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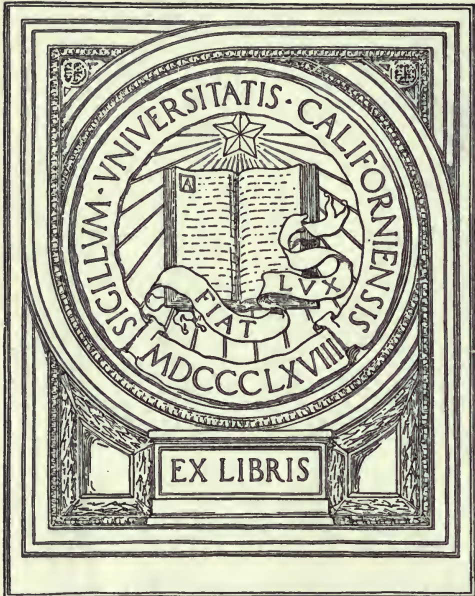
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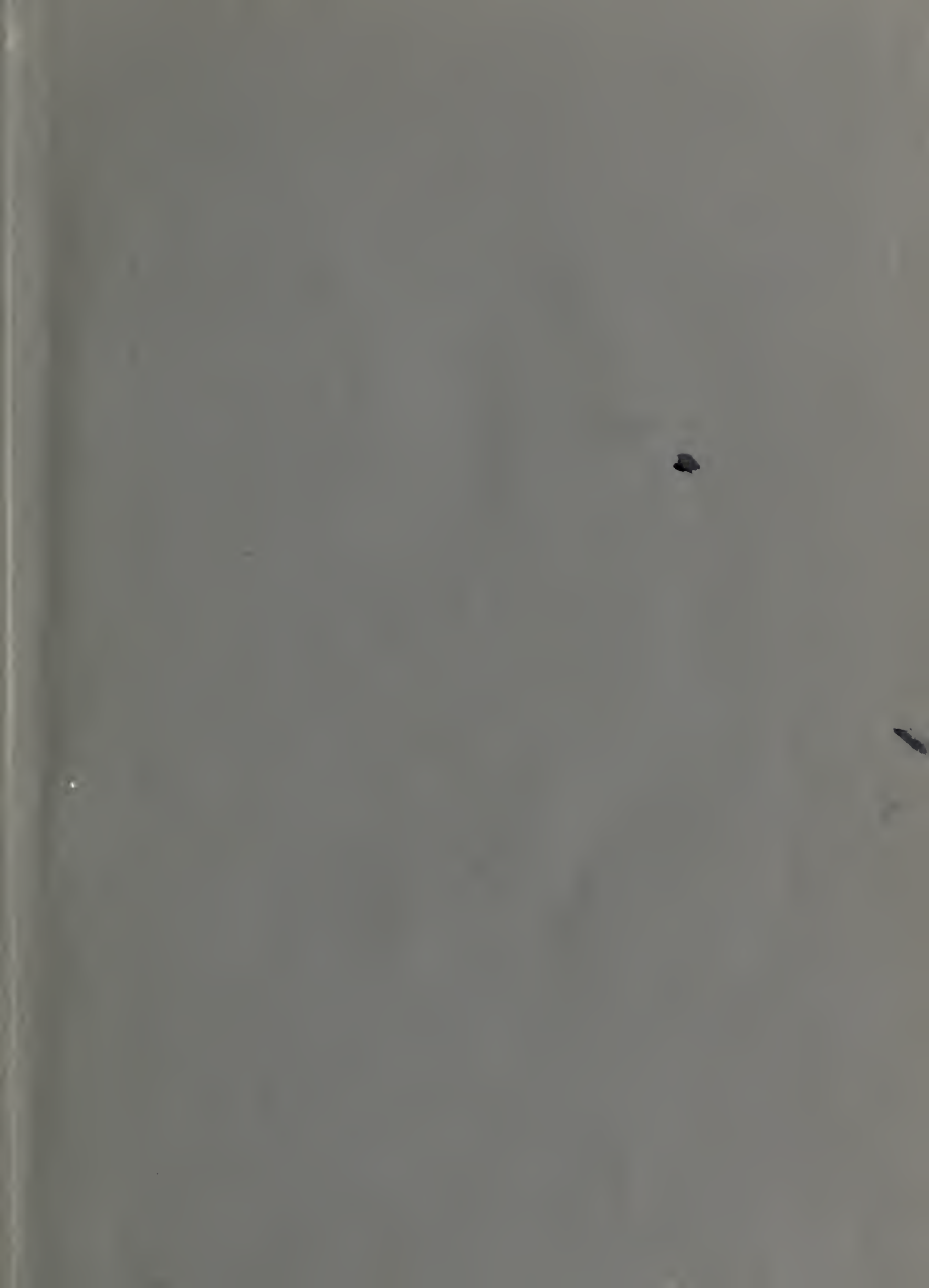

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James Whitcomb Riley. John Singer Sargent.
The John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis.

FIRST STEPS

IN THE

ENJOYMENT OF PICTURES

BY

MAUDE I. G. OLIVER

Formerly Editor, the *Bulletin of the Art Institute of Chicago;* Correspondent, the *Studio*, London, Art Critic, the *Herald*, Chicago

ILLUSTRATED

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TO MY MOTHER, WHOSE LIFELONG EXPERIENCE WITH AMERICAN BOYS AND GIRLS HAS MADE THIS WORK POSSIBLE

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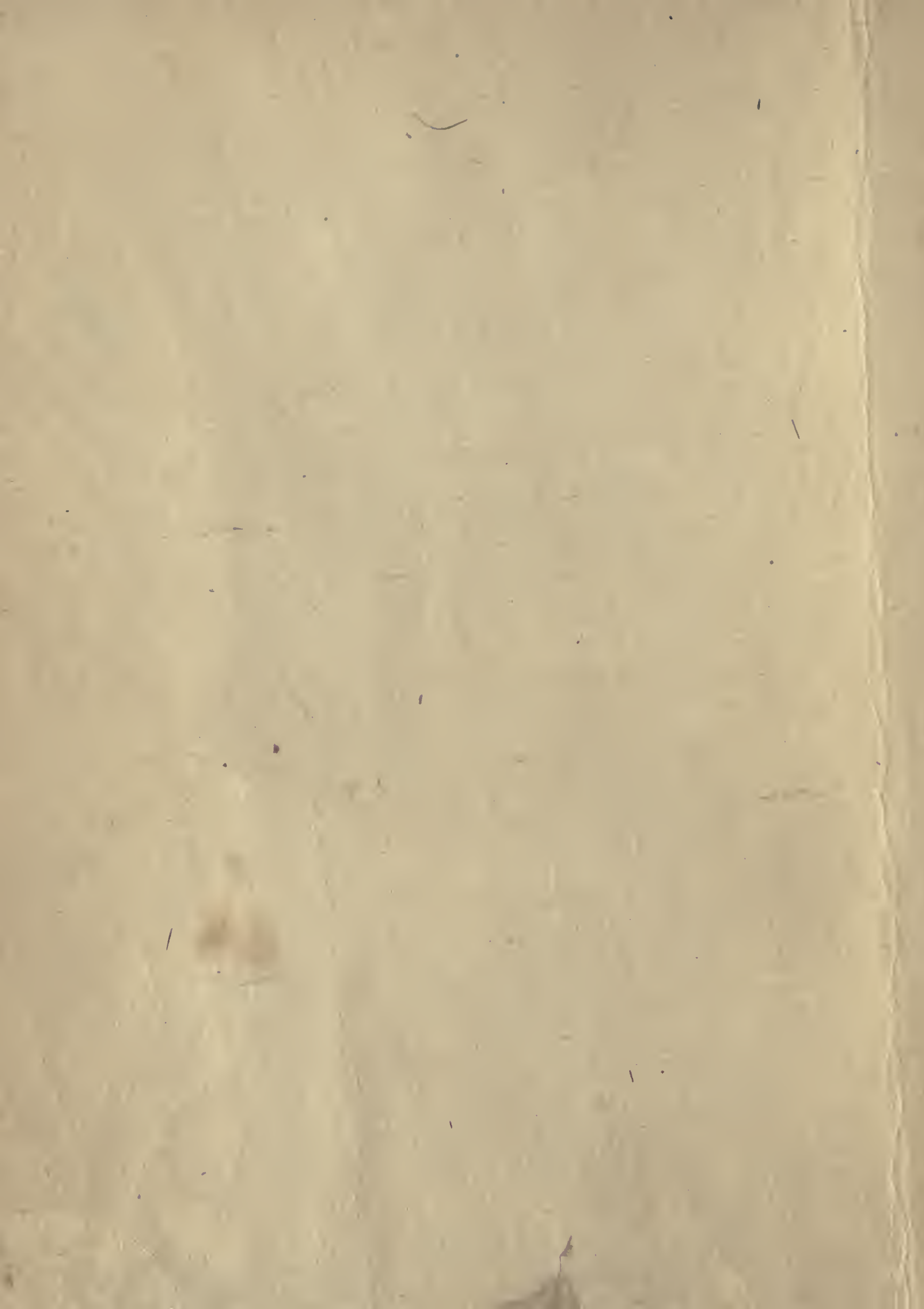


PREFACE

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 mas-

tered. 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.

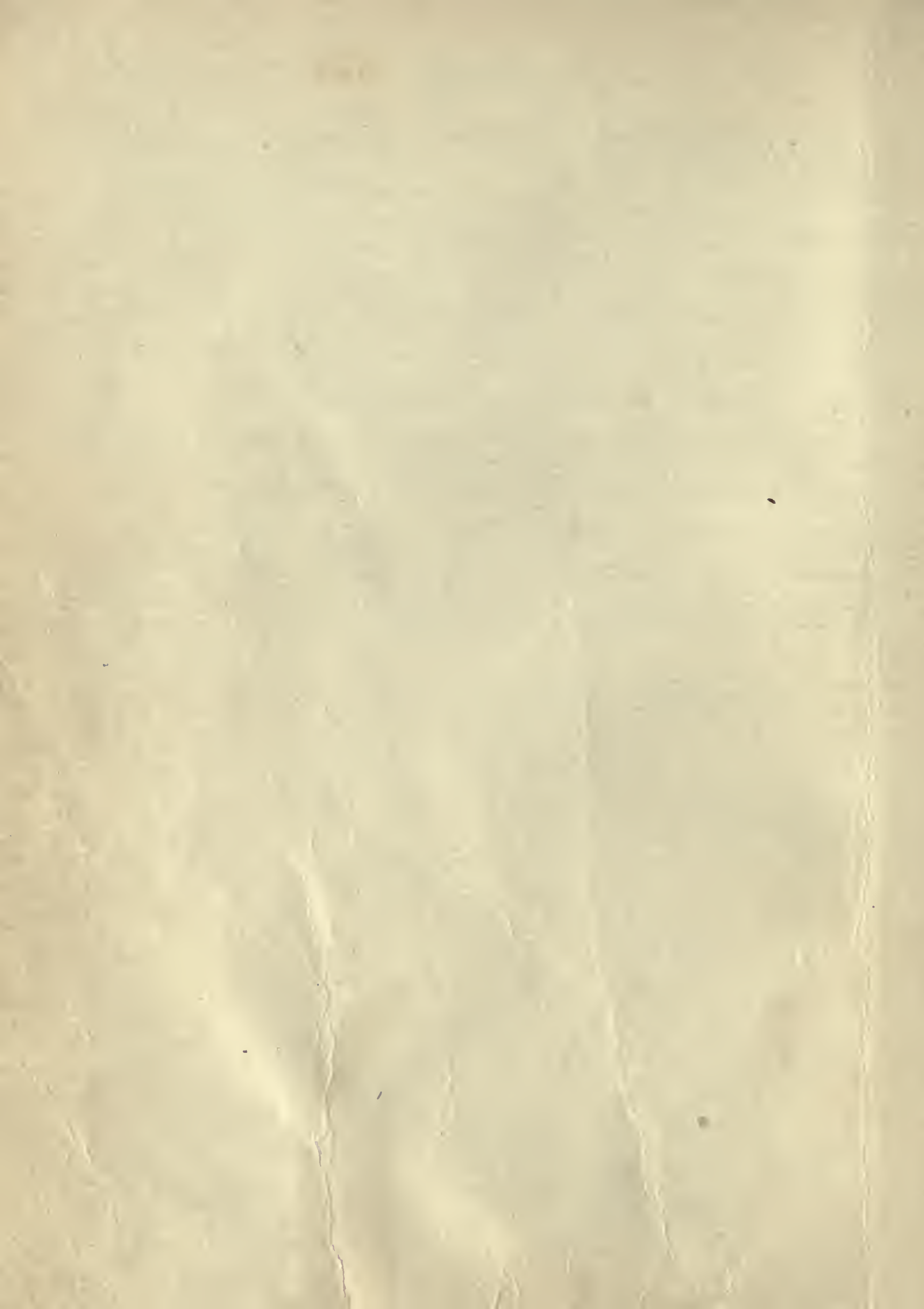
Many times the number of pictures should have been included, but those selected have seemed typical to the author, and, since the scope of the manual has required a limited number, they have been made to serve as specimens of a numerous family. Furthermore, since the understanding of American pictures 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.



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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.

FIRST STEPS IN THE ENJOYMENT OF PICTURES

FIRST STEPS IN THE ENJOYMENT OF PICTURES

CHAPTER I

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*.

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 fire-place, with a baby lying beside her and a man standing near.

Yes, this is an oil painting. It is called "The Holy Family" 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.

THE HOLY FAMILY. Henry O. Tanner.
The Hackley Gallery of Fine Arts, Muskegon.

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.

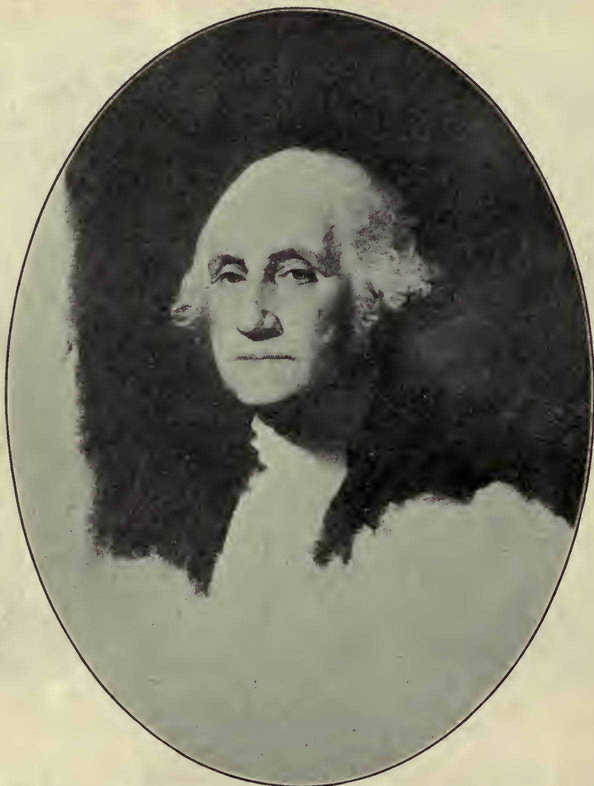
You can see the paint easily on this canvas. The name of it is "Winter Sunshine," and it is in The

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



PORTRAIT OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. Gilbert Stuart.
Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

the left side of the face like this, is a picture of Washington standing. It is owned by the Marquis of Landsdowne 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 Athenæum. 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.

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.

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

REVERIE. Richard E. Miller.
City Art Museum, St. Louis.

ago. Water colors now are painted and enjoyed in this country and all over Europe, as well as in England.

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" 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

THE CONCH DIVERS. Winslow Homer.
The Minneapolis Institute of Arts.

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

THE NILE — EVENING. Henry Bacon.
The Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington.

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" 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.*

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.

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.

UNLOADING PLASTER. John Singer Sargent.
The Brooklyn Museum.

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," 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 bril-

THE MELON MARKET. Alice Schille.
The John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis.

liant 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.

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.

The example we have to show was executed by John Singleton Copley, who was one of the early

MARY STORER GREEN. John Singleton Copley.
The Metropolitan Museum of Fine Art, New York.

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.

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 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.

Miss Rose Knight. Martha S. Baker.
The Art Institute of Chicago.

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. F. Hopkinson Smith.
The Art Institute of Chicago.

"St. George's Church, London." 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.

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 Cincin-

L'ALLEGRO. Robert Blum.
Cincinnati Museum.

nati 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 II

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.

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 thumb

The Stock Exchange, New York. Joseph Pennell.
The Art Institute of Chicago.

tacks; 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 etch-

ing, 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

Gabled Roofs. James A. McNeill Whistler.
Kennedy Print in The Brooklyn Museum.

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.

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 drypoint, 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.

BABY TALK. Helen Hyde.
Congressional Library, Washington.

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.

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 III

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.

On page 50 there 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" by Gif-

Gray Day, March. Daniel Garber.
Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.

ford Beal. "View on the Seine" by Homer D. Martin is one of the lovely landscapes in The Metro-

politan Museum of Art in New York City. Another in the same museum is called "An Old Clearing" by A. H. Wyant.

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," in the City Art Museum in St. Louis, is an example of this sort of canvas.

Next let us turn to the landscape on page 64 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

The Silence of the Night. William Wendt.
The Art Institute of Chicago.

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" by Redfield is in the Albright Art Gallery of Buffalo, and "Building the Cofferdam" by Schofield hangs in The Art Institute of Chicago.

"The Approaching Storm" 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

A PUFF OF SMOKE. Gifford Beal.
The Art Institute of Chicago.

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 83 with a big cloud of mist that has been thrown up by the wave is by the great painter of sea pictures, Winslow Homer. 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."

Another marine in The Metropolitan Museum is by Frederick J. Waugh. It is called "Roaring Forties." 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" 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" beside an old-fashioned table.

We mean a figure subject, too, when we speak of "Isabella and the Pot of Basil" 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," the lovely figure subject of a young

VIEW ON THE SEINE. Homer D. Martin.
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

lady sitting with a carnation in her lap. This is in the Albright Art Gallery in Buffalo, New York.

Another figure subject is this painting by Louis Betts in The Art Institute of Chicago. The canvas gets its name, "Apple Blossoms," 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*.

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 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, in The John Herron Art Institute at Indianapolis.

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.

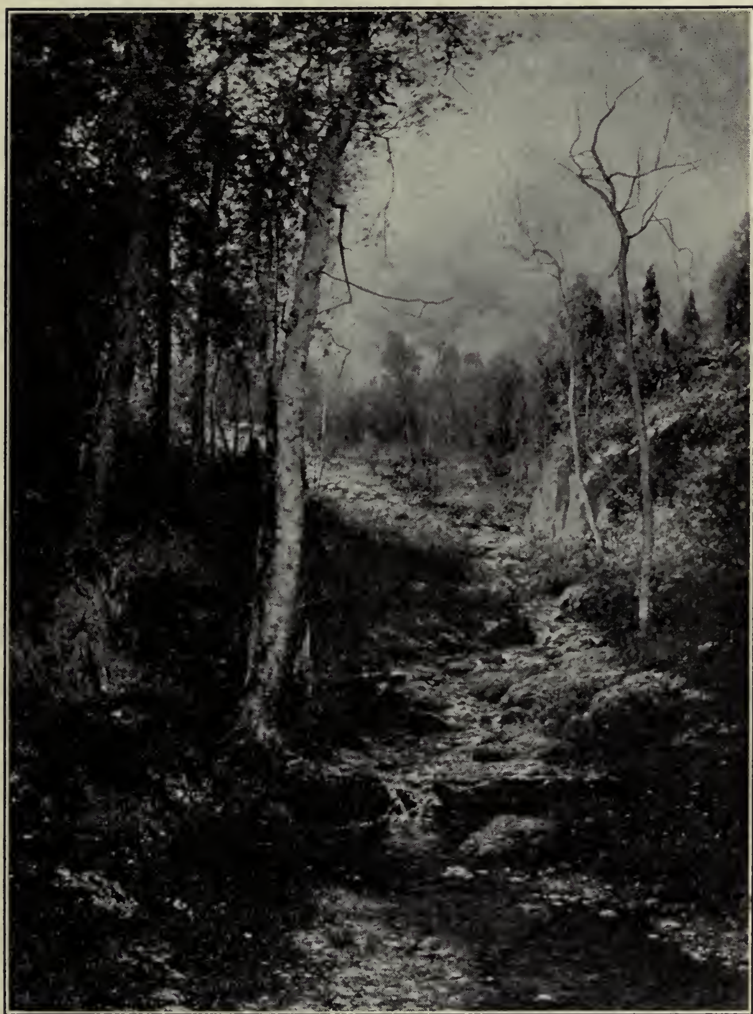
The "Girl Playing Solitaire" is a delightful painting, and yet the figure is doing more than she would be likely to do generally. Besides, the candlesticks on the table, the screen behind her, and the chair, all show as much as the girl herself. Really, although we do see the girl first, I think that Mr. Benson painted the portraits of those different things as much as he painted the portrait of her.

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." 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," 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" 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.

We spoke of "Isabella and the Pot of Basil." We agree that it is a wonderfully lovely production, or performance, as we sometimes say. Now look at the portrait of John Alexander, 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



AN OLD CLEARING. Alexander H. Wyant.
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

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.

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, 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.

Look at the picture of "Peasant Women of Borst," 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" 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.

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

AT SUNSET. J. Francis Murphy.
City Art Museum, St. Louis.

the interior of the dining room my friend painted with his sister opening the china cabinet.

This picture of "Reverie" 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," 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." Mr. Gay is noted for the interiors that he produces.

Remember that we spoke of other things in Mr. Benson's "Girl Playing Solitaire" 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." That stool, for instance, under the young woman's foot is a still life object.

Sometimes we have a picture that has nothing in it but still life. Bottles, vases, vegetables, flowers,

LANDSCAPE. Asher B. Durand.
Isaac Delgado Museum of Art, New Orleans.

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 126. 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.

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" 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 IV

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" 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.

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.

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.

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.

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

THE LAUREL BROOK. Edward W. Redfield.
Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo.

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

BUILDING THE COFFERDAM. Elmer H. Schofield.
The Art Institute of Chicago.

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

THE APPROACHING STORM. George Inness.
City Art Museum, St. Louis.

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′).
Gérôme (Zjer′ ôme′).
Raeburn (Rayburn).
Sir Frederick Leighton (Layton).

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 *colorists:*

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 V

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

NORTHEASTER. Winslow Homer.
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

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." 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" 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" was given as a present to the Art Institute by a society of Chicago people who call themselves "Friends of American Art."

"Roaring Forties." Frederick J. Waugh.
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

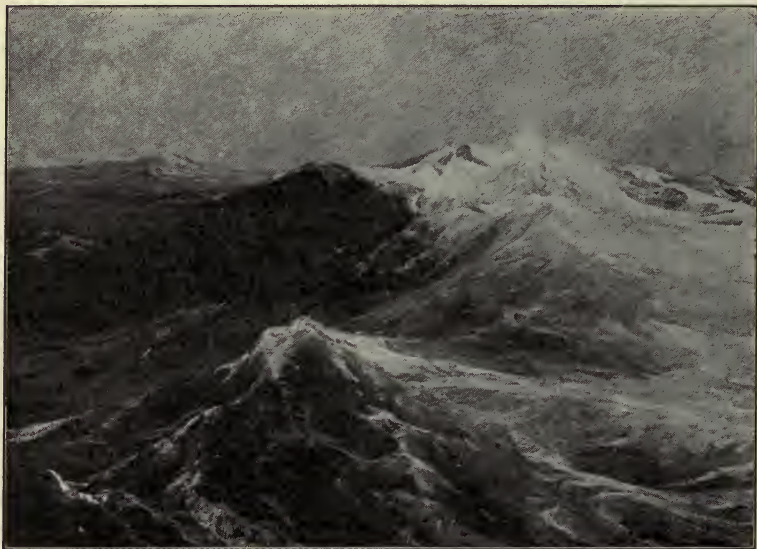
These Friends spend a great deal of money every year buying beautiful paintings and sculpture by American artists, to give the Art Institute. This is the first society in the United States that has bought pictures in this way, but now there are a great

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



The North Atlantic. Charles H. Woodbury.
Worcester Art Museum.

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 Washing-

ton" 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 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 hand-shake. 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

GIRL PLAYING SOLITAIRE. Frank W. Benson.
Worcester Art Museum.

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," 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 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," 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," 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.

Isabella and the Pot of Basil.
John W. Alexander.
Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

Look once more at this picture of "Fish, Still Life," 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.

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 VI

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 PINK CARNATION. Robert Reid.
Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo.

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.

Apple Blossoms. Louis Betts.
The Art Institute of Chicago.

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.

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.

PORTRAIT OF GEORGE TAYLOR.
Rembrandt Peale.
The Brooklyn Museum.

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," 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." 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*.

Portrait of John W. Alexander.
Frank Duveneck.
Cincinnati Museum.

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.

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 be-

ginner 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 VII

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 per-

spective 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.

PEASANT WOMEN OF BORST. Elizabeth Nourse.
Cincinnati Museum.

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" 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 foreshorten-

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VESPERS. Gari Melchers.
Detroit Museum of Art.

ing 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," 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," 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.

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" 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," 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.

One of the best examples in our collection for showing perspective, through different sizes of the same thing, is Johansen's "Piazzo San Marco." 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. 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 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," in The Toledo Museum of Art, are large in proportion to the trees in the distance.

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

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WRITING A LETTER. Thomas W. Dewing.
The Toledo Museum of Art.

that is just as necessary as linear perspective, to make a picture seem as if it went back, funnel-shaped. It is called *aërial*, 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, 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 aërial 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" 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

INTERIOR OF THE PALAZZO BARBARO. Walter Gay.
Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

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 VIII

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

FISH, STILL LIFE. William M. Chase.
The John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis.

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.

PEONIES. Wilton Lockwood.
Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

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" 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" 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.

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

STILL LIFE. Emil Carlsen.
The Art Institute of Chicago.

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" 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.

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," 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," 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," 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" 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

Piazzo San Marco. John C. Johansen.
The Art Institute of Chicago.

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.

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." 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.

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 157 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," 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" 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" 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" by Childe Hassam, in the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo; "The Stock Exchange, New York," by Pennell; and "Gray Day, March," 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," 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.

Good balance makes a great many things in a com-

THE CONQUERORS: CULEBRA CUT. Jonas Lie.
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

position go together so that they form one picture, When we spoke about the "Still Life," 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," 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 rythm, like the rhythm in poetry.

There is rhythm in a picture as well. In "The Pipe Dance" 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," 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.

This painting, "The Laurel Brook," 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."

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." 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 atten-

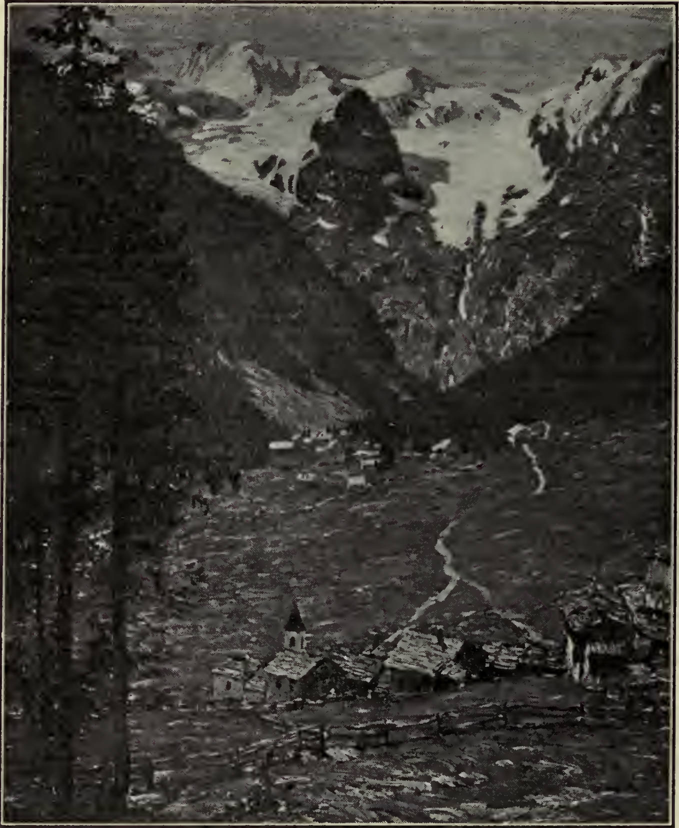
tion, but not an important spot like a center of interest or even an echo.

If there are a great many tall trees in a picture, it gains a pleasant variety by having an accent in

A HOLIDAY. Edward H. Potthast.
The Art Institute of Chicago.

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.



A MOUNTAIN VILLAGE—TYROL. Everett L. Warner.
City Art Museum, St. Louis.

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" 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" 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," 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*.

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STORM BREAKING UP. Elliott Daingerfield.
The Toledo Museum of Art.

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," in The Toledo Museum of Art; J. Francis Murphy's "At Sunset," in the City Art Museum, St. Louis; and Daniel Garber's "Gray Day, March," in the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh.

CHAPTER IX

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," by John C. Johansen, you will notice that the sky

ONE WINTER'S AFTERNOON. Frank V. Dudley.
The Art Institute of Chicago.

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 exe-

cuted the "Pipe Dance," 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 is fine in technique. It has style. It is brushed in with firmness and force. This picture of "A Puff of Smoke" 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."

In Elmer W. Schofield's "Building the Cofferdam," in The Art Institute of Chicago, there is something more than confidence; there is determination and boldness. "Pushing off the Boats" 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 138 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.

Whistler's "Cremorne Gardens No. 2" 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" 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 brushwork. There is an easy sweep of the brush in "Apple Blossoms" by Louis Betts. Frank Duveneck's painting of his friend, John W. Alexander, shows this

PUSHING OFF THE BOAT. Augustus Koopman.
The Brooklyn Museum.

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" by Frank W. Benson in the Worcester Art Museum; the texture of the heavy water in "The North Atlantic" by Charles H. Woodbury, also in the Worcester Museum; it is the slimy texture of those fish in Mr. Chase's "Still Life"; or the rendering of stone in Elihu Vedder's "Secret of the Sphinx" 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 SECRET OF THE SPHINX. Elihu Vedder.
The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

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" imita-

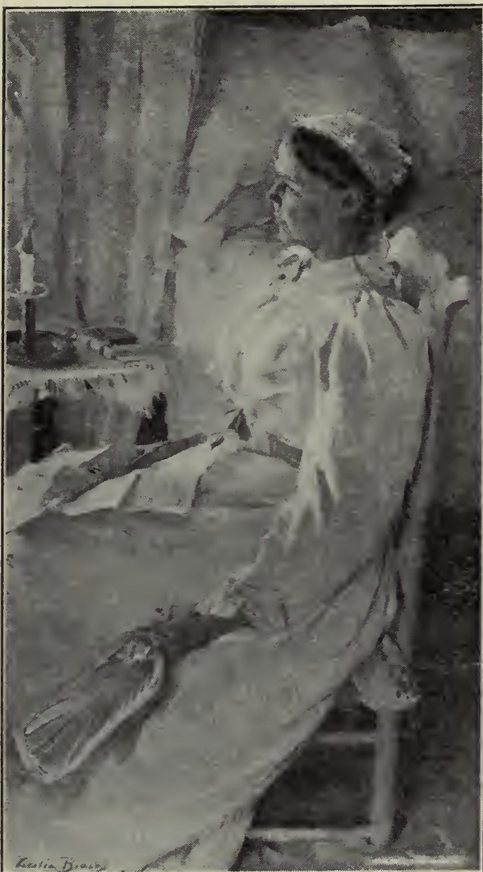
tive manner by using plenty of time and patience, but very few people ever become real artists. An artist will not just try to show us something that we can see for ourselves by looking at a person or a landscape. He thinks about his medium as if it were a language. Then he translates the things he sees 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" by William Wendt and "Isabella and the Pot of Basil" by John W. Alexander.



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A NEW ENGLAND WOMAN. Cecelia Beaux.
Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia.

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," 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.

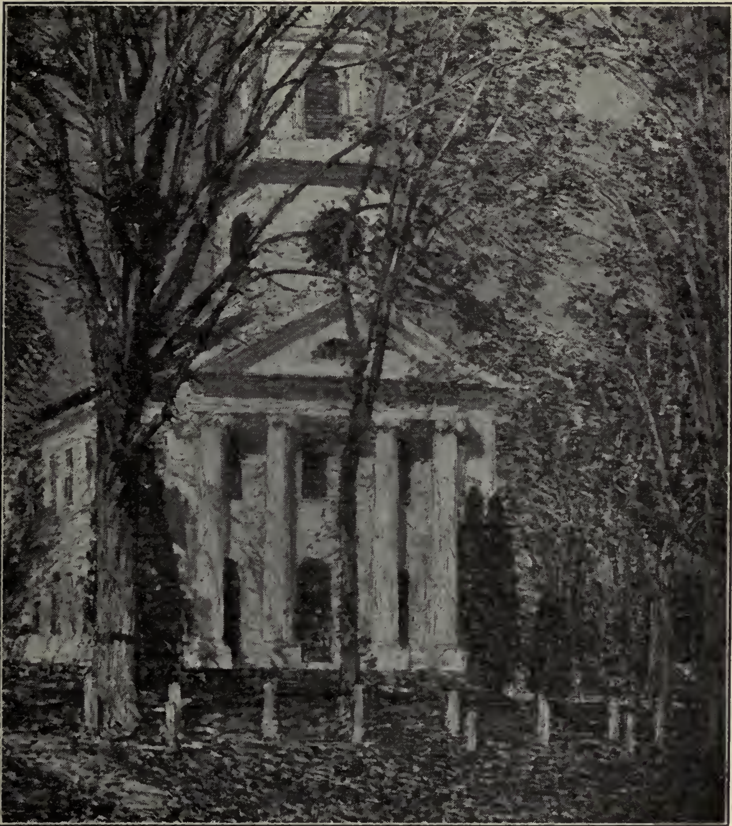
This vibration gives a painting what artists call *elusiveness*, or an *elusive quality*. It is just as if there were something trembling in front of an object so that you could not see the shape clearly. It looks as if the form were always changing.

The American artist, who has perhaps made the greatest success as an impressionist, is Childe Hassam. His "Church at Old Lyme," 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" in The Metropolitan Museum of Art is another example of impressionism. In "The Pink Carnation" 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



CHURCH AT OLD LYME. Childe Hassam.
Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo.

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 X

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,

THE RED BRIDGE. J. Alden Weir.
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

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.

THE PIPE DANCE. Ralph Blakelock.
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

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 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" 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," which just seems meant to depict the quiet and peace of Indian summer.

"The Silence of the Night," 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," 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" by Childe Hassam, there is the "Red Bridge" by J. Alden Weir, and, in the City Art Museum, St. Louis, there is J. Francis Murphy's landscape, "At Sunset."

Cremorne Gardens No. 2. James A. McNeill Whistler.
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

Nothing in these canvases needs great strength in execution, but look at the rough vigorous work in Elmer W. Schofield's "Building the Cofferdam." 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" 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. To-night 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 con-

trasts, 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 crêpe 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,—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.

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