiece by Dürer



Knight, Death, and the Devil by Dürer

tenderly; hence we may conclude that the old Pirkheimer was simply a disgruntled, gouty old man, without a good word for anybody.

If Dürer's father and mother had eighteen children, Albrecht and Agnes struck a balance, for they had none. Whether or not Dürer went to Italy before his marriage in 1494, certain it is that he was in Venice, the home of Titian, in 1506. Titian was six years younger than Dürer, who was then about thirty-five years old. It is said that he started for Italy in 1505 and that he went the whole of the way, over the Alps, through forests and streams, on horseback. Who knows but it was during that very journey, while travelling alone, often finding himself in lonely ways, and full of the speculative thoughts that were characteristic of him, that he did not think first of his subject, "Knight, Death, and the Devil," which helped make his fame. In that picture we have a knight, helmeted, carrying his lance, mounted upon his horse, riding in a lonely forest, with death upon a "pale horse" by his side, holding an hour glass to remind the knight of the fleeting of time. Behind comes the devil, with trident and horn, represented as a frightful and disgusting beast, which follows hot-foot after the lonely knight, who looks neither to right nor left, but persistently goes his way.

Titian's teacher, Bellini, was still living, and he was one of Dürer's greatest admirers. Especially did he believe that he could paint the finest hair of any artist in the world. One day, while studying Dürer's work, and being especially fascinated by the hair of one of his figures, the old man took Dürer's brush and tried to reproduce as beautiful a tress. Presently he put down the brush in despair, but the younger artist took it up, still wet with the same colours, and in a few brilliant strokes produced a lovely lock of woman's hair.

While luxuriating in Venetian heat, Dürer wrote home to his friend Pirkheimer: "Oh, how I shall freeze after this sunshine!" He was a lover of warm, beautiful colour, gay and tender life. Most of all he loved the fatherland, and all the honours paid him and all the invitations pressed upon him could not keep him long from Nuremberg. The

journey homeward was not uneventful because he was taken ill, and had to stop at a house on his way, where he was cared for till he was strong enough to proceed. Before he went his way he painted upon the wall of that house a fine picture, to show his gratitude for the kind treatment he had received. Imagine a people so settled in their homes that it would be worth while for an artist who came along to leave a picture upon the walls to-day—we should have moved to a new house or a new flat almost before Dürer could have washed his brushes and turned the corner.

Back in Nuremberg, he settled down into the life of a responsible citizen, lived in a fine new house, in time became a member of the council, and his studio was a veritable workshop. Studios were quite different from those of to-day. Then the pupils turned to and ground colours, did much of their own manufacturing, engaged at first in such commonplace occupations, which were nevertheless teaching them the foundation of their art, while they watched the work of the master. Such a studio as Dürer's must have been full of young men coming and going, not all working at the art of painting, but engraving, preparing materials for such work, designing, and executing many other details of art work.

After this time Dürer made his smallest picture, which is hardly more than an inch in diameter. On that tiny surface he painted the whole story of the crucifixion, and it is now in the Dresden Gallery. To those of us who see little mentality in the faces of the Italian subjects, the German art of Dürer, often ugly in the choice of models, and so exact as to bring out unpleasing details, is nevertheless the greater; because in all cases, the faces have sincere expressions. They exhibit human purposes and emotions which we can understand, and despise or love as the case may be.

They say that his Madonna is generally a "much-dressed round-faced German mother, holding a merry little German boy." That may be true; but at any rate, she is every inch a mother and he a well-beloved



Adoration of the Magi by Dürer



Praying Hands by Dürer

little boy, which is considerably more than can be said of some Italian performances.

Dürer made a painting of "Praying Hands," a queer subject for a picture, but those hands are nothing but praying hands. The story of them is touching. It is said that for several years Dürer had won a prize for which a friend of his had also competed, and upon losing the prize the last time he tried for it, the friend raised his hands and prayed for the power to accept his failure with resignation and humility. Dürer, looking at him, was impressed with the eloquence of the gesture; thus the "Praying Hands" was conceived. ...

Maximillian gave Dürer a pension, but when the Emperor died the artist found it necessary to apply to the monarch who came after him, in order to have the gift confirmed. This was the occasion for his journey to the Low Countries, and he took his wife Agnes with him. In the Netherlands he was received with much honour and was invited to become court painter; and what was more, his pension was fixed upon him for life. The great work of his life was his illustration of the Apocalypse. For this he made sixteen extraordinary woodcuts, of great size.

While Dürer was in the Low Countries, a fever came upon him, and when he returned home, it still followed him. Indeed, although he lived for seven years after his return, he was never well again. Among his effects there was a sketch made to indicate to his physician the seat of his illness.

In all the civilised world Dürer was honoured equally with the great Italian painters of his time. He was a man of much conscientiousness, dignity, and tenderness. He was devoted to his home and country, and regarded the problems of life intellectually. When he came to die, his end was so unexpected that those dearest to him could not reach his bedside. He was buried in St. John's cemetery in Nuremberg.




The Passion
Holbein

Hans Holbein the Younger

1497-1543, Germany

There were three generations of painters in the Holbein family, and the Hans of whom we speak was of the third. His grandfather was called "old Holbein," and when more painters of the same name and family came along it became necessary to distinguish them from each other thus: "old Holbein," the "elder Holbein," and "young Holbein." The first one was not much of an artist; still, in a locality where at best there was not much art he was good enough to be remembered.

"Young Holbein" was born in Augsburg, which is in Swabia, in southern Germany; "elder Holbein" and his father, Michael, "old Holbein," had moved there from Schonenfeld, a neighbouring village, about forty three years before little Hans was born, the old Michael bringing his family to the larger town where it was easier to make a living.

The "elder Holbein" was a really good artist and well thought of in Augsburg, and when little Hans's turn came he had no teacher but his father, unless indeed we were to call him also a pupil of his elder brother, Ambrosius. His uncle Sigismund, too, taught him something of art, for the whole Holbein family seem to have been artists. Young Holbein was never regularly apprenticed to any outsider.

Art was not then taught as it is now. The work of a beginner was often to paint for his master certain details which it was thought that

he might handle properly, while the master occupied himself with what he thought to be some more important part of the picture. It is said that Hans often painted the draperies of his father's figures when his father was engaged upon the altar pieces so fashionable at the time. The Holbeins one and all must have been bad managers or improvident; at any rate, Hans did not turn out well as a man and we read that his father was always in debt and difficulty although he received much money for his work and was not handicapped, like Dürer's father, by a family of eighteen children.

The story of the Holbeins is quite unlike that of the Dürers, and not nearly so attractive.

Some time before Hans was twenty years of age, the entire family had packed up and gone to live in Lucerne, while Hans and his brother, Ambrosius, went travelling together, as most young Germans went at that time before they settled down to the serious work of life. The last we hear of Ambrosius he had joined the painters' guild in Basel, and probably he died not long afterward, or at any rate while he was still young. There was in Basel a certain Hans Bar, for whose wedding occasion Hans Holbein designed a table, on which he pictured an allegory of "St. Nobody." This was very likely such work as our cartoonists do today, but being the work of Holbein, it had great artistic value. Besides that, he painted a schoolmaster's sign to be hung outside the door.

As an illustrator, Holbein made the acquaintance of several authors about that time and started on the high road to fame. He was a man of very little conscience or fine feeling, and there could hardly be a greater contrast than that between the clean sweet life of Dürer and the brawling, unfeeling one that Hans Holbein led.

Dürer married, had no children, but tenderly loved and cared for his wife, taking her with him upon his journeys and making her happy.

Holbein married and beat his wife; had several children and took care of none of them. His wife grew to look old and worn while he remained a gay looking sport, quite tired of one whom he had had on his



St. Barbara by Holbein



The Solothurn Madonna by Holbein

hands for ten years. He wandered everywhere and left his family to shift for itself. One writer in speaking of the two men says:

"Dürer would never have deserted his wife whom he took with him even on his journey to the Netherlands; and he was bound by the same tenderness to his native town. However much he rejoiced to receive a visit from Bellini at Venice, or when at Antwerp, the artists instituted a torch-light procession in his honour, nothing could have moved him to leave Nuremberg." Dürer loved his home; Holbein hated his.

Holbein had a cold, light-blue eye; Dürer a soft and tender glance. While Dürer lived he was the mainstay of his family—father and brothers. Holbein's father died in misery and his brother's life was disastrous, Hans doing nothing to serve them and looking on at their sufferings indifferently.

There is a court document in existence which tells the particulars of Hans Holbein's arrest for getting into a brawl with a lot of goldsmiths' apprentices during a night of carousal. The court warned him that he would be more severely punished if he did not cease his lawless life and he was made to promise not to "jostle, pinch, nor beat his lawful spouse." When he died he made no provision in his will for his family. There is a picture of his wife, Elizabeth Schmidt, to be seen in his "Madonna" at Solothurn. Holbein used her for the model. She then was young and blooming and the model for the child was his own baby; at that time he found them useful.

His life of folly can hardly be excused by impulsiveness or emotion, for his pictures show little of either. He was best at portrait painting. At that time guilds and town councils wanted the portraits of their members preserved in some way, and it was the habit of painters like Holbein to form picturesque groups and give to such dramatic groupings the features of townsmen. Rembrandt did this much later than Holbein, when he painted the "Night Watch," or as it is more properly called, "The Sortie."

Probably Holbein's first important work was to make title pages for the second edition of Martin Luther's translation of the New Testament. This MS was made about the time that Holbein's work began to be of interest to the public, and so the commission was given to him.

After a time this artist went to England with letters of introduction to Sir Thomas More, Chancellor to King Henry VIII. Sir Thomas treated him very kindly and set him to work making portraits of his own family. During the time he was living at More's home in Chelsea, the King himself, used frequently to visit there, and on one occasion he saw the brilliant portraits of the More family and inquired about the artist. Sir Thomas offered the King any of the pictures he liked, but Henry VIII asked to see the artist. When brought before him, Holbein's fortune seemed to be made for the King asked him to go to court and paint for him, remarking that "now he had the artist he did not care about the pictures."

Holbein seems to have been a favourite with Henry and many anecdotes are told of his life at Whitehall, where he went to live. Once while Holbein was engaged upon a portrait, a nobleman insisted upon entering his studio, after the artist had told him that he was painting the portrait of a lady, by order of the King. The nobleman insisted upon seeing it, but Holbein seized him and threw him down the stairs; then he rushed to the King and told what had happened. He had no sooner finished than the nobleman appeared and told his story. The King blamed the nobleman for his rudeness.

"You have not to do with Holbein," he said, "but with me. I tell you, of seven peasants I can make seven lords, but of seven lords I cannot make one Holbein. Begone! and remember that if you ever attempt to avenge yourself, I shall look upon any injury offered to the painter as done to myself."

It was Holbein who, visiting a brother artist and finding a picture on the easel, painted a fly upon it. When the artist returned he tried to brush the fly off, then set about looking for the one who had deceived



Portrait of Henry VIII by Holbein



The Meyer Madonna by Holbein

him.

His portrait painting was so superb that he received many commissions. Meantime, Sir Thomas More had fallen into disfavour with the King and was to lose his head, but it is written that the artist's portraits "betray nothing of this tragedy." He was as ready to climb to fame by the favour of his generous patron's enemies as he had been to accept the offices of Sir Thomas More. He painted the portraits of several of the wives of Henry VIII, and it may be said that there was a good deal of that monarch's temperament to be found in Holbein himself. Take him all in all, Hans was as detestable as a man as he was excellent as a painter.

In his adopted home in Lucerne, Holbein had painted frescoes, both on the inside and the outside of a citizen's house, and this house stood until 1824, when it was torn down to make way for street improvements, but several artists hastily copied the frescoes so that they are not entirely lost.

Before he left Germany for England, Holbein had been commissioned to decorate the town hall in Basel, and a certain amount of money was voted for the work, but after he had finished three walls, he decided that the money was only enough to pay him for what he had already done. The councillors agreed with him, but as money was a little "close" in Basel at that time, they felt unable to give him more, and so voted to "let the back wall alone, till further notice."

He painted one Madonna whom he surrounded with the entire family of Burgomaster Meyer, including even the burgomaster's first wife, who was dead. This work is called the "Meyer Madonna."

It is said that after Holbein's return to Basel he, with others, was persecuted for his "religious principles," but if this were true, his persecutors went to considerable pains for nothing, because Holbein was never known to have any sort of principles, religious or otherwise. He was neither a Protestant, nor a Catholic but a painter, a man without convictions and without thought. He did not care for family, country,

friends, politics, religion, nor for anything else, so far as any one knows. When he was asked why he had not partaken of the Sacrament, he answered that he wanted to understand the matter better before he did so. Thus he escaped punishment, and when matters were explained to him, he did whatever seemed safest and most convenient under the circumstances.

On his return to England, he settled among the colony of German and Netherland merchants, who were in the habit of meeting at a place called "The Steelyard," as their home and warehouses were grouped in that locality, with a guild hall and a wineshop they alone patronised.

While associated with his compatriots Holbein made portraits of many of them, and these are magnificent works of art. He painted them separately or in groups; in their offices and in their guild hall, as the case might be. He designed the arch which the guild erected upon the occasion of Anne Boleyn's coronation, and he painted Henry's next Queen, Jane Seymour.

Holbein painted many portraits of Henry VIII and probably all those dated after 1537 were either copies or founded upon the portrait which Holbein made and which was destroyed with Whitehall.

While he painted for Henry, Holbein received a sort of retainer's fee of thirty pounds a year, but he may have received sums for outside commissions which he undertook. On one occasion, when he took a journey to Upper Burgundy to paint a portrait of the Duchess whom Henry contemplated making his next wife, the King gave him ten pounds out of his own purse. We have no record of vast sums such as Raphael received.

Henry did not succeed in making the Duchess his wife, so Holbein was sent to paint another—Anne of Cleves—that Henry might see what he thought of her before he undertook to make her his queen. Holbein did a disastrous deed, for he made Anne a very acceptable looking woman, (the portrait hangs in the Louvre) and Henry negotiated for her on the strength of that portrait. Later, when he saw her, he



Anne of Cleves by Holbein



Robert Cheseman With His Falcon by Holbein

was utterly disgusted and disappointed.

Holbein, notwithstanding this trick, was employed to paint the next wife of Henry, and doubtless he also made the miniature of Catherine Howard which is in Windsor Castle.

Holbein finally died of the plague and no one knows where he was buried. His wife died later, and it was left for his son, Philip, who was said to be "a good well-behaved lad," to bring honours to the family. He was apprenticed in Paris, and, settling later in Augsburg, he founded a branch of the Holbein family on which the Emperor Matthias conferred a patent of nobility, making them the Holbeins of Holbeinsberg.



This [*Robert Cheseman With His Falcon*] is one of the best of the many splendid portraits Holbein painted. It hangs in The Hague gallery. The gentleman was forty-eight years old and in the portrait he wears a purplish-red doublet of silk and a black overcoat, which was the fashion of the day, all trimmed with fur. He has curly hair, just turning gray. His left hand is gloved and on it he holds his falcon, while with the other hand he strokes its feathers.

Of all sports at that time, falconry was the most fashionable and every fine gentleman had his sporting birds. Robert Cheseman lived in Essex. He was rich and a leader in English politics. His father was "keeper of the wardrobe to Henry VIII" and he himself served in many public offices. He was one of the gentleman chosen to welcome Anne of Cleves when she landed on English soil to marry Henry VIII. These details were first published by Mr. Arthur Chamberlain and are taken from his sketch of Holbein and his works.





Rubens's Sons

RUBENS

Peter Paul Rubens

1577-1640, Germany/Belgium

The paintings of Peter Paul Rubens were in such demand that he employed a great number of skilled assistants to help him paint them. He himself worked some on each picture, making the first sketch and adding the finishing touches, but in many of them his carefully trained assistances put in the details of costume, background, and even the hands and faces. Rubens worked out a system of his own by which all were kept busy, and a remarkably large number of pictures finished in a short time. Some critics have spoken of his studio as a "manufactory for the production of religious and decorative pictures." Knowing this, it can be readily understood how much more this picture, called "Rubens's Sons," is valued because the artist painted every stroke himself. He would not allow any one else to touch it, and later, owing to its great popularity, it is believed he made a copy of the painting, as there are two in existence.

The brothers, Albert and Nicholas, are so lifelike that they almost seem to breathe and move. The elder son, Albert, was twelve years old when this picture was painted, and his brother Nicholas, eight. Albert, aways a studious boy, looks thoughtfully at us as he half leans against the pillar. In his gloved right hand he holds a book, while in his bare left hand, resting on his brother's shoulder, he holds the other fur-edged

glove.

The younger boy, Nicholas, is absorbed in his plaything, a goldfinch fastened by a string to a wooden perch. He shrewdly calculates the distance he must let out the string, and his alert, eager attention tells us much of the stirring, restless life of this healthy, active boy. It is difficult to keep him standing still very long.

Rubens delighted in painting rich velvets, brocades, silks, and satins, and especially in representing his wife and their children in beautiful clothes. In this picture he has certainly satisfied that desire, for the boys are dressed in most elaborate costumes even for that day, and especially so if we compare them with the simple dark suits of boys of the same age to-day. Nicholas's suit of gray and blue, with puffs of yellow satin, rosettes below his knees and on his shoes, lace collar and cuffs, and innumerable little buttons. Albert wears black satin slashed with white, white ruched collars and cuffs, and a soft black felt hat. At a glance we would judge them to be the sons of a gentleman, well brought up, healthy, happy, and manly.

The great studio in which Rubens worked was like a school, for many young artists came there to learn how to draw and paint. Rubens worked away at his own easel while the students and helpers were seated about the room, each carefully working out some part on the canvas before him. Occasionally he would stop his painting long enough to look at the others' work, correct their mistakes, and help them. Often, as he worked, Rubens would have some one read aloud to him in Latin, for he was a fine scholar and liked to keep up his knowledge. The boy Albert loved to sit on a stool near his father, watching and listening, and as soon as he was able to write at all he could read and write in Latin. Always fond of reading and studying, he gained such a reputation for scholarship that when he was only sixteen years old the king of Spain, Philip IV, appointed him to a very important position—secretary to the Privy Council.

Whenever Rubens went on a long journey he brought back many


Galileo Galilei by Rubens



The Garden of Love by Rubens

curios, such as cameos, jewels, old coins, and relics of all kinds. Soon he had so many collected he put them all in one room, which he called the "museum room." Albert loved to study the curious things in this room, and spent hours alone here while Nicholas was romping out in the great yard. When Albert grew up he wrote several books about antiquities and curios.



The great Flemish painter, Peter Paul Rubens, was born at Siegen, Germany, during the forced exile of his parents from their home in Antwerp, Belgium. But Rubens always claimed citizenship of Antwerp, and spent most of his life there after the death of his father.

His mother sent him to a Jesuit college, where, besides his religious training, he gained a mastery of languages. According to the customs of those times he was next sent as a page to the home of a great lady; but this was not to his liking and he soon returned home. His mother wished him to be a lawyer, as his father had been, but Rubens persuaded her to help him in his ambition to be a painter.

The next ten years he spent at home, studying under the direction of local artists, until at the age of twenty-three he was so filled with the desire to visit Italy that he set out for Venice. He spent much time copying the paintings of the Venetian masters, and it was while he was working on one of these copies that a gentleman belonging to the court of the Duke of Mantua found him, and praised his work so highly to the duke that Rubens was sent for. Then for eight years Rubens held the position of court painter for the Duke of Mantua.

In appearance he was tall, well built, and good looking, carrying himself with grace and an air of distinction. Cultured, with pleasant manners and such unusual talent, it is not strange that he made friends wherever he went.

The story is told that one day as he was painting a picture the subject of which he had chosen from Virgil, "The Struggle of Turnus with

Æneas," he recited the Latin aloud to himself. The duke, happening to pass that way, heard him, and coming into the studio spoke to him in Latin, not for an instant believing he would understand, but Rubens answered in perfect Latin. The duke was amazed, for his idea of painters did not include their having a knowledge of the classics. He then inquired about the artist's birth and education, and so Rubens, with his great talent, was held in even greater favor at court.

Rubens made a journey to Spain for the Duke of Mantua, taking with him as presents copies of some of the celebrated Italian paintings and a number of horses to be presented to King Philip III and to the Duke of Lerma. The Duke of Mantua was famous throughout Europe for his fine horses, and it is said that those appearing so often in Rubens's paintings were chosen from among the duke's favorites. On this journey Rubens took the wrong road, crossing the Alps with great difficulty. The baggage, drawn by oxen over the steep mountain roads, delayed him, and the paintings were almost ruined by heavy rains, which made it necessary for him to spend many days retouching them before they could be presented. He was so successful in this task, and the journey had given them such an appearance of age, that the king thought they must be the "genuine originals of the old masters."

The horses, however, arrived in fine condition, for, as the story goes, they had been bathed in wine several times during the journey, which greatly improved the glossiness of their coats.

After his return Rubens continued his travels through Italy, whenever he could secure a leave of absence from the duke, but was finally called back to Antwerp by the death of his mother. When he would have returned to the duke's court he was persuaded by the Archduke Albert and his wife to remain in Antwerp, where he was offered the position of court painter at a most generous salary.

He then built a magnificent home and married Isabella Brant, whose portrait he has painted so often. This house was so arranged that he could use part of it for his school, to which students came from all



Christ's Charge to Peter by Rubens



The Marriage of Constantine by Rubens

parts of Europe. Each student was taught to do a certain part of a picture well, and most of them had their part in the great paintings, which were first planned and then retouched by Rubens. For this work Rubens always gave them credit, and in his list of pictures he has permitted no deception. Thus we find among his notes:

"A Prometheus bound—with an eagle who gnaws his liver. Original by my hand, eagle by Snyder.

"Leopards, painted from life, with Satyrs and Nymphs. Original by my hand, except a very beautiful landscape done by a very distinguished artist in that style.

"The Twelve Apostles and Christ, painted by my pupils after originals by my hand—they could all be retouched by my hand."

Such a great number of pictures are attributed to Rubens and his helpers that some are to be found in every gallery in Europe.

His paintings were in demand not only in the Netherlands but in other countries. In France, Maria de Medici commissioned him to paint pictures illustrating the chief events in her life, to be placed in the gallery of the Luxembourg Palace. There were twenty-one of these pictures in all besides three portraits.

A beautiful friendship existed between the two artists, Rubens and Velasquez, although Rubens was twenty-two years older than his young friend.


Sacred Grove
Böcklin

Arnold Böcklin

1827-1901, Germany

This splendid artist is so lately dead that it does not seem proper yet to discuss his personal history, but we can speak understandingly of his art, for we already know it to be great art, which will stand the test of time. His imagination turned toward subjects of solemn grandeur and his work is very impressive and beautiful.

He was born in Basel, "one of the most prosaic towns in Europe." His father was a Swiss merchant, and not poor; thus the son had ordinarily good chances to make an artist of himself. He was born at a time when to be an artist had long ceased to be a reproach, and men no longer discouraged their sons who felt themselves inspired to paint great pictures.

When Böcklin was nineteen years old he took himself to Düsseldorf, with his merchant father's permission, and settled down to learn his art, but in that city he found mostly "sentimental and anecdotal" pictures being painted, which did not suit him at all. Then he took himself off to Brussels, where again he was not satisfied, and so went to Paris. But while in Brussels he had copied many old masters, and had advanced himself very much, so that he did not present himself in Paris raw and untried in art.

At first he studied in the Louvre, then went to Rome, seeking

ever the best, and being hard to satisfy. He found rest and tranquillity in Zürich, a city in his native country, but it was Italy that had most influenced his work.

He loved the Campagna of Rome with its ruins and the sad grandeur of the crumbling tombs lining its way, and therefore a certain mysterious, grand, and solemn character made his pictures unlike those of any other artist. He loved to paint in vertical (up-and-down) lines, rather than with the conventional horizontal outlines that we find in most paintings. This method gives his pictures a different quality from any others in the world.

He loved best of all to paint landscape, and it is said of him that "as the Greeks peopled their streams and woods and waves with creatures of their imagination, so Böcklin makes the waterfall take shape as a nymph, or the mists which rise above the water source wreathe into forms of merry children; or in some wild spot hurls centaurs together in fierce combat, or makes the slippery, moving wave give birth to Nereids and Tritons."

Muther, art-critic and biographer, calls our attention to the similarity between Wagner's music and Böcklin's painting. While Wagner was "luring the colours of sound from music," Böcklin's "symphonies of colour streamed forth like a crashing orchestra," and he calls him the greatest colour-poet of the time.

In appearance Böcklin was fine of form, healthy and wholesome in all his thoughts and way of living. In 1848 he took part in revolutionary politics and later this did him great harm. Only the influence of his friends kept him from ruin. After the Franco-Prussian war he was made Minister of Fine Arts. In this office he rendered great service; but because he had to witness the wrecking of the Column Vendôme in order to save the Louvre and the Luxembourg from the mob, he was censured; indeed so heavy a fine was imposed that it took his whole fortune to pay it; and he was banished into the bargain. From 1892 to 1901 he lived in or near Florence, and he died at Fiesole, January 16th,


The Hunt of Diana by Böcklin

The Isle of the Dead by Böcklin



1901.



This picture [*The Isle of the Dead*] is perhaps the greatest of the many great Arnold Böcklin paintings, and it is both fascinating and awe-inspiring.

It best shows his liking for vertical lines in art. The Isle of the Dead is of a rocky, shaft-like formation in which we may see hewn-out tombs; and there, tall cypress trees are growing. The traces of man's work in the midst of this sombre, ideal, and mystic scene add to the impressiveness of the picture. The isle stands high and lonely in the midst of a sea.

The water seems silently to lap the base of the rocks and the trees are in black shadow, massed in the centre. It looks very mysterious and still. There is a stone gateway touched with the light of a dying day. It is sunset and the dead is being brought to its resting place in a tiny boat, all the smaller for its relation to the gloomy grandeur of the isle which it is approaching. One figure is standing in the boat, facing the island, and the sunlight falls full upon his back and touches the boat, making that spot stand out brilliantly from all the rest of the picture.




Dancing in a Ring
Thoma

Hans Thoma

1839-1924, Germany

What merry little children! Eight little children dancing in the ring. Hand in hand they go! Swinging merrily, round and round, to and fro. The sky above! The earth beneath! And only the birds to hear them!

These little children live in Germany. They live in the country. They play all day in the bright clear sunshine.

See the gay colors they are wearing! Some are dressed in light. Some are dressed in dark.

The tallest girl wears a light dress. Her feet are bare. See how she turns and looks around! Her hair is long and curves across her back. See the pretty curves her arms make.

There are many curves in the picture. Can you find others?

See the little girl opposite in the dark green dress! She is swinging gaily to the music. See the pretty curve she makes as she dances! See her dark red apron and yellow blouse!

They wear so many gay colors in Germany! They wear so many queer dresses in Germany!

Baby is here, too. She does not dance very much. Oh, no! She watches the feet of the other children. Soon she will go frolicking all over the meadow!

The artist knew how to arrange his "dark" and "light." He made a pretty pattern of "dark" and "light" against the yellow-green meadow.

See the little girl in the red plaid skirt! See the one in green! Red and green are pretty colors to put opposite.

Next the green dress is a purple one. The little girl has red stockings. They are as red as the red dress.

I see one little boy. He wears a light brown jacket. It has no sleeves. He is having such a good time! He likes to dance and play with these gay happy children.

In the far distance is a cool river. Beyond are soft purple hills. Above is the clear, blue sky of Germany.

The colors in the river, the hills and they sky are very soft. The rolling meadow is a pretty soft background for the figures.

The happy peasant children in their gay-colored dresses make such a pretty pattern against the yellow-green background.

How happy are these merry little children! How they dance and sing! How they frolic about! Round and round they go! Hand in hand, swinging merrily, round and round, to and fro! These happy children dancing in a ring!



This artist lived in Germany. He was born in the Black Forest in Germany. Here in the Black Forest he grew up with many other German boys and girls.

When he was a young lad he began to paint. But he did not paint on canvas! Oh, no! He painted clock faces instead!

It was by painting the faces of clocks that this little German boy discovered he could draw and use the brush.

When he grew older he went to an art school. There he was taught drawing and painting. He continued to study for many years.

Later the little painter of clock faces became one of the great artists of Germany.


Spring by Thoma

The Rhine at Laufenburg by Thoma



Hans Thoma painted many kinds of pictures. He painted landscapes. He painted children. Sometimes his imagination made beautiful pictures for him to paint.

Perhaps it was in the Black Forest that he saw these little peasant children dancing in a ring.

They wore so many bright colors. They made so many pretty curves as they danced. The artist put the curves and bright colors together and made a design. He kept the background simple so we could see only the happy children. Two, four, six, eight! Eight happy children dancing in a ring!



In the Hammock by Thoma


The Child Handel
Dicksee

The Child Handel

By Margaret Isabel Dicksee, 1893

It is midnight; the small boy Handel has forgotten everything in the world as he plays upon the old harpsichord hidden in the dark old garret. He feels safe, for he has taken all precautions—first, by going to bed at the regular time; then, by feigning sleep until all the household was wrapped in slumber. Ah! how long the time seemed, and how impatiently he went over and over again in his mind the beautiful melody he had been composing all day as he worked or played.

But no one must know. He had not even dared hum, lest he should be suspected, for his father had forbidden him the use of the harpsichord, the only musical instrument the family possessed. Humming a tune was something to be frowned at because this small boy loved music so dearly that, if permitted, he would neglect all else to sing or play upon the old harpsichord.

The father had long ago planned that his son should become a lawyer, and he wished to educate him for that profession. But the boy did not apply himself to his lessons, and was at the foot of the class. After much discussion, it was decided that the harpsichord must be banished to the garret and the boy forbidden to touch it until he had mastered his other studies.

Then it was that Handel began to pay those nightly visits to the

garret where, with closed windows and doors, he played half the night or until the first hint of dawn told him he must hurry back to his bed. No wonder his mother found it hard to get him up in the morning, and that he began to look pale and delicate.

On this one night he had so completely lost himself in his music that he used the swell at its greatest volume, fairly flooding the garret room with his happy music. Faint sounds had crept down through the garret floor; now they grew loud, now soft and weird, as if the house were haunted. Finally the whole family was awakened, but no one could explain the source of those mysterious sounds. It could not be the wind, for all was still and quiet outside; but whatever it was, they could not sleep until it stopped.

Now all were up and dressed, but no one thought of the boy as the father lighted the great lantern and led the way in search of the ghost or spirit which had so disturbed them. Still the sounds continued, growing fainter, then stronger again, but always seeming to come from the top of the house. So they climbed up the steep and narrow stairs to the garret—first the father, carrying the lantern, then the mother, who had hurriedly caught up her bag and bunch of keys; the elder brother, and the grandmother and grandfather came last of all. Even when they reached the garret door they did not suspect the boy, for they thought him safe in bed; only a ghost would play in a dark garret at that time of night.

Handel did not need a light, for he knew his keys by heart; his very finger tips were full of the music which had been singing in his head all day long.

Can you not imagine the father swinging the door open and quickly flashing the lantern about until the light rested upon the frail, ghost-like little figure at the harpsichord? They must have been startled, indeed, but not half so much as poor Handel, who felt his last chance of happiness slipping from him.

How very real to us the artist has made it! We seem to be in the

big garret ourselves, looking first toward the small boy at the quaint old instrument and then at those who have discovered him. The harpsichord looks something like our grand piano, and was used for many years before the piano was invented. There sits Handel in his night clothes and cap, looking pathetically first at his father, then at his mother, while his sensitive face twitches with anxiety. He had been so intent on his playing that he had not heard their approach, had had no warning, and now it was too late.

And will they punish him? We do not know whether they did in any way except to keep the garret door locked, but that was punishment enough for poor Handel. We do know it was not until he was nine years old that his father reluctantly consented to Handel's studying music, and then it came about by accident.

One of the great days in Handel's life was the day his father went to visit his older son (Handel's half-brother), who held a position under the Duke of Weissenfels. Handel was then only seven years old and had been refused permission to go, but when, many miles from home, the father discovered the tired but determined boy following on foot, he was finally taken. One Sunday, at the close of the service in the court chapel, the boy was permitted to try the great organ. The duke, who had remained in the chapel, heard the playing and immediately inquired who the musician was. "Little Handel from Halle," was the quick reply. Becoming interested, the duke soon had the story of the boy's secret playing, and it was through his talk with the father that Handel was at last placed under a skilled instructor and given every change to cultivate his great talent.

In the picture the artist has centered our interest and attention upon the small boy in several ways: by his position, the light, the inclination of the other figures toward him. At whatever part of the picture we glance, our eyes are almost immediately drawn back to the boy musician. The childish figure, sensitive face, and startled, appealing glance arouse our sympathy and interest.


Spring Dance
Stuck

Franz von Stuck

1863-1928, Germany

Air and sunlight! Dance and song! This is the spirit of spring! Blue skies! Leafy trees! Laughing buttercups and daffodils! Oh, to live is to be jolly

> When springtime cometh with
> The summer at her heels!

So sang our maidens, every one, as they skipped far away from the life of the world to the high green hill-tops beyond. Here they sing and dance, and dance and sing, with sunshine in their waving hair, and flowers at their feet!

Poets, artists, and musicians alike love to sing of the spirit of spring. It is a story each one tells just as he likes, but no two stories are ever the same.

One modern painter, Franz von Stuck, has told his story of spring as it has never been told before. He knows the happy season is just beginning. He knows it is the youth of the year. He knows all nature is waking to life. Everything is new. Everything is fresh.

All his colors are as light and airy as the gay young figures sporting about. The trees are a light leafy green. The sky is a delicate blue. The clouds are airy and light. Even the distance is o'erspread with a delicate

haze.

Early golden buttercups are laughing in the bright green grass. Above dance the gay, lithesome maidens in tints of green, yellow, and violet. The whole scene is enveloped in the soft, delicate atmosphere of early spring.

While the figures frolic about, notice how the trees, the clouds, and the distant hills swing in the tune of their dance. The tree, at the left, leans with the two figures nearest; that at the right turns its leafy branches echoing the figure in violet. Even the clouds take on the curves of the dancers. The artist has left a rift of blue above which repeats, with outstretched arm, the maiden below. Thus the artist makes all the parts of his picture swing together. It is this that makes rhythm, and gives music to the whole scene.

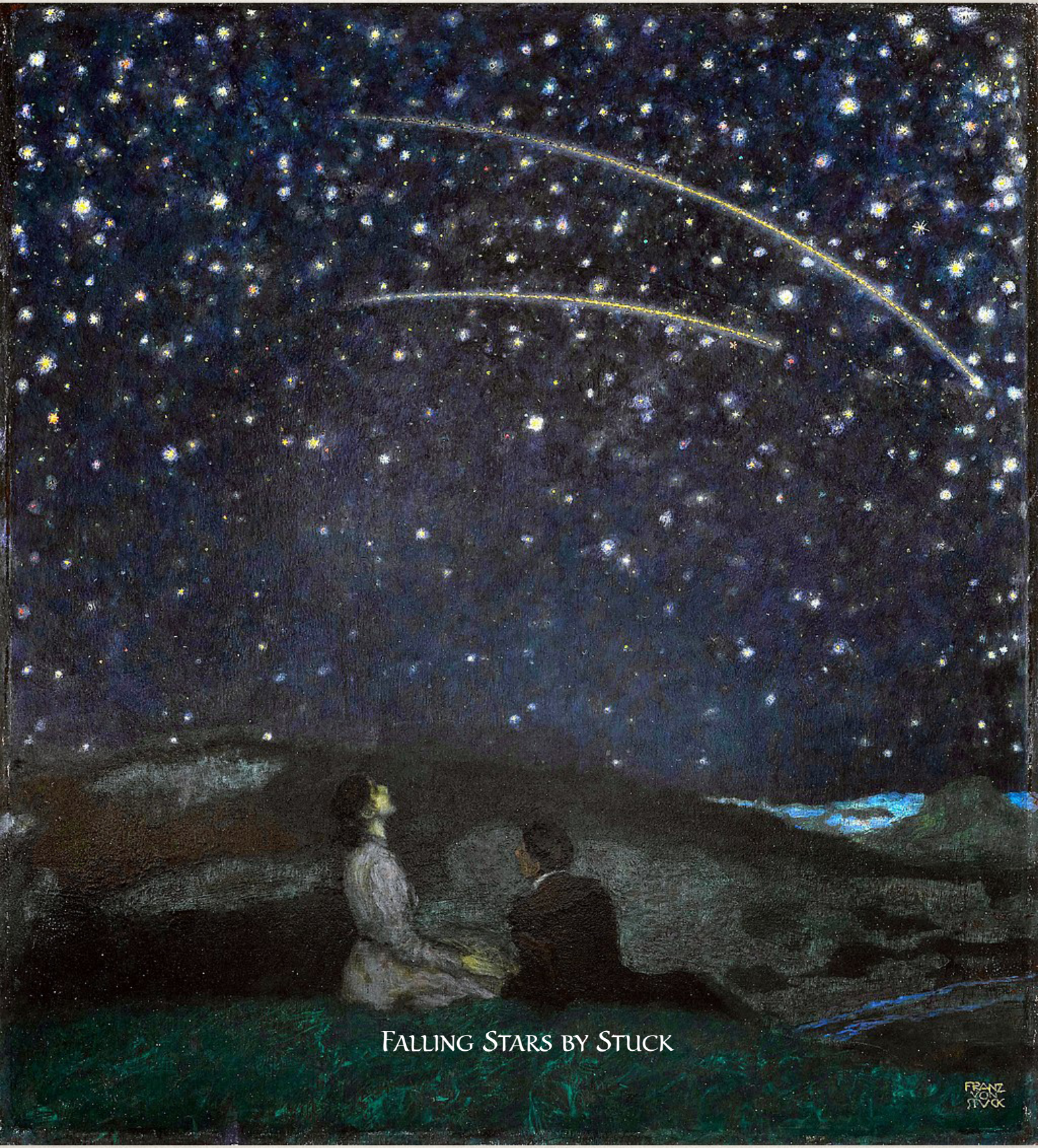
The painter added a touch of brilliant red to the picture. This gives a beautiful strong note to the spring song. It helps to keep the dancers down to earth; otherwise they might go flitting off to the clouds, so light and airy are they. This brilliant note serves as a happy contrast to the bright pretty green of the hilltop. Notice that it is repeated ever so little, at the left and right, in the subtle suggestion of flowers.

"Oh to live is to be jolly!
When springtime cometh with
The summer at her heels!"

Franz von Stuck is known as the "Painter of Fancies." His imagination creates the most fascinating pictures.

In many of his paintings jolly little satyrs and frisky fauns caper and dance about; centaurs play all sorts of pranks on each other; maidens and satyrs alike are joyous and gay, as they swing to the breeze.

Today Franz von Stuck is one of the master-painters of Germany. His pictures are constantly seen in the great exhibitions of Europe.



Falling Stars by Stuck


Pietà by Stuck

The story of this little Germany boy, who grew to be one of the great artists of today, reads like an old-time fairytale.

As a little boy he played and worked about his father's mill in a small village in Germany. His father was a miller by trade, and like many other fathers, wanted his son to grow up and become an excellent miller like himself.

"My father would not hear of art," said the painter one day. "He wished me to be a miller."

The father, however, had no idea of the many strange fancies growing in the mind of the little lad. When the boy was very young he began to draw. "I began," he said, "by making child-drawings on the floor with chalk. Then I would amuse myself by making sketches on the family doors." From the very first, you see, Franz von Stuck wanted to be an artist!

Although the father saw nothing but the miller's trade for the boy, the mother had a different idea. She knew her son had talent. She liked his little sketches and constantly encouraged him in his drawing. She wanted him to develop his natural ability. In short, she wanted him to become an artist.

Consequently, when he was twelve years old he left his home in the country and went to a near-by city for the purpose of study. Soon he was attending a school for Industrial Art.

This was a school that prepared young people for work in the great industries of Germany. Here they were taught drawing and design. They were given practice in designing wallpaper, carpets, textiles, and other products manufactured in Germany.

When these same young people started to work in the industries they found that the instruction they had received in the art school gave them a fine preparation for business.

Young von Stuck was delighted with his work in the school. The training was just the kind of instruction he wanted. He would sit for hours making careful outline drawings of various objects.

Here he received a training that stayed with him always. Here he laid the foundation that later made him a master in line-drawing.

In that day many of the boys in the school supported themselves as best they could. Young von Stuck, like the rest, instead of waiting for money from home, set about to earn his living. "I turned my hand to anything," said he. "I painted plates, made posters, and menu cards and sent sketches to the German comic papers. Sometimes I got only a mark for a drawing but I kept right on." These drawings were illustrations. So, you see, Franz von Stuck really began his career as an illustrator.

After drawing as an illustrator for some time, the artist introduced color into his pictures. Then it was that he began to make a name for himself! People began to talk about the color schemes of the artist. Some praised his fine line-drawings, and others the way he combined form and color in composition, or design.

Before this time, German art had been dry, drab, and uninteresting. The work of the artist was so new that a few, who still liked the older style, shook their heads. They did not quite understand these new ideas in color and design. One day, however, the artist sent his first picture to an exhibition. He was awarded the medal! From that time on, people began to realize that a great artist had come to modern Germany.

Although Franz von Stuck studied in the best schools of Germany, he says that his style in painting is distinctly his own, that it came to him from no schools and no masters.

When asked how he happens to paint certain pictures, he says he really does not know. Sometimes when looking upon a flower, a picture is suggested to his mind, sometimes a sunset will have the same effect.

Never does this artist paint a scene exactly as it appears. Always, it is his imagination that changes the picture into a design or pattern. [T]his beauty is the expression of his artistic imagination.





Head of Medusa by Stuck

Eastern Europe & Russia




Religious Procession
Repin

Ilya Repin

1844-1930, Russia



Turf Bench by Repin



Ukrainian Hut by Repin



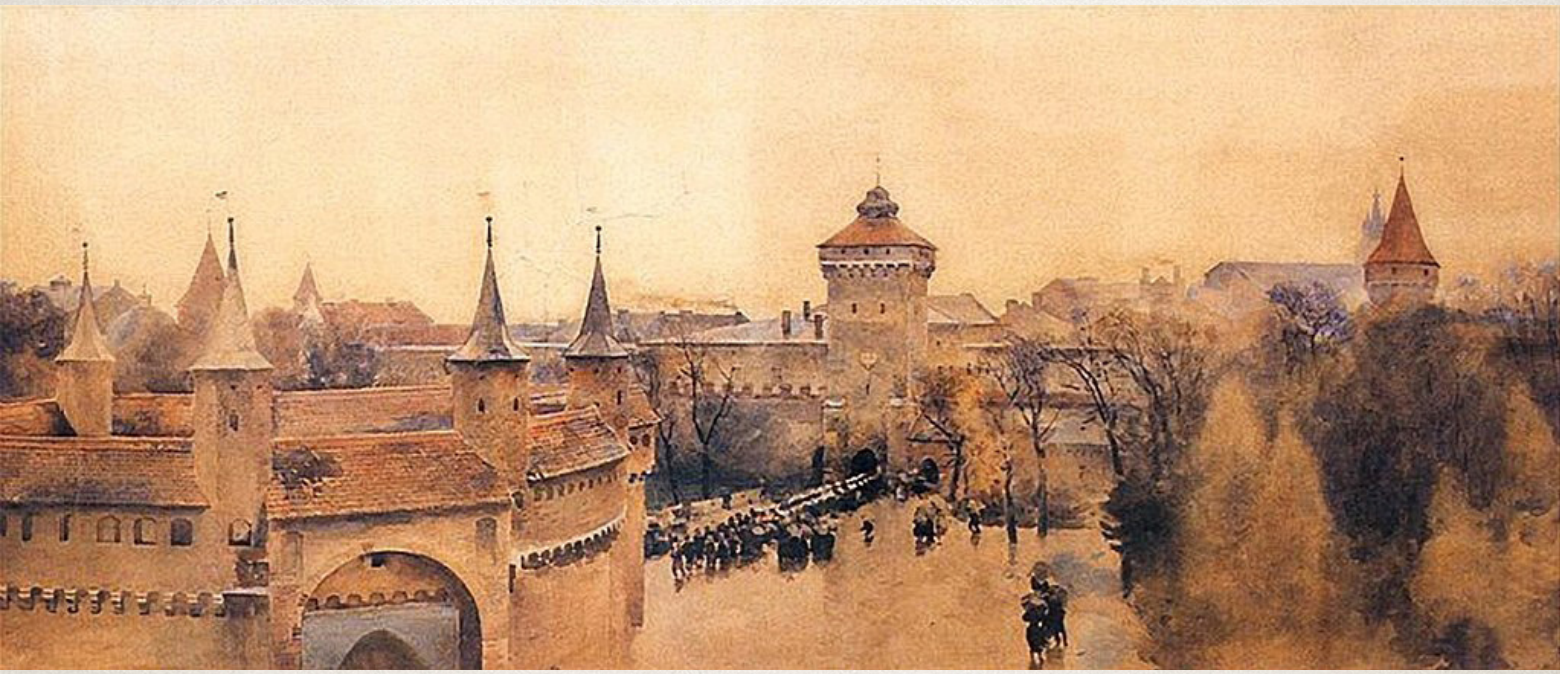
Raising of Jairus' Daughter by Repin

Untitled Falat



Julian Falat

1853-1929, Ukraine / Poland



View of Cracow by Falat

The Last Great Pilgrimage Uprka



Jožka Uprka

1861-1940, Czechia

What funny little people! Who are they? Where are they going? They are going to church. They are going to church dressed in their very best clothes. This is the Sabbath Day. The men and women of the village have dressed in their finest clothes to go to church.

What strange costumes! Surely this is not America. Of course not. These strange costumes…belong to a people who live in a distant land far over the sea. This land is Moravia. These people live in the country. They are called peasants.

One day the artist, who lived in Moravia, was out in the country. He caught sight of this procession of peasants on their way to church. They looked like great birds moving across the green earth.

The sun, shining on their gay costumes, dazzled his eyes. All he could see was a bright pattern of red, white, and yellow against a background of green.

See the bright warm sunshine! The sun must be high in the heavens for the shadows are very short. They make cool blue-gray patches on the bright green field.

Bright, dazzling sunshine is everywhere! These happy peasants do not mind the sunshine. They work in the fields all the day long. Their skin is burned to a deep brown.

When the Sabbath Day comes the women don their gay holiday dresses of red, white, and yellow. The men, too, wear their best clothes, and little hats trimmed with real flowers. All dressed in their Sunday best, they parade across the green fields to the village church.

What a picture they make!

No wonder the artist's eye was dazzled by the sight!

The artist knew the country people of Moravia well. He was born in Moravia. His name is Josef Uprka.

Through Uprka has traveled and studied much, he likes best to live in his own country among his peasant friends. Here he likes to paint the great out-of-doors, the scenery of his native land.

He also likes to paint the peasants at their work or play. At their labors he pictures them in their working clothes. At play he pictures them in holiday dress.

The lively color in the peasant's holiday dress pleased the artist's fancy. He liked to see their gay colors sparkling in the sunshine.

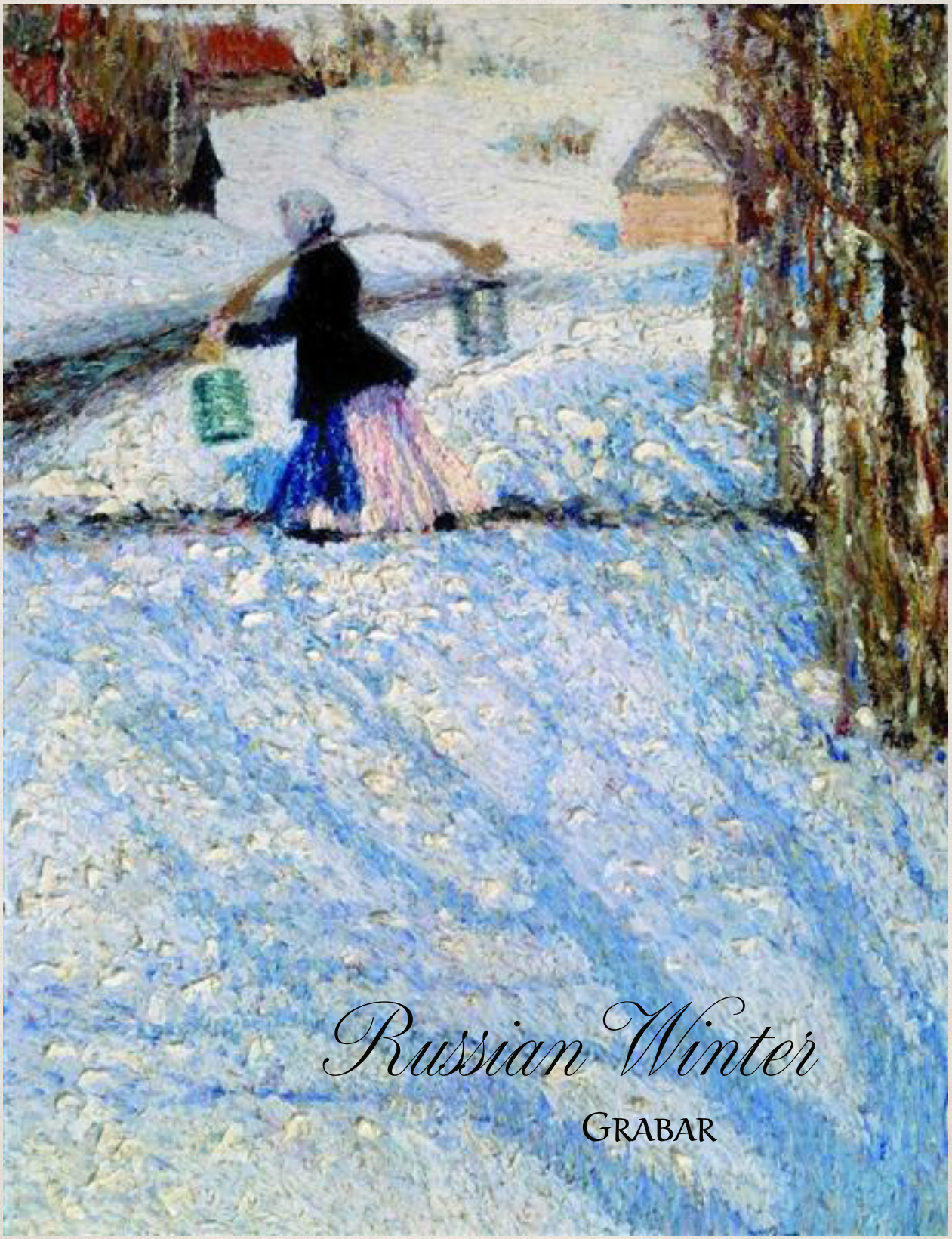
He painted his peasant pictures of Moravia in every season and every time of day. His favorite hour is noon, when the red, yellow, and green of the costumes are ablaze in the sunlight. Then shadows are short. When shadows are short, they make only little patches of cool color in a picture. Then all the rest of the picture is filled with bright warm sunlight.

It was just about the noon hour that the artist saw this gay parade of peasants in our picture!

Uprka still lives in Moravia. He is the leader of a group of painters who are giving all their time to painting true pictures of the sunlight and color of their native land. How wonderful it is to paint out-door pictures!



Madonna Worship by Uprka


Russian Winter
Grabar

Igor Grabar

1871-1960, Russia

The "white winters" of Russia are long and cold. In the country districts about Moscow and Leningrad, the scattered homes of the peasants tell of their hardy living. Little and low, with their roofs occasionally red, they give a warm and cheery aspect to an otherwise dreary landscape.

The painter of "Russian Winter" lived in a little village outside Moscow. He knew the country well. He knew the Russian peasant and his labors. He had seen many winters when the blanket of snow lay over the ground for months. His sensitive eye had discovered that snow is not always white. Instead he found it taking on all the tints of surrounding light and color. Sometimes it was warm with a rosy glow; sometimes delicate yellow; sometimes cool blue. To him snow-covered Russian country made beautiful pictures!

See the stretch of sunlit Russian snow! The artist carries his distance to the very tip-top of the picture. At the upper left is a group of peasant houses. They are snuggling down in the snow behind the rolling landscape. Their red roofs, among the snow-decked trees, give little notes of warmth and cheer. Opposite, at the end of the path, sits a little house. At the left, tall leafless trees with warm gray-red trunks frame in the picture. And there on a path, directly across the picture, strides a

peasant woman!

How soft and downy is the snow in the upper part of the picture! It is warm with sunlight and the reflected tints of red and yellow.

Have you noticed that the houses, pathway, and peasant woman are placed in the upper part of the picture? More than half the painting is foreground—a wide sweep of snow.

But what a beautiful foreground it makes! See the delicate tracery of blue shadows! From the lower right of the canvas it grows. Its wandering tendrils spread in a dainty pattern, wider and wider, finer and finer, leading up to the line of the path, and even beyond.

These delicate lines of pattern carry the eye up and on to the picturesque figure of the peasant woman. Surely, there is method in the pattern!

The second road, coming down as it does, keeps our interest here upon the striding figure, in red, and blue, and black. Here is the "center of interest." Here the artist has placed his gayest color and sharpest contrast.

How striking is the gay-colored costume! Her striding step, the swing of the buckets, and the bend of the yoke give vigorous movement and spirit to this happy winter scene.

On she swings, this busy peasant woman! No doubt she will turn to the right and follow the road. Then over the snow to the little red-roofed house!

Igor Grabar is one of the distinguished modern artists of Russia. Though he has painted many kinds of pictures, it is the snow scenes of his native country that are most admired.

Russian art had been backward for centuries. Just about the time that this artist was born, 1871, the artists of Russia were waking up. They were beginning to see color, light, and atmosphere in the world about them. Our lad grew up under this new order. The life of the


The Frost by Grabar



Girl in Russian Shawl by Grabar

the present, atmosphere, light, and color were the keynotes of his modern world.

As Igor Grabar grew older, he too was inspired by the new ideals which he saw coming into Russian art.

After graduating from the university and expecting to become a lawyer, he changed his mind.

He wanted to draw! He wanted to paint! So, at the age of twenty-five, he entered an art school in Russia.

He studied here for some time. He progressed, however, much faster than the school. One day he made up his mind to find more interesting study. He packed his satchel and set out to see the world.

He wandered over the length of Europe, studying as he went. Later, he went to Paris. Here, in the year 1900, he attended a great exhibition of pictures. This was the very thing he had been seeking! This was a new inspiration that set his course for the future!

He returned to Russia. He made his home in a little village outside of Moscow. Here he spent all his time in serious study. He painted figures. He painted landscapes. He painted continuously in the open air, striving to picture the exact effect of atmosphere.

His long effort was crowned with success. Today he is among the foremost painters of Russia.

Grabar concerned himself chiefly with problems of snow painting. He succeeded admirably. His snow pictures are known not only for their downy whiteness, but for the delicate surfaces which catch so easily the reflections of light and color.

20th-Century America




Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose
Sargent

John Singer Sargent

1856-1925, American Expatriate

A pretty English garden in the twilight!

This is just the time to light the gay lanterns. Then the whole garden will be aglow!

Beautiful white lilies, carnations, and dark red roses grow in this garden. The little girls have hung their pretty Japanese lanterns all about the garden.

They hang upon the rose-bushes. They hang upon the trees.

Now the two children have come into the garden. They are lighting the lanterns. Many of them already glow with a pretty warm light. They shine bright and gay in the quiet evening light.

See the little girl standing in the midst of the flowers! Her dress is white. It is covered with a faint tint of twilight blue. It is almost the same color as the lilies. The second little girl's dress is white, too.

See how the light shines upon their pretty faces as they look into the lanterns! Very soon, every lantern in the garden will be glowing orange.

Do you know that the white dresses and the white lilies make a pattern in the picture?

Begin with the white dress of the tall little girl. You will find that this same "white" swings round the picture.

It swings first to the dress of the second little girl. Then up it goes to the lilies! Following lily by lily, round it goes, and comes back to the dress of the first little girl. This makes a pattern of white on the soft background of gray-green.

The lanterns, too, make a pattern. They, also, swing round the picture. Often it is patterns like this in a picture that make it beautiful. An artist thinks very much about his pattern.

Do you see the dark color of the lanterns? Do you see the very dark flowers in the grass? This dark color was necessary. It helps to make a beautiful picture. How soft and gray is the green of the background! How graceful the pretty white lilies!

The little girls stand in the deep grass and flowers. They, too, are like pretty flowers in a garden. We want them to stay there always!

This artist was born far across the ocean in Italy. His father and mother were Americans. So America claims him as one of her greatest painters. His name is John Singer Sargent.

The city where he was born is noted for its many wonderful picture galleries. These pictures were painted by the great artists of the world. This little boy liked to wander through the art galleries. He liked to study the beautiful pictures.

One day he went to the seashore. He sat on the sand and began to draw a picture of the sea. A lady passed by. She saw him sketching with his pencil. She stopped to see his work. She saw that he had great talent.

"Why do you not paint your picture with colors?" she asked.

"Because I haven't any," replied the boy.

The lady went to the store. She bought a box of colors and gave it to the little lad. This was his first box of colors. Later he became one of the greatest painters in the world.

He lived a long time in England. It was in England that he saw this


The Sketchers by Sargent

Gassed by Sargent



pretty garden. There are beautiful gardens everywhere in England.

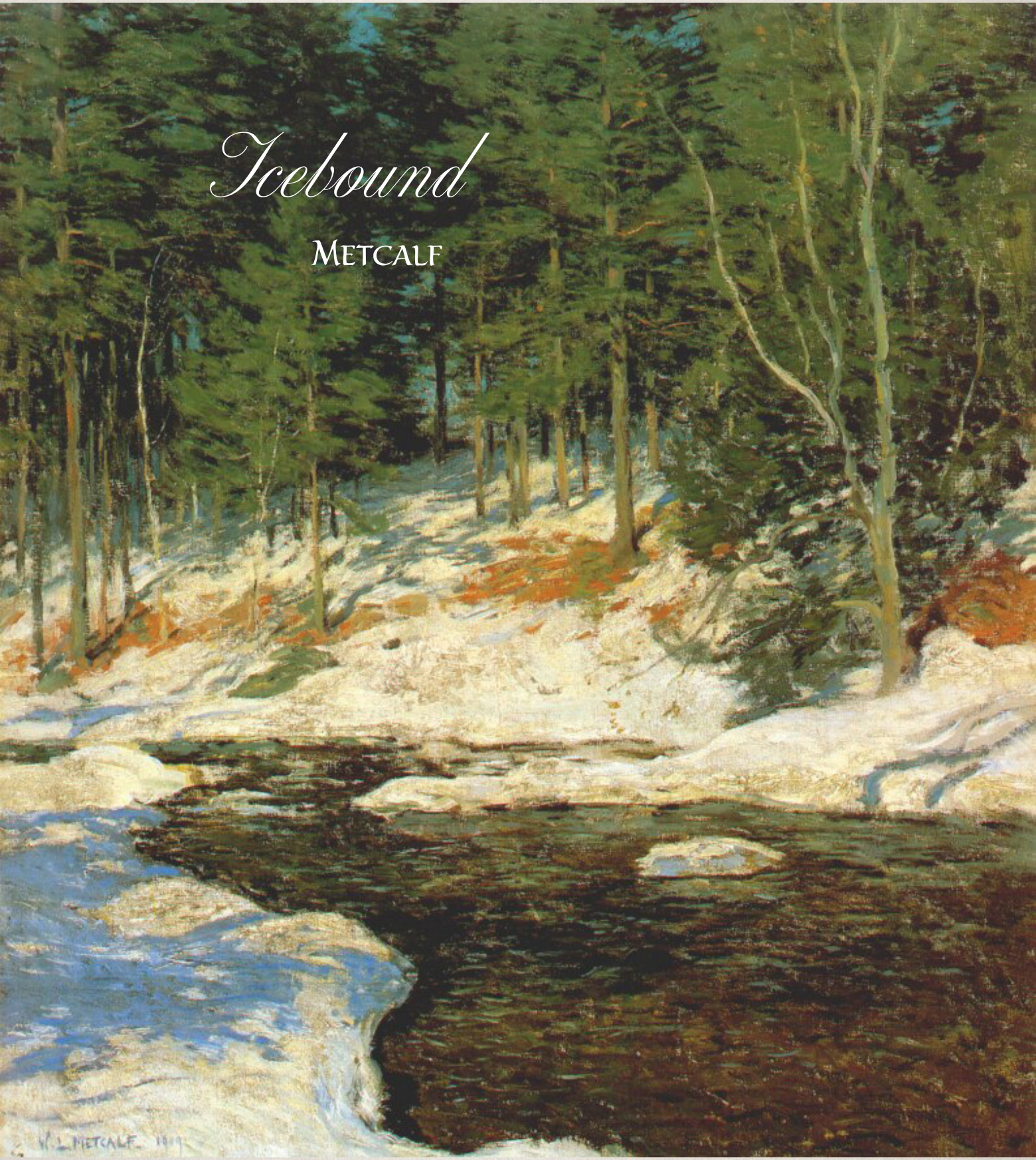
After the picture was finished the English people wanted to keep it in their country. They liked it for so many reasons. They knew that the children were little English girls. They knew the garden was an English garden. They liked the beautiful picture-pattern. They liked the warm and cool colors.

Then, too, they knew the artist had lived in England for many years. There he had painted many of his famous pictures. So many of them had left England. Now they decided to keep this one.

So they placed it in their large picture gallery in London.



CRASHED AEROPLANE BY SARGENT


Icebound
Metcalf

Willard Leroy Metcalf

1858-1925, Massachusetts

Pictures are like people—each has its peculiar character and charm. Nature paints beautiful pictures in every corner of the earth. Landscape is all about us. Spring, summer, autumn, winter, each has a beauty of its own. All that is necessary to make these changing pictures permanent is the artist—he who not only sees but possesses the gift of *making others see with him*.

In "Icebound" the artist caught the quiet charm of a winter scene with the bright sunlight reflected upon snow. It is a lonely spot, with whispering pines and faintly murmuring brook. Not a foot-print breaks the smooth surface of the snow! Nature alone, with Nature's children, the sky, the trees, the brook, keep tranquil company in this secluded spot.

How the white blanket shrouds the pretty bank! It makes the air cold and still. The pines whisper. The brook murmurs. It is winter.

The artist saw the beauty in this still, winter landscape. He saw the warm sun and the cool shadows. He saw the pretty pattern in the banks of the murmuring stream. He saw the cool green of the pines, and here and there patches of sunlight. He transferred this picture to canvas. We, too, may see the charm of winter in this secluded spot, just as the artist saw it.

See how the clear-cut line of the banks carries us back into the picture! We go to the far end of the brook. There the blue shadows, leading the way, take us up over the snow. Yes, over the snow we go, and back into the woods beyond! Then forward we come, down to the leafless pine at the right. The little blue line of shadow leads right down to the water's edge. Then up the brook, again we go! We could not go out of the picture if we tried. We stay within the big pattern just as the artist intended. He has arranged his pattern with this in mind.

In this scene the artist did not arrange his own composition. The composition was in the pretty scene before him. He, however, knew how to place it upon canvas to the very best advantage.

Do you know that snow is seldom white? Here it takes on the warm glow of the sun, with tints of rose. The blue shadows make a pretty lace-like pattern over the snow. They help to bring together the dark pattern of the trees above, and the light color of the banks below. These purple-blue shadows appear again and again in Metcalf's paintings. Someone has said that the artist "must have been born with a wood-violet before his eyes!"

See the solid mass of green above! How well the artist shows the kind of tree! The nearest trees catch the glow of the sun, turning them yellow-green. See the bright touches of light on the trunks! This gives life and sparkle to the mass of green. Through little openings in the trees we catch glimpses of the distant sky.

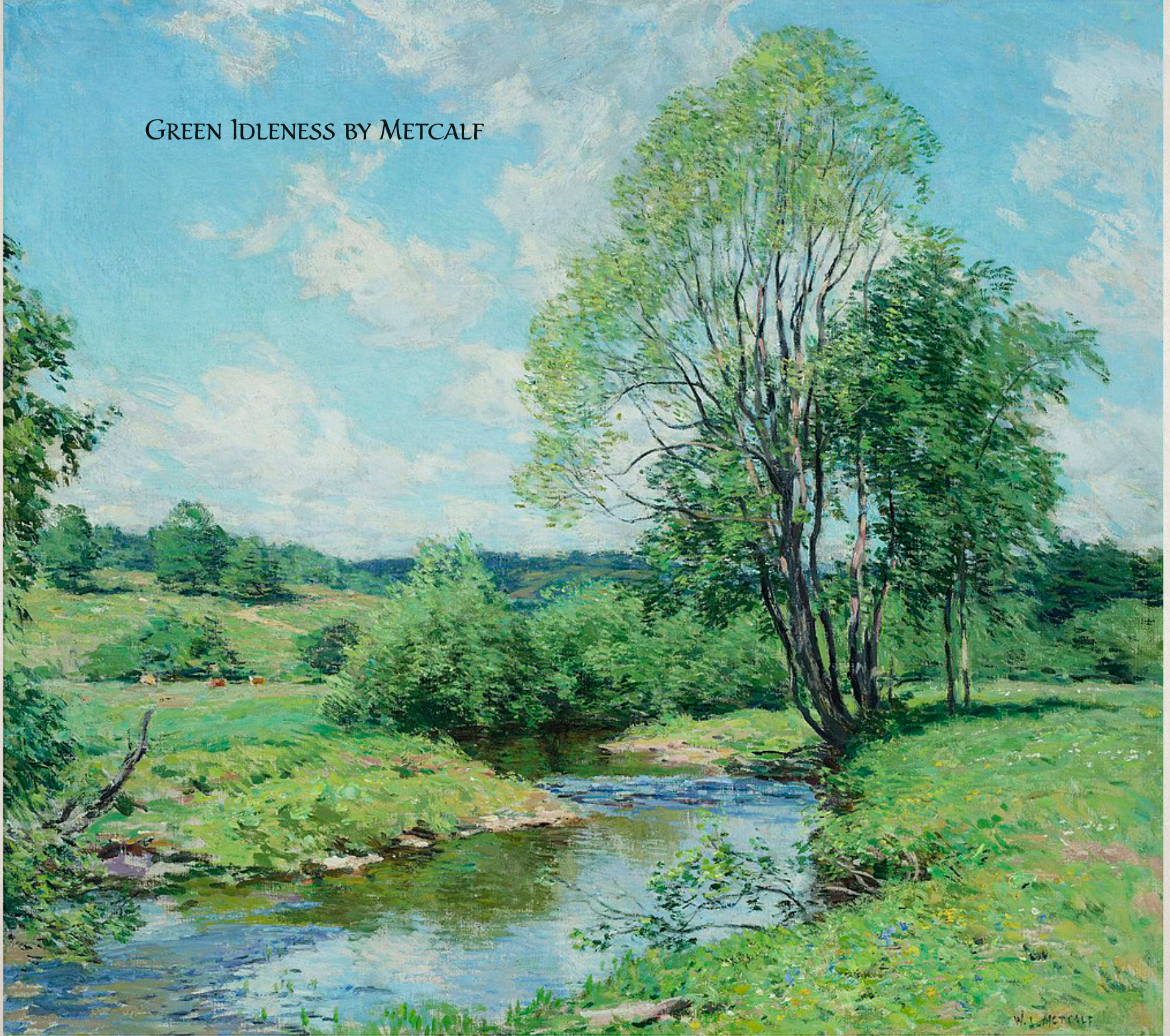
Notice how the artist has reflected the dark mass of green trees in the water. By adding light touches of foliage and shadow he suggests the movement of the brook. With the murmuring of the brook, the dark pines, and the sunlit snow, the artist has woven a pattern that unveils the mystery of Nature for those who have eyes to see.



It was not until Willard Leroy Metcalf was forty-seven years old that he became known as one of the foremost landscape painters of



November Mosaic by Metcalf


Green Idleness by Metcalf

America. Though he had been drawing and painting ever since he was seventeen, it was not until the year 1903, at forty-seven, that life took a new turn. He calls this his "memorable year," and says his "new life," as an artist, dates from this time.

Mr. Metcalf was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1858. He was seventeen when he began to study art in Boston. In the early days he worked as an apprentice in a wood engraver's shop in Boston, and gave his leisure time to the study of drawing. Here he learned one lesson that stayed with him always. He was taught "how to define the character of a tree in every detail through good draughtsmanship." In all of Metcalf's canvases his drawing of the character of trees is a distinguishing characteristic.

After several years of study both in America and Paris, he returned home and made the decision which changed his life. He decided to take a year's leave of absence and paint nothing but landscape. He traveled to eastern Maine, and there he spent the entire twelve months in painting. At the end of that period he returned to New York. This was in 1904, the end of his "memorable year." He brought with him twenty-one canvases which he placed on exhibit. His success was immediate. From this time he became the Willard Leroy Metcalf whom we know as one of America's famous modern painters of landscape.

The most striking characteristic of Mr. Metcalf's work is the truthfulness of his pictures. He always caught the real likeness of the landscape, and then added to this, that something which is never seen but always felt—the "spirit" of the place.

Unlike other artists of his day, he always kept his work smooth and even. This helps to give the air of serenity and mystery to his pictures. His summer, autumn, and winter landscapes are remarkable in their fidelity to nature, and in the expert drawing of tree-character. They are bits of real scenery which he transferred to canvas, giving them the beauty and mystery which he felt.


A Holiday
POTTHAST

Edward H. Potthast

1857-1927, New York

A day full of sunlight! A day full of fun! Splash! Splash! Splash! Water everywhere. The waves roll in and dash about us. What care we! We have come to the seashore to play. This is our holiday!

It is such fun to play on a long sandy beach. It is such fun to wade in the cool water. Two, four, six, eight, ten! Ten little children at the seashore!

The five little girls wear their white summer dresses. They keep close to shore. One little girl dips the water in her hands. Another has a pretty red cup.

The little boy is having a fine time. He likes to wade far out. His big yellow hat shades his face. His green shirt is the same color as the sky. See the little girl in the red cap! She is very brave. She goes far out to meet the big rolling waves!

Near by are two other little girls. They stand side by side in the water. Their pet dog is with them. He is very frisky. He likes to run far out in the water. He likes to dash and splash about!

See the bright sunlight! It shines upon the children's faces. It shines upon their yellow hair. It shines upon their white dresses. It sparkles on the water. It makes many colors in the water. See the shadows! They dance and ripple. They ripple and dance!

What a wide, wide sea! It goes far, far out. There it meets the sky. Far out the sea is very, very deep. The water is dark, dark blue.

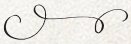
Roll! Roll! Roll! See the white caps! Splash! Splash!

The soft spray fills the air. The sea rolls back. The long sandy beach is even and smooth.

Can you tell the color of the sandy shore? Can you tell the color of the shallow water?

The artist wanted a cool sea. So he used cool color. He used cool color for the "far" water. He used cool color for the "near" water. He used cool color for the sky. Then he placed the warm sunshine over all. This made a warm summer day at the seashore.

The breezes blow in from the sea. The sunlight sparkles on the water. Two, four, six, eight ten! Ten little children having a fine holiday at the seashore!



This artist liked to paint sunlight. He liked to paint children.

One day he walked by the seashore. He saw these little girls in their pretty white dresses. This was just the picture the artist wanted! So he made this painting of a summer day at the seashore. He called it, "A Holiday."

Today this picture hangs in the Art Institute of Chicago. Many, many children go to see it every year.





Untitled by Potthast


Fairy Tales
SMITH
JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

Jessie Willcox Smith

1863-1935, Pennsylvania

The artist who painted [these pictures] is called a "painter of children." She is an American. Her name is Jessie Willcox Smith.

This artist always loved little children. You will be surprised to know where she learned so much about children.

In the kindergarten to be sure! Yes! Jessie Willcox Smith was first a teacher in the kindergarten. She saw the children at their games. She saw them at their studies. She saw them dance and sing. She saw them laugh and play.

Oh, she learned so much about little children!

Later she began to illustrate fairy tales. She illustrated the story of "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Little Lame Prince," "Babes in the Woods," and oh, so many more.

By and be she drew five pictures to illustrate the five senses. She called them, "Seeing," "Hearing," "Tasting," "Smelling," and "Touching."

Later Jessie Willcox Smith began to paint pictures of real children. Perhaps some day you may see some of her other pictures.


Snow White and Rose Red by Smith


Princess and the Goblin by Smith



Looking Glass by Smith