

Stories of *Paintings*

STORY HOUR SERIES

SELECTED AUTHORS

Stories of Paintings

Selected Authors

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Stories of Paintings

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Colored images of the artwork found in this book are available at: www.librariesofhope.com/paintings

Introduction
The Feeling for Beauty[*]

Some of you, I expect, collect photographs of pictures in connection with your history studies. These portraits of the principal characters and pictures, illustrating great events, places, costumes, and modes of living of the period, add greatly to the interest of your reading. They bring the past time vividly before your eyes.

But it is not this view of pictures that we are going to talk about ... because you can find out for yourselves what subjects interest you; but mostly, because the subject of a picture has so very little to do with its beauty as a work of art. For it is this view of a picture, as being a work of art, that I shall try to keep before you.

I remember seeing the photograph of a picture hanging in a place of honor on the wall of a girl's room; and I asked her why she had chosen this particular one out of many that she had. You see that, in order to help anyone, you have to try to get into their minds, and find out how their minds are working; and as much of my work is with girls and boys, I try to get from them hints as to the best way of helping them. Well, this girl, let me tell you, bubbled over with life and fun, swam like a fish and climbed trees like a squirrel; but she had her thoughtful moods, when, as often as not, she would lay out her collection of photographs of pictures on the floor, and not only look at them, but think about them. And I have no doubt that she was in one of those moods,

[*] From *A Child's Guide to Pictures*, by Charles Caffin.

when she chose out this particular print and hung it on her wall, in order that she might see it often.

So I asked her why she had chosen it, and she said: "Because I liked it." I asked her why? "Oh, I don't know," she said. ...

When the girl said she did not know why she liked the picture, I think she meant that she could not put into words what she felt. It was the feeling with which the picture filled her that made her like it. I could understand what she meant, because I remembered an experience of my own. The first time that I saw Raphael's *Disputá* which decorates a wall in one of the rooms of the Vatican in Rome, I had set out with my guidebook, intending to study all the paintings by Raphael that decorate these rooms. I entered the first room and, I suppose, looked round the walls and saw three other paintings; but all I recall during this visit was the *Disputá*. I sat down before it and remained seated! I do not know how long, but the morning slipped away. What I thought about as I looked at the picture I cannot tell you. My impression is that I did not think at all; I only felt. My spirit was lifted up and purified and strengthened with happiness. Returning to my hotel, I read about the picture in the guidebook. It appeared that one of the figures represented Dante. I had not noticed it, and as I read on I found out other things that I had missed; that, indeed, the whole subject, so far as it could be put into words, had escaped me. I had no knowledge of what the painting was about; only I had felt its beauty.

Since then I have studied the picture and discovered some of the means that Raphael employed to arouse this depth of feeling, and the knowledge has helped me to find beauty in other things.

So, to go back to my girl friend, I would not disturb the beauty of her feeling with teachy-teachy talk, any more than I would talk while beautiful music was being played. But, suppose

in a simple way I could make her understand that I, too, felt the beauty of the picture; and, as I have learned a little how to express feeling in words, should try to tell her how I felt the beauty. Might it not add to her pleasure, if she discovered that I was putting into words some of the feeling that she herself had, and perhaps suggesting other beauties that she had not felt?

Well, that is what I hope to do for you ... to put some ideas into your head, that will lead you to look for and find more and more beauty in pictures and in nature and in life. Ideas, mark you, not words. We shall have to use words, but words are of no account, unless they make you feel the idea contained in them.

I say feel; and you will notice I have used these words, feel and feeling, several times already. I have done so because I want to impress upon you that the enjoyment of beauty, whether in pictures or any other form, comes to us through feeling. It may lead to thinking, and perhaps should, but it does not begin with thinking or reasoning, as does, for example, algebra or geometry. Nor can we, as we say, "get it down fine," in the way we do with the Latin declensions. When you have learned them thoroughly, you know them once and for all, and you know about them just what every other girl and boy who has learned them knows. With feeling it is otherwise. What you feel is different to what I feel; we can never feel alike. No two people can. So I am not going to tell you what you ought to feel about pictures; nor am I going to try and persuade you to like one and not like another. Therefore, this book would not be much help to you in passing an examination about pictures, if anything so foolish could be supposed. But I hope it may start your imagination off in a great many new directions, and help you to discover more and more of beauty not only in pictures, but in life.

For we should study pictures not solely for their own sake, but also as a means of making our lives fuller and better. If you ask me what is the most beautiful thing in the world, I shall not

say art, although I am writing about pictures — but life — its fullness of possibility and abundance of opportunity. Especially young life; the lives of you girls and boys, who, as yet, have so few mistakes to regret, so much to look forward to of promise and fulfillment. What you will make of those lives of yours may depend a little upon schools and teachers, parents and friends, money and health, and many other things, but most of all upon your own wills. I wonder if you have read the life of Robert Louis Stevenson?

He had only such education as many other boys of his time had, little or no money, and very poor health. But what a deal he made of his own life and how he helped the lives of others! What a fellow he was for fun, and how he loved wisdom; a great worker and a greatly conscientious one; not satisfied unless his work was the very best that he could make it. And the reason was that he loved beauty as well as wisdom; and in his life and writings, because in his own inward thoughts wisdom and beauty went hand in hand. I know of no better example of the full life; of a life made the most of, in the best and truest sense, with gladness and strength for itself and for the lives of others. While his body sleeps on an island mountain, overlooking the vast beauty of sky and ocean, his spirit stays with us.

The secret of the fullness of Stevenson's life was that, so far as in him lay, he left no portion of the garden of his life uncultivated. There were no waste places, every part was fruitful. He did the best that he could for his poor, weak body; kept his intellect bright with learning, his fun alert with hope, his friendships warm with sympathy; and kept his life and work sweetened and purified and strengthened by the love of beauty. He was in a high sense in love with life — his own life, the lives of others, and life in art and nature, and the abundant harvest of his garden is the love that countless men and women and children bore him and still maintain.

Such fullness of life is rare. Boys and girls, and for that matter men and women, cultivate some part of themselves, and let the rest go to waste. And the part which is most apt to be overlooked is the sense of beauty. We train our bodies and our minds, but neglect those five senses, which are just as much a part of us. It is true that men train their senses for the practical purposes of business: the watchmaker, for instance, his delicacy of touch; the tea producer, his senses of taste and smell; the mariner, his senses of sight and sound. But business, though necessary, is not everything. We do not confine the exercise of our bodies and minds to work and business, but use them also for enjoyment, and train them for this purpose. Do we not learn to swim, play ball and tennis, and practice other bodily exercises for the pure enjoyment of them? Or in our leisure moments busy our brains with study of bees, machinery, history, all kinds of difficult subjects not as work, but as a relief from work? We call them our " hobbies," and indulge them for pleasure, and find that the pleasure improves our health and spirits, and in the end even makes us do our necessary work better, and so find more pleasure in that also. For it is in what we know best and can do best that we really take most pleasure. And though life cannot be all pleasure, yet pleasure, rightly understood, should be one of the chief aims of life. And one of the chief sources of pleasure is to be found in the beauty that reaches our minds through the senses, especially through the senses of sight and sound.

Let me illustrate in a simple way how one child will gain pleasure from her senses while another doesn't. Both have their five senses in working order — smell, taste, touch, sight, and sound — and have been in the woods gathering flowers. They reach home. One throws her handful down on a sofa, table, or chair, or the nearest bit of furniture, and goes off to do something, or it may be nothing, leaving the flowers to wither and become an untidiness. What made her gather them? Perhaps, because she is full of health and had to run about and

do something; perhaps, because she has not quite gotten over the fondness that most of us had, as babies, for breaking and tearing things. It amused her to break the big stems and tear off the vines or pull up the little plants. Or possibly she was really attracted by the beauty of the flowers, but soon tired of them, and went off to other things.

Not so, however, with her companion. She spreads a paper on the table, lays out her flowers, brings one or two vases, and settles down to the pleasure of arranging them. She picks up a flower, and while she waits to decide in which vase it shall be put, see how delicately she handles it! You can tell in a moment she has a feeling of love and tenderness toward the flower. She puts it in a vase, and then her eye travels over the other flowers to decide which shall bear it company. What color, what form of flower will match best the first one? And while she is making the choice almost unconsciously she sniffs the fragrance of that spray of honeysuckle. Well, she lingers so long over the pleasure of arranging her flowers that we have not time to stay and watch the whole proceeding; but presently, when we come back, we find the vases filled and set about the room where they will look their best; this one in the dark corner with the wall behind it; another on the window sill, so that the light may shine through the petals of the flowers. And we think to ourselves what taste the girl has! For (have you ever thought of it?) we use the word taste, which originally described only the sense of tasting things with the tongue, in order to sum up a finer use of the senses of sight and sound.

And this finer use of the senses, such as Stevenson cultivated, so that his life and works are beautiful as well as wise and good, we too may cultivate, and it is the object of this book to help us do it. I call it a guide to pictures, but I want to make it much more than that — a guide for the wonderful organs, your senses, that they may grow more and more to feel the beauty that is all about us in nature and in life, as well as in pictures and

other works of art. So beauty is really our subject, beauty in nature and in art. The two are separate, though united as twin sisters.

As I write, many of you are enjoying your summer vacations, face to face with nature. The health of the mountains or the sea is in your blood; your bodies know the joy of active movement; your minds are filled with the interest of new scenes and adventures, of sports and fun with friends. But every once in a while I think it likely that your happiness is increased by something beautiful you have seen in nature. Perhaps even now, as you read these words, there comes to you the memory of some sunset, or moonlight on the water, of early morning mist creeping among the tree tops, or I know not what of nature's beauty, suddenly revealed to you because you were in the mood to receive it.

You were in the company of a friend, and you drew your arm closer through his or hers, and both were the happier for the beauty that was before you and had entered into your hearts. Or perhaps you were alone, and the eagerness came over you to make some record of your joy — in a letter to a friend or in some poem for no eyes but your own. You felt the need to give utterance to your joy in nature's beauty. You had in you a little of the desire that stirs the artist.

And this brings us to the other kind of beauty, which is not of nature, though it is of nature's prompting — the beauty created by the artist. We are going to study the work of artists who create beauty in pictures. But do not make the mistake some people do, of thinking that it is only painters who are artists. An artist is one who fits some beautiful conception with some beautiful form of expression. His form of expression, or as we say, his art, may be sculpture, painting, or architecture; or some handicraft, as of metal or porcelain or embroidery; or it may be music, the composing of music or the rendering of it by

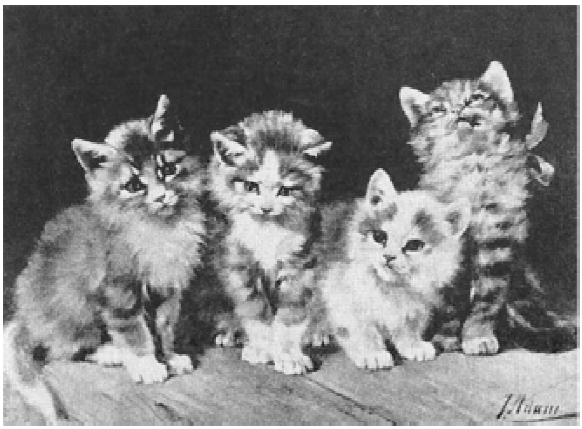
instrument or voice; it may be acting or some forms of dancing; it may be poetry or even prose. The artist, in a word, is one who not only takes beauty into his own soul, but has the gift of art that enables him to communicate the beauty to others by giving it a form or body. If he be a musician, he gives it a form of sound; if a painter, a form visible to the eye. It is his power of creating a form for the beauty which he feels that makes him an artist. And in its various forms — poetry, music, painting, sculpture, architecture, and the rest — art is man's highest expression of his reverence for and joy in beauty.

Selected Stories of Paintings and Artists

by Selected Authors

Four Little Scamps Are We

JULIUS ADAM (1801-1867)



Do you like pretty little kittens? Would you like one of these?

Perhaps you have one that looks like one of these kittens?

How we wish we might take one of these in our arms and stroke its soft, silky fur! Is it not pretty?

These four fluffy kittens are very happy. They show it in their eyes just as people do who are happy. We know they are all treated kindly.

The little kitten at the left is gentle and contented.

She would let you pet her, and she would nestle fondly in your arms. What do you think is the color of her fur?

The second little kitten is thinking about something. How wise she looks!

Perhaps she is thinking about a little mouse. It may be she is thinking of a saucer of nice milk, which she loves.

The third wee kitty, whose fur is white, is the brightest, merriest little rogue of all.

Suppose we should throw a soft, red ball to her. How she would jump for it!

The little kitten at the right, with head thrown back, is a funny little one. See what a pretty neck-tie it wears.

This kitten seems to say: "Oh, look at my pretty ribbon; is it not fine?"

They are all dear little kittens and we love them.

Once there was a man named Adam, who always had such kittens about him. They loved him because he was so kind to them.

He has painted many pretty pictures of his kittens. [1]

Once there was a man named Mr. Adam, who had four little kittens just like these. He liked to watch them play, and they loved him because he was so kind to them. He must have found it very hard to make them keep still long enough for him to paint their pictures. Probably he put them in a large glass cage with wire over the top, as so many painters of cats have done. The wire was placed over the top so the kittens could have plenty of air. Sometimes Mr. Adam would drop a ball or string down through the wire into the cage and play with the kittens. The sides of the cage were made of glass so that he could watch them while he painted, no matter in what part of the cage they might be.

Perhaps these four little kittens have just had a fine romp through the house. What do you suppose they had for breakfast? Probably a saucer full of milk, which is just what little kittens like best.

Mr. Adam has finally succeeded in chasing his four roguish little kittens into the cage. They do not mind staying in the cage to please him, for they like to have him talk to them and play with them. They try to look their very best for him, and wonder which one he will take up first. Sometimes he must like to take them up in his arms and pet them. Which one would you like to take in your arms?

These four pretty kittens must be very happy, for they look as if they were well cared for. That first little kitten at the left-hand side of the picture seems happy. We suspect she is purring. That is the way she lets us know she is happy, just as children sing when they are happy. I am sure she would like to lie in your lap and let you pet her. She holds her head a little to one side, and her bright eyes seem to say, "I may be little, but I'm spry. Just roll a marble toward me, and see."

How very wise the second little kitten looks! Perhaps she is proud of her white collar and cuffs. I am sure she keeps them nice and clean. Such a baby she is, to be so thoughtful! But she likes to play, too, no doubt. What do you suppose she is thinking about? Maybe she is thinking of a nice, soft red ball in a basket in the sewing room, and after her picture is painted perhaps she means to get that ball and surprise the other kittens. Then they will all roll over and over on the floor with it. Or maybe the mamma cat has told her she will show her how to catch a mouse. She will need to keep very quiet then, or the mouse will hear and run away.

The third little kitty is almost all white. She looks as if she saw a bird. We hope she is not such a naughty kitty as to try to catch our pretty birds. I am sure Mr. Adam will not want her to do that, and will teach her better. But, do you know, I believe it is a fly she sees, and I hope she will catch that. She surely does look as if she were planning some mischief as she crouches there ready for anything.

The last little kitten seems to say, "Oh, look at my pretty ribbon! I am the only one of us that wears a ribbon! Is it not fine?" No wonder he holds his head so high! His fur is striped, and he looks like a little tiger kitten.

With such bright eyes and such sharp ears it is no wonder cats hear and see the little mice that go about so quietly. Do you know why a cat has whiskers? They say that the whiskers are always as wide as the widest part of the cat's body, so that when she wants to go through a hole in the fence, or through any narrow place, she can tell whether the opening is large enough. If her whiskers just touch, she can go through all right; but if they are pushed back, then it is of no use for her to try, for there will not be room enough to pass.

Have you ever noticed the color of little kittens' eyes? They are nearly always blue when the kittens are very little, but turn yellow as they grow older. Their eyes are very different from ours, for they can see in the dark as well as in the daytime.

What soft little cushions they have on their feet! No wonder they can go about so quietly. When they like you, they keep their claws hidden in those cushions, and so they do not scratch when they play with you.

Did you ever watch a cat sharpen her claws? She usually sharpens them on the trunk of a tree, but sometimes she likes to sharpen them on the carpet or rug. Your mamma does not like

that. Even little kittens have very sharp teeth and claws, and if you tease them, or they are afraid, they bite and scratch. These little kittens look as if they had never been teased or felt cross, and we would not be a bit afraid to pet them.

About the Artist

We know that Mr. Adam must have been very fond of cats, because he has painted so many pictures of them; but that is all we really do know of him. One authority gives the first letter of his name as S., the dates of his birth and death as 1801 and 1867, and his birthplace, Italy. Another authority gives the same dates but the initial letter J. and the birthplace, France. The paintings are signed T. or J. Adam, but no record has been kept of the artist's life. [2]

Young Kittens

LUDWIG KNAUS (1829-1910)



This little bare-footed girl has come out to the barn.

On the hay, what do you think she found?

A family of little kittens! And their eyes are not even open yet.

How delighted the little girl is!

She takes the helpless little ones up in her arms, and lovingly pets them.

What an armful she has!

How soft they are!

Some of them are sprawling about on the hay. How many times we have seen them look just as these do?

The mother cat anxiously follows this little girl as she takes up her babies. See her look up into the little girl's face!

"You will not hurt them, will you?" she says.

No harm will come to them, for this little girl is gentle.

After she strokes their soft coats, she will put them down near their mother.

Ludwig Knaus painted these kittens and this little girl.

He was a noted painter of little children.

He played with the children, so that he might know more about them. He loved them.

Many of his pictures have been bought by people in the United States.

He became famous for his true home pictures of German life.

His children are always merry and happy. [3]

The Pet Bird

JOHANN GEORG MEYER VON BREMEN (1813-1886)



What a fine time these little people are having! What is it all about?

A tiny little bird, and such a pet, too! How they all love it!

See the oldest boy hold up his finger for the little bird to stand upon.

Can you not almost see the bird peck at the piece of bread the boy holds in his left hand?

The child behind him leans her head lovingly upon his shoulder.

These children love each other.

They are a happy little family, are they not?

One little fellow has eagerly climbed up on the cushioned chair, to be nearer.

He holds out his finger very steadily and quietly, and says, "Let the bird come and light on my finger."

The little bird has no fear; he knows that no harm will come to him.

The little girl has stopped reading, to watch the bird she loves.

These are four little German children.

About the Artist

The man who painted this pretty picture loved children.

Almost all his pictures are of children, so that in Germany he has been called Kinder-Meyer, but his real name was Johann Georg Meyer von Bremen.

When he was a little boy he was always drawing tiny pictures.

He determined to go to an art school. In a few years he passed through all the classes with honor.

His motto was: "Make the best of your time; it never returns."

This motto was written on the wall of his room. He always followed its teachings.

His first great picture was finished in 1837.

During a vacation, in 1840, just for recreation, he painted a little picture of a mother and child.

This was so much admired that he now began to paint pictures of boys, girls, babies, and home scenes.

He romped and played games with the children. They liked Blind-Man's Buff best, and once he painted them playing this game.

At one time, so many people wanted his pictures, that he could not paint fast enough.

He has been called the children's painter.

In no country are his works better loved and appreciated than in America, where a great number of his best original paintings are found. [4]

Birthday Morning

JOHANN GEORG MEYER VON BREMEN (1813-1886)



The baby is one year old today!

What is he thinking about this morning?

Look at his bright eyes. They are very thoughtful, are they not?

Beside his bed are his presents. He will play with them very soon.

What has he in his chubby little hand? What a fine black horse that is!

There are some pretty flowers for him, too. Can you see them?

He will crow with delight over his cart and horse and house.

He will say many things to them in his own baby way.

His mamma comes and gives him his morning kiss. Dear mamma, how he loves her!

She loves her baby boy more than anything else in the world.

She will make him happy all the day.

She hopes he will be happy all the year, too.

She always tries to make him happy.

Do you not wish he were your little brother?

Meyer Von Bremen always loved children and was happy when they were near him.

He liked to paint pictures of children and their pets.

Once he painted a picture of a little girl taking care of a baby in a cradle. He called this *Little Nurse*. [5]

Baby Stuart

SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599-1641)



We all love this sweet baby face. Who is it? Is it a little boy or a little girl?

It is the baby face of the child who became King of England. When he grew up he was called King James II.

What a strange little cap this baby has on his head!

When this picture was painted the baby was just beginning to talk. He was not two years old.

His father was King Charles I. This great monarch loved beautiful paintings; so one day he sent for a famous painter, called Van Dyck, to come and paint pictures of his children. Among them was this little James.

Van Dyck grew very fond of Baby Stuart. The child had frank, laughing eyes and a sweet mouth; but even though a very little fellow he was fond of having his own way.

We would think such a pretty child could not grow up to be a bad king; but in those times it was very hard to please all the people.

Kings are not always strong, nor do they always do what is best, and this boy, James, had his own way too often. This is not always a wise thing to allow. It often brings sorrow.

A great deal of trouble came to him when he grew to be King James II.

When Van Dyck painted this little fellow with the queer cap and the apple in his hand, he never thought the picture would be so highly prized long after it was finished. Today we all love to look at this baby's face. [6]

Children of Charles I

SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599-1641)



These three pretty children were called Charles, Mary and James.

The little fellow at the left is Prince Charles. He was about five years old when this picture was painted.

He has on a deep rose-colored frock, embroidered with silver lace. In the painting this is very beautiful. It makes him look like a little girl. He has his hand on the head of a fine dog that he loved.

In the centre of the picture is Mary. Her real name was Princess Henrietta Maria. She has on a white satin dress. When she grew up she became the wife of Prince William of Orange.

At the right, with an apple in his chubby little hand, stands the pet of the family, "Baby Stuart," whom we have been reading about.

About the Artist

Van Dyck, the artist, often hired musicians to come into his studio and play to these royal children while he was painting their pictures. The children liked the music and would stand very quietly.

Van Dyck painted many pictures of these children of King Charles I, but not one of them today is as beautiful as this which hangs in the gallery at Turin.

Turin is a city in the northern part of Italy, and has become one of the handsomest cities in Europe.

The people of this city are glad to have such a fine painting as this one by Van Dyck.

It is very beautiful, and looks fresh and bright, although painted so long ago. [7]

Once there lived a very beautiful queen and a very proud king. They had three beautiful children, whom they loved very dearly. They were very proud of these children, and gave them everything they could to make them happy.

The child standing so straight with his hand on the dog's head is a boy, although he is dressed much like a girl. His name is Prince Charles. He had the finest little pony and cart you ever did see. His sister, Mary, the little girl standing beside him, had a very beautiful doll that could do so many wonderful things that

it really seemed to be alive. The baby, Prince James, had such a great number of toys they almost filled a large room. There were several servants who brought out the toys and put them away again, and who had nothing else to do but wait upon these children. The children had a fine large yard to play in, too. It was so large that people called it a park. The king had his gardener build a seat up in one of the big oak trees, and there the children could play all kinds of games.

It was great fun to climb up into this seat, where they were just as high up as the birds. On windy days the big tree would rock back and forth just like a swing. One day they were having a good time in the park when they were told their mother wanted them. They were to be dressed to go and have their pictures painted.

There were no cameras in those days, so there was no photograph gallery to go to. But instead, there was a great artist whose name was Sir Anthony Van Dyck. He painted beautiful pictures with oil paints. Prince Charles had already had his picture painted so many times he probably would not have cared to go if it had not been for the boat ride he knew he would have. You see, the king's palace and Sir Anthony Van Dyck's house both stood near the banks of the same river. Sir Anthony had a private boat landing made just for the king and queen and their children. The king liked so much to watch Sir Anthony Van Dyck paint that he used to visit him nearly every day. He had several fine boats to take him there.

It must have taken a long time before the children were dressed and ready to go. "Baby Stuart," as people loved to call little Prince James, wore blue silk, trimmed with lace. His brother wore rose-colored silk, with a large lace collar and cuffs. I don't see how he could run or even walk in such a long, heavy

dress; do you? It looks as if it were his very best dress. Probably he had a shorter one to play in.

How strange it seems that both the boys wear bonnets tied under their chins, while the little girl does not. Perhaps they did not want to spoil her pretty curls. Princess Mary's dress is white satin, trimmed with lace. She looks like a grown-up lady in that dress. People said she looked just like her lovely queen mother. No doubt her mother curled her hair and put the string of pearl beads around her neck. Probably the queen mother also gave Baby Stuart the big red apple he holds in his hands. He was only two years old, and she thought he might get hungry or need something to play with.

When at last they were all ready, the boats were waiting for them. Several ladies went with the queen, so it was quite a party. It was a beautiful ride down the river to Sir Anthony Van Dyck's house. When at last the boats came to the landing place, very likely Prince Charles was the first to jump on shore.

The great Sir Anthony Van Dyck himself came out to meet them. He was glad to have three such lovely children to paint. He was very fond of children and then, too, he always liked to have a great many people about him. When the party entered his studio, – the room where Van Dyck painted, – they found many people already there. The ladies wore beautiful dresses and the men, too, were dressed in velvets and silks, and carried shining swords. Sir Anthony Van Dyck had a very large, fine dog, and as soon as the dog saw the children he came right up to them. He seemed to like Prince Charles best, and sat beside him all the time his picture was being painted. He liked to feel the soft stroke of Prince Charles's kind hand.

Baby Stuart stands upon a raised platform and his head is almost as high as his sister's. He looks a little shy as he stands

there, holding his apple tight in his chubby little hands. His sister Mary must have held some roses in her hand and dropped them. Can you see them on the rug, in front of her? If Baby Stuart should drop his apple, perhaps the dog would bring it to him.

Sir Anthony Van Dyck was very fond of music, and always had some musicians playing while he painted. The children liked the music, too, and it made them forget they were standing still so long. The ladies and gentlemen talked together in another part of the room, but this did not disturb the artist. He was so absorbed in his work that he did not hear them, and no one would have thought of interrupting him.

The children stood still almost half an hour that day before the artist said, "That will do"; and they came several times before Sir Anthony Van Dyck could finish painting their faces. Then he told their mother to send him the three little dresses the children were wearing, and he would paint them without the children. You may be sure the children were glad they did not need to stand while the dresses were being painted.

Sir Anthony Van Dyck painted a curtain just back of the children, and through the window we see a rosebush which may be the one from which the little Princess Mary picked her roses. The great artist painted many pictures of these three children, but the king and queen liked this one best of all.

A long time after this picture was painted the father, King Charles I, was beheaded by some of his people who did not like him. Prince Charles grew up to be King Charles II. He did not like to do anything but have a good time, so people called him the "Merry Monarch." He nearly always took a dog with him wherever he went, even to church. He seemed to like a certain very small dog best, and people named these dogs after him.

They called them "King Charles spaniels." Have you ever seen a King Charles spaniel?

When Princess Mary was only ten years old she was married to the Prince of Orange, who was then only fifteen years of age. But she lived in her own home until she grew up. When at last she did go to live in her husband's country every one was glad to see her, for she was such a good and wise princess. She often helped her brothers, too, for it seemed as if they were always in trouble.

Baby Stuart grew up to be a great naval officer, who fought and won battles on a big boat at sea. When his brother, King Charles II, died, he became King James II.

When you look at this picture of Baby Stuart you feel sure he will grow up to be a good king. But, do you know, he was not a good king. The people did not like him at all, and even drove him out of the country. But we like to think of him always as a pretty baby whose queen mother used to sing him to sleep just as other mothers do.

These three children liked to play and have a good time just as much as we do. It would be great fun to visit them and play with them, would it not?

About the Artist

Sir Anthony Van Dyck's father kept a silk store and sold beautiful silks to rich people. He met so many fine folks that he tried to be like them himself, and soon had as fine manners as the best of them. This made him just a little bit too proud, so that he no longer cared to have anything to do with any one who was common or poor.

The boy Anthony grew up with something of the same feeling. When he was very little he did not like to play with other boys, but preferred to sit in his father's shop where the great ladies came to buy silk. He liked to have them smile at him, and to smile shyly back at them.

Anthony's mother made the most exquisite embroidery and painted beautiful flowers. She gave the little boy his first lessons in painting. By the time Anthony was old enough to go to school his parents had become very rich, and nothing was too good for their little boy. He liked to draw better than anything else, and so when he was fourteen years old they sent him to a good teacher to learn how to draw and paint. Here he worked very hard. He did so well that in two years, when he wanted to study with the great Dutch artist, Rubens, the artist was glad to have him as his pupil.

There were a good many boys in the class. One day their teacher, Rubens, went out for a long walk. He always locked the door of his private studio and no one else had a key, except a servant. The boys wanted so much to see what was in that room that they finally persuaded the servant to let them in. Once inside the studio, they crowded close around the new picture Rubens was painting, and one of the boys was pushed against it. His coat sleeve rubbed off the chin and arm of the Virgin the artist was painting. The boys were terribly frightened, and did not know what to do. Finally they decided that the chin and arm must be painted in again. All said that Anthony could do it better than any of the rest.

So well did he paint that even Rubens did not know anything had happened. When he did find out about it he was so pleased to know that his pupil could paint so well he did not

scold the boys at all. After that he often let Anthony help him paint his pictures.

Sir Anthony Van Dyck went on many long journeys to see the work of other artists. He had eleven brothers and sisters, for whom he was always doing helpful things. He admired beautiful silks, satins, velvets, and lace, and liked best to paint people wearing fine clothes. He did it so well, too, that all the people of King Charles's court wanted him to paint their portraits. He could always make them good looking, for even if they had very ugly faces, he painted such beautiful clothes on them that they made lovely pictures.

He must have loved children, for all his paintings of them look as if he did. [8]

Prince Balthazar

VELASQUEZ (1599-1660)



This little boy was a Spanish prince. His father was King Philip IV of Spain.

Many famous artists used to come to this boy's beautiful home, and among them was one called Velasquez.

King Philip IV would often say to this artist, "We must have another portrait of my little Prince."

So the little prince would be dressed up for his picture.

Sometimes he would be dressed in armor, like a great knight, and he would have a fine sword, or a big hat, with a long plume.

Once Velasquez painted his picture, when he was dressed in a gray silk frock, with a violet sash.

In his right hand, he had a sword, and in his left hand, he waved a general's baton.

Quite like a grown-up general, he looked, too.

When the little prince was six years old, Velasquez painted this pretty picture of him on the horse.

He has mounted a big chestnut horse, and is galloping very fast across a breezy plain.

It seems as if he would come bounding right out of the picture, does it not?

What a fine ride he is having!

The glossy coat of the animal shines in the sunlight.

What a graceful, fearless little fellow this prince is!

His face is bright and full of glee.

His dark eyes shine with delight.

Is he not happy?

Do you see his plumed hat?

That scarf fluttering behind in the wind is of crimson embroidered with gold.

His little jacket is of dark velvet and beautifully embroidered, too.

His high, closely-fitting boots make him look quite old.

What a fine cavalier the little prince is!

One would think him the best of riders.

The Spanish people loved this boy because he was such a bright, talented little fellow.

They planned many great deeds for him when he should grow to be a man.

But when he was only seventeen years old he died.

His death saddened the Spanish people, but they were glad they had so many beautiful portraits of their dearly beloved little prince. [9]

Odin

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER (1802-1873)



Would you like to own a beautiful dog like this?

What a noble head he has!

This picture is the head of a famous mastiff-bloodhound named Odin.

How intelligent the dog looks!

He would take good care of little boys and girls; he would let no harm come to them.

He is full of life, too; we can almost see his eyes moving, and we feel that he is really breathing.

It is among the best dogs' heads ever painted. People who saw it came again to look at it.

One little girl said, "I shall always remember his big, kind face."

The picture was painted by Sir Edwin Landseer, and became so popular that it has been engraved many times.

An engraving is the impression on paper, taken from the copper or steel plate.

People who could not buy Landseer's paintings could buy engravings of them.

The engraving of Odin was a great favorite with the people.

At first the dog seemed to dislike the idea of having his portrait painted; but Landseer knew just how to speak to the mastiff, and soon he seemed to know what Landseer wished.

No one could win the love of a dog as this English artist could.

In many homes of Europe and America, the head of this noble dog, Odin, may be seen. [10]

Sleeping Bloodhound

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER (1802-1873)



There is a true story about this dog and his picture.

A great artist named Landseer painted this picture. He called the picture *Sleeping Bloodhound.*

We think the dog is asleep, but it will never awake again; the beautiful dog is dead.

It all happened this way. Mr. Jacob Bell was the dog's master. He was very kind to this dog. The dog's name was "Countess."

She loved her master very dearly. When she heard him coming she would always bound to meet him. She was a beautiful dog and Mr. Bell was very fond of her.

One Sunday evening the dog was asleep on the top of a balcony. The night was very dark.

Suddenly "Countess" heard the sound of wheels on the driveway. It was her master's carriage. She heard her master's voice.

In bounding up quickly she missed her footing, lost her balance, and fell to the ground, twenty-three feet below.

Mr. Bell saw that his dog was badly hurt and everything was done for her, but she died that evening.

The next morning Mr. Bell took his beautiful dog in a cab and drove to the home of the great artist, Sir Edwin Landseer.

Mr. Landseer lived near London, in England.

No one else could paint such beautiful pictures of dogs as he could paint.

Mr. Bell asked Landseer to look at his dog, — his poor "Countess."

"Do you think you can in some way make a sketch of her?" he asked.

Landseer tenderly stroked the body of the beautiful dog, and, looking carefully at it, said: "I will try."

The dog was placed on a carpet. A helmet with a red plume was placed near.

The picture was painted life size, and when Mr. Bell called to see it, he was glad to have so fine a picture of his poor lost dog.

The picture now hangs in the National Gallery at London.[11]

Shoeing the Bay Mare

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER (1802-1873)



Here in a building that once may have been a home, we see an old-fashioned country blacksmith shop. The wide door has been made in two parts so that the upper part can be swung open to let in the sunlight. The lower part of the doorway remains closed and is just high enough to keep the horse and donkey shut in. But the dog could easily jump over it should he become frightened by the flying sparks of fire.

The smith is trying a shoe on the hind foot of the beautiful horse, but neither the man nor the horse seems quite satisfied with it. The horse has an anxious look in her intelligent eyes as she turns her head to watch the smith. Though she knows he will do the work carefully she cannot help being a little nervous about it. The dog and the donkey are also very much interested in what the smith is doing, though the dog seems ready to run at any moment. Behind the dog we see the blacksmith's anvil on

which he hammers the shoe into shape. Every time the hammer strikes the red-hot iron, burning sparks fly in all directions and the blacksmith wears a leather apron, to keep them from burning holes in his clothes.

On the ground beside the blacksmith is a box in which are the tools the smith must use. It has a handle so that the smith may carry it with him and place it within reach when he is fitting the shoe.

Years ago, when the artist painted this picture, a blacksmith had to make each shoe by hand from a bar of iron. Now horseshoes are made rapidly by machinery and the blacksmith gets them from the factory. They are made in all shapes and sizes and the smith will try several shoes until he finds one that fits the horse's hoof. If it needs to be shaped a little he must heat it red hot before he can bend it. He puts it into the great bed of red-hot coals in his forge, and then blows upon the coals with his bellows to make the fire hotter. His heavy iron tongs are used to take the red-hot shoe from the coals and to hold it upon the anvil while he pounds it into shape. Next he drops it into cold water until it is cool enough to try on. The smith must be a strong man to do his work well, and in this picture our attention is drawn to the great muscles on his arms and the firm strength of his large hands.

It takes great skill to drive the nails into the horse's hoof in just such a way that they will hold the shoe firmly and at the same time not hurt the hoof. Sometimes, but not very often, a blacksmith drives a nail in the wrong direction, and the horse becomes lame. Horses grow accustomed to being shod, and seem to like to have comfortable new shoes put on. How glad they must be in the winter to have their hoofs sharp shod, so they do not slip on the ice!

Shoeing the Bay Mare

Betty, the bay mare in this picture, liked to be shod, and as she never wore a halter and could go where she pleased, she sometimes went to see the blacksmith. The story is told that one day while she was galloping over the fields one of her shoes became loose. Betty seemed to know just what to do; it was not long before the blacksmith heard a gentle neigh, and there was Betty with her head over the gate, asking to be let in. Once inside she held up the foot with the loose shoe for the blacksmith to fix. You may be sure he patted her velvety neck, and told her that he knew just what the trouble was and would fix her up all right.

The shaggy little donkey you see in the picture had to wait until the blacksmith had attended to Betty. But he did not care about having his shoes fixed anyway, and so did not mind waiting.

The man who owned Betty was Mr. Jacob Bell, and he was so proud of her that he wanted her picture painted. In fact, once when Betty had had a beautiful colt, Mr. Bell asked Sir Edwin Landseer to paint a picture of the two together. But the artist had such a long waiting list of animals to paint that he did not get around to Betty's turn for a long time. Betty had another colt, but it, too, had grown to be as tall as Betty herself before Sir Edwin Landseer at last came out to see her.

He came on the very day that Betty paid her visit to the blacksmith shop, and so it was there that Mr. Bell took the artist to see her. Landseer had planned to paint the horse out in the green fields; but when he saw her in the blacksmith shop, watching every movement of the smith with such perfect understanding in her great, intelligent eyes, he decided to paint her there.

One can see at a glance that this horse is well cared for; her silky coat makes us wish to pet her. Notice the white star-shaped mark on her forehead.

The hound must have followed the horse, for he does not look as if he belonged in the blacksmith shop. He seems to be a little afraid of the hot tongs placed in front of him, and looks as if he might run away the next time the sparks begin to fly.

That sleepy-looking little donkey must belong to some child, for you can see the saddle on his back. Probably some boy will call for him, and ride him home.

Notice how the light comes in through the upper half of the doorway and falls upon the figures. Can you see where the light from the fire in the forge is shining?

We cannot see the bird in the cage hanging from the roof of the blacksmith shop, but no doubt it sang very merrily on the bright sunny day this must have been. The smith has placed its cage a safe distance from the heat, and where it can get plenty of air and sunlight. No doubt they are great friends, but how the bird must wish to try its wings in a long flight up beyond the treetops and into the bright blue sky!

When the shoe is fixed the blacksmith will open the door and Betty will trot home by herself. No wonder Mr. Bell was proud of a horse that knew so much and was so beautiful. Would you not like to have a horse like Betty?

About the Artist

Sir Edwin Landseer had three sisters and two brothers who liked to draw and paint as well as he did. The father was an artist, and he taught them all how to draw when they were very young.

They lived in the country, and often the father went with his children for a walk through the fields. There were two very large fields separated from each other by a fence with an old-fashioned stile for a gate. This stile had several steps, and was built high so that the sheep and cows could not jump over. One day when Edwin was six years old, and so little that he had to be lifted over this stile, his father tells us that "At his request I lifted him over, and finding a scrap of paper and a pencil in my pocket, I made him sketch a cow." After this Edwin came here nearly every day, and his father called these two fields "Edwin's studio."

When Edwin was only thirteen years old two of his pictures were exhibited at the Royal Academy. One was a portrait of a mule; the other, of a dog and puppies.

Edwin painted always from life, not caring to make copies from the work of others. All the sketches he made when he was a little boy were carefully kept by the father, and now if you go to England you may see them in the South Kensington Museum in London.

Edwin, we are told, was a bright, gentle little boy, with blue eyes and light curly hair. At fourteen years of age he became a pupil at the Royal Academy. The keeper there was an old man who grew very fond of the boy. He would look all about for him, and if he could not find him he would say, "Where is my little dog boy?" At this time Edwin had three dogs of his own, which he called Brutus, Vixen, and Boxer. They were his inseparable companions, and so intelligent that they seemed almost able to speak.

For many years he lived and painted in his father's house in a poor little room without even a carpet. All the furniture, we are told, consisted of three cheap chairs and an easel. Later, he had

a fine studio not far from a park. There was a small house and garden here, and the barn was made over into a studio.

Sir Edwin was not a very good business man, and he left the management of all his affairs to his father, who sold his pictures for him and kept his accounts.

Landseer was only sixteen years old when he exhibited his wonderful picture called *Fighting Dogs Getting Wind*. A very rich man whose praise meant a great deal at that time bought the picture, and Sir Edwin's success was assured. After that so many people brought their pets for him to paint that he had to keep a list, and each must wait his turn.

It was about this time, too, that he painted an old white horse in the stable of another wealthy man. After the picture was finished, ready to deliver, it suddenly disappeared. Search was made for it everywhere, but it was not found until twenty-four years afterwards. A servant had stolen it and hidden it in a hayloft. He was afraid to sell it, or even to keep it in his home, for every one would recognize the great artist's work.

At the age of twenty-four, Landseer became a member of the Royal Academy, which was an unusual honor for so young a man.

The story is told that at an evening party in the home of a well-known leader of society in London where Landseer was present, the guests had been talking about skill with the hands. One of the guests said that no one had ever been found who could draw two things at once. Landseer remarked, "Oh, I can do that; lend me two pencils, and I will show you."

He then quickly drew the head of a horse with one hand, at the same time drawing a deer's head and antlers with the other hand. Both sketches were so good that they might well have been drawn with the same hand and with much more study.

Landseer made a special study of lions, too, and painted many pictures of them. The great lions at the base of the famous Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square, London, were modeled by him.

Although Landseer painted so many wild animals, birds, and hunting scenes, he did not care to hunt or shoot. Sometimes he would hire guides to take him into the wildest parts in search of game. But these guides felt thoroughly disgusted with him when, a great wild deer bounding toward them, he would merely make a sketch of it in his book.

Landseer knew how to use a gun, however, and sometimes did use it with great success. But it was the study of live animals that interested him most. He often said that to kill a bird was to lose it.

He believed that animals understand, feel, and reason just like people; so he represented them in his pictures as happy, sad, gay, dignified, frivolous, rich, poor, and in all ways just like human beings.

Landseer did and said all he could against the custom of cutting, or "cropping," the ears of dogs. He said that nature intended to protect the ears of dogs that "dig in the dirt," and man should not interfere. People paid a great deal of attention to what he said, and the custom lost favor.

In 1850 the honor of knighthood was conferred upon Landseer. He was popular alike with patron and peasant, and no English painter has ever been more appreciated in his own country.

Landseer died in London in 1873, at the age of seventy-one.[12]

Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER (l802-1873)



Here we are looking into the interior of a highland shepherd's hut. Our eyes are immediately attracted to the center of the room, where we see the coffin of the shepherd covered with a blanket against which his dog keeps solitary watch. A well-worn Bible and a pair of glasses on the stool near by, the hat, the cane, all suggest something of the life and age of the shepherd. We are told that he was a very old man who had lived all his life among the hills of Scotland. For the last few years, at least, he had lived here alone except for the companionship of his faithful dog and his sheep.

The good old dog could tell you all about it. How, early in the morning, he would go with his master to drive the sheep to the best grazing ground, where all day long they guarded and watched them, the man and the dog sharing their noonday lunch of coarse bread. And why did they need to watch the

sheep so carefully? There were a great many eagles whose nests were high up in the giant oak trees or up in some rocky cliff far away, and they came flying over the hills looking for food. Woe to the sheep if their master was not near to care for them, for then an eagle would swoop down upon his choice and carry it away to his nest. Then, too, there may have been wild animals prowling about, and the sheep must be protected from them. The dog and his master also had to keep watch lest some lamb stray away from the flock and get lost.

In the evening the dog helped his master drive the sheep to shelter in the great sheds where they were kept safe all night. Then up the hill they would climb to their home, where the shepherd prepared the simple evening meal for himself and his dog. Now what could they do after supper? It was too far for the old man to go to the distant village, and no one was likely to come in to see them. No doubt, too, he was very tired, and ready to go to bed very early. You know how sleepy you are after you have been out in the fields all day long. But first he read a little in his Bible; and when the dog saw his master take up the book and put on his spectacles, he probably stretched out on the floor and kept very still.

As time went on, the old man became more feeble and the dog worked all the harder to save his master's strength. It may be that toward the last the dog did almost all the work of caring for the sheep. Then, one morning, the old shepherd did not wake up. Even the tugging and sharp barks of his faithful friend failed to arouse him. It may be that the dog's barks brought some passing drovers to the door.

In the picture the dog presses close to the coffin. His clinging paws have dragged the blanket to the floor. His eyes seem full of tears of hopeless grief, as if he understood his master could not come back. He must have kept that same rigid and

sorrowful position since the men left. Some green branches placed upon the coffin have fallen to the floor because of the dog's first frantic tugging at the blanket. The shepherd must have led a lonely life indeed to have no one but his faithful dog to watch beside him. His hat and cane lie where he left them, and all is very quiet.

In another picture Landseer painted a dog lying on the ground over the grave where his master lies buried. We can easily imagine that this dog will follow his master to his last resting place and that he, too, will act as sentinel over the grave of the one he loves so dearly. Landseer wanted to make us feel how good and faithful a friend a dog is.

About the Artist

Sir Edwin Landseer's grandfather was a jeweler and his father also learned that trade. The jewelers of that day were very often asked to engrave the copper plates that were used in printing pictures. Sir Edwin's father soon decided that he would rather engrave pictures than sell jewels, and he became a very skillful engraver.

At that time few people realized what an art it was to be able to cut a picture in copper so that a great many copies of it could be made from one plate. They did not even consider it an art as we do, and so engravers were not allowed to exhibit at the Royal Academy and were given no honors at all. Edwin's father thought this was not right, and gave several lectures in defense of the art. He said that engraving is a kind of "sculpture performed by incision." His talks were of no avail at the time, but within a year after his death the engravers received the recognition due them.

His eldest son, Thomas, also became famous as an engraver, and to him we are indebted for so many fine prints of Sir Edwin Landseer's paintings. Thomas also made an engraving of the *Horse Fair* for Rosa Bonheur. Few can afford to own the paintings, but the prints come within the means of all of us.

Edwin's father taught him to draw, and even when Edwin was only five years old he could draw remarkably well. Edwin had three sisters and two brothers. They lived in the country, and often the father went with his children for a walk through the fields. There were two very large fields separated by a fence over which was built an old-fashioned stile with several steps. The fence was built high so the sheep and cows in the fields could not jump over. One day Edwin stopped at the stile to look at the cows and asked his father to show him how to draw them. His father then gave Edwin his first lesson in drawing a cow. After this Edwin came nearly every day to these fields and his father called them "Edwin's studio."

When he was only thirteen years old, two of his pictures were exhibited at the Royal Academy. One was a portrait of a mule, and the other was of a dog and puppies. Edwin painted from real life always, not caring to make copies from the work of others. All the sketches he made when he was a little boy were kept carefully by his father, and now if you go to England you may see them in the South Kensington Museum in London.

Landseer was only sixteen years old when he exhibited his wonderful picture *Fighting Dogs Getting Wind*. A very rich man whose praise meant a great deal bought the picture, and the young artist's success was assured.

It was about this time, too, that he painted an old white horse in the stable of another wealthy man. After the picture was finished and ready to deliver, it suddenly disappeared. A diligent

search was made for it, but it was not found until twenty-four years afterwards. A servant had stolen it and hidden it in a hayloft. He had been afraid to sell it or even to keep it in his home, for no one would have failed to recognize the great artist's work.

For many years Landseer lived and painted in his father's house in a poor little room without even a carpet. The only furniture, we are told, were three cheap chairs and an easel. Later he had a fine studio not far from Regent's Park. Here was a small house with a garden and a barn. The barn was made over into a studio. Here so many people brought their pets for him to paint that he had to keep a list, and each was obliged to wait his turn. But Sir Edwin was not a very good business man, so he left all his affairs to his father, who sold his pictures for him and kept his accounts.

Landseer made a special study of lions, too. A lion died at the park menagerie and he dissected its body and studied and drew every part. He painted many pictures of lions. He also modeled the great lions at the base of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square, London.

Although Landseer painted so many wild animals, birds, and hunting scenes, he did not care to shoot animals. His weapons were his pencil and sketch book. Sometimes he hired guides to take him into the wildest parts of the country in search of game. But he quite disgusted the guides when, a great deer bounding toward him, he would merely make a sketch of it in his book.

Many of Landseer's paintings are of scenes in Scotland, as is this one, *Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner*. When Sir Edwin Landseer went to visit Scotland one of his fellow travelers was Sir Walter Scott, the great novelist. The two became close friends. Sir Walter Scott tells us: "Landseer's dogs were the most

magnificent things I ever saw, leaping and bounding and grinning all over the canvas." Landseer painted Sir Walter Scott's dog *Maida Vale* many times, and he named his studio for the dog.

At twenty-four Landseer became an associate of the Royal Academy, which was an unusual honor for so young a man.

In 1850 the honor of knighthood was conferred upon him.

This story is told of him at a social gathering in the home of a well-known leader of society in London. The company had been talking about skill with the hands, when some one remarked that no one had ever been found who could draw two things at once. "Oh, I can do that," said Landseer; "lend me two pencils and I will show you." Quickly he drew the head of a horse with one hand while with the other he drew a stag's head and antlers. Both sketches were so good that they might well have been drawn with the same hand and with much more study.

Sir Edwin Landseer felt that animals understand, feel, and reason just like people, so he painted them as happy, sad, gay, dignified, frivolous, rich, poor, and in all ways just like human beings. This appealed to the people, and he became very popular.

Sir Edwin did and said all he could against the custom of "cropping" the ears of dogs. He said that nature intended to protect the ears of dogs that "dig in the dirt," and man should not interfere. People paid attention to what he said, and the custom lost favor.

Landseer died in London in 1873 at the age of seventy-one. A tablet placed to his memory in the notch of one of the windows at Westminster Abbey has a medallion portrait of him at the top, and below this, carved in light relief, is a copy of one

of his most famous paintings, *The Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner*. [13]

Saved

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER (l802-1873)



This fine Newfoundland dog has just saved the life of a little child. We can see even in this print of the picture that they are both dripping wet, and so we know the child must have fallen into the water and was about to drown when the dog swam out and brought her safely to the shore.

We can only guess how the accident occurred. It could not have been a shipwreck, for then there would be others for the good old dog to save; besides, although the sky is partly cloudy, there is no evidence of a storm, and we see sailboats in the distance.

The child evidently had not been wading out into the water and gone beyond her depth, because she has on her shoes and stockings and is dressed for a day in the warm sunshine, perhaps out on the beach. Probably she had been playing on the wharf or on the rocky shore and had reached out too far or had slipped on a rock.

The dog, hearing her cry, must have immediately plunged into the water after her. Then holding the child firmly by her dress, he had battled against the waves until he reached a sandy beach from which he had dragged himself to this place.

Although we cannot see the parents, nurse, or playmates, no doubt they are running toward the child and the dog. The dog seems to be watching their approach as he lies there exhausted, guarding the precious burden lying across his paws. His great tongue hangs out and we can almost hear him pant as he gasps for breath after his fierce struggle against the waves.

The child is still unconscious, her large shade hat held by a rubber band under her chin; her arm lies limp and lifeless, yet we are sure the great dog has been in time, and she will soon open her eyes. The sea gulls circle about the two as if they were glad of the rescue, and were trying to show the parents where to find the child.

These powerful Newfoundland dogs are strong swimmers. At the first cry of alarm they usually plunge unbidden into the water, and rarely fail to accomplish a rescue. In France they are kept on the banks of the Seine as important members of the life-saving crew. Here they are carefully trained for this purpose by their masters, who throw a stuffed figure of a man into the water and teach the dogs to bring it back to shore. They are taught always to hold the head of the figure above the water. They seem to understand perfectly just what is wanted of them and why.

A story is told, and it is claimed to be true, of a woman who, while washing clothes on the bank of a river, placed her baby in the clothes basket to keep it safe. In some way the child tipped the basket, rolling out of it and down the bank into the deep water below. The woman screamed but she was helpless.

Hearing her cry, a large Newfoundland dog that she had never seen before came swimming down the stream and saved the child, carrying it to the opposite shore.

The woman ran down the bank of the river and secured the help of a ferryman and his grandson, a boy about ten years old. When the boat reached the opposite shore the big dog was licking the hands and face of the cooing child, but growled and barked viciously at the people who were approaching him. No one dared go near him. They tried every device, but no, he could not be coaxed away from the baby.

At last the boy said he had an idea, and off he ran down the bank and jumped into the boat. Rowing out some distance into the river, he suddenly jumped from the boat into the water, uttering a loud cry of distress. He struggled a while, and then to all appearances sank out of sight. The grandfather knew the boy could swim and dive, and yet the suddenness with which he sank alarmed him greatly, and he called out, too.

Immediately the great dog recognized the cry of alarm and, forgetting all else, left his small charge and rushed to the help of the larger one, bringing the boy safely to the shore. Meanwhile, of course, the mother had taken up the baby. The dog, though showing surprise at the quick recovery of the boy he supposed to be nearly drowned, still determined to guard him in the same way he had guarded the baby.

About this time, however, the dog's owner, a huntsman, appeared. The dog greeted him joyously, running from the child to the boy and then to his master as if to tell him what he had done and how he had guarded them until his master came.

Many times it has been told of a Newfoundland that, when annoyed by some small dog that persisted in barking and snapping at him, he would finally seize it by the back of the neck,

carry it to the river, and drop it into the water. After watching the struggles of the little dog, which seldom was able to swim, the Newfoundland would plunge in and rescue him. After that you may be sure the little dog took care not to annoy the big one.

A humorous incident is told of two boatmen who, on a wager, started to swim across a stream. When one of the men was in midstream his Newfoundland dog plunged in after him and in spite of his struggles brought him back to the shore by his hair. The crowd which had been watching was greatly amused, but the chagrined sailor was able to laugh in turn when the great animal, mistaking the emotion of the onlookers, brought the other man back also.

A lady who owned a fine Newfoundland dog allowed him one day to carry her parasol. When they came to a baker's shop she bought a bun for him. The next day the dog met another lady coming down the street carrying a parasol. He immediately seized it and ran on ahead until he came to the baker's shop. The lady went in and asked the baker to help her secure her parasol. He suggested that she give the dog a bun as his mistress had done. Then the dog gave up the parasol willingly. He had to be punished very severely before he could be broken of this habit.

Cases have been known of these dogs rescuing even so delicate a thing as a canary bird that had fallen into the water.

Intelligent and faithful, perhaps there is no other dog, unless it be the St. Bernard, which rescues travelers in the snow-covered Alps, that has done so much for man or has saved so many lives.

These dogs show remarkable kindness not only toward man but toward other animals. When another dog has been injured they have been known to carry bones and other food to it.

A Newfoundland was once taken to a dog pound with numerous other dogs. He soon gnawed his rope in two and was about to escape when, hearing the piteous cries of the other dogs, he went from one to another, setting them all free.

Even abuse will not make these loyal animals turn against a master, although they have been known to run away from a cruel one. A story is told of a man who, while rowing a boat, pushed his Newfoundland dog into the stream. The dog followed the boat for some time but, growing tired at last, tried to get back into the boat. The man pushed him away several times, finally pushing so hard that he overturned the boat and was about to drown. The good dog, however, caught hold of his coat and held him above water until help came.

In the island of Newfoundland these dogs are used much as we use horses, and are very valuable. With them duty is first. We often hear of one of these dogs carrying a basket of meat, a paper, or some other thing for his owner, and bearing any amount of annoyance from other dogs until he has delivered his charge safely; then he promptly goes back and punishes the offenders in such a way that they dare not interfere with him again.

These dogs are noble animals indeed. Their lives are devoted to man, though their devotion is not always appreciated as it should be.

Lord Byron writes:

"In life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend;
Whose honest heart is still his master's own;
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone.
The rich man's guardian, and the poor man's friend."

No wonder Sir Edwin Landseer loved to paint these noble animals. Their intelligent look and, better still, their brave and noble deeds render them almost human, lacking only the power of speech. It seems sometimes as if they really do talk, and the owners of such dogs declare that their actions prove that the dogs understand every word said to them.

Sir Edwin Landseer has painted another picture of a Newfoundland dog, called *A Member of the Royal Humane Society*, which looks so much like this one that it might be the same dog.

About the Artist

When Edwin Landseer was a small boy he lived in the country. Nearly every day at breakfast the father would ask his boys, "What shall we draw to-day?" The three boys would take turns choosing and sometimes they would vote on it. Then out across the fields the father and his boys would tramp until they came to where the donkeys, sheep, goats, and cows were grazing. Each would choose the animal he wished to draw; then the four would sit down on the grass and make their sketches. Edwin's first choice for a subject was a cow, and his father helped him draw it.

When he was five years old he drew a picture of a dog asleep on the floor that was very much better than any his older brothers could do, and so even then they began to expect much from him.

At this time Edwin had three dogs of his own named Brutus, Vixen, and Boxer. They were always with him, and so intelligent they almost seemed to speak.

In their back yard the children had several pens for pet rabbits and they kept pigeons in the attic of their house. The

story is told of how Mr. Landseer once decided to move, selected the house, and thought all was settled, when the landlord refused to rent the house to him because he kept so many animals and birds as pets.

We read of how the father and his sons made many visits to the Zoölogical Gardens where they could watch and make sketches of lions, bears, and other wild animals. One day they saw a strange sight in one of the store windows in London--a large Newfoundland dog caring for a lion. The lion had been caught in Africa when it was very little and had been cared for by this dog. They had never been separated. Now, although the lion was much larger than the dog, they were still the best of friends.

Sometimes the dog would punish the lion if it did not behave, and the great beast would whimper just as if it could not help itself. All three boys made many sketches of this strange pair and could hardly be persuaded to leave the window.

Every one knew of Sir Edwin Landseer and wanted some one of his pictures of dogs because it looked so much like a dog they knew. [14]

Sir Edwin Landseer

(1802-1873)

The Boy Landseer

Have you ever tried to draw a picture with both hands at the same time? Do you think it can be done? This same question was once discussed by a company of artists in London. One man declared it could not be done. Another said it could, and, taking a pencil in each hand, he began to draw. The artists gathered around him, and eagerly watched him as he sketched. In a very few moments the head of a horse was seen on one paper, while a stag's head appeared upon the other. Would you like to know who the artist was? It was Edwin Landseer.

There were several boys in the Landseer family, and Edwin was the youngest. Many were the frolics they enjoyed together upon Hampstead Heath. They raced and romped with dogs and puppies. They pulled grass for the faithful old horses. They even rode upon the backs of the shaggy donkeys. No wonder they looked forward with pleasure to their visits to this playground.

Almost from babyhood the Landseer children had been fond of drawing. At the breakfast table the father would ask, "What shall we draw today, boys?" When it came Edwin's turn to make a choice, he would say, "May we go to Hampstead Heath and draw the dogs?"

Let us take a peep at the brothers as they sit sketching, with their father near by. It is easy to see that Charles and Thomas are drawing some kind of a dog, but when you look over Edwin's shoulder you exclaim, "That is surely a spaniel."

The time spent on Hampstead Heath was not all play. Edwin never forgot the lessons he learned there. When a very small boy, he had begged his mother to draw pictures which he copied. Now he loved to draw the birds and dogs and horses just as he saw them. His father would often say, "Study things as God has made them, my boy," or "Your own eyes are your best teacher." Hard indeed must those eyes have worked for him.

As he trudged back to his home in Queen Anne Street with his sketchbook under his arm, he thought, "Will mamma know this is Dr. Dobbs' old gray horse?" How proud and happy he was when she laid her hand on his curly head and cried, "Bless the child. He has drawn the doctor's gray mare!"

Landseer and His Dogs

If you had been in Queen Anne Street one bright September morning long ago, you might have seen Edwin Landseer starting off for his first day at school with his sister. Very proud she was of her little artist brother!

He soon learned to read; but when he should have been writing, he covered his papers with drawings. Many were the times he ran away from school. Can you not guess what he was doing when his teacher found him? Drawing a dog, to be sure.

Edwin's father was an engraver. An engraver's work is to cut a picture upon a block of wood or a plate of steel or copper. From this block or plate many copies of the picture can be made. These copies are called etchings. Would not an engraver's work be interesting?

Little Edwin thought so, and spent many hours watching his father. As he stood by his side, the large eyes grew bright, and the cheeks rosy, while in his heart a question came, "Could I do that? Could I, too, make a picture?" When he was eight years

old, he made the attempt. What a remarkable plate it was for such a little fellow! He tried again and again. At first he etched only one object on a plate, but soon he was able to engrave a group of animals.

In one corner of the Landseers' back yard was a pen of pet rabbits. There were pigeons in the attic of the house, and dogs of all sorts and sizes sported on the steps or dozed in the bright sunshine. But the children were not satisfied with these, and often borrowed a noble mastiff or a curly little poodle to sketch. A man once refused to rent a house to Mr. Landseer because his children had so many pet animals.

Wherever animals were to be seen in London, there, too, the Landseer children were to be found with their pencils. In a shop window in Fleet Street there was a fine Newfoundland dog caring for a lion. The lion, when a baby, had been given to the dog to bring up. The lion grew much larger than his foster mother, but never ceased to love her.

It amused Edwin to see the dog give the strong young lion a cuff on the head when he did not behave well. How often in the crowd that was constantly before the window were young Landseer and his brothers to be seen! What drawings they made of the strange family! They pictured the two animals eating, walking about, asleep, and at play.

The Home in St. John's Wood

Happy with his drawing, delighting in his pets, striving to improve himself, the boy, Edwin Landseer, grew to manhood. He was kind. Could he be cruel when he loved animals so well? He was good and true. He was pleasant and jolly. Every one liked him for that. He loved flowers and children and all the beauties God has given us to enjoy.

Edwin Landseer now owned many animals, and had a large number of pictures that he had painted. People told him that he ought to have a house of his own to put them in.

He looked all about London for a suitable place. He found a cottage that he liked in St. John's Wood near the great city. The cottage, covered with vines, made a cozy little home. The barn was arranged as a studio. What a pretty place the garden was! In the spring the apple trees looked like great bouquets of pink and white blossoms. Old-fashioned flowers grew in the garden, and the lawn was wide and green. Was not that a good place for pets?

Pictures of monkeys, pictures of cats, pictures of horses, dogs, and deer, — all these were crowded together in Landseer's studio. The artist was at work one morning when he heard a knock at the door. Laying down his brush, he went to admit his visitor.

Before Landseer reached the door, it was opened and a friend put in his head and looked all about at the pictures. He went quickly out again, almost closed the door and said through the crack, "I'm afraid to come in. Won't your dogs bite me?"

Friends were always welcome at Landseer's house. They loved to visit him. Once some guests came when he was not there. His sister entertained them. Very soon Landseer returned. "You look tired; what have you been doing? " said one of the ladies. "I have been training some horses in the field," replied Landseer. "But you have no whip." "This is the whip I use," said Landseer, holding up a lump of sugar. He believed that horses did not learn more quickly by cruel treatment.

Dogs are very intelligent. They know a friend immediately. Strange dogs often came up to Landseer on the street and rubbed lovingly against him. He was in a large company one

time. Some great dogs came bounding into the room. Such a noise as their barking made!

The ladies were afraid, and one timid little girl began to cry. The dogs went up to Landseer, and soon became quiet when he spoke to them in a low, soft tone. "Oh, I did not know those were your dogs, Mr. Landseer!" exclaimed one of the ladies. "I never saw them before," answered the artist.

About this time Edwin Landseer painted a picture in which all people, who loved animals, were greatly interested. It was called *The Cat's Paw*. A sly old monkey wanted some chestnuts that were roasting on top of the stove. He knew the stove was hot, and did not care to burn his own paws. He was fond of chestnuts though. He thought of a scheme.

Quickly he ran to the spot where puss lay napping in the sunshine. He took her in his arms and returned to the stove. In the picture, we see that the cruel monkey has grasped kitty's paw in his own. Poor puss! How she cried and struggled to get away! It was of no use, for the monkey was stronger than she. With her little paw the monkey swept the chestnuts to the floor. Let us hope the kitten was not badly burned.

Landseer in Scotland

Sir Walter Scott, the famous author, visited London. He saw the picture. "I want to become acquainted with the man who could paint such a picture," he said. He and Landseer became great friends. Why not? Sir Walter Scott admired Landseer's pictures, and Landseer was so fond of the books written by Scott that he often had one under his pillow. Both loved animals.

Sir Walter's home in Scotland was called Abbotsford. When he was ready to return, he invited Edwin Landseer to go with him. How Landseer enjoyed the scenes in Scotland! There were

high, rough mountains and beautiful, clear lakes. The people who lived there were a valiant race. With all their strength and bravery, they were kind and true. All these things afforded Landseer great pleasure.

"But," you ask, "were there no animals? I should think he would need animals to make him quite content." Oh yes, indeed! There were gentle deer roaming the mountains. In Sir Walter Scott's home there were hunting horses and many dogs. The favorite dog was a noble creature called Maida.

Landseer painted its picture. Six weeks later the dog died. Sir Walter Scott was glad then that he had such a fine picture of his dead favorite.

Landseer and Sir Walter Scott tramped many miles together over heath and stone and up into the rugged foothills. The mountain streams went roaring down the steep slopes. Sometimes a high ledge made a waterfall. Where the sunlight fell on the dancing waters, a rainbow was formed. The tops of the hills were often invisible. So thick were the clouds of mist that hung about them, that Mother Nature seemed to have put hoods upon them all.

Here in the summer time the deer gathered, for the mist kept off the hot sunshine. The two friends climbed up and up till they found the deer in their cool retreat. They watched the mild creatures as they sported nimbly on the rocks. What great soft eyes they had!

Once in a while these little journeys were hunting trips. Landseer had not shot one deer. One day, as he was hunting, a noble buck bounded across his path. He raised his gun and was about to fire. Instead, he tossed the gun to his servant saying, "Quick, take this," and snatching a pencil, made a hasty sketch of the fine animal. The fleet-footed deer was gone in an instant.

Landseer was happier with his picture than he would have been with the dead buck.

Many of the Scottish people, who were so brave and kind, were shepherds. They tended their flocks on the green hillsides. As the sheep nibbled the tender grass, the faithful shepherd dog dozed lazily in the shade near his master. When it was time to go home, the dog helped his master drive all the sheep to the fold. Landseer loved these people, and often visited them in their lonely mountain homes.

He painted a picture called *The Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner*. It represents a dog sitting by the coffin of his master. The room is quiet and gloomy. The shepherd's spectacles lie on his well-worn Bible, just as he had left them. The dog's breast is pressed close against the coffin. The clinging paws have dragged aside the blanket. His eyes are sad and motionless. The dog had known no love but his master's. Now the shepherd's only mourner is this trusty old friend.

Landseer the Artist

So well did Landseer paint dogs that everyone who had a pet wanted him to paint a picture of it. Many a little dog had to wait weeks, yes, even months, before his turn came to pose for the great artist. When people saw these pictures they often exclaimed, "How much that looks like our old Nero!" Some people could not afford to have a picture of their dog made, but they could afford to pay a shilling for a copy of some other dog.

Edwin Landseer's father and brother spent all their time, now, engraving copies of his work. They made hundreds of etchings of *Shoeing the Horse*, *King of the Forest*, *King Charles' Spaniels* and other favorite pictures. Because of this, copies of his

pictures soon found their way into even the humblest homes of England.

Surprised, indeed, were Landseer's neighbors to see Queen Victoria cantering up the road toward his studio one bright day. "The Queen is coming this way! Long live our good Queen!" Sure enough, it was Victoria herself! When Landseer heard the shouts, he ran to change his coat. Of course he wished to look his best before his royal visitor. The Queen had ridden to St. John's Wood that Landseer might see her on horseback. She wanted to have her portrait painted.

Many a fine gallop they had together through the parks after this. Landseer was often entertained at Windsor Castle. He became a great favorite in the royal family. They made him numerous presents. He painted many pictures of the Queen, of her husband, Prince Albert, and of their children with their pets.

One time Edwin Landseer went to the palace to see the Queen. He had to wait a long, long time. After awhile he grew tired. He quickly sketched two dogs. One had his ears pricked up as if listening for a footstep. The other held in his mouth a card, on which was written, E. Landseer. He sent both drawings to the Queen. Do you think she would keep him waiting again?

One day a new hippopotamus was brought to the Zoological Gardens in London. The Queen had not seen it. She asked Landseer to draw it for her. In fifteen minutes he had made four sketches of the great awkward beast in different positions.

Landseer was the first English artist who could claim Queen Victoria for his friend. He had gained her friendship by his cheerful manners and manly ways. In 1850 Landseer's pictures were known and loved throughout England. The Queen, too, loved his pictures, and decided to make him a knight just as George III had honored Reynolds. He was then no longer plain

Mr. Landseer, but was everywhere known as Sir Edwin Landseer.

In the pretty little home in St. John's Wood, Landseer spent his last years. Even then he was busy with his painting. From the time he was sixty-five until his death he painted fewer pictures each year. His life, once so bright and happy, now became sad. Landseer was sorry to give up his pencil and brush. Many homes have been brightened by copies of his beautiful pictures. [15]

Angels' Heads

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723-1792)



Sir Joshua Reynolds had many friends, but among his best friends he counted the children.

He was always happy when some little child was in his studio.

He liked to study their queer little ways and to know their thoughts.

It made him very happy to have them come, and he would often play with them. He loved them all, for he had no little ones of his own.

No artist ever painted pictures of children so well as Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Sometimes he would let a child sit just as he liked; he would say: "Ah, my little man, keep still where you are!

Then the child would keep very still while the great artist painted and told him stories.

Among the pretty children who often came to his studio, was a dear little girl.

Her name was Frances Isabella Gordon. Her father was Lord William Gordon.

She loved to come to the studio, and her picture was painted many times.

Once Sir Joshua Reynolds took a large canvas and sketched her pretty little face as she was looking straight at him.

This was shown as "A Child's Portrait."

Another time he took the same canvas and painted her face looking to the right, then to the left. Two more views he painted; one when she was looking up and another when her eyes were downcast.

There were now five views of little Miss Gordon, and all of them were in a pretty group on one canvas.

How beautiful they are, and how innocent and trustful is each sweet face!

One day the great artist took his paints and added wings and some clouds to this picture. It was pretty fancy.

He now called it *Angels' Heads*, and in 1787 he sent it to the Royal Academy, where it was hung up with many other pictures.

Every one who looked at the picture liked the sweet faces in it. It was full of grace.

A man named Ruskin, who knew and wrote many things about art, said it was a finer thing than ever the old Greeks did; and we know that the old Greeks did some wonderful things that the world will never forget. [16]

Far back in a beautiful yard, so large that it was almost a park, was a house so fine that people drove past just to see it. In this house lived a nobleman, his wife, and one lovely little daughter. Their names were Lord and Lady William Gordon, and the little girl's name was Frances Isabelle Gordon. Perhaps you have already guessed that she was the little girl we see in this picture. And this is how she happened to have her picture painted. The artist, Sir Joshua Reynolds, was a great friend of Lord and Lady Gordon and used to visit them very often. He would ride in a splendid carriage which was gilded and carved on the outside and decorated with wonderful pictures painted by himself. He had a coachman and footman, too, and when he came riding up the long driveway, little Frances must have run out to see the great carriage, for no one else had one like it.

Soon Sir Joshua Reynolds and Frances Isabelle became great friends. He could tell such good stories! And then he liked to play games with her, and above all he liked to tease her. But she did not mind his teasing, for she could run away from him when she did not like it.

Sometimes he would invite her to ride home with him in his carriage. Then he would show her his studio where he painted, and let her play with some of the toys he always kept ready for his little friends. Very likely her mother would tell him to send her home in an hour. How she must have enjoyed the ride back all alone in the big carriage, with the tall coachman and footman sitting so straight! No doubt she pretended she was a great lady riding in state, and sat very still and proper.

Sir Joshua Reynolds loved this little girl very much, and he was glad indeed when one day her mother brought her to have her picture painted.

There were no photograph galleries then such as we have now, so there was no other way to have one's picture taken. The great artist put his piece of canvas on an easel and mixed his colors. Then he told Frances Isabelle just where to sit. Although Sir Joshua Reynolds painted very rapidly, she had to sit still for a long time, and come several days, before the picture could be finished.

First he drew her looking straight at him watching him arrange his paints. Then he began to make sketches of her in different positions, but he liked her so much in all, that he could not decide which one to use. Finally, he thought of painting them all in one picture. Then, as little Frances looked so lovely and so like an angel, he decided to add the wings and clouds and call his picture *Angels' Heads*.

You see at that time, not having any photographers, no one thought of showing a person in different positions all in one picture as we do nowadays. People were very glad then to have one good picture of their friends.

Imagine how pleased and delighted Lord and Lady Gordon must have been with these five pictures instead of one, and all so like their little girl! The angel heads seem to be floating in the clouds, their faces lighted up by the bright ray of sunlight which is reflected in the golden hair of each. For Frances Isabelle had the most beautiful golden hair and the bluest of blue eyes.

The head at the lower left-hand side of the picture is serious and thoughtful, as if some hard question had to be answered. The one just above seems quiet, as if listening to the two other angels, who are singing happily. These four have quite forgotten us, but the little girl who looks straight at us seems to be right here in the room, watching us and wondering about us. A happy, healthy little girl, she looks as if she would like to run and play

with us. Such a sweet, winsome face! No wonder Sir Joshua loved her very much.

People came from far and near to see this beautiful painting when it was finished. Finally, years later, Lord and Lady Gordon gave it to the city of London to hang in the National Gallery of paintings for all to see. There it still hangs, and people who go to London always look for it, and find it just as lovely as ever.

About the Artist

Sir Joshua Reynolds's father was a teacher in a private school, and to this school Joshua was sent as soon as he was old enough. Even when a very little boy Joshua liked to draw. He liked so well to draw that it was very hard for him to study in school. He always saw so many things to draw that he could not wait until after school, but drew them on the back of his lesson papers.

One day he drew all over his number paper, and when he handed it in, his father could not read the numbers on account of the drawing. His father was disappointed because his son's paper did not look so neat as the other boys', and so he wrote at the top of the paper, "Done by Joshua out of pure idleness."

Joshua had five brothers and sisters who liked to draw just as well as he did, and who could all draw very much better than he could.

It took so much paper and so many pencils for all his children, that finally the father told them they might draw on the walls of the halls. These walls had been whitewashed and the children used burnt sticks for pencils.

At first the older brothers and sisters used to help little Joshua by guiding his hand, but he soon learned to draw as well

as they. His first drawings had been so funny that they had laughed at him. Now they praised him instead.

When he was only eight years old Joshua drew a picture that every one praised very much. It was a picture of the schoolhouse. His father was so pleased when he saw it that he said, "This is wonderful!"

In the little town where Joshua lived the people went to church on Sundays, of course, and sometimes also during the week. One day, Joshua went to church. At first he sat very still; but the sermon was a very long one, and finally he grew so tired he could not listen another minute. He thought he would like to draw a picture of the minister, but he had nothing to draw it on. Then he remembered that he had a pencil in his pocket, and that he could draw the picture on his thumb nail. That is just what he did.

The church was near the river, and after church Joshua went down to the river bank. Finding a piece of an old sail, he carried it to a boathouse, and here, from the picture on his thumb nail, he drew on the piece of sail the portrait of the minister. Then he painted it, using common paint such as is used to paint boats. Joshua was only eleven years old, and had finished his first oil painting. His father had wanted him to be a doctor, but after seeing this picture he decided to let Joshua have his own way and be a painter. He sent him to a good teacher, and lived to see his son a great artist. [17]

Miss Bowles

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723-1792)



This sweet child is little Miss Bowles.

One day, before this picture was painted, her papa said, "We must have a portrait of our little girl."

A friend, hearing this, said: "Let Sir Joshua Reynolds paint the portrait. No one can paint such beautiful children as he."

So this great painter was invited to their house one day to dinner.

He was delighted with the little girl and told her many nice stories, and they had a merry time.

She thought he was the most charming man in the world.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was pleased to see that this little girl liked him, for then she would look happy when she came to his

house to have her portrait painted. The very next day she came to his studio. Her little dog came, too.

She sat down thinking of those nice stories Sir Joshua had told her the day before. Her face was full of glee. She thought of the many queer tricks he played the day before, and said to herself: "But I will not let him get my little dog away from me!" so she hugs her pet tightly.

She does not look away from Sir Joshua Reynolds today,—no, not for one minute. She looks straight into his eyes. She is ready to spring and run away with her little dog if he should try to take it away.

Has she not a sweet, loving face?

The great artist thought so and he painted it just as it looked that day. It is one of the sweetest child pictures ever painted. [18]

How pleased little Miss Bowles must have been when her mamma and papa told her she was to go to the studio of the great Sir Joshua Reynolds to have her picture painted! She must have clapped her hands, for, as every one knew, Sir Joshua Reynolds was the most delightful man in the world. He not only loved children but he always played with them and kept a great many wonderful toys in his studio just for them. Then, too, he had invited her and her mamma and papa to have lunch with him before she sat for her picture.

Sir Joshua had told her mamma to dress the little girl in the simplest white dress she had, so she could play, and because he did not like fine clothes.

It was a lovely drive from her home to the studio, and the two fine horses held their heads up and stepped very high as if

they, too, were glad they were going to Sir Joshua's house. Just as Miss Bowles stepped out of the carriage the cutest little black and white dog came racing down the walk to greet her. Little Miss Bowles was not a bit afraid. How could she be, when the little black and white dog came right up to her and stood wagging his tail? When she had petted him, perhaps he ran to bring a stick for her to throw, so he could find it and bring it back to her, just as your dog does. Sir Joshua heard her laughing and the dog barking as he came out to welcome them.

Almost at once, luncheon was announced and they all went in to the big dining room. Sir Joshua Reynolds sat next to little Miss Bowles and told her all about the little dog, whose name, perhaps, was Spot. A lady whose picture he had painted had given the dog to him, and she had taught Spot several very clever tricks which Miss Bowles should see right after luncheon.

Sir Joshua loved to surprise his little friends. When they were not looking he would take their handkerchiefs from them, or suddenly put some strange toy in their laps. He loved to see their look of surprise and delight.

After luncheon came a good romp in the yard. Perhaps the little dog would bite Miss Bowles's shoes and try to keep her from running. How she must have laughed!

When she went back into the house Spot went in with her. Little Miss Bowles is so afraid the artist is going to send her pet away that she holds him fast in her arms, and looks at Sir Joshua Reynolds as much as to say, "Now you can't send him away, can you?" Her eyes fairly sparkle with glee as she squeezes the little dog much too hard for his comfort. He knows that she holds him so fast because she wants to keep him, and he is glad to be with her, but oh! if she just would not squeeze quite so hard!

Show me how little Miss Bowles is sitting. I suppose she is afraid to look away even for a second for fear Sir Joshua will play some trick on her and get the little dog away. Sir Joshua painted so very fast that I don't suppose she knew just when he drew her picture, although he probably asked her to sit still when he was ready to paint. But she must have gone to his house several times before the picture was finished. Her father and mother were very much pleased with the picture, and said it looked just like their little girl.

Sir Joshua Reynolds loved the woods and nature so much that he nearly always painted them in his pictures. So in the background of this picture we catch a glimpse of the woods in the yard where the child and dog have been playing, and where they have just stopped a moment to rest. [19]

The Strawberry Girl

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723-1792)



We all know the story about the great artist, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and his picture called *Angels' Heads*. We know, too, how very fond of children he was, and how much they liked to go to see him.

Having no children of his own, perhaps he would not have understood them so well if his little niece had not come to live with him when she was a very little girl. Her name was Theophila Palmer, but every one called her "Offy." When her father died the family was left very poor, and so Sir Joshua Reynolds wanted to help her mother, who was his sister. He offered to adopt Offy as his own little daughter and to take her home to live with him and his sister in his great house in London.

After living on a farm out in the country all her life, you can imagine how excited Offy was when it was finally decided that she should go. Her uncle came for her in that same big coach or carriage in which little Frances Isabelle Gordon liked so much to ride.

What a fine time she must have had playing in the great yard with Sir Joshua, and with the children who came to him to have their pictures painted! Very often she would go home to see her mother and sister. Then Sir Joshua would send his carriage to bring them all back for a visit with him. What fun it was to show them all around the great house and yard! There were fine, large trees in the yard, and behind the house was a small garden with a strawberry patch at one end.

One bright spring morning Offy woke up with a beautiful plan in her head. She would surprise her uncle. He had been so very busy she felt sure he had not looked at the strawberry bed for several days, and did not know the berries were ripe. She would take her little basket and pick it full of the largest ones for him.

It was great fun hunting for them, and her basket was almost full when suddenly she heard steps. It was her uncle and two strange men who walked with him. She did not have time to hide, but stood there with her basket on her arm, waiting to hear what they would say.

At first she thought her uncle was going to scold her, and that is why she looks so shy and half afraid. But no, Sir Joshua soon guessed why she was picking the strawberries, and he was very glad he could offer some to his friends. One of the men called Offy "the little strawberry girl," and kept her with him all the rest of the day.

Sir Joshua seemed to like to look at her that day, and she was not surprised the next morning when he asked her to bring the basket and come into his studio, for he wanted to paint her picture. She had had her picture painted several times before, and knew just about what he would want her to do.

But this time he had a surprise for her. It was a large mirror which he placed in such a way that she could look in it and see every stroke of his pencil and brush as he painted her. He had her stand just as she did when he surprised her out in the strawberry patch.

As she watched him paint he talked to her about the garden and the strawberries. Then she told him how she used to gather wild strawberries out in the country, and that she and her sister and brother started very early in the morning because they wanted to find them while they were still wet with dew. There was one place not far from their house where there were many rocks, and one that was very large. The very largest, sweetest berries grew in the shade of this great rock. The children used to try to see who would reach it first; then they would divide the berries they found, for there were only a few of them, and all wanted a taste.

As Offy told about the rock Sir Joshua Reynolds sketched it in the background of his picture, just as he thought it must have looked.

The little girl looks as if she had just started away with her basket of berries when we stopped her to take her picture. She is looking straight at us, with her head bent forward a little as she smiles shyly at us with her big eyes. Her basket, cap, and dress seem strange to us, for little girls do not dress that way now. She looks quaint and old-fashioned as she stands there, with her hands clasped so primly. But one glance at her face tells us that

she is just a merry, happy little child, ready to dart away at any moment for a romp in the woods we can see in the distance.

Sir Joshua Reynolds always said that this was the best child's picture he ever painted.

Offy was very happy in his home, and lived there until she grew up and married. Then when she had a little girl of her own she let her visit Sir Joshua and have her picture painted, too. It is Offy's little daughter we see in the picture called *Simplicity*. Her name was Offy, too.

With so many lovely pictures of children it is no wonder Sir Joshua Reynolds was called the *Prince of Child Painters*.

About the Artist

The great room or studio in which Sir Joshua Reynolds painted was a wonderful place for a child to visit. In it one could find all kinds of toys, as well as birds and other pets. Most of the children who came to see Sir Joshua were of very wealthy families, but he did not care for that. He always asked their mothers to please let them wear their oldest clothes so they could have a good time. In fact, he did not like fine clothes, and usually the children in his pictures are dressed so simply you cannot tell whether they are rich or poor. He played games with them and told them stories. They were always sure of a good time and so no wonder they liked to visit him.

Many artists have been poor, and have had to work very hard just to earn enough to eat, but Sir Joshua was not one of these. He was fortunate in being able to sell all his pictures as fast as he could paint them and so always had plenty of money.

Many strange stories are told of Joshua's father because he was such an absent-minded man. One day he rode to town on

horseback. He was wearing high-topped boots which were so loose that one fell off while he was riding along. He did not notice it at all, for he was thinking of something else. But when he reached town and got off his horse he was very much surprised and embarrassed to find himself wearing only one boot.

When Sir Joshua went to London to learn how to paint he wrote to his father, "While I am doing this, I am the happiest creature alive." After he had been away several years he met a young sailor, Admiral Keppel, who invited him to go on a long sail on the Mediterranean Sea. This was a great opportunity for Sir Joshua, and he was glad to go. He spent some time in Italy, and when he came home he painted a portrait of his friend, Admiral Keppel, which every one admired. It was this picture that first made him famous. [20]

Sir Joshua Reynolds

(1723-1792)

Childhood of Reynolds

More than a hundred years ago, there lived in England a great artist. His name was Joshua Reynolds. He was a portrait painter. Few artists ever used such warm, soft colors. Few artists ever painted such good portraits. Few artists ever had such a happy, easy life.

Joshua Reynolds was born in England. His father was the master of a grammar school. Joshua was one of the pupils there. Sometimes he did not learn his lessons. He would much rather draw than study.

One day in school, his father said, "How did this happen, my son? You have failed in your Latin lesson." The boy hung his head. He answered not a word. He turned over the paper which he held in his hand. He gave it to his father. On the paper the father saw a drawing of a bookcase. The work was carefully done.

He knew now why the lesson was unfinished. He was not at all pleased with the sketch. He was thinking of the half-written lesson on the other side. In large black letters, he wrote under the picture, "This is drawn by Joshua in school, out of pure idleness." He turned to the boy. "Waste no more time in drawing," he said. "Finish your Latin at once."

Joshua's father wished him to become a doctor. Every doctor must know Latin. That is why Joshua's father wished him to study his Latin.

Little Joshua had five brothers and sisters. They all liked to draw. They could not afford to buy pencils and paper. They were allowed to draw on the whitewashed walls of the hall. They used burnt sticks for pencils.

They all drew better than Joshua. The older girls helped the little brother. Sometimes they would take his chubby little hand and guide it. He began to improve. They no longer called him the clown, as they had done before.

When Joshua was eight years old, he made a sketch of the schoolhouse. All who saw it praised the little artist — all but his father. He said nothing.

Sometimes there was service in church on week days. One day Joshua went to church. Mr. Smart's sermon was long. The boy grew tired of listening. He made a sketch of the minister on his thumb nail.

As soon as church was over, he ran to the beach. There he had a studio in an old boathouse. He took a piece of canvas which had once been a sail. From the sketch on his thumb nail, he drew a portrait of Mr. Smart. When the drawing was done, he painted it. His colors were common ship paints. This was the first time that Joshua ever made an oil painting. He was twelve years old.

As I told you before, Joshua's father wished him to become a doctor. The boy did not like the idea. He wanted to be an artist, but he said, "I would rather be a good doctor than a poor painter. Let me study with a fine master, and I am sure I can become a great artist." At last his father allowed him to have his own way.

The best teacher of painting in those days was Thomas Hudson. He lived in London. He was a portrait painter. Young men came from all parts of England to study with him.

When Joshua was seventeen years old, he set off for London. He was the happiest boy in all England. He was going to study with Hudson! His father had said that he might stay four years. No wonder he was happy! For years he had dreamed of this time. At last his dreams had come true.

Joshua was very industrious in Hudson's studio. Part of his work was to copy drawings. He did this work well. His drawings were almost as good as the master's. Sometimes he spent whole days making sketches of statues. No matter what the work was, the boy was happy in doing it.

One day he wrote a letter to his father. He said, "While! working here, I am the happiest person in the world."

Joshua stayed in London only two years. He could learn no more from his master, so he returned to his own home.

The people of the little town were proud of the young artist. They had heard how industrious he had been in London. Many of them came to him. They wished their portraits painted. All had words of praise for his work.

Three years were spent in this way. During this time he made portraits of some of the richest people in the county.

Reynolds's father died in 1746. He had lived to see his son well known as a painter. After the death of his father, Joshua Reynolds and two of his sisters lived together.

Reynolds in Italy

One of Reynolds's friends was a sailor and soldier, named Admiral Keppel. He was in command of a war ship. Keppel was to sail to the Mediterranean Sea. He invited his friend Reynolds to take the trip with him. You may be sure that the artist was very glad to go.

What a fine voyage they had! How they enjoyed skimming over the blue waters of the sea! Sometimes the ship stopped at a fort. Then Reynolds and his friend would go on land. Often they stayed several days. Once they stayed a week or two at a fort. Reynolds painted portraits of all the officers there.

When the ship reached Italy, Reynolds left his friend. He journeyed to Rome alone. There he lived two years.

All the time that he was in Rome, he worked hard. He spent many whole days in the art galleries. He studied the paintings of Raphael and Michael Angelo. Reynolds said that Michael Angelo was the king of all artists.

Two of Reynolds's sisters lent him the money to study in Rome. He often wrote to them. In one letter he said, "To be in Rome is the greatest joy of my life. Here are the finest works of art that can be found in all the world."

But sometimes young Reynolds was very sad. He had been in Italy almost three years. He longed to see his sisters. He longed for the little home in dear old England. Every day he grew more anxious to see his old friends.

One night he went to a play. There were many English people there. The band played an English air. It was a tune that everyone in London had been singing when Reynolds went away. Even the boys on the street had whistled it.

The song that Reynolds knew so well made him think of home. His eyes filled with tears. He made up his mind to go to England at once. He would stay in Italy no longer.

The artist returned to London in 1752. He no longer painted in his own town. He had a studio in the great city. He chose St. Martin's Lane as the place for his home. It was in a poor part of the city, but many artists were his neighbors.

Reynolds did not forget the kind friend who had taken him to Italy. In 1753, he painted a portrait of Admiral Keppel. All who saw it spoke of it to their friends. "Have you seen the portrait of Keppel?" This was a question often asked in London. Many people went to Reynolds's studio to see the picture. Some of them gave orders for their own portraits.

Soon the artist was very busy, but he did his work well. Every time he began a new picture, he said to himself ,"This picture must be better than any other I have ever painted."

The second year that Reynolds was in London, he painted a hundred and twenty portraits. At first, he received less pay than his old master, Thomas Hudson, received. After a while, people were willing to give Reynolds even more than they had paid Hudson.

Every one who visited Reynolds's studio wished to come again. He was kind and gentle towards all. Some of the greatest men in London were his friends. The artist often gave parties for them. The greatest poets and actors of England were glad to be invited.

Reynolds had now become the best portrait painter in London. It was no longer necessary to live in a poor part of the city. He bought a beautiful home. He added an art gallery to the house. Here he placed all the beautiful pictures that he owned.

Joshua Reynolds never married. His sister Fanny was his housekeeper. He was always very kind to her. He bought her a beautiful new carriage. It was gayly decorated in gilt. When Fanny went driving, every one on the street turned to look at her coach. The people would say to one another, "Look! that beautiful gilt coach belongs to Reynolds."

Early in the morning Reynolds began his painting. All day he worked until it was too dark to use his brushes. He used to say

to his pupils, "Do you wish to become great artists? If you do, you must go to your work, whether willing or unwilling. You must work morning, noon, and night."

The very loveliest portraits ever painted of children were done by Reynolds. Perhaps you have seen *The Strawherry Girl*, *The Infant Samuel*, or the *Angels' Heads*,

Children liked to pose for Reynolds. They liked to see him stand before his easel at his work. They liked to watch the long brushes moving back and forth over the canvas. They liked to watch him mix the bright colors on his square palette. Reynolds kept a large box of toys for the children who came to his studio. They all loved him and thought of him as a good friend.

Reynolds had a friend who was a doctor. This doctor lived many miles from London. He sent his son to London to attend school. It was the first time the boy had ever been away from home. He was often lonely in the great city. One morning he awoke early. The sun shone brightly into his room. The birds were singing cheerily. The boy did not see the sunbeams, for his eyes were filled with tears.

He did not hear the birds, for he seemed to hear his father's voice saying, "A happy birthday to you my son."

Reynolds met the homesick child. The boy told the artist that he wanted to go home. Reynolds knew the lad could not leave his school. He felt sorry for him, so he said, "Never mind, I will send you to your father."

The kind hearted artist put aside the work that he was doing. He painted a portrait of his young friend. For several days Reynolds worked at the painting. At last it was finished.

Then the two friends packed the picture in a large box. They sent it to the doctor in the distant city. The father was very much pleased with the portrait. He wrote to his son, "When I first saw

your picture, I almost believed it was you standing before me." The boy often laughed about the way that Reynolds had sent him to his father.

Reynolds liked to paint little beggar children. He often coaxed them to come to his studio to pose for him. Have you ever seen his beautiful picture, called *The Babes in the Woods*? Shall I tell you how he happened to paint it?

A little child who posed for him became tired and fell asleep. Reynolds was pleased with the little sleeper's beauty. He took a fresh canvas and made a sketch of the child as he lay asleep. Soon the child moved. Reynolds sketched him again on the canvas that he had used for the first position. When the sketch had been filled in with color, he called it The Babes in the Woods. Many people think that this is one of the most beautiful pictures of children that Reynolds ever painted.

Reynolds was often called the prince of portrait painters. He did his work so well that even the King and the Queen came to sit for their portraits.

Many others came too. Sometimes he painted as many as a hundred and fifty pictures in a single year.

One of Reynolds's pictures is called *Pickaback*. It represents a little girl riding to market on her mother's shoulders. What a nice time she is having! Little Charlotte is not afraid of falling, for her mother holds her hand. We fancy they will soon reach the market, for we can almost see them move across the canvas.

Long ago, if a man performed an heroic deed, he was made a knight. That was considered a great honor. If a soldier was very brave in battle, the King would send for him to come to the palace. He would be led to the throne room. Here the King was seated on his throne of gold under a crimson velvet canopy. The hero advanced and knelt before the King. Now came the

proudest and happiest moment of his life. The King touched him lightly on the shoulder, saying, "Rise, Sir Knight."

Now, if a man paints a wonderful picture, or writes a beautiful poem, or does a noble deed, he may be knighted. In 1768, the King so honored Reynolds and he became Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The people of his boyhood home showed him great honor, also. They elected him mayor of their town. This greatly pleased the artist. He said to the King, "This gives me more pleasure than any other honor I ever received."

The Empress of Russia asked Reynolds to paint a picture for her. He did so, and sent it far over the seas to her own land. The Empress was delighted with the painting. She made Reynolds a present of a beautiful little gold box. Diamonds and other gems gleamed on the tiny lid.

The younger artists of London often came to Sir Joshua for advice. He was always ready to help them in any way that he could.

A poor young artist came to London. Few people in the great busy city had noticed his work. He offered a picture for sale. It was in the window for many days. Then Sir Joshua Reynolds saw it. He looked at it long and carefully. He saw that the work was very well done. He asked the price. "Fifty guineas," was the reply. "I will give one hundred for it," said Sir Joshua. The bargain was made. Years afterwards the artist became well known. He was almost as great as Reynolds.

Reynolds thought there should be a free school where young people could be taught drawing and painting. He talked with the King about it. The King thought it was a good plan. In 1768 such a school was started. Sir Joshua was made president.

There was an art gallery in the school. Pictures were shown there every year. All of the great artists of England sent their pictures. Sometimes Sir Joshua Reynolds would send as many as twelve paintings in one year.

When Reynolds was sixty-six years old, he had trouble with his eyes. He had to give up painting. He spent much of his time in his own beautiful art gallery. With no work to do, the days seemed long to the artist.

Sir Joshua had a pet bird. He was very fond of the little creature. He liked to listen to its sweet song. The bird was so tame that it was allowed to fly all about the house. One day a window was left open and the bird flew away. The artist searched many hours for his pet, but never found it.

When Sir Joshua Reynolds was sixty-nine years old, he died at his home in London. He left many friends. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. [21]

Boy and Rabbit

SIR HENRY RAEBURN (1756-1823)



Sir Walter Scott was the most loved storyteller in Scotland and Sir Henry Raeburn was the most loved painter, and they were friends. Both of them lived in Edinburgh when they were boys.

Sir Henry Raeburn was very fond of children and of flowers. One morning when he was walking in his garden, he saw over in one corner a little poor boy. When he went near to him the boy was much frightened, but he held up a piece of paper in his hand for Sir Henry to look at. Upon the paper was a sketch of one of the beautiful windows of Sir Henry's house, which this boy had made. He told the boy to come again, but to come next time through the gate and not over the wall. Afterward he helped this boy, who was a poor shoemaker's son in Edinburgh, by giving him lessons, and years later, when he became a man, this boy became a celebrated artist himself.

It was one of the boys who wandered into his garden that Sir Henry Raeburn was thinking of when he painted this picture. Perhaps it was this little shoemaker's son. Perhaps it was one of his own children, or grandchildren. This boy in the picture has been out in the garden in the early morning to pick some fresh leaves for his pet bunny, and he has picked some roses, too, for his mother. The rabbit, which is a white one with a brown spot on its back, has come out from its home in the shed to have its breakfast. The boy has put his arm around his pet because he loves it, and he looks up to see who is coming. He is looking right into the painter's face. This artist loved to paint people with their faces in the light and full of joy and health. He wanted to picture them at their best.

Do you notice in what beautiful clothes the painter has dressed this boy? You see, he has on a shirt of some soft white material, with a sailor collar that opens wide in the front. His trousers are bright-colored and his black cap is put on a little one side. Do you not think this lad has a beautiful face and a pleasant smile?

After he has fed his rabbit he will carry the flowers in to his mother, and they will have their breakfast together.

When Henry Raeburn had become famous, King George IV, who made Walter Scott a knight, came to Scotland and knighted his friend, the painter, too. The year before that the artists of England gave him the highest honor they could: they made him a member of their Royal Academy. When anyone has this honor given him, he must give the Academy one of his best paintings. Sir Henry Raeburn painted many famous people, but the picture he gave the Royal Academy was this *Boy and Rabbit.* [22]

Cherry Ripe

SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS (1829-1896)



There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies blow;
A heavenly paradise in that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry.

— Campion

This little girl's name was Edie Ramage.

In 1879, there was a fancy-dress ball in London, England, and this little lady went.

There were several children at this great party, and all of them wore quaint little dresses.

Many of them were dressed to look like little girls in books; others looked like little girls in pictures.

This little girl, Edie Ramage, was dressed to look like a picture that Sir Joshua Reynolds once painted.

That picture was called *Penelope Boothby*.

The little girl in that picture had on a dainty cap, with a full ruffle.

She wore some quaint mitts, and a simple little gown.

So little Edie Ramage was dressed up in a dainty cap, with a full ruffle, some quaint mitts, and a simple gown. She went to this party looking for all the world like the little girl in that picture.

She was the little belle of the ball, and everyone said she should have her picture painted, too.

So many people spoke of it, that the next morning after the party, she was dressed up again in the same costume, and taken to Mr. Millais' studio.

Millais was a great artist.

He was delighted with this little model — this shy little maid.

In one week the picture was done.

It was the first of many child- pictures which Millais painted.

A colored reproduction of this picture was made, and one million copies were called for.

The picture went into homes all over the world.

People in the islands of the sea looked at the sweet-faced child and loved her.

Woodsmen in the forests of Canada hung up the picture in their log cabins. It made their rough cabins look brighter.

In South Africa, the picture gladdened the hearts of the people.

The sweet little face, so gentle and tender, was loved by all.[23]

Divine Shepherd

MURILLO (1617-1682)



"And the child grew, and waxed strong, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him." — St. Luke.

A Spanish artist, called Murillo, has painted some beautiful children for us.

This picture of a dear little child of six or seven years of age is very precious to the Spaniards.

The gentle boy is called the *Divine Shepherd*.

Tenderly he rests his hand on the lamb at his side, and lovingly caresses it.

How sweet and tender is his thoughtful face!

The picture is over two hundred years old, yet it is as much admired and loved today as when Murillo first painted it.

All the Spaniards loved their famous artist, Murillo.

Yet he was once a poor boy, with no father, no mother, and he had little care, and less love.

An uncle, who saw the little boy's drawings, sent him to a man who showed him how to mix different colors and draw; but this man soon moved away, and Murillo was left to struggle alone.

In his own home city, there was little chance of selling his pictures, so he went to a queer old place, a public market.

Here, in the midst of stalls, where fruit, vegetables, old clothes, and small wares were sold, he set up his open-air studio, and worked among the gypsies, the peddlers, the beggar-boys, and the flower-girls.

Murillo there painted brilliant showy, little pictures, and sold them to anyone who would buy them.

Murillo was sorry for the beggar- boys. He, too, was almost as poor as they. He had a heart full of sympathy for them. That is why he painted their pictures so well.

Many a little beggar-boy would crouch by the wall at a certain hour each day till Murillo's painting of him was finished.

Many a pretty little flower-girl leaned against an old archway, in the shadows, while Murillo painted her picture.

Each year Murillo painted more beautiful pictures. Before he died, he became one of the most famous artists of Europe. [24]

Mother and Child

MADAME VIGEE LE BRUN (1755-1842)



Who is this beautiful lady, and who is the little girl?

The lovely lady is Madame Le Brun.

The little girl is her own little daughter.

Her mamma called her "Little Brunette."

Madame Le Brun was a famous French artist, and she painted this picture of herself and her little girl.

When Madame Le Brun was a baby, it is said three fairies came to her cradle. One brought beauty. The second gave her intellect. The third offered her a brush and paints.

When she was seven years old, she drew the head of a man. He had a long beard, and looked so well her father said, "You will be a great painter, my child, if ever there has been one."

She never forgot what her father said, and she always kept that little sketch.

At school she covered her books and the white walls with sketches.

When she was about eleven, she went each day, with another little girl, to the studio of an old painter.

They carried their lunch in a basket and worked all day.

When she was fifteen she was earning much by her paintings; but five years later she married a careless, unfortunate man, who foolishly spent all his beautiful wife earned.

She was now painting portraits of some of the greatest people of Europe.

Queen Marie Antoinette was one of her devoted friends, and she painted several pictures of this queen and her children.

By and by, God sent this little girl to her. How dearly they loved each other!

This little girl was petted and given everything she wished; but this is not always wise and best. Her wealth was largely spent for her little girl.

By the time the little girl was seventeen she was spoiled. She had been petted too much.

One day she left her mother. She married and became very unhappy. In 1819 she died.

All this grieved the beautiful mother, and made her sad.

She would often think of the time when her little girl used to throw her arms about her mother's neck and lovingly cling to her. Those were happy days. [25]

A Fascinating Tale

MME. HENRIETTE RONNER (1821-1909)



Three little kittens, full of mischief, are prowling about in a library.

Suddenly they spy a queer-looking tail moving about under some papers. What can it be?

They stop their frolic at once, and each little kitty's eyes are fixed on that moving object.

Do they not look like three wise little judges?

The little white kitten nearest us braces her fore-paws wide apart in awkward baby fashion.

She is not quite sure whether it would be best to touch that tail or not.

We can almost see her little body tremble.

How the eyes of the little black kitten gleam! Is he not in earnest?

The kitty on the top of the books is almost ready to spring upon the floor.

How cautiously she creeps along!

Will there not be a great clatter and scampering when that brave kitty springs!

What a lively scene there will be then among all the books and papers!

We can easily think what each little kitty will do.

It seems as if the owner of that tail must run away very fast.

About the Artist

A lady painted the picture of these pretty kittens.

Her name is Mme. Henriette Ronner.

Mme. Ronner knows all about kittens and their pretty ways.

She always has kittens about her.

They are plump, silky little kittens, and are lovingly cared for.

They are all playful and graceful, too.

When Mme. Ronner was but a tiny girl, she drew pictures of kittens, dogs, and rabbits.

Her father looked with fondness upon her little pictures.

When she was eleven years old, her father became blind, but he knew she was always painting, and he was her only teacher.

If he could not see her pictures, he could tell her about her paints.

Every day he was by her side.

Sometimes they would sit out under the trees. She would paint, and he would tell her of beautiful works of art.

She supported her father by selling her pictures. They were so beautiful that they sold as fast as she could paint them. [26]

Early one morning two plump little kittens started out in search of adventure. The library door was open, and both little kittens heard a queer rustling noise on the big library table. Up on a chair they jumped, then up on the table, just in time to see a little mouse darting under some papers. The mouse thought the kittens would not know where it was if it kept very still; but there was its tail in plain sight.

The kittens were so frightened they did not know what to do. They tried to remember all their mother had taught them about catching a mouse, but they could only watch that tail, scarcely breathing for fear it would move. The mother cat came just then, hunting for her kittens. When she saw them keeping so still she knew there must be something the matter.

In the picture she is all ready to spring upon the mouse as soon as he moves, so she can be sure to catch him. How confident she looks, and how pleased she is that the kittens found the mouse and will help her catch it! The kittens are so excited it is doubtful whether they can help very much; but if she can persuade one of them just to touch that tail, then all will be a scramble. More likely they will all keep so still that the mouse will think he is alone and come out.

Which cat do you think will catch him? The little white kitten is the more daring of the two, as she stands there, paws braced wide apart, all ready to spring either toward the mouse or away from it. She is quite undecided which to do. The little

black kitten wants to see all that is going on, but at a safe distance.

How those books and papers will be scattered about when the old cat jumps for the mouse! The ink bottle is in a very bad place, although the inkstand looks as if it were a heavy one and would be hard to overturn, even if the cat does jump on it.

Did you ever watch a cat catch a mouse? My! how fast that mouse will have to run if he is to get away! Notice the long, graceful, curving body of the mother cat, and how she holds her head alert as she plans how to catch the mouse.

Although these three cats are all still for the moment, we are made to feel that each is about to do something, and we wonder just what that something will be. Notice the different colors of the cats' fur and of the books placed carelessly in a row. Let us think how this table will look in just a few moments.

A Fascinating Tale

Books and ink, and kittens three
In this picture we can see
All upon a table wide.
What is that from them would hide?

Little mouse, your tail's too long;
It's your fault; if they do wrong.
All these books will surely fall,
Ink stains soon will cover all.

Did you think that you were hid?
Or perchance of them were rid?
Don't you know your tail's in sight
Of those kittens' eyes so bright?

You are wise to keep quite still,
For they're watching with a will.
Maybe you can make them think
It's the cord that ties the ink.

Mother Cat looks very wise;
She will know it by its size.
She has taught her kittens, too,
Just exactly what to do.

Which will get you? Have a care,
For to lose you they'll not dare.
Though they're frightened, we can see
With her help it's you must flee.

Ah, you moved it! Such a fuss!
All the things are in a muss!
And they caught you, as I thought;
You're a nuisance, so they ought.

Which one did it? I can't tell.
All I know is, something fell.

But they all look very proud,
And their purr is very loud.

About the Artist

Madame Ronner, the woman who painted this picture, was very fond of cats, as you can easily imagine. She had a very large cage made for her pets, with wire over the top and glass for the sides. She had the sides made of glass so that she could always watch the cats when she painted, no matter in what part of the cage they happened to be; and of course the top was of wire so they could have plenty of air. The floor of the cage was well cushioned, and there were several hanging bobs for the cats to play with.

Her father was an artist, and he, although blind, was her only teacher in drawing and painting. She would describe her pictures to him, and he would criticize and tell her how to improve them.

When she was only sixteen years old she exhibited her first picture, which she called *Cats in the Window*. The picture received a great deal of praise and was sold immediately. Every one supposed she would paint more pictures of cats, because she could paint them so well, but for some reason she began to paint dogs instead. Her dog pictures won much popularity also and for many years she supported herself and her blind father by her paintings of dogs.

After her father's death she married and moved from Amsterdam to Brussels, where she again became interested in painting cats. It was then that she did her best work. One of her best pictures painted at that time was *A Fascinating Tale*.

Madame Ronner had so much care and trouble all her life, it is a wonder she could paint such bright, happy pictures. She was very poor much of her life, and had not only the care and support of her blind father but later on of an invalid husband and several little children. Still with it all she must have found time for a frolic with these fluffy little kittens, to have known just how to paint them at their best.

Her little children must have liked to play with them, too. [27]

Can't You Talk?

G. A. HOLMES (1852-1911)



Oh, Speak, good dog; oh, speak to me!
I'm listening and I love you well;
You play and think and love, I see,
And, oh! why can't you talk, pray tell?

You must know stories old and true.
And noble deeds they say you've done;
I want to hear of them from you.
Oh, doggie, can't you tell me one?

G. A. Holmes is noted for his power of painting sweet, innocent child faces.

Few artists can paint the real child-like face.

Often the little child is with some pet. It may be the household kitten, a pet lamb, or big dog; but the face of the child always shows a gentleness and love.

One of the most popular of Holmes' paintings is the one called *Can't You Talk?*

It must be a very warm summer morning, for this little one is out on the stone steps and is not yet fully dressed.

It may be the child has slipped out of its bed, crept softly across the room to the door, and has not yet been seen by mamma.

Possibly it is midday, and the child, awakened from a nap, has heard the dog, so has come out to find him.

See the chubby hands and the fat arms of the baby!

We know of babies who have just such little fat arms and hands. They are very natural, for we can almost see the dimples.

The child is silently wondering why this big dog cannot talk.

This little one loves the big dog, and they are great friends.

How kindly the dog looks down at the child's wondering face! He will see that no harm comes to his little playmate.

He looks as if he would like to talk to the little one in front of him.

The baby has another pet, too. This is a little kitten.

She is looking at them now, but she is wise and careful to stand off at a safe distance from the big dog.

The child will go in very soon, for mamma will be sure to hear her baby and come to the door for him. [28]

It must have been a warm summer day when this little baby slipped out of her bed, crept across the room to the door, and out on the cool stone porch.

It may have been a Monday morning, when the baby's mamma was very busy in the kitchen, washing the clothes. Probably she put the baby to bed for the usual morning nap, and did not hear her wake up.

It must be about noon, for the shadows are short in the picture. The mother is probably out in the yard, taking her clean clothes off the line, so of course she could not hear the baby creep out through the open door to the porch. There the baby found the great dog keeping watch. How wise he looks! He knows the baby's mamma would be worried if she knew what her little one is doing, and his kind eyes seem to say, "Never mind, I'll take care of her."

Perhaps the baby asks him, "Where's my mamma?" He looks as if he wanted to answer or say something, and she cannot understand why he does not, so she crawls up to him and says, "Can't you talk?" But the big dog can only wag his tail and watch the baby. If she should crawl too far away, we feel sure he would try to persuade her to come back, or if he could not do that, he would bark and let the mother know something was wrong.

What chubby little hands and feet the baby has! You can almost see the dimples in her cheeks. She is a friendly, happy little child, I'm sure, and you can see that her pets love her. There is the little kitten rubbing up against the door as if waiting to see if the dog will answer baby's question. Kitty seems to be afraid to come out on the porch, although the dog does not look as if he would hurt her. Sometimes little babies with such chubby hands squeeze their pets too hard, and maybe this little

kitten, although she loves the baby, does not want to come too near.

There is a stone bench at one side of the porch. It looks as if some one had left a market basket, a cabbage, and a bag on it. Perhaps in the basket are potatoes from the garden.

What a busy life this baby has with so many things to do and so much to learn! She tries so hard to understand. I suppose she thinks, "Good old dog, you seem to know so much more than I do. How does it happen that I can talk and you cannot?"

The mother will be coming in soon, and how surprised she will be to find her baby up and out on the porch, with the big dog taking such good care of her!

This good old dog does so much to help them! All night long he guards the house, not allowing any one even to stop on the walk in front of the house, without his warning bark. In the daytime, if the people wish to go away, they may be sure the faithful dog will allow no one to enter the house while they are gone. No harm can come to these good people while he is there to help them. You can tell by looking at him that he is well fed and well cared for. That fluffy little kitten, too, just ready to dart back into the house and scamper across the floor, looks happy and contented. Evidently the people who live in this house with its wide stone porch are good and kind. Should you not like to visit them?

About the Artist

Although Mr. Holmes has painted many very popular pictures of children and their pets, we can find very little information about his life except that he was an Englishman. However, he cannot be forgotten so long as his pictures live to tell us of his little friends and their faithful pets. [29]

An Old Monarch

ROSA BONHEUR (1822-1899)



Many artists have painted pictures of animals.

Among the paintings we love best are those by Rosa Bonheur, the great French artist.

Horses, cows, sheep, and lions by her are among our favorites.

These animals she always had about her, and at one time she had quite a menagerie.

Among her lions was one large fellow, and this great pet was called "Nero."

She often painted his portrait, and no one could keep him so quiet as she.

Once when she went away, she sent this lion to a place where he would be well cared for; but when she came home she was surprised to find that this great pet was sick.

She was told that he had missed her sadly, more and more, as each day passed.

She spent much of her time with him then, nursing him tenderly, and trying to make him well.

She did all she could for him; but in a few days he died, with his great head in her lap.

A little boy was once looking at some pictures of cows and sheep. " Those are not painted by Rosa Bonheur," he said.

"How can you tell?" was the question.

"Because they ain't breathing," was the boy's reply.

About the Artist

In 1822, in the queer, old town of Bordeaux, on the west coast of France, was born the little girl baby that became such a famous animal painter.

Her real name was Rosa, but nearly every one called her Rosalie, and a poet, who often came to see them, called her his "pretty little dumpling."

She grew up to do just about what she wished, for her mamma died, and her papa was always busy teaching drawing.

When in the country, she was constantly getting lost in the woods, because she ran after the animals she saw.

When she was but four years old, she would smear the old, white walls, as high up as she could reach on tip- toe, with crude drawings.

Again, she would be found cutting out a long line of animals from paper.

The chickens, doves, rabbits, and dogs, were the playmates of this round-faced little girl. She loved them better than her schoolbooks.

When she was twelve, her father began giving her lessons and together they went to the Louvre. There, in the great galleries, they copied famous paintings.

When she was eighteen, she painted some rabbits. It was her first Salon picture, and others soon followed.

Great paintings soon won medals, honors, and the world's praise. [30]

Lions at Home

ROSA BONHEUR (1822-1899)



When Rosa Bonheur decided to paint pictures of lions, she said, "I must buy a pair of lions and have them near me."

So she bought this lion and lioness.

They were fully grown, very large and splendid creatures.

She had them brought to her home, and had a very heavy cage, with strong bars, made for them.

After a little time they knew her and one of them seemed to love her — as much as a lion can love.

Rosa Bonheur had made many sketches and paintings of them.

Among the best was this picture, called *Lions at Home*.

The family of lions are lying down among some cactus plants.

The father of the family looks very strong and majestic, does he not?

How quietly the three little ones are lying between the paws of their mother! [31]

Oxen Plowing

ROSA BONHEUR (1822-1899)



It must have been very early in the morning indeed when these men and their oxen started to plow this great field, for although the sun is still low in the sky, each group of oxen has already plowed two furrows. By those long shadows and the light in the sky we know the sun cannot be very high in the heavens, and there is that about the ground, the occupation, and the distant trees that suggests the season, spring.

We are told that Rosa Bonheur went out into the country to paint this picture, and that she had a small shed made into a studio where she could keep her canvas and paints. Every evening when she came home her father would ask anxiously about the picture, for he was not well enough to go to see it and he knew Rosa was working very hard on it.

Even her genius could not make it possible for her to paint such a picture as this without much preparation. In fact, she had been preparing for it for years, – as far back as when she made her first drawing of oxen, and then later when she went to the packing houses and made separate studies of each part of an ox.

She knew just how those great muscles did their work, and just how the curving ribs and the joints did their part. In this picture she shows us just enough of their movements to make us feel the great strength and power of those patient animals.

Our wonder grows anew that even one such powerful ox can be controlled by man's will. It is plain to see that the ox nearest us, of the middle pair, does resent the prodding with the stick which the driver uses so vigorously. His great eye rolls and he looks indignant, but it is only for the moment – he accepts all with resignation and indifference, knowing that it will be the turn of one of the other oxen next. These oxen are geared together by a central pole which is fastened to their horns. This causes them to take the entire weight of the plow with their horns instead of with their shoulders as our horses do. It would seem to be a most uncomfortable arrangement, yet they are used to it.

The leaders must be chosen very carefully if the farmer would have a straight furrow. It seems as if these first two oxen in the picture feel the responsibility, and are glad and willing to do their part. There is a look of intelligence about them that makes us certain that they know and understand the worth of the thing they are doing.

Oxen in our country are driven by the words "gee," meaning turn to the right, and "haw," turn to the left. However, the drivers in this picture would not use these words, for they are Frenchmen, and would speak to them in their own language.

It is easy to tell that the ground is soft by the way the feet of the oxen sink down into it, and by the man's wooden shoe which has half slipped off his foot as he starts to lift it from the ground. On this quiet, peaceful morning we can almost hear the heavy tread of the oxen as they pass us, and the harsh call of the drivers

as they urge them on. In imagination we can smell the freshly plowed earth. To be sure, it is a hard pull up the hill, but how cheerfully, even proudly, the oxen pull their load! Look at their backs; you will see a slanting line which emphasizes the fact that they are climbing a hill. This line is broken somewhat by the slant of the woods in the distance. Cover up these distant woods with the hand or a piece of paper and we immediately have the uncomfortable feeling that the oxen are going to slip back out of the picture.

In this picture the artist has portrayed the intelligent use man makes of the power and strength of animals and of the soil. We see so few oxen now that we wonder why they were so much used in those days; but of course we know it was because the farmers did not have the machinery for tilling the ground, sowing, and planting grain that we have. Horses were used also, but oxen were cheaper, so all could afford them. Then, too, oxen may have been chosen because of their superior strength, steadiness, and patience.

The artist has centered our attention on the nearest of the two first pairs of oxen. The other oxen and driver are of secondary importance and the landscape itself last of all. The artist has accomplished this by color, light, and shade, and by a more careful treatment of the nearest oxen, showing plainly their intelligent eyes, wrinkled hides, and even the play of muscles as they step forward, pulling their heavy load.

Rosa Bonheur finished this painting only a short time before her father died. As soon as he saw it he knew that his daughter had painted a masterpiece, and almost his last words were in praise of her work.

About the Artist

Marie Rosalie Bonheur spent the first ten years of her life in a little country town. It was almost as good as living in the country, for Rosa and her two brothers spent most of their time in the woods or fields. At home they had lambs, rabbits, and squirrels for pets.

The father was an artist, and since he could not sell many pictures in such a little village he decided to move to the great city of Paris. The children liked the gay city with its many surprises, but they missed the woods and their pets. The first place in which they lived was up several flights of stairs and across the street from a butcher's shop. This shop had a queer sign. It was a wild boar roughly carved out of wood, but it looked so much like the little pet pig Rosa had in the country that she used to stop and pet it every time she passed that way.

A man who lived in the same house with the Bonheur family kept a small school for boys. Rosa's two brothers went to this school, and after a while the teacher said Rosa might come too. She was the only girl in the school, but she did not mind that at all. The boys were glad to have her with them, for she knew more games than they did and played just like one of them.

Her father did not do so well with his painting as he had hoped, so they moved into a cheaper house. It was here that Rosa's mother died. The father was obliged to send his children where they could be well cared for, so the baby daughter, Juliette, was sent to her grandmother, the two boys to school, and Rosa went to live with an aunt. This aunt sent her to school. To reach the schoolhouse Rosa had to walk some distance through the woods. Sometimes she would stop and smooth the dust in the road with her hand and then draw pictures in it with a stick. Even then she liked to draw pictures of animals best of

all. Often she had such a good time drawing that she forgot to go to school, or was very late, so she did not get along very well and was delighted when her father came to take her home. He had married again and wanted all his children with him. How happy they were!

A great many stories have been told about the pets they kept in their house. Rosa's brother Isidore carried a little lamb on his shoulders down six flights of stairs every morning and evening, that it might nibble the green grass and be out in the fresh air. It became a great pet, and all the children drew its picture in ever so many different positions. Besides, they had a parrot, a monkey, two dogs, and some rabbits and birds for pets. Their father let them keep these pets in a room fitted especially for them.

The father taught in a private school at that time, and was away from home all day, but when he came home at night Rosa would show him what she had been doing while he was gone. Once she had been painting cherries, and her father came home while she was at work on them. He praised her very much and helped her finish painting them.

In the evening Rosa, her two brothers, and her father used to put their easels in different parts of the big room and draw and paint until it was quite late. They would all much rather do this than anything else in the world, and it was the only time their father could help them.

The father belonged to a religious order called the "Saint Simonians." The members wore queer gowns and bonnets with long tassels. Such a bonnet with a big tassel Rosa wore on the street, and sometimes boys shouted and laughed at her, but she paid no attention to that.

The father secured a teaching position in another private school and earned enough money to send his three children there and give them all they needed at home.

Rosa did not behave very well in school. Often she was punished, sometimes by being given nothing to eat but bread and water. Every one liked her, however, for she was good-hearted, kind, and full of fun. But finally she did something that could not be overlooked. This is what she did. The lady who kept the school was very fond of flowers, and above all she loved the stately hollyhocks. She had a beautiful bed of them in the front yard of the school that was very much admired by all who passed. One day Rosa had been reading in the history about war, and she thought it would be fine fun to arrange a battle between the school girls. They used wooden sticks for swords. Very soon the girls on Rosa's side drove their enemies toward the hollyhock bed, where they turned and fled. Seeing the hollyhocks standing guard like soldiers, Rosa thought it would be fun to charge upon them, which she did, cutting off all their heads with her stick. Is it any wonder she was sent home in disgrace?

Her father then sent her to a dressmaker to see if she could learn that trade, but Rosa did not like dressmaking and finally went home without having learned very much. Then some friends gave her some photographs to color. This she liked to do, so her father decided that the only thing to do was to let her paint.

Rosa was willing to walk miles in all kinds of weather, to sit hours in all kinds of uncomfortable positions, and to go without food in order to draw a good picture of some animal. Now she began her study of animals in earnest. She went to all the country horse fairs, to the slaughter houses, and wherever there was an opportunity to study them.

Rosa never had very pretty clothes. She tells us herself that one day a parrot called after her "Ha, ha! That hat!" Now that she was grown up she found she could not get about very easily in her long skirts. There were so many rough men in the packing houses and in other places where she must go to study that she obtained a permit to wear men's clothing. Her hair was short, anyway, and with her blue working blouse and dark trousers she looked just like a man. Then no one noticed her as she went about, for they thought her one of the workmen. People who knew her did not mind her dress, and were ready to help her as much as they could in her work. The first picture she exhibited was of some little rabbits nibbling carrots.

Her pictures became famous the world over. From all over the country she received gifts of fine horses and other animals to paint. Buffalo Bill once sent her two fine horses from Texas. She bought a farm, and had a very large barn built where she could keep her animals.

How proud her father was of her!

One day she was working hard in her studio when a servant came to tell her that the Empress Eugénie had come to see her. It was a great event when this royal lady came to the artist's studio; and there was Rosa dressed in her old blue blouse covered with paint! She did not have time even to slip it off before the empress came in, but they had a most delightful visit. As the Empress Eugénie bent over and kissed Rosa Bonheur, she pinned the Cross of the Legion of Honor on the artist's blue blouse. Rosa did not notice it until after the Empress was gone. How pleased she must have been, for she was the first woman to receive that honor. [32]

Rosa Bonheur

(1822-1899)

Rosa Bonheur's Childhood

High up in the window of an apartment house in Paris sits a little girl. She is ten years old. Her eyes are deep and blue. Her hair is dark and curly. The room in which she sits is plainly furnished. In a cage at her side is a parrot. These two friends are playing school. The parrot is the teacher. "A," says the parrot. The child does not hear. The parrot calls "A" again, louder than before. "A," says the little girl, gayly. "B," Polly says. "B," repeats the child. So it goes through the whole alphabet.

This little girl has never tried to learn her letters before. Now, she thinks it great fun to be taught by an old gray parrot.

The wise parrot must have been a good teacher, for by and by the child could say her letters from A to Z. This little girl was Rosa Bonheur, who afterwards became a great artist.

When Rosa Bonheur was a tiny girl, she had lived in Bordeaux. What romps she and her two brothers had! They played all day long in the fields and woods. How happy they were! How dearly they loved all the little wood creatures! The bushy-tailed squirrels and the swift-footed rabbits were their friends. Many happy hours they spent filling their chubby little hands with buttercups and daisies.

When the long shadows fell through the woods, Rosa would say, "Come, boys. It is late. The lamb will be crying for its supper." So away all three would scamper.

The children would reach the house all out of breath from their long run. Then off they would go to the pen with a saucer of milk for the lamb. How quickly the little white creature comes as the children call it by name! Very gently Rosa strokes its soft wool as it drinks the milk.

Their own supper was a very simple one. Raymond Bonheur, the children's father, was an artist. He found it hard to sell his pictures in Bordeaux. There was little money, but there was much love in the Bonheur family. They were very happy together.

Paris is a much larger city than Bordeaux. Raymond Bonheur thought that he could sell more pictures there. So Rosa and her brothers went with their father and mother to the great, noisy city to live. Very different was the new home from the old! Here they had a few rooms over a bath house. No yard and garden now to play in! No fields and woods near by to visit!

The pet lamb was left in Bordeaux. Rosa missed it greatly. She longed to see the shy wood creatures. No wonder she liked to play school with the parrot. It was the only pet she had left.

Times were not much better now than they had been in Bordeaux. The Bonheurs had come to Paris in war time. People do not care to buy pictures when a war is going on. The family was larger now. There was a little sister named Juliette.

Rosa's mother helped support the family by giving music lessons. She often walked a long distance going from one pupil to another. The four children were lonely while their mother was away. In the evening, though, they had happy times together.

Soon after their arrival in Paris, the dear mother died. Then, indeed, was Rosa sad and lonely. The family moved to a smaller

home. They had to climb six flights of stairs to reach their rooms.

As she sat in the plainly furnished rooms, how Rosa longed for her mother, and the woods and animals of Bordeaux! There was a butcher's shop across the street. A gayly painted wooden pig stood in front of the door as a sign. Sometimes Rosa would steal away from home. Running across the street, she would throw her arms about the neck of this gaudy pig, and lovingly pat its fat sides. Even a wooden animal was better than none, she thought.

Would you think of keeping a pet sheep if your home was in the sixth story of a house? The Bonheurs did that very thing. Every afternoon, when Rosa's brother came home from school, he would pick the sheep up in his strong arms. He would carry it down the six long flights of stairs. When it had nibbled some sweet, fresh grass, back it would go to its little mistress.

Their sheep afforded the Bonheur children much pleasure. This pet reminded them of the old home in Bordeaux. So did the roof garden. Rosa had planted flowering vines in some window boxes. This was all the garden she had, but every flower was precious to her. How pretty they looked among all the roofs and chimneys!

How I wish we could see the scrapbooks that Rosa Bonheur made! With her box of colors, she painted pictures for them herself. Sometimes she painted the pet sheep with its long, silky wool. Sometimes she painted the hares and squirrels that she had seen in Bordeaux.

Again she would cut out of paper, flowers or animals to paste in her scrapbook. Her father often watched his little daughter at her work. He shook his head over her pictures and said, "I am afraid my little girl will never be an artist."

These cuttings and paintings were not as dear to Rosa as the real animals. She used to say, "When I am big, I shall have a farm. I shall have two of every kind of animal that went into the ark."

In Paris, boys and girls attend separate schools. Rosa Bonheur's brothers went to a boys' school very near home. Rosa was restless and lonely while they were away. The master of the boys' school noticed this. He felt sorry for the little girl. He asked her father to allow her to come to school with her brothers. Her father consented. Rosa was glad to start off with her brothers every morning. She joined in their games as well as in their studies. It made her very proud to have them say, "Rosa is as good a playfellow as any of the boys."

These happy times did not last. The father could not give the children the care that they needed, so Juliette was sent to her mother's friends in Bordeaux. The boys went to a boarding school. Rosa was placed with some nuns, who had a school in Paris.

Sturdy little Rosa liked sunshine and rambles better than school. She played truant on pleasant days. She had found something better in Paris than streets and shops and tall houses. She had discovered a rough young forest called the Bois de Boulogne. Then it was wild and uncared for. Now it is one of the most beautiful parks of Paris.

Here were pools of water, and birds and wild flowers. A shy little rabbit sometimes ran across her path. The wood was not on the road to the nuns' school. Yet it was not so far that Rosa feared losing her way. To her, there was nothing in the world so fine as this forest.

The bell has rung at the nuns' school. The little girls are all in their seats. One place only is vacant. That is Rosa Bonheur's. The teacher anxiously inquires, "Where is Rosa? Has any one

seen her this morning?" There is no answer. Where do you suppose she is? Down on her knees in the Bois de Boulogne drawing with a stick in the dusty road.

A number of people have gathered about the little artist, but she does not see them. She is too much interested in her pictures. What is she drawing? A horse at full gallop! See how his mane and tail are blown by the wind! Look! Now she has put a rider on his back! He leans forward and urges his horse to the utmost speed.

She draws a long procession of animals. There are prancing horses and ponies. There are hounds close upon a frightened deer. "You draw well, my little girl," says an old gentleman who is standing near. "Yes," answers Rosa, "and my papa draws well, too. He taught me."

At last the nuns lost patience with the truant child. They sent for her father. They told him that Rosa did nothing but draw all the day long. "She is wasting her time with us," said the nuns. "She ought to learn a trade." They thought that she might be taught to sew.

Rosa was placed with a seamstress in order that she might be able to make her living with her needle. She was very unhappy here. Tears fell upon her work as she sat sewing. She ran the needle into her fingers at every stitch.

Sometimes her father came to see her with his pocket full of candies. He wished to learn how she was getting on. Rosa would throw herself into his arms and beg to be taken home. The poor child grew pale and thin. At last her father did take her home. He had married again, and the Bonheur children had a new mother. Little Juliette had been brought back from Bordeaux. The boys came home from boarding school. How happy they were to be together once more!

Rosa was now sent to a boarding school for girls. Her father paid her tuition by teaching drawing in the school. Active little Rosa did not like to study here any better than at the nuns' school. She filled all the blank pages and the margins of her books with sketches. Although she failed in her other studies, she always carried off the prize in drawing.

Rosa was a favorite among the pupils. She was the leader in all of their games. She liked best of all to play soldier. They were playing in the garden one day. The little general thought of a fine plan.

"Let us have a battle," she said. The other little girls were too timid to join in such a game. So soldier Rosa marched forth to battle all alone. With her wooden sword in hand, she charged upon a rosebush. Right and left she struck with her sword. When the sham battle was over, Rosa had won the victory. Her enemies, the lovely red roses, lay scattered upon the ground. After this prank Rosa was in disgrace and was sent home.

Rosa Bonheur Becomes an Artist

Rosa Bonheur's parents did not try to find another school for her. She was allowed to work in her father's studio. As long as she had in her hands a pencil, a piece of charcoal, or a lump of modeling day, she was happy. All day long she never left her father's studio. When it grew too dark to draw, she modeled in wax or clay.

Not long after leaving school Rosa began to copy pictures in the Louvre. The Louvre is the most famous art gallery in Paris. Paintings of such great artists as Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Rembrandt hang there. Many students who hope to become artists, copy these pictures.

Rosa Bonheur worked here early and late. She had just put the finishing touch to a copy one day. A gentleman stopped beside her easel. He examined her work carefully. "Your copy, my child, is faultless. Go on as you have begun and you will become a great artist." These words of praise gave Rosa much pleasure.

The young artist worked in the Louvre about a year. She made up her mind that copying would never make her a great artist. She returned to her work in her father's studio. She tried many different subjects. One day she painted a landscape. Another time she tried a figure. She was not pleased with these paintings. She did not know what to try next.

One morning she sat resting her head on her hand. She was wondering what she should paint that day. Glancing up, she saw their pet goat, and said to herself, "Why not sketch the goat?"

She worked faithfully at her picture until she could see no longer. When her father came home at night, she ran to him with her sketch. He studied it a long, long time. Rose watched her father anxiously. She wondered what he was thinking. At last he turned towards her and said, "My daughter, this is by far the best picture that you have ever drawn."

From this time on, Rosa Bonheur painted nothing but animals. She was too poor to procure models. She went to the country every day in search of animals to sketch. With a bit of bread in her pocket, she used to set out early in the morning. Sometimes she would walk miles into the country. Having found a subject that she liked, she would seat herself under a shady tree. Taking out her pencils, she would work until dusk.

At one time, she made sketches of the oxen plowing in the field. At another time, she drew the cows standing knee-deep in the sweet clover. She often became so interested in her work

that she forgot to eat her lunch. When she could no longer see to work she trudged back to the city. How glad she was to reach home after a tramp of ten or twelve miles! How browned she was by the sun and wind!

Sometimes she was caught in a shower. Her clothes would be covered with mud. No matter how tired she became, she was glad because of the lesson she had learned that day.

If you have ever tried to draw an animal, you know how hard it is. Rosa Bonheur found that she must study animals even more closely than she was able to in the country. To do this, she used to visit stock yards and slaughterhouses.

She often went into the pens where the animals were kept. Once she climbed up on a load of hay to get a better view of some steers. She found her long skirts much in the way. After this, she often wore men's clothing. This made her work easier.

In 1845, one of her pictures was exhibited in an art gallery in Paris. It was a great honor to have a picture there. The painting was a small one. It represented two rabbits nibbling a carrot. How well she has painted the soft, white fur! Two years later, Rose Bonheur took a prize for her work.

In her trips to the country, Rosa Bonheur had learned to love the peasant people. She honored these hard-working farmers for their honest toil and sturdy manhood. She makes a country scene the subject of one of her most wonderful pictures. It is called *Oxen Plowing*. We can see two teams of six oxen each, plowing in a field. As they climb the gentle slope the drivers urge the oxen forward.

The great beasts will need all their strength before they reach the top of the hill. Already they have turned a number of wide furrows. The farmer's work is not yet done. Seeds must be dropped into the warm, brown earth. Many days of hard work

will follow for both men and oxen before the furrows will yield the grain.

Oxen Plowing was painted away from home. The house in which the Bonheurs then lived had no studio. Rosa Bonheur was away from home all day working at this picture. Her father was greatly interested in the painting. Every night he inquired how she was getting on. He wished to see the picture, but was not strong enough to go to the studio.

After many weeks the picture was completed. Raymond Bonheur gained strength to go to see the great picture. He realized that now his daughter had become a great artist. How proud and happy he was! His death occurred soon after this.

Rosa Bonheur's Pictures

The most famous of all of Rosa Bonheur's pictures is called *The Horse Fair*. The artist spent a year and a half making studies for this picture. Her friends in Paris lent her their finest horses. This was not enough. She must visit horse fairs and horse markets. Her sketches showed all sorts of horses, and in all sorts of positions. After these eighteen months of careful work, she was ready to begin.

Rosa Bonheur intended to make the horses two-thirds life size. This required the largest canvas ever used by an animal painter up to that time. She was obliged to use a step-ladder to paint some parts of it. The gigantic work was finished for the exhibition of 1853. People who visited the art gallery could talk of nothing but *The Horse Fair*.

Everybody admired the spirited horses. One could almost fancy that he saw the horses rear and plunge.

After the Paris exhibition, *The Horse Fair* was sent to Belgium. The people of that country praised it highly. To show their gratitude, they sent Rosa Bonheur a beautiful gift

The picture now hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. It was bought for sixty thousand dollars by an American. We are proud to have Rosa Bonheur's finest picture in our own land.

People in all parts of the world sent Rosa Bonheur presents. Buffalo Bill sent her two mustangs for models.

It required much time and patience to tame such wild creatures. "To have wild animals love you," Rose Bonheur says, "you must first love them."

The mustangs formed a part of her menagerie. In the sheds behind the artist's garden, stags, does, horses, sheep, a monkey, and other animals lived together. Rosa Bonheur often put down her brush to go out and play with her pets. She was not afraid of any animals. She would even pass her hand through the mane of a lion that she had never seen before. After she had owned one a little while, it would come to the bars of the cage and beg for a caress.

Her most famous lion was Nero, a great wild beast. He lived for years in her garden. Many times was this old lion painted by his mistress. We see him in *An Old Monarch* and *The Lions at Home.*

One time Rosa Bonheur left France for a while. She sent Nero to the Zoological Gardens while she was away. When he was sent there, he seemed to feel that something was happening. He lashed the sides of the cage with his tail, and roared all the way to Paris.

Upon the artist's return, she visited Nero. She found him blind and dying of homesickness. She could not keep back the

tears at this change in the great beast. She spoke to him. He arose and came toward her, giving a purr of welcome. She took him home. He died there with his head on her arm.

The English people loved Rosa Bonheur's pictures so well that they invited her to visit their country. In 1856 she paid them a visit. She visited the Queen's beautiful castle at Windsor. Later she went to Scotland.

When she was a little girl Rosa Bonheur and her brothers had read Sir Walter Scott's stories. Now she was anxious to see the places that he had described. The scenery in Scotland gave her many ideas for pictures. *Change of Pasture* and *A Scottish Raid* are some of these.

Rosa Bonheur owned two homes. One was in the forest at the little village of By. The other was in the heart of Paris. Two very dear friends lived with Rosa Bonheur. They were Madame Micas and her daughter, Natalie. Natalie was an artist. She and Rosa Bonheur painted and traveled together. Madame Micas kept house for them.

The great artist was loved as much by the people of other countries as by the French. The place in which she lived was once surrounded by an army. The enemy destroyed many homes. The general of the army gave his soldiers an order. He said that Rosa Bonheur's home should not be harmed. He did not want her beautiful pictures destroyed.

Do you remember that the Queen of England made Edwin Landseer a knight? That honor showed how much the English people admired his pictures. When the French people wish to honor an artist, they give him the cross of the Legion of Honor.

The Empress of France loved Rosa Bonheur. The royal palace was near the artist's forest home. The Empress had often seen Rosa Bonheur sketching in the forest. She thought that

Rosa Bonheur was the greatest of all animal painters. She decided to give her the cross of the Legion of Honor.

One bright morning the Empress went to Rosa Bonheur's studio. The painter was busy at her work; the Empress went up to her. She pinned something upon the artist's velvet jacket.

Looking down, Rosa Bonheur saw the beautiful white cross hanging on a blue ribbon. It was the cross of the Legion of Honor. The Empress had made her friend very happy by the gift. No woman had ever worn that cross before.

In 1899 the great animal painter closed her happy life. She had lived seventy-seven years. What useful years they had been! What great pleasure she has given to many people! Whenever we see her pictures now we shall think what a noble woman was Rosa Bonheur. [33]

Two Mothers and Their Families

Elizabeth Gardner Bouguereau (1842-1922)



This little boy is having a good time feeding the fluffy little chickens. He has scattered some grain on the floor and the old hen and eight of her chicks are eating as fast as they can.

Two of the old hen's chicks must have wandered away, so that at first they did not hear the mother hen's cluck. Now see how they flutter their wings as they hurry back toward the others!

The old mother hen takes such good care of her little chickens! When it is very cold she will spread out her wings until all the little ones are covered. She keeps them warm and snug. If it rains, and she cannot get them under shelter, she will protect them with her wings in the pouring rain, much as she dislikes it. Every day she must scratch for bugs and worms for them and teach them how to scratch for their own living.

She watches carefully to see that nothing harms them. Sometimes big birds, called chicken hawks, fly over the yard ready to swoop down and carry little chickens away in their claws. Then there are other things to be feared, such as weasels and rats; even cats and dogs might harm her little ones. Is it any wonder the mother hen is anxious, and apt to be cross when we go near her little chicks? It is best to be careful, then, for if she thinks you mean to hurt them she will fly at you and hurt you with her sharp bill.

When the artist, Mrs. Elizabeth Gardner Bouguereau, visited this home and saw the mother and her child watching this old hen and her chickens, it is no wonder she wanted to paint them. She wanted to make us feel the love of the mother hen for her little ones as well as that of the other mother for her children.

The child is delighted, as, safe in his mother's arms, he looks around to see if she is watching, too. There is a little baby sister in the cradle, and that is the reason he keeps very quiet and does not speak. No doubt the mother has rocked the baby to sleep. You can see how the baby is fastened in the cradle so she cannot fall out. That odd-looking top over part of the cradle is placed there to keep the light from the baby's eyes. Just now it is moved a little to one side, and we can see part of the baby's face.

This home probably belongs to a French peasant who goes to his work very early in the morning, or he would be with his family now.

It must be a very hot day in summer, for both mother and child are barefooted and they are dressed for warm weather.

See the pots and pans hanging on the wall under the shelf, and the old kettle hanging over the large open fireplace! The room must be kitchen, bedroom, and dining room all in one; perhaps they have only this one room. There is a basket on the

stand, and most likely it is filled with vegetables brought in from the garden for dinner.

What a happy, healthy little boy this is, with his hair in little ringlets all over his head! His half-closed hand makes us think he still has some corn left to scatter on the floor for the chickens.

It seems very strange to see chickens running about in the house. If the mother and child were not dressed so as to keep themselves cool we should think they had let them in because it was too cold for them outside.

The mother looks as proud of her small son as the mother hen is of her young family. What a pleasant face she has! The old hen does not feel anxious when she is near, for she knows this other mother is kind and will care for her and her fluffy little chicks. The boy, too, seems to be very careful, and the hen is glad to have the grain scattered by his kind little hand.

There is so much bright light in the picture that we are sure there is an open door near by, though we cannot see it in the picture. It was through this open doorway that the mother hen and her chicks strayed into the house. Probably the artist sat in the doorway as she painted.

About the Artist

We know very little about the artist, Mrs. Elizabeth Gardner Bouguereau, except that she is an American who has spent most of her life in France. She studied in Paris for many years and was a pupil of the great artist Bouguereau, whom she married. Her pictures have been exhibited many times in this country and abroad. Among her best-known works, besides the *Two Mothers and Their Families*, are *Cinderella, Fortune Teller, Maud Muller, Cornelia and Her Jewels* , and *Corinne*. She has also painted a number of portraits. Many of her pictures are of children. [34]

Feeding Her Birds

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET (1814-1875)



When baby birds are hungry their mother comes and feeds them.

She gives to each little bird some dainty little morsel. The father bird works hard to feed them all.

Here in the sunlight is a little nest of three.

Three little children, like little birds, are being fed. In the mother's lap is a bowl.

She will be careful not to drop it, for in this bowl is all there is in the house to eat.

Some days they do not have as much as this, for they are very poor.

Their mother feeds them with a spoon, which is not made of silver, but of wood.

Never mind if it is of wood; the mother is happy, and so are the little ones. We cannot see the mother's face, but we know she is kind and gentle.

The little child in the middle has her mouth open, for it is her turn now. The little one at the right watches her eagerly, for it will be her turn next.

What queer little shoes they have on their feet!

They are little peasant children and they live in France.

Behind the house, their father is working hard in his garden.

What is his name? His name is Jean Francois Millet.

After he gets through working in his garden he will paint a beautiful picture.

A great many times he painted pictures of his children and of the poor people whom he knew.

It has been said that, among all his paintings, this one was his favorite.

When he worked in his garden his little ones were always hopping about him like birds.

Sometimes the good mother would come and feed them just as we see them in this picture; but there were six other little ones to feed, and it was very hard to get food for them.

Some days the bread was cut into tiny bits. Each child had no more than a little bird could eat, but God was good. He gave them fresh air and sunshine.

Millet painted wonderful pictures, but people did not understand him.

They wanted to look at pictures of rich and beautiful people.

Millet painted the poor, hard-working people that he loved; so the people did not buy his pictures.

Once he sold a beautiful picture for some bread for his little ones; again he sold a picture for some shoes.

Before he died the world began to see that Millet was a great painter.

No one else could paint the poor people so truly, so real. He put his whole heart in his work and was a brave, true artist. [35]

In a tiny white cottage in a little village in France, lived a painter with his wife and nine children. This painter's name was Jean François Millet, and although quite poor his was a very happy family. Nearly every morning the father worked hard in his garden behind the house, and every afternoon in a queer little old room he called his studio. Here he painted beautiful pictures of places and people he saw and loved. Almost all of his pictures are of the country and of people who worked, because he knew most about them and because he loved them best.

Sometimes he finished his work in the garden very early, and then he was glad, for he liked better to paint than to do anything else in the world.

One day when he looked out through the window of his studio he saw a much prettier picture than the one he was painting. He saw three of his children sitting in a row on the doorstep, while the mother fed broth to each of them in turn from a wooden spoon. As they crowded close together they reminded him of some little birds he had been watching that morning. You know how little birds open their bills and crowd toward the edge of the nest when the mother bird feeds them? Millet thought he would paint this picture, and name it *Feeding Her Birds*.

See how the mother tips forward on the stool as she bends toward the three children. That is a wooden spoon she holds in her hand, and it is full of hot broth from the bowl in her lap. The children seem to be very hungry. No doubt they have been playing hard all the morning.

It is easy to see with what the little girl at the left-hand side of the picture has been playing. She holds her wooden doll very close, and loves it just as much as if it were china and had real hair as your own doll has. She is the eldest of the children, and you can see she is unselfish because she sits patiently by while her baby brother and little sister get the first taste of the delicious broth.

The boy and the younger girl must have been playing with the basket and cart you see in the picture, for the basket is overturned as if it had been dropped in a hurry when the mother came to the door with the broth. Now the playthings are quite forgotten.

The boy opens his mouth wide as he leans forward for the first taste, while the little sister puts her arm around him to hold him steady. As she watches him, she opens her mouth, too.

See the hen running toward them! She thinks there will surely be something for her to eat, too.

The three children wear long aprons all alike, and the queer wooden shoes that the peasants always wore in those days. What a clatter those wooden shoes must have made even when the children played in the yard! And what a noise they made on the wooden floors in the house unless the children walked very carefully!

The girls wear bonnets tied with string, while the boy has a cap that looks very much like a tam-o'-shanter, except that it, too, is tied under his chin. The mother wears a handkerchief on

her head and another round her neck. Her dress looks thick and warm, and so do the children's dresses. It must be a cool day, for even the doll is wrapped in a shawl.

The man behind the house is working busily in the garden. Millet must have thought of himself when he painted this man, for, like the father bird, he must work hard to get enough food for his family. Sometimes there was very little, and the bread had to be divided into such tiny pieces that the children were still hungry when they had eaten their share.

We know it must be about noon because the shadows in the picture are so short. What a nice big yard these children had to play in, and what good times they must have had playing all kinds of games! They had lived in the city of Paris several years and for that reason, no doubt, they liked to play "keeping store" best of all. They gathered acorns, stones, and flowers, and placed them on a big wooden box for a counter. Then they took turns being storekeeper.

Perhaps today it had been the boy's turn, and he had stood behind the counter ready to sell his goods. The younger girl had come first, carrying a basket. Probably they called the stones oranges or apples, and, judging by the overturned basket, the little girl must have bought at least a dozen. Next had come the little mother, with her doll baby riding in the cart. This cart is hardly large enough for the doll and so it had to be guided very carefully to keep dolly from falling out.

When the mother called, the elder of the two girls had caught up her doll quickly, leaving the cart behind; the younger sister had tossed her basket of oranges away in glee, while the boy forgot all about his store at the thought of the hot broth they were to have.

The high doorway of this little one-story, whitewashed house of plaster and stones is just wide enough for the three children to sit one beside the other. That great vine growing up beside the door is probably an ivy vine, for we are told that the little white cottage is still standing and is completely covered with ivy.

Everything you see in the picture is home-made, – the clothes, the doll, the spoon, the cart, the basket, and even the milking stool upon which the mother is seated.

Sitting there in the bright sunlight, these round-faced, happy little children will soon finish their broth; then they will be ready to begin the "store-keeping" game again.

About the Artist

Shall we tell you something about the man, Millet, who painted this picture?

Jean François Millet was the son of poor French peasants. His father was a good man, very fond of music and of all beautiful things out of doors. Sometimes he would say to his son, "Look at that tree, how large and beautiful it is; as beautiful as a flower!" He would call his son's attention to the fields, the sunsets, and all things around him.

Millet's mother worked in the fields with his father all day long. So it was his grandmother who rocked him to sleep and cared for him while he was very little. She was the one who named him Jean after his father, and François after the good St. Francis. She was a religious woman, and almost the only pictures Millet saw when he was a boy were those in his grandmother's Bible. He copied them many times, drawing them with white chalk on the stone wall. This pleased the grandmother very much, and she encouraged him all she could.

When he was eighteen years old Millet drew his first great picture. This is how it happened. As he was coming home from church he met an old man with bent back leaning on a cane as he walked slowly along. Something about the bent figure made Millet want to draw a picture of him. So, taking some charcoal from his pocket, he drew the picture on a stone wall. The people passing by knew at once who it was; they were pleased and told Millet so. His father, too, was delighted, for he himself had once wished to be an artist. He decided that his son should become what he had wished to be; so he sent him to a good teacher.

Millet worked very hard, but for a long time his pictures did not sell, and he was very poor. After a while people saw what wonderful pictures he could paint, and they were glad to let him know how much they thought of him and of his beautiful paintings. [36]

The First Step

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET (1814-1875)



One bright day in the early fall of the year, when the leaves of the trees were thickest and the woodbine on the fence was just beginning to turn red, a little child was fretting to go outdoors. He was tired of staying in when all was beautiful outside, and he wanted his mother to stop her work and take him out into the sunshine, to the garden where his father was working. And by and by that is just what she did. Putting on her own cap, and a bonnet on the child's head, so there would be no danger of his taking cold, she carried him out to the old fence.

When the father saw them coming through the gate he dropped his spade and started to meet them. The little boy began to wave his arms, impatient to reach his father. Then the mother thought this would be a good time to let him try to walk. Placing him on the ground, she holds him safely while the father holds out his arms invitingly.

See, the baby has stepped forward! Now the mother will let him try to walk alone, keeping close behind, and ready to catch him if he should fall, until he reaches his father's arms. How

proud they will be when their baby takes his first step all alone! He has been creeping and crawling for a long time, but now he is big enough to stand on his feet.

This family of hard-working peasants have little time for play; they must work to keep up their home. The father, as you see, has been digging potatoes with that heavy spade. He will put them in his wheelbarrow and take them to the house. Perhaps he will have enough to last him all winter, and some to sell, too.

The potatoes he wants to keep he will bury in the ground. In those days very few people had cellars in which to keep their vegetables. Instead, they would dig a great hole in the ground, line it with straw, and then put the potatoes in, covering them with straw and earth. Then, instead of going to the grocery to buy potatoes as we do, they went out into the yard and dug them up.

No doubt the father made this fence, the spade, the pitchfork, and even the wheelbarrow we see in the picture, while the mother, we are sure, made all their clothes except the wooden shoes. Perhaps the father made them.

In those days the mothers could not go down to the store to buy the goods for their clothes as we do now. Instead they spun thread out of flax or wool, and then wove it into cloth on a great loom something like the small looms we use in school to make rugs and hammocks. This they usually did during the winter when there was less work to do, for there were so many more things that had to be done during the summer than during the winter.

In summer they had to take care of the fruit just as our mothers do. But they did not know anything about canning it, – they would cook it a long time and make preserves or else they

would dry it. They dried most of their fruit, making it just like the dried apples, peaches, and apricots we buy at the store.

In France, where this picture was painted, the women worked out in the fields just like the men. So you see how very busy they must have been. And yet they always found time to love and care for their little children.

We do not know even the name of this baby, or of his mother or father. The artist, Millet, thought that of no importance at all. He did not even care to show us their faces, any more than he would care to show us the buttons on their clothes. The important thing is the love and tenderness of this mother and father as they stop their work to guide, help, and encourage their baby in taking his first step. All his life the baby will find them never too tired or weary to help him when he needs it most.

Peasants like these, we know, lived in France, and as a rule they were very poor, although the two in our picture seem thrifty and comfortable. The trees, even the grass growing up beside the fence, seem sturdy and strong like the peasants to whom they belong.

We feel the strength of the father's extended arms, so ready and able to protect this baby. The mother, too, will do her share. Even the trees seem to bend toward these three as if to assure them of their protection.

This is a simple, homelike picture, whose chief beauty lies in its strong appeal to our feeling of sympathy with, and interest in, these honest country people.

About the Artist

Jean François Millet was the son of French peasants who must have been very much like the father and mother in this

picture. But a picture of Millet's boyhood would not be complete unless it included his grandmother. You see, that dear old lady rocked him to sleep, played with him, and kept him happy all day long while his mother, like all French peasants, worked out in the fields with his father.

It was she who was the first to discover that her little grandson liked to draw. His first drawings were copies of pictures in his grandmother's old illustrated Bible. He would listen to stories read to him from the Bible and then he would take a piece of chalk and draw a picture of what happened in the story.

Soon he began to draw large, bold pictures which covered the stone wall of their house. The grandmother was much pleased! She found a new story to read or tell him nearly every day.

Of course his father and mother saw the pictures as soon as they came home, and encouraged the boy as much as they could. The father liked to draw, too, but he could not see why Millet should be making up pictures from imagination when there were so many real things to draw. So he called his son's attention to the trees, the fields, and houses in the distance, and soon the boy began to draw these, too.

One Sunday when Millet was coming home from church he met an old man, his back bent over a cane as he walked slowly along. Something about the bent figure made Millet feel he would like to draw a picture of the man just as he looked then. Taking a piece of charcoal from his pocket, he drew a picture of him from memory. He drew it on a stone wall, and as people passed that way they recognized the man. All liked the picture very much, and told Millet so. His father, too, was delighted, and decided that his son should have a chance to become an artist.

One day the two went to an artist who lived in a neighboring town and showed him some of Millet's sketches. The artist was amazed, and at first would not believe the boy had drawn them. You may be sure he was glad to have this bright boy for a pupil. But Millet studied with him only two months, when he was called home by the death of his father.

At first it seemed as if they needed him so much at home he would never be able to go on with his studies. But soon the good people in the little village collected a sum of money and gave it to Millet, telling him it was for him to use to go to Paris and study. Millet was almost a grown man by this time, and you may be sure he was grateful and that he worked very hard while in Paris. But people did not like his pictures, and he was very poor. Other artists painted pictures of beautiful people dressed in fine clothes and living in rich homes, and so nobody cared for Millet's poor, humble peasants, dressed in their working clothes and doing the work they had to do.

It was not until Millet was an old man that people began to appreciate his work. Now most of those fashionable artists of his time have been forgotten, while the paintings of Jean François Millet have become more and more valuable. [37]

The Angelus

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET (1814-1875)



Every evening after sunset, when the most wonderful soft light is in the sky and it is very still everywhere, the old bell in the steeple chimes out over the village and the fields around. No one quite knows what the evening bell sings, but the tone is so beautiful that everyone stands still and listens.

Ever since the oldest grandfather can remember, the dear bell has sung at evening and everyone has listened, and listened, for the message.

A great many people said there was really no message at all, and one very learned man wrote a whole book to show that the song of the evening bell was nothing but the clanging of brass and iron; and almost everyone who read it believed it. But there were many who were not wise enough to read, so they listened

to the sweet tone just as lovingly as they had listened when they were little children.

Sometimes when the sweet song pealed out, the old shoemaker would forget and leave his thread half drawn, and while he listened a wonderful smiling light shone in his face. But whenever the little grandson asked him what the bell said to him, the old man only shook his head and pulled the stitch through and sewed on and on, until there was not any more light; and for this reason the little boy began to think that the bell was singing something about work. He thought of it very often when he sat on his grandfather's step listening to the song and watching the people. Sometimes those who had read the learned book spoke together and laughed quite loudly, to show that they were not paying any attention to the bell; and there were others who seemed not to hear it at all. But there were some who listened just as the old grandfather had listened, and many who stopped and bowed their heads and stood quite still for a long, long while. But the strangest was, that no one ever could tell the other what the bell had sung to him. It was really a very deep mystery.

Now there was a painter who had such loving eyes that even when he looked on homely, lowly things, he saw wonder that no one else could see. He loved all the sweet mysteries that are in the world, and he loved the bell's song; he wondered about it just as the little boy had done.

One evening, I think, he went alone beyond the village and through the wide brown fields; he saw the light in the sky, and the birds going home, and the steeple far off. It was all very still and wonderful, and as he looked away on every side, thinking many holy thoughts, he saw a man and a woman working together in the dim light. They were digging potatoes; there was a wheelbarrow beside them, and a basket. Sometimes they

moved about slowly, or stooped with their hands in the brown earth. And while they worked, the sound of the evening bell came faintly to them. When they heard it they rose up. The mother folded her hands on her breast and said the words of a prayer, and thought of her little ones. The father just held his hat in his hand and looked down at their work. And the painter forgot all the wonder of the sky and the wide field as he looked at them, for there was a deeper mystery. And it was plain to him.

But the man and the woman stood there listening; they did not know that the bell was singing to them of their very own work, of every loving service and lowly task of the day.

The bell sang on and on, and the peace of the song seemed to fill the whole day. [38]

Jean François Millet

(1814-1875)

Boyhood of Millet

The long, dark night has passed away. The purple clouds have faded to a faint rose color. The sun king has begun his journey across the sky. The flowers lift their dewy faces to be kissed by his warm rays. The bright sunbeams waken the birds. They chirp and sing among the branches of the trees. In an orchard in France many birds are warbling, as if to waken the people in a little cottage near by.

The older members of the family have been up since daybreak. The children are still sleeping. The father and mother are at work in the fields. The grandmother is preparing a simple breakfast. When it is almost ready, she goes to call the children. Going to the bed of the eldest grandson, she shakes him gently. The boy half opens his sleepy eyes. He sees his grandmother in her linen cap and white apron bending over him. He hears her say, "Wake up, my little François. The birds have long been singing the glory of our good God."

Jean François Millet had always lived in this low cottage. All of the houses in the village were like it. It is still standing.

The village was built on the cliffs near the sea. Looking outward, only rough waves dashing against the rocky coast could be seen. Looking inland, the country was pleasant and fruitful. Low houses clustered among woods and apple orchards. Quaint old churches stood on hilltops. The grass was fresh and green in the sheltered valleys.

The father of little Francois was a hard-working peasant. His mother was a noble, loving woman. She, too, often worked in the fields. Many poor women in France did this. The farm was small and the fields were stony. The father and mother found it hard to raise enough for their large family of children.

While they worked in the fields the good grandmother kept the house and cared for the children. She told them many stories from the Bible. She told them of the life of St. Francis, too. Little François had been named for this good man.

All the needy ones of the neighborhood came to the home of the Millets for help. They were never refused. Beggars often came to the door. The grandmother sent François with baskets of food for them. Sometimes poor people came to stay all night. Often it had been raining and their clothes were wet. They were given the best place by the fire.

When supper was ready, the guests were served first. The children grumbled at this. "Have patience," said the grandmother. "These people are cold and wet. Let them dry themselves and have their supper. You have nothing to complain of."

François went to school with his brothers and sisters. He spent much of his time drawing. He made capital letters and pictures in his copy book. He even drew pictures on his little wooden shoes. At home he covered the wall and floor with sketches. The neighbors often came in to see his work.

Once the father asked the children what they would like to do when they grew up. "I mean to make pictures of men," answered François.

Jean François was the eldest boy in the family. He could not go to school all the time. He had to help his father. How tired he

became as he raked the hay in the hot sun! It seemed that the long day would never come to a close.

Sometimes François and his father ate their lunch in the shade of a big tree. They talked together of the beauties around them. Taking a blade or two of grass in his hand, the father would say, "See how fine these are! " Pointing to a tree he would say, "How strong and beautiful that is!"

One day little François stood at his father's side. They were watching the setting sun sink into the waves. The western sky was all aglow with purple and deep crimson. Great bars of golden light were stretched across the horizon. The boy felt the glory of the scene. The father lifted his hat and bowed his head, saying gravely, "My son, it is God." The boy never forgot that word.

François' father used to lead the choir in the little village church. He had a good voice. He taught the choir very well. People from the country all around came to hear them sing. François' writing was large and clear. It made him proud to be allowed to make copies of the music for his father.

François spent much of his time with his Uncle Charles, a priest. This good man lived with the Millets, and often helped with the work. He sowed and reaped, mowed grass, and made hay. When there was plowing or other work to be done, he tucked his priest's gown up around his waist. He put his prayer book into his pocket. Then away he would go, singing as he worked.

The Millet children liked to be with their uncle in the fields. They trudged along after him in the broad furrows as he plowed. Sometimes they spent a whole day carrying stones. These were to build a wall around the family land. In the evening Uncle

Charles taught Francois and his brother to read. When Jean François was seven years old the good uncle died.

The school children were taught the Bible by the village priest. Little François' answers were much more thoughtful than the answers of the others. The priest noticed this. He offered to teach him Latin. "If you know Latin, you might become a priest or a doctor," he said.

But François had to leave his books. He was the eldest boy among eight brothers and sisters. His father needed him to help with the work. Yet he did not give up his studies. He loved to read. His Uncle Charles had owned a few books. François read these again and again.

The only time he had for study was an hour in the evening, after his day's work was done. Sometimes he read in this precious hour, but oftener he drew. Once in a while he stayed up to draw while the others slept. Then he would hide his sketches in the straw of his bed. When his mother found them she laughed at the quaint figures.

Every Saturday morning some men went past the Millet home on their way to market. They rode donkeys. The donkeys were very small. The men were so tall that their feet almost dragged on the ground. François was amused at this sight. He made a drawing of the men and donkeys one day.

The village blacksmith saw the sketch, and asked to borrow it. He nailed it up in his shop. When the men returned, from market they saw it. They were amazed at the work. "You must have an artist in this town," said the men. "No artist — only little Millet," said the blacksmith. "Well, some day he will be an artist," they replied.

Frauçois' father often tried to model an animal in clay or carve some object from wood. His little son liked to watch him.

It is noonday, and the laborers have had their dinner. Now they are resting. François' father is lying asleep on a couch. The boy himself is drawing. He is trying to make a sketch of the men cutting the hay. He tries again and again.

Now he begins a new picture. He is so much interested that he does not see that his father has wakened. The father steals across the room. He looks over his son's shoulder. What is this he sees? A girl at her spinning wheel. Why, it is François' sister! The father goes softly back to his place. He is well pleased with the boy's drawing. François draws on. He does not know that any one has seen his work.

On rainy days no work could be done in the fields. François was glad of this, for a rainy day was as good as a holiday. He could use his time as he pleased. The Millets had an old family Bible with prints of the saints and apostles in it.

When the storm had driven him indoors, François would take the Bible to his own room. No one disturbed him there. He spent many happy hours copying the prints, while the rain pattered on the roof.

One Sunday, when he was about eighteen years old, he was coming home from church. An old man walked slowly in front of him. His figure was bent, and he leaned upon a stick. His shoulders were stooped by years of hard labor in the fields. Jean François took a piece of charcoal from his pocket. He made an exact likeness of the old man on a stone wall near by. A neighbor came past as he finished the sketch.

The man recognized it at once. He called to those who were behind him. "See what Jean François has done!" After looking at the picture, they gathered around the boy. All had words of praise for him. The father alone was silent. He thought of the picture many times. He could think of nothing else for several

days. He wished that François might have an easier life than his own had been. He wondered if his son could learn to make pictures. At last he made up his mind.

A few days later he called François to him. "My son," he said, "I see that thou wouldst like to be a painter. Well I know that it is a fine trade. I would gladly have sent thee long ago to study painting, but I could not. Thou art the eldest of my boys, and I had so much need of thee. Now the others are growing up. I will no longer keep thee at home. We will go to Cherbourg soon. We will visit a teacher there. He can tell us if thou hast talent enough to be an artist."

Millet's Studies

Frauçois finished two drawings that he had begun. He wished to take them to Cherbourg. The first drawing showed two shepherds. One of them was playing a flute. The other was listening as he watched the sheep on the hill near by. The second drawing represented a starry night. A man was coming out of a house. He carried loaves of bread which he gave to a beggar who was waiting at the door.

How happy François was as he set off for Cherbourg with his father! The sunlight had never seemed so bright. The birds had never sung so sweetly before. Jean François turned again and again to wave his hand to his mother. He did not see the tears in her eyes. She watched the father and son until they were hidden by a bend in the road.

When they reached Cherbourg they went to the home of an artist. François showed him his drawings. "You are laughing at me," the artist said roughly. He turned to the father. "You don't mean to tell me that this young man made these drawings by himself?" "Yes, certainly," answered the father, gravely. "I saw

him make them, myself." The artist was amazed at the excellence of the drawings.

François was left in Cherbourg to study with this teacher. For two months he worked hard. At the end of that time, he received a letter saying that his father was very ill. He hurried home. In a few days the father died.

Jean François felt that he must give up his lessons. Some one must manage the farm, now that there was no father. He decided to remain at home because he was the eldest boy. The dear grandmother would not allow this. "My François," she said, "your father said that you must be a painter. Obey him and go back to Cherbourg. God has made you a painter. His will be done."

Once more he bade his mother and grandmother goodbye. He set off for Cherbourg. This time he had a different teacher. During the day he sketched and painted. In the evening he spent much time in the library. We are told that he read every book in the city library.

The young artist studied with his second teacher two years. The people in the town noticed his work. They thought that he had great talent. "He should go to Paris to study," they said to one another. They knew Millet had no money to go there. They decided to help him. They gave him some money and promised to send more.

His mother and grandmother helped him too. They sent him all their savings. They were anxious that he should go to Paris. They dreamed that their boy might become a great artist.

Jean François could not think of going to Paris without seeing his home once more. He was sorry to leave his brothers and sisters. Yet he was eager to begin his work.

Millet in Paris

In December, 1836, Millet went to Paris. He arrived there one cold Saturday night. The ground was covered with snow. The light of the street lamps was dimmed by the heavy fog. The streets were filled with horses and wagons, passing and repassing. The walks were crowded with people hurrying home from their work. The sight of all these people made Frauçois homesick. Paris seemed dismal indeed to this country boy.

The poor lad spent his first night in Paris in a small hotel. He dreamed that he saw his home. It was evening. The candles were lighted. The family was gathered around the broad hearth. How the flames leaped up the wide chimney! He could see it all in his dream. His grandmother, mother, and sister were spinning. Tears fell on their work. They were thinking of him.

Jean François wished to continue his studies. Yet he did not go to an artist's studio. He feared that the Paris teachers would ask him questions about the great artists. He thought no one would take him as a pupil if he did not know about their lives. So he went to the libraries. He read all that he could find about Raphael and Michael Angelo and other master painters.

It took some time for this peasant boy to find his way about in Paris. He was afraid to inquire. He feared that some one would laugh at him. He wandered about until he found the places that he wished to visit. At last he found the great picture gallery of the Louvre. This was a new world to him. Day after day he went to that gallery.

He sometimes stood for hours looking at one picture. Then, passing on, he studied another. The works of Michael Angelo interested him most. He returned to his pictures again and again. Many people saw this peasant boy gazing at the works of

art. Little did they think that he was to become one of the greatest artists of France.

When young Millet had been in Paris some time, he chose a teacher. Now he painted all day in his teacher's studio. There were a great many other students, too. They teased Millet because his clothes were rough. They laughed at his long, bushy hair. They made many jokes about him and called him "the man of the woods."

He did not care. He went on diligently with his work. His paintings were not at all like those of the other students. His teacher did not like that. He did not help Millet much with his work. Millet did not remain long in this school. When he came, they had laughed at him. When he went away, both teachers and pupils admired his work.

The people of Cherbourg had promised to send Millet money every month. Sometimes it was late in coming. Often it did not come at all. At last he received no money. Now he must earn his own way. He loved to paint peasants and country scenes. People in gay Paris did not care for such work. They liked pictures of fine ladies and gallant gentlemen in beautiful clothes.

It was very hard for Millet to sell his pictures. No one wanted sketches of haymakers and road-menders. However, he must have money. He had no way to earn it but with his brush. So he began to paint portraits. Not many people wanted their portraits painted. When Millet did receive an order, he was paid only a dollar or two for it. Sometimes he painted signs for shopkeepers.

In this way Millet had a hard struggle to get along. Even then he did not neglect his studies. He still went to the libraries. He read all kinds of books. He spent most of his time, however, reading the lives of the artists.

In those hard days how Millet used to watch for his letters from home! News of his brothers and sisters and of the little village cheered him. The letters of his good old grandmother often brought tears to his eyes. In one letter she said, "My dear child, I had rather hear that you were dead than that you had been unfaithful to the laws of God."

Millet used to go home for a holiday once in a while. On one of these visits he was married. He and his wife went to Paris to live. They were very poor indeed. The French people were about to begin a great war. It was hard for Millet to sell his pictures before he was married. Now it was even harder. Everyone was thinking of war.

Although the war had not begun, everyone was talking of it. The newspapers printed long columns about it. The people in Paris were planning how they could protect their city. Even women and children were thinking what they could do to help. They feared the enemy would soon be upon them.

Millet had always found it difficult to support himself in Paris. Now he had his wife and children to care for also. Often there was no food in the house, and it made him very sad to see his little ones hungry. He was glad to do honest work of any kind. He had very little time, however, for the work he loved.

He struggled on, trying to support his wife and family. He once gave six drawings for a pair of shoes. At another time he gave a painting for a bed. Yet he and his wife did not complain.

At last a war broke out. There were not soldiers enough to guard the city. Millet, with many others, had to shoulder a gun. After a short time, he returned to his work.

Many people in Paris were ill with a dreadful disease. A great many had died. The Millets feared that their children might be taken sick. They decided to leave the city. They thought that

they would make their home at Barbizon. So they left Paris. Some friends went with them.

Millet in Barbizon

Barbizon is a tiny village on the edge of one of the most beautiful forests of France. The village has but one street, pleasant and winding. On each side of the street are the low stone cottages of the peasants. The yards are filled with beds of bright flowers and grape arbors loaded with purple grapes.

Barbizon is thirty-four miles from Paris. Millet and his family rode part of this distance. They were obliged to walk the last few miles. They made a strange procession as they entered the little village. Millet walked ahead carrying his two little girls on his shoulders. His wife followed with a little baby in her arms. Behind them trudged the servant girl. Her shoulders were bent from the weight of the great basket of food that she carried.

Millet rented a room in a peasant's cottage. The two families shared the kitchen together. The owner of the cottage fitted up the woodshed as a studio for Millet. It was a small, bare room, but there was plenty of light. The artist painted some of his best pictures in this little studio.

In after years Millet had a stone building for his studio. The ceiling was low and the floor was uncarpeted. There was little furniture in the room. There were a few wooden chairs and some wide shelves. In a large press he kept his favorite pictures. Some copies from Michael Angelo hung on the walls.

Some of Millet's pictures had been sold. He was not so poor now. The family had a house for themselves. It was a pleasant little home. A cloak of ivy almost covered the front of the cottage. A climbing rose tree seemed to be trying to enter the upper windows. The large garden was surrounded by a hedge of

sweet brier. Millet was happy in the country. He said, "A thatched cottage here is better than a palace in Paris."

At Barbizon, Millet led the life of a peasant. He raised vegetables for the family. He tended the garden with his own hands. In this way he spent his mornings. All of his time in the afternoon was given to painting.

It was no longer necessary to paint portraits. Millet now did the work he loved. The pictures painted at this time are all of simple country life. They show us a shepherdess watching her flock, a wood-chopper in the forest, and a woman feeding her hens.

One of Millet's greatest pleasures in Barbizon was the forest. Hardly a day went past that he did not walk there. Sometimes friends who were artists went with him.

"I do not know anything more delightful than to lie on the heather and look up at the sky," said Millet. The stately forest trees seemed like friends. He watched the waving branches. He listened to the rustling leaves. It seemed to him they were talking. "I know not what they say among themselves," he said. "They say something which we do not understand, because we do not speak the same language." A friend who walked with him in the forest said that Millet was a man who loved everything that the sun shone upon.

Millet was never tired of watching the peasants at work. He liked to see them binding the wheat into sheaves; loading the carts and building the huge stacks. He often saw a woman leading her cows to pasture, a shepherd and his dog guarding the sheep, or a little goose girl driving her geese to a pond.

The painter had often done this kind of work himself. When he saw all these things he thought of how he might put them into pictures.

When it was harvest time, Millet often went to the fields where the harvesters were at work. Other artists in Barbizon went with him. One day one of the harvesters said, "See those people from Paris looking at us. I should like to see them do our work. It is not so easy as to hold a pencil or a brush."

Millet said, "Your work is very hard, is it not?" "If you wish to try it, you will find out," said the peasant. "Here, take my sickle." Millet took it and began to cut the wheat. The man exclaimed, "Ah, this is not the first time you have done this work! You can do it better than we."

The Millets were very happy in their little home. After the evening meal, what pleasant times they had together! The mother sat by the blazing fire with her knitting. The younger children had their games. The eldest boy, François, played dominoes with his father.

When the day's work was done, Millet was sometimes weary. Taking his son François by the hand, he would say, "Come, let us look at the sunset. It will do us good."

Millet kept his pictures in his studio a long time. He would not sell them until they were perfect. People began to like his pictures more and more. Almost every year he sent some to Paris. One of the best pictures that he painted in Barbizon is called *The Gleaners*.

It shows a broad wheat field. There has been a plentiful harvest. In the distance can be seen the stacks of golden grain. Three women slowly cross the field. Their rough dresses and wooden shoes show how poor they are. They carefully gather all the stalks which have fallen aside from the reapers. They will not rest until the whole field is gleaned. This picture has hung for many years in the Louvre.

In 1868, the government of France paid Millet a great honor. They made him a member of the Legion of Honor and sent him the beautiful white cross.

The great artist often drew pictures to amuse his children. When his son François was about seven years old, he read fairy stories. Climbing up on his father's knee, he would repeat these stories. The child's tales were Tom Thumb and Red Riding Hood.

Nothing delighted the little fellow so much as to have his father tell the stories to him with a pencil. Millet drew François pulling off the ogre's boots. He made pictures of the wolf meeting little Red Riding Hood in the woods.

Later, Millet amused his grandchild, Antoine, in the same way. He began to draw for the child before Antoine could talk. The baby would find a way without words to show that he understood the pictures. Antoine often watched a goat in the yard. His grandfather drew it for him one day. The baby recognized it at once. He ran to the window and pointed to the goat.

One evening Millet said, "I shall draw something now, which I think he will not understand. But we shall see." So he drew the little Antoine. His little cheeks were puffed out. He blew a large candle, with a large flame. The baby looked closely at the picture. With a happy smile he turned to the table. He tried to blow out the candle which stood there.

Perhaps the best loved of Millet's pictures is *The Angelus*. In France, the church bell rings at the close of day. Then the peasants drop their work and bow their heads in prayer. This bell is called the Angelus.

In the picture we see a man and a woman in the field. They have been filling sacks with potatoes. In the distance we see the

spire of the little village church. The Angelus has just chimed out the hour of evening prayer. The peasants stop work to thank God for His goodness. Millet has painted the woman with bowed head and clasped hands, as he had often seen his own dear mother. The man stands near with uncovered head.

Millet received one hundred dollars for this great picture. After his death it was sold for one hundred thousand dollars. *The Angelus* was sent from city to city. Great crowds of people went to see it. The sight of the poor peasant people at prayer brought tears to the eyes of many. We wish that Millet might have lived to hear the words of praise that it received.

Millet lived for twenty-six years in the village of Barbizon. After his death, his friends had his portrait modeled in brass. It was placed high on a rock in the forest near his old home. No one can visit the place without seeing it. All who visit Barbizon think how the great and good Millet loved the forest. He painted it with the same truth to nature that he showed in all his work.[39]

The Buttery

PIETER DE HOOCH (1632- 1681)



Pieter de Hooch is a Dutch artist you are going to love. Usually you can tell his pictures by the checked or plaid floors. The floors in the homes in Holland are mostly made of squares of black and white marble. Did you ever see a cuter little girl than this one in the picture? She has come for her pitcher of milk. Her mother went to the "buttery" for it: a buttery is a place for keeping casks and barrels and bottles. We can see one end of the cask or barrel under the window in the buttery. Now look into the next room and see the chair on a little platform. That platform is quite common in the Dutch home and is probably the place where mother or grandmother sits to read or sew by the window. What a beautiful day it must be out of doors to make the rooms so cheerful and bright! Hooch loved the sunshine and used it to brighten every home he painted. The

sunshine on the checked floors makes his pictures sing with joy and happiness.

We can find very little about the life of the "Dutch little masters," yet the pictures they have left us are among our greatest treasures: just little home scenes that you and I know about.

It is said that de Hooch often put in his people after he had finished painting his picture. In one picture he has added a girl near a fireplace to make the picture more balanced. We know that she was added after the picture was made, for we can see the plaid floor through her dress where the paint was too thin to cover the original floor. Such little things tell us something of the method of work of the Dutch painters. [40]

The Blue Boy

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH (1727-1788)



Gainsborough began to draw and paint when he was a child. He often entertained his companions by drawing pictures for them while they read the lessons to him.

One morning Thomas got up with the sun and went out into the garden to sketch. There was in the garden a wonderful pear-tree full of ripe pears, and the pears had been disappearing very mysteriously. While Thomas was making his drawings he saw a man's face appear suddenly above the stone wall. He quickly made a sketch of the face, and frightened the man before he could get away with the fruit. At the breakfast-table the young artist told his father what he had done and showed him the sketch. His father knew the man and sent for him. When the man was accused of stealing the pears he denied it, but when he was shown the picture Thomas had made of him he confessed that he had taken the pears.

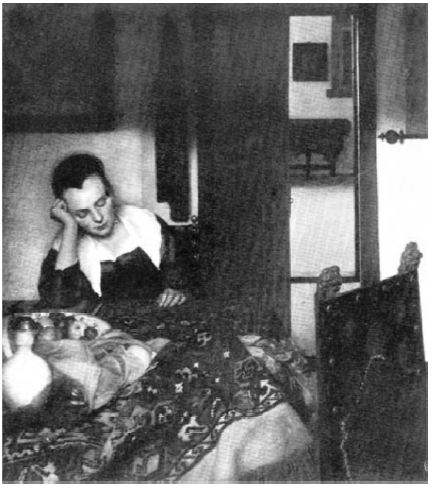
The Blue Boy

Artists, like all of us, want to lay down rules for every one to follow who is doing their same kind of work. Sir Joshua Reynolds said, "The masses of light in a picture ought to be always of a warm, mellow colour — yellow, red, or yellowish white; and the blue, the grey, or green colours should be kept almost entirely out of the masses." Gainsborough did not agree with him. To show Sir Joshua that he was wrong Gainsborough painted pictures in blue and green. The famous *Blue Boy* alone proved that he was right. The boy has on a blue satin suit and he stands out-of-doors in green grass with green foliage and blue sky around him. When Sir Joshua saw Gainsborough's blue-green pictures he said frankly, "I cannot think how he produces his effects."

These two men were never good friends yet when Gainsborough was near death Sir Joshua Reynolds came to his bedside, and when Gainsborough died Reynolds was one of the pall-bearers. [41]

The Sleeping Girl

JAN VAN DER MEER (1632-1675)



I want you to know and love the Dutch pictures. The painters were called "'little masters," simply because they painted small pictures for the homes. For the homes! The Dutch wanted pictures to hang on their walls; pictures they could live with. Now what do you think of the *Sleeping Girl* ? Do you know I could live with that picture and feel that I always had something to make me happy? It is so homy. See how comfortable the girl is! Of course a good healthy girl has no business to be sleeping in the daytime, but we can forgive her now that van der Meer has caught her asleep and let us see her. Then look at that wonderful rug! Was ever anything so soft and velvety? If we knew about rugs we might tell its name and maybe its age.

Van der Meer had a way of catching people without their knowing it. He seems to have cut a piece out of the wall where

he peeped in and painted what he saw. We are glad the girl left the door open into another room so that we can see the table and pictures and part of the window-frame. I think these things are reflected in a looking-glass.

Van der Meer painted only about forty pictures, and eight of those are in the United States. They are among our greatest art treasures. [42]

Pharaoh's Horses

JOHN FREDERICK HERRING (1795-1865)



A noted British artist delighted in horses. He loved them, drove them, and painted their portraits.

The name of this artist was Herring. It is said that among the first words he said when a baby was " horse."

In 1 800, when he was but five years old, his little sketches of horses were passed about among the home friends in Surrey.

"How good they are!" every one said; "and to think such a little boy drew them! It is wonderful!"

All this pleased the little boy, and he kept on making more sketches.

As a boy, he was happy when on some farm. Out in the farm-yard he made friends with the horses, cows, pigs, goats, and pigeons.

When he grew older, his love for horses led him to drive the stagecoach between Wakefield and Lincoln, and for several years he was the best driver to be found.

He finished his career as a driver of the London and York "High-flyer."

This was a celebrated old coach in its day, with many spirited horses and the glory of the turnpike road was at its zenith when Herring drove this coach.

No better master of horses or more skillful driver could be found than Herring, for he knew the character, habits, and ways of each horse, and he studied them closely.

When he was not driving the stage-horses he was painting the portrait of some favorite horse.

At first he painted these pictures and gave them away to his friends.

They were highly prized, and so many people wished him to paint portraits of their horses that he soon found he could not drive them and paint so many pictures, too.

After a little time he gave himself up wholly to painting.

He was self-taught, with the exception of about six months' instruction.

For thirty years in succession the winners of the St. Leger races were painted by Herring. He also painted several favorite horses of the queen.

Once he painted for the Duchess of Kent two horses — Hammon and Tjar — to be presented to the queen on her birthday.

The queen was so much pleased with them that she appointed Herring her animal painter.

Soon after, the queen wished a favorite black horse painted, and this was given to Prince Albert on his birthday.

Among Herring's best works are *Pharaoh's Horses*, *Members of a Temperance Society*, *Market Day*, and the *Frugal Meal*.

Engravings of his paintings are to be found throughout Europe and the United States.

Herring died at Tunbridge in 1865. [43]

Portrait of an Old Woman

REMBRANDT VAN RIJN (1606-1669)



We see many pictures that remind us of the little Holland country by the sea and the honest people who live in the homely interiors.

The Dutch people love their homes and their country, and the famous Dutch artist, Rembrandt, loved to paint the portraits of loved ones, home scenes, and landscapes.

Among his many pictures, the portraits of old women appeal to us.

Some of these are old Dutch housewives, with spotless caps and homespun gowns. Some are spinning, taking care of little ones, or busy in cosy kitchens or neat gardens.

Rembrandt painted real people; they are not beautiful, but they are true.

The women of Holland did, with patience and faithfulness, all they had to do, and they had much to do, for was not the land theirs to develop and the sea to be kept in check?

The women who helped in the fields grew sturdy of mind and body.

When Rembrandt was but twenty-eight years old, he painted the portrait of an old lady in a black gown.

She was eighty-three years old, and as one looks at her face we know this artist had a reverence, love, and sympathy for old people.

See the snowy whiteness of her ruff and cap! They look well with her dark eyes.

They are arranged with care, but it is not the fine ruff or cap we like best. It is the kind, honest face that we love most.

We feel sure that if we were in trouble, she would give us help and sympathy.

She may know little of art or poetry, but she has known how to care for little ones.

Rembrandt studied carefully the lights and shadows in his father's old mill and in the landscapes. He noticed the hills and hollows of the landscape.

A distant hill before sunrise would look like an evenly rounded surface, but after sunrise there were myriad hollows, wrinkles, and ridges that caught the golden sunshine on their edges and the dusky shadows in their depths.

Sunbeams played over the faces of the old people just as they played on the hillsides. The curves, wrinkles, and hollows were carefully studied.

No one could paint such dear old faces as Rembrandt. He painted what he saw with rare tenderness and truth.

Portrait of an Old Woman

This picture was owned by Mr. William Wells of Redleaf, and was bought by the National Gallery in 1867. [44]

The Night Watch

REMBRANDT VAN RIJN (1607-1669)



One time, more than two hundred and fifty years ago, two little children living in Amsterdam were playing at the edge of the city just at evening. Soon they overheard some Spanish soldiers near-by talking together. They began to understand that the men were making some kind of plans and, listening very sharply, they found that the Spaniards intended to attack the city of Amsterdam that night. The Spaniards were fighting the Netherlands at that time. You can imagine how frightened the children were. They knew that they must tell some one about it at once. Very quietly they crept away from where the men were, then ran for their lives to the town hall. The Civic Guard were having a banquet there. Rembrandt has painted the scene just as the little girl, in the center of the group, has finished her story. The men are making ready to meet the attack. Some have on

their armor, some are polishing their guns, some have their drums, and all are full of excitement.

When the painting was to be put in the new Ryks Museum, in Amsterdam, it was found that the wall was too narrow for the picture. What do you think the authorities did? The stupid men cut a piece off from each side of the picture to fit it in its new place. Was ever anything so silly? Even those pieces cut off would bring more money today than the museum itself cost.

The men who had money at the time Rembrandt painted the picture were angry because the artist would not make portraits as they wanted them. They ignored Rembrandt, and he became very poor and died unknown. Today those rich men are forgotten and Rembrandt is known the world over. [45]

Rembrandt van Rijn

(1607-1669)

Rembrandt's Native Land

Come with me far across the sea to Holland, and visit our good Dutch friends. Holland is a very small country. We shall see no mountains here, for the country is very low. Now you must know that low land is often wet land. Indeed, the word Holland means wet land. We shall find that this is a good name.

We can hardly believe it when we learn that Holland is lower than the ocean. "Why, then," we say at once, "does not the sea overflow the land? If that were true, the houses would be destroyed. The gardens and fields would be flooded, and the cattle would be drowned."

It is true that all these things would happen if the people did not have the dikes. Without them they could not live in Holland at all. These dikes are great walls of stone and earth. They are built along the beach. They keep back the sea. They are very high and are so wide that carts can be driven on their tops. In some places houses have been built on the dikes. How carefully the Dutch people watch for a leak in the dike! If one of these great banks should give way, many lives would be lost.

In Holland there are canals running in every direction. In some towns there are no streets at all. Canals are used instead. Many bridges span these canals.

Winter is the happiest season of the year for the Dutch children. Then all the canals are frozen. Every man, woman, and child has a pair of skates.

What a crowd of happy people! Children race to school on their skates. The women skate to market. On their heads they carry baskets filled with cheeses and rolls of butter.

Almost anywhere in Holland one may see windmills. They are used for grinding corn, sawing wood, and pumping water. The wind fills the sails of the windmills. The great arms whirl swiftly around. The machinery is set in motion. When the wind does not blow, no work can be done.

Let us visit one of the homes in this interesting country. How clean and orderly everything is! The copper pots and brass kettles hang above the broad fireplace. The dancing flames make them shine like polished gold. There are no carpets on most of the floors; they have been sprinkled with clean, white sand instead.

The furniture is waxed and polished. The chairs all stand back against the walls in straight rows. We are shown into the parlor, because we are visitors. The children are not allowed to enter this room except on Sundays and holidays. We must step very carefully, for patterns in the sand have been traced on the floor. We see good engravings hanging on the walls. In richer homes we should find oil paintings.

Now we must say goodbye to the kind Dutch dame and her tidy house. As we pass through the yard we see the children scrubbing their wooden shoes with sand. When they are as white as snow, they will place them in a row outside the door.

The outside of the house is almost as spotless as the inside. Would it not seem strange to see some one washing the outside of a house? That is just what they do in Holland. Even that is not enough; they give the houses a fresh coat of paint each year.

Every home has a garden near it. The narrow paths are covered with fine, white gravel. They are as neat as everything

else about a Dutch home. Here and there are bright beds of blossoming flowers. How beautiful the red and yellow tulips are in the bright sunshine! We are told that we may pick some of the gay blossoms. We are glad then that we came to Holland in the spring.

Nearly all of the houses are built on the banks of the canals. As we look down the canals, we see that the houses stand in straight rows. The trees have been planted in straight lines. Every house has a windmill. Even the windmills have been built in rows. The trees and windmills look like two rows of soldiers on each side of the canal.

One of the largest cities in Holland is Amsterdam. Much business is carried on there. Years ago it was even a busier place than it is now. Merchants from all over the world came to trade in Amsterdam. The people did well in their business. They had all the money they needed. Their homes were pleasant and happy. They liked to hang fine pictures on their walls. They also bought large oil paintings for halls and public buildings. For these reasons many artists came to live in Amsterdam. They found it easy to sell their work there.

One of the smaller Dutch cities is called Leyden. It stands on the banks of the river Rhine. There are scores of bridges in this city. They are built across the canals and across the river also. The bridges reach from one island to another, for Leyden is built upon islands. This place is well known for its university.

Many, many years ago an army tried to capture Leyden. The Dutch people fought bravely. They were willing to give up anything to save their country. For many days they did not have enough to eat. At last the cruel war was over. The enemy had sailed away.

The prince of the country was called William of Orange, He wished to reward the brave people of Leyden. He said they might choose between a large gift of gold and a university. The people needed money to rebuild their homes. Yet they chose the university. Was not that a wise thing to do?

Boyhood of Rembrandt

About three hundred years ago a child called Rembrandt van Rijn was born in Leyden. His father was a miller. His mill stood on the banks of the river Rhine. Van Rijn means of the Rhine. So the child was called Rembrandt van Rijn to show where his home was. In Holland one can often tell from his name where a person lives.

Rembrandt's father was well-to-do. His mother was a good woman. She spent all of her time caring for her home and her children. Rembrandt had four brothers and sisters. They had a comfortable home near the mill. The children spent much of their time there. They liked to play in the dim, dusty, old place. They liked to watch the sails of the windmill turn swiftly about. They tried to help the dust-covered miller pile up the great sacks of grain.

The child Rembrandt was sent to school, as all other Dutch children were. He was a bright little fellow. He was so good-natured that all his playmates liked him. By and by he grew to be a tall, strong youth.

His parents asked him what trade he would like to follow. Rembrandt did not know which one to choose. He was sure, however, that he did not wish to be a miller. His parents hoped he would be a priest or a lawyer.

Do you remember that Prince William gave the people of Leyden a university? The lad was sent to this university at

Leyden. It was surrounded by a park. Rembrandt spent much of his time there. Curious plants from many parts of the world grew in the hothouses. He was greatly interested in these odd plants.

Every Sunday he took a long walk into the country. He saw green meadows dotted with grazing cattle. There were fields shaded by great trees. He liked to watch the crimson and gold of the sunset light in the canals. Best of all, he liked the beautiful Rhine. All day ships were passing to and fro on the river. Rembrandt often sat for hours watching the procession of white and colored sails.

It is a great holiday. Years ago on this same day the enemy had been driven from the city. Banners of all colors are flying from the housetops.

Hark! Tramp, tramp, tramp come the soldiers down the street. In what straight lines they march! How well they keep step with the music! Rembrandt pushes his way to the very front of the crowd. He watches the glittering arms of the soldiers. How the sunlight gleams on their lances!

The younger soldiers are in the front ranks. See, the old soldiers are marching forward. The people cheer and cheer. The men and boys wave their hats in the air. The girls throw flowers in the path of the soldiers. Why do they greet the old soldiers in this way? Rembrandt never forgot the sights he saw in those days.

Rembrandt did not stay long at the university. He decided he did not wish to become a priest. He returned home. There were a number of artists in Leyden. Their pictures hung on the walls of the city hall. Rembrandt often visited that building. He looked at the engravings and the oil paintings. He liked the engravings better. He studied them for hours at a time.

"What trade shall our son learn?" said Rembrandt's father to his wife one day. "He will not be a miller, and does not care to be a priest." "The boy is very fond of fine pictures," said the mother. "Shall we not send him to an artist to study?"

Soon after, Rembrandt was sent to an artist in Leyden. Can you not fancy how pleased the boy must have been? He stayed with this master three years. His teacher was very kind to him. He learned rapidly. Everyone who saw his work said he would some day be a great artist. At the end of the three years, his teacher could help him no more. He went back to his home.

After awhile Rembrandt went to Amsterdam to study. He worked only three months with his second teacher. Once again he went to Leyden to live. He had made up his mind that Nature should be his only teacher.

Rembrandt fitted up a studio in his father's mill. It had only one small window. The boy often watched the rays of the sun come through this window. The light fell on only one part of the room. The objects in that part could be clearly seen. The rest of the room was in shadow. Rembrandt noticed this, and tried to show it in his pictures.

In this studio Rembrandt painted a picture of his father in the mill. The mill is lighted by a lantern. The miller is piling up the great sacks in the storeroom. Most of the picture is in shadow. We can see the miller plainly, because the light of the lantern falls upon him.

Friends, who saw the picture, admired it very much. They told Rembrandt they thought he could sell it. So he took it to the city. A picture dealer gave him one hundred florins for it. That is about forty dollars in our money. This was the first money that the boy had ever earned. He carried it proudly to his mother.

Rembrandt kept at work in his little studio in the mill. He painted a great many portraits. His family posed for him. He painted portraits of his sister, his cousins, and his father. The best work he did at this time was of his mother. As long as she lived she posed for him. He never tired of painting his dear mother's face. In many of her pictures she holds a Bible in her hands. In others the Bible is close beside her.

Rembrandt in Amsterdam

Rembrandt was a young man now. He wished to live among artists. There were more artists in Amsterdam than in any other city in Holland, so he decided to make his home there. Once again he said goodbye to his friends and to the old home. He journeyed to Amsterdam by canal. He lived there until he died.

People of this city had heard of Rembrandt's pictures. They were anxious to see the young artist. Some of the young men wished to become his pupils. He rented a large building for a studio. His pupils paid one hundred florins a year as tuition.

In many studios all the light comes from above. There are no windows in the walls. Rembrandt had such a studio. Sometimes he wished to have a strong light on only one object. Then he would darken all the windows but one. The light all fell in one place.

Perhaps Rembrandt is painting the portrait of a fine lady. He asks her to stand in the light. How beautiful is the rich silk and lace of her dress! Bands of pearls and rubies are about her throat and arms. Every jewel is a bit of light. Rembrandt showed all this in his picture — the shadow and the bright light, the silk, the lace, and the jewels.

When Rembrandt had been in Amsterdam only two years, his pictures were well known. He had more work than he could

do. Many of the greatest people in the city wished him to paint their portraits. Priests, poets, rich merchants, and fashionable ladies came to him. He was very well paid.

Rembrandt removed to a better studio. Merchants from all over the world brought beautiful things to Amsterdam. Now the artist could afford to buy some of these things. He bought heavy silks and richly colored velvets. He decorated his studio with them. He saw in the shops strange swords and daggers from other countries. He bought these and many other curious things for his studio.

Sometimes Rembrandt painted things for a joke. Once he fitted a piece of canvas in the window of his room. Canvas is thick, and shuts out the light. Yet Rembrandt painted this canvas to look like a pane of glass. He also painted a picture of his maid servant standing before this window as if she were about to open it.

Rembrandt had much fun watching the people who came in. They did not realize that the window was covered with painted canvas. The work was so well done, that they were sure that they saw a real window with a maid servant standing before it. They wondered why she stood there so long.

Once an old gentleman spoke to her. She did not answer. He became impatient. He wished to see Rembrandt alone. He walked up to the girl. He meant to ask her to leave the room. He started to touch her shoulder, when he found himself in front of a picture instead of a living person. How surprised he was! He turned to Rembrandt. The artist was shaking with laughter.

It is said that Rembrandt made fifty pictures of himself. He would laugh as hard as he could. Then he would take up a mirror and look at himself laughing. He would try to paint just

what he had seen in the hand glass. In this way he learned to put a laughing face into a picture.

Sometimes he looked sad or frowned. Again he looked frightened. Each time he studied his own face in the mirror. Afterwards he painted or engraved what he had seen. After such study as this, no wonder he could paint portraits well.

Often Rembrandt studied his own dress rather than his face. One day he put on a knight's armor. At another time he dressed himself as a nobleman in a rich velvet cloak. Taking a steel plate, he made an etching of himself in this dress.

Rembrandt was called the prince of etchers. His etchings are almost as well known as his paintings. He engraved very rapidly.

Once he was taking dinner with a friend. There was no mustard on the table. Hans, the servant, was sent for some. The artist said, "I'll wager I can engrave a picture before Hans returns." Rembrandt's friend replied, "I'll wager you cannot."

Rembrandt never went away from home without a copper plate. He took one from his pocket and began his picture. He worked with quick, firm strokes. In a little while Hans returned with the mustard. Just then, Rembrandt handed the finished plate to his friend. So the wager was won.

Rembrandt did not always choose beautiful things to paint. He often had beggars to pose for him. In some of Rembrandt's engravings we see these poor people. How ragged and uncared for they look! It became known in Amsterdam that the great artist was painting beggars. Many tramps gathered before his door every morning. Each one hoped Rembrandt would hire him to pose.

The great artist worked nearly every hour of the day. He let nothing keep him from his work. No one was allowed to disturb him. He would not have stopped his painting even for the king!

When Rembrandt was about twenty-seven years old, he married. His wife was a lovely young woman. Her name was Saskia. They had a very happy home. Rembrandt took great delight in giving Saskia beautiful presents. He bought her necklaces of beautiful jewels. He gave her heavy gold bracelets. Indeed, he thought nothing was too fine for his young wife.

Rembrandt did not care to paint his own picture now. Nothing gave him so much pleasure as to have his wife pose for him. In one picture her head rests upon her hand. Beneath the broad straw hat she wears, her face is sweet and smiling.

In another picture she is a princess. Her long gown is of softest silk. The jewels about her neck and in her hair are most costly and beautiful. One of the loveliest pictures Rembrandt made of Saskia is called *The Jewish Bride*.

Of all the artists in Amsterdam, the Dutch people liked Rembrandt the best. They were willing to pay large prices for his pictures. People from other cities also liked his work.

The Night Watch is Rembrandt's finest picture. It was painted in 1642. It represents a company of soldiers in the street. They have been called out suddenly.

In the center of the company is the captain. He is dressed in brown with a red sash about his waist. Near the captain stands another officer. His coat is yellow and his sash is white. He wears a plume in his big yellow hat.

Some children have heard the drum. They wonder what is the matter. They slip in among the soldiers. The men themselves do not know what the trouble is. They have rushed out quickly and are not in line. Neither the flag bearer nor the drummer is in his place. Some soldiers have snatched up lances. One has a gun and another a sword.

A great many men had asked Rembrandt to paint this picture. When it was finished, they would not pay for it. They did not like it. Each man wanted his own face to show most in the picture. Only two faces showed plainly. These two men were pleased. Those who were in the shadow were disappointed. The artist never received pay for his work. *The Night Watch* now hangs in a gallery in Amsterdam.

Rembrandt was the father of several children. All, except one, died when they were very small. The son who lived was called Titus. His father painted several pictures of Titus while he was a baby. One shows the little fellow asleep. In another picture, the happy baby lies on a rug before a blazing fire.

Rembrandt's happiest days were past. It made him sad that people did not like *The Night Watch*. He could not sell as many pictures as he had sold in former years. The death of his children filled his heart with sorrow. But a greater sorrow came to him. The gentle Saskia died.

The beautiful home seemed lonely without Saskia. Rembrandt was too sad to paint any more.

He had not paid for all the things in his home. The merchants wanted their money. Rembrandt's house was sold to pay his debts. All the furniture and pictures in the house were sold too. Even Saskia's jewels and beautiful gowns were taken by the merchants.

In these days Rembrandt read the Bible a great deal. Soon he began to paint again. His pictures all represented Bible stories. He was poor and unhappy. Yet he worked as hard as ever.

For many years Rembrandt lived in Amsterdam, almost without friends. People came no more to have their portraits painted. Merchants no longer paid high prices for his engravings.

A few years before his death, Rembrandt was given an order for a picture. This must have pleased the artist. The picture is called *The Cloth Makers*. The people in Amsterdam liked it. Rembrandt was no longer sad.

Of all Dutch artists, Rembrandt is the greatest. The people in Holland still love him. They are proud of *The Cloth Makers* and *The Night Watch*. Both of these pictures hang in Dutch galleries. Not only in Holland, but in many other countries is this artist admired. [46]

St. George and the Dragon

VITTORE CARFACCIO (1440-1522)



St. George, a noble youth of Cappadocia, was one of the oldest and most noted of the saints. The story always told of him is his killing the dragon. Once upon a time St. George was going through Palestine on horseback when he came to the City of Beirut. There he found a beautiful young girl in royal dress weeping outside the walls of the city. When he asked her why she was crying, she told him that a terrible dragon lived in the marshes near the city. And to keep him from destroying every one in the city, each day two young girls must be fed to him. These young girls were chosen by lot, and this day she, Cleodolinda, the king's daughter, must be eaten by the dragon.

St. George told her not to be afraid for he would destroy the dragon. But she cried:

"O noble youth, tarry not here, lest thou perish with me I but fly, I beseech thee!" St. George answered:

"God forbid that I should fly! I will lift my hand against the loathly thing, and will deliver thee through the power of Jesus Christ!"

Then St. George, rushed at the dragon and thrust his spear into his mouth and conquered him. He then took the young girl's mantle and bound the beast, and she led him into the city to her father. That day twenty thousand people of the city were baptized.

As time went on the name of St. George became very great. From the time that Richard I — the Lion-Hearted — placed his army under the protection of St. George the saint became the patron saint of England. In 1330 the order of the Garter, the highest order of knighthood in Great Britain, was founded and on its emblem is a picture of St. George and the dragon.

Carpaccio, a Venetian artist, painted this picture of *St. George and the Dragon*. He painted many other stories of saints. [47]

Sir Galahad

GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS (1818-1904)



Of all the stories of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table none is so strange as that of Sir Galahad. Its beginning is in the upper chamber at the Last Supper with Jesus and his disciples. Legend says that the cup used by our Savior at the Last Supper was the Holy Grail. Joseph of Arimathea, who bought the cup from Pontius Pilate, used it to catch the blood that flowed from the pierced side of our Lord. The cup, or Holy Grail, was kept in the Convent of the Holy Grail by the descendants of Joseph of Arimathea.

The cup had marvelous powers in the hands of a perfect knight. Centuries passed and no perfect knight came to claim the Holy Grail. Then King Arthur founded the Knights of the Round Table. One seat at the round table was always vacant waiting for the sinless youth. Many tried to sit in the "seat

perilous," as it was called, but the seat let each one down to disappear forever.

At last an old man — Joseph of Arimathea himself — brought a boy and seated him in the vacant chair. The knights were frightened but the boy sat unharmed and above the seat appeared the words:

This is the Seat of Galahad

King Arthur knighted him and sent him forth to find the Holy Grail. Years went by and awful trials and temptations came to Sir Galahad. He did not yield to the bad things that came, but kept looking for the Holy Grail. At last he held the cross before his face to keep off his tormentors when before his eyes he saw the cup, and the power of the Holy Grail came to him.

This picture of Sir Galahad in Eton College, England, hangs in the chapel opposite the entrance door where each boy passes in on his way to morning and evening prayers. [48]

Joan of Arc

JULES BASTIEN-LEPAGE (1848-1884)



No young girl in history has had such a wonderful story as Joan of Arc. She began to hear voices and see visions when she was a little child. She was born in the tiny village of Domremy, France. Just like the other little peasant girls around her she helped her mother about the house and at the spinning. Also she went into the fields with her brothers.

One day when she was in the garden the Archangel St. Michael came to her in a glory of light. He said she was a good little girl and that she must go to church and that some day she was to do a great act; she was to crown the dauphin as king of France at Rheims. Joan was afraid and cried at what the angel told her, but St. Michael said, "God will help you."

These messages kept coming to her until, when she was sixteen, the voices insisted, "You must help the king, and save France."

France was in a terrible state at this time, 1428. The English held most of France. The French king, Charles VI, became insane and died. The son, Dauphin Charles, was weak and lazy and discouraged; he had no money, no army, no energy, and like most cowards, ran from his duty and wasted his time in wickedness.

Joan was still urged by voices to save France. At last a peasant uncle went with her to a man in power to ask for troops. The man was angry, and said sharply:

"The girl is crazy! Box her ears and take her back to her father." But Joan did not give up. She insisted that some one must take her to Dauphin Charles, that God willed it. She said:

"I will go if I have to wear my legs down to my knees." She went, and she saved France by crowning the dauphin as Charles VII at Rheims. But the French and the English people condemned Joan of Arc as a witch and burned her at the stake. Too late they cried:

"We are lost! We have burned a saint!" [49]

Pilgrim Exiles

George Henry Boughton (1833-1905)



We all know how, long ago, that sturdy band of one hundred and two Puritans left England in the small and storm-beaten ship called the *Mayflower*. They were called Puritans because they were dissatisfied with the religion of the Church of England, and demanded purification of all the old observances and doctrines.

When they began to establish in England separate churches of their own, they were driven from place to place. They longed for a land where they could worship God in their own way, so they came to America, determined to endure every danger and to trust in God to care for them. Their wanderings from place to place had given them a new name, "Pilgrim," which means "wanderer." Then, ever since their landing on the rock at Plymouth, they have been called Pilgrim Fathers.

There were many women and children in this band of wanderers. On the journey a little baby was born and was called Oceanus after the great rolling ocean.

The Pilgrims endured many hardships in those first few years, and none more distressing than the frequent attacks by the Indians, who resented the strangers' presence in a land which belonged to them. The Pilgrims carried their guns with them even when they went to church, for they never knew just when they might be attacked.

They arrived in the fall of the year, too late to plant grain or to put by enough provisions for the winter, so they were quite dependent upon the provision boat from England. Often this boat was long delayed because of storms at sea, or because the people in England did not send it on time. This caused much suffering and distress.

In our picture we see three of the first settlers of our New England coast, waiting for the provision ship. The waves come rolling in to this rough and barren shore, but as far as the eye can see there is yet no sign of the awaited boat. On that point of land in the distance are a few rude houses which must be the homes of the Pilgrims. This dreary place, so bleak and barren, makes us wonder how they could ever hope to survive the perils of a winter there.

Our interest is centered upon the three figures at the right in the picture. One can almost read the thoughts expressed in the three faces. The figure of the man stands out strong and erect, and there is that in his fixed gaze which tells us his thoughts are far away. No doubt he is thinking of his old home across the ocean. He is homesick, yet go back he would not; there is no sign of discouragement. His wife, standing beside him, places her hand on his shoulder to comfort him, but she too looks as if she were thinking of that other home and the friends across the sea. Her gentle, refined face is saddened for the moment, yet in it we see expressed the fine courage which has carried her thus far along the way.

The mother, seated on the great rock, has the same thoughtful, far-away gaze. Her hands, clasped in her lap, have more of resignation and patience in them. Probably her thoughts and affections are centered in the two dear ones beside her, and in their welfare, rather than in the friends across the sea.

Notice the Puritan dress, cloaks, shoes, caps, and collars. These people are well dressed, and do not seem to be poor. Perhaps they are simply longing to hear from their friends, and hoping the ship will bring some news of them. It may be that it has been due for several days, and each day they have walked out to this same rocky point, hoping to see it on the distant horizon.

They are dressed in warm clothes. From that fact and from the half-bare branches of the bush that we see growing beside the rock in the foreground of the picture we should judge it to be the fall of the year.

Standing in the bright sunlight, they look anxiously out toward the rolling ocean. The length of the shadows makes us think it must be late in the afternoon.

When at last they catch a glimpse of the dark masts of the approaching ship they will send a glad shout along the shore, and soon the beach will be crowded with an anxious throng of people hoping for some message or news from home.

At what seems to be a long distance from the shore the great ship will cast anchor and send out its rowboats filled with passengers, mail, and provisions. How eagerly the homesick people will crowd around the new arrivals and welcome them! Our three friends will not be standing quiet and alone, but each will be hurrying about to help the others. The spirit of helpfulness was very strong in those days of hardship and toil.

Notice the arrangement of lights and shadows in this picture. Our eye is first attracted to the faces of these three Pilgrims, then carried almost in a circle to the ocean, the rocks at the left side of the picture, to the rock the mother is seated upon, and back to the three faces. Start where we please the play of light leads us back to the three faces brought out by the white collars. Suppose we start with the mother's hands, our eyes follow her apron, the man's shoes, the light on the grass and ocean, then to the man's face and on around. Without these echoes of light, the picture would be unbalanced and much less interesting.

Half close your eyes and study the picture. There is not a single straight line in the composition. Notice the placing of the horizon line, of the distant shore. The artist started his landscape much as we do, with a rectangular space divided into two parts by the horizon line. He chose for his picture a small division for sky; the larger space to be divided into less than half as much water as land. Instead of standing so the shore line would appear exactly horizontal, he chose a position where the near shore line and that of the distant point of land are at an angle, thus relieving the monotony.

The tall, determined figure of the man, and his gentle wife, standing silhouetted against the sky, hold the ground space and the sky space together, while the mother seated on the rock serves as another connecting link. All the figures serve to unite the different parts of the picture into an effect of unity most gratifying to the eye.

About the Artist

George Henry Boughton was born near Norwich, England, but when he was only a year old his parents came to America.

He grew up and was educated at Albany, New York, where he first began to paint.

As soon as he started to school he showed great skill at drawing, by, as he says, "drawing every mortal thing that came under my notice."

When he was nineteen years old he sold enough of his sketches to pay his way back to London, England. He spent several months in England, sketching wherever he went. When he came back to New York he painted a picture called *Winter Twilight*, which marked the beginning of his success. Later he spent a year in Paris, finally making his permanent home in London.

His studio in New York City was given up, but, although he lived in England, his art remained distinctly American.

He was especially interested in the history and literature of our country and has been called "the interpreter and illuminator of New England life in the seventeenth century."

Besides painting, he wrote for magazines, illustrating his own stories with great success. [50]

A Helping Hand

EMILE RENOUF (1845-1894)



When we go fishing for a few hours or half a day we think it great fun, but a real fisherman, who earns his living that way, has to work very hard. Fishermen usually start out at four or five o'clock in the morning, and do not come home again until late at night. Sometimes they go away for several days, fishing night and day.

Very probably this little girl is not awake mornings when her father eats his breakfast and starts out. He wears a rain-proof hat and heavy coat, for one never can tell what the weather will be out on the water. He must take a good lunch with him, too, for he is sure to get hungry. The mother will see that the lunch is ready.

When the wind is blowing in the right direction he puts up the heavy pole you see in the center of the boat, lets out the sail, and tightens the rope. Then, with a good wind, how fast he can go! He knows just where each kind of fish likes to stay, and goes

straight to the very best place. Here he drops his heavy iron anchor into the water. This anchor is fastened to the boat and keeps it from drifting. Sometimes the fish do not bite at all, and he has very few to carry home after his hard day's work. Then again his great boat is filled full of shiny fish. "Fisherman's luck," that is called.

He probably uses that net with the long wooden handle to help him catch the big fish. He may have used it also to catch his minnows for bait. No doubt he catches all the minnows he needs before he starts, because they live in the shallow water near the shore and it is easier to catch them there.

Some fishermen use very long nets, something like those you see on a tennis court, only wider and stronger. It takes several men to manage them. The fish get tangled up in the net, and then it is very easy to catch them.

A flat-bottomed boat is the best for fishing, they say. You can move about in it without much danger of tipping over, and it holds more. The fish often think it is a wharf or a good cool place under which to hide, and you can catch them easily.

Very likely this little girl has never been out with her father on one of his long trips, for it would be much too tiresome for so small a girl. It would seem, rather, as if he had finished his day's work, and was taking his little daughter with him on some short errand. Perhaps they are on their way home, and there is something in that sack the mother needs. Just now there is no wind, or it is not in the right direction, for they do not use the sail.

Can you see the other oar? It must be in the bottom of the boat. The man must row hard with the oar he is pulling at or they will run into that great rock you see ahead.

It looks as if those little sailboats far off in the distance are standing still. Perhaps they have no oars, and are waiting for the wind to come up and blow them home. If they were anchored the sails would be rolled up and put away. A good sailor must take good care of his boat and sails. If a sail is not stretched out in the sun and allowed to dry after a heavy dew or rain, it will rot and soon fall to pieces.

A sailor knows how to tie a very tight knot which is called a "sailor's knot." He needs to know how to tie this, for if the knots are not tight and his rope should come untied, or anything gives way when there is a heavy wind, the boat would very likely be overturned.

The little girl looks as if she were putting all her strength into those tiny hands that cannot near go around the oar. How pleased her father seems to be to have her try to help him! He knows she is doing the best she can, and he lets her think she is helping row the boat. It must help him somewhat, just to know that she is trying so hard and wants to help.

She must slip about on that seat every time the oar moves, for her feet do not touch the bottom of the boat. She will be tired when she reaches home, and warm too, no doubt.

They will not lose their hats even if the wind does blow, for the little girl's bonnet is tied under her chin, and her father has pulled his rubber hat tight over his head. Often, when he is out fishing on the deep sea, the spray dashes over the fisherman's boat, and he is glad to have a rubber hat and coat to wear.

The little girl wears a large handkerchief around her neck, fastened under her arms. What do you think is in the pockets of her apron to make them puff out so? It must be in the summer time, or she would surely wear a coat and rubber boots. What a

big, heavy boat it is! No wonder it takes such a large oar to row it.

About the Artist

Very little is known about the boyhood of the man who painted this picture. His paintings were usually of fisher-folk, and of boats on the water. We know that in 1886 he came to America and spent one year in New York City. It was during this time that he painted his picture of Brooklyn Bridge, now in the museum in Le Havre, the town in France where he died. *A Helping Hand* is the most popular of his pictures, and may be seen in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington, D.C. [51]

What a queer old boat this is! It is called a fishing boat.

This old man and wee girl are out for pleasure just now. They are not going far.

She wishes to help, so the man has placed her on the seat beside him.

The oar is heavy and large, but she puts her tiny hands upon it, and pushes very hard.

How small her hands look beside the large, strong ones of the man! Yet they are helping little hands.

Has she not a sweet, gentle face under that quaint cap?

The old man's hat will not blow off. It is drawn down tightly.

Has he not a kind face?

He is tender and gentle to this little child. Do you think he is her grandpa?

There is a fishnet near them in the boat; it is strongly made, too.

We know he goes fishing far out in the deep sea.

The name of the man who painted this pretty picture for us was Emile Renouf. He was born in Paris in 1845 . He studied and worked very hard under some famous teachers in France.

He came to the United States in 1886. For a long time he had a studio in New York City.

Once he painted a sunset view of the great Brooklyn Bridge.

This picture was very natural, and everyone liked it.

He went back to Paris, and each year his pictures were shown in the great art galleries of Europe.

Among them all, *The Helping Hand* was a great favorite. [52]

Dance of the Nymphs

JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT (1796-1875)



The artist who painted this picture, Jean Baptiste Corot, tells us that when he was a small boy he used to lean out of his window at night, long after his mother and father thought him safe in bed, to watch the clouds, the sky, and the trees. He continued this study as a young man, and soon made friends with three other young men, all artists (Rousseau, Daubigny, and Dupré) who were also studying nature. All had studios and painted in the city; but they were always longing for a glimpse of the country. One day the four started out together for a day's outing, each taking his painter's outfit. They went to the end of the omnibus line from Paris and then started on foot for a long tramp across the country. It was then they thought of the great Forest of Fontainebleau, where nature was wild and undisturbed in its wondrous beauty.

"We will go to that beautiful forest and spend our vacation there," they said.

And so it came about several weeks later. In this forest, at all times of the day or night, they could be found wandering about, searching out new vistas and discovering new wonders and beauties in nature.

They hid their paints and brushes in the rocks to keep them from the dew, and they themselves slept under the spreading branches of the great oak trees. These city-bred young men, brought up in the rush and hurry of the great city of Paris, cared for no other shelter than the wide expanse of sky and the protecting branches of the trees.

So when we know that later Corot came to live near this Forest of Fontainebleau, it is easy to guess where he painted this picture called the *Dance of the Nymphs*. Sometimes this picture is called *Morning*, for Corot painted another picture much like this one, and called it, *The Dance of the Nymphs, Evening*.

Corot is often spoken of as the "happy one," and many stories are told of him and how surprising it was to hear him singing lustily as he painted. Seated on his camp stool before his easel, wearing his blue calico blouse and painter's hat, he was indeed happy. He is described as adding the finishing touches to one of his landscapes in this way:

"Let us put that there – tra, la, tra, la, – a little boy, – ding dong, ding dong! Oh, a little boy, he wants a cap – la, la, la, la, tra la!"

People always smiled when they saw Corot start out, carrying his easel, paints, and brushes, and singing or whistling like a care-free boy. But it happened more often that they saw him going toward home in the evening, for he had a way of starting out before sunrise when nobody was about and seating himself in some lovely spot in the woods, waiting breathlessly to see what would happen next.

That is what he did the morning he sketched this picture. The grass was heavy with dew, the birds were still asleep, all was quiet and covered with the veil of night. As the mist slowly lifted, the great trees gradually assumed definite shapes, the birds awoke, the sun shone forth, and all was bright and fresh as the early mornings in spring always are. Look at this picture, then close your eyes and open them slowly, and you yourself can see just such an awakening to life.

Is it any wonder then that, as Corot sat, pencil in hand, this lovely spring morning and watched the trees gradually take shape against the slowly lightening sky, and listened to the birds singing their morning greeting, he should fancy he saw the fairy wood nymphs come out from their secret hiding places and dance joyously about in the bright morning sunlight? It seems most natural indeed that they should be there, and dancing, too. The mere fact of being alive on such a morning as this fills us too with delight.

When Corot began to paint his large picture from the small sketch he made in the woods that morning, he must have sung his merriest tunes. The picture seems full of music, from the quivering leaves, the waving grass, and the shifting clouds to the dancing figures. Although there is not a bird in sight, we know that they are there, and it takes very little imagination to hear them singing.

At the right-hand side of the picture one of the wood nymphs has seized the hand of a timid companion, urging her to come and join in the frolic. So much are we in sympathy with those merry ones that we too find ourselves unconsciously urging her to join in the dance.

When he painted trees, Corot did not pay very great attention to details, and so we cannot always tell what kind of

trees they were. He cared most to make us feel the beauty of the sunlight on their tender leaves, their growth, and the protection they offer to birds and men.

A young art student once approached Corot and asked him why he left so many things out of his pictures and put others in. Then pointing to a certain tree in Corot's painting he said, "This tree is not in the landscape." Corot smiled, then whispered to him, "Don't you tell, but I put it there to please the birds."

It would be difficult indeed to find a single straight line in our picture, so full is it of rhythmic curves, from the treetops to the graceful figures in the foreground. The skillful blending of colors, of light and shade, gives it that mysterious, misty quality which is one of its chief charms. Corot's favorite colors were pale green, gray browns, and silvery grays. One little touch of bright color in his pictures makes them alive. The costumes of the nymphs were chosen for the very few bright touches in this painting, and the tall, slender tree near the left-hand side of the picture for the pale green feathery foliage of early spring.

Our eye moves pleasantly through all the leafy maze of this enchanted forest. We are at the edge of the woods. Looking out through the trees we see the wide, open fields beyond, with their high canopy of sky, and we feel a new contentment steal over us as our eye again seeks this sheltered nook in the great Forest of Fontainebleau.

About the Artist

From the very first all things seemed to favor Corot. Of a naturally happy disposition, born into a family of means, and all his life free from financial worries, everything seemed to combine to make his life one of care-free ease and pleasure.

His father and mother kept a millinery store; this must have been a good business, for they soon accumulated a comfortable fortune.

At ten years of age Corot was sent away to school at Rouen in the hope of making a business man of him. He lived with a friend of his father who was a serious man but also a great lover of nature. Corot took many a long walk with him over narrow, unfrequented paths. They took these walks usually at the close of the day, and so Corot's love of the twilight hour grew strong.

Upon his return to Paris seven years later, his father placed him in a dry-goods store, where he remained for nearly nine years. Whenever there were no customers the boy would hide under the counter and draw. His employer was a good-natured man and he sympathized with Corot in his desire to be a painter. So he told the father it was of no use to try to make a business man of him as his tastes were all for art.

About this time Corot went to his father and asked his permission to study painting. The father was not at all pleased with the idea, but decided to let him try. He told his son he had set aside a certain sum of money to start him in business for himself and he could choose that or a small income which would be allowed him for the study of art. If he chose the latter, however, he must not expect any other help from his father, as he did not approve of this new venture. But Corot embraced his father most affectionately and declared he had made him the happiest person in the world. He then proceeded at once to the nearest store and bought a complete painter's outfit. Choosing a spot by the river near his father's house, he began to paint. He tells us how the girls who worked in the millinery store slipped away and came to see what he was doing. He never parted with this first painting, but kept it as a reminder of his great happiness

when he was at last free to do "what he most desired in the world."

He studied under several artists, but received little encouragement until he went to Rome to study.

Most of the paintings of that time were classical, including Greek temples, shepherds, nymphs, or dryads, and such trees as cedars and palms. That is why Millet's simple peasants and Corot's misty landscapes were not appreciated.

At Rome, Corot became a great favorite among the students because of his happy nature and the rollicking, jolly songs he could sing. But as for his pictures,--they were considered very amusing.

However, one day as he sat sketching the Coliseum a friend who was regarded as an authority on landscape painting praised his work. Corot looked around expecting to be laughed at, but no, – the man was in earnest. That evening, before all the other students, he remarked that Corot might some day become the master of them all. This gave him standing among the artists and was greatly appreciated by Corot, who always felt that this praise was the beginning of his success. It was not long after this that his pictures were exhibited and many honors came to him.

Does it seem strange that Corot and Millet, looking upon the same woods and people, living and painting so near each other, should choose such different subjects? Corot saw the same poor, toilworn peasants, and he helped them most generously when they asked him, but as for painting them – he did not think of it. Millet saw the same beautiful woods, fields, and sky, and loved them all, but to him the peasant came first.

He said, "Corot's pictures are beautiful, but they do not reveal anything new."

Corot said, "Millet's painting is for a new world; I do not feel at home there. I am too much attracted to the old. I see therein great knowledge, air, and depth, but it frightens me; I love better my little music."

In speaking of another artist he said, "He is an eagle; I am only a skylark. I send forth little songs in my gray clouds."

As success came to Corot he was most generous in helping others. Many young artists came to study with him, but he would accept no pay for his instruction and gladly did all he could to encourage and help them.

He did not have the heart to turn a beggar from his door, and often had as many as twenty-five come to him in a day. The story is told of a beggar who demanded a larger sum of money than Corot usually gave, and was refused. After he left, the artist could not paint; his day was spoiled. So he hurriedly ran out after the beggar, gave him the money, and all was well again.

During the siege of Paris he gave both time and money to help the wounded. "Papa Corot," as the people called him, was greatly beloved.

The demand for his paintings increased. He said that when youth left him, honor and fame came to make him still the happiest man in the world.

Everybody loved Pere Corot — Papa Corot, as he was called. His happy manner and lovely smile won for him the name of the "happy one." I want you to know what Papa Corot says, in a letter to a friend, about himself and his painting. He writes:

"Look you, it is charming, the day of a landscapist. He gets up at three in the morning, before sunrise, goes and sits under a tree, and watches and waits. Not much can be seen at first. Nature is behind a veil. Everything smells sweet.

"Ping! a ray of yellow light shoots up. The veil is torn, and meadow and valley and hill are peeping through the rent.

"Bing, bing! the sun's first ray — another ray — and the flowers awake and drink a drop of quivering dew. The leaves feel cold and move to and fro. Under the leaves unseen birds are singing softly. The flowers are saying their morning prayers.

"Bam! the sun has risen. Bam! a peasant crosses the field with a cart and oxen. Ding! ding! says the bell of the ram that leads the flock of sheep.

"Bam! bam! all bursts — all glitters — all is full of light, blond and caressing as yet. The flowers raise their heads. It is adorable. I paint! I paint!

"Boom! boom! boom! The sun aflame burns the earth. Everything becomes heavy. Let us go home. We see too much now. Let us go home."

You see now why Corot could paint such a lovely picture as *The Nymphs*. He saw these gauzy creatures in the early morning light and painted them before the sun scattered them to the four winds. [53]

The Wood Gatherers

JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT (1796-1875)



The picture of "The Wood Gatherers" is very precious to us. It is the last picture Corot signed after he was confined to the bed, a few days before he died. A curious story is told of Corot's painting this picture. He had an old study of another artist's of a landscape with St. Jerome at prayer. \ Corot took the study and made a number of sketches of it. Somehow his landscape would not fit St. Jerome, so he painted a man on horseback and a dog going off into the woods. Then in the place of St. Jerome praying he put a woman gathering bits of wood and another woman with a bundle of fagots under her arm. Now the picture must have another name and he called it *The Wood Gatherers*. When you go to Washington, you must not fail to see this picture in the Corcoran Art Gallery. [54]

Jean Baptiste Camille Corot

(1796-1875)

The Boy Corot

"Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our Mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?"

Bryard

There once lived a man who thought springtime the most beautiful season of the year. His name was Camille Corot. He was never so happy as when close to Mother Nature. He used to talk to the birds. They seemed to sing more sweetly when he came into the woods.

Camille Corot was born in Paris in 1796. His father was a tradesman. Everything was very cozy in the Corot home. The father did well in his trade, so he had plenty of money to make his family comfortable.

In the summer time the Corot family did not stay in Paris. They had a pretty little home in the country. Near the house was a large pond. Camille was always glad to leave the hot, dusty streets of Paris. It was so cool and shady under the trees by the pond.

Camille's full name was Jean Baptiste Camille Corot. Children in France often have as many names as that. In the seven years of his school life, our little friend was always called Camille. We, too, shall call him by that name.

When summer came each year, how glad Camille was to put away his books! It seemed good to be with his father and mother once more. Soon after the close of school, the whole family went to the country. Then, indeed, was the boy happy. He knew all the trees about the country home. They were his friends. The birds, the flowers, the pure air, and blue skies all gave him pleasure.

He spent the whole day out-of-doors. When it grew dark, he was sorry to go into the house. When all the family were asleep, he used to sit by the open window in his room. What beautiful pictures he saw in the outside world!

Camille sometimes sat for hours watching the silvery moon travel across the skies. He fancied that the moon was a shepherdess and that the fleecy white clouds were her sheep. Often the wind drove the clouds far apart. Then he would wonder if the shepherdess could ever get her flock together again.

All was so still at night. Nothing could be heard but the rustling of the leaves. Then the little dreamer at the window fancied that the trees were whispering secrets to one another.

As he looked out into the night, Camille thought the fairies were having a party. He thought he saw them come sailing across the pond on the floating leaves. He fancied that the fairies danced under the trees. The fireflies were their lanterns. The hare-bells made their music.

When Camille was seventeen, he became a clerk in a dry goods store. His father hoped that he would like the trade. He wished his son to be a rich cloth merchant some day.

Camille did not like to stay in the store all day. He was happier out-of-doors where he could hear the birds sing. On his

holidays he used to take long walks. He wandered along the banks of the river and out into the fields and woods.

When he was about twenty years old, he began to draw the things he saw on his walks. Then it was that the merchant saw his counters covered with papers. Then it was that Camille used every spare moment for drawing. He wished that he might work with a brush instead of a yardstick.

He always carried a sketchbook in his pocket when he went walking. He filled the pages with drawings of trees and flowers. He made sketches of the river winding through the meadows and of the soft fleecy clouds. He set up an easel in a corner of his bedroom. He spent many pleasant hours there. He filled in his sketches with color.

Young Corot made friends with an artist. This friend helped Corot with his drawing. The artist taught Corot how to mix the colors. He showed him how to lay on the paint.

Now Corot wished to leave the cloth merchant's shop. His father at first was unwilling. At last he gave his consent. How happy Corot was that he no longer had to measure cloth and tie up bundles!

The first day he was free, Corot took his easel and brushes and started off to paint. He was crossing a bridge. He saw the city in the distance. He thought, "How beautiful that looks! I'll make a picture of it."

Corot was well liked in his father's shop. The girls who worked there ran down to the bridge to watch him paint. " Look, Rosa," said one, "see the shadows in the water. Is not Camille a wonderful artist?"

Corot's artist friend died. After his death Corot went to another teacher. This man was a landscape painter. Landscapes

were just what Corot enjoyed painting more than anything else. He was happy in his work with this teacher.

Manhood of Corot

In 1825 Corot went to Italy to study. The artists there liked him. He had a good voice for a song. He could tell a story well. He was always ready for a good time. Though they liked Corot, they laughed at his pictures.

One day Corot was painting a picture of a fine old building in Rome. One of the artists told him that the work was well done. This was the first praise that Corot had received in Italy.

Soon after this all the artists were at dinner together. The one who had praised Corot's work arose. He said, "We have all been laughing at Corot's paintings. But I tell you that he may some day be the master of us all."

When he returned to France, Corot worked very hard. A great many years passed before he sold a single picture. His paintings were different from those of other French artists. People did not care to buy them. It did not make Corot unhappy because his pictures were not sold.

He was always laughing or singing. He was up with the birds every morning. Early in the day he started out to the woods. On these trips he wore a great straw hat, and carried an umbrella under his arm.

He would talk to the birds and trees and butterflies as he went along. "Is it for me you are singing, little bird? " he would say. "Well, this is fine."

In his studio Corot wore a loose blue blouse. A gay red and white striped cap was on his head. Here he sang all day at his

work. When night came he would say, "Well, I must stop. My Heavenly Father has put out my lamp."

Often Corot went into the country to sketch. Sometimes he stayed all day. If he did well at his work, he went home pleased. He would say to his mother, "A little fairy came to me today. She touched me with her wand and gave me success." Often he was sad when he returned at night. Then his mother would ask with kindness, "Has not the little fairy been to see you today? "

On Sunday mornings Corot always went with his mother to church. He said he was proud to walk down the street with her. He always spoke of her as "the beautiful woman."

Paris was the home of the artist in the winter months. In the springtime he went to his father's country home. The moonlight glimmering on the pond, the great trees, and the soft clouds were just as beautiful to him now as when he was a boy.

When April came, Corot was never in Paris. His friends knew that he had gone to the country to watch the birds. These little creatures were not afraid of this gentle man. They seemed to know that he was their friend. Corot used to say, "The birds perch on the branches above me to watch my work."

In 1827 one of Corot's pictures was hung in a large art gallery of Paris. From that time until his death his pictures were shown there every year. Yet no one cared to buy them.

About this time there was a war in France. Corot hated war. When the siege of Paris began, he left the city. During the siege many of the soldiers were wounded. Many nurses were needed to care for the sick and dying. Then Corot returned to Paris. During the whole siege he helped to care for the soldiers. Some of his loveliest pictures were painted during these dreary weeks.

For forty years Corot had been painting. At the end of that time his pictures were greatly admired. In 1867 he received a great honor. He was given the cross of the Legion of Honor.

When Corot's pictures were first hung in the art galleries, people hardly noticed them. Later, some of the artists not only praised but bought his paintings. Soon other people became interested in them. By and by they began to buy Corot's beautiful landscapes.

Crowds of people visited his studio. Corot found that he could not get his work done on account of his many visitors. He decided to have one day each week in which to welcome his friends. After this, company came only upon the appointed day.

In his old age many people in Paris called him Father Corot. No one was more beloved than he. No wonder, for no man was more kind and gentle. No man was more ready to help those in trouble. Sometimes he gave money. Sometimes he gave words of cheer and wise advice.

Corot gave to all the beggars who came to him. He never turned one away empty-handed. Sometimes as many as twenty-five beggars came to his door in one day.

One New Year's day Corot was walking down the street. He met an old man begging. Corot gave him a piece of silver and went on. When he had gone a few steps he turned back. He hurried after the old man. Corot put ten pieces of silver into the beggar's hand. "Today all the world receives presents, so you must have yours, too," said the artist.

All the children loved Father Corot. He was their good friend. He liked to plan surprises for them. At Christmas time he prepared baskets for the children who lived in his neighborhood. The artist filled the baskets with nuts and fruit, with candy and toys. Would you not like to have lived near Father Corot?

Many pupils came to Corot to study. He was glad to teach them what he knew about painting. He would take no pay for the lessons he gave.

We have told you nothing about the kind of pictures that this gentle artist made. He did not care to paint animals as Rosa Bonheur did. He did not often paint people as Millet was so fond of doing. He loved nature — the trees and the skies, the dewy meadows and clear lakes. He liked to represent springtime, when all the world is freshly dressed in green.

In his pictures Corot liked especially to show trees. He was very fond of trees with delicate branches and leaves that tremble in the breeze. Such trees we often see in his paintings. Such trees we see in his picture called *The Willows*.

Many times Corot thought of the poor men in the prisons. He wished that they might see the country. He thought that they would become good men if they could see nature as he saw it. Every flower, every blade of grass, and every singing bird spoke to him of God.

"I wish that I might paint the walls of a prison," said Corot. "I would have the blue sky and the clouds. I would have the trees lifting their branches toward Heaven. I am sure that the prisoners would then think of the loving kindness of God and obey his laws."

When Corot was an old man, his friends gave a banquet in his honor. They presented him with a gold medal. They said many kind things when they gave it to him. Corot was not expecting this. His heart was so full of happiness that tears came to his eyes. He could only whisper, " It makes me very happy to be loved so much." This was the last time that the artist was away from home.

When Corot died all France mourned for him. The people felt that they had lost a gentle, loving friend. [55]

First Steps in the Enjoyment of Pictures

by *Maude I. G. Oliver*



James Whitcomb Riley. John Singer Sargent.
The John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis.

Preface

Every memorable war in history has been the painful discord preceding a period of splendid artistic renascence. Such energies as were directed in channels of strife, react automatically in obedience to a merciful law and seek relief, under peaceful conditions, in more constructive activities. A revulsion of sentiment from gloom to brightness restores the human mind to its rightful estate — the quest for beauty.

With the new era comes an awakened interest in the arts, and it is with a view of stimulating such interest in the young that this small volume is addressed to those parents who would encourage the esthetic faculty in their children.

It is believed there is a place for a work of this kind, since its character is fundamental, its intention being to furnish a background for the reading of descriptive books on art as well as to develop a recognition of the beautiful in pictures.

Before any knowledge of the vast literature in the fields of the painter, the sculptor, or the architect can be grasped, their language should be mastered. Moreover, if this tool be presented by sympathetic parents to young people, a general concept of the artist's message may be acquired at an early age, the basic structure for an appreciation of the fine arts will be formed, and the capacity for enjoyment, increased.

Hence, the present introduction to craft phrases of pictorial expression, arranged carefully to be both progressive and cumulative in its vocabulary, has been compiled.

In order to make the book as practical as possible, examples of American pictures only, such as may be seen in traveling

exhibitions, have been discussed. As these, however, are contained in our easily accessible American museums, all pictures illustrated possess a permanent value for the work.

Many times the number of pictures should have been included, but those selected have seemed typical to the author, and, since the scope of the manual has required a limited number, they have been made to serve as specimens of a numerous family. Furthermore, since the understanding of American pictures is a key to the interpretation of the graphic art of every land, this representative group of pictures may be regarded as an opening vista to the great panorama of all pictorial production.

In order to fix the painter's vernacular more definitely in mind, the chief technical terms, elucidated in the text, have been personified as characters in a small pageant. Offered thus in the concluding chapter, this form of presentation may serve the double purpose of a method for review and a suggestion for school or community entertainment.

To the *American Painter*, with whom my several years of association have been exceptionally pleasant, I feel indebted for the ideas herein contained. To the *American Painter*, therefore, I take this opportunity of extending my sincere gratitude.

M. I. G. O.

Chicago, April, 1919.

Introduction

An artist is about as wonderful a person as we used to think Santa Claus was. An artist, though, is real flesh and blood, not just an old fellow to dream about on Christmas Eve. Many people are acquainted with artists all the year around, but you never heard of any one who ever saw Santa Claus.

There are many kinds of artists — some of them write beautiful verses and are called poets; some of them sing lovely songs and are called musicians; others make great statues and are called sculptors; but the kind of artist that this book tells about, makes pictures, — pictures of the hills, the river, the orchard, the ocean, or almost anything. Why, one day an artist that I know painted a picture of his sister opening the china cabinet in the dining room.

You could see all the cups and the dishes. And the brass kettle on top seemed to shine like real brass. His sister's back was turned so you could not see her face, but you would notice her the very first thing. She had on a pretty breakfast cap and a rose-colored house gown. Her brother wanted her to wear that color because he needed a warm color for his interior.

That is the way artists speak about any shade of red or yellow; they call it warm, and then they tell us that blues and greens are cool. Yes, and they call the picture of any room, like the dining room of that picture, an interior.

Well, when that interior was done, the painter left it to dry. Afterward he varnished it, put it in the right frame, and hung it on the wall for a few days. Then he started to find a name for it.

That was about as hard to do as it is for a girl to name her new doll or for a boy to name his mud turtle. Everybody tried to help my friend in naming his picture, but at last he found the name he wanted himself. *Lights and Shadows* , he called the picture. Nobody liked that name but himself. Still, as long as it was his picture, he was the one to be suited.

What else do you suppose happened to that picture? The painter sent it to an exhibition and it was hung on the line, in the place of honor, and it took the first prize. You know, of course, what it means to have pictures on the line. It sounds as if they might be hanging on a clothes line, but that is not the way at all.

In an art gallery where they exhibit pictures, artists hang the best pictures in the lowest row on the wall. That makes it easy to look at them; so people call that lowest row the line. If a picture is very good, if it is good enough to get a prize, it is hung in the place of honor. That usually is at the middle of the wall, facing the door as you come into the room.

Now, in the same way that there are a great many kinds of artists, — besides artists that make pictures — there are many different kinds of picture artists. My friend who painted the dining room interior is called a painter because he paints his pictures with a brush, or he is a brushman, we might say, although people do not use that name so often. It is all right to call him an artist, too, but we say that the singer is an artist, so that it is better to say exactly what kind of an artist a person is.

Artists are, more often than most folks, very happy people. They get so much fun out of going to exhibitions and looking at pictures and statues and other beautiful things that they do not have time to think about the sad things in the world.

The way they get such fun at exhibitions is by understanding how to pick out good pictures, whether they are "on the line" or

not. Then, besides knowing good pictures, artists know why pictures are good or bad. That is what this book is about. It is to explain the things that an artist sees in a picture, and the reasons those things make the picture good or bad. Then, of course, when we understand how he can tell if a picture is good or bad, we can see why pictures give him so much pleasure and why just talking about them with his friends gives so much fun to everybody.

Each hour of the day makes a tree or the sky or even the ground look different from the way it would appear at any other hour, and a painter sees so much of out-of-doors, that he knows exactly how things ought to look at any time of day. He also knows what things look like in the house — because the shadows are different in an interior from what they are outside. So of course he can tell just by looking at a picture whether it is right or not. In the same way that a boy gets to be a fine judge of marbles, because he sees so many marbles, an artist becomes a judge of pictures.

Whether he paints out of doors or inside his studio, every day is like a picnic for him. If he goes outside, — riding miles into the country, often, — he carries his paintbox, easel, and stool, with a good-sized lunch in his pocket. Then he paints and paints and paints until he forgets where he is. Or, if he stays in the studio, it is a picnic just the same because he gets so interested that he forgets himself and does not know where he is, the way we often feel when we get excited looking at the pictures in a movie. Maybe he wants to paint the effect of *A Gathering Storm* with morning sunlight but with a sky covered over at one side by dark clouds; maybe when the rain clears he will want to get the soft effect of the same clouds as they roll away from the pure blue of the sky; but whatever time of day or kind of weather or season; of the year or sort of thing he paints

or draws or models, his happy disposition enjoys every minute. If he is a real artist, — not just a make-believe — he does not have to pretend, because he knows, that he is having the very jolliest kind of picnic that ever was. And that is what our whole lives should be, — so happy that they are picnics all the time. This is why we ought to learn about such things as pictures, that we may have some of the fun that artists find in knowing pictures.

Chapter 1

Media

There are many kinds of artists who make pictures besides painters. The reason that the artists have different names is because the pictures themselves are of different kinds. They are made with different media , and this is something that often very well-educated people do not know much about, so it is nice to understand media in the beginning.

The medium of a picture is what an artist uses to make his picture. The medium of an oil painting is the oil paint that forms the picture. The medium of a charcoal picture is the charcoal that sticks to the paper and forms the picture. There are many kinds of media, but it is very easy to tell them apart if we once learn how.

When we hear that word medium, we think of something that is medium in size like the medium- or middle-sized bear in the story of little *Golden Locks*. Well, I shouldn't wonder but what it was in thinking about something of that sort that made people call paint a medium. We might say that the medium is what is between the artist and his picture, just as the medium-sized bear is between the big bear and the little one. First, there is the artist, next, there is the medium, and then the medium forms the picture. It is like the flour your mother makes cookies with; the flour, really, is between her and the cookies. So, in the same way, the medium is the thing that is between the artist and his picture.

When we speak of more than one medium, we usually say "media," Sometimes, though, we speak of "two mediums," but "two media" seems a little easier to pronounce.

Now we may speak about some of the different kinds of picture media. We'll begin with oils because we see oil paintings more often than any other sort of pictures.

The mixing of oil with paint was done first about five hundred years ago by the Van Eycks. These early painters were brothers, — Hubert and Jan — who lived in Belgium, or Flanders, as it is sometimes called. Oil had been used with paintings before, but that was after a picture had been finished only to cover it over with a layer, or coat, of oil.

Still, as far as we can find out now, Hubert and Jan Van Eyck were the first to make an oil medium by mixing the paints, or pigments, right with the oil.

It would have been lots of fun for us, if we had lived in the time of those two brothers, to visit their studio. In their day and for many, many years afterward, painters mixed their own pigments; now artists buy them ready-made and squeeze them out of tubes. But in the Van Eyck studio, things were much more interesting. Jars of the most beautiful colors you ever could imagine were standing about. Besides, there were large lumps of colored stones that Hubert and Jan would grind into powder. Then there were pots full of clear varnishes that looked like syrup.

It used to take a great deal of patience to get just one pigment ready for painting. When we think how many colors are put into a picture, we can imagine how much work the Van Eycks must have done before they even could start to paint anything. Still, they certainly were well paid for their trouble

because they made the finest pigments that ever have been known.

In those days, when oil was first used with pigment, artists had thin boards, called panels, to work on. Later, they began pasting canvases on the panels. But after a while they learned how to stretch their canvases on frames, or stretchers, as we do nowadays. This makes it plain — does it not? — how people got into the habit of calling oil paintings canvases.



THE HOLY FAMILY. HENRY O. TANNER.
The Hackley Gallery of Fine Arts, Muskegon.

Most people can tell an oil painting when they see it because oil paint is about the easiest medium to recognize. It is always a little thick and almost always a little shiny. Sometimes we can see the canvas through it, but usually it is pretty well loaded. By loaded, I mean thick with paint.

Let's pretend that we are in a real art gallery. Let's play that the pictures in this book are real, — originals — not just printed copies of pictures. Then, for an oil painting, you pick out this dark picture of a mother, sitting on the floor in front of a fireplace, with a baby lying beside her and a man standing near.

Yes, this is an oil painting. It is called *The Holy Family* (p.239)and shows Mary and Joseph with the baby Jesus in their home, just as any family might look now. This is one of the canvases hanging in The Hackley Gallery of Fine Arts at Muskegon, Michigan. Henry O. Tanner, the artist who painted it, is considered the best American painter of Bible pictures.

Let me tell a little about the kind of Bible pictures this artist paints. He never chooses for his canvases the stories that we all know, but he tries to show us how the people in Bible days lived. He believes that, if we only can realize that they did then, the same sort of things that we do now, they will seem more true to us. Then we can understand better that they were real people just like ourselves.

In this particular canvas, he did not set the Virgin Mother on a throne or up in the clouds, as other artists have always done. No, he knew that he could make a very beautiful picture if he painted her only the way she often must have looked when her Heavenly Son was a baby on earth. This picture makes us feel like holding our breath; it seems so solemn. The mother is looking into the fire as if she could see all the years ahead of her wonderful Child. Every mother dreams that way about her little one, but this mother is dreaming more than other mothers do. She knows that her Son belongs to the whole world, instead of to her alone.

We'll go back, now, to our oil paintings and look at this picture of sloping ground with thick, hard snow, lying between bunches of bare trees.

You can see the paint easily on this canvas. The name of it is *Winter Sunshine*, and it is in The Brooklyn Museum. Gardner Symons, the artist, is very successful in painting winter scenes, and he has done a great many.

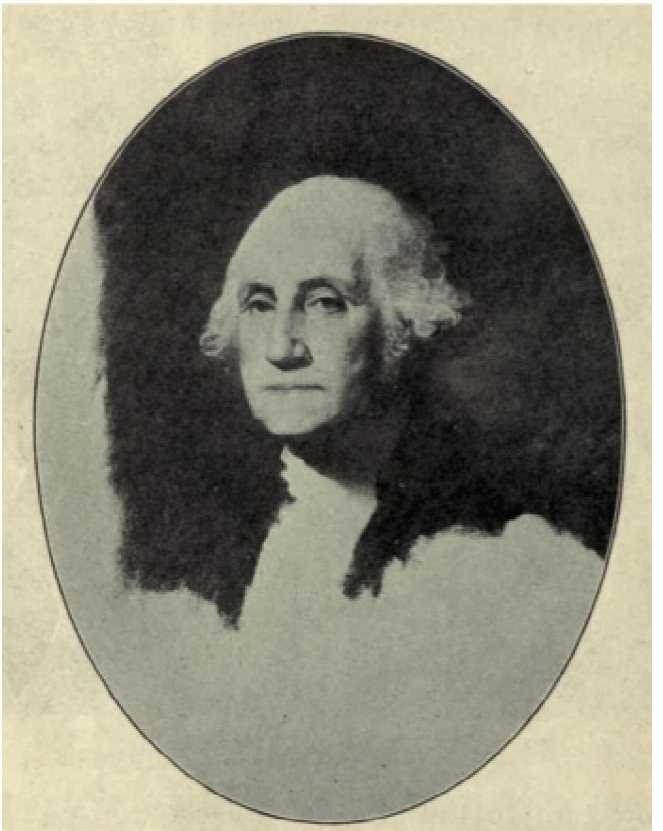


Winter Sunshine. Gardner Symons.
The Brooklyn Museum.

Now turn to this picture of George Washington. You think it is an oil painting because it is unfinished. I am afraid there are other things that are not finished in this world besides oil paintings. Still, it does help us to see that this is done, or executed, in oils because it has been left unfinished.

This sketch is one of three canvases of Washington that were painted by Gilbert Stuart. One, showing the left side of the face

like this, is a picture of Washington standing. It is owned by the Marquis of Lansdowne of London. The other, which showed the right side of the face, Stuart was not pleased with. So he destroyed it. This one in our collection is in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, but it belongs to the Boston Athenaeum. Stuart left it unfinished on purpose, they say. Believing it was the finest he ever could do of Washington, he did not want to part with it. You see, he thought no one would want it unless it was finished.



PORTRAIT OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. Gilbert Stuart.
Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

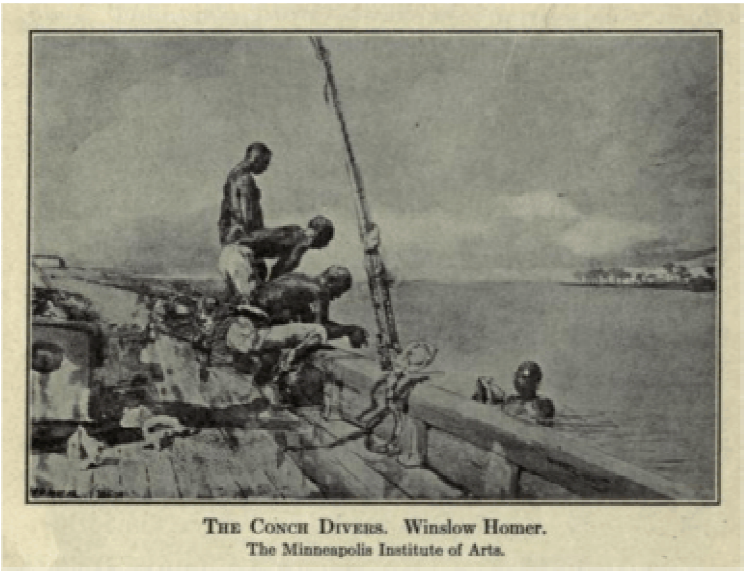
We had better speak of one more oil painting before we go on to water colors. I think it will be this picture of a young lady sitting in an easy chair beside a dressing table. This canvas, called *Reverie*, is in the City Art Museum in St. Louis, and it was executed by a St. Louis man, Richard E. Miller. Mr. Miller was born in St. Louis and studied painting in the St. Louis School of Fine Arts before he ever went to Paris, where he lived and studied for a number of years.



REVERIE. Richard E. Miller.
City Art Museum, St. Louis.

Water color painting, or water color drawing, as they call it in England, has been known and used for several centuries by the Chinese and Japanese. Also the monks in Europe used to paint, or illuminate, the pages of books with water colors. These early paintings were very poor, and yet we are thankful to those old monks for giving us the water color process — I mean by

that, the way to use this medium in making pictures. We must give credit, though, to the English for first painting with water colors, as we do now. That was almost two hundred years ago. Water colors now are painted and enjoyed in this country and all over Europe, as well as in England.



THE CONCH DIVERS. Winslow Homer.
The Minneapolis Institute of Arts.

We say that water colors belong to the lighter media. Oil is a heavy medium because it is thick. The real beauty of water color painting is seen when the pigments are put on very thinly. If this is done, the paper shows through, and the painting is said to be executed in pure aquarelle. That is a French word which comes from the Latin word aqua, and aqua means water. An artist who paints in aquarelles is called an aquarellist.

Pure aquarelle is transparent, but water colors are sometimes thick and opaque so that the paper does not show through the paint. That kind of water color is done by mixing the pigments with Chinese white, or body color. Body color makes the

painting thick when it is finished, and, if it were shiny, too, we might take it for oil. Gouache (pronounced gwahsh), which is another French word, is the name we use for this sort of painting.

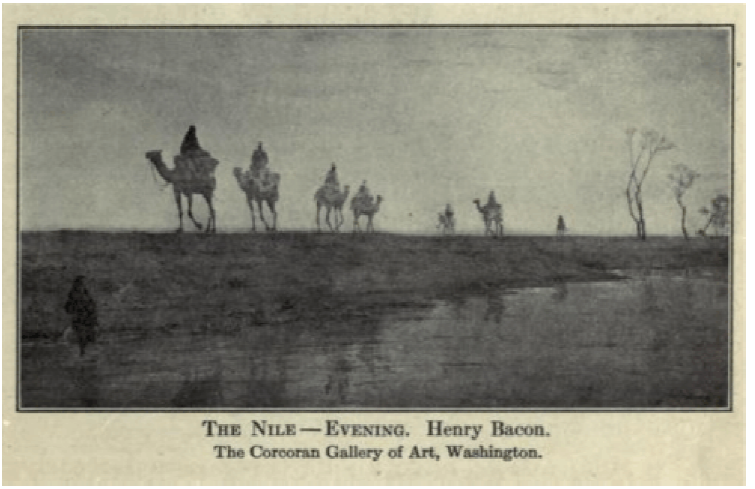
In our collection of pictures, we do not happen to have any pictures painted in gouache, but there are four aquarelles. We cannot be quite so sure in picking out the medium of these as of the oils. *The Conch Divers* (p. 244) by Winslow Homer, though, is a splendid water color of the pure aquarelle kind. This picture is in The Minneapolis Institute of Arts.

We call it "pure aquarelle," first, because we easily can see that the paint in this picture is thin. In the second place, for all the white spots, it shows the white paper. We can see that in the clouds.

We know it from the way the edges of the paint in the sky are left sharp around the white clouds. A painting in gouache would not have its whites that way; it would have thick Chinese white for its white places.

The darker parts of the sky in *The Conch Divers* are done with what we call clean transparent washes. This picture does not look woolly, the way some other water colors do. That is because the artist has not gone over his work when the paint was half dry; he knew just when to touch his brush to the paper and when to leave it alone. You must execute water colors in a hurry and not fuss with them too much, if you want them to look nice. This is a very hard thing to learn, and, when we come across a picture that is brushed in, as we say, as well as *The Conch Divers* is, we certainly ought to appreciate it. We can see, too, that the artist had plenty of water mixed with his pigments when he put them on. That is what gives the picture such a fresh, clear look as it has.

Winslow Homer was one of the best painters we have had in this country, but we shall speak more about him later on. Now let us turn to a couple of other water colors. Look at *The Nile – Evening* by Henry Bacon and *Unloading Plaster* (p. 247) by John Singer Sargent. These are two splendid examples. Painters are always calling their pictures examples, just as if they were problems in arithmetic. Of course, when we use the word example in that way, we mean an "example of painting," but we just say "example" for short. We might say, "That is a good example by Sargent" or "That is a fine example of a Sargent" or perhaps only "That is a fine Sargent." Then, again, we often speak of an early example or a late example, or, maybe, we refer to a certain painting as a good example of an artist's middle period.

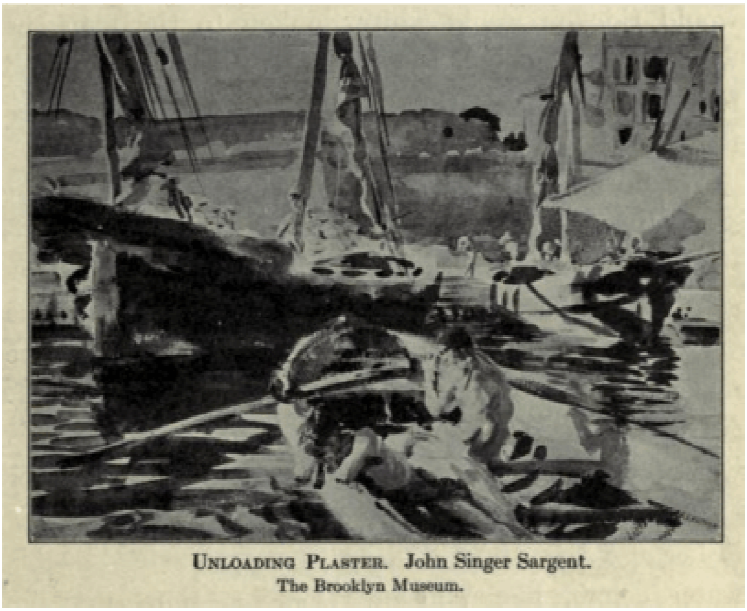


THE NILE — EVENING. Henry Bacon.
The Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington.

This word period is another which is used frequently. When we speak of a period in an artist's career, we refer to the length of time when he painted in a certain way. Such a period may be ten years, it may be twenty, or even more.

As a rule, artists have about three periods: early, middle, and late. Sometimes the change in an artist's work is in his technique, sometimes in drawing or color, and again in his kind of subject. Usually, a man's middle period is considered his best, although that is not always true.

The Nile — Evening, in The Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, is a fine example of the clear washes that Henry Bacon used to paint.



UNLOADING PLASTER. John Singer Sargent.
The Brooklyn Museum.

This artist worked in very transparent washes; yet he seldom left his white paper entirely clear. He never used a great deal of paint, though he would go over a picture with one thin wash after another. That would not be until the first was dry, of course, because his work is never woolly.

Although he has executed some very beautiful Grecian scenes, Henry Bacon is best known as a painter of Egyptian

pictures. The one we have here shows a caravan of camels, or "ships of the desert," as they are called, going along the bank of the Nile in the evening light.

Mr. Bacon was one of the artists who painted pictures of the Civil War for the magazines, so, when he went to Egypt, he already was used to camping and cooking for himself. Every day he would ride on a big white donkey to the place he wanted to paint. He had four or five donkeys and four or five camels that he kept to carry tents and food and paints to wherever he was working.

We do not need to say so much about this wharf scene by John Singer Sargent in The Brooklyn Museum because we shall talk a good deal about Mr. Sargent's work later on. We should notice, though, the very clean, crisp washes that he brushed in. These make the picture glisten, almost like sunlight, itself.

He uses a great deal of water with his paint. His water color does not run together, though, as water color that has plenty of water in it often does. This is because the artist is used to painting in oils; his water colors, like Winslow Homer's, show that he was first a painter in oil colors. Even though Sargent does not execute his water colors with body color to make them look like oil, he paints them as if they were oils.

The Melon Market, (p. 249) by Alice Schille, hangs in The John Herron Art Institute of Indianapolis. Miss Schille's paintings always have a great deal of brilliancy, as you will notice in this example. Some people call this vibration; anyway, it is so bright and clear and sparkling that it seems almost to shine. Miss Schille, like Sargent, gets this brilliant look in a picture because she uses so much water — you may notice places where the thin washes have run down in drops. Besides, she puts on little spots of pure pigment that run together.

Artists think all pigments that mix themselves on the picture, are more brilliant than if they had been mixed by the brush. We sometimes say that water colors done in this way are loosely painted. Miss Schille paints many scenes showing crowds of people in action. But the pictures she does best are dear old grandmothers with fat, red-cheeked babies.



THE MELON MARKET. Alice Schille.
The John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis.

When we speak of action in a picture, we mean that a great deal is happening in it. Sometimes it is a picture of only one person, but that person is bent in a position that shows action. Do not think, either, that a position of action would have to be only some position like swinging a golf stick or shoveling snow or scrubbing a floor. You can be in a position of action, just standing in the middle of the floor, but your two arms and two shoulders and two hips would not be exactly opposite each other. A thing that is symmetrical, is something that has both

sides just alike. Now, a position showing action is unsymmetrical, and it is usually a position that is hard to keep very long. To come back to this picture by Miss Schille, here the action is the kind that we see in crowds of busy people talking and moving about.

Wash drawings are executed, or handled, in the same way as water colors. A wash drawing is done with india ink mixed with water and put on the paper with a soft water-color brush. Sometimes water-color paint, such as brown or sepia, or even black pigment, — called lamp black — is used instead of India ink.

We do not happen to have any wash drawings in our picture gallery, but often you may notice them printed in magazines. In the magazines, though, you really would not be able to tell the difference between a wash drawing and a water color unless, of course, the water color was printed in colors.

A wash drawing that is executed with india ink or with black paint, is called a black and white drawing, or else just a black-and-white. We use that same word for charcoal, for pen-and-ink, and for pencil drawings, too. All of these are executed with black media on white paper so it seems right to call them black-and-whites.

Usually, when there is an exhibition of water-color paintings, there is shown, too, a large number of pastels and miniatures, which also belong to the lighter media. Pastels, I think, make the softest-looking pictures there are. Pastels, really, are extra fine colored chalks and are used on paper or on a kind of sandy canvas — a canvas that has what we call a tooth to it. They are opaque, not transparent, as I said water colors are. This makes it so we cannot see the paper through pastels, the same as we do through pure aquarelles.



Mary Storer Green. John Singleton Copley.
The Metropolitan Museum of Fine Art, New York.

The example we have to show was executed by John Singleton Copley, who was one of the early American artists. It is a picture of Mary Storer Green and hangs in The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.

There is no way of keeping a pastel fresh except to have a glass over it. This is because you never can rub off the dust that settles on it; if you try to rub the dust off, you will rub off the picture, too. That is why artists do not often produce pastel pictures to keep a great many years. Though it is said that there is no other kind of pigment that will keep its color brighter than pastel. You know that to produce a picture is to execute it, so

when we say about a picture, "That is a fine production," we mean that it is a fine picture.

We spoke about miniatures belonging to the lighter media. The miniatures we see now never have the thick, heavy look that oil paintings do. Nowadays miniatures are usually executed on ivory, which makes them seem almost like smooth silk. It is on account of miniatures being painted on ivory that we often hear them called ivories.

The monks of Europe, as we said, used water colors several centuries ago. The way they used this medium was to paint, in the books they printed by hand, what they then called miniatures. Those old monks gave the name miniature to such pictures because the pictures were produced with the red paint that is now known as vermilion. In their day vermilion was called "minium," from which we get the word miniature. The greatest miniatures known were painted about two hundred years ago in France.



MISS ROSE KNIGHT. Martha S. Baker.
The Art Institute of Chicago.

Miniatures are now used mostly for pictures of people, particularly young people and children. The beautiful, smooth finish of the ivory seems to suit the young especially well. Miniature painting is sometimes called painting in the little.

The example that we have here hangs in The Art Institute of Chicago. It is a portrait of *Miss Rose Knight* (p. 252) and was executed by Martha S. Baker, one of the finest miniature painters that we have had in America. Miss Baker was born in Chicago; she studied there at the Art Institute, then went to Paris where she lived some years, and died in Chicago soon after she came home.

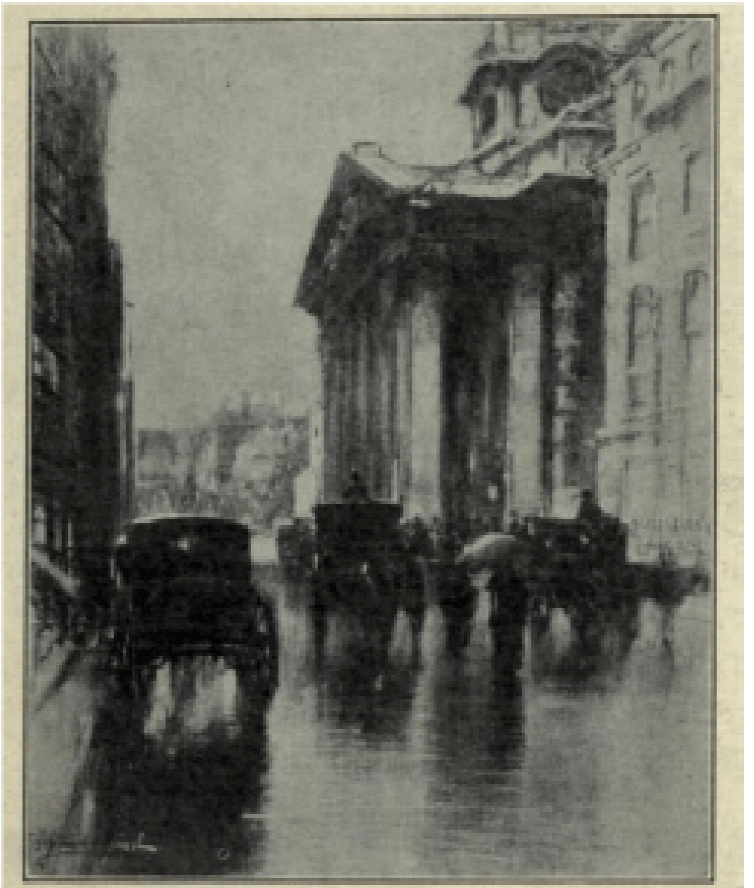
It is very hard to pick out a miniature from among the printed pictures in a book, though you always can tell a charcoal drawing. That is by the up-and-down ridges on the paper. There are also a few ridges across the paper, but these are far apart so that they do not show much.

There is only one charcoal in our collection, and we can find it by hunting for the "ridges." It is *St. George's Church, London*. (p. 254) It is by F. Hopkinson Smith, an artist who died a few years ago, and it belongs now to The Art Institute of Chicago.

It was produced for one of the pictures, or illustrations, for the artist's own book, called *In Thackeray's London*.

Mr. Smith painted in water colors a great deal, but I think his charcoals are more beautiful than his water colors. He had a way of making a charcoal drawing seem, in the dark shadowy places, almost as if it were velvet, something like pastel.

Charcoal has a soft look in a picture, much like pastels, only it is black and they are colored. Charcoals are made by burning willow sticks until they are all black. When a charcoal drawing is finished, it can be made so that it will not rub off as pastels do. The artist blows over it a kind of spray, called fixative.



ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, LONDON. F. Hopkinson Smith.
The Art Institute of Chicago.

Pencil is a medium that looks something like charcoal. It is black, too, as you know. There are a great many ways of making pencil drawings. Sometimes they are executed on hard, smooth paper, and sometimes we find them on a rather rough, soft paper. One artist will like a hard pencil while another will use a soft one. The only pencil drawing we have to show is by Robert

Frederick Blum in the Cincinnati Museum. It is called *L'Allegro* and is the first drawing that the artist made for the ceiling of a music room.



Robert Blum, who was considered one of the most talented of American painters, was born in Cincinnati and studied his art in the Cincinnati Academy. He became very well known as a painter of mural decorations. Mural means wall, and mural decorations are paintings on walls. This drawing for *L'Allegro* was made for one of Mr. Blum's beautiful murals. It was done with a soft pencil on quite a rough paper.

I love to look at the loose, easy lines that he has used in drawing this charming picture. You can see that he did not pinch his pencil tightly, but that he must have used a very long one and held it quite near the top.

We come next to a medium that is very easy to pick out, because ink makes such clear lines. Pen-and-ink drawings, though, are usually executed with a special kind of ink, called india ink, which is pure black. A pen-and-ink is made on very, very smooth paper, called bristol board.

Chapter 2

Media (Concluded)

Prints

All the media we have spoken of so far are the kinds that are used directly for the making of pictures. The media we are going to talk about in this chapter produce a kind of picture which we call prints. We use the name of print for this sort of picture because it is not executed by the artist directly on the canvas or paper but is printed from a plate of copper or block of wood on which he has made his drawing. The process of making prints is extremely interesting. Each kind is handled a little differently from every other kind.

In the etching process the drawing is made on a thin sheet of copper, about the size of your arithmetic paper. The way it is drawn is first to warm the copper plate and cover one side with a coat of wax, which forms the etching ground; then to move the plate quickly, with the grounded side held down, through the flame of a gas jet or a wax taper. As soon as the ground is all black with soot, the plate is allowed to cool. When it is cool, the etcher makes his drawing on it. He does this with a tool that is very sharp, like a pen, called an etching needle. Wherever this needle makes a mark, it shows the shiny copper through the blackened ground. Every line on the copper plate makes a line on the paper. Until we get our copper plate bitten, though, we are not quite ready to make our impression, or etching picture.

This is done by acid which will eat away, or dissolve a piece of copper. In fact, the word etching comes from the Dutch word etsen which means to eat. Well, in order to eat the lines, — or

bite them as we say — we simply put our plate into an acid bath, but, before that is done, we must paint the back and edges with varnish. This keeps the acid from touching any part of the copper except the lines of the picture.

As soon as the acid has eaten out little grooves in the copper, the wax and varnish are cleaned off the plate with kerosene or turpentine. The plate is then covered with a thick kind of ink. When the lines are all filled with this ink, the rest of it is cleaned off the plate.

Now we are ready to make our proof, or impression. When we find how many impressions we can get from one plate, we can understand that it is worth every bit of trouble that it takes.

We must not think we are through, though, until we have our picture, or the proof of our etching that we have worked so hard to make. To get this we must first soak in water a piece of very nice paper all night long. Next morning, after we have dried it a little, we put this paper, with the etched plate underneath, on the bed of the etcher's press. On top of this, we then put the blanket, which is a piece of soft felt. On that, we place a heavier blanket and begin to turn the roller of the press.

That is not much like the way people go to bed, but it is the way etching proofs are put on the bed of the press, covered up by their blankets, and pressed down. When the roller has pressed the paper very hard upon the copper plate, all the ink that was in the lines is squeezed out on the paper. This part of the work is called pulling the impression.

We now lay our impression between blotters. Then, as soon as it has dried, we have our etching ready to frame. If the lines on our plate are very fine, they might not make more than a dozen proofs, but, if the lines are very deep, they will print over a hundred.

The press that the etcher uses is like a book press or like the presses we see in offices for copying letters; but the top part has a large roller that rolls over the plate, with its paper and blankets. The bed of the press is a kind of table on which the copper plate is put.

When the etching is finished, it looks much like a pen-and-ink, except that etchings are hardly ever printed in pure black. In this etching, called *The Stock Exchange, New York*, we can see this pen-and-ink effect though other etchings by the same artist show it much more; but this is a splendid example of the loose, free drawing that we find in good etchings.



THE STOCK EXCHANGE, NEW YORK. Joseph Pennell.
The Art Institute of Chicago.

This is a print from one of Joseph Pennell's famous New York plates. Impressions from Mr. Pennell's plates are in many large museums; this one is in The Art Institute of Chicago. But there are prints from this same plate in other galleries. That is the way with all fine plates; you will see proofs from them first in this city, then in that; but of course some impressions are much better than others.

Soft ground etching is another sort of etching that is very lovely. We said that the wax on the copper is known as the ground. What we have been speaking about is a hard ground. A soft ground etching is made a little differently. Also it has to be handled much more carefully to keep it from melting.

After the soft ground wax is spread on the plate, the etcher fastens the plate to a board with thumbtacks; then he fastens a rather rough paper on top of that and draws his picture on the paper. You can see that wherever he makes a line, the paper sticks to the plate and pulls away the wax. When his drawing is finished, he varnishes the back and edges of the plate and bites it in the acid, just as with an ordinary etching. The roughness of the paper will show in the finished proof like little dots, such as we see in the lines of a pencil drawing on rough paper. A soft ground etching looks so much like a pencil drawing, that it is often hard to tell which is which.

Sometimes an artist will use, instead of an etching needle, one that is called a drypoint, which is made of extra hard steel. When he works with the drypoint needle, he cuts right into the copper without using any wax or acid. If he holds his needle, or point straight, it piles up the copper on both sides of the line, about the way a ditch digger piles up the earth. But, if he holds his needle slantingly, it will raise the copper on only one side of the line, the way a soldier throws up the dirt when he digs his trench.

This pile of copper along the side of a drypoint line is called the burr. It holds a great deal of ink which makes the finished proof look very rich. The impression from this kind of plate is known as a drypoint It has a very brilliant and velvety look, especially in the dark places.

Usually we consider a drypoint as a kind of etching, although this is not really true. Etching, remember, comes from etsen, to eat, and a drypoint is not eaten, or bitten, with acid at all.

There are two other media that we must speak about. These are called mezzotint and aquatint. Mezzo (pronounced med zo) is an Italian word meaning middle or half. This name is used because the mezzotinter, or the artist who makes mezzotints, executes his picture mostly in half tints. He does his work by first making his plate all rough with a rocker. That is a piece of steel that looks like a rocker on a baby's cradle but with a rough edge like a saw.

When the mezzotinter rocks this about eighty times in different directions all over the plate, he raises a great deal of burr. If he would cover the plate, as it is this way, with ink and rub as much as he could off with a cloth, the plate would print its whole size on the paper in one large, dark spot.

Now if there is no burr on the copper, it will not hold any ink, and when the copper is all covered with burr, it holds a great deal of ink; so how are we going to get our mezzotint?

Why, the easiest way in the world — just by scraping the burr down. We use a mezzotint scraper to smooth down some of the burr, or roughness, in the lighter parts of our picture. If we want any spot pure white, we scrape away every bit of burr, or, if we want any place almost white, we scrape almost all the burr off. When we have scraped away all the burr that is necessary, our plate is ready for printing.

They say that the process of mezzotinting was invented about the year 1611. Some one thought of it by watching a soldier clean the rust from a sword. The sword, it seems, was bitten all over with rust, just about the way the rocker would make a copper plate look.

The other kind of print I spoke of is the aquatint. There are different ways of making aquatints, but all of them are done with a brush and varnish. The word aqua means water, as we said in speaking about aquarelles. An aquatint plate is made by means of varnish that is used with a brush, the same as water is used in painting aquarelles.

One aquatint process is to cover the plate with a ground of wax, then put on it a piece of coarse sandpaper and squeeze the grains of sand through the wax ground by running the plate and the paper through an etcher's press. In this way, the sand makes little holes through the wax.

You can see what would happen to the plate now if we put it into an acid bath. Then, suppose we covered that plate with ink and rubbed off all the ink that we could, there would be a great deal that would stay in all the little pricks made by the acid. But this does not make our picture. We must fix the plate so that it will have some lighter places.

The way we do this is to use a brush with stopping out varnish. This makes all the places that it touches perfectly white when printed, because the acid will not bite into them. But if we did this and nothing else, our picture would be very dark in places and white in other places.

The way to get more tints is this: after we have pressed the sandpaper upon the grounded plate, we stop out the whitest spots; then dip the plate into the acid for just a few seconds or until the plate is bitten enough for the next lightest spots; then

wash the acid off and stop out the next lightest places. This is done again and again until our plate has as many tints as we need for our picture. Then we are ready to clean off the wax with turpentine or kerosene. When the aquatint picture is printed, it looks quite a little like a wash drawing, on account of the brush that is used in stopping out the acid.

Now, notice this print, called *Gabled Roofs*, by Whistler. It is a lithograph belonging to The Brooklyn Museum. This is another sort of print that looks like a pencil drawing. The name of James A. McNeill Whistler is very celebrated in many different media, and this lithographic plate shows what a fine lithographer he was. He is better known as an etcher, but he is famous also for his oils, water colors, and pastels.



Gabled Roofs. James A. McNeill Whistler.
Kennedy Print in The Brooklyn Museum.

The word lithography means writing on stone. The lithographs you see most often are colored calendars, posters, or copies of noted paintings in their own colors. But the lithographs Mr. Whistler produced are black and white and not colored at all.

The way a lithographer works is to draw his picture with greased chalk on a stone. Then he wets the stone, covers a roller with greasy ink, and rolls that over the stone. You might think that this would make the stone all black, but that is not what happens. The ink does not stick to any of the wet part of the stone, but sticks to the chalk, instead. The inked roller is run over the stone before each new impression is taken, and the proof is made in a special kind of press.

Lithography is not so old as the other processes we have been speaking about. It was invented in 1795. Aloys Senefelder, a Bohemian who lived in Munich, found out by accident one day how to make this beautiful kind of print.

Senefelder made his living writing plays, but the cost of printing them was so much that he decided to print them backwards on copper plates and make etchings of them. Printing them backwards, of course, would make the words on the proofs read in the opposite, or right, direction. He found that he could pull a hundred or more impressions from one plate, but this was expensive, too, because he had to polish down the plate after each page was printed, and finally his copper plate was all gone.

Then he began to think that, if he could invent some way to print on stone, it would be much cheaper and easier. For this reason, he always kept in his room some of the limestone that was used for paving floors in Munich.

One day he was in a great hurry to make out a laundry list, so he snatched up some greasy ink and with it wrote the list on a

piece of stone. Then, when he was going to wipe off the ink, he thought he would try whether he could get an impression from it on a dampened paper. It turned out all right, and that is why we have to thank a bundle of washing for the beautiful lithographs that artists love so much to produce.

Still another kind of print is the kind that you see on a dollar bill or the kind you see on your mother's calling card. This is an engraving made with a graver, or burin, on a copper, or steel, plate. The engraver plows furrows in his plate with his graver wherever he wants dark lines. Where he wants the paper kept white, he leaves the copper smooth. Then he covers the plate with ink until the furrows are thoroughly filled. Afterward he wipes off all the ink he can, but what is in the furrows stays there until the damp paper is pressed into them.

An engraving is done the same as a dry point, only the engraving does not have any burr. Besides, the engraver makes a great many lines all over his plate, while the drypoint artist leaves large parts of his plate perfectly smooth.

People first found out the way to make a print from an engraving about five hundred years ago. At that time, there were many very wealthy people living in the Italian city of Florence. Now in a city where there is a great deal of money, there also is much gold and silver tableware. Florentine silver, though, was not like the most we see now, made by machinery; it was all executed by hand and decorated with engraved lines which were filled with black enamel.

Those old goldsmiths and silversmiths tried several ways of making their work easier and better until they happened to think of filling the lines with black ink to see how they would look when finished. That started the idea of pressing damp paper into the lines to show an impression of the design on the white paper.

This, really, was the whole process of engraving, but it took about a hundred years more before people began to think of making pictures that way.

Now, let us look at the block print, called *Baby Talk,* by Helen Hyde. A print from this block is in the Congressional Library at Washington. People enjoy having block prints so much that we all should know the block print process. It takes fairly strong fingers for any one to be a block print artist because he must cut with a sharp knife across the grain of a block of white wood.



BABY TALK. Helen Hyde.
Congressional Library, Washington.

He does just the opposite thing, though, from what the etcher and the engraver do: the block print artist leaves smooth the parts of the wood that he wants to print, instead of leaving them for the white places. Then he rubs his ink or color all over the wood block and presses a paper on it. That makes a one-color block print in whatever color the ink happens to be. If

he wants his picture red, he leaves a place plain in the block wherever he wants it to print red and cuts away every other part.

If he wants some blue places, he leaves places plain, on another block, wherever he wants blue, and he does the same way for every color he uses. It is very hard in making those blocks to have the colored parts in the right places so that they will fit together when they are printed on the paper. Having them fit properly is to have them register correctly.

The Japanese make very lovely color prints, but the process was known in Europe long before the Japanese prints were brought over. The way people first began making block prints in Europe was to cut out all the wood, except the lines of a pattern which they would stamp in black on cloth. That kind of printing looked like a stencil.

After a while people began having paintings in their houses; but poor people could not afford to buy paintings, so they began to think that they might have printed pictures like their printed cloth. At first, these were printed only in black lines, and you would think that they were very ugly, but the people who had them thought they were beautiful. As time went on, though, artists learned how to make them in colors, until gradually block prints became quite interesting.

Helen Hyde was a Chicago woman who lived much in Japan. She was very successful in her prints of Japanese children and Japanese mythology. She also made delightful prints of Mexican children and children in our own southern states.

To finish our talks on media, we must speak about the kind of print an artist executes when he wants to play. Half the fun in making it is in wondering how it is going to turn out, because it never prints quite the way the artist expected it would. He can pull only one impression, too, so that he will have to make an

entirely new picture, if he is disappointed in the first. I might say here that the meaning of the name of this special process is "one print." Monotype is the word and mono means one.

The artist always is sure he is going to make a "beauty" the next time, which of course he very often does. He produces his monotype by just painting, with oil colors, the picture he wants on a copper plate, or even on glass. He then lays a wet paper over the picture, puts a pile of blotters or cloths or felt pads on top, and presses them down in almost any kind of press. If he has painted on glass, he must not press too hard or he will break the glass. A lady that I know makes some of the loveliest monotypes I have ever seen, and she always paints them on glass. But what do you think she uses to press them with? The rolling pin, and she rolls them out as if she were making pies!

This is all there is to the monotype process, just to paint a picture in oils on something hard and smooth like glass; then press it on a dampened paper, and when the paper is dry, you have a very attractive picture. That finishes it, though. You can pull only one proof from that picture, because the paper draws every bit of paint from the plate at one time. When you want another impression, you must paint a new picture. It is delightful work, though, and the artist who has succeeded in one print is sure to make another.

Try a monotype on a piece of glass, and use mother's rolling pin for your press. Paint anything that you have done at school, and you will have something that you will be proud to give as a present.

Chapter 3

Classification

We have now come to speak about the classes of pictures. Pictures belong in classes about the way the dishes in your mother's china closet belong in piles. The dinner plates are in one pile, the bread and butter plates are in another, the saucers in another. Every dish is placed in its own pile. So we should learn to think of every picture as belonging in its own class.

The first we shall talk about will be the landscape class. Every one knows what a landscape is. You who live near the hills and woods know more about the beauty of outdoor scenery than those living in big cities. But we all can admire the fine views that a landscape artist paints. If he is going to be a great painter of landscape, he must love nature very much. He must study every mood of the day, and he must sympathize with it whenever it seems happy or sad.

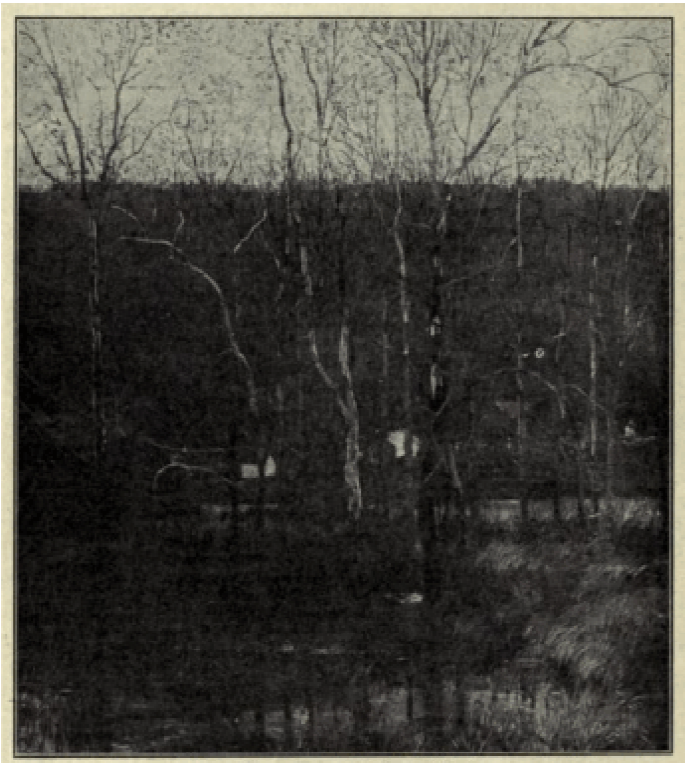
A day can be sad as well as a person; and that is what the landscape painter learns to see. He uses his medium just as a musician uses his piano or violin to show the sad or glad notes by his music.

In a landscape we have the part of the picture that is nearest us, which we call the foreground. Then we have the middle-ground, or middle distance. Farther away yet, there is the distance. That is about where the horizon is, or where the ground seems to reach up to the sky.

There are all kinds of landscapes. There are mountain scenes and farm scenes, there are forest scenes and prairie scenes, and there are hilly or low, rolling landscapes. There are scenes called

pastoral scenes or pastorals, with shepherds in them taking care of their sheep; there are winter scenes or summer scenes, gay spring or dull, cold autumn. There are sunshiny days or "gray" ones, the sunset or the sunrise, or the soft dark of the night, which we call a nocturne.

Gray Day, March, by Daniel Garber is a fine landscape hanging in the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh. Then the *Winter Sunshine* by Gardner Symons, that we spoke about among the oil paintings, is a landscape.



GRAY DAY, MARCH. Daniel Garber.
Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.

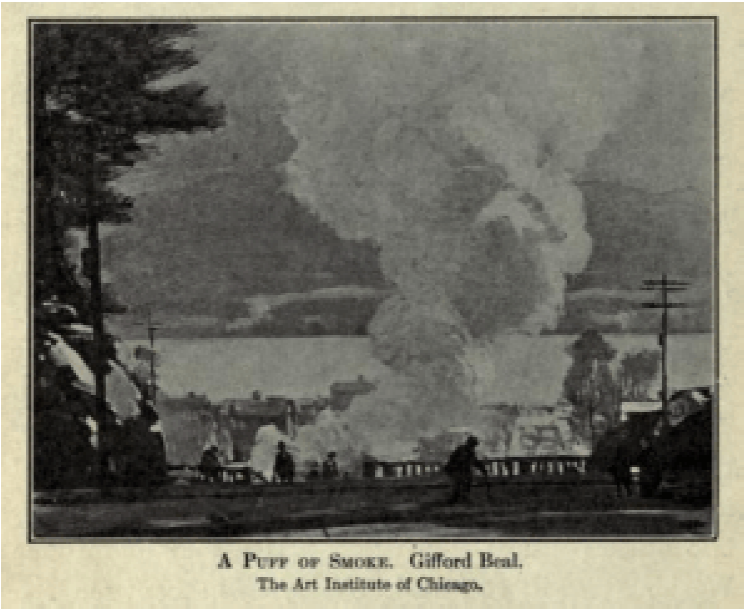
Here is a very beautiful nocturne. *The Silence of the Night*, it is called, and it is one of the favorites of the Art Institute of Chicago. It was painted in California by William Wendt, a California artist. Another landscape in The Art Institute of Chicago is *A Puff of Smoke* (p. 272)by Gifford Beal. *View on the Seine* (p. 273) by Homer D. Martin is one of the lovely landscapes in The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. Another in the same museum is called *An Old Clearing* by A. H. Wyant. (P. 275)



The Silence of the Night. William Wendt.
The Art Institute of Chicago.

I imagine *An Old Clearing* is somewhere in the Adirondack woods, because those were scenes that Wyant loved very much to paint. He painted them with such sympathy, too, that we always love to look at them. His pictures of the woods show what we were speaking about when we said that an artist understands Nature's moods.

J. Francis Murphy is another artist who paints moods very well. He likes to show us a level landscape, where we can see miles into the distance, with just a few feathery trees and perhaps one or two bare branches. His favorite mood in nature is when the outlines of things are soft and gray, — toward evening or in the early morning. *At Sunset*, (p. 276) in the City Art Museum in St. Louis, is an example of this sort of canvas.



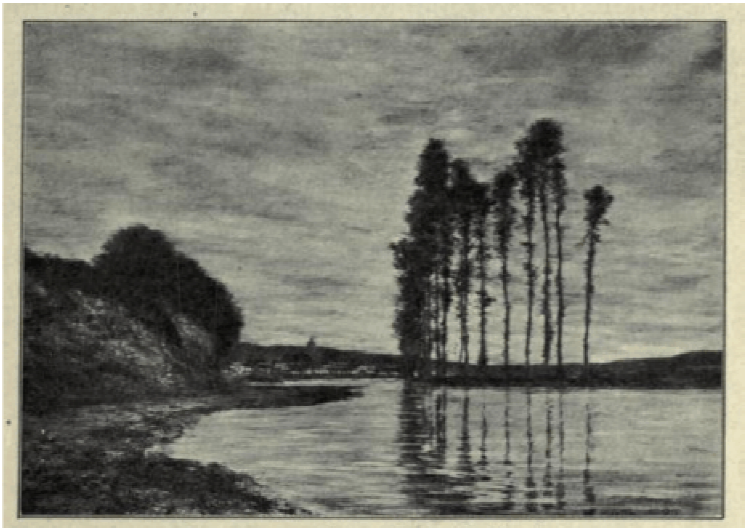
A Puff of Smoke. Gifford Beal.
The Art Institute of Chicago.

Next let us turn to the landscape on page 277 by Asher B. Durand. This is a canvas owned by the Isaac Delgado Museum of Art in New Orleans. Durand was among the first of the Hudson River School of painters.

A school of painting is not an art school where people learn to draw and paint. What artists mean when they speak of a school of painting, is the kind of "school" which is made up of a number of artists who paint the same sort of thing. There were

several artists, almost a hundred years ago, who painted scenes along the Hudson River and became known as the Hudson River School.

Let us look now at the winter scenes by Edward W. Redfield and Elmer H. Schofield. *The Laurel Brook* (p. 278) by Redfield is in the Albright Art Gallery of Buffalo, and *Building the Cofferdam* (p. 279) by Schofield hangs in The Art Institute of Chicago.



VIEW ON THE SEINE. Homer D. Martin.
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

The Approaching Storm (p. 280) by George Inness, in the City Art Museum, St. Louis, is a famous landscape painting. This is a very large canvas and one of the best things that the artist ever produced. The scene shows a threatening mood of nature along the Delaware River, where Mr. Inness used to find most of his landscapes. This one is painted over two other pictures. The first was a view of Mount Washington — if you

look closely, you can see the faint outline of a mountain in the sky. The next was a wood interior. That means the inside of a forest showing the trunks of trees all about and branches above.

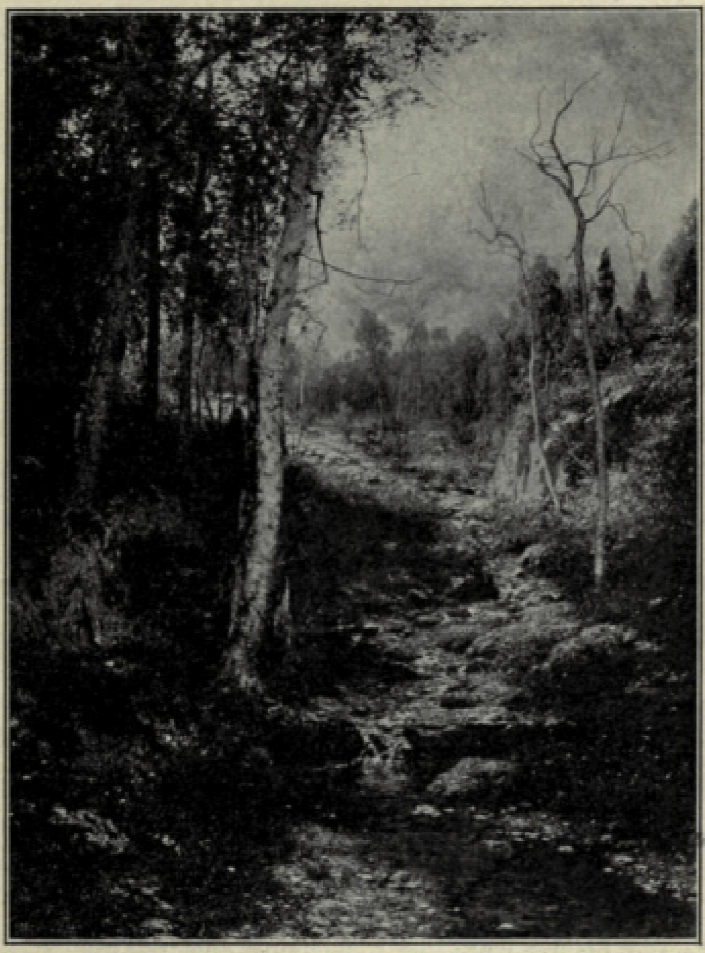
Inness had a way of doing that sort of thing. Sometimes, if he did not seem to get the effect he wanted, he would paint five or six pictures on the same canvas.

Great painters think differently about their pictures from the way we think about the little drawings that we make. It is usually very hard for us to know that we can rub out or improve anything that we draw, because at the time it seems quite pretty to us. But a real artist is always sure that there is something more beautiful than what he has already done. It is something that he can see in his own mind, and he wants to put it on canvas so that other people may see and enjoy it as well as himself.

It always seems to me that there are just two things that make a great artist. These are: first, that he can have a beautiful picture in his mind, and second, that he is never satisfied with the way he makes the picture; it is never quite so beautiful as what he can imagine.

The next thing to land pictures is the class of ocean pictures. Only, we do not call them ocean pictures any more than we call landscapes land pictures. We sometimes do call them seascapes, but more often we speak of them as marines. When we hear of a marine picture, we must not think of a fine young man in "olive drab" uniform. It is just a picture of the sea. It can show all the moods that we said a landscape could; and we can have sea nocturnes just as well as land nocturnes.

There are only three marines in our exhibition. The one on page 281 with a big cloud of mist that has been thrown up by the wave is by the great painter of sea pictures, Winslow Homer.



AN OLD CLEARING. Alexander H. Wyant.
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

Although Homer painted a great many classes of pictures, he never made anything more beautiful than his pictures of the ocean, the way he used to see it along the Atlantic coast. He knew how to show the strength of the waves as they tumbled in on the shore. This painting by Winslow Homer is in The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. It is called *Northeaster*. (p. 281)



At Sunset. J. Francis Murphy.
City Art Museum, St. Louis.

Another marine in The Metropolitan Museum is by Frederick J. Waugh. It is called *Roaring Forties*. (p. 282)The mood that Mr. Waugh seems to like for his seascapes is when the waves are angry and chase after each other very rapidly.

Charles H. Woodbury, who painted the third marine in our gallery, usually shows a quieter mood. He makes us think of the weight and the depth of water. This painting we have here by

him is called *The North Atlantic* (p. 283) and is one of the canvases which the Worcester Art Museum is proud of owning.

When you hear an artist speak of a figure painting, or a figure subject, he is not talking about the kind of figures we do problems with. He means the picture of one or more persons. That is what we mean when we speak about this lovely painting by Frank W. Benson, also in the Worcester Art Museum. Here is a canvas that shows a *Girl Playing Solitaire* (p. 284) beside an old-fashioned table.

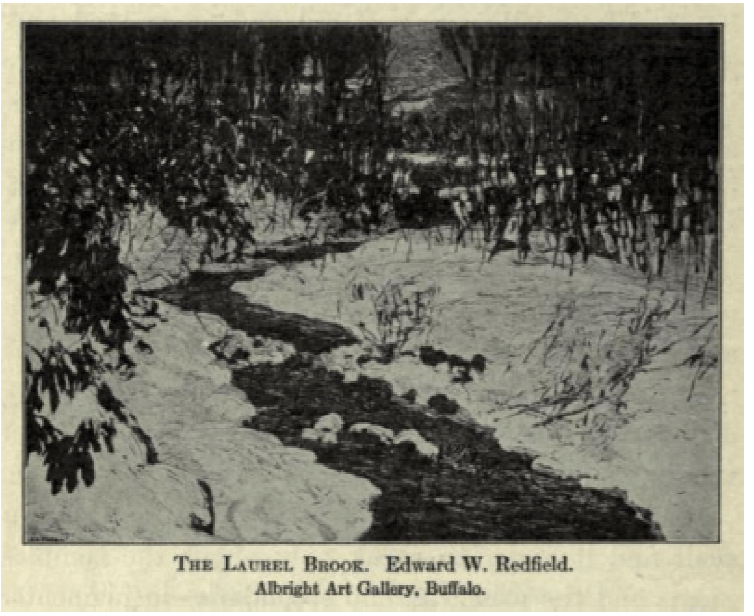


LANDSCAPE. Asher B. Durand.
Isaac Delgado Museum of Art, New Orleans.

We mean a figure subject, too, when we speak of *Isabella and the Pot of Basil* (p. 285) by John W. Alexander, in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Mr. Alexander painted wonderfully graceful figures, but this is the one that I like the very best of all he ever did.

Robert Reid is the artist who painted *The Pink Carnation,* (p. 286) the lovely figure subject of a young lady sitting with a carnation in her lap. This is in the Albright Art Gallery in Buffalo, New York.



THE LAUREL BROOK. Edward W. Redfield.
Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo.

Another figure subject is this painting by Louis Betts in The Art Institute of Chicago. The canvas gets its name, *Apple Blossoms,* (p. 287) from the apple that the small lady holds in her hands. I think this is one of the most beautiful child pictures that ever were painted. Mr. Betts does not often produce this kind of

canvas although, when he does, people are very anxious to have it. The pictures that he usually paints are called portraits.



Building the Cofferdam. Elmer H. Schofield.
The Art Institute of Chicago.

Speaking of portraits brings us to a class of picture that is executed a great deal and that people think a great deal of. A portrait is really a figure subject, but it is a figure of some special person and is made to look like that person for the family to keep. Sometimes it is made for schools or court houses or art galleries, so that people can keep the picture of one of the great men or women they want to honor.

Of course families usually keep photographs to help remember how the different members look. A photograph is a portrait, that is true; but a portrait which is painted, or one that

is produced in any other process, shows the person, or sitter, in more moods than a photograph can.

This picture of *George Washington* (p. 242) by Stuart that we looked at among the oil paintings, we call a portrait of Washington; it is a picture of a real person. And everybody who loves the poem of *Little Orphant Annie* cannot help loving this very fine portrait by Sargent of the poet James Whitcomb Riley (p. 230), in The John Herron Art Institute at Indianapolis.

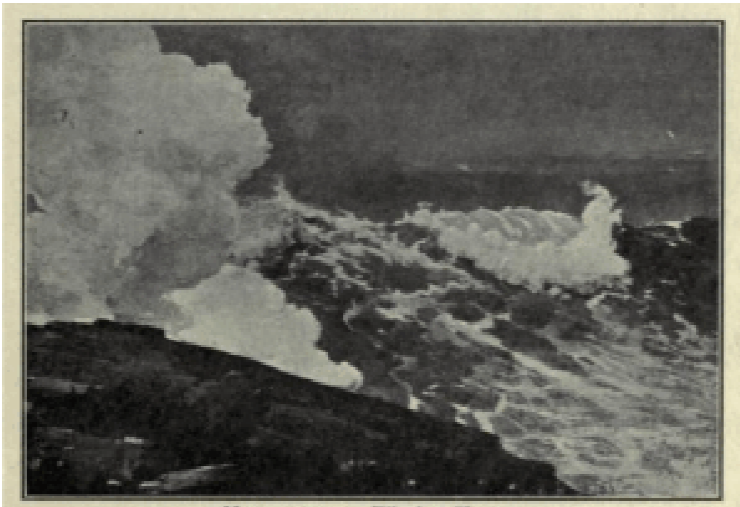


The Approaching Storm. George Inness.
City Art Museum, St. Louis.

You can tell from this canvas the difference between a portrait and just a figure subject. We see the sitter as he might have been any day in his library; he has a piece of paper in his hand, but he is not doing too much for a portrait. That is, we do not think about what he is doing before we think about him, — about James Whitcomb Riley. If this were a figure painting, we should think as much about what he is doing and about the rest of the canvas as about him, and it would not make any real difference whether it were James Whitcomb Riley or some one else.

The *Girl Playing Solitaire* (p. 284) is a delightful painting, and yet the figure is doing more than she would be likely to do

generally. Besides, the candlesticks on the table, the screen behind her, and the chair, all show as much as the girl herself. Really, although we do see the girl first, I think that Mr. Benson painted the portraits of those different things as much as he painted the portrait of her.

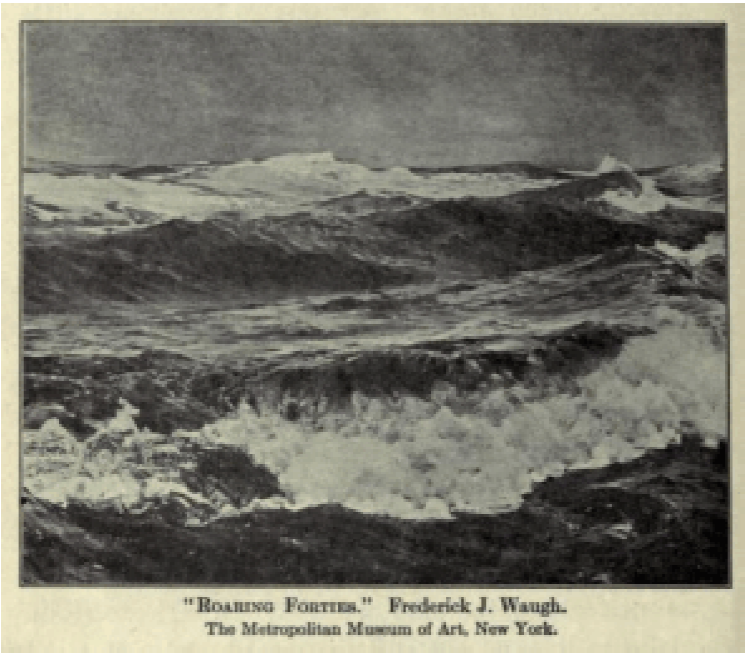


NORTHEASTER. Winslow Homer.
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

This does not mean that there cannot be other things in a portrait besides the person, but they must not be so plain. Mr. Betts, for instance, often paints as many things in a portrait as in his *Apple Blossoms*. (p. 287) But he knows how to make his portrait people seem like the souls of real human beings. With a portrait by Mr. Betts in the room, we do not want to do anything that we should be ashamed of because it seems to us as if the eyes on the canvas would see us. Then, when we look at *Apple Blossoms*, we all love her and we think that we know her, but she does not know us. Mr. Robert Reid, who painted *Pink*

Carnation, (p. 286) also produces portraits, but, as you can see, this example is intended only for a figure picture.

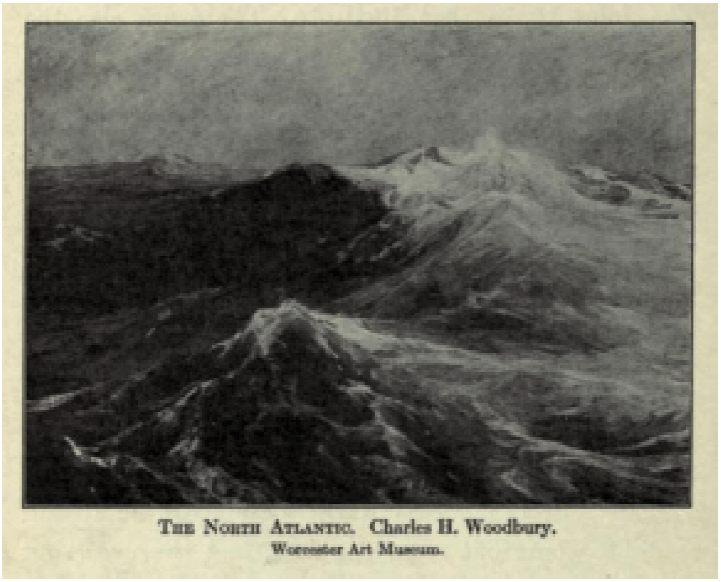
That is the same way we feel about Rembrandt Peale's *Portrait of George Taylor* (p. 290) in The Brooklyn Museum. This is called a portrait, but I should name it a figure subject. It looks the way the boy must have looked, and yet it is made first of all to be a picture, not a portrait. Rembrandt Peale was one of the early American painters, and they did not think that it was beautiful to be too natural.



"Roaring Forties." Frederick J. Waugh.
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

We spoke of *Isabella and the Pot of Basil.* (p. 285) We agree that it is a wonderfully lovely production, or performance, as we sometimes say. Now look at the *Portrait of John Alexander*, (p. 291) the artist who painted it. This is the work of a man who was one of our leading American painters, — Frank Duveneck

of Cincinnati. It is in the Cincinnati Museum, and it was executed when both artists were young men. I like it very much indeed because it gives us the person of the sitter in a way that only a friend can do.



THE NORTH ATLANTIC. Charles H. Woodbury.
Worcester Art Museum.

We should remember Mr. Duveneck not only for being one of the best painters of this country, but because he did a great deal to help American art. John Singer Sargent, the famous painter who produced the portrait of James Whitcomb Riley (p. 230), said one time at a dinner in London that Duveneck was the greatest American artist who ever wielded a brush. At Cincinnati where he taught painting, the museum has two whole rooms filled with canvases by him, and one filled with his etchings and smaller works.

There is a class of figure subjects that shows the beauty of working people as they are in their everyday lives. This is known

by the French word, genre (pronounced zjahn'r). Jean François Millet (Zjon Frahswah Meel lay), the great French painter of farming people at their work, was the first artist to paint genre, except with people that look as if they were dressed up for the stage. He was a farmer boy, himself, so he knew that people who worked in the fields were beautiful in the clothes they wore every day. At first this artist had a hard time to make people believe that he was right, and he was very poor on account of this. But finally folks began to see that genre paintings, the way Millet produced them, were great pictures.

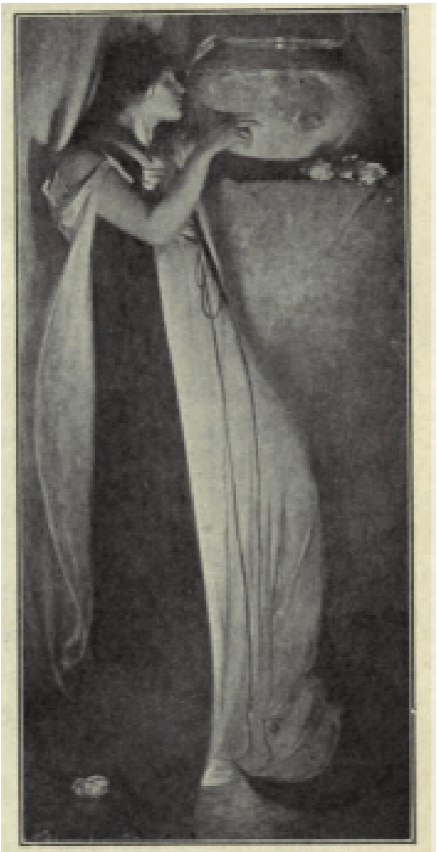


Girl Playing Solitaire. Frank W. Benson.
Worcester Art Museum.

Look at the picture of *Peasant Women of Borst*, (p. 292) which hangs in the Cincinnati Museum. Elizabeth Nourse, an

artist who was born in Cincinnati and studied at the Art Academy of Cincinnati, executed this canvas. Miss Nourse lives in Paris part of the time and part of the time she and her sister live in some small village not far from Paris. She is very good to peasant people and spends a great deal of the money she makes with her painting to help them; they love her dearly, too; so it is no wonder she can show these good old women in such a fine way.

Vespers (p. 293) by Gari Melchers is a genre that belongs to the Detroit Museum of Art. Most of Mr. Melchers' genre pictures are produced in Holland. The water color that we spoke about by Winslow Homer, in The Minneapolis Institute of Arts, is a genre, showing negro workmen as they dive for conch shells. Mr. Homer executed a great many genre pictures and at one time painted negro subjects almost entirely.



ISABELLA AND THE POT OF BASIL.
John W. Alexander.
Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

When we spoke about pictures of land, we called them landscapes; when we spoke about pictures of the sea, we called them marines, or

seascapes; when we spoke about a picture of the inside of a forest, we called it a wood interior, or, we might say, a forest interior. Now we are going to speak about pictures of the insides of rooms. A picture that shows the inside of a room is called an interior, like the interior of the dining room my friend painted with his sister opening the china cabinet.



THE PINK CARNATION. Robert Reid.
Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo.

This picture of *Reverie* (p. 243) by Richard E. Miller, in the City Art Museum at St. Louis, is an interior although it is a figure production, too. You notice the figure as much as you do the interior. The canvas by Thomas W. Dewing, in The Toledo Museum of Art, called *Writing a Letter*, (p. 307) is more of an interior than a figure picture. The paintings Dewing produces are usually figure subjects more than they are interiors; he loves to show thin, graceful women in evening dress, but in this

performance we notice the room about as much as we do the women.

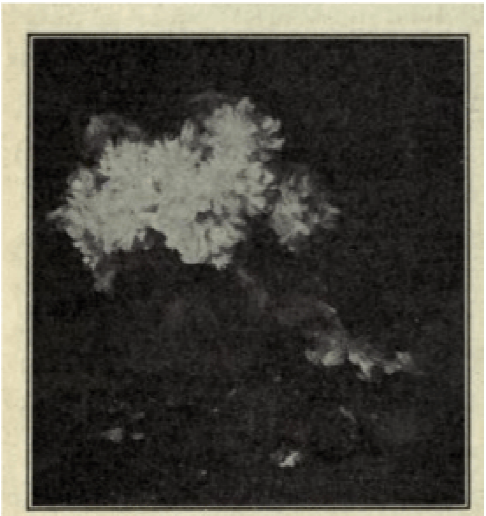
Now, let us turn to an interior that does not have any figures in it at all. This is by Walter Gay and hangs in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. It is called *Interior of the Palazzo Barbaro*. (p. 348) Mr. Gay is noted for the interiors that he produces.

Remember that we spoke of other things in Mr. Benson's *Girl Playing Solitaire* (p. 284) besides the girl herself. The name artists use for all these other things that are not alive is still life. This name, still life, always makes me feel as if things were holding their breath. Well, the candles and the table with its shiny top and the screen and chair may be holding their breath; anyway, they are what we call still life. We can see the same kind of thing in Mr. Miller's *Reverie*. (p. 243) That stool, for instance, under the young woman's foot is a still life object.



Apple Blossoms. Louis Betts.
The Art Institute of Chicago.

Sometimes we have a picture that has nothing in it but still life. Bottles, vases, vegetables, flowers, and even different pieces of velvets and silks are used for still life pictures. Let us notice very carefully this painting of fish by William M. Chase on page 309. It is a canvas that is very greatly prized by The John Herron Art Institute in Indianapolis. Mr. Chase was a wonderful painter of still life, and of fish, especially. Everybody who knows anything about William M. Chase knows about the fine way he represented fish.



PEONIES. Wilton Lockwood.
Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

The vase of *Peonies* by Wilton Lockwood, in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, is a very lovely flower still life. Mr. Lockwood produced portraits and other classes of pictures, but I think he will be known longest for his beautiful paintings of peonies. The Art Institute of Chicago is very happy to own a *Still Life* (p. 319) by Emil Carlsen. This is the picture of just a common kitchen kettle with a dish cloth hanging down the side, but it is like Millet's genre paintings. It shows us what beauty there is in the things we see every day and do not stop to think are beautiful.

Chapter 4

Color

What makes most people like pictures is color. The study of color is a very beautiful study although we find, as we learn to appreciate fine pictures, that frequently their greatest beauty is not in their color at all. The trouble is that too often we do not know how to look for good color and think that any color must be good. So it happens that many times a person will like pictures only on account of their bright reds and yellows. Still, when we know more about pictures, we see so much beauty in a monochrome, that we do not miss the other colors. Mono, you know, means one, and chrome means color. Now, of course, if we do not pretend, we know that all these pictures in our collection are not colored; yet we can enjoy their beauty ever so much, even though we may never be able to see them in color. This *Portrait of George Washington* (p. 242) by Gilbert Stuart is a beautiful picture, whether it is in color or in monochrome.

One reason that we do not know good coloring when we see it, is because we do not try to understand it. As soon as we do begin to notice color, though, we get so interested that we never can stop. First of all, we should learn that the pictures many people prefer are not considered true in color by artists.

To say that a picture is true in color is only another way of saying that colors are in their right places, and that there is not too much of any one of them. Suppose your friend wore a bright green and red plaid sash, if the green were as strong as the red, they would seem to belong together, and that would make them true.

Suppose, though, the girl wore that sash on a pink dress, the pink would look queer and pale with those two bright colors. It would be too weak, and they would be too strong. That is a sign that it should not belong with them.



PORTRAIT OF GEORGE TAYLOR.
Rembrandt Peale.
The Brooklyn Museum.

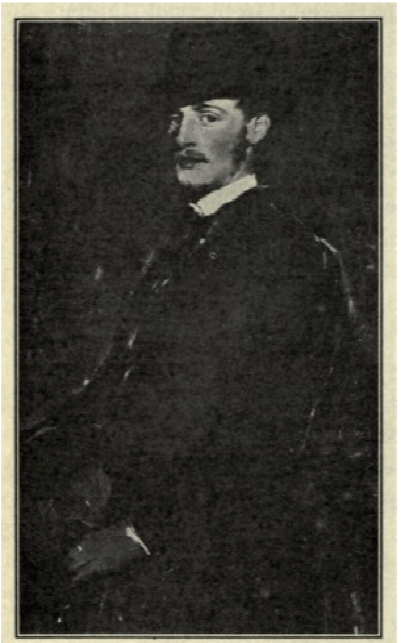
Suppose, then, that we laid the girl's red and green sash on her mother's purple velvet dress. It would seem hot and dry, and it would make us feel cross, just as if we were in a family quarrel.

The green and red sash would look nice on a white dress, or even on a gray dress or a black one. That is because gray and

black and white are what we call neutral colors, and neutrals will go with any bright color.

The principal thing we know about white is that it is the color of sunlight. We should remember, too, that the light which comes down to us from the sun has all the colors in it. We know this because, if we hold a prism of glass in the sunlight, we see in the prism all the beautiful colors of the rainbow. The glass has no color itself, of course, so we know that those wonderful colors come from the sun, which sends us only white light. So that white, which seems to us like no color at all, really has in itself every color in the world. We call these colors from light the colors of the spectrum.

You can see now that the reason any color will look nice with white is because white has all colors in it. In a bunch of hollyhocks, for instance, a white one goes well with all the other flowers in the bouquet; but you should notice how pale a pink hollyhock will look beside a dark red one. Then, how much brighter that pink one will look if it is held next to something white, — a white flower or a white dress.



PORTRAIT OF JOHN W. ALEXANDER.
Frank Duveneck.
Cincinnati Museum.

As we were saying, about the red and the green in the sash, we should put only strong colors with strong colors. Then there is

something else that we should remember. That is, to have complementary colors together.

Two colors are said to be complementary to each other if they are just exactly opposite, like the red and green of the plaid sash. Really, the complement of red is not a bright green; it is more of a blue green, but people usually speak of red and green — red and just plain green — as complementary colors.



PEASANT WOMEN OF BORST. Elizabeth Nourse. Cincinnati Museum.

The reason we know that the complement of red is a bluish green, instead of pure green, is because red light and bluish green light will turn into white light if we mix them together. You see, the colors in light and the colors in pigment are different when they are mixed although they look the same before they are mixed. So that explains why the real pure colors of the sunlight have different complements from the dirtier colors of pigments. Also the primary colors are different and so are the secondary colors.

We are talking about paints, though, and so we shall find it easier to speak only about the complements and the primaries and secondaries in pigments.



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VESPERS. Gari Melchers.
Detroit Museum of Art.

What is a primary color? That question, we might answer by asking another: What are the three perfectly pure colors? We call these colors pure because they are not mixed with any other colors; the mixing of colors changes them and makes them duller. We are speaking about pigments, remember; sunlight colors are different, as we said, but we cannot paint pictures with

sunlight so we'll just speak about how pigments mix together with a brush.

Those three perfectly pure colors are red, blue, and yellow, and they are the three that are usually called primary colors. A secondary color is made by mixing two primary, or first, colors together.

Blue and red mixed together make purple, blue and yellow mixed together make green, and red and yellow mixed make orange. Then, when we mix two secondary colors together, we get a third, or tertiary color. We can keep on doing this until we have every color possible, just by mixing those three primaries together in different ways. When we get into the tertiaries, we have more of what artists call tone coloring.

Complementary colors, as we said before, are two colors that are exactly opposite. Or, we might say that two colors are complementary to each other if one is a primary and the other is the secondary that is made up of the two other primaries. You see, complementary colors are just the three primary colors, only two of them are mixed together to make one.

This explains why we like red and green in a plaid sash. They are complementary colors; red is a primary, and green is a secondary, color. In fact, any primary color will be complementary to the secondary that is made by mixing the other two primary colors together. Yellow and purple, for instance, are complementary; so are blue and orange; so are red and green.

That is why our red and green sash would not look well on a purple velvet dress. Purple and green are both secondaries instead of one being a primary and the other a secondary. The sash had all the three primaries in it already without the purple.

There was the red and then there were the other two primaries, — yellow and blue — in the green.

That is the way most artists use their pigments, although pigment colors are not quite the same as sunlight colors. The way you can tell the real true complementary of any color in the rainbow is to put a piece of paper, or cloth, that is the color you want to find the complement of, on something white; look hard at the colored spot for a few minutes, and you will see the complement of that color begin to show, just in a very, very pale color, outside the edges of the colored object. Then, take it away quickly, and you will see its complement underneath where it was, and in its exact shape.

This is a lot of fun to do, and it proves to us that all the colors of the rainbow, or of the spectrum, are in white. We know this because, when we look at the colored paper long enough, our eyes get tired and want to see the complement of that color. Then, if there is white all around the color, our eyes just seem to draw out of that white the complementary color that they are looking for.

Did you ever have your eyes dazzled by something bright, like the sun, then see hundreds of little balls the shape of that bright thing dancing before you? Almost everyone has had that happen with the sun, I think, and it is like looking at the colored paper on white. The sun is yellow, so we see its complement in blue.

When we know that our eyes get tired looking at just one color steadily, we see why colors should be in their right places in a picture. That is, the colors that go together the best to please our eyes should be put beside each other. These would be colors, of course, that would make white light, if they were the colors that come to us through the prism. And these, we know,

are complementaries. A well-painted canvas will show something else in its coloring besides just having complementaries together. It will have those colors scattered all over the picture, so that, if we think of it as spots of color, not as trees and mountains and sky, it will look to us something like the pattern of an oilcloth. Really, the more that colors can be scattered over a picture and yet always put next to their complements, the nearer the painting will come to white light.

Of course you will understand that a great artist does not think about the number of colors he is using in a picture. He just paints with the pigments that he thinks will look well. I suppose no really great painter ever did think about the colors he was using. He would be too much interested in producing his picture to pay any attention to how he was doing it. While he was painting it, he did not think how red nor how blue nor how yellow he was making his picture, though beforehand he knew perfectly well. That is the secret of his being able to paint without thinking how he did it at the time; he knew so well from years of practice, that he could almost do it "in his sleep," we might say.

The most interesting thing about color is very hard to believe but it is true; color is not in the things we see at all; the sun only puts it there by sending down its rays of light. If we went into a cave with beautifully colored stones all around they would look to us pitch black, without a bit of color, unless, of course, we carried a lantern which then would take the place of sunlight.

This is what makes a thing look colored to us: the sun sends out rays of different colors, and they touch a red rose, for instance. Well, there is something in the red rose that makes it love all colors except red. Then, because the red rose does not like red, it gives the red away to everyone that wants it. In other

words, the flower drinks in the other colors and leaves the red outside of itself. You and I then say "What a beautiful red rose!"

If the sun did not send its rays of light to our earth, that red rose would not have any color at all. We can tell this by making a light that has no red rays for the flower to throw off and finding that we have — what? A black rose! This is easy to do, just by burning denatured alcohol on salt in a dark room. The light from the burning alcohol and salt will make anything that we thought was red, look black.

People often speak of the different colors that an artist uses in a picture as his palette. We speak that way about the pigments of a picture, I suppose, because we know that all of those pigments have been squeezed out onto the artist's palette. Then, we say that the palette is warm, if the picture has in it a great deal of reds and yellows and browns. Or, if it has much of the blues and greens and grays, we call it a cold, or cool, palette. We speak, too, about the most important colors as the color scheme of a painting. The best way to have a picture is about half and half warm and cool colors in the scheme.

One thing that is very necessary to know about colors is whether they are advancing or receding. Some colors seem to advance right toward us, just as if they were a company of soldiers marching ahead. Red advances most of all, orange next, and yellow next. Other colors, like blue, purple, and green, seem to recede and keep going away from us.

As you can see, we ought to notice whether colors are advancing or receding in a picture, because a red would be running in front of all the other colors, unless the artist toned it down with gray or some other color. In the same way, the blues and greens should be brightened up a little to keep them

advancing as fast as the reds and yellows. The thing is, never to have any spot in a picture seem to stand out away from the rest.

It is all right to have certain parts of a picture plainer and more prominent than other parts, but that is not the same as having just one single spot seem to stand out as if it did not belong to the rest of the picture.

Speaking of bright colored pictures, we must remember, when we see a great deal of red, yellow, and blue in one, that it was painted with pure, or primary, colors. If the colors in a bright colored picture are enough to make white light through a prism, if all the colors are in their right places, and if there is not too much of any one color, they make a great color painting. Also, the artist who paints it is a great colorist

Then, if the colors of a bright colored picture are not in their right places, or, if there is too much of any one color, the picture will look gaudy and common. Such a picture, we say, is not well colored, and the artist who painted it is not a colorist. But that is no reason why he may not be a good draughtsman.

Many good draughtsmen are not good colorists. Also, there are many fine colorists who are not good draughtsmen. Very few of the great masters of painting, in fact, have been blessed with both of these talents, — draughtsmanship and coloring. To be born with one of them is to have wonderful good fortune so we need not look down on a painter for having only one. Really, there have been so few in all the world who have been, in either way, what we call "stars of the first magnitude," that it is not hard to remember the names of the most famous draughtsmen and colorists.

These men were great draughtsmen:

Leonardo da Vinci (Lay o nar' do dah Vin' chy).

Michelangelo (Mich' el ahn' gelo)

Raphael (Rah' fial).
David (Dah vee').
Gerome (Zjer' ome').
Raeburn (Rayburn).
Sir Frederick Leighton (Lay ton).

These men were great colorists:
Giovanni Bellini (Jo vah' ny Bel leen' y).
Giorgioni (Jor jon' y).
Paolo Veronese (Pah' o lo Vehr o nay' zay).
Palma Vecchio (Vek'kio).
Watteau (Wattoe').
Delacroix (Dellacro wah').
Sir Joshua Reynolds.
Thomas Gainsborough (Gains' burro).
George Frederick Watts.

And these men were great, both as draughtsmen and as colorisis:
Titian (Tish'an).
Tintoretto (Tinto retto).
Velasquez (Velahs' keth).
Frans Hals (Frahns Hahls).

These are among the greatest painters that ever lived, some of them four or five hundred years ago. They are not the artists whose pictures are in our school books, or that we see in postcards or magazines. It is an illustrator who makes that sort

of picture. Often his pictures are very beautiful, too, but they are seldom the kind of picture that will live.

A picture that has lasted several hundred years and has become very famous is said to be one that has lived. This is because, if it has lasted so long, and people have not tired of it, it has proved that it is more beautiful than all the hundreds of pictures that have died, or been lost, because people have become tired of them.

You know how we say that nice people "grow upon us," as we get well acquainted with them. That is the way we have of saying that we like them better as we find in them pleasing things which we did not see at first. So it is with a fine picture. We may not like it in the beginning so well as a poor one, but the more we see it, the more beautiful it becomes to us. Likewise, the more we see a poor work, the less we like it.

Work is another word we hear over and over again when people are talking about pictures, I suppose because artists work so hard to produce them. This does not mean that all great pictures have taken much hard work to execute, although some of the most famous works of painting have taken many, many years.

Chapter 5

Draughtsmanship

Now for that long word draughtsmanship which artists talk so much about.

Draughtsmanship takes years and years, and a whole lifetime, really, to learn. You will understand how hard it is for even a good artist to be a good draughtsman, when you listen to two or three artists talking together in an exhibition. One of the first things these artists will speak of, as they walk about, will be the draughtsmanship of some picture. They may say that the artist who painted the picture is no draughtsman or else they will say that he does not know how to draw.

You will be very much surprised to hear them criticize the drawing, because it will look to you as if it could not be a bit more perfect than it is. But this is because you have not had the training to notice the little mistakes. An artist must teach his eye to see faults in draughtsmanship, or else his hand can never draw perfectly.

Do you remember the first time you tried to draw the picture of a man? You made a circle for the face and straight lines for the eyes and mouth. That looked to you like the head of a man all right, until your father took the pencil and drew real eyes and mouth and nose. Then you saw that he made more lines than you did, and somehow his drawing looked more like a live man. That shows you in a little way the difference between a good, and a poor, draughtsman. The good one will see lines to draw that the other will not know are there.

We must not get the wrong idea about seeing so many lines in the thing that an artist is drawing. I do not mean that a good draughtsman always draws every line he sees. In fact, it takes a good draughtsman to know what lines to leave out. He will be able to suggest a line, without drawing it at all. But the lines he does draw are always the right length and in the right direction.

Artists talk about suggesting their work a great deal. By that, they mean really that they are playing a trick on us. They are making us believe that they have painted a certain part of a picture, when the fact is that they have only started it. Then they have gone on to the next part, and we take it for granted that they must have done the work in between. For instance, they will make us think they have painted a string of pearls on a white dress, just by painting the shadows under some of the beads.

Look at F. Hopkinson Smith's charcoal of *St. George's Church, London*. (p. 254) Did the artist draw every line of a window so that the corners would stand out sharp? Why, no. He would draw an easy line down one side, start another line on the other side, and then make only a suggestion of the bottom line. Our eyes do the rest. They know that, where the side lines of a window would meet the lower line, we should see the lower corners. In the same way, that row of pillars is hardly suggested at all, and yet our eyes draw the lines out for us. So why should an artist bother to show all those sharp little corners? Besides, they would spoil the looks of his picture. We like a picture that has some of its parts only suggested, much more than one with every little part, or detail, finished very carefully. By suggesting some parts, the picture will look pleasant and soft instead of "tight," as we say, and stiff.

One thing about a good draughtsman is very interesting indeed. It is that he appears almost to see the back of anything he makes a picture of. I do not mean that he really sees through

a thing, but he knows so well how the back and sides look, that he can make his lines on the front seem to go around to the back. That makes the thing appear solid to us instead of just flat.

In that figure of *Apple Blossoms* (p. 287) by Louis Betts, it seems as if we could walk all around that young person, and we feel sure that the other side would be as perfect as the one we see. How beautifully the delicate lines of the soft lips are drawn. But the bigger lines that make us see the thickness of the form, are just as correct in drawing. That is because Mr. Betts understands draughtsmanship.

I must tell you something nice that has nothing to do with drawing at all. It is about how this canvas happens to belong to The Art Institute of Chicago. *Apple Blossoms* (p. 287) was given as a present to the Art Institute by a society of Chicago people who call themselves "Friends of American Art."

These Friends spend a great deal of money every year buying beautiful paintings and sculpture by American artists, to give the Art Institute. This is the first society in the United States that has bought pictures in this way, but now there are a great many all over the country. In Indianapolis there is a society of this sort that buys works of art for The John Herron Art Institute. There are also the Syracuse Friends of American Art and the Friends of the Albright Gallery, besides many others.

Modeling is another part of draughtsmanship that we always ought to look for. You know, of course, what it means to model a statue in clay. Even when you make a snow man, you are modeling a shape. That is not very perfect modeling, to be sure, but it is making something solid. The sculptor models his statues, though, and we use the word modeling in a picture when we mean that a person or a horse or mountain has been painted so that it looks solid, the way a statue is solid. In other

words, a head is well modeled if the nose looks solid and seems to come out from the face, and the eyes sink back into their right places.

Besides all these other things we ought to know about draughtsmanship, we should not forget proportion. When we understand about proportion, we notice whether a hand or a foot is too small or too large for a body. It makes us notice whether a child is too large or too small in proportion to a man standing near. A three-year-old child would be half as high as a man; at ten years he is three-quarters as high as a man. Then, the figure of a baby is proportioned differently from what it will be when he is grown. As a person grows older, he becomes taller in proportion to his head; also his legs become longer in proportion to his body.

A tiny baby is about four heads tall. His legs are much less than half the length of his figure; in fact, they are only a little more than one head long, while in a grown person they are exactly half the height of the whole figure. A baby's foot is only half the length of his head, but the length of a man's foot is longer than his head. At six years of age, the figure is six heads high; at nine years, six and one half heads; at sixteen, seven heads. When a man holds his arms straight out at the sides, they will measure, from the tip of the middle finger of the right hand to the tip of the middle finger of the left, the height of the figure. Hanging straight at the side, his fingers would reach the middle of the upper leg. His hand will measure the length of his face or three-fourths the length of the head. The two small joints of the middle finger will be the length of the nose, or one-third the length of the face.

So, in everything, we should know the right proportions of things around us in order to tell whether a painter pays attention to this very necessary part of draughtsmanship.

Did you ever see an X-ray photograph? What you noticed most about it was: "Bones," you say. Certainly. It showed the bones right through the skin. And bones are something we talk about in draughtsmanship. If a painter did not know the bony structure — the skeleton — of a human being or a horse or a dog, the people and the animals he painted would look like rubber balloons. And you know what happens to balloons when you stick pins into them.

You think that this *Portrait of George Washington* (p. 242) by Gilbert Stuart, in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, shows good draughtsmanship. You can tell by the eyes and chin. We should notice the eyes, especially. You see Washington was growing old when that portrait was painted, and his eyes were rather sunken in their sockets. That made the bony structure around the temples show more plainly than in a younger man.

There is a lot to say about the chin in this picture, too. It also tells that the sitter was getting old. See how the flesh of the jaw sags. We observe in the drawing of the chin and jaw, though, the kind of firm strength that we like to believe was in the character of our first president.

You will notice a little stiffness about the expression of the mouth. That is because there were no good dentists in those days, and the plate of false teeth that Washington wore did not fit well.

Gilbert Stuart is known as a fine draughtsman of heads, but he never paid any attention to the figures of his sitters. He used to say that he copied the works of God and left the clothes to tailors and mantuamakers. Then, in the drawing of a head, he thought that the nose was the most important feature. He even believed that an artist could get a whole portrait to look like a person, just by having the nose well drawn. You could not tell

that, of course, by looking at this picture, but what splendid draughtsmanship we notice in the nose when we stop to study it. See how firm the bony parts are and how well one part seems to disappear into another; notice, too, how perfectly the nostrils round out.

In this painting of James Whitcomb Riley (p. 230) by Sargent, we see the portrait of another man who was beginning to grow old. We know this from the way the soft flesh hangs from the bony structure of the face.

Speaking of bony structures, how wonderfully the head in this painting is set on the shoulders. And, although there are so few lines to the shoulders that we can hardly see their shape, we know that the shoulders are there. We know too that there is a strong form inside of that dark coat. This is because the things that do show are drawn perfectly and are put exactly in their right places. It is a splendid example of suggestion.

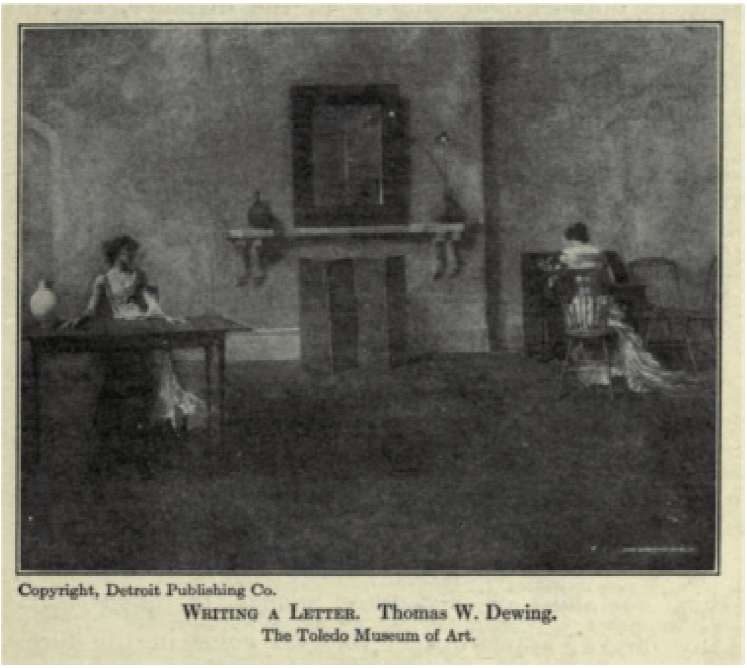
The hands are the kind that you would expect to give you a hearty handshake. They are not too fat to show the structure of the bones, and they are not too thin to be attractive. They are the hands of a man who uses his brain to think beautiful things.

Mr. Sargent, by the way, is noted for the wonderful way he paints hands, and any artist will tell you that hands are the hardest things in the world to paint. He does not say it that way, exactly, but he makes us believe that an artist who can paint hands can paint anything.

Please turn now to Gari Melcher's genre, called *Vespers,* (p. 293) which, by the way, is in the Detroit Museum of Art. Can you not almost believe that there are real people inside the clothes in this picture? The girl's chest is so full that it stretches her waist across the front. That waist, in fact, is a very poor fit, but this does not mean that it was not correctly drawn by the

artist. He did not care about the fit of clothes, just as long as he drew solid people inside. All he thought of, when he produced this picture, was the beauty he saw in that humble church scene, and because he was able to draw it so well, he made us see it, too.

One good way to tell whether the picture of a person has been well drawn or not is to notice whether the person seems really to stand or sit. Sometimes a figure looks as if it were slipping off its chair or else sliding down a toboggan. "That figure doesn't stand" is a remark we often hear an artist make



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WRITING A LETTER. Thomas W. Dewing.
The Toledo Museum of Art.

about a picture. In this painting by Gari Melchers, though, the floor seems to be flat. The girl stands firmly on it, too, so that we are not afraid of her losing her balance. The man has slid

forward in his chair, but the chair holds his weight all right, and we are not afraid that the man and chair are coasting down hill.

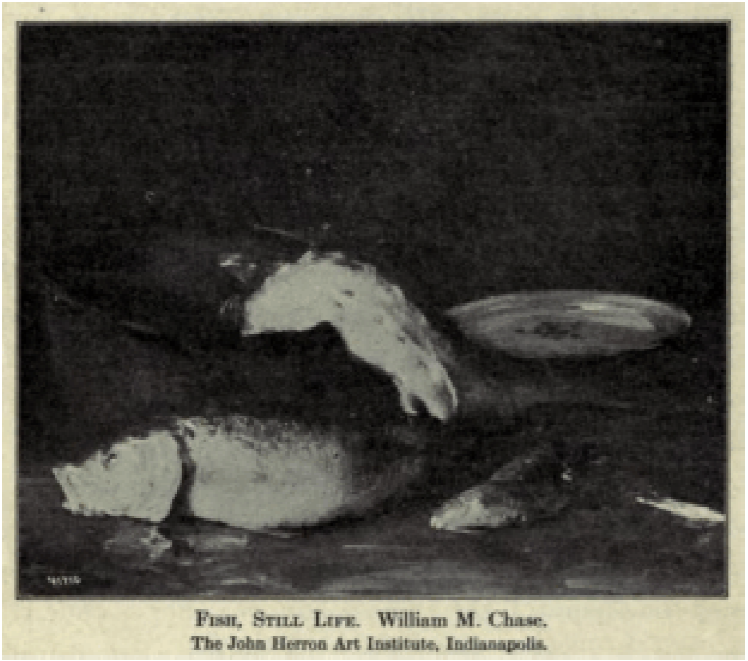
In speaking of Alice Schille's *Melon Market*, (p. 249) in The John Herron Art Institute, we told a little bit about what artists mean when they talk of action. We get action through balance. We get balance by keeping as much weight at one side of the figure as at the other. You know, when you are walking along a street car track, how you will fling out one arm to keep your balance, if you think you are falling in the opposite direction. Or, if you carry a pail of water with one hand, you hold out the other arm in order to balance the weight of the water.

So if a figure, like the lady facing us in Thomas W. Dewing's canvas, *Writing a Letter*, (p. 307) in The Toledo Museum of Art, leans very much to one side, then the head should lean over to the other side. In other words, a figure makes itself something like a letter S, which is just as heavy on one side as on the other — that's the reason it never has any trouble in holding itself up.

It is this bending first one part of the body out of the straight and then another part out of the straight in the other direction, that we call action. That is what the teacher in an art school means when he tells his students to "get more action" into their drawings. He does not want them to bend the figures any more than they should be, but he means for them to be sure to bend one part of a figure as much as the other in order to have it show the right balance.

Look once more at this picture of *Fish, Still Life*, (p. 309) from The John Herron Art Institute. As we said before, this canvas is the work of William M. Chase, the famous painter of fish, examples of which we find in nearly every art gallery in America. You might not think that good draughtsmanship would show in the drawing of fish, but that is where you would

be mistaken. Notice how well the large fish in front is modeled. When you see that eye, you feel sure that the head is round and that there is another eye on the other side.



Fish, Still Life. William M. Chase.
The John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis.

Then, how about proportion? Well, of course we cannot be sure about that because fishes have so many different sizes that we could not tell exactly unless we happened to see the real fish themselves. They appear to be well proportioned, though. Also they seem to be in the right proportion to each other.

Perhaps you are wondering about the bony structure in this picture. You may think, because a fish does not have the kind of bones to make it stand up, that there is no drawing to a fish. It does not have a backbone like ours, of course. Still, we can see

by the stiffness along the top of this same large fish in front that it has a backbone and that the artist knew how to show it.

This is partly on account of another thing, too, which Mr. Chase understood very well. That is technique, but we shall not stop to explain technique now because it is one of the last things that go into a picture, so we'll save it until later on.

Chapter 6

Values

If you buy a house, you pay what it is worth. Perhaps it may not be worth so much as the house next door, and we say that its value is less. Then, the house across the street may have the greatest value of all, but we pay for each only just what it is worth, or its value.

When an artist speaks about the values in a picture, he means something like the values in houses. Each thing in a picture should have its own separate value. If one part has more than the value that really belongs to it, we say that it is out of value, or that it is too strong in value. Sometimes, too, a part of a picture may have less value than it should, but we say that it is out of value just the same. Or, perhaps we say that it is weak in value.

The values of things in a picture are made by light. The thing that is whitest, like snow, or the color that is the lightest like pure yellow, will be highest in value. The sky, for instance, or a sunflower, is always high in value while a tree or the dark earth is low in value.

The sun lights everything that it shines on, but the part that is away from the sun is in shade. In this way, the sunny side of a house, for instance, will be ever so much lighter than the shady side. You have noticed, too, that anything the sun shines on casts a shadow the shape of itself. This shadow is still darker than the shade side of the thing that the sun shines on.

We can see that the light and shade of anything and its shadow are all made by the sun or moon or some other light, like

a fire or lamp. But lights and darks in values do not need much light. They could show on a very dark, cloudy day, and even at night, just as well as on the brightest day of the year. This is because they would be only the lights and darks of the things themselves, without their shadows, such as light skies and dark trees or as white dresses and dark coats.

Of course, though, the lights and darks of everything have to be made by some light because, as we said about color, there would be no color at all in a perfectly dark cave; and, just as a red rose throws off the red color that it does not want, a light thing will throw off a great deal of light rays; or, as we say, it will reflect light while a dark thing will absorb light. This, really, is the reason for all values; their relations to each other are on account of the way they reflect, or absorb, light.

It is the light on a person or a tree or flower that gives the artist a chance to show modeling. The painter cannot make the things on his canvas stand out, but he can make them look thick by painting them in just the right way; and this right way is done by bringing out the lights and shades of things.

The way to bring out the lights and shades is by painting the different planes of a thing in their correct relations. Everything has planes, like the top of a table; there are planes even on a person's face. The sides of the nose, front of the forehead, top of the chin — all the parts of the face that catch the light are called planes.

The plane of everything that the light shines on strongest is called the high light. We have the highest light and the deepest shade on everything that light shines on. We have the half light and the half shade and all the gradations in between. Besides, as we just said, there is the cast shadow, which falls away from any lighted object, at the side opposite the high light. And this cast

shadow, remember, is darker than the darkest shade of the thing that throws the shadow.

We come now to speak about the color scale, which makes us think about music. On the piano, we have the keyboard of seven and a fourth octaves, those seven and a fourth octaves in music form the musical scale. Now, in pigments, our scale, or gamut, is made up of the colors we use. If there are a great many, we have a very long scale, but, if we have only a few, our scale is short, or limited.

There are many ways in which the colors of a picture are like the notes in music. We even have pitch in a painting. We say that the picture is pitched in a high, or low key. A high key in color, or a highly pitched key, which really means high in value, is one that is made up of a great deal of white and very light pigment. Nowadays pictures are very much higher in key than they used to be, and we find that they are much truer to nature in this way, because there is so much light in nature. A low-keyed picture is made up of dark, rich colors that make us think of deep organ tones.

We said that the high-keyed picture is made up only of very light colors, or tints, as we call colors that are mixed with white and are made lighter in that way. That would make it have only a short, or limited, scale, like the high octaves on the piano. In the same way, the low-keyed picture, or the picture that is made dark by being mixed with black, would not have a long scale either; it would be like the deepest bass notes on the piano. We sometimes also call a very neutral picture, like a Whistler symphony, a low-keyed picture. But a picture that has a full range of color values will have, not only a high and a low key, but it will have all the values in between, or a wide color scale.

Among the artists whose work we have here, that have painted in a high key, are Childe Hassam, Richard E. Miller, John C. Johansen, and Edward H. Potthast. George Inness, Whistler, Frank Duveneck, Charles H. Woodbury, Wilton Lockwood, and Augustus Koopman are among those whose pictures are usually in low keys.

One thing that artists are always talking about and which has a great deal to do with values is tone. To be true in tone, all the things in a picture should be painted just as clear as they ought to be in order to have the right relation to all the other things; that is, everything should take its right place.

You know how it is when you have company for dinner: if it is a lady, she sits at your father's right; if it is a gentleman and there are no other gentlemen guests at the table, he sits at your mother's right; if there are two gentlemen and one happens to be old, he sits at her right while the younger one is seated at your father's right, unless there is a lady in that place. If there is, the young man is given a seat at mother's left. Other members of the family sit along the sides of the table.

The company, then, has the best place in relation to mother and father. Of course we do not speak of tones when we are talking about the people around a dining table, but I like to think of them that way and say that the table is good in tone, if everybody is in his right place in relation to everybody else. In a picture, things should have the same relation that they seem to have in nature. That is, a tree which is close to us will be plainer than one that is beyond; so, both will be true in tone if the nearer one is represented plainer than the other.

Sometimes we hear artists say that a man's hand or a chair or a dog jumps out of a picture. The first time I ever heard any one say that, I thought it must be some kind of magic, like a rabbit

jumping out of a hat. What it really means is that some part of a picture is out of tone by seeming to be so far forward, that it looks almost as if it were in front of the frame.

A picture is like what you see when you look out of a window. Everything outside is much farther away than the window frame. Suppose, though, we should set a vase of flowers on the sill; you can imagine how one or two of those flowers would hang over into the room. They would be nearer to us than the frame of the window, or, we might say, they would jump out of our picture. And that is one of the first things we should learn about values and tone, that everything in the picture should appear to be farther back than the frame.

One way we can tell whether this seems right in a picture is to imagine that a screen is stretched across our picture so that it will appear farther off than the frame. Then, if everything inside this frame has the look of being far away, or of having a gauze curtain in front of it, we may be sure that it will not jump out of its place in the picture.

Now, in the same way that a thing might jump out of a picture, one part of that thing might jump in front of all the other parts. A man's nose, for instance, might seem to be too far in front of his face. That would be out of tone, and out of value, too. Of course, as we said about modeling, the nose must be modeled so as to seem farther forward than the cheeks, but it should not appear to be a great deal in front of the other features.

Another mistake might be that the eyes appeared to be set too far back in the head, and that would be just as much out of tone and value the other way. Sometimes the eyes seem so far back, that they look as if they were dark holes bored right through the head, not just set back in their right places.



PIAZZO SAN MARCO. John C. Johansen.
The Art Institute of Chicago.

It is the same with the parts of a picture that are in shadow; they should all seem to belong in the shadow. Things, that would be very bright in sunlight, should keep their proper relations to each other in shadow. Also, in sunlight, everything should be bright and have its proper relations, too. If anything in the sunlight of a picture is dull, the way the parts in the shadow are, it would be just as much out of tone as if an eye seemed too far back in the head. Or, if we make a thing bright in the shadow part, it would be like having a nose stick too far out beyond the face.

One of the hardest things to do is to get tone in a picture, and about the easiest way to tell whether a painter understands his business or not is to see whether his pictures are true in tone. If they are not, they will have several spots that do not appear to

have any relation to each other. They will not be connected. They will not show unity, which is the real test of good tone.

Unity comes from a Latin word that means one, and unity in a picture makes the picture look like one single thing instead of being divided up into many spots, or things, that are not related.

Piazzo San Marco, (p. 316) by John C. Johansen, is one of the best tone pictures that I know. It was executed in Venice and is owned now by The Art Institute of Chicago. Notice the shadow on the building. See how different the values in that are from what they are on the part of the building that is in sunshine. Then look at all the rest of the shadow, how everything in it seems to belong there, even the people that show against the sunlight above. In such a picture, we say that the different parts are connected, or that they help give the picture unity.

It takes a long time knowing pictures and enjoying them before one sees all the changes, or subtle gradations, in value and tone. We mean by this changes from light to dark, or from one color to another, — changes that are so little most people can hardly see them.

There are fine gradations from light to dark in Emil Carlson's *Still Life*. (P. 319) You can see the gradations from the high light of the inside of the kettle and the cloth, to the part of the cloth lying on the table; then the stone, the jug, the background; and finally, the outside of the kettle. There are six steps in gradations from the lightest light to the darkest dark. In the same way, we might take every one of the pictures in this collection — but that is a "picture puzzle" for us to solve by ourselves, and looking at any picture we can pick out the gradations, both in value and in color, or hue. We have spoken only of gradations in value, but there are color gradations, too. These help wonderfully in deciding whether all the spots in the

picture are in the right relation to each other, or, whether the painting has unity.

There may be tone in color, as well as tone in a monochrome, in the same way that there may be gradations both of value and of color. As we said in our chapter about color, if a color is too strong for the other colors all around it, it is not in its right place; in other words, it is not in tone.

We sometimes, too, hear the word harmonious about a picture if all its colors are in their right places; but often harmonious has another meaning altogether. Some artists say that the only colors which are in harmony belong to a palette that is mostly in one color, such as brown or blue. Artists, who speak of harmonious colors in this way, speak of complementary colors as contrasts.

A picture that is painted in a harmony of browns or greens is what is called a tonal picture. It is made up of different tones of the same color. We are not talking now about a monochrome, which is just one kind of brown, perhaps, mixed with white or black to make it lighter or darker. A tonal picture has other colors in its palette besides just the one, but that one color shows more than any other. If you half close your eyes and look at the picture, as they tell you to do in the art schools, you will hardly notice any of the other colors.

One of the greatest painters of this sort of tonal pictures, or "symphonies," as he usually called them, was James A. McNeill Whistler. When we hear the word tone, we think of music, and people often speak of a Whistler picture as singing with color. This does not mean that the colors are loud or that they are all bright. I do not think that Whistler ever painted a bright picture, but he had a way of mixing his colors together so that they all seemed to be alive, or to sing, as artists say.



Still Life. Emil Carlsen.
The Art Institute of Chicago.

Wilton Lockwood was another painter who liked to execute tonal pictures of this sort. Thomas W. Dewing is another. This beautiful *Still Life* by Emil Carlson is an example of this kind of tonal painting. A great many artists paint in a limited scale only sometimes and at other times paint with a wide range of color.

One of the surest ways to tell whether a painter has produced very many pictures is to notice whether he understands the direction, or source, of light, A beginner is likely not to show where the light came from. He might have four or five different suns shining on a scene at once, and that would give it a very spotty appearance, which we should say was out of value and, of course, out of tone.

It does not mean, though, that a painter may not represent the light from a fireplace and the light from a lamp in the other

direction. In fact, this is very hard to do, and, when he gets that effect, it is because he is intending to, not just because he does not know how to show the shadows all coming in one direction from the same light.

This makes us think of that very long word chiaroscuro (kee ahr o sku' ro), which is an Italian word meaning clear dark. We do not use it so much any more because values means the same thing and a great deal more besides. But artists used to speak of chiaroscuro when they wanted the lights and darks in a picture arranged in the right way, or in the right relation to the source of light and to each other.

Chapter 7

Perspective

In our last chapter we spoke of how the modeling of anything in a picture makes it look thick. We must not think about thickness, though, as if things stuck out of a picture. They must go back into the picture, not jump out of it. And this going back into a picture is called perspective.

There are so many ways to tell perspective, that we can speak about only a few of them. When we see things drawn correctly, we do not notice that they are drawn in perspective. This is because we are so used to seeing things in perspective, that we always expect them in a picture to be the way they look outside of one.

We should not notice them at all unless they were not drawn in correct perspective. If the tables and the chairs and the houses and people and trees and everything else in the picture seem to be on the solid ground or on the flat floor, then they are drawn in perspective.

If we look at the picture of a table, and the perspective is right, the top of the table will be only a third or a quarter as wide as it is long. But if you look at that table on the other side of the room from you, and some one tells you that the width, as you see it in perspective, is very much narrower than its length, you will reply "Oh, no! That top is just a regular oblong." Yes, it is an oblong like this one in Thomas W. Dewing's picture, but it is such a narrow oblong that it is almost like a narrow board.

You know when you try to draw the picture of a table, if you draw the top as wide for its length as you know it really is, you

find that the top looks as if it were sticking up in the air, not going back into the picture.

The way we draw anything to look as if it went into the picture is to make the lines that go in very much shorter than they would be naturally. We call this foreshortening. If you notice a person with his chin thrown away up, you will see how short his face will look from the chin to the forehead. It will be just as wide from ear to ear as ever, but it will be, oh, very much foreshortened up and down.

Now, that is exactly the way it would be with the top of a perfectly square table. We know that it is just as long on the sides as it is in front, but, if the sides run into the picture they will look much shorter than they really are.

Something else, we should notice about these side lines, is that they will converge; that is, they will seem to go toward each other as they recede, or go back into the picture. Then the back edge of the table will appear to be shorter than the front edge because the converging lines of the sides will be a good deal closer together at the back corners than at the front.

That is the same sort of perspective that we notice when we look down a railroad track. The two tracks that are so far apart where we are standing look to us as if they were receding, or running, right into one point in the distance. If we look at the telegraph wires above, we see that they seem to run down into the ground. A river or a brook looks narrower as it recedes into the distance. *The Laurel Brook* (p. 278) by Edward H. Redfield shows this kind of thing.

Another interesting thing about perspective is that, when we look at a river and a row of trees along the bank, it often seems as if we were looking into a funnel. The very center of this funnel we should then call the point of sight, or center of vision. The

fact is, we always look toward a point of sight, really, even if there are no trees or river, and all lines, that seem to go straight away from us, converge to that point of sight. This is on the horizon, or on a level with our eyes, and right off in front of us. In the house it would be the same as out of doors. If I should stand at one side of a room, my point of sight would be about as high as the top of the fireplace opposite, and the ceiling and floor lines of the room, both at my right and my left, would run toward that center of vision.

In different kinds of pictures, perspective is seen in different ways. As we said, there was foreshortening even in a person's face. In the same way there will be foreshortening in a person's arm, if he holds it out toward us, just as it was with the side edges of the table we were talking about. A figure picture has just as much perspective as a still life or an interior or a street scene.

When we come to a landscape, though, unless there happens to be a fence or a road or railroad tracks or telegraph poles, the only way we can see perspective is by things seeming to be much smaller in the distance than they are in the front part of the picture. Look at the white cow in George Inness's *Gathering Storm,* (p. 280) and see how much smaller it is than the dark one that is nearer to us.

We have spoken about the foreground, middle- ground, and distance in a landscape. Well, in *Gathering Storm,* (p. 280) the part of the picture where the dark cow is, we call the foreground, and the part where the white cow stands, is called the distance. Beyond that, along the line where the sky and the ground seem to meet, is the horizon, or horizon line. The part of the picture that is between the white and the dark cow is called the middle-ground, or middle distance.



THE CONQUERORS: CULEBRA CUT. JONAS LIE.
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

Quite a lot of difference is seen in pictures from the way their horizons are put in. Sometimes an artist will want to show a great deal of cloudy sky. Then he draws his horizon in a very low line across the picture. Nowadays, though, many artists like to make high horizon lines. That gives an effect as if we were looking down at the ground from a very high place. *The Conquerers; Culebra Cut,* by Jonas Lie which hangs in The Metropolitan Museum of Art, has this kind of perspective. Another example is *A Holiday* (p. 325) by Edward H. Potthast in The Art Institute of Chicago.

If you measure with a ruler the difference in sizes between the two women in Mr. Dewing's canvas *Writing a Letter,* (p. 307) you will see that the one farther back seems quite a little smaller than the one that is nearer to the foreground of the picture. Still life, an interior, a figure picture, or even a marine shows foreground as well as a landscape.



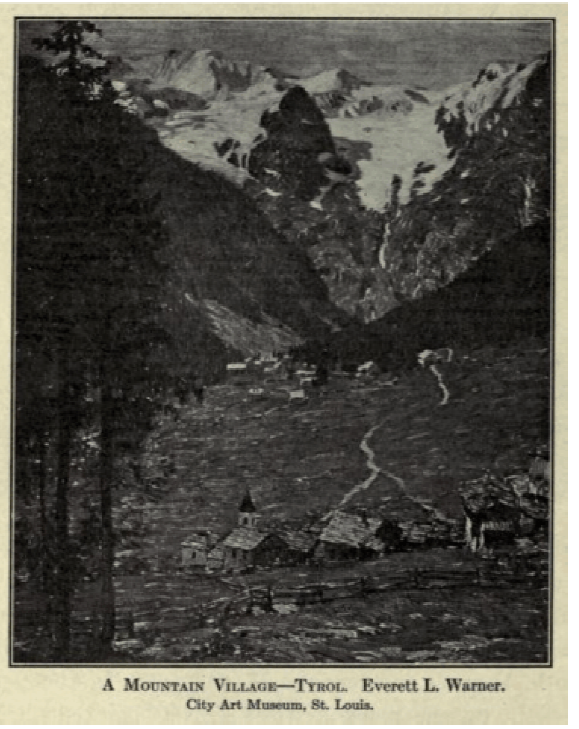
A Holiday. Edward H. Potthast.
The Art Institute of Chicago.

One of the best examples in our collection for showing perspective, through different sizes of the same thing, is Johansen's *Piazzo San Marco*.(p. 316) Here in the foreground stands a woman who seems taller than any of the rest, even though she is bending over. Then, in the middle distance and off in the distance, the figures seem to get ever so much smaller.

Now, just as we see the difference in the sizes of figures in this picture, any other thing may appear to be smaller as it is painted farther away into the distance. Notice the cabs in Hopkinson Smith's charcoal drawing of a London scene (p. 254). Even when they do not appear to be far apart, there is quite a big difference in their sizes. Notice, too, how much higher the entrance is at the nearer side than it is at the side

farther away. That shows the convergence of the top line of the columns with the ground line.

In Whistler's lithograph, too, the ridge of the roof slants downward as it goes back into the picture. *A Mountain Village — Tyrol* , by Everett L. Warner, in the St. Louis City Art Museum, shows a bunch of houses in the foreground and a bunch of very much smaller houses in the middle ground. We



A Mountain Village—Tyrol. Everett L. Warner.
City Art Museum, St. Louis.

do not notice that they are smaller, though, because they are just right for the perspective. The tall grass and shrubs in the foreground of Elliott Daingerfield's *Storm Breaking Up*, (p. 327)

in The Toledo Museum of Art, are large in proportion to the trees in the distance.



Copyright, Detroit Publishing Co.
STORM BREAKING UP. Elliott Daingerfield.
The Toledo Museum of Art.

Pietro della Francesco (Pe ate' ro della Frahn ches' co) has sometimes been called the "Father of Perspective" because he was the first painter to write a book about perspective, and he was one of the first to try to draw things in perspective.

The kind of perspective that draws things smaller as they recede toward the horizon is called linear perspective. There is another kind of perspective that is just as necessary as linear perspective, to make a picture seem as if it went back, funnel-shaped. It is called aerial, or atmospheric, perspective. We often hear an artist say that such or such a picture has no atmosphere. We think of atmosphere as the air we breathe: but the artist

declares that we can see atmosphere, providing we can see enough of it.

Looking down our railroad track, we notice that it gets dimmer and dimmer in the distance, as the track recedes from us; the track becomes more neutral, or gray, and we find the same sort of thing in looking along our row of telegraph poles. Trees, too, are not the bright green in the distance that they are near by. In fact, the trees that are at the horizon do not seem to be green at all but a sort of pale blue, purplish gray. This is because the atmosphere that we look through to see those trees is thick enough at that distance to change the color from green to gray.

Atmosphere is something like many thin veils that hang at different distances from us as far as we can see. Anything that is painted in the foreground will seem to be almost in its true color because we look at it through only one or two of these thin curtains, or successive planes of atmosphere. Any object, appearing in its real color in the foreground, would be quite a little more neutral in the middle ground. That is because there would be several veils through which we look to the middle distance. And so on, as far as the horizon, things would be getting dimmer. This graying down of colors as they recede into the distance is atmospheric perspective.

There is atmosphere, too, in the painting of an interior. In fact, we see the effect of atmosphere more inside than out of doors because atmosphere shows more in shadow than in light, and there is more shadow indoors than outside. We hear a good deal about the envelopment of a figure or a piece of still life, and it is nearly always executed in an interior. In Sargent's portrait of James Whitcomb Riley (p. 230), the figure seems to blend into the background. That is the artist's way of painting atmosphere as if it enveloped things. There is more atmosphere in front of

anything that stands near the farthest corner than there is in front of a thing that is in the middle of the room.

Envelopment is shown in two different ways. One is when a tree or some other object appears to be grayer the farther it is placed from the foreground, because it is seen through a great many curtains of atmosphere. The other is by taking care of the edges of things.

If you hold up your hand in front of a dark drapery, you will notice quite a contrast between the value of the hand and the value of the drapery. But if an artist should paint a picture of a hand against a dark drapery, and leave the edges perfectly clear between the two values, — that is, if he should draw the outline of the hand without mixing a little of the drapery color around the edge and letting some of the color of the hand go out into the drapery — he would make a picture that would look as if it had been cut out of paper and pasted on. This softening of the outline helps to show the enveloping atmosphere.

Just as the atmosphere changes the color of the same kind of thing as it goes off into the distance, it changes the colors of the different planes of the thing itself. The plane that is farthest away will be the most neutral in color. In linear perspective, a person's forehead, when the head is thrown back, will seem to recede into the background, but aerial perspective is shown in a difference of color. The forehead, when the head is thrown back in this way, is quite a bit grayer, or more neutral, than the chin.

Although we have been speaking only about colored pictures in atmospheric perspective, we must not think that a painting or a pastel is the only sort of picture that will show atmospheric perspective, because there are many examples of

fine atmosphere in black and white, such as *St. George's Church* (p. 254) by F. Hopkinson Smith.

About the first artist to paint atmospheric perspective was Tommasso Masaccio (Mas sah' chio), an Italian painter whose name means "Lubberly Tom." That was because he never looked neat and never paid any attention to his clothes. In fact, he never appeared to have very much sense about anything except painting. But the one thing he is remembered for is that he gave us this beautiful method of making pictures seem as if the air went all through them. Massacio lived about five hundred years ago.

Chapter 8

Composition

When your mothers went to school they used to write compositions. Nowadays you have to write exercises and themes, which are only other names for the same thing. The word composition comes from the two Latin words meaning together and put. A composition is something made up of several things which have been put together.

It does not seem as if anything in writing could be in a picture, but, when you think about it and think about putting together, you will see how really it is just the same. When you write a composition, you divide it into paragraphs. If you want to write something that people will enjoy, before you begin, you make a list of all the things you are going to speak about in your composition. Then you decide which would be the best to write about first. It might be the last thing in your list, or the middle one. At any rate, you put things together, or arrange the topics, in the order that would make them sound interesting. Then you are ready to write.

In the same way that you arrange your written composition, an artist arranges the composition of his picture. He knows that the things in nature must be arranged and selected, like the list for our written composition. He does not paint nature just as she is, because she does not always make a good composition in a picture. When people say that a picture is beautifully composed or that it has a beautiful composition, they mean it has been well arranged. They mean that it is a real picture or that it is pictorial.

Many pictures do not deserve the name, because they are badly composed and, on this account, have no pictorial beauty.

Near my home is a family of boys and girls who have entire charge of the flower garden at the side of their house. I did not watch them arrange that garden, but I can tell by looking at it just the way they planned it. The first thing they decided upon was the shape of the bed — I suppose they wondered in the beginning whether it should be square or whether it would be better round, but they made it square. The square shape fits better into the shape of their yard. If they had not cared for either a square or a round bed, they might have made it oblong, diamond-shaped, or even heart-shaped or like a clover leaf. It is often a matter of taste what shape we make a flower bed, but usually it has to do with the size and shape of the yard.

It is exactly that way with the selecting of the size and shape of a picture. When a painter is not thinking of any particular place to hang his picture, he may use his own taste about the shape for it; but, if he expects to hang it upon a certain wall, he will plan it the size that will look best for that wall. He might even fill the whole space on the wall with his picture, which would then be called a mural panel or mural decoration. But, at any rate, he would plan very carefully so as to have the size of the picture look best with the size of the wall.

The kind of picture we frame and hang on the wall is called an easel picture. It got this name because pictures that we hang on the wall are put on easels while they are being painted; while mural paintings are usually painted on large scaffoldings.

After the boys and girls had decided upon the shape of their flower bed, they began to think about the flowers that would look best in it; and the way they arranged the composition of that flower bed reminds me of a picture, and it reminds me of

something else — the design in a rug. All good compositions are like patterns; an artist who has a good "sense of design," or a good "sense of pattern," is one who makes fine compositions.

The plain oblong of the rug, before any pattern is drawn in, is called the field. In filling the field of their flower bed, the first thing those young people thought about was something to place in the center. For that they chose the tallest and prettiest flowers.

In a good composition the principal thing in the picture is near the center. Also, the strongest contrast of light and dark will be near the center. When an artist speaks about the most noticeable thing near the center of a picture, he calls it the center of interest. But the principal object is not found in the very center because that would make the picture look stiff. Usually it is to the left, and above the center.

This making one thing, — the center of interest — stand out prominently, like the officer of a regiment, and keeping all the other things back in the ranks, like private soldiers, is following the law of principality. This word got that meaning in pictorial composition because it comes from the Latin word that means first. We talk, too, about principalities, or nations, ruled over by princes. A center of interest is like a prince, and the picture, in which it rules, follows the law of principality.

After my friends planted their most beautiful flowers in the center of the bed, they made a neat gravel path leading up to the center. A great many people do this with their flower beds, and that makes it easy for every one of the pretty flowers to be reached in turn.

In somewhat the same way, an artist arranges the paths in a picture so that we may reach the center of interest. So artists say that certain canvases need something that would lead into the

picture. Or they ask "How do you get into that picture? There's no leading line."

It is like the path into the flower bed, only, instead of being a path on which you may walk to the center, it is a line along which your eye may move. If your eyes had to jump from the frame to the center of interest, you would not enjoy the picture.

Sometimes the painter leads us along a real path or a wagon road that runs from the bottom of the canvas into the center. A river or the shore of the sea has the same effect. But it may be anything else, that will give the eye a chance to travel into the picture. Perhaps the ground is shaded darker or lighter, so that the leading line into the center is hardly noticeable.

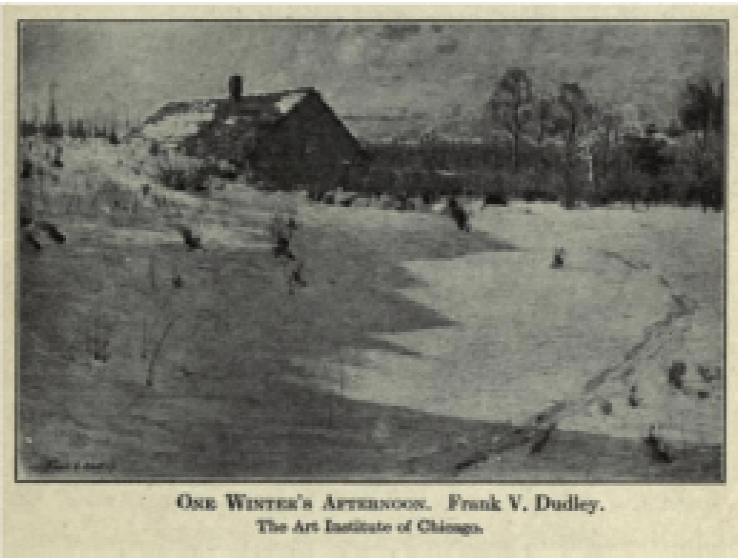
One of the best ways of all to lead into the center of interest is by stepping stones, such as we have over little streams. The stepping stones into a picture are light or dark spots, or masses. Animals, wagons, bushes, boats, or anything that the eye can step on, are used to reach the center of interest.

In the *View on the Seine* (p.273) by Homer D. Martin, in The Metropolitan Museum of Art, the eye goes at once to that dark mass of foreground at the left. Then it moves along that line of shore, stops at the dark trees for a while, but not long, because it wants to reach the center of interest, which is that bunch of tall, feathery trees in the distance.

As long as we are going to have some road on which we may travel into the center, it need not run straight into the picture without letting us look to the right or to the left. In a park, the road you like best is seldom the one that leads right to the lake. You like the zigzag road that winds about. Everybody likes surprises even in his travels.

In *The Laurel Brook* (p. 278) by Edward W. Redfield, we can move easily along that dark brook, running between those banks

of white snow, up through the opening between the trees, to the town beyond. The composition of this picture makes me feel as anxious to step in as if I had received a written invitation to come. In Frank V. Dudley's picture of *One Winter's Afternoon*, those tracks in the snow and even the shadows from the old hut lead up to the center of interest, which is the spot of snow on the edge of the roof.



One Winter's Afternoon. Frank V. Dudley.
The Art Institute of Chicago.

This canvas was produced out at the Dunes of Indiana, not far from Chicago, where Mr. Dudley has gone to paint for several years, — both summer and winter. He was the first painter to notice the pictorial beauty of the Dunes for pigments. Others had visited the Dunes at seasons when the color there was not interesting; Earl H. Reed, for instance, had found lovely compositions for etchings, but Dudley was the first painter to discover fine color in the Dunes.

One Winter's Afternoon (p. 335) hangs in The Art Institute of Chicago, but it is owned by the Municipal Art League of Chicago, which is made up of members from all the women's clubs in the city. Members of this league help pupils in the schools, and other people, to understand fine works of art. Every year, when the Chicago artists have their exhibition, the League buys either a picture or a piece of sculpture. Also, it gives a number of prizes for the best productions.



PUSHING OFF THE BOAT. Augustus Koopman.
The Brooklyn Museum.

Another very helpful club in Chicago is called Friends of Our Native Landscape. Members of this club are people who care about the country and want to make parks of wild land, all over the United States, to save it for people who will live after us. Some of the members of the club are artists, and some are people who just enjoy nature. They go out on long walks and

excursions; and the painters bring back lovely canvases from these trips. This society also has an exhibition every other year at The Art Institute. Their own artists, like Mr. Dudley and Mr. Reed, send paintings and etchings, but other artists from everywhere in the country are invited to send examples of American landscape.

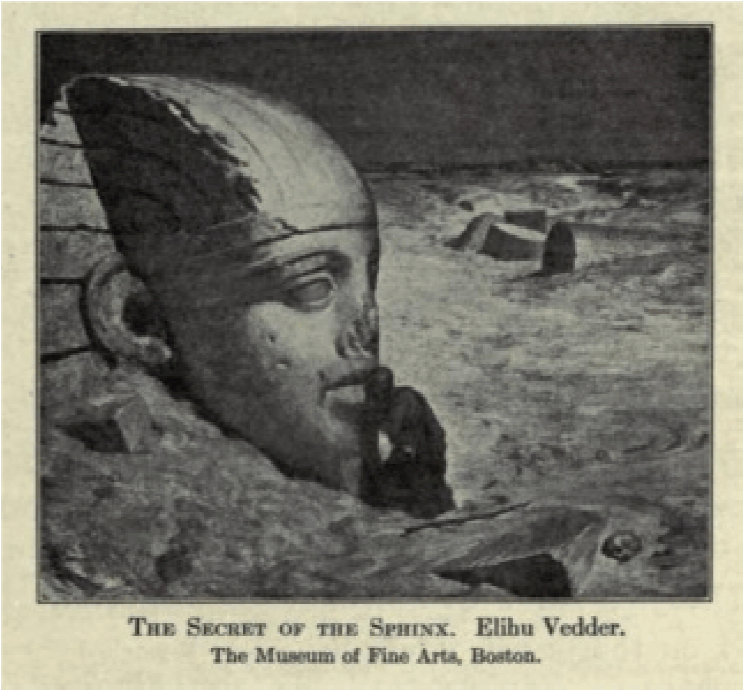
Supposing we now hunt for the composition in something besides a winter landscape; we might look, for instance, at Augustus Koopman's *Pushing off the Boat* , (p. 336) in The Brooklyn Museum. Notice how the eye travels along the water's edge to the women at the left, and, from them, to the center of interest, which is the boat.

Notice, too, in *Apple Blossoms*, (p. 287) by Betts, how the front line of the skirt leads up to the elbow; then the forearm leads to the apple in the hands; and, from that, the eye travels up the bonnet strings to the face, which is the center of interest. Also, in *Pink Carnation*, (p. 286) by Robert Reid, in the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo, we see the lines of the skirt leading up to the hands, — first to one, then the other; from them, then, the eye moves in a zigzag to the elbow and to the face.

In *The Secret of the Sphinx* (p. 338)by Elihu Vedder in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, you can see those stepping stones we were talking about. The eye steps first on that old rock in the foreground, then skips over to the man and along the line of the jaw to the ear, across to the eye, and back to those lips of stone.

The lips, whispering their secret, tell the whole story of the picture. But if you hold your hand over that mass of tumbled pillars, — in the upper right hand corner — the picture looks one-sided. Something is needed there, or else the lower half, in an oblique, or diagonal, direction from the top left hand corner to the lower right hand corner, would look too heavy for the

other half. Those few broken columns seem to weigh as much as that great head and the man and the rock.



THE SECRET OF THE SPHINX. Elihu Vedder.
The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

When you teeter up and down on a seesaw with your father or with a big uncle you have to fix the board very short for him and long for you, or else it won't balance. He is heavier than you are; and so he has to be nearer the center, or fulcrum, of a seesaw. That is how an artist arranges balance in a picture: the large thing is closer to the center, and the small thing is farther away.

The kind of diagonal balance that we see in *The Secret of the Sphinx* makes a fine composition, but there are other kinds of

balance: there is an up-and-down balance between the upper and the lower halves of a picture; and there is a balance between the right and left sides of a picture, called lateral balance. In colored pictures there is a balance of warm and cool coloring; if there is too much red in a picture, it seems hot and needs a balance of blue-greens; but, if there is too much blue-green or blue in a picture, it looks cold and must be balanced with reds or yellows.

There is a fine balance in Emil Carlsen's *Still Life* . (p. 319) You might think that that dish cloth, hanging over the side of the kettle, didn't need to show so much at the left. But you can test the composition by holding your fingers over the cloth and watching the effect. It looks as though it needed another jug or something else light to keep the dark kettle in its place. There is no telling where that old kettle might slide to, if we did not hold it where it belongs, with the light spot in the dish cloth.



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A New England Woman. Cecelia Beaux.
Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia.

Cecilia Beaux, — a very famous painter of portraits — has produced an excellent figure of *A New England Woman* which is

owned by the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, in Philadelphia. Turn to it on page 339 and notice the way the candle and the books balance the leg and the rounds of the chair.

It is harder to pick out lateral balance in these pictures of ours, because nearly all of them have some diagonal balance.

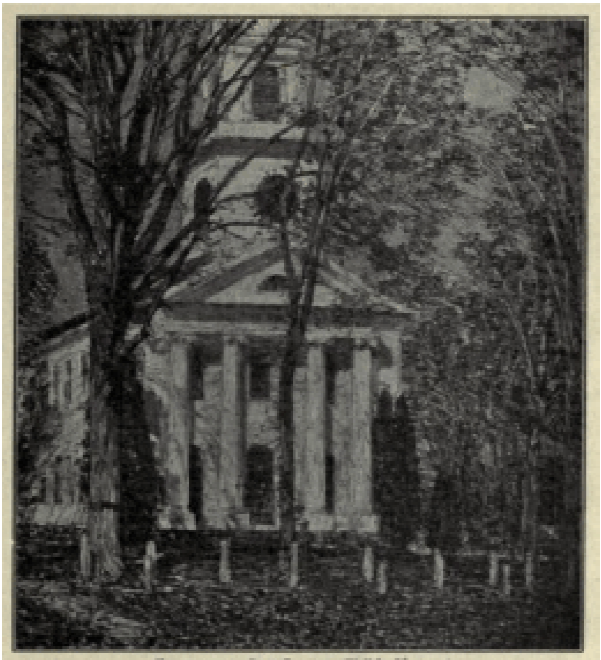
In F. Hopkinson Smith's *St. George's Church,* (p. 254) there is quite a good diagonal balance between the cab at the left and the roof of the portico. But, when we look at the picture from right to left, we see all that mass of the portico with the pillars balancing the part of a tall building at the left. The big things are near the fulcrum, or middle, of the seesaw, in this heavy portico that balances the narrow piece of the other building.

That beautiful little spot of white in the building forms the center of interest.

One of the best examples of lateral balance that I know is shown in *The Conquerors: Culebra Cut* (p. 324) by Jonas Lie. The mass of dark smoke at the left balances beautifully the dark of the rock at the right. In *An Old Clearing* (p. 275) by Wyant, there is fine lateral balance in the way that small bare tree, near the right hand edge of the picture, balances the large tree at the left and near the center. *Church at Old Lyme* (p. 341) by Childe Hassam, in the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo; *The Stock Exchange, New York,* (p. 259) by Pennell; and *Gray Day, March,* (p. 270) by Daniel Garber in the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, all show good lateral balance.

J. Alden Weir is one of the best American painters, and I do not think he ever executed a greater canvas than *The Red Bridge,* (p. 342) that hangs in The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. The bridge itself hangs away up in the air, and down below is its balance, which is the reflection of itself in the water.

The tone of this work is another thing that makes it such a splendid picture.

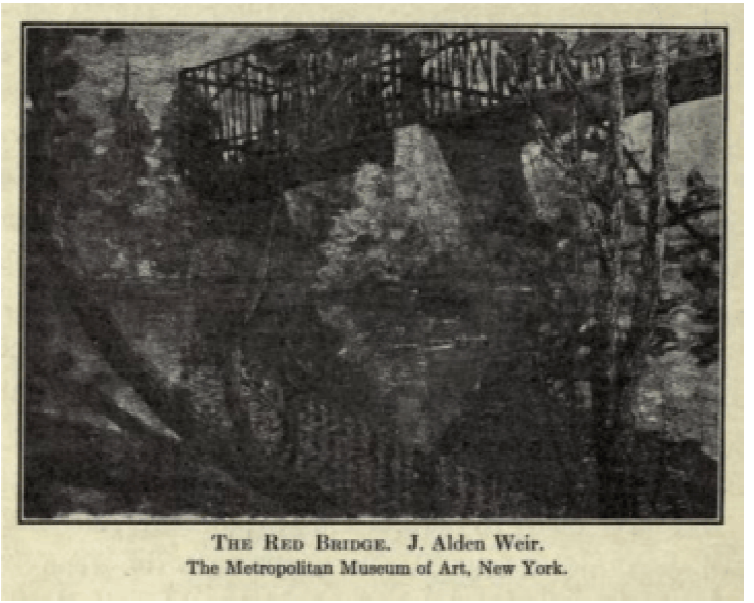


Church at Old Lyme. Childe Hassam.
Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo.

Good balance makes a great many things in a composition go together so that they form one picture, When we spoke about the *Still Life*, (p. 319) you remember, we needed something light on the left of the kettle. The kettle and the jug look like two different things unless we arrange an echo for the jug, — unless we have something light on the left side of the kettle. Then they make one picture, or a unified composition.

Something that is always interesting in pictorial arrangement is repetition. That is, the repeating of a thing in two different parts of a picture. Sometimes it is only a shape that is like the thing that is repeated. The shape of the shadow under the arm,

in Robert Reid's *Pink Carnation*, (p. 286) is repeated in the shade at the front of the waist. In music, you play a bar that will echo, or repeat, another bar. Then, by repeating a great many bars with the same kind of time you have rhythm, like the rhythm in poetry.



THE RED BRIDGE. J. Alden Weir.
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

There is rhythm in a picture as well. In *The Pipe Dance* (p. 343) by Ralph A. Blakelock, in The Metropolitan Museum of Art, the line of Indians jumping along has the same effect on the eye that several stanzas of poetry have on the ear. If you look again at *The Red Bridge* and its reflection, you will feel the rhythm of all those bars of the railing.

Perhaps only an artist would notice the rhythm in Whistler's *Cremorne Gardens No. 2,* (p. 344) also in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It lies in those tall, graceful figures repeating themselves over and over again.

Somehow, Whistler has arranged this composition to remind you of music. William Wendt's *Nocturne* is another musical canvas; there is the rhythm in the thin tree trunks, and solemn rests between the measures. A nocturne is a piece of music that reminds us of the gentle stillness of evening. We never play a nocturne very loud, and we never paint a nocturne in strong colors. It is always in neutral tones.



THE PIPE DANCE. Ralph Blakelock.
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

This painting, *The Laurel Brook*, (p. 278) by Redfield is like a quick, jerky rondo. And there is a fine slow march in the rhythm of the line of columns in the portico of *St. George's Church*. (p. 254)

The rhythm that I like most of all is the kind that takes your breath away, like those big, rolling waves of Frederick J. Waugh's *Roaring Forties*. (p. 282) The rhythm of the small ripples on each wave is like breathing in little quick gasps.

The notes that are a little stronger than the rest are called accents. They come almost anywhere in the picture — just a touch that attracts your attention, but not an important spot like a center of interest or even an echo.

If there are a great many tall trees in a picture, it gains a pleasant variety by having an accent in a short one. If a picture has a number of darks in it, the artist gets variety by putting in a few lights. In the picture of the kettle and the jug and the dish cloth, there is just enough of an accent in that spot of light on the black kettle. This is painted almost in monochrome, and yet the artist has variety in his composition, by cleverly contrasting the white inside of the kettle with the black outside, and the gray jug with both the white and the black.



Cremorne Gardens No. 2. James A. McNeill Whistler.
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

The direction of lines can give a different kind of variety to a picture. A vertical line, — the line of stability, — such as the line of a post or a pillar, shows strength. It looks as if it could hold heavy weight and as if we could depend upon its staying always in the same position. A horizontal line, the line of repose, is a restful line; it is the one we take when we lie down to sleep. The oblique line is known as the line of movement, or action. A

boy running bends his body forward in an oblique line. At the seashore, you can see the oblique lines of the waves as they move back and forth.

So, in a canvas like *The Pipe Dance* (p. 342) we have variety in the repose or rest of the horizontal lines in the foreground and the boat; the strong, stable lines of the trees, and the oblique, movement lines, or energy lines, of the hills. There is strong action in the oblique lines of *The North Atlantic* (p. 283) by Charles R. Woodbury.

Very different and very lovely is *Hogarth's line of beauty*. It is sometimes called the S line because it is made of a double curve, like the letter S. There is such a long S in the front outline of the figure in *Isabella and the Pot of Basil*, (p. 285) by John Alexander, in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

The thing, perhaps, that tells us better than anything else, that a composition has been arranged by a real artist, is simplicity.

There must not be too many things in a picture for the eye to see; not too many colors or too many spots to take our attention away from the principal color and the principal spot, — the center of interest — which is the really important thing in pictorial composition. That is why we pick out for good composition such works as Elliott Daingerfield's *Storm Breaking Up*, (p. 327) in The Toledo Museum of Art; J. Francis Murphy's *At Sunset*, (p. 276) in the City Art Museum, St. Louis; and Daniel Garber's *Gray Day, March*, (p. 270) in the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh.

Chapter 9

Technique

Perhaps, after all, there is nothing in a gallery that an artist enjoys so much as to study the technique of pictures, — wondering how the different effects have been done. He does it by looking very closely at a canvas, not by standing away across the room from it, as he would in studying tone. He has trained himself to appreciate beautiful strokes of the brush, in the same way that you notice the quality of a fine silk. He has learned to love "the magic of mere paint."

Technique is the artist's execution, it is his handling, or rendering, or the way he puts his paint on canvas, or on paper. Brush-work they sometimes call it. A good brushman is a good technician, an artist who uses his brush with style.

A picture may not be nice in coloring and it may not be right in drawing, but we admire it if it is fine in technique. Another picture might be good in draughtsmanship and good in coloring, perhaps, but not have good technique. There are almost as many kinds of technique as there are kinds of people. Not all canvases are painted with brushes, even, because some artists paint with palette knives.

If you look carefully at the *Piazzo, San Marco*, (p. 316) by John C. Johansen, you will notice that the sky is made up of flat, smooth lumps of paint. The artist used his palette knife in painting the sky. The whole picture may have been painted that way, although the sky shows it best.

There is one very lovely sort of technique in our collection of pictures that reminds me of rich old amber. Ralph A. Blakelock, the artist who executed the *Pipe Dance*, (p. 343)

always produced that effect in his paintings. He had a way of scraping them down with the palette knife, as artists often do, painting over them again, and then covering them with a peculiar varnish. It is the varnish that gives these works their wonderful golden richness.

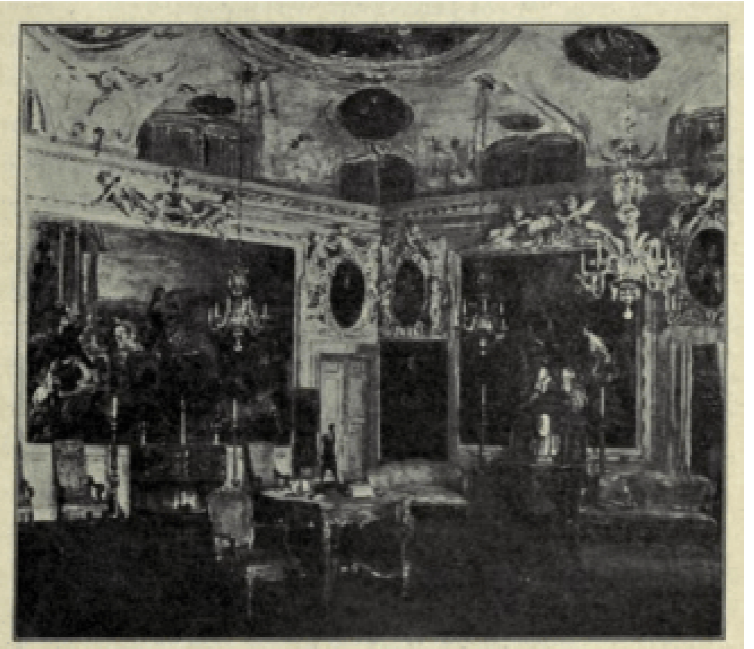
There are several other media besides oil, though when we speak of canvases and palette knives we are talking only of the oil medium. To understand about the technique of oil paintings alone, however, requires considerable study.

Speaking of how pictures resemble human beings, you know how shy people hesitate before they say or do anything. The brush-work of some painters is like that: it is fussy; it does not seem to know how to make up its mind. The brush strokes are timid and weak. Like a bashful person, it lacks assurance.

People who are strong and big and courageous are like the sort of technique that shows a confident brush, Mr. Chase's painting of fish (p. 309) is fine in technique. It has style. It is brushed in with firmness and force. This picture of *A Puff of Smoke* (p. 272) by Gifford Beal in The Art Institute of Chicago has that sort of technique, too. So has the canvas in the Cincinnati Museum, by Elizabeth Nourse, called *Peasant Women of Borst.* (p. 292)

In Elmer W. Schofield's *Building the Cofferdam*, (p. 279) in The Art Institute of Chicago, there is something more than confidence; there is determination and boldness. *Pushing off the Boats* (336) by Augustus Koopman, in The Brooklyn Museum, is another example of this sort of technique. So is *The Conquerers; Culebra Cut*, this strong canvas on page 324 by Jonas Lie. The great, deep pit, into which we look down, is so large that it needs big, broad brush-work.

Some painters use their brushes as fluent speakers use their words, when they flow smoothly and easily. We say that they are fluent in their brush-work, or, that their execution is fluent.



INTERIOR OF THE PALAZZO BARBARO. Walter Gay.
Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

Whistler's *Cremorne Gardens No. 2* (p. 344) shows a canvas rather thinly covered, as Whistler's usually are, but the pigment is brushed in with wonderful ease and grace. It is fluently or suavely painted, loosely brushed in, as if the brush were held very lightly and loosely in the fingers. The bowl of *Peonies* (p. 288) by Wilton Lockwood, in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, is a good example of that same sort of technique.

Also in the Boston Museum is the *Interior of the Palazzo Barbaro* by Walter Gay. The pigment in this work was put on

more thickly than that in the other two, but it is like them in its flowing brush-work. There is an easy sweep of the brush in *Apple Blossoms* (p. 287) by Louis Betts. Frank Duveneck's painting of his friend, John W. Alexander (p. 291), shows this splendid quality. It is not a finished painting, but artists love it because it has such fine style.

Whatever the artist chooses to paint needs a different kind of handling from every other work. There is a great deal of difference between the painting of a baby and the painting of a man. However, every artist has his own technique which he changes more or less only to suit his subject; and the greater the artist is, the more easily you can recognize his technique.

He need not always paint the same sort of picture, although many artists do that, too. But there is something in a painter's technique that is like his handwriting; whether he writes with chalk or with a very fine pen, you know that it is his, and nobody's else. Whether he paints the waves of a stormy ocean with a big brush, or, with a small brush, the delicate lips of a child, there is something about it that reminds you of him.

This is due to his temperament. Many people have tempers which they have to watch, and which other people have to watch, too. But painters, poets, and musicians have temperament, that watches them, mostly. At least, it makes them do things the way they feel. If an artist feels like painting a storm, he gets into the spirit of it, he says. It is his strong feeling about it that is shown in the technique of his picture.

Besides style — and dispositions, too — we have character in pictures. To show the character of a particular person or place or time or sort of weather, an artist paints a picture in a certain way, or, in a certain character.

One of the things that technique makes us see is the rendering of textures. The texture of pictures is not so different from the coarse or fine texture of cloth, or the texture of a person's skin.

In pictures, it is the texture of that snowy gown on the *Girl Playing Solitaire* (p. 284) by Frank W. Benson in the Worcester Art Museum; the texture of the heavy water in *The North Atlantic* (p. 283) by Charles H. Woodbury, also in the Worcester Museum; it is the slimy texture of those fish in Mr. Chase's *Still Life* (p. 309); or the rendering of stone in Elihu Vedder's *Secret of the Sphinx* (p. 338) in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts — it is each and all of these which shows whether things are hard or soft, tough or brittle, rough or smooth. Texture is the painting of things to make them look the way they feel to us when we touch them.

Artists who render textures with a great deal of care, or rather with too much care, produce work that is dry in handling. A picture of this sort is executed in a tight manner. Nowadays such carefully finished work is seldom done, but there was a time when the Flemish, the Dutch, the Germans, and the Italians, all painted this way.

Such work is often called photographic, — not like the kind of soft, rich photographs we have now, but like those photographs with the hard outlines and perfectly smooth faces that your mothers used to have taken. Those old photographs show the texture of the face and clothes, but they do not have the thing that we are going to talk about in our next chapter; they do not have character. Because it is so very interesting to work out "problems" in textures, artists sometimes forget about everything else and leave out character, — the most important thing of all, the thing that makes pictures beautiful.

A man once told me that he had seen a picture of an old board with a rusty nail in it and with the rust around the nail-hole, just the way the rain had made it. There was a fly walking across the board, and he brushed his hand over it to shoo the fly away and found out that it was only painted on. It was a photographic picture with no character at all.

People used to think photographic painting beautiful because of the old story about Zeuxis and Parrhasius, two rival painters who lived many, centuries ago in Greece. It is said that Zeuxis once painted a bunch of grapes so well that the birds came to peck at the grapes. Then Parrhasius painted a curtain so well that Zeuxis tried to pull it aside and see what was behind.

Zeuxis said that Parrhasius was a better painter than himself because Parrhasius had deceived a man while he had deceived only birds. But just to deceive people, the way the man was deceived about the fly on the board, is not art.

There is something besides character that a photographic painting lacks, and that is atmosphere, A photographic picture is too hard in outline to have much atmosphere.

Some artists, though, have painted textures very well, indeed; and yet they have been so careful about painting atmosphere, that their textures do not show so plainly as to make their execution seem dry. About the loveliest things that have been produced that way, have been done by the "Little Dutchmen."

The "Little Dutchmen," were only called little because they painted small pictures.

Nowadays an artist will sometimes deceive us by exhibiting a canvas, that has been very carefully painted in its textures, at the end of a kind of funnel made in the wall. The funnel is usually lined with black or red velvet, and the picture is brightly

lighted at the other end. Looking down that dark velvet opening, we get a view of a scene that appears so perfect that we are deceived.

But this is only an imitation of the real things that are represented in the picture, and it is just as bad to copy, or imitate, nature as it is to imitate a fine piece of jewelry or any other beautiful thing.

When you see your reflection in the glass, the mirror is not deceiving you; but, if I build in a mirror at the opening of a door so that it will seem like another room beyond, then I am deceiving you. That is the difference. Artists are willing to "hold the mirror up to nature" and paint the reflection, but never to paint a picture that people will take for nature itself.

Anybody can learn to paint in a "frankly" imitative manner by using plenty of time and patience, but very few people ever become real artists. An artist will not just try to show us something that we can see for ourselves by looking at a person or a landscape. He thinks about his medium as if it were a language. Then he translates the things he sees into the language of art and makes us feel the way he feels as he is painting it. There is a great difference between only showing something to us and making us feel happy or sad when we look at it. When we see ordinary things we see only with our eyes, but, when we see works of art we see with our hearts.

There is a kind of painting that can have hard outlines; in fact, an artist often draws black lines around the edges of this kind of picture to make them clearer. This is called decorative painting. It is used to decorate something and not just to be a picture. Things in a decorative painting are not modeled very much because a decoration looks better if it is flat. Decorative painting is used a great deal for mural paintings.

Some artists produce easel pictures in a decorative manner. Posters are usually decorative pictures, too, and so are many illustrations in magazines and newspapers. The sort of illustration that is drawn in a border all around a poem, or at the top and bottom of the pages of a book, is always a decoration.

Although there is no work in our collection that is entirely decorative, there are two that are quite a bit that way. These are: *Silence of the Night* (p. 271) by William Wendt and *Isabella and the Pot of Basil* (p. 285) by John W. Alexander.

There is a group of artists who try to show sunlight and who do not care to paint very much else in a picture. These painters use the spectrum with all its beautiful colors for the working out of their problem, as they call it.

Since the light from the sun is made up of all those wonderful colors, they show sunlight by putting many bright pigments together in a picture. Then, when we stand some distance away, all those colors seem like white light shining on the different things in the picture.

At first the artists who believed in painting in this way were called impressionists. An impression of anything is the way the thing seems, not the way it really is. If we look far off at some trees, they appear to be a pale, bluish gray, instead of the rich green that we know they really are. The impressionists were artists who painted things from the impressions of light on those things, that people got, not from the true colors, or local colors, that were in the things themselves.

Later, these painters of light were known as luminists. A luminist is a person who works with light. Then, some of them said that, if it was necessary to use bright paints to express light, they would use their pigments in little dots of different colors,

laid side by side on the canvas, something like the way white light separates into the colors of the spectrum.

This group of impressionists called themselves pointillists, and another class, who put their pigments on in little wiggly lines, or stripes, became known as the stripists. They are all generally spoken of now as impressionists or as artists who paint en plein air. That is the French way of saying "in the open," or "out of doors." But the thing that they all do alike is to use broken color.

When we first looked at *The Melon Market*, (p. 249) by Alice Schille, in The John Herron Art Institute in Indianapolis, we said that Miss Schille used a great deal of water with her aquarelles and that she put pure colors on the paper. That makes a very brilliant picture, or a picture with a great deal of vibration. And that is what these impressionists in oil painting have in their pictures, — vibration. Their work looks almost as if it sparkled in the sunlight, the way colors dance on the sunlit snow.

This vibration gives a painting what artists call elusiveness, or an elusive quality. It is just as if there were something trembling in front of an object so that you could not see the shape clearly. It looks as if the form were always changing.

The American artist, who has perhaps made the greatest success as an impressionist, is Childe Hassam. His *Church at Old Lyme*, (p. 341) in the Albright Art Gallery is considered by many to be the finest canvas Mr. Hassam ever painted; they call it his masterpiece.

If you look closely, you will see that the technique in this example is quite different from the technique in any of the others we have pointed out. That is because every stroke of the brush has put on the canvas a color different from those next to it. We cannot see all the effect of this, without seeing it in color,

of course, but we can see the sort of technique that impressionists generally use.

J. Alden Weir's *Red Bridge* (p. 342) in The Metropolitan Museum of Art is another example of impressionism. In *The Pink Carnation* (p. 286) by Robert Reid there is the same elusive quality, which we find in an impressionistic picture.

We have been speaking about oil paintings only, but we have not told half of what might have been said about the technique of just this one medium. There are many sorts of technique, and, what we should learn is to tell whether an example is good or bad for its special kind. It is not the kind of technique itself that is good or bad; it is only whether the particular work is well done for the sort of technique it is executed in. We may not care for the very smooth finish of the "Little Dutchmen," for instance; still, when we notice what careful attention they gave to atmosphere and values, we see that their technique is fine for its kind. Many people think that of this particular kind of technique they have executed the very best.

The technique that is most admired in water colors is the sort that is painted with "plenty of water." It must not be woolly, either, with a fresh brushful of water running into a half dry place so as to leave an ugly ring around the spot. To paint pure aquarelles, takes some one who is almost a magician; they must be done so rapidly, and they must be touched only once, if possible, in a place. The aquarellist has to know just where to place his brush and to know it in a hurry, too. Gouache does not need such clever handling because it does not dry so fast. The technique in any other medium, just as in oils and water colors, must suit the kind of picture that the artist is trying to produce. It must show that he is not afraid to make a mark on his paper or copper plate or whatever it is. He must have perfect freedom with his medium, or, he must have perfect control of his

medium. He must know how to make a stroke just as long as he wants and to be able to stop exactly where he wishes. He must execute his technique for the beauty of the technique, itself, but he must think about all the other necessary things that his technique ought to show — gradations, simplicity, modeling, contrast, key, and the rest.

Chapter 10
Character

The last of anything is always the best, — just as ice cream comes at the end of dinner — so this chapter is the most interesting of all. That is because pictures are so much like human beings; and character in human beings is about the most interesting thing that anyone thinks about.

There is hardly so great a compliment one painter may pay to another as to say that his picture has character.

To have character, a work of art must tell what it was intended to say. Good pictures like fine characters are true. For a picture to be true in character it must explain whether the thing it shows is large or small, heavy or light, rough or smooth, angry or kind.

If an artist can show character at all, he usually can do it with a very few strokes. You cannot tell how, but you know that he catches the character of what he is trying to depict. Phil May, who used to draw for the London "Punch," was known as an artist who had a wonderful gift for catching character with only a line or two.

One way to understand character in painting is to remember the strongest characteristic of a person, place, or thing. If a portrait painter can do this, we say that he has caught the character of his sitter.

A person who is always cheerful, like the sunshine on a spring morning, ought to be represented in his bright, happy character, or else the painting would not seem true. People who

are gay and full of life should be painted with a great deal of vibration and color.

In Stuart's Washington the artist has beautifully depicted the characteristics of kindness, of strength, and of refinement, as well as of old age. We can understand in this how all we have learned in the other chapters really belongs to character. Character is the thing they were all trying to show. If an artist misses any one of the many things we have studied, he misses just so much in catching the character of the person or thing he wishes to depict.

If the sitter is cruel in disposition, it is just as necessary to represent his characteristic of cruelty in painting him on canvas as it is to paint the kindliness of a kindly person or the cheerfulness of a cheerful person. Good painting is not representing only good things. If a painting is to be true in character we must paint ugly and mean things just as they are.

There used to be wicked old kings who would have great artists execute their portraits. They were disappointed and angry when they discovered how ugly they looked on canvas. They did not like to think that people for hundreds of years would know just how mean they were. Sometimes, though, an artist would try to please and flatter his royal sitter, but nearly always we can see the disagreeable character underneath the false smile.

They tell a story about John Singer Sargent that shows how a really great artist can almost see inside a person's mind. On this account, Sargent has often been called "the painter of the soul." Once, they say, he produced a portrait which the family of the sitter refused to pay for because they said it looked like a mad woman. And it did, too; he had painted an insane person.

When they told him that the picture did not look like the sitter and that he had painted a mad woman, he said that he had

painted only what he saw. The strange part of the story is that he did see all the time what nobody else could see, that the poor woman was losing her reason; and because he could see into her soul, he painted her that way months before she began to act insane.

Even painting a landscape, the artist should think about character, just as in painting a portrait. Augustus Koopman, whom we spoke of in our last chapter, painted scenes along the sea shore a great deal. Even when there is not a storm over the water, the coast is very rough. That is the sort of character which his pictures show.

But a picture should depict something that is back of character. Your character shows in your face, but there is something behind that, which shows through your eyes; this is spirit.

If an artist represents a scene, showing all the roughness or all the smoothness of the stone and trees and whatever there is before him, he will be showing the character of the place. That will be the outside of things, and, if that is well done, it is likely that what the soul can see, — the spirit — has been well done, too.

The spirit of a place is not the same as its mood, however. Your mood is just the way you happen to be feeling for the moment, and it may change at any time. Your character is what you are always; it is the little acts of thoughtfulness that you do for people, it is the cheerfulness with which you receive a disappointment, or it is the selfish way you may take everything for yourself. Your character has become a habit of good or bad behavior, and that habit, or character, makes the spirit that looks out of your eyes.

So with a picture. If it is a landscape, any one who loves nature can look at the outside character of the place and see the spirit behind.

In a little, quiet country spot, where all the sound we can hear comes from a lovely brook trickling over pebbles, the spirit is one of rest.

An Old Clearing (p. 275) by A. H. Wyant is a fine example of this sort of thing. You can feel the soft wind that plays hide and seek around those trees, and hear the twittering of the birds and the chattering of the squirrels and the humming of the bees.

The spirit of a place like this is more noticeable because the character has been the same for hundreds of years — so long, in fact, that it has become almost human. The birch trees of the Adirondacks charmed Mr. Wyant so much, that he got very intimate with their character and spirit. The Dunes of Indiana have a decided spirit, too, and that is what Mr. Dudley and Mr. Reed have discovered and are representing so well.

The Friends of our Native Landscape are having the Government hunt for beautiful spots all over the country and set them aside for national parks to last for all time. Then, each place will have its own spirit that has lived through centuries. Schenley Park in Pittsburgh shows a fine example of a piece of land that has stayed the same since the time of the Indians. Philadelphia, Boston, and Three Oaks, Michigan, are other cities which have preserved pieces of "virgin land," as we call it, for coming generations.

A scene does not always show its character so plainly that it must be painted only one way. If it has no particular character, its moods may make it appear quite different at different times. Eduard Monet (A doo ar Mo nay), the great French impressionist, has made a habit of going back to the same place

many times in order to catch its character under different moods. An artist may look over the hills at a gathering storm, just as it breaks; an hour later he may paint an entirely different mood, with the sun shining brightly. That is quite different from choosing only one kind of weather or a certain season to suit the particular kind of landscape, as for *An Old Clearing*, (p. 275) which just seems meant to depict the quiet and peace of Indian summer.

The Silence of the Night, (p. 271) by William Wendt shows us a mood of nature that reminds us of poetry; so we call the canvas poetic. Another poetic mood is represented in Daniel Garber's *Gray Day, March*, (p. 270) in the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh. The scene shows only the beauty of trees in their natural forest home.

Many other landscapes in our collection depict poetic moods of the places or things that they represent. There is the *Church at Old Lyme* (p. 341) by Childe Hassam, there is the *Red Bridge* (p. by 342) J. Alden Weir, and, in the City Art Museum, St. Louis, there is J. Francis Murphy's landscape, *At Sunset*.

Nothing in these canvases needs great strength in execution, but look at the rough vigorous work in Elmer W. Schofield's *Building the Cofferdam*. (p. 279) That strong technique helps to show the sharp character of broken ice. We feel how hard the ground is frozen underneath.

In *The Laurel Brook* (p. 278) by Redfield in the Albright Gallery in Buffalo, New York, the snow is spongy, and so are the twigs and grasses shining up through their soft covering. We know that the ground is not frozen so much as that in Schofield's canvas; and the grass under that layer of snow is not crushed down and killed by the weight above.

These two painters were working on the same sort of thing, and yet produced canvases entirely different in character. The thing which makes the work good, in both cases, is that each artist has shown the right character for the sort of subject he has depicted.

An artist shows character by paying attention to the most important feature in a sitter's looks, or, by representing prominently the most important thing in a scene. If it is a tree, the tree is the first thing to be noticed in the composition. Usually, the artist places it as the center of interest.

This matter of representing a prominent feature, without overdoing it, is very difficult. It should attract our attention, and yet it should not be more prominent than it really is, for that would be making a caricature, instead of showing the character, of the subject. This is a fault that young artists often make.

Before we finish these talks on pictures, I want to say that the things you have learned in reading this book, you may add to as long as you live. Every other book on pictures you read and every exhibition you visit will help you more and more to understand and notice the things we have talked about in the making of pictures. Going to school or learning anything, really, is like heaping up beautiful things in a treasure-box; everything new you learn you just add to the pile, and each new thing makes all the other things appear much plainer and more lovely. The wonderful part about it, too, is that you never take anything away.

Conclusion

A Glimpse Into Fairyland

I once saw a wonderful entertainment given by an art club of boys and girls. They called it a "Pageant of the Good Fairy of Art." They charged admissions of twenty-five cents apiece to the fathers and mothers; that was because the performers had a very fine use for the money they made — but we must not tell their story too soon.

Behind the drop curtains on the stage, they had stretched two large rugs and, standing between them, was a great large flat picture frame. It was so big, that it touched the ceiling at the top, and the rugs were stretched so tight, from the back of the frame to the side walls of the stage, that they looked like a wall themselves; then the frame was all open, so you could see away back just like looking into another room.

The floor, inside of that frame, was built up level with the width of the frame, and the walls of the room inside were covered with sheets, to make the background of the picture white.

That is the way the stage was fixed, but of course that did not show as the audience came in. The drop curtains were down, and a lady was playing an overture on the piano. Soon, the lights were switched off, and the curtains were drawn apart. Then, standing by the right side of the frame, we saw a lovely fairy. The long wand, that she held in her right hand, was a paint brush. She rested her left hand on a palette that leaned, like a shield, against her side.

In a clear voice, she said: "I am the Good Fairy of Art. I stand back of every great painter and give him the things that he puts into his picture. Tonight I will show you some of the things that I give him to help in the execution of his work. At the wave of my wand, you will see the 'Pageant of the Good Fairy of Art.'"

Then, raising her wand high in the air, she called: "Fairy Foreground, come hither," and out from between the curtain and the rug at the left walked a little maid in a green dress, with a long skirt made either of grasses or of fine shreds of tissue paper, like her short sleeves. Her shoes, stockings, and little Dutch cap were brown. Her long apron, which she held by the two corners out in front of her, was brown, too. Making a low bow, so that her apron almost touched the floor, she repeated: "I am Foreground. I am the part of the picture that is nearest you."

As Foreground stepped into the frame to be a part of the picture, the Good Fairy of Art called again: "Come hither, Fairy Sunlight," and out came dancing a very small person, indeed. She was dressed in ribbon streamers of every color of the rainbow, hanging from the top of her low-necked under-dress and flying out behind her as she moved along.

Everybody clapped so loud when they saw her, that they could hardly hear what she had to say: "I am the white light of the sun, and I am made up of all the beautiful colors of the rainbow." Then she went into the Picture, and the wand was waved again. "Come hither Primary Colors," called the Good Fairy of Art.

Three girls, exactly of a size and dressed exactly alike, except that their clothes were different in color, came together and stood for a moment in front of the open frame. The first of these wore a bright red dress, tied at the waist with a sash to match,

red stockings and red fairy slippers. The second was dressed just the same, only in bright blue, and the third wore bright yellow throughout. This is what they said: "We are the Primary Colors — Red, Blue, and Yellow — and we are the only pure pigments there are because we are not mixed with any other pigments."

Then the Good Fairy of Art called for the Secondary Colors to come out. And what manly colors they were, — Purple, Green, and Orange — each dressed in his own color from head to foot. These young men made their bow saying "We are the Secondary Colors. A secondary color is made by mixing two first, or primary, colors together."

Everybody laughed when Complementary Colors came in. They were twins. Jack and Jill were their names, and they came holding hands, as usual. Jack wore green, and Jill was dressed in red. "We are Complementary Colors," they said. "Two colors are said to be complementary to each other, if one is a primary and the other is a secondary made up of the other two primaries, mixed together." Everybody applauded when those cheery twin colors stepped into the Picture.

Next came a little lady with spots of color, like the lumps of pigment a painter squeezes onto his palette, around the bottom and on the sleeves and yoke of her dress. "I am Color Scheme. I am the most important colors of a picture," she informed the audience.

Color Scheme then gave way to a small miss, dressed in white, except for the black slippers and the black squares and circles and triangles painted on the hems of her skirt and sleeves. In her left hand she carried a ruler, and a compass in her right. "I am a very long word — I am Draughtsmanship, and that means drawing," she said.

Then came Modeling, wearing a clay-colored smock and holding in his hand the clay figure of a rabbit, like one he had modeled in school. "I am Modeling, and I make things look solid in a picture."

Even if the Good Fairy of Art had not announced him, no one would have been mistaken in guessing the name of the fairy who followed Modeling as he came bouncing in. He was dressed like an acrobat in the circus and made you think of action, just to look at him. "I am Action," he said. "This bending first one part of the body out of the straight," and with that he bent at his waist over toward the left, "and then another part out of the straight in the other direction," bending his head to the right, "we call action."

When Contrast made his bow and gave his name, you surely would have believed him if you had seen the purple and yellow jester's suit he wore. "I am Contrast," he told us. "Opposite things are contrasts, like light and shade or warm colors and cold colors."

Everybody wondered about the name of the young lady who came next; she wore a white dress with big black notes, like the notes on a sheet of music, hanging over the skirt. "I am Tone," she explained. "In a tonal picture, everything takes its right place in relation to every other thing."

"Fairy High Key and Fairy Low Key, come hither," commanded the Good Fairy of Art. A girl fairy then danced out ahead of a boy fairy and, stepping in front of the frame, looked down at her fluffy dress of pink and green and blue and lavender and silver and gold and — oh, every pretty, bright, shining color imaginable. "I am High Key. I am made up of a great deal of white and very light pigment. Nowadays pictures are much

higher in key than they used to be. Every year artists seem to pitch their canvases in higher keys than ever before."

Then she courtesied and stepped behind Low Key, whose suit was brown with collar and cuffs of dark green, and whose hat and stockings were dark red. "I am Low Key. I am made up of dark, rich colors that make you think of deep organ tones," he said, and followed High Key into the Picture.

In walked a young lady wearing a light turquoise colored dress, tied with a dark peacock blue sash, and turquoise stockings and peacock blue slippers. "I am Light and Dark. In other words, I am the light things and the dark things of a picture, such as the light sky and the dark earth and trees," she said, then turned and walked into the opening.

Light and Shade was dressed to the tips of her toes in bright orange, and, over her shoulder, she carried a yellow parasol. "I am Light and Shade," her audience was told. "The sun lights everything that it shines on." Behind her came a boy, all in black. "I am Cast Shadow. Anything that the sun shines on casts a shadow the shape of itself." Then he stepped under her parasol, and these two went into the Picture.

They were followed by a girl who wore white slippers and stockings and a white dress — but what a queer dress it was — a white box for the waist, and the skirt looked like the lower part of a six-sided pyramid. This is the way she introduced herself: "I am Planes. There are planes even on a person's face. The sides of the nose, the front of the forehead, the top of the chin — all the parts of the face that catch the light are called planes."

A tiny boy came next; he wore a white satin suit, white shoes, and white stockings. He looked as shiny and bright as a new dollar. "I am High Light," he said. The plane of anything that the sun shines on strongest is called the high light."

A girl looked lovely in hues of green and blue. She wore a bertha of yellowish green over a bright green waist. Her sash was greenish blue; her skirt, blue, stockings, purplish blue; and fairy slippers, purple. "I am Gradations," she said. "There are gradations in values and gradations in color. I have six gradations in color from greenish yellow to purple."

"Fairy Atmosphere, come hither," called the Good Fairy of Art, and out floated the dearest fairy imaginable. Her slippers and stockings were dark gray, and her underdress was dark gray — but she had so many overdresses, each so soft and thin and each a little lighter than the one underneath, until the outside one was pure white net, that people hardly could see the underdress at all. "I am Atmosphere," she explained. "You can see atmosphere, providing you can see enough of it."

Everybody said "Oh!" in a loud whisper when the next girl came in answer to the invitation. Her skirt was made of crepe paper that had a landscape, with trees and hills printed along the edge. The waist of this dress was blue like the sky. Her stockings and fairy slippers were gray, but this was the beautiful part of the thing: Over her head and all, she wore a drapery of gray tarleton that was made like a big pillow case.

This pillow case, or bag, came only to the bottom of her skirt in length, but it was wide enough to reach from one wrist to the other when she held her arms straight out at the sides. Then, the bag was slipped over her head, and holes were cut in each corner for her hands to go through. That made it so the drapery changed its folds every time she moved her arms; as she was a very graceful girl, it was a beautiful sight to see.

She called herself Envelopment, and told the audience that envelopment is really the artist's way of painting atmosphere around things.

Composition was then announced, and she surely looked like her name. She was a very industrious girl, and she had been piecing patchwork for her mother so her dress was made out of that patchwork.

You might have thought that she was some camouflage ship, although people understood right away the reason for that kind of dress, when she said her part: "The word composition comes from two Latin words meaning together and put. That is, a composition is something made up of several things which have been put together."

If the audience had not heard the Good Fairy of Art call the Center of Interest, they would scarcely have known what that gay young miss was supposed to be. She attracted all attention to herself as she darted in, dressed from head to toe in brightest red. This is what she told us: "When an artist speaks about the most noticeable thing near the center of a picture, he calls it the center of interest."

A boy then came in carrying a pair of scales. "I am Balance," he informed us. "There are different kinds of balance, — diagonal balance, up-and-down balance, lateral balance, and a balance of warm and cool coloring."

"Fairy Simplicity, come hither," the Good Fairy of Art commanded, and Simplicity glided in wearing a greenish gray dress and looking very sweet and charming. Her voice was just as sweet, too, as she said, "Simplicity in a picture means that there are not too many different things for the eye to see; that is, there are not too many colors or too many spots to take the attention away from the principal spot, — the center of interest."

The last of the procession to appear was dressed like a fashionable lady. For only a minute, she stopped to say, "I am

Style, and a picture is said to be brushed in with style if it shows good technique." Then she, too, stepped into the frame.

As the fairies had gone into the Picture, they had formed in a line against the wall. When Fairy Style came, they took hold of hands, stepped forward, and, as the music started up, began to dance a figure they had learned at school.

When the dance was over a curtain was suddenly dropped inside the frame, but just for a minute. "Behold my Picture," said the Good Fairy of Art, as, with a wave of her wand, the curtain rose, leaving a thin curtain, like atmosphere, in the frame and — such a beautiful tableau beyond! There sat the Center of Interest in the very middle. At her left sat Fairy Sunlight, resting her arm in the lap of the Center of Interest. In the same position at the right of the Center of Interest sat Fairy High Light. Fairy Foreground was down in front. The others were arranged in gradations from light in the center out to dark at the edges. In order to have the right balance, the warm colors were on the side of the Picture where Fairy High Light was, and the cool colors were on the side of Fairy Sunlight.

If people clapped for the dancing, you should have heard them when they saw the Picture. "The darlings! " "Isn't that wonderful.?" and all the things that very proud fathers and mothers are likely to say about their own boys and girls, these fathers and mothers said. They stood up, they stood on chairs; then they waved their handkerchiefs and cheered and cheered.

Gradually, the lights in the Picture faded until it was all dark. Suddenly the lights in the other part of the room came out so that nothing could be seen inside the frame but the thin curtain that looked like a canvas, and the Good Fairy of Art was left standing alone. Of course the lights had to be switched again so

as to show the Picture many times because those mothers and fathers simply would not be satisfied.

Finally they got quiet enough for the Good Fairy of Art to say: — "And now my Picture, which I showed you, has vanished; my 'Pageant of the Good Fairy of Art' is over, and I am left alone before this empty canvas; but there is still another in the Land of Fairies, whom I shall call forth, — not a fairy himself, but a mortal who lives with fairies and works with them. O Painter-man," she called, "come from the dreams and haunts of Fairyland; awake to the charm of an empty canvas."

Then in walked a grown-up man — at least he had a mustache and pointed beard. His hair was bushy and black, and he wore one of those brown velvet jackets that they wear in the Paris studios.

His fairy friend said to him: — "I hand to you my brush and palette. If, at any time, the Good Fairy of Art should not be at your side, you may turn to this magic palette and read about the things that should go into a picture, the things that belong to the Pageant of the Good Fairy of Art." With that, she opened the palette, for it turned out to be a book, and, on the pages were written the parts that all the fairies had said; so that he had, indeed, a magic palette, — a book to recall to him at all times the happy secrets of his art.

Thanking her, the artist took the palette and brush, then turned to the audience with this speech: — "To all of you I would say that, if we study about pictures and look at them right and live with pictures, every picture we see will seem to open up and invite us inside like the one you have watched this evening. Also, through a larger acquaintance with pictures, our lives and characters will be better and more useful."

And what do you suppose this club of young people did with the money they made from their twenty- five cent admissions? They bought a large colored print of John Singer Sargent's portrait of James Whitcomb Riley (p.230), — the children's poet — had it framed, and gave it to the Children's Hospital; in this way the good of their pageant did not end with that one evening's entertainment but will live as a lasting joy to suffering children for years to come.

Endnotes

1 Powers, Ella, *Stories of Famous Pictures*
2 Carpenter, Flora, *Stories Pictures Tell, Book One*
3 Powers
4 Powers
5 Powers
6 Powers
7 Powers
8 Powers
9 Powers
10 Powers
11 Powers
12 Carpenter, *Book Two*
13 Carpenter, *Book Four*
14 Carpenter, *Book Four*
15 Miller, Olive, *Stories of Great Artists*
16 Powers
17 Carpenter, *Book Two*
18 Powers
19 Carpenter, *Book One*
20 Carpenter, *Book Two*
21 Miller
22 Forbush, William, *Manual of Stories*
23 Powers
24 Powers
25 Powers
26 Powers

27 Carpenter, *Book Two*
28 Powers
29 Carpenter, *Book One*
30 Powers
31 Powers
32 Carpenter, *Book Four*
33 Miller
34 Carpenter, *Book One*
35 Powers
36 Carpenter, *Book One*
37 Carpenter, *Book Two*
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