WOMAN IN ART
WOMAN IN ART
By GENEVA ARMSTRONG
To my
nearest and dearest friend
ALICE JULIA LELAND
with
thankfulness for her interest and helpfulness
Apology

It is a great company of womankind, signaled from out the vista of the centuries, far and near, mobilized in this course of lectures to assist one woman in her effort to accomplish a "worth while" for the rank and file of womanhood who are keeping step in the onward and upward climb of humanity, their faces toward tomorrow, just tomorrow; their influence for tomorrow, their goal another tomorrow, and then, again another
Tomorrow!
FOREWORD

The desire in penning these pages is to present art in its practical application to life, character building, culture, as seen in retrospect of the pageant of art development through past ages to the present century. It is not a history of art in its entirety, but tends to represent the development of woman from the primitive age as we first discover her, and to use that discovery and its era as the zero mark from which to note her development and progress in our world of today.

Nor is it the purpose to trace illustrative progress by “schools,” so called, but rather by individuals and epochs that have proved to be history-making, and influential, even in small ways, toward the universal progress in art and the uplift of the world.

Beauty in art is, and must ever be, more than a delight to the eye. The evolution of character and beauty, hence the uplifting of the race, has been recorded in the world’s art from remotest ages, and it is the sequence of such unfolding that we have attempted to follow.

Like family history, such art is interesting to look back upon, and like family history it has its ups and downs, its high lights and shadows, its pride and humiliation. In slight suggestions the subject thus treated measures the bygones to our present, and gives an optimistic view of the future of our race.

Art is no small factor in the record of advancement. It is cause and effect, reactionary on human development, and it is our aim to show the work and influence of woman in this development, although the dark and forbidding cold of ignorance and adverse circumstances, has retarded the full flowering and fruition of her sacred mission.
WOMAN IN ART

The Evolution of Character and Beauty

"Beauty is the splendor of goodness."—Plato.

Those words were penned 427 B.C. Has the statement reached its fulfillment? Only in part, you say. True, neither goodness nor its resultant beauty have reached the ultimate. It has been left for the twentieth century to reach for it with heart-longing; the goodness and beauty have to wait on the twenty-fifth, the fiftieth, and oncoming centuries to unfold the richness of their meaning.

The philosopher had his observation and criterion to go by; let us see for ourselves what the early and Christian centuries show of this unfolding truth.
PART ONE

Development of Woman

CHAPTER I


Did the Why and Wherefore of all the art works and monuments ever find an answer to satisfy your mind? Did it ever occur to you that all that the future can have of the past is only what is preserved in libraries, galleries and museums—with a time-limit on those?

Man’s achievements in architecture, mechanics, engineering, have crumbled and will continue to crumble. Look for Babylon; you will find it a pin point on the map—mere undulations on the plains of Shinar. Marvel at the monoliths of Thebes, Baalbec and Nineveh buried under wind-swept deserts. By what means were their ponderous tons lifted to such heights? There is no way to find out, save suggestions from crude pictures cut in stone—a crude art.

Europe is constantly building small sections into the mediaeval cathedrals that are her glory.

As far back as man may penetrate he finds—what? The remains of a pre-historic art. What does that art tell us? It pictures the religion of pre-historic man.

You say he had no religion? You do not know. There was the pressure of it, the longing for it in the undeveloped soul of primitive man. How do we know? Because man is made in the image of his Creator, and the Creator-God is spirit, and man is nothing when his spirit leaves the body. Another answer is because the poets tell us so. Is that not enough? Anthropologists, scientists of whatever name, have delved into enfoldments of earth, have brought to light bones of abnormal development, have matched them bone to bone, have handled many a skull of antediluvian age, with more care and question than did Hamlet’s grave digger, but no secret have they yielded from their deep resting place; no word or sign of thought, creed, or achievement of their unknown race, nor hungers of the undeveloped soul.

But to prophets and poets of the past have been granted a deeper insight. With the eye of spirit and enlargement of soul, some have penetrated remote ages that nature has kindly cloaked, have caught and brought to light something invisible, but common to all mankind.
Poets nurtured in the free and expressive breadth of this yet new world seem to have caught whispers that trees and waters recorded from soul-breathings of far remote races and times, tuned and fingered by passing winds—uninterpreted till sensitive strings of the human soul sang the beauty, truth and hungers of other souls—other lives.

“Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearning, strivings
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened.”

Again, another poet of introspection helps us to realize that
“Longing is God's fresh heavenward will
With our poor earthward striving.”

May not this longing have been the first teaching to the soul of man, and food for his heart and thinking mind, even as a child begins to think?

We come to a sculptured art in Hellenic Greece; what does it tell us? That their pantheon of deities was the fruit of their imagination and observation of nature, and their oblations and worship were given to phenomena of nature or fancied objects crudely made by their own hands.

Their religion was man-made according to their perceptions and inheritance of ideas from yet earlier civilizations, when humanity was emerging from mere physical into the age of mental development.

We come to the meridian in the historic world; what do we find? A new religion—revealed, evolved from a life. Unlike all other lives the Man is God-equipped in mind and spirit. He is the perfected man in character, our example, for we shall be like him if we will. He lived the principles, virtues and ethics that primitive man in his ignorance and semi-developed mind must have longed for, nor realized his longing; that the philosophers taught; that school men, in time, put into books.

This and more was manifested in the daily, helpful, loving life of Jesus of Nazareth, who, when He left this earth, bequeathed to humanity the precepts for spirit development, beauty of life, and happiness.
W O M A N  I N  A R T

Art is an absolute failure if soul is lacking, for art is an expression of the soul of man through the medium of his choice, as the creature man is an expression of the Creator in the medium of his choice—body, mind, and spirit.

It is the spirit, the ideal that sets the value. Art, then, is a success in proportion to the soul equipment of the artist who conceives the idea and works it out, for character and art are inter-dependent and the subject no less than the worker must have its individuality.

A tiny boy expressed it as he watched his grandfather build a fire in the big fire-place. With arms folded behind him he soliloquized thus: “De thmoke make de blaze, and de blaze make de thmoke, and da boaf make each ovver—an' den dares a fire.”

Fancy life to be a constantly unrolling tapestry depicting human development; through it runs the ever increasing thread of soul in the life of woman.

Saint Paul was a plain, practical man, and the only art he practiced, so far as we know, was that of tent-making. He lived in a time when civilization garbed itself in pagan splendor; when lustful pleasures were the religion of Greek and Roman; in a time when moral death masqueraded as life, flaunting itself throughout the exquisite world that sloped to the blue and sparkling waters of the Middle Sea. Paul lived when purity seemed to exist only in the air, vibrant with warmth and light, in the waters pulsating with dreams of color, and in gleaming marbles of Parian whiteness, that adorned the groves of Daphne, of Arcadia and the Isles of the Aegean Sea, and crowned with sculptured majesty Mount Olympus and the Acropolis.

Paul had keen insight, he saw beneath the surface. The beauty of holiness had been revealed to him in the way—so as by fire did the spirit-light of heaven enter his soul, as he entered Damascus, and at the bidding of the Spirit he set about shedding spirit-light in a world of spirit darkness.

It is hard for the twentieth century Christian to realize the moral darkness of the first. In those days woman did not count for much; an accessory to man's pleasure if she had a comely face and figure, a drudge or a thing loathsome if she had not, but for the most part a caretaker without appreciation or reward; ignorant of the germ of spiritual beauty within her being, except, perhaps, of “that nameless longing for something better than she had known,” that longing which is the embryo of life, love, and immortality.

Paul labored and there flocked to hear him “of honorable women not a few”; and they, having gained through his teaching the secret of soul-development, of true peace that passeth knowledge, labored with him as only woman can
W O M A N I N A R T

when her soul is uplifted, and her heart overflowing. And he, the teacher of spirituality, of right living, imprisoned at Rome for the light that was in him, wrote letters to those new Christians in picturesque Greece and Macedonia, and embodied in one of those epistles the ethics of true beauty that will last through all time.

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be praise, think;" (feed your mind and heart), "on these things."

Paul would train the daily thought of man, would give him food for growth of character, knowing that as a man thinketh in his heart so is he.

History tells us that since those words were penned in the Mamertine Prison nearly two thousand years have sped into eternity, but to this day they are the criterion of character, hence character-expression we call art.

Things lovely, strong, tender, and true have ever appealed to the heart of man. Every sound mind is susceptible to these influences, be it beauty of color, loveliness of face or flower, tenderness of action, strength of thought or purpose, nature's message or the message of God's truth expressed in the soul's output for the world.

Pictures that stand out as Kohinoors in the art treasures of the centuries have this hall-mark which we call feeling, for no language can express it. Being spirit it alone touches our spirit, nor hath need of words, "even as love is known of love, nor needs the sense of hearing."

As depicted in art from its most crude forms, representations of woman have registered for us the rise and fall of the peoples of earth. True, their methods and morals were crude, so were their perceptions and ideals. The adjuncts for a rounded character were there but undeveloped, untrained and lacking knowledge, unrestrained till law from Sinai said, "Thou shalt not," and gave humanity the ethics of morals; unspiritualized till Christ brought the uplifting spirit for the race and entreated them to love one another.

The unfolding of the spiritual in the merely physical man may seem slow, but wisdom dwells not with us. Time is man's gauge, not God's.

Woman as represented in art shows to a certain extent this unfolding. When man would aspire, would climb, he has, since the era of emancipation, rested the heaven-formed ladder of his desires upon the star of his ideal—woman's character.

You have watched the oncoming waves of the sea, the stronger absorbing the lesser, as they roll shoreward with an ever increasing volume and velocity.
So with art if we could but draw the wave line of its progress. Gradually the ripples augment into waves, and each epoch of art is increased by the influence preceding, evolving a purity and beauty more worthy of art. Long ago art ceased to be mere picture making; it has a loftier mission in recording and gauging power, beauty, and the development and progress of humanity.
CHAPTER II

Some "Isms" of Art

Certain terms in art usage we should understand and keep in mind. The best we can do with language is to try to express our meaning with words, yet we all realize at times they are inadequate for wordless thoughts.

Man has an innate liking for expressing what appeals to him in nature, experience, and imagination, and whether it be art, music, literature, or mechanics, he does it in his own way.

We need to remember that from his earliest art beginnings man has pictured to his mind or moulded into forms human or animal his conceptions of the powers of nature, his aspirations and attributes of soul before he knew that he had a soul, thus shaping for his mental eye deities for his reverence. Such art is called PAGANISM.

The grotesque Hindoo idol pictures such to the mind, and serves to show the spirit-hunger of so-called heathen womanhood. Next to self-preservation the religious instinct is the strongest in mankind.

There is genuine pathos in those prostrate women before such horrors in stone, yet theirs is a sincere plea for help, for something to satisfy their longing or need.

Paganism and nature-worship in development gave the world mythology and SYMBOLISM, common to all races, proving to us that from the first, primitive art had a religious significance.

Out of symbolism of the first and second centuries of our era was developed so-called Christian art, which in later years evolved from symbolism the IDEAL.

The Ideal, from those early times to our present, has pictured for the eye the Faith, Hope, and Charity that make life sweet and worth living. The ideal gives us in forms of female loveliness, graces of mind and spirit, till memory, truth, and love become symbols of God-given attributes.

Using ancient dress, architecture, and accessories (as weapons or musical instruments) wherewith to clothe modern people and frame modern incident gave the art world CLASSICISM.

To the first American-born artist, Benjamin West, belongs the honor of truth in painting. He had studied and painted the classic in Italy, but being lionized in England, and stimulated to paint American scenes (for the new world was rapidly making history), he refused to paint his "Death of Wolfe" in classic
WOMAN IN ART

costume, insisting that arrows, feathers, and tomahawks were the natural ac-
coutrement of the American Indians, and he could not paint them in helmets with
spears, nor would he accoutre the Colonial army in Roman togas and bareheaded,
but in the remnants of colonial buff and blue and the tattered, war-worn garb of
the earlier settler.

In revolution from such artificial and untrue methods, influenced greatly by
West, artists began painting things as they saw them, painting slavishly from
nature, every leaf and stone, and such work merited the term REALISM. This was
naturally characteristic of the early Flemish masters. “A Market Window” by
Gerard Dow displays cabbage with dew drops on the leaves, and a snail drawing
his slimy line along the polished counter. The teal duck lies limp, but his ex-
quisite feathers are painted to the life. Thanks be, man is a creature of change
and progress. Slavish copying, keeping to distinctness of line and minuteness of
detail, was hard on the eyes, requiring a magnifying glass, and in large subjects
produced a hardness of outline and flatness of color.

Thus painting lacked light, air, and tones of atmosphere; so purple shadows
began to appear, loosening the object from the canvas; light and air surrounded
the figure; wind was in the trees; it lashed the waters into foam, it blew the gowns
of the peasant women walking the dunes with anxious gaze to seaward; it toyed
with the hair of little children, sun-crowned with a halo, and with the happy girl
dancing over the grass in pure joy of life—all became symbols of joy in the
caprice of wind and sun.

So came action to canvas. The painter from life had to work rapidly with
broad brush or knife, a stroke here, a spot there, blue for a shadow, yellow for a
streak of sunlight, a dab for a high-light—presto! IMPRESSIONISM was born.

There comes a time in life—as we all have known—when building blocks
stimulate activity and imagination in a child, they fill a need in his development.
In this twentieth century art reached that period for a few, who colored their
blocks and built up a tardy CUBISM.
NEFERT AND RAHOTEP
CHAPTER III

Ancient Types. Queen Hatasu of Egypt. Queen Cleopatra of Egypt. Facial Development from the Fayyum. Greek Ideals.

A Queen was she, in ages buried deep
By nature and by time, when men knew naught
Of spirit life or mind, but only will,
And ruins of her builded art alone
Survive her time.

We have said that representations of woman in art have registered for us the rise and fall of the peoples of earth; so for the types that serve the development there is a distinct line between ancient and pagan, types of early Christian and modern civilization.

Do not judge Princess Nefert and her husband, General Rahotep, who lived some 4500 B. C., by standards and ethics of the twentieth century A. D., rather by the ideals, the time, and the place of which she was a product. Let your imagination place her in her own environment where palm trees overhung the sacred river—a princess whose royal body was painted cream-color and draped in a gossamer stuff, or, judging from the limestone statue, sheathed in a white jeweled garment not unlike those in the fashion books of today. A slave waved a huge fan as her Highness glided through her columned palaces by the Nile. She belonged to the Old Empire when the intellectual status of the people manifested itself in the more rounded head, shorter chin, curved nose, et cetera. The manners, customs, costumes, and warfares are preserved on palace walls in glazed tile.

It is not a soulful art, but ingenious and delicately mechanical. The innate love of finery shows in the head-band set with precious stones, and the collar of jewels strung on gold wire. The feet are not sufficiently civilized to be out of shape. The body of the husband of this royal princess is painted a red-brown, Egyptian style. The cartouche or name-plate gives her name and rank.

Hatasu, of the eighteenth dynasty, was a queen of influence 2750 years later. Amelia B. Edwards tells us that Hatasu is called the “Queen Elizabeth of Egyptian history,” an extraordinary woman in the annals of the East. A pylon records the fact that Tothmes I addressed his god Amen face to face, and this is what he said:

“Behold I make offerings unto thee; I prostrate myself before thee; I bestow the Red Lands and the Black Lands upon my daughter, Queen of Upper and Lower Egypt, MA-KA-RA—living eternally—as thou hast done for me.”
Makara was the throne name of Hatasu, a solar name it is sometimes called, inasmuch as it affirms direct descent of the reigning monarch from RA, greatest of solar deities. Notice the interpretation of her name; it is significant. MA was the name of the goddess of Truth, Law, Justice. KA signified invisible life, that we call soul. Therefore the crude symbols on her cartouche would read thus: Through truth, law, and justice the invisible life receives vital manifestations of RA, their supreme deity over all.

There we have a royal title that is a religious creed, that gives the religious status of the people of the New Empire,—belief in a supreme being represented by the sun, which is under his control,—belief in an invisible soul that shall live eternally, the soul or KA being inspired by RA through truth, law, and justice as cardinal virtues or attributes. Note the symbol for KA, two hands uplifted imploringly.

As to the morals of that age we know little. What was right for royalty was doubtless right for the fellahs, or common people. Tothmes I, was father of Queen Hatasu; Tothmes II was her half brother by the second legal, but not royal wife. Bigamy was the practice. The daughter of the royal wife was given the throne before the death of her father, and wedded to her half brother Tothmes II. They had two daughters, and the one who survived was married to Tothmes III, a half brother by a third wife; all this because the royal line was on the mother's side. But the monarch of that dynasty was Hatasu, of vigor, of purpose, of achievement. Some of the finest wall paintings in Egypt, and the most elaborate temples, were produced during her reign and under her own supervision. So numerous are the hieroglyphics concerning this royal woman and her activities, and so well preserved are they, that she serves as a type of the ancient woman and her influence in the elaborating of Egyptian culture. Under her orders obelisks and temples were erected and gorgeously painted, and it is the art of her time existing today that gives us a little knowledge of that borderland of time.

So far as we know, portrait art originated in Egypt for the purpose of aiding the KA, after eons of rest, to find and recognize its former body or mummy. Hence the art of painting mummy cases, and carving in little and large, representations of the deceased. Such are found in tombs or are mammoth in size like the colossi that still adorn the rock-cliffs overlooking the Nile. Here again we find a tenet of their religion promulgating a characteristic racial art.

Bearing in mind that the wave theory applies to races and nations, no less than to sound and light, we find Egypt on the crest of nationalism about a thousand years B. C., and from that period, with glacier-like movement, her national life
CLEOPATRA AND CAESAR
J. L. Gerome Pinx
W O M A N  I N  A R T

glided down the years and down the Nile, till we find the Ptolemys on the throne and on the shore of the Middle Sea. Invasions weakened the integrity of Egypt and her sovereigns. Her antiquity and glory were to be supplanted. Rome was the scourge whereby the derelict Ptolemys were to be sunk into oblivion and Egypt lie waste for an eon or two.

Look at a native carving of the last queen, who disrupted Egypt, Greece, and Rome. Early portraits of the Egyptian-Greek period hint of the appearance of women of that age and country. We note the change from the purely Egyptian, in both art and features, toward the refinement of Greek influences.

True to the manners and customs of that age, Jean Leon Gerome, of French instinct and training, painted "Cleopatra Before Caesar." The amorous queen is adorned with stomacher, girdle, bracelets and necklace of jewels, while a silver-wrought drapery of gauze falls from the girdle over the thigh, parted to show the curves of the limbs. She stands in the hall of her ancestors, the walls representing in hieroglyphics Egyptian Pharaohs and their Greek conquerors, the Ptolemys. The Queen exposes her physical charms to the Roman Caesar because of a political purpose and passion. It was not the custom of those women to go nude, but thinly clad, often bare to the waist. Men of the middle class went nude to the waist, and children were accustomed to a state of nudity. Morals were questionable. Caesar's presence in the Nile valley signified the waning power of the Greek dynasty.

Cleopatra's slave has his hands on the leopard skin to cover the Queen in an instant, at pressure of her finger on his back.

In Browning's poem, "Fifine," he has described this scene perfectly, and in three words characterized the picture: "One Thievish Glance," for it applies to every figure on the canvas, to the voluptuous woman, to the Caesar, to his attending nobles, and to the slave.

The artist has portrayed a woman of the highest rank. She is Queen of the oldest civilization on earth.

Debased by passion and by power—
Nor hath the wit to know
She lacks the sense of purity,
'Twas not engendered in her breed.
Virtue had not yet come to birth,
For pagan Rome sceptered the earth.
With her last agonies
Millenniums of Egypt's power
Slipped from earth's history of man
W O M A N I N A R T

In one brief hour, with poison drunk—
That moral poison that ends all.
Was she then better than her slave?
And had the Ptolemic Queen a soul to save?

Why is the spirit of the period and the woman so truthfully portrayed in the painting? It is one man's ideal of Cleopatra. The artist was thoroughly equipped for his chosen task. Gerome was one of four noted modern painters of women. His four most noted paintings represent soulless women who lived in the days of polytheism or heathenism; the other three are "Phryne Before the Areopagus"; she being accused of impiety was brought to trial before the tribunal. In the picture she is represented at the moment that her defender puts into his action his idea of saving her, of her idea of saving herself, by snatching aside her drapery, revealing her wonderful figure. The universal sway of beauty asserted itself and she was acquitted by the judges. Pliny tells us she was a poor girl gathering and vending capers, but in Athens as a courtesan she debased her beauty. At the festival of Pascidon she laid aside her garments, let down her abundant hair, and stepped into the sea in sight of all the people. This act gave to the great artist Apelles the idea of his most wonderful picture, "Aphrodite Rising From the Sea."

Gerome's third and lower type of woman is "A Singer and Dancer in Cairo." The fourth, "A Slave Market," tells its own tale of moral degradation, and of a people who declared that woman had no soul. It has been said that this painter saw no divinity in woman, that in early life he headed a delegation petitioning for the abolition of marriage in France.

"Christian Martyr" was another canvas of this type of subject on which the artist worked for twenty years, repainting it three times,—a monument on canvas of an unspeakable epoch of human history. How could a man with a heart and soul dwell on such subjects; yet they record history. Is not the man somewhat expressed in his work?

The art expression of every age, whatever its classification, bears the stamp of its environment, and is developed only so far as the people are developed who produce it.

Then we have the ideal, the conception of a thing in its most perfect state or form, a love for the pure and beautiful entering into such expression.

A subject is modeled or pictured in the mind of an artist before he touches clay or canvas worthily or unworthily.

While the wave of Egyptian greatness was slanting downward, the next wave of mentality and art was rising to high tide on the shores of Greece. Greek ex-
pression in art is a thing apart, not comparable with that of any other nation. Investigation along the line of anthropology sets forth a reasonable reason for this advance in mentality, hence in unusual beauty of face and form.

We are all children in the use of the ubiquitous Why, when it concerns wished-for knowledge. There was scant similarity between Egyptian and Greek even after centuries of sovereignty of Greeks over the Nile Valley. A commingling of the nations seems to have produced a sort of hybrid art so far as painting was concerned; Egyptian portraits from the Fayyum indicate women of dark complexion and black eyes, but of refined features and high foreheads unlike the Egyptians. That we have any knowledge at all of the art of painting of that period in Greece is due to the writers and not to the painters. That more perishable art vanished centuries ago, leaving sculpture and architecture to stand for the glory of Greek art. The developing of that art covered about seven hundred years, the wave of progress rising till its height of strength and beauty was reached about 300 B. C. in the brilliant constellation that had for stars of the first magnitude Phidias, Scopas, Polyclitus, Praxiteles, with Pericles for the national spokesman, who led a host of other craftsmen of the square, mallet and chisel, who populated the whole out-spread of Greece and Asia Minor with exquisite figures in marble and bronze.

Mythology furnished their motifs, and their numerous deities began to take form as dazzling ideals of physical beauty and valor. Venus, Victory, Athena, Diana, Niobe—phases of woman's beauty and bravery—all appear in plural number, and Caryatides still bear the burdens that man in the name of art laid upon female heads and shoulders, albeit mostly housed now in modern museums.

Beautiful in form, proportion, and features, not forgetting strength and dignity, where did their superb models come from? Whence the mentality that produced their poets, dramatists, and thinkers who briliated the centuries of Greek dominance in culture? The various shades of life in tribes and nations are needed in the weaving of the endless tapestry of humanity; shades of skin may count with some, but in the study of art it is the shade of mentality, of innate moral fibre and refinement, that counts.

Not all the inhabitants of Greece, nor even of Athens, were artists, nor men of letters. There were as wide differences in humans then as now and here. The Athenians were of the highest type of all the tribes and clans that for various reasons were tempted to the shores of Greece from a northern coun-
try, and history and science tell us "Athens was great because of her women," and furthermore, "that there can be no great sons unless there are first great mothers." There lies the secret of all progress. Thus do we know the womanhood of Greece as translated into marble. We needs must agree with Ruskin, who said, "A Greek never expresses personal character nor momentary passion."

Grace and proportion seem to have been ruling principles in all their art expressions; strength even to severity marks many female forms and faces, as might be expected of the impersonation of Wisdom and Victory. There are no signs of hope or happiness, they are truly marble faces. Niobe is the one sculptured mother known to us, and her attitude and limited expression bespeak protection from danger slightly mixed with motherly solicitude.

Portrait busts, a troupe of exquisite Aphrodites and hunting Dianas add to our appreciation of Greek art, but a soulless art.

The Athena of the Parthenon, represented to us by replicas and coins, is as expressionless of sovereignty and benignity as the marble, ivory, and gold that made it the most valuable of her national deities.

Scant indeed are hints and examples of Greek painting that have survived the ages, yet historians of that time assure us it was a prolific art portraying scenes of a nation's interest in portraiture, mural decoration, the adornment of architecture with color, and in many cases the painting of statues with a startling semblance to life.

We have glanced back thousands of years to gain a glimpse of woman in art, and find certain strength, curves, and beauty in both subject and work; finding also a harmonious and analogous development, crude as it sometimes was, as beginnings must ever be.

It seems proof that neither man nor an age can produce what it does not possess. But remember, there is always something ahead, something to reach for, always an unfolding, ever an advance—progress.

After the highest attainment of Greek art came the despoiling enemy, brute force against an athletic, intellectual, and artistic perfection, of which scattered and shattered remnants illustrate the Athenian writers and serve as criterion in plastic art for ages to come.

The Ptolemaic Queen is embodied in history, drama, poetry, and art for the mischief she did; and with her own hand she opened the door to make her exit from life's stage. She passed when the outlook for humanity was clouded with the darkness that precedes the dawn.
CHAPTER IV

Legendary and Early Christian Art

Our knowledge of ancient types of womanhood is scant because of the lack of written records and ignorance, in those days, of art expression. Communications were oral, handed down as tradition from generation to generation. In process of years such traditions became embellished more or less. Facts were doubtless foundations for what we would call fiction, till a fact became a legend, a story for the preservation of the fact, and to unfold a lesson—the primitive method of teaching. Then, too, there were long centuries that give us no record concerning the development of the race. But man's pathway, through plans and purposes of the Eternal, has led to a hill from whence we may look forward through a glass darkly, and far back through the mists of time.

B. C.

Stand here, upon this hill of Palestine,
Where once stood shepherds keeping watch by night;
Upon each fear-fraught face the starlight shone,
Its growing splendor piercing this world's dark.
In yonder manger lay the infant Christ,
A helpless miracle of God in life;
Light of the world was He, and is, and shall
Be till the end. Stand here, for in the light
That radiates from Him, the Bethlehem Babe,
We scan the ages of a bygone time
That circles the development of man.

This brings us to the epoch of, and reason for, early Christian art, for it is the foundation of all art expression through mediaeval, renaissance, and modern centuries. There are three reasons for that early art production. First, it was a dire necessity. Symbols were used by the early Christians who were hunted and persecuted at Rome to furnish fiendish pleasure for a depraved pagan populace, hunted for death in the arena, or worse, the converts to the new religion of the Christ were driven to hide in the Clochia or the Catacombs outside the city walls. To communicate their names, whereabouts, or approaching danger they formed a code of symbols. In time those figured signs elaborated into legends, till the Apostles and Evangelists appeared in pictures accompanied
by their sign; Matthew, for instance, was known by a cherub, Mark by a lion, Luke's sign the ox, John's the eagle, and so on. Such symbols have not been easy to understand in our day, but rather difficult, as Chaucer's English, requiring close study.

The second reason for the slow unfolding of early art was the lack of books. The ignorance of the common people of those centuries would have been yet more dire but for the pictured legend and story. Such was a powerful means of teaching the youth; it gripped heart and mind.

The art that first represented the legends of Saints Agnes and Ursula must have been crude in form and perspective, but it preached unselfishness, purity, helpfulness, and other virtues needful for development of character in young womanhood. The pictures were not altogether beautiful, not perfect in drawing, but they pointed out the weeds of the heart to be plucked by the roots and destroyed. Art, character, the idea and perception of beauty were all crude in early years; were it not so these pages would not be written. It is of deep interest and help to trace development in womankind; the purifying of heart, broadening of mental vision and understanding as shown in various forms of art.

The Renaissance period really was born out of the mediaeval centuries; the legends and influence of early Christian teaching, going on through the Dark Ages almost unnoticed, furnished incentive and motifs for the world's most renowned painters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, giving striking examples of the evolution of art.

"Saint Barbara," by Palma Vecchio, represents for us the evolution of an idea. She was the patron saint of armorers and fortifications, an armed Pallas of ancient mythology of the far east grafted onto an early legend of a Christian martyr, and in the fifteenth century appeared as a motif for a dozen or more of the Renaissance painters, because to the mind she was a picturesque character and in the religious sense she was a martyr; to men at arms she was a divinity, to young girls and women she was an example and patron saint. To appreciate her value to various minds we will note a few interesting points in the legend, with thanks to Mrs. Jameson for her preservation of ancient legends. It gives one trend of the spread of the Christian religion.

About the year 300 A. D.—so the legend runs—a certain rich nobleman of Heliopolis had a daughter famed for her beauty. To keep her to himself he imprisoned her in a high tower where no man could see her and ask her in marriage. From her lofty window the virtuous maid looked over valley and plain, mountain, river, and sky. The fathomless depths of blue, that night after
night by beckoning stars taught her the idea of knowledge, lifted the thoughts of the young girl, till her soul acknowledged, as did the Greeks in the days of Paul, "an unknown God."

Surely the idols of wood and stone worshiped by her father and mother could not have made the heavens that compelled her gaze and her reverence. Hearing of a saintly man in Alexandria who expounded the fact and teaching of such a God as nature told her of, she wrote to him, sending the letter by the hand of a trusted messenger, who brought in reply a letter from one of the great leaders of the new faith, Origin; and through the teaching of one of his disciples Barbara accepted the love and faith of the Christ, and became a baptized Christian.

Legend now embellishes the seeming facts. When her father returned from an absence he was furious that his daughter had become a Christian, and attempted to kill her. But by angels she was wrapped from his view and carried to a distance. Some shepherds pointed to her hiding place, from which her father dragged her, and shut her in a dungeon. In short, she was tormented for a long time, after which her cruel parent cut off her head.

In this legend we have the new, the spiritual element in the development of woman. All the paintings of Santa Barbara are represented with the tower of her imprisonment, a crown of spikes, a sword, arms or armor, and always the palm of peace. Palma Veccho put on canvas his ideal of the woman whose character warranted the legend, portraying her with dignity, poise, and serenity, as a product of Christian virtues blooming like a flower in the desert of paganism.

Whatever of truth is in the legend will last, while the fiction that has been added will fall away as dead leaves or calyx that have encased a lovely flower.

We of today look to the prophetic, literary, and artistic merits of such a character, but may never know the full spiritual influence of Santa Barbara's story on millions in those mediaeval times, who had no books and scant teaching.

Let us not forget that Barbara and her legend were of the third century, and that Palma and others painted idealized pictures of her twelve hundred years later. That means thirty-six generations for the Christianizing and developing of the race. Hence models for fifteenth century painters were far in advance of her time.

True, the Dark Ages intervened, so we will consider a woman of that period; the period that followed centuries of wars, that saw Greece broken and pillaged by Rome; that saw the cross on the imperial standard of Rome, and Christianity declared the religion of the Empire.
Woman in Art

That was the century in which Santa Barbara was supposed to have lived. But the influence of the Great Constantine did not continue to help Christianity, for as his worldly success extended he returned to the old pagan rites and sacrifices. The flame of Christianity flickered through oncoming centuries, but did not go out.

Another story, historical as to time, awakens a woman's interest in Theodora of the Byzantine world. She belongs in a sense to a semi-pagan people, influenced somewhat by principles of the new religion at that time beginning to be felt.

The seed-sowing and germinating may well be likened to the parable of the sower, for some fell among thorns and brambles, some by the wayside, others into good ground, springing up and bringing forth an hundred fold.

From a street dancer to an actress were the steps that led Theodora to the throne of the Roman world, as Empress beside the Emperor Justinian. A law had to be revoked to permit his marriage with an actress. A Byzantine by birth, she surrounded herself as empress with all the sparkle and glitter of gems and the richest of fabrics. Being of the people she was popular with the people, and her influence with her husband was great. They purposely took opposite sides in discussions of politics and religious subjects.

Jean Joseph Benjamin Constant, French painter of queens, has supplemented history with a beautiful painting of that mediaeval empress. Again we have one man's ideal of a queen and an epoch.

In deep richness of tones he has contrasted the greens of her outer robe of velvet with the warm, pearl-like marble of her imperial throne. The paneled hall is of green marble; her robe is the palest of blue satin embroidered with silver and gold, and studded with gems, notably with large emeralds, while a huge diamond on her left hand fairly dazzles in the shadow. The green and blue are blended by the lining of pearl-green of the velvet robe. The warmth of sunlight and depth of shadow on the rich materials lend a magnificent orientalism to the canvas, and as the eye turns from the throne, the dazzle of her eyes, her gems, and the deep softness of colors go with one. The one note of contrast is the handful of creamy-pink roses dropped on the marble at her feet. It is the accidental note that brings out the full harmony of the color scheme. Her face is expressionless save for the far-away hard look of the eyes. As a work of art it is a masterpiece in pigment, texture, and technique, a type of woman that passed with the Byzantine power.

The painters of the Renaissance were students of the scriptures, of history,
EMPRESS THEODORA

Jean Benjamin Constant
no less than of nature. Their art has kept alive many a legend and spiritual truth, that even a reading world of recent times has well-nigh lost sight of.

Raphael was an idealist or he could never have painted the prodigious number of Madonnas and Saints that have given honor and fame to his name. The story of Saint Margaret lived as a legend through many centuries, coming from pagan Greece to the heart of the Renaissance and its most illustrious painter.

Raphael's ideal of Saint Margaret stands for the soulful art of that great artist; it stands for innocence, purity, and the faith and peace that fears no evil; on his canvas hers is the sweetest and purest face known in art.

Maid Margaret was the daughter of a priest of Antioch. Being a delicate child she was sent to be nursed by a woman in the country. The woman was secretly a Christian and brought up Margaret in the true faith. The artist has personified evil by the loathsome dragon that would crush virtue, but the power of love and faith have triumphed, and the evil that had surrounded her has burst asunder; and like a liberated soul, the maid steps up and out of his power.

Not only did the centuries of the Renaissance awaken the mind of man in the field of art, discovery, science, and literature, as arteries toward a higher civilization, but the Christ-spirit was awakening a new life wherever unselfishness permitted.

While artists worked from models, yet they painted more or less of their own spirit and ideals into their pictures.

Another of the greatest painters of the world represents this growth of ideals and spirituality. The "Immaculate Conception," by Murillo, is a gem of spiritual idealism. The Virgin is spiritually above the earth; even amid the clouds her gaze is heavenward, rapt with the wonder of the heavenly message. Her poise, with one foot on the crescent moon, signifies the rapport of soul—she is in a transport in the realm of spirit. The background is vibrant with cherubs. That ideal of the Virgin could not have been painted five hundred years before Murillo put it on canvas. Mind and soul had not reached that stage of development. It could not be painted today, five hundred years after Murillo ceased to work, for materialism and impressionism are not the instruments for soul-expression. Like begets like, spirit impresses spirit, and the spiritual dominated Murillo.

Influence is the unspoken language of the invisible man; it is spirit.

Elements of love and truth were enlarging as new powers in the life of woman, and ethics taught by St. Paul were doing emancipating work, enlight-
ening the darkness that has been her portion for ages. In writing of legendary art, Mrs. Jameson says this: "If those who consider works of art would be content to regard them not merely as pretty pictures, nor yet as repudiated idols, but as lovely allegories to which the world listened in its dreamy childhood, like the ballad or fairy tale which kept sleep from our eyes and our breath suspended in infancy, they would still have a charm for our later years."

They would indeed derive much pleasure, and a lesson or two, from pictures they now pass with indifference and a certain amount of ignorance.

Saint Catherine of mediaeval legend was supposed to be the daughter of a half brother of Constantine, and her mother the royal princess of Alexandria. As their only daughter, Catherine, was a paragon of learning, she was much sought in marriage. At the age of fifteen the death of her father brought her to the throne, and her subjects desired her to marry. But she would have only perfection in the man whom she would accept as her husband.

We have all heard the old saying, "Perfection never visited the earth but once, and then envy crucified Him."

Catherine's realm was pagan, but there were Christians also in Alexandria and her learning extended to their religion. The legend says the Virgin Mary sent a message to the queen saying that her Son was the perfect one for her espousal. The queen was converted, baptized, and in a dream or vision was betrothed as shown in the pictures of her. "The Marriage of St. Catherine," by Correggio, and one given by Andrea del Sarto (called the faultless painter by his contemporaries), are the most harmonious presentations of that patroness of learning. Del Sarto's composition, drawing, and color seem all that could be desired. Certainly the happiness in all the faces is in harmony with the occasion. The legend is long and interesting, even to her cruel martyrdom. Young girls and women were guided by her into avenues of learning open to them in those times, and were inspired to religious devotion.

We of fifteen centuries later know that learning is rarely phenomenal, but is acquired by application and will. The legend, the pictures, and even the name Catherine have been potential in developing character, in holding the mind to a standard, and as an example in refinement—all as encouragements to the young. There are fifty-three churches in England named for this woman, as representing religious faith and Christian love.
CHAPTER V

Women of the Renaissance In the Work of Early Masters. Character and Art Give Birth to Poetry. Broadening of Woman's Influence In Flanders.

Painting was a newer art five hundred years ago, when a painter's equipment was knowledge and use of the engraver's tools, of the mixing of pigments, and of the Bible, from which most of his subjects were drawn.

Judging from some early pictures, development was unequal as well as slow. Some faces do not give the pleasure nor accent the refinement or mentality we might hope for. True, the faces of Barbara and Margaret are beautiful, but we must realize that the ideal of the artist was doubtless added to the natural beauty of the model. The eloquence of spirit is essential to great expression, be it in Goethe's drama, Giotto's portrait of Dante, or Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech. The true, the rugged, the lovely, all express beauty when in harmony with their nature and necessity.

Artists of palette and brush have often preserved the features and fashions of their loves and friends, happy or unhappy, who served as models for beauty, for Saints, Madonnas, or Magdalenes. Notice for, not of, beauty.

Leonardo da Vinci painted the portrait of the wife of his friend and called it "La Belle Joconde." It did not satisfy him. Perhaps it is not a fair example or type of a woman of her day, yet it may be, for the artist painted on it many times during four years and was still dissatisfied with it. It seems to be a face into which one can read his own interpretation, yet of it Vasari said, "It is rather divine than human, as life-like as nature itself." As a portrait it seems most worthily to represent the genius of the great Leonardo, so why may we not consider it worthy of the original—the woman herself? The attributes expressive of an attractive woman are there—intelligence, sweetness, and modesty—and some people are drawn to it while others are repelled; we read that the people of her day considered it a marvel.

In the Uffizi Gallery is a Madonna and child with angels. Barring the angels, it seems a real portrait of a womanly woman and her baby, rather than a picture of a model—an imagined Madonna. It has the feeling of real life, so we may safely let it present to us a true woman of the fifteenth century. The true woman? Yes, with the serene sweetness that comes to the heart of woman whom love has satisfied. The painting is a masterpiece by Sandro Botticelli. The painting is his, the charm of the woman must have been hers,
but how few could, or have caught that charm in the transfer of spirit to canvas. Thought is moved to emotion as one looks into the beautiful, peaceful face; a throb of motherhood touches the heart; the sacredness of love is hers; the illusive shade of responsibility is there. You are looking at a painting, yet feel a vital something that quickens your own vitality. Spirit touches spirit. The mother inspired the painter, the painter the canvas, the canvas—after five hundred years—gives of its recorded spirit to your spirit. Is art developing? Is the ideal gliding down the arm and spirit lifting the heart of him who holds the brush? Is true beauty manifesting in the life of humanity? Yes, but not in all; development is sporadic.

“The Coronation of the Virgin,” by Fra Philippo Lippi, is a beautiful picture in its entirety, a central panel and two wings. In the sixty-three faces representing priests, vergers, angels, and singing girls, not one is beaming with joy or happiness befitting the occasion; rather the faces seem stolid and lacking in interest. The color scheme and grouping are most satisfactory, but your enthusiasm gleaned from some other canvas fails to enthuse, for there is little or none in the stolid faces to call it out; hence the picture of beauty and interest is lacking in charm, although it is a most worthy representation of the work of that renowned ecclesiastical master.

But our subject is merely to trace by means of art as best we may the unfolding of woman’s character during the centuries when there was little or no written history, and that little gave scant reference to woman unless as sovereign or court favorite.

The romance or poetry of the Renaissance depicts now and again a woman of unusual education and achievement. Such pen pictures prove that there were women of advancing mentality, of discernment, taste, and moral fiber, outside of court circles; in fact there seems to have been but slight morality in court society as we know of it. That human nature varied then as now we do know.

Dante’s boyhood friendship grew into a life-long romance and love which death seemed not to part, even with the passing of his spiritualized Beatrice, who was ever an angel to him; yet his true wife and mother of his several children was stalwart, practical, energetic, yet with an ungovernable temper and rasping disposition that doubtless reconciled him in no small measure to his exiled life.

In those days men of talent and taste were wont to give to women of their
admiration and love a literary setting, as did Petrarch to his Laura, Abelard to Heloise, and others, thus assuring us of exalted womanhood, if not perfect.

It was not mere beauty of color and curve that captured the eye and mind of the great Florentine master of chisel and brush; one cannot read his sonnets without knowing that the goddess of his heart exercised an influence far nobler than the art it helped to ennoble.

Let an early sonnet acquaint us with a high-souled woman, to whom it was written:

“When divine Art conceives a form and face,
She bids the craftsman for his first essay
To shape a simple model in her clay:
This is the earliest birth of Art’s embrace.
From the live marble in the second place
His mallet brings into the light of day
A thing so beautiful, that who can say
When time shall conquer that immortal grace?
Thus my own model I was born to be—
The model of that nobler self, whereto,
Schooled by your pity, lady, I shall grow.
Each overplus and each deficiency
You will make good. What penance then is due
For my fierce heat, chastened and taught by you?”

In another sonnet Michael Angelo soliloquizes his appreciation of Vittoria’s spirit and its divine source.

“The beauty thou discernest, all is hers;
But grows in radiance as it soars on high
Through mortal eyes unto the soul above;
’Tis there transfigured; for the soul confers
On what she holds, her own divinity;
And this transfigured beauty wins thy love.”

Now and again his sonnets have the tone of a scripture like this:

“Thy beauty is no mortal thing; ’twas sent
From heaven on high to make our earth divine.”

The sonnets came to the artist as came his sculptural motifs, through clouds of disappointment, and the sometime failures that must be the accidental notes in life’s harmonies for soul enrichment. In later years the inspiring helpful spirit left this world. To the great man, it was as he wrote, “an irreparable
WOMAN IN ART

loss.” His art flowed from the point of his pen into the lines wherein we find his appreciation of her spirit-value to his life work:

“Her soul that fashioned mine has sought the skies;  
Therefore unfinished I must meet my end,  
If God, the great Artificer, denies  
That aid which was unique on earth before.”

Can we now ask “what is beauty?” Does it not speak for itself in our poverty of words?—“I am Spirit.”

Gentile Bellini, Carlo Maratta, Lorenzo Lotto, and Carlo Dolci and a number of others must have found lovely types for portraits or else painted their own ideals of sweet, high-minded maids and matrons.  
So far something is missing in our art examples, something emphatically characteristic of womanhood; something beside regular features, spirituality, saintly poise, and beatific thoughtfulness.  
The Renaissance was a world-awakening. It was spring-time for the civilized world, a new life put forth in response to a universal urge. Mentality and activity bestirred as with new blood; new veins of research and uplift began to be worked; thought began to assert itself in science, religion, literature, adventure, no less than in art.  
The flora of nature is variously beautiful: cyclamen, roses, heliotrope, and violets luxuriate en masse in Italy. Lilies-of-the-valley, huge pansies, and forget-me-nots lavish their dainty color and sweetness in the moist valleys of the Ural Mountains and of Switzerland; and the mountain rose fears not the snows. The Cherokee Rose revivifies the nude skeleton trees of our southland, but cannot survive in Canadian forests.  
From this we realize: One may choose according to his taste for a transplanting, but for a glorious ensemble, view the flowers in their native clime. Hence, we venture north beyond the Alps in search of what we did not find in Italian art.  
There was art in Flanders at this same period. Innate characteristics of national differences develop principally because of environment and religion.  
From earliest times Holland has had to fight to keep her land from going out to sea, or from Spanish greed, jealous of her commerce and industries. Perforce, her people, battling the scourge of the sea and rigors of keen winters on limited land, were a hardy race and big hearted, because hardships, sorrows, and trials are bonds of sympathy to our human nature. In their art we see a
Elihu Vedder
THE SEVEN PLEIADES
broader grasp of life because it pictured their lives; a domestic folk living their
religion, believing that cleanliness is next to godliness, that no service is too
menial if honest or of necessity. Their portrait painters, true to life, brought
out the strong national type, the practical, kindly, common-sense variety of
womanhood that makes life comfortable and neighborly. Principles, moral and
religious, were not merely personal but of a radiating influence that made for
uplift in their country, environment and spirit, hence the art of The Netherlands
illustrates an unconscious development in much that their painters recorded.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries we find the broadening of woman's
interests, sympathies, and benevolence in her solicitude and care for the aged,
sick, and orphaned.

Jan de Bray and Franze Hals painted from life the good mothers, needle-
work in hand, as they sat in council three hundred years ago, the burden of
helpless little ones weighing on their motherly hearts. It was the time when
Holland was giving refuge to families whom persecution had driven from their
native England. They still had in mind the trials of adverse political winds
blowing from the Spanish Main. Their water-gates had not been free so very
long. For fifteen years they extended hospitality mingled with sympathy and
helpfulness.

It is but little more than three centuries since an hundred and one of those
Pilgrims landed on an unknown shore, and even yet we trace the spread of
example, principle, and tolerance, gathered in large measure from the Nether-
landers who gave our ancestors shelter in time of need.

Portraits and domestic scenes painted by Rembrandt, de Hooch, and Van
der Meer speak of the thrift, enterprise, and home life of the people of that
period. Strength of features, poise and bearing are emphatically of the Dutch
type, the type that could and did build a New Amsterdam on the western shore
of the Atlantic. Their painters portrayed Netherland people; scenes they were
familiar with and loved, not primarily for foreign galleries or prizes, but because
of a national appreciation of everything Dutch. Nor can we blame them; rather
we thank them.

They literally made the most of their land. They dyked and dammed and
locked encroaching waters from the lowland. Building materials were brought
from a distance; tidal waves wiped out their fortifications and cultivated fields
time and time again; they planted, drained, and drugged; learned the value of
work, of patience, of persistence.
W O M A N  I N  A R T

What had all this to do with art? It made Dutch art individual, characteristic; and to this day it portrays the out-of-door life and interests; their environment was sea and sky, ships and long, level distances, of acres of perfect tillage—colorful in spring and summer, with wind mills and mast heads piercing the green of pastures and pollard willows; environment that nourished invisible yet personal powers. Their pleasures were simple, often uncouth, and vulgar, but culture and refinement grew upward, not downward.

It is true, Italy had a more beautiful outer world, more historic setting, more ancient art and noted buildings. The Creator of the World avoided monotony and man tries to follow the example. Like the seasons each country has its own charm. The people of sunny Italy seem to have been more churchly in their seeing and interests. They had eyes for saints and sinners, painters and prelates, pictures and palaces, but the charm of our beautiful world was to be discovered later.

Even the industrious Flemings could not see beyond Flanders. There seem to be four steps in the progress of their art, each with a distinct interest and value. First the churchly or scripture subjects, painted with reverence, if not with full knowledge, are still preserved to us in Van Eyck's own colors in the oil method perfected by the brothers Jan and Hubert, which have endured for four hundred years in their first brightness, and may last as many more. Perspective, proportion, and values are the other steps, a knowledge of which painters everywhere were striving for. A contrasting womanhood we find at this period in an Italian princess, a Medici, grafted, by marriage, with Henry IV, onto the throne of France.

Peter Paul Rubens, one of the five greatest colorists of the world, was not so far in time from the Van Eycks and Memling but that he profited by their contributions to the chemical knowledge and equipment of the painter, to which he added more glowing color, a mastery of which he gleaned during a lengthy visit at Venice. Titian was master of color there, with Tintoretto and Veronese as close seconds. Rubens returned to Antwerp enamored of Titian's use of color and the substantial element of flesh, wherewith that master clothed the mythological beings he conjured out of the recks of time. Afterward he raised that last accessory to the nth power in the series of Medici paintings now in the Luxembourg Gallery. With due reverence and admiration for the masterpieces of Rubens that, fortunately, survived the late World War, we refer here only to the type of woman that expresses his ideal or the ideal of those for whom he painted, and the paintings represent a voluptuous age and type.

38
WOMAN'S BUILDING

The above illustration shows the eastern exposure of the Woman's Building, facing the Lagoon. The building was planned by Miss Sophia G. Hayden of Boston. The pediment and statues on the roof line were designed by Miss Alice Rideout of California, and the caryatides were modeled by Miss Yandell of Kentucky. All of the decorations were conceived and executed by women. The size of the building is 400 x 200 feet. The style of architecture is Italian Renaissance. In artistic conception, delicacy of line, and grace of detail, it is a fitting example of the high position held by women in the world of art.
CHAPTER VI


Enlightenment Means Progress.

Every key in art or music has its relative minor, and beauty finds its relative minor in pathos.

It is a long step from the Renaissance to nineteenth century art. Our subject demands long steps, for human evolution is slow, requiring several generations in earlier centuries to produce a marked change. The painters of the Renaissance depicted “holy” characters, virgins, madonnas, and saints evolved from sinners, and seemed to realize that appealing beauty developed from the spiritual within. We know how right they were.

There were other women in Holland than burgomasters’ wives; women who could not afford to dress in elegance, or pay for paintings of any sort; women absorbed in the problems of keeping soul and body together, gleaning happiness from home love and the sunshine between cloud shadows.

Joseph Israels seems to stand as the connecting link between the past and present art of Holland. Himself of the lowly, his boyhood snatches of youth and joy, led him to paint the fleeting happinesses of childhood; barefoot on the shore gathering shells, sailing their crude boats, or filling baskets with sea weed and mussels, happy in the sunshine for a little, before returning to the fisherman’s hut. He painted young girls “Knitting in the Sun”; fish-wives sorting the “Catch” from the beached boats; women in short skirts, sabots, and flaring white bonnets weeding long rows of flowers or vegetables—their every-day toil.

As Israels went on through the years, his heart and brush struck with more fullness into minor chords of life; ruggedness and rags, tenderness and tears, sorrow and suffering were dominant harmonies on many a canvas that has taught the world of life, of sympathy, and love.

Look again. In the hill country of France a shepherd’s daughter tending her father’s sheep. Rumors of war and injustice came to her uneducated mind, and unlocked a secret door of her heart. Loyalty abode there and awoke at sound of an unseen message. Jeanne d’Arc followed the voice and France was saved. Jeanne was sacrificed, a burnt offering for her country.

Was woman’s soul enlarging? More and more we find woman entering into the world’s work and into history; more and more has she entered into art.
by the hand of man, lending to the canvas beauty, grace, and strength. The Maid of Orleans has been the theme for many painters, and the large canvas in the Metropolitan Museum in New York is one of the largest and most interesting. Bastien Lepage has visualized the spirit who from overhanging boughs of leafage whispers the message of her country's need to the wondering maid. Her homely duties forgotten, her soul absorbs and her mind cons the plight of the nation.

Jules Eugene Lenepveu has put the story into five scenes as mural history, on the walls of the Pantheon in Paris. Her life was short, but in those months between her call to arms and the call for her soul to arise from the flaming pyre, the painter has shown that experience developed her soul, and so deepened the modeling of her face.

We turn again to Holland.

There are some pictures of woman's life in Holland that do not need to be photographed to be remembered. A Saturday sunset enticed the writer to walk along a country dyke. Willows leaned toward the unruffled water below. A mile from the little hamlet on the opposite side of the canal, a tiny cottage stood in the midst of its garden. Close to the house a few trees red with cherries and a few clothes on the line caught a high-light from the sun. A buxom woman came to the water's edge and dumped an apronful of sabots—assorted sizes—on the grass. Down she knelt, produced a small scrub brush and a cake of soap, and began the weekly scrub of the family "shoon, the wooden shoon." Returning half an hour later there they were, arranged in two rows—eighteen sabots, clean and white; presumably every pair of them went to kirk next morning.

High or lowly, of private interpretation of public service, such are maids and madonnas of duty and every-day life; saints of the home.

Through intervening centuries the social status of woman in Europe has been sad and degrading in many ways. Education beyond a certain point was denied her; house and field duties enslaved her body and mind—ignorance was an incubus on her life and influence as a woman. By slow degrees she has been emancipated, but only in part. The deep lines of demarkation between royalty, nobility, clergy, and peasantry have been held taut to the outbreak of the World War. Warfare with its suffering and death brings humanity to a common level, but not all at once—that is a fine art that belongs to Time.

A new art came to France, and hence to the world, in the early part of the nineteenth century, through the heart and mind of Jean Francois Millet.
W O M A N I N A R T

The experience of poverty, and an unspoiled heart, furnished his equipment for picturing the simple life of the people of his native Normandy, and this he did with inimitable freedom of air and action. He was the first to see a picturesque element in the humble domestic activities of the country folk. He was but a youth when he sketched "Ma Mere et les Poulet;" an every-day scene that speaks of naturalness, and the influence of the cottage mother and grandmother on the boy, who was to illuminate the art and life of France, and make the heart of the world responsive to human sympathy. The sketch was painted to suggest a memory to him, and to many another who has had the good fortune to know life from the ground up. As "ma mere" scatters feed for the chickens, the baby from the doorstep expresses his delight in the feathered portion of the family. Boy and man, Millet always loved that familiar scene, The loving and dutiful mother and grandmother were daily-life saints to him, and in later years his sympathy for women of the bent back led to his painting "The Gleaners." Yonder the harvest is stacked at the outskirt of the village, recalling that from the days of the Hebrew Ruth the poor have been gleaners after harvest.

Another peasant woman Millet has given to the world. She is tired with household duties before she goes afield; the pathetic element mingles with and dulls the spirit and the scene, and so has the sympathizer with woman's work painted a mother with her water jug on her shoulder starting afield. Her day's work will thrash out an apronful of wheat for the family supply.

Here we are reminded of lines of an American poet:

"Blessed are they that work
For they shall inherit the earth
In the dawning day."

But alas! many have folded the weary hands before the dawn of the new day; but their inheritance will multiply to their children's children.

Another picture—a world picture—"The Angelus" sounded the religious note in modern art. As a unit "The Angelus" sounded the Renaissance of our modern art.

The expression of soul in its sincerity and devotion as the man and woman pause work, in response to the distant bell calling to evening prayer, was an oasis in the field of art and in the eagerness of the nineteenth century; it rang true to the religious instinct in men who have eyes to see and ears to hear.
Bastien Lepage depicts a pitiful condition of woman in civilized France. Something more than the weary spirit and body is on the canvas titled “Rest.” A pitiful vacancy is in the stolid face of the woman who looks into space or at nothing. Her mind is limited to her little spot of life. Her man lies asleep on the grain he has cut. They have their dejeuner near the hedgerow. He takes his rest. The woman seems to have a problem to solve, but one feels that thought is not in her undeveloped mind, the poor woman does not know how to think; but these are they that have lacked opportunity. The element of progress is theirs. So is life in the rose bushes under the gardener’s bench of sand; cold air and darkness prevent them for a time, but the impetus of light, warmth and water—elements congenial to their nature—produces rapid blooming. We see this, and are surprised at the rapid strides made by our foreign-born Americans. The mind awakens and is alert in the air of freedom and opportunity—but not in all.

Jules Breton has given an impetus of uplift in “The Song of the Lark,” another world picture. A young girl fresh from sleep has paused on her way to work in the early morning and is listening to the cascade of mellow music from the upper air. She watches and listens as he sings and soars. The picture is of life. Her lips are parted as if responding with earth’s alto to the heavenly notes of joy. The girl is uplifted by the beauty of the dawn, of the song and the pulsing air, nor is conscious that they play upon her soul. Thus we see that happiness must enter into the process of development no less than longing.

When happiness and labor go hand in hand the sunshine of life is brightest, the world is wider, and it is ours.

But sunshine and shade commingle. “In the Flax Barn,” we see that commingling; beneath the sky that truth holds. There is merriment in some faces, sadness in others at their long task back and forth, back and forth, yet the trend of industry is happiness—if love lightens labor.

Frantz Liebermann’s painting helps us to realize the fact. Volkenburg’s study of women led him back in time, yet his pictures prove to us, especially in the “Gossips,” that busy hands and tongues keep time in all lands and in all ages.

The house furnishings may seem modern in some respects, but are preserved from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The massive locker, in-a-door bed, carved chairs, plate rails, seem not remote from today. But we are copyists. The land is Holland. Volkenburg sketched true to life in Dordrecht today, so slowly does the wheel of change turn in that northern Venice.
Not spinning, but knitting, and the social cup of tea we have inherited, also
the pride and pleasure in household belongings, bric-a-brac, et cetera, no less
than the heart's enjoyment of a choice bit of gossip or news, all belong to our
femininity. The artist has admirably portrayed the spirit of those visiting
dames in their expressive attitudes and pleasure, that light up the otherwise
careworn faces.

Ever in life as in art, the old minglesthe new. For people or things
it is better so.

Girlhood models for the full stature of womanhood, even as the boy is
father to the man. The spirit of love, truth, and purity, unselfishness and
courage, must abide as attributes in the future woman, if she is to do her part
toward maintaining America as God's country for the uplift of humanity. Thus
more and more in years to come will woman bring to Life and Art a yet more
spiritual meaning.
PART II
Woman as Art Motive

CHAPTER VII

Form and Ideal. Environment Affects Art. Despoliation of Greek Art. Woman In the Art of Michael Angelo. Woman the Ideal in Modern Sculpture.

"Like conscience, the Ideal is ever latent and must be lovingly cared for. Its principles proceed from the imagination and must be expressed through nature by knowing her secrets."—Viollet le Duc.

Woman as art motif must first be considered as to form. The processes toward achieved perfection in modeling and chiseling the "form divine" monopolized Greek art for hundreds of years. In placid beauty and perfection of form, grace, and proportion, the Venus de Milo is the seeming ultimate; chaste and noble, it represents the age of perfection amid the multiforms of Greek art.

Were it a living being we would say that soul was latent. The perfection of form seemingly animated by spirit, with the added forces of nature and mind in combat, have given the world a translation in marble of the fact and act of Victory. Victory means overcoming; overcoming implies force, will, and determination; the spirit that does not weaken, that says No to wrong. It is the spirit triumphant—that is the expression and poise of the Victory of Samothrace. It is not the figure of a man, but of a woman, and the marble is powerful with the spirit of woman triumphant. Her very drapery is eloquent of action, of onward pursuit in the teeth of opposing wind and wave, of the will that gives no quarter till the unseen trumpet in the unseen hand proclaims—"Victory!" You do not see the lips that voice that fact; you miss the shapely head and its poise on the powerful neck; because of time and accident your imagination must supply the face alert with determination that Is Victory, with eyes that would have flashed with the exultation of Victory. You miss all the expression of features, but you have the tremendous expression of action.

That splendid figure on its pedestal of a galley’s prow, on the shore of its island home, against the rich background of ilex and lemon foliage, must have leaned toward its own reflection in the clear blue of the Aegean Sea, as it greeted Paul of Tarsus on his way from Troas to Philippi. That Victory was 450 years old in the time of Paul. Where is it now? O, but art is long! From the
scented air, the glowing sky, from being the glory of Greek art and culture, it has passed westward with the course of Empire and is imprisoned—preserved, shall we say, for its beauty and the one-time art that it glorified, and glorifies it still, in the gallery of the Louvre, and is an inspiration to the world.

Thus we see how form brings us to the ideal, how the ideal may be expressed in form.

The mind of an artist partakes of the thought, spirit, and status of his environment; hence, now and then, we need a sprinkling of history to obtain consecutive stages of development.

Barbarian Rome conquered and despoiled artistic Greece. Both were pagan as to religion. The Roman soldiery was iconoclastic in its attack upon art that was priceless and irreplaceable. When the head of the armies realized the destruction, and that what glorified Greece might be the conquerors' spoil and glorify Rome, the marbles, bronzes, and paintings were carried off to Italy to beautify the domain of the Cæsars. The ambition of Rome used this spoil to such a lavish extent that its palaces, streets, and piazzas were crowded with statues, and the cities of Italy had an over-dose of art inoculation—against art? So it seems. Greek artists and artisans were also impressed from Attica and its isles to the end that Rome be converted into the most magnificent city in the world. But prophecy had to be fulfilled, and after the fall of Rome and the dark ages that followed, nothing remained to attest a one-time glory of art but the imported remnants of Greek and a moiety of Greco-Roman art.

Greece had many sculptors, but only one Myron, one Phidias, one Praxiteles. The next great wave of sculpture came with the Renaissance of the Italian world. There were many sculptors in those days, but only one Michael Angelo—a robust thinker, a robust worker with chisel, brush and pen. The fine arts met together in his horoscope.

According to the tenets of the times and of the church, for whose glory he wrought most worthily with his art, he gave out but little of the nude. His Sibyls and Virtues were strong in face and pose; the power was in their repose, their strength and expression of features. His pagan Sibyls, placed alternately with the Hebrew Prophets in the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, represent a remarkable type of woman. One has the feeling that they were evolved from the brain of the artist regardless of nationality, or of the supposed physical or mental differences that were said to accompany the power of supernatural vision.

Sibyls were of remote antiquity, useful or baneful as the case might be, to leaders who would interrogate the future; hence the great master recorded a
prolific thought when he introduced them as art motif, for contrast and historic significance between Prophets of the Most High and Sibyls of pagan people, such as called in vain upon Baal, while Elijah and Israel listened.

Whether painted from models or resultant of his ideal, who can tell? The Cumzean Sibyl represents Wisdom. One feels that she could not have been an ordinary type, but a woman of rugged experience, of body and mind grown strong by use. Wisdom has developed from thought—was it her thought, or that of the artist?

The work of the master was massive, proportionate to his shape of mind which seems not to have been able to produce lesser ideals.

As we are speaking of form, we recall an ideal of another robust mind of nearly five hundred years later. Greek and Roman criterions are the same, studied and imitated by many modern men, but in France there has been but one Rodin—one man who has dared to express his thought in his own way. He has worked out an ideal with much power and originality, and it serves well as an illustration. He has called it “The Hand of God.” A powerful hand, perfect in proportion and form, reaches up from a great block of native stone, holding within its upturned palm a mass of formless clay, from which emerges the exquisite figures of the first man and the first woman, the form of the woman being dominant. Studying the form from various angles, the wonder and beauty of the idea grows.

Art springs from a broadcast sowing, and in America, contemporaneous with Rodin in France, we had a St. Gaudens whose work has powerfully and delicately idealized life, and with wonderful skill and imagination has portrayed the subjective.

In the figure of a woman the artist has embodied “Grief.” The severely simple figure, exhausted with grief, sits leaning against the granite tomb, the hand supporting the head that would otherwise droop with its weight of woe. She is alone with her grief amid the evergreens that form a shelter for those who are sleeping their last sleep. The spirit, the idea, the environment, are in absolute harmony.

We realize that the setting forth of the subjective impersonated by the beauty and grace of woman has developed a more wonderfully symbolic art than any before known.

Let us note a remarkable example of idealized objective, portrayed in woman’s form, though far removed from the human.

In the material of marble, hard, cold, and spotless, Randolph Rogers of the
nineteenth century left to American art the statue called "The Lost Pleiad," representing a star missed from heaven seeking her group of six sister stars. Her attitude is of swiftness of flight through the ether; she is above the clouds represented beneath her feet; her hand shields the eyes from the light of dazzling suns that she passes in her wanderings amid cosmic worlds. The eager forward bending of the body, only one foot touching a cloud; the gossamer drapery and hair floating with the speed of a star through space, all picture an ideal of diaphanous loveliness that carries thought and imagination to the heights. A world and a woman are etherealized.

Nothing is so intangible as the human soul. It makes or mars the house-beautiful in which it lives its human years. It moulds, it colors, it expresses by look, word, or deed, its own quality, character, and influence. It is life. You cannot see it enter or leave the body. You may be in a throng of thousands intent on a world celebration, yet you are alone, individual, unknown and not knowing your crowd-crushing neighbor. Or you may praise God in company with the music of Æolian pines on Mount Shasta, because of created glory spread beneath that mountain majesty. Your soul is in a native harmony—it thrills.

But humans live mostly on the plains of earth, not on the heights. Man is not prone to lift his eyes to the mountains from whence cometh help; eyes and mind are sadly devoted to the muck-rake. The experiences of life are doing a vital work in your soul and in that of your neighbor or nearest friend, yet neither may know the soul of the other.

Another American sculptor, an Introspective Seer, we may call him, has given to the world his thought of this universal fact, in the medium of marble. There is much of poetry in the life of every true artist, it being an attribute of the human variously and individually expressed. Therefore, in "The Solitude of the Soul," Lorado Taft has given poetic expression of the human endowment of thealoneness of soul.

The modern master struck a deep note in American art in giving form to that wonderful and suggestive group. Man—woman, of the earth earthy, and out of the clay emanates the profundity of soul, the ego man. Each figure of the group stands alone. The thought life, the emotional life is lived in individual solitude.

The soul as God-given and God-recalled is cumbered or unencumbered with the fallacies of earth—as the mind wills. "There is a natural body and there is a
spiritual body," and the spiritual shining through the natural shows character noble and art great, and, if one dare say it, almost immortal.

Our western sculptor of ideas has put into monumental form a characteristic of the middle west. He chose to cast the cluster of life-giving lakes into bronze, of such form as would indicate their natural use and beauty to the world. Five graceful figures of women, prophetic of increase and abundance for the future, are directing the water supply by means of their huge conch shells from the Superior sister above to Michigan and Huron on either side; thence from Erie's basin the water falls into Ontario's conch, speeding its onward way to the sea of its destiny.

These sculptural works are strong and beautiful examples of form and the ideal, and we see how beautifully the primitive idea of symbols has developed to grace our modern art.
CHAPTER VIII


To whatever age, tribe, or country we look for the beginnings of art, we find symbolic decorations. It has been practiced by all peoples in response to universal instinct. Decoration needs a motif, a subject or figure singly or in repetition, be it to grace the family soup bowl of the aborigine, or to add a fearsome and compelling expression to his copper countenance. Or it may be six or eight wave lines around his sun-baked clay jug or bowl to indicate its use for water; or it may be the egg and dart, egg and dart motif used by the early Greeks and by Americans of today.

During the Middle Ages, when Greek art lay buried in Roman graves and forgetfulness, many a monk or hermit spent his time and eyesight drawing and painting borders and capital letters of hand-written vellum books.

The period of the Renaissance represents a seed-sowing that, ripening, had like flowers of forest and field scattered the vital seed broadcast with compelling innate force. So was Europe seeded for art and a broader civilization.

Objective decorations signify observation, a mental development, as the form of hut or tent, lion or hawk, of lotus or lizard. Subjective decoration implies thought—a higher mentality. Hence the master painters (and not a few would-be masters) have enriched the world with Sibyls, Muses, Virtues, and hours of the day and night in forms of female loveliness. Wisdom has been represented by a strong-featured woman of sincere countenance acquiring more wisdom from scroll or open book. Faith with uplifted eyes has clasped the cross to her heart, as Christianity has threaded its troubled way through the developing era of faith. Charity has been nursing babes through various centuries and schools of art to this twentieth century. Music with lute and lyre would seem to turn the dissonant into concord. Love continues to be the mischievous Cupid (or stupid) with bow and quiver lurking somewhere, aiming, or letting the arrow fly at random, watching as womanhood plucks his dart from her wounded heart. Such symbols have given the world exquisite art. Such, too, have shown the appreciation or desire for perfection in woman, so that man has anticipated the future of the race and made his idealism bud and bloom in angel form, humans with the ethereal element suggested by wing
attachments, more or less of the earth, earthy, and more becoming to cherubs than to women. To mankind of our century the angelic in womanhood consists in attributes of soul rather than in featurered appendages by which

“Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.”

There were years that seemed to require a visible manifestation of spirit and sainthood; not having printed examples and precepts, they needed something to stimulate the spirit.

Everything has its place in the economy of human development. Fra Angelico, the last and greatest Renaissance painter of symbols, had less need to characterize his angels with wings than had others, for he expressed the angelic soul in the angels that have immortalized his name. We know the man so well in his handiwork, that it verifies a truism by Ruskin.

“You may read the character of a man as of a nation, in their art. A man may hide from you himself, or misrepresent in every other way, but he cannot in his work; there be sure you have him to the inmost.

“If the work be a cobweb, you know it was made by a spider; if a honeycomb, you know a bee fashioned the perfect cells; a worm-cast is thrown by a worm, and a nest is wreathed by a bird.”

There you have the open secret for him who having eyes sees the man or the creature in his work. It is the hallmark of soul, of mind, of instinct.

Fra Angelico had his conception of how an angel of pure love and spirituality might look if in rapt adoration her soul were poured out in praise. His angels, musical and adoring, on the walls of San Marco, must have exerted a sweet and purifying influence on the Brotherhood; even the brilliancy of drapery with gold and silver accessories, such as borders and wings, must have added greatly to the somber walls, otherwise devoid of color and beauty.

Few of the Renaissance painters used brush and pigment according to fancy. Their patrons were almost entirely of the clergy and fraternities. Little was done by way of embellishment on secular subjects till the reign of the Medici in Florence, and Julius II, in Rome. Mythology and meager facts of profane history served as subjects now and then—and some were very profane. Woman was dominant in the art of that period and the reason is obvious.

When we speak of woman as art motif, the implication is that she figured in art expression other than easel pictures, portraits and what we may call literature in art. We have considered her as a motif in sculpture and in Michael
Angelo's sculptural paintings; let us go back to the site of Pompeii; beautiful and profligate when buried alive, her now uncovered ruins give an inkling of a broken and vanished Greek art in decoration.

Pompeian red and green we know to have been the favorite tones for the walls of palaces and villas in that splendid summer resort of imperial and wealthy Romans. In spite of the lapse of time, of earthquake and boiling lava, Pompeii and Herculaneum have been found by excavators to house much of Greek art and ideas. Doubtless the method of mural painting came to Italy with the Greek captives, and their methods and arts have proved to be worth while, considering their survival of time. It is true that those walls, like much of Egyptian art, are with us today because almost hermetically buried from air and damp-ness, but as a vehicle for color have a staying quality, as is proved by paintings on fragmentary walls on the Palatine. Much of the color on Egyptian walls was of glazed tiles.

We set foot within the ruins of the house of Germanicus to study its murals so wonderfully preserved, and in the atrium we are reminded of the words of St. Paul to his audience on Mars Hill: "I see that you are very religious"; for the first and largest room is supplied with an altar inscribed to their domestic gods. But in the triclinium or dining room we face the art of more than nineteen hundred years with subjects to be found in modern art, game, such as deer, ducks, birds, et cetera, paneled with borders of delicate arabesques of vines and flower motifs, as also are the group paintings in the tablinium, groups representing classic lore, Mercury and Io, Galatea and Polyphemus, and even a street scene in Rome at that period. The frescoes are Greek, the color wonderfully clear and strong, the figures impressive of Greek drawing. On these, as on some Pompeian walls, the motif is a dancing girl or nymph wreathing herself with flowers, or a cupid with bow and quiver, all in the flat surface, yet not wholly devoid of perspective.

Whether we read, study or travel, the best we can do is to gather and glean from the abundant harvest of past arts, not only because knowledge is power, but because gleaning puts us in touch with humanity's aims and progress, teaching and serving as a comparative scale.

In Italy we glean more for our subject.

First, look at a fundamental fact concerning the birth of genius. In the wonderful fifteenth century, within a radius of little more than two hundred miles, fifty-six of our well-known artists were born; four others were born in
the preceding decade, making a galaxy of at least sixty prominent art workers to enrich the century plus the older men whose working years belong to it also.

The brilliant minds of the first magnitude were born within the first decade of the last quarter of the century, and within eight years eight of the most renowned painters of the world came to the uplift of art. Of this group of young men, two were commissioned to work out their art salvation in Rome at the same time. They were the oldest and youngest of the group.

Michael Angelo had several years the start in Rome; the younger, Raphael Santi, so greatly admired the work of the senior artist, that at one time he was in danger of losing his own originality, but a timely order from the pope saved him and his art, and the “Stanza Segnatura” represents Raphael in the full maturity of his manhood and his art.

Easel pictures were rare in those days; wall paintings were the glory of the Vatican, of Rome, of the world, and to this day the works of Raphael add laurels to his fame.

We are considering the decorative in his art at the moment, for such was his order from Julius II. His decorations for the walls, or murals, are masterpieces portraying the idealized subjectives of theology, philosophy, poetry, and jurisprudence—the sciences by which man struggles to appreciate divine truth.

In the world of art Raphael’s frescoes are symbolic, corresponding to the allegory in literature; the highest form of decoration.

Raphael’s work requires a volume, but in connection with our subject we pass on to the Farnesina Palace, on whose walls the Umbrian master depicted the fable of Cupid and Psyche. The fable, so inwrought with human experience, so applicable and naturally attributed to the invisible subjects, is most delicately and artistically portrayed on the pendentives and lunettes of the ceiling. Raphael made all the designs for the thirty pictures, and the exquisite borders and medallions enwreathed with arabesques, birds, and flowers; but in the actual painting he was assisted by a number of his pupils. There is a group, however, of three graces, one of which is entirely the work of Raphael, and one of his contemporaries declared, “This one figure, with its masterly drawing, refined execution, and exquisite coloring, is enough to redeem the whole, and serves to mark the preeminence of the master over the best of his pupils.”

The voices of conscience and curiosity are most delicately made to represent the ethereal, the invisible, by female figures grouped back of Psyche; and at the flight of Cupid one almost hears the parting thrust to the prostrate Psyche, “Love cannot dwell with suspicion.” With real appreciation for the beauty and
instruction in the fable, the master mind and hand have rendered a beautiful transcription of it into art—allegory into symbolic.

Now for a domestic teaching, also from Italy. Said Kenyon Cox, "The art of Venice differed greatly from the rest of Italy. It was poetic, sensuous, or nationalistic, secular and even worldly, delighting in the pride of life and joy of living."

In certain epochs of art we notice a similarity of accessories, as of dress, house furnishings, styles, fabrics, et cetera, and the differences tell us pretty clearly of the country that claimed the artist or the sitter. Thus figuring it out through the centuries that produced the most art, we find a leather age, a wool age, and a silk age. We find it in the costumes of men as well as of women, and notably in the textures of Venice, The Netherlands and Spain. All were wealthy commercial people, lavish in expenditure.

Paolo Veronese portrays his own taste in common with the Venice of his day in a wall painting personifying "Industry."

An intensely practical woman of the New England type was once asked what she thought of this masterpiece of the Renaissance.

"What is she supposed to be doing?" asked the New Englander.

"Impersonating Industry," was the reply, "the woman, the basket, and the spider."

"Humph!" was her contemptuous rejoinder, "She would do it with much more grace had she been sweeping down the web with a broom."

To go back to Venice, this kind of industry was painted in the so-called silk age. The rich brocade of the robe lends almost a statuesque effect to the low-seated figure—a woman of superb physique. Her outer coat is embroidered green velvet, slightly confined by a gold satin girdle clasped at the hip with a huge mosaic medallion framed in Etruscan gold. The wall on which she is seated is architecturally treated; the gray yet warm sky sheds a creamy light, the whole framed in the massive showy gold of the period. The one bare foot is expressive of comfort in the warmth of Italy, also of the beginning of freedom from sacerdotal law governing the nude. The woman’s upturned face, perfectly foreshortened, is beautiful in expression.

Guido Reni was a strong painter of womanhood; his handling of pigments, delicate, soft, and true. He left to art two types of woman: the quiet, refined type in deep thought, as a Sibyl. Her finger in the book indicates the student. The quill is suggestive of carefully prepared results, and proves that education underlies the sweet, thoughtful face. It is the most intellectual of that period.
More and more intelligence is coming to woman, more and more is taking form. Guido essayed the ideal again in “Aurora” in the Barnerini Palace. The goddess of Dawn guides the steeds of Phoebus through and over the clouds that lie in the wake of departing night. The hours that accompany the coming day are partially draped maids wafted on clouds and suffused with broadening light.

His rainbow is another phase of the ideal.

The painting was a wonder in its early years, and has become an art classic; and who can say that the motif that inspired Guido Reni may not have inspired nineteenth century men in a new world. Spirited horses pranced the name and fame of William Morris Hunt into the foreground of art when he commissioned them with “The Flight of Night,” in the state capitol at Albany, New York. Imperfectly prepared plaster was the means of losing that beautiful work to the state and the world.

In this twentieth century a New England artist has shown consummate skill and idealism in “The Triumph of Time,” frescoed on the ceiling of the Children’s Room of the Boston Library.

The artist, John Elliott, has aerialized rapid-plunging horses each with an attendant in form of a leading or restraining maiden. The action is vigorous, graceful, suggestive. The color scheme of delicate grays slightly flushed with violet and rose possesses strength and balance, the figures most pronounced, and every tone in draperies or flying coursers is faintly echoed in the cumulus clouds of the background and the foreground, that conceal yet half reveal the eternal abyss just ahead of oncoming centuries and millenniums. The powerful horses representing the centuries are in control of strong, intellectual, refined women. Was that a bit of prophecy?

A still more delicate idealism is in the graceful floating Iris, goddess of the rainbow, from the mind of the same artist who painted “Aurora.” Seemingly she escapes from the bow bearing the proverbial pot of gold toward the rain-blessed earth. There is a togetherness of the delicate arms and limbs half concealed by wind-wisped fragments of vanishing cloud. It is a thought, caught, and escaped again—an ephemeral glimpse, a pictured idea. The motif a woman.

In spite of constant strife of parties and principles, political and religious, during the Renaissance, each of those wonderful centuries sent brighter beams up and athwart the dark and troubled world, and ever-increasing light was prophetic of a broadening day.

The outcry of man’s religious nature for truth wherewith to feed his soul; the hunger of his mind for knowledge; the craving of his spirit for the beautiful,
the ideal, and to express his art instinct; all these powers within man were responsible for the new day, as they are today for the centuries to come.

To the end of Raphael's short life, the centuries had bloomed with increasingly refined and ennobling art. His "Sappho" is a pronounced type of his ideal of the poet. His Madonnas express for us his highest thought of spiritual influence on womanhood.
Permission of the artist.

"NATURE"
By Evelyne B. Longman
CHAPTER IX


You cannot describe spirit. You only see results. Like the breath it is constant and you feel it; but like the wind, "thou canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth, so is every one that is born of the spirit." The spirit that animates the face and actions, that lives and moves in the exquisite body of a dimpled babe, is fascinating. You feel that such purity and innocence hardly belong to this world.

Your ideal of life, of beauty, of values is high or low according to the gauge of your own spirit. With an artist striving for the ideal this is more noticeable. We realize how the ideal springing from the mind of man must needs be expressed through material media according to the laws of the arts and sciences, words as literature being classed as art. We also know that words are not always adequate to the full meaning or beauty of an idea of delicate import. Words stand for things, but the thing must come in contact with the mind before the spirit of it can touch spirit; the impression made depends upon the mental condition at the point of contact with the senses.

To illustrate: A little child was near an open window one May morning poring over a picture book. Suddenly she dropped her book and stood breathing in deep delight, with eyes full of wonder and question. What could it be?

"Mother," she exclaimed, "there is something here like—like—why, something like angels, Mother. What can it be?" and she cast about the room an inquiring glance.

"Look out of the window, dear," said her mother, "and you will see where it comes from."

The child looked into a mass of Parma violets just unfolding to the sun.

"I see white flowers, Mother, lots and lots of them, but—"

"You smell their fragrance, dear; you see only the violets, but it is their sweetness, their spirit that you love, because it touches your spirit, and you will remember the fragrance always—it is not like that of any other flower."

You have heard the clergyman in the pulpit read the words: "Consider the lilies how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin." There you have a panorama in words that form a series of instantaneous pictures in your mind; but words or pictures do not touch your soul as does the spotless lily, dewy with the purity and freshness that is its natal offering to the dawn. The flash
of its glistening petals almost pulses in the sunlight, so dazzling is its purity. The distilled drop of honey in the corolla, the gold dust of the stamens, the graceful curve and droop of the petals—a moment ago all were a sealed bud e'er the magic of light unclasped it, so softly, you would not have seen it had your eyes been diverted a moment, if you had not been watching and considering. They toil not, neither do they spin—not for their beauty, they are as God made them.

The masterpiece of the Creator is the human body—but that is only part of it—the everlasting spirit within, made in His likeness, to be worked and polished in earth's lapidary; that is the marvel and objective of creation.

Why? Because "Ye are the temple of the living God."

Your body is sacred. Treat it accordingly. In art, in literature, in life.

A babe is a bud of beauty. Form, flesh, curves, dimples, moist wisps and glint of curls, skin like a rose petal, witchery and sparkle of eyes, sensitive lips that speak without words, hands and feet that make their way into the sanctuary of your heart before they know how to use them, motions that are grace itself, with a heart and mind pure and guileless, for a baby's heart is new.

Your own thought of a lovely figure is, perhaps, more lovely than any developed figure you ever saw in marble or on canvas, for your thought lends an ethereal atmosphere though you may not be able to express it in art.

The tender blending of light and shade, curves and color-tones of flesh, pulsing warmth and glow radiating from the spirit within, chaste in idea, in subject—such a nude has a charm and conveys a sacredness of the body as the work of the Creator.

The very illusiveness of spirit gives the greatest difficulty in painting the nude, and has caused that branch of delineation to be the high-water mark of excellence among painters. When they cannot reach it, the public has the opportunity to see poor or bad art. But there is no excuse for exhibiting bad art, bad painting, or indecent and suggestive subjects.

A critic who has the courage of his convictions has said that "the women of America should refuse to patronize any art exhibit in the future at which is shown a suggestive nude." Again: "The cornerstone of civilization is Woman, because she is the cornerstone of the HOME; hence note the responsibility."

The moulding of thought, appreciation of values, of character, is within the mother's power and privilege even more than in the power of the man.

A graduate from one of the largest art schools in this country was being commiserated because her marriage had seemingly put a quietus on the very promising work of her student days.
"I have not given up art," she said, "but am modeling a perfectly good husband, and moulding two dear little daughters and a son to help in the uplift of their generation." Her art, too, is developing.

Here we have responsibility converted into privilege, and the future will reap a harvest because of her love and her art.

The critic above quoted concerning good and bad art concluded with the following: "Woman, as she values her own soul, should never debase herself to even semi-uncover herself in public, because it lessens her power—her spirit-power over man, and the man (and no less the child) who does not appreciate the modesty of womanhood is unworthy the name MAN."

We need to remember that the perfection of the physical beauty of a work of art is always in proportion to its moral beauty.

Titian painted a picture that seems to be an allegory of this very theme. He called it "Sacred and Profane Love," but has left it for everyone to decide according to his notion. Critics have read it forward and backward, but always with difficulty of interpretation. There is no hesitancy concerning its value as a work of art; that is $200,000. If you care for a personal reading, I should say: Titian, the master of color, has depicted the influence of the two loves that knock at the human heart. To which does the child Innocence belong?

Thus far saints, sinners, sibyls, and angels have appeared draped. The law of the church forbade the exposing of the person in ecclesiastical paintings, but with more of allegory and personifying of the subjective the unseen, the imaginary, the nude was more often seen, and the subjects named were most fittingly expressed by the delicacy of tint, vanishing shadows, curves and lines of the human form. It is the ethereal that inhabits "this all too solid flesh" that the artist feels and endeavors to catch; but spirit is ephemeral.

A few illustrations in contrast will illumine what has already been said. It is doubtful if any young person has stepped into the Rubens Gallery in Paris without an instinctive shrinking at finding himself or herself in the presence of partly nude women. The Medician Queen of France was the voluptuous type of woman that could pose for all phases of her royal existence in jewels and gems, with a mere suggestion of costly fabric somewhere in proximity—it mattered little if it had any use beyond costliness and color.

Peter Paul Rubens, accustomed to the well-clothed, substantial type of the women of Flanders, visited Italy, especially Venice, where he became enamored of light and color, sunshine and pigment, and the flesh tones from such past masters as Gentile Bellini, Luini, Guido Reni, and Titian; returning to his cloudy
Antwerp by the sea, he lavished his assimilated impressions and color equipment on many worthy canvases; but fame and gold lured him to the French court, and the canvases referred to resulted.

In the same style of drawing and beauty of color, Rubens painted "The Judgment of Paris," in which three over-fed females in a state of nudity have no excuse for being save a tale of mythology and the artist's desire to paint the nude. There is no modesty, no purity of spirit, and the beauty is solely in the color. Mercury, scepter in hand, seems best man to Paris, who is too bewildered to make his choice, while his winged feet suggest the fleetness of the vision, and as in a previous chapter where Cleopatra reveals her beauty to Caesar, we are reminded of the "thievish glance." Exquisite in color, it seems to lack in grace and form; innocence, however, is indicated by the browsing sheep nearby.

It is one of those mythical stories that lose out when put upon canvas even by a master hand. We place it on the page of profane art. The pure ethereal element of allegory is lacking. One wishes his subject might not have profaned his art.

An eighteenth century painting by David represents Paris under different circumstances. The figures are worked out as if chiseled from Pentelic marble in days of Greek sculpture rather than in terms of brush and paint in eighteenth century France. The picture is more like a frozen subject, hard and cold. It radiates no warmth. Further on we will refer to it for comparison.

One of our present-day Americans has gone back to classic Greece and found a delicate subject for the nude, and treated it with real delicacy. J. H. Fry has brought to the light of our day, "The Silver-footed Thetis, Daughter of the Ancient Deep," who unwittingly plagued the faith of Jupiter and Juno. Against the exquisite blue-greens of the Mediterranean Sea and the red-brown of the rocks that forbid, yet guard the waters, Thetis is seated with naiad-like grace gazing into the clear depths from which she was born. There is a naturalness, hence a charm, in the transparent water; the flesh tint and texture seem to radiate life, and as one has said, "nakedness is idealized out of it." It represents a water spirit.

Another exquisite nude is from the easel of Sir Frederick Leighton, England's most poetic painter of the nineteenth century. A tall figure of exceeding grace and beauty stands between the marble columns of a Greek bath; a bit of drapery from an uplifted arm falls behind her, the other rests lightly against a column as she steps into the water. "The Bath" gives a reason for the pose, and the setting is dignified and appropriate. One may study the proportions
and grace with pure pleasure, because the subject is pure, also the spirit of the painter, whose object was to paint pure beauty.

The question is often asked, "What shall we do with the nude in art?" "As a community we inherited prudery from our English forebears. More than that we have surpassed them in fastidiousness. Those who have studied the matter know that the nude, painted purely for the sake of its beauty, as most of it is, demoralizes nobody's mind. It is the straining to conceal the nude which injures morals. * * * * * The writer has lived long enough to know intimately a generation of boys and men, girls and women, who have spent years in the life classes, and have gone out into the world to do their work. Are these not the salt of the earth?" "Artists sometimes sin; so do preachers, doctors, and merchants, but the vast majority are as well behaved as anybody. Let good nudes be hung on the walls of every schoolroom, from infant classes to high school rooms, so that children may grow up with them."

A case that illustrates the point is, a little two and a half year old boy in his crib by his mother's bed, awoke as mother stepped from her morning bath into her room, thinking he had not yet awakened. Rubbing sleep from his eyes as she entered, the baby voice saluted her—"Hello, mama Venus." A Venus d'Milo had long stood in her room, nor had she given it a thought. If you would have your children grow up happy and normal, and as near perfect as is possible for them to be, teach them the beauty of their bodies with the best undraped art.
ROSA BONHEUR
Rosa Bonheur in collaboration with M. Dubuf
CHAPTER X


Children love fairy tales. Primitive folk had tradition or folk-lore for mental food. They loved, in fact they created, the myth. The Norsemen peopled their sagas and myths with imaginary beings; not gods and goddesses done in marble, as did the Greeks, theirs were nature-made, such as dainty ethereal wraiths, fleeting as morning mist, brilliant as the sun-kissed dew. Their whispers were the breezes, their laughter rippled with the waterfall; they lived in the trees; hid under the ferns; supped with bee and butterfly from honey-laden flowers. They are the imagined souls of things that live under the heavens; they bring joy to humans who believe in them, and look for them because they are the first children of nature.

A few artists have painted with the delicacy of color and touch that suggests the ethereal. Woman's form idealized has served such art, expressive of the invisible.

Can you see Love? Love centers in the babe, the child. Then let the child represent love. So came the boy Cupid to human fancy and our vocabulary.

In the French salon of 1899, M. Gussier exhibited a canvas representing "Cupid and Psyche." Psyche, mid the deep grass, stands native before the Creator as the flower of the field. She is unconscious of the little god of Love following not far away. Both figures are as lovely and pure as the flowers and leaves that partially veil their beauty. As one looks at the painting it is with bated breath, expecting the vanishing of such elusive loveliness.

Of the many painters who have essayed the subject of Life, in various mediums with varying degrees of success, Eva Withrow seems to have given from her imagination a most elusive presentation of the subjective. The young girl in the attitude of going forward extends her hand is if feeling her way through a curtain of mist, the left having caught a wave of the filmy uncertainty; she has thrown the arm over her head, which is slightly lifted as she gazes earnestly into the future. A lamp at her feet burns the incense of life and wreathes its vapor all about her. A bubble, symbolizing the brevity and uncertainty of life, floats above her. An ephemeral feeling pervades the picture, or rather an atmosphere of the spiritual.

You cannot see the voice, nor the saucy echo sent back from the hill slope or rocky wall; yet in an art production we may see "Echo" in harmony with
her leafy environment. As light and sound waves meet, they have seemed to produce the translucent figure from the brush of a sympathetic artist, Seifert. He felt his subject or his skill could not have produced it.

One more example of fancy and illusiveness that links the spirit of the human with that of nature,—“A Woodland Sprite” at home in the embracing arms of an old oak that nourishes the mystic mistletoe, and keeps the secret of the Sprite.

Akin to these evanescent beings, another lover of nature portrayed the oneness of soul with the spirit of the trees. The spirit of the woman is in touch with æolian voices of the pines; she would catch and hold them to the rhythm of her heart. So do voices of nature—God-endowed—give unspeakable tones to soulful memories. The art of Douglas Volk assists the appreciation of this beautiful relation of the human heart to nature voices; but there needs must be the listening ear.

In the more difficult medium of marble, Mr. Daniel C. French has delicately expressed “The Spirit of Life.” The soul of the artist has animated his hand—has animated the stone with vim and vigor, till the young girl, her foot on the fountain of life, responds to life. The golden bowl, of the elixir of life is held to her utmost height, and the wings symbolize the fleetness of existence.

Elihu Vedder has been a daring painter from his youth up. His imagination is boundless. Woman has been the motif and vehicle whereby his fancy has roamed the universe. Astronomy interests more people than in former years, yet few artists dip the brush for the romance of the stars. Mr. Vedder has done it many times, reaching the helium light of suns by his helium speed of thought, drawing them earthward to serve his art. When his fertile imagination led him to depict “The Fates Gathering In The Stars,” he essayed a subject of cosmic breadth on something less than a three-by-four-foot canvas. The color scheme is perfect to the subject; ashen grays garb the Fates, and their girdles of flame red, metallic green, and gaseous blue, flung afar, gather remote suns and derelict worlds to their abode in the everlasting darkness of cosmos.

The artistic claims no originality for the Fates of mankind in the cosmic world. It is an age-old fact, that destiny rests in the power of the feminine element; but Mr. Vedder has been the most original symbolic painter in modern art.

Consider “The Pleiades,” the seven beautiful daughters of Atlas transformed into a sisterhood of stars. Not being of the earth earthy, their forms can afford
to be perfect, their raiment of mysterious color and light, spun by centripetal force from off the ethereal fabric of the stars. Perpetual action is in the cloud-wreathed elements in which and of which the sisters are a part, while gravity stays their lightsome feet seemingly on the brink of abysmal space.

To descend to the earth of humans again, let us take a glimpse of the subjects and ideals of three or four modern painters of the nude. As in the brilliant fifteenth century we find a group of gifted artists born within a given decade, so we find in the second decade of the nineteenth a galaxy of art-endowed boys born to enrich the art of their native France with a far different yet beautiful art expression. It was a large group working out various ideas in the civilized world that helped to make the past century of marked interest and progress in the history of human development.

Our subject designates four as illustrative.

Alexander Cabanel (1823-1889) was thoroughly imbued with the instinct and perception of art, developed from an early age by a thorough knowledge of the theories and science of art. At the age of fourteen he was offered the professorship of drawing in the College of Pons; and six years later his native town gave the means for his art education in Paris. At twenty-two he won the Prix de Rome, and so on through his sixty-five years he had prizes and honors heaped upon him. But his highest awards are considered to be his pupils, many of whom form the next elevation in French art.

One of his most exquisite productions he called "The Birth of Venus." The goddess reclines on the crest of a pale green wave; one arm over her head gleams on the abundant hair that as wisp-like drapery floats about her beautiful limbs. The eyes are looking directly at you from under half-closed lids. Little loves hover about her, as do soft yellow butterflies over a pond lily opening to the sun. It is a masterpiece that adds to the Luxembourg and French art.

The Metropolitan Museum in New York has a superb portrait from Cabanel's easel, painted in Paris where Miss Catherine Lorillard Wolfe gave him settings for her portrait about the time she presented her large and valuable gallery of paintings to that institution.

In that collection is another painting, oriental in type, from the hand of Cabanel. "The Shulamite" presents a queenly woman garbed in truly oriental colors and costume, her black waving hair wreathing her earnest, upturned face, strong in features and rich in color. A fine Hebrew type, poetic of her race and time. It was painted to order for Miss Wolfe from the Song of Solomon: "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away."
The three pictures cited from the same artist present woman in three ages of world development, Greek, Hebrew, and American.

William Adolph Bouguereau (1825-1905) has been called preeminently the painter of flesh. Said Benvenuto Cellini, “The important point in art is to create the nude figure,” and more than one writer has attributed the attainment of this high art to Bouguereau. Flesh is full of colors, absorbed light, and invisible moisture. Many can paint flesh color, but that is as far as they can get. “That substance, unctuous, white, uniform, without being pale or faded, it is this mingling of red and blue, of imperceptible moisture, which forms the despair of the colorist.”

Bouguereau received his early instruction, as did Cabanel, at the College at Pons, and in both pupils drawing was manifestly thorough.

It was at the Columbian Fair at Chicago in 1893 that the American public, at least, had the opportunity of knowing the exquisite work of this master. The portrait of M. Carnot, at that time President of France, occupied a prominent space in the French Department of that spacious art building of magnificent Greek architecture. On one side the portrait (by Cabanel) was a masterpiece by Bougereau, exquisitely depicting “Whisperings of Love.” Against a refined background of woodland and a suggestion of sculptured marble, a slightly veiled figure was listening to whisperings of a bevy of ethereal little loves. The radiating of light and life from the unctuous quality of flesh reached the most distant observer in the spacious gallery. The luminousness and delicacy of the ensemble seemed heightened in effect by the deep richness of tones and dignity of pose portrayed in the splendid portrait.

Nature alone, it seems, formed the environment for “The Bathers,” as they have stepped from the tremulous, blue-green sea to the sand and rocks of the friendly shore. The two bathers form one of the most beautiful and perfect paintings of the nude we have.

Many charms have been bestowed upon womanhood by nature, and it is within her power to add many more; the cultivation of the spirit, mind, and soul, purity and unselfishness, reflect the inner thought-life, and such beauty radiates like sunshine.

A third painter of our group portrays a life-long influence of one particular factor of feminine loveliness. We are all more or less familiar with the luxurious red hair that Jean Jacques Henner loved to paint. The effect of that hair on the mind of the artist made him play all his painted nocturnes to the dominant red hair. His first success came when a young man. He was a born draftsman
and colorist, and in competition with other students was to paint "Adam and Eve Finding the Body of Abel." For the figure of Eve he secured as a model a very beautiful young Jewess with a wealth of red-gold hair. The painting gained for him the Prix de Rome, and to that type he adhered ever after—more than forty years, till his name became attached to that shade of red gold.

Painting of the nude was his special study, and twilight his hour for the delicate tints and shadows that made him famous, the hour when things of earth are being folded in the purple mists of evening. He used to say, "In that hour the white pallor of the human body seems to have absorbed all the daylight and to be giving it forth again." Five colors made his palette complete. In the young girl "Spirata," the spiritual maid seems thought-intent on the meaning of life, or listening to deep whispers in her own soul.

Magdalenes, nymphs, reclining maidens, madonnas, or bathers, all furnished opportunity for Henner's skill; whether it was a mural, a portrait, a nude, or a Sappho, equal care was lavished upon his subject.

In the Luxembourg is a picture of unusual charm, an exceptionally beautiful nude. The artist, Jules Joseph Lefebvre (1834-1912), there pictured his ideal of the "Naked Truth," or "La Verite." Truth is pure, so is the standing maiden holding her discriminating mirror before humanity. Light radiates from the luminousness and texture of the flesh so wonderfully painted. The fable has it that Truth emanates from a well, and the background of rocks indicates the nearby depths. Abundant hair falls about her impressive, almost stern face. "The superb figure, in attitude and resolute expression, impresses one with a strong sense of the divinity of a nature that even in all the stolidity and strength of the figure 'might soar but yet remain' to reflect upon a darkened world the light from her mirror."

The female form has been used to impersonate many beauties of nature that are far from the human. An instance, also by Lefebvre, he has called "The Dew." It is a transparency, a figure hardly retaining form as she floats on the mist of the morning as ephemeral as the dew itself, a spirit caught unawares by the Dawn as she scatters o'er leaf and flower the jewels of Day's natal hour.

As woman has been chosen by man to exemplify Truth, let her beware that she portray Truth to all the world she knows. Lefebvre was a young man just returning from his pensionate at Rome when he painted "La Verite," and it seems to have set the criterion for his future in subject, character, and tech-
nique. It is so pure one can look at it as into the corolla of an Easter Lily. It recalls these lines by Shelley:

"Spirit of beauty,  
Thy light alone—like mist o'er mountains driven,  
Or music by the night wind sent  
Through strings of some still instrument,  
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,—  
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream."

The more delicate the whispers of life to life, the more of truth and harmony; the more thrilling the beauty, the more deeply is the soul touched, and the higher is it lifted to meet inspiration. Delicate and deep of soul is the mind that could produce so calm and steadfast a Truth as the clear-eyed woman who looks out from her fountain home, holding her mirror to her utmost height.

We note in the work of these four painters advancement in technique, in delicacy that indicates spiritual perception, refinement of thought,—and the ideal has resulted.

We are all conscious that the phenomena of nature produce in the mind, through the senses, various effects on the spirit. Douglas Volk painted a picture he called "The Song of the Pines." It illustrates what has been said. First, there is harmony in composition. The soulful young woman, standing in a forest with uplifted face, is listening to the music of the pines.

Aeolian tones escaping on the breeze
Are wafted—are they not?—to unseen leas
In that fair realm where praise is gathered in,
And wafted to that upper realm akin
To where the Holiest of heaven abides,
And listens to the music of the spheres
And harmonies of Nature's wordless psalm.
'Tis Nature music thrills with holy calm,
Soft fingered by the leafage of the boughs:
Sight, sound, and color play upon the heart—
The heart responds with praise, with song, with art.

Then there is the harmony of color tones: a simple robe the deepest shade of autumn's wine, and deeper shades of sable at her throat, a throat that holds at poise the beauteous head as seen against the rich green foliage of the trees; a glimpse of heaven's blue between the stalwart stems, and a hint of its reflection in an intervening lake.

Most subtle is the harmony of spirit given by the trees in whispers to the spirit of a human soul.
HE COMES 1887
Painted by Thérése Schwartze
Holland Artist—Pupil of Gabril Max
PART III

Woman as Artist

We cite the painters and sculptors in this division of Woman As Artist, not merely for numbers, for there are many hundreds of women of the brush and spatula who have worked, or are working, toward the advancement of art in America and elsewhere.

Our purpose is to set forth the names and work of a few artists who have already helped in the advancement of art as we know it today; and of a few younger workers who, with purpose and training, are striving toward a fuller appreciation of the soul and method of art expression, which is their own appreciation of nature and humanity.

Nor is it an adequate representation of the artists cited; that would be impossible in a work of limitations. But the hope is that it may be helpful to an understanding of the art development of woman, from her first appearance in connection with art up through this first quarter of the Twentieth Century.

CHAPTER XI

Four Functions In Art. Women Painters In Europe from Margaret van Eyck to Rosa Bonheur.

“All nature is but art unknown to thee,
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood.”

Alexander Pope. (1688-1744)

Those lines penned more than two hundred years ago by the old English poet furnish food for thought.

We know that art is the most beautiful way of expressing things; also we know that art is the output of man’s best. But we need to remember that man is ever greater than his best; that nature is the output of the Creator who has thus intimated His Spirit and Power, nor exhausted Himself in producing the unthinkable wonder and harmony of cosmos.

The writer was once asked to bring some phase of art to a literary club. Immediately came the thought—take art out of literature and what would become of Ruskin, Rosseti, Taine, Browning, the Odyssey and Iliad, of ancient history, sacred and profane? What would become of the classics, of drama, architecture, and the poets of nature and human life? No: Literature
WOMAN IN ART

would be all out of key if nature were left out, all out of key if art were lacking. Nature's work and man's work are the warp and woof of life, and closely interwoven are the various threads in the fabric we call civilization.

Early art as practiced by primitive folk seems to have been an outline or skeleton gradually clothed upon by fleshly parts and proportions, resembling man or beast. The decorative faculty still exists, marvelously developed in the last half century. It has been a long road from crude marks and symbols to the art of today as expressed in exquisite drawings, modelings, color and proportions of some twentieth century work. Looking at the work of our time, we realize that man has not labored merely for pelf, nor wholly for the pleasure and development of his faculties, nor yet to add a spoke to the wheel of progress, nor to produce something for critics to whet their wit upon, or upon which they may focus wisdom for the benefit of those who have lacked opportunity.

Art has four high functions:
First: At its best, art glorifies a nation or epoch.
Second: It is a measuring rod showing degrees of development and advancement of a people, their customs and achievements.
Third: Art is a means of pleasure and uplift to the beholder, be he educated or ignorant.
Fourth: Art develops the soul of the man or woman who conceives the ideal and works it out.

Every age and nation has its characteristic art expression, but who can name the first woman known for a work of art?

So far as we know, things artistic, from pyramids to pen-point borders of mediaeval manuscript books, man has monopolized. Now and then through the ages, circumstances have singled out a woman as ruler or leader of a nation or movement, but rarely has she been identified with art except as a promoter or model for the assistance of man: a living thing of beauty that challenges his effort and skill.

Thus did their women make the art of Greece famous. So did the exquisite beauty of Simonetta lend time-honored fame to the Madonnas from the soul and brush of Botticelli. From Egypt to Greece, Greece to Rome, Rome to the Renaissance, we find few names of women in the annals of art.

This fact points to another, the slow emancipation of womanhood through the ages.

Those of us who have silver threads among the gold or brown can recall!
hearing our mothers or grandmothers tell of restrictions put upon woman's efforts toward broader activities than the family circle afforded; and we all know how persistently her embryo powers astonished the world now and again with her pen, for she had freedom of thought if not of action.

The world today realizes that by her promotions of mercy and benevolences, from the time of founding of orphanages and homes for the aged by the motherly dames of Holland, the love and tenderness in the heart of woman seems to have reached the ultimate of human endowment in the service of the Red Cross, Foreign Missions, the Salvation Army, etc.; but until our day the professions were barred to her.

It has been generally conceded that woman had but small part if any in the development of Renaissance art, that it issued from the masculine mind and hand, although models and ideals for the multitude of painters and workers in marble and bronze were largely women; and there must have been many of fine fiber spiritually developed, for that period of art was expressive of sainthood, the virtues, faith, chastity, and humility, that form character, and those subjects were largely represented by woman or they emanated from the refined or religious trend in the painter himself, derived, perhaps, from the influence of his mother.

This fact serves as a connecting link between our present subject, Woman As Artist, and our next in sequence, Motherhood In Art. In the annals of art we find three brothers and a sister working together as children in the quaint old city of Bruge. The parents were fond of the scant art of their time, and that fondness was renewed in each child. The second child, Margaret, is the first woman mentioned by name as using brush and pigment to express her religious enthusiasm and artistic zeal. She was associated with her illustrious brothers, Hubert and Jan van Eyck, in their studies and aims, their church painting and in their school.

It is said that her work on the same triptych with Hubert could not be distinguished from his, but the difference of sex caused her to be considered merely a helper. She did, however, paint a number of pictures most of which have been destroyed or lost. A few are in the National Gallery in London, and prove that she indeed shared the art instinct and ability with her brothers.

Through the Christian era woman has developed various talents, and a careful view shows a sequence of necessities in such developments. For instance, long before art enlisted her powers, we find her heart and mind exercised (as shown in phenomenal cases) in powerful expressions of love,
heroism, religion, worldly ambition, learning, benevolence, etc. Art is one of the latest fields she has entered, and the twentieth century the Red Letter period when she began to find her place, her freedom and voice in any department or activity her choice and ability have fitted her for, even to positions of municipal and Federal Government "of the people, for the people, and by the people."

It is interesting to find a few names scattered through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, of women who reached distinction in painting in their time. It is also of interest to note that in nearly every case we will cite that as girls they began painting with their fathers, which counts for heredity and home influence.

Sofonisba Angussola was born in the old walled town Cremona, on the river Po. Its cathedral was five hundred years in building, and the interior has been decorated from time to time by native artists and might be said to represent the various stages of decorative art from the year 1100, as its exterior represents a composite architecture. Beside its slowly growing cathedral, Cremona expressed appreciation of the beautiful in the tones of the wonderful violins, its remarkable pottery, and a number of developing painters.

One of those artists was a direct descendant of the ancient Cremona family from whom the town and the province took the name.

Sofonisba was born to a family of means, in 1533, and was one of six daughters all of whom, in some line of artistry, "adorned the fine arts." She studied under Bernardino Campi, and must have reached a high degree of proficiency in her own country, for in 1560 at the invitation of Philip II she visited the court of Madrid. She painted a portrait of Philip, also a number of court celebrities, and her work was highly commended and praised.

On returning to Italy she painted portraits of Pope Pius IV and a number of Italian princes. Some of her paintings are to be seen in Florence and in Madrid. She painted several fine portraits of herself, one of which is in the portrait gallery in the Uffizi in Florence. A group picture of three of her sisters was in the collection once owned by Lucien Bonaparte, but is now in Berlin.

Sofonisba died in Genoa in 1620, aged eighty-seven years.

Elisabetta Sirani we mention here as a connecting link showing woman's ambition for and influence in art during the century that marked the decline of the Renaissance. Her birthplace was Bologna (1638), another walled city
with twelve gates, and also on the river Po. Note her environment. Her father was an artist, a pupil of Guido Reni, Giovanni Andrea Sirani by name. So like was his style to that of his master that after his death Sirani was chosen to finish a number of his unfinished works. Sirani is also represented in one of the 130 churches of Bologna by a painting of St. Martin, and a Crucifixion, both of which are signed by his initials.

Stockholm, Venice, and Florence Galleries possess paintings by Andrea Sirani. Elisabetta, a pupil of her father, thus came in almost direct touch with the glory and teaching of Guido Reni. In 1655, when but seventeen years of age, she had a public exhibition of her paintings that were remarkable for one so young.

Domenichino and the Carracci were also natives of Bologna, and many of their works remaining there were also a means of art education to the young artist. Her subjects were naturally those of the painters of that period. "Madeleini in the Desert," "The Infant Jesus and Saints," "A Sleeping Love," "The Source," "Mary and Joseph Finding Jesus in the Temple," 'Martha Reproved by Her Lord," and others of kindred subjects. "The Death of Abel" is in the Turin Gallery, "St. Anthony of Padua" is in Bologna, and "Charity" is in Rome. Elisabetta died in 1665. She left more than 150 works, many of them large, and all carefully executed. Most are in Bologna. She was the prominent one of three artistic sisters.

We cannot afford to overlook any known woman painter in the early centuries of modern times; they are so few and far between that we need them to reckon with in noting the development of woman.

Practically three hundred years after Margaret van Eyck painted with her brothers on the wonderful triptych at Bruge, there was born at Amsterdam a baby christened Rachel Ruysch, her father a professor of astronomy. As a very little child her pastime was drawing, and her earliest efforts at painting flowers interested her parents to the extent of placing her to study with William van Aelst, a skillful painter of flowers. Not long did she paint with him before it was acknowledged that she surpassed him in skill. As Vernet said to Mme. Lebrun when a mere child, "Nature is the best master," so it proved to be to the little Dutch Rachel. Her love for and close observation of flowers and butterflies taught her more than van Aelst could. She married the portrait painter, Jurrian Pool, but even a large family did not prevent her painting, nor diminish her enthusiasm for the work she loved and continued to a ripe old age. Her "Bloomstul" (flower pieces) sold at
good prices even for her time, and were popular even beyond the pictures of a rival in the same field of art; she seemed to express the delicate texture and soul of a flower, as well as its form, color, and grace.

Her pictures are to be seen in most European galleries, and in the Rijks Museum at Amsterdam they are proud to own four of them. Her dew drops on rose petals and leaves look as if nature were responsible for them; and you can take it for real pollen on the stamens and a real drop of honey in the corolla where bee and butterfly sip nectar, all are so delicately painted.

Microscopic work seems a characteristic of the Hollanders and Netherlanders.

Anna Dorothee Liszevska was born in Berlin (1722-1782). She studied first with her father and afterward at the Academy of Beaux-Arts in Paris, and on her return was made a member of the Academy of Berlin, and soon after became court painter to Frederick the Great. Painting portraits and historic pictures kept her busy a number of years, painting for both Prussia and Russia. A fine portrait of herself may be seen in Leipzig, and a number of portraits of men and women at Leyde. In the Chateau at Potsdam, also at Sans Souci are many of her pictures, and a remarkably fine canvass at Weimar.

In every age there are children of poverty, children of the soil, and occasionally children in the environment of wealth and culture, and from them all, Life is often leading some to the heights of human possibilities, and they know it not. Theirs are souls and minds with unsatisfied longings and aspirations, developing men and women with hungers of mind and spirit. God made them so, and as leaf, flower, or fruit, on woodpath, hillside, or plain, they are where they belong till the spirit moves within and they find themselves, and opportunity opens the gate before them, and they find what they are made for in the thing they can do best.

In 1742 a German maiden was born to the art world at Chur in the Grisons. Her father was an artist in a small way, but large in ambition. That combination led him to perceive and nurture the budding in his child, and he gave her every opportunity in his power for seeing the best in art and for the study of it.

Angelica Kaufman was that child, who became a noted portrait painter. Her work was remarkable for her time, her age, and, too, because it was the work of a woman.

In Milan, Naples, and Rome she painted masterpieces and portraits. At
twenty-two her father took her to Venice, where she soon won the friendship of the wife of the English ambassador, Lady Wentworth, and eventually accompanied her to England, where she became a most popular painter. That same year (1768) the Royal Academy was founded with Sir Joshua Reynolds as its first president. The young woman artist was elected one of its original members; for one so young, a woman, and a foreigner, that was a remarkable honor. After two unhappy marriages, Angelica Kaufman devoted her time principally to historic subjects, having her studio in Rome, where she died in 1808.

It is of interest to note the subjects chosen by women whom we shall consider in these pages. Portraits were the vogue, and the classic in subject and composition invited the attempts of many artists. Angelica Kaufman produced a number of canvases that give us some knowledge of her imagination, grace of composition, and color scheme. In the collection of Mrs. Nicholas Brady is an example in point,—"Calypso Entertains Telemachus on her Lyre." For a nymph Calypso is most properly draped in a diaphanous gauze which half conceals yet half reveals the grace and beauty of her form, as, seated on a divan she entertains young Telemachus, let us suppose with words no less than with the dulcet tones of her lyre. The third party of the group is the fawn-colored hound, crouched as for repose, yet with head alert and turned toward his mistress in the attitude of interest and understanding. The picture is well balanced, wall and floor of marble, paneled and enriched with tracings and bas-reliefs of Greek designs. She was not a strong painter at all times, yet her work was ever pleasing.

The eighteenth century was history-making in both Europe and America, but not much of it was recorded on canvas till later, and that little was not from a woman's brush. Religious and social ideals and portraits had greater attraction for both painter and public. "Religion Attended by the Virtues," was one of the most famous of Angelica's paintings. "The Vestal Virgin" also shows a delicacy of design and surety of touch. There is a charm in many of her pictures, but the opportunity for comparison with the work of other artists was scant.

More than six hundred engravings were made from her paintings, which proves their popularity. We do well to study the works of former times, but are we justified in condemning such work because it does not tally with that of our time, type, and taste?

Should we despise the Mayflower that brought the Pilgrims to an un-
known shore because it was not built and furnished like a modern Leviathan? Never slur the ladder whose rungs have aided your upward climbing.

In the year 1755 a daughter was born to an excellent portrait painter in France. The world knows of her today as Mme. Vigee-Lebrun. In after years her advent was spoken of by M. Charles Lebrun—the great painter of his time—as "the birth of a princess into the kingdom of art and around whose cradle fairies gathered. One gave her beauty; one intellect; another a pencil and palette. One prophesied an unhappy marriage; but the fairy of travel to console her, promised she should carry from court to court, from academy to academy, from Paris to Rome, from St. Petersburg to London, her gayety, her talent, and her easel before which the sovereigns of Europe should pose, and also many heads crowned with genius."

The infant was baptized Elizabeth Louise Vigee. Her father was her teacher through childhood, laying a foundation on which future experience and instruction were to build.

The gifted girl was left an orphan at twelve, and soon thereafter came under the influence of M. Gruize, and later was instructed by Joseph Vernet. "Nature is the best master," said Vernet to her one day "if you study her you will never have mannerisms."

At fifteen she painted excellent portraits, and at twenty-five was received into full membership of the Academy with the exhibition of "Peace Creating Abundance."

The prophecy concerning her marriage came true. M. Lebrun, her husband, was a wealthy dealer in pictures, but dissolute, cruel, and extravagant, and after a few years she obtained a separation.

No one who has visited the Versailles Gallery can ever forget the portrait of Marie Antoinette and her children, done by the hand and sympathetic spirit of motherhood which was strong in Mme. Lebrun. The little Dauphin standing by the cradle of his baby brother makes it difficult to realize that the innocent child was born to political persecution and death at the age of ten, and all because of the selfish and frivolous propensities of his mother.

Nor had she seemingly the wit to realize that the influence of her extravagant social life caused the sacrifice of her husband Louis XVI, her son, and finally her own head.
Thus does one canvas portray a chapter in history, and the character, taste, and extravagance of a woman who made a monetary and moral bankrupt of her family, her country, and her influence as mother and queen.

Two self-portraits of Mme. Lebrun are in the same gallery, the familiar one with the large hat and sparkling eyes, the other as she playfully caresses her little daughter. Her portrait of the Baroness de Crussol is one of her most attractive works, because of its absolute ease and the sweet naturalness of expression. The texture of accessories equals or rivals that of the Flemish masters, as does the color and technique. Velvet, satin, fur, and the wealth of hair escaping from the broad brim of the hat, are exquisite, while the pose—sitting sideways in an upholstered chair, an arm resting on the back—is perfectly natural as she looks over the right shoulder. The parted lips assure you that she is really speaking to you, or to the painter at the easel.

The charm of the picture is, and doubtless was the charm of the Countess. The secret of Mme. Lebrun's success was the fact that she painted characteristics and that illusive something we call charm, that being as individual as eyes and hair, although indescribable; a gift of spirit that enables an artist to catch the spirit of another, her own being the animating genius.

Such was the great gift that signalized Raphael above other fifteenth century painters. In the later centuries we see that such spirit was beginning to brighten and quicken other gifted souls.

That other portion of the fairies' prophecy also came true, for the art of Mme. Lebrun took her to all the capitals of Europe, and seemed to lengthen her life and art to the span of ninety-three years.

Before that span was rounded out, however, another artist was born to add glory to France. We are not told that she was born with a silver spoon in her mouth, but surely the first thing Rosa Bonheur grasped must have been a crayon. She was a painter from childhood, with the gift that enabled her to catch the spirit of animal life which she really loved, no less than their manifold actions. Parentally and by gift of the genii at her birth, the child was blessed in being la Bonheur, for a sweet disposition and good fortune were life-long blessings to her.

Her mother was of noble birth, her father a born artist, but handicapped by circumstances, disappointed aims and ambitions. Thinking to do better for his family in Paris, he moved there from Bordeaux where their four children were born; but even in Paris he found the same conditions of "little
to earn and many to keep." The mother became assistant bread-winner, but
the extra strain was too much for one of delicate nature, and her children
were left motherless for a time. Fortunately for them, the step-mother was
unusual in her interest in and kindness to them.

As a girl, Rosa Bonheur could not be made to do housework or sew as
did her sister and her friend Natalie Mecus. She was often the despair of her
mother, who would exclaim, "There goes that boy in petticoats." At a first
chance she would fly off like a bird escaping its cage, follow a horse, dog,
or donkey with its load, or a drayman along the quay, or a boatman dreamily
guiding his boat along the sluggish Seine. A bit of brown paper and char-
coal served as material. Sketches "while you wait" amused groups of
children of assorted sizes, those of her own home often included.

Her father placed her in a private school where he gave drawing lessons
for her tuition. Even there the embryo artist made albums of her school-
books, amply illustrating the animal kingdom rather than any branch of
study they contained.

In her early years Paris had not civilized the Bois de Boulogne as we
know it today, and in its margin the young girl made friends and studies of
the shy creatures that homed in that nearby forest.

Her first city studio was on the sixth floor of a pension, and to that lofty
atelier she conducted a sheep for a model, but by what means she accom-
plished the exploit is not known.

Her life of seventy-seven years is a most interesting romance, devoted
to her one and only love of animals. Here again we find a proof of Goethe's
truism:

"You ne'er from heart to heart can speak inspiring
    Save your own heart be eloquent."

Seldom have the annals of art chronicled such persistence to an ideal
in a child. Her father was her constant teacher and critic and must have
taken great satisfaction in the developing genius of his daughter. She spent
days at the Louvre copying from the works of Paul Potter and Salvator
Rosa; the one a slavish naturalist, the other painting rugged nature, keying
the wildness of torrent and rocks to the pitch of his vivid imagination.

Rosa Bonheur's first work to come before the jury of the Salon shows
rabbits nibbling carrots; a second was a flock of sheep and goats. Both
were accepted, which was a delight to her father and a real encouragement
to the nineteen-year-old artist. She was but twenty-one when she received
her first medal. Her pictures were not only accepted but sold at fair prices. Even in her teen years, when attempting to add to the family exchequer, her small pictures and sketches brought three and four hundred francs each.

It has been said that she was a naturalist in painting and so she was: so was Paul Potter, but no two pair of eyes see nature exactly alike; no two temperaments understand equally the human or animal they essay to paint. And it is safe to say no other artist has had the love for and confidence in the creatures wherewith the Creator peopled forest, crag, and jungle than Rosa Bonheur had. She made them feel her love, not her mastery.

It has also been said that she was not original, opened no new outlook nor depicted a new horizon or ideal in art. Has any other painter of animals come so near the fulfillment of the prophecy of Isaiah XI-6? Is it not a new outlook to see in the symbolic a reality in the actual because of the larger understanding of love?

Human sympathy means much even to the creatures we cannot understand.

Rosa Bonheur's experiences in Scotland were a joy to her. One realizes how truly she saw and felt when studying the cattle on their native heath and Highland crags. On hills covered with bracken and purple heather the artist gained the freedom, the unafrighted poise of roving herds of deer, of cattle and sheep, nor had she need to compose an appropriate background for her studies from the North. The woman with her breadth of soul and love of nature breathed deep of the same salt air that swept from the sea over mountain and glen, as it filled the valleys and rising, rising, wreathed the Bens with that magic mist that beautifies the rugged majesty of mountains and softly glorifies the hills.

Was it not a touch of originality to paint the denizens of the Highlands, browsing or startled to attention, as they peer through the mist-laden atmosphere? Was it not fulfilling an ideal that the simple pliant bodies of her lions in repose should lend their heaviness to undulations of ground where they lie? Soft as a kitten they seem, yet their weight is impressive.

Reading the life of Rosa Bonheur as it unfolds her activities, one experiences a personal interest in her successes.

In 1845 her work shown at the Salon received a third medal, and the following year she was awarded the first medal. When we consider the personnel of the committee passing on more than five thousand canvases—for it was the year celebrating the restitution of a republican government after the
monarchial interval, and all paintings sent in were accepted—when we consider this, we realize how splendid and satisfying was her work to such artists as Horace Vernet, Delacroix, Corot, Meissonier, Jules Dupre, and Isabey.

Though very quiet in her taste, not caring for ostentation in any form, the bestowal of the medal was an honor prized by the artist; but soon she received from the state a beautiful Sevres vase and an order for a painting. To fill that order Rosa Bonheur gave the world the picture now so familiarly known, "Plowing in the Nevernais." Those are splendid oxen, doing the work they were made for, breaking the hard fallow ground for a crop. Their legs well set on the body, and the feet in the furrow, show the muscular strain and action perfect to the life. She made long and careful studies for the painting, working in the fields from dawn till dark, her friend Natalie being always with her.

She was but twenty-three when "The Haymakers" was exhibited at the Salon of 1849, shortly before the death of her father, and her success was a great satisfaction to them both. It was purchased by the state for the Luxembourg, but at the celebration of the centenary of the artist's birth (1922) it was placed in the Louvre. Said a writer of about that time: "This painting it was that won for her the first medal, the report declaring that the artist in this case could not be decorated." Why? Because she was a woman!

Ten years later—and in that ten years many a noted canvas had been exhibited and sold—a carriage stopped at the embowered Chateau at By, her home on the edge of Fontainebleau Forest, and a lady entered the studio of the now illustrious artist. "As Rosa Bonheur arose from her easel to greet her guest, the Empress Eugénie fastened the red button on her blouse, that created her Chevaliére of the Legion of Honor, and as such greeted her with a kiss, delayed a few moments, and was gone." Then did the woman artist realize that the woman sovereign had pinned the Cross of the Legion of Honor on her working blouse. The Emperor had been hesitating to confer a decoration on a woman when the Empress, having during his absence been left Regent, drove from Fontainebleau nearby and in its bestowal by her hand added to its value.

Mme. Vigee-Lebrun had been admitted to the French Academy eighty years before, but was not decorated, and no woman since has been given the honor.

The next order Rosa Bonheur received from the government was through the Minister of the Interior. The Marquis de Morny sent for her, requesting that she bring her portfolios that they might together discuss the subject.

For some time the artist had been studying horses, having in mind for a
The last painting by Rosa Bonheur

"THE STEERS"
Rosa Bonheur
future work "The Horse Fair." She took those studies to him, requesting that the commission be given for that subject, but his preference and argument was in favor of the "Haymakers," for which he offered twenty thousand francs. But he did agree to her desire to paint "The Horse Fair" first. This was finished and exhibited at the Salon in 1853, and so great was its success that any canvas from the brush of Rosa Bonheur was not required to be passed upon by a jury. So great was the enthusiasm over the huge masterpiece that M. de Morny regretted he had not accepted that subject, and eventually requested the artist to substitute it for "The Haymakers." His offer came too late. The picture had just been sold to a London dealer for forty-nine thousand francs, the artist's own price. After two resales it found its way to America and glorified the private gallery of A. T. Stewart of New York. After the death of Mrs. Stewart, the painting had another monetary advance; Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt made it $53,000 and the Metropolitan Museum of Art became its permanent home.

It was while studying horses and cattle in market, slaughter houses, field and fair, that this dominant artist obtained permission to don male attire for both convenience and protection.

In appreciation of the woman whose achievements honored France and the world's womanhood, a member of the Academy has recorded an anecdote of interest. He writes:

"One morning a purchaser announced himself at the atelier of M. Dubuf (at that time an eminent portrait painter of France). The caller was an Englishman, a collector of Paul Potter canvases. He was anxious to acquire the picture of Mademoiselle Rosa, then on exhibition at the Salon and painted in collaboration. He asked M. Dubuf the price of the picture.

"'I have not the right to reply to your request at the moment,' said M. Dubuf. 'This work happens to have been painted in collaboration. I must ask my friend who painted the bull at what price he values it. I can only dispose of the figure of the woman.'

"'But if you will excuse me, it is the bull which pleases me,' exclaimed the amateur. 'Tell me the name of your collaborator, as I would like to treat with him personally.'

"'Why, then, my dear sir,' replied the other, 'you must see Mlle. Rosa Bonheur.'

"The client then sought out the painter of animals, but the great artist in her turn made objections.
"I am not the author of the work; I have painted only the bull. The woman is by M. Dubuf."

To cut the story short, the painting was sold for fifteen thousand francs, of which seven thousand were for the bull, and eight thousand for the portrait of Rosa Bonheur. "It was by way of gallantry to the lady," observed M. Dubuf, "because the bull was worth vastly more."

The world is better for the life of this great artist, simple and natural in her manner of life; unselfish and industrious to a remarkable degree, she accomplished wonders and was greatly beloved by the peasantry among whom she lived.

Another incident of her unselfishness and loyalty: "During the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 the booming of cannon at Paris resounded at her quiet home at By. German soldiers were quartered about Fontainebleau, and under orders not to disturb the artist or her animals. But war was in the air and silenced the call of art for the time. The neighborhood was cut off from supplies. To her surprise she received a quantity of supplies one day, from the enemy, also a "safe conduct" that she might go to friends without fear. Rosa Bonheur accepted the provisions which she distributed to the peasants about her. The 'safe conduct' she tore into shreds, declaring she could suffer with her countrymen."

When peace was restored to beleaguered France, the artist resumed her painting with even renewed power and vigor. Her lions are beautiful. Power and strength they had, but held in abeyance. "The Lions at Home" and "Lion and Lioness" are represented as if in native haunts, undisturbed and unaf-frighted, so perfectly at repose that their soft, pliant, yet huge bodies seem alive. Her delineation of individuality in animal faces is no less remarkable than the texture, shading, and depth of their coats. One can almost see those cat-like paws slowly open and contract as if in memory of prey once attacked in the wilds.

England and America possess many of her finest paintings in private as well as in public galleries. Beside being the largest market for her canvases during the last decade of her life, Rosa Bonheur had another link of friendship that gave her a warm feeling for America.

The constant friend and companion of her childhood, Natalie Micas, died in 1885, leaving the artist very much alone and deeply saddened. Enthusiasm in her work dropped to a low ebb. But a solace came to her in her friendship with the American artist, Anna Klumpke. The new friendship, being for one younger and from another country, proved a beneficial change. Affection and
congeniality sprang up that the artist had not thought possible again to her life, and the aftermath of happiness and contentment brought renewed interest in her work. Friendship was essential to this large-hearted artist—as it is to all if they did but know it—and to her new artist friend she gave richly her affection, her home, and of experience that had accumulated throughout a most remarkable life. A life that may now be read from the pen of Anna Klumpke.

At the World's Columbian Fair in Chicago, 1893, in the Fine Arts Building—remembered as the most perfect structure of Greek architecture outside of ancient Greece—the galleries of French painting were eminently attractive. A wall in the larger room was centered with the imposing portrait of President Carnot by Cabanel. It was draped with crimson velvet that has ever adorned governmental France. As stated in a preceding chapter, at the right hung a masterpiece by Bourguereau, "Whisperings of Love." At the left of the portrait another large canvas carried the eye into a depth of Fontainebleau Forest softened by leaf-sheltered atmosphere. The perspective of old trees formed the rendezvous for beautiful deer at home, the alert, watchful stag seemingly startled at your approach. It was the poetry of a woodland scene, not the arbitrary actual of any realistic school. People quite ignorant concerning art crowded to look, as if it were their one opportunity to enjoy the beautiful intimacy of the woods and at the splendid antlered creatures in their native environment.

Rosa Bonheur received many honors from various European nations, but the recognition that touched her most deeply, and was to her of the highest value, was a visit from President Carnot at her Chateau at By, when he made her an Officer in the Legion of Honor, which he conferred because of her contribution to the Chicago World's Fair. It seemed the culmination of the honor of membership in that body, conferred by the Empress Eugénie thirty years before.

Early one May morning in 1899, the writer was at the Salon soon after the hour for opening, so was not surprised at the empty rooms. Wandering into a large gallery, I was confronted by an earnest face wearing a half-repressed smile, the clear blue eyes looking directly at me. Fascinated by the eyes, I advanced within ten feet of the picture before noticing the long palm leaves crossed on the top of the frame and the purple ribbon at the lower corner.

Rosa Bonheur was dead!

Even as I stood stunned by the surprise the great artist, the noble woman, was laid to rest in the Pere La Chaise.

The portrait is by her friend and adopted daughter, Anna Klumpke. The strong, yet kindly face is wreathed by nature's halo of glistening white hair. She
WOMAN IN ART

has leaned the portfolio of drawings against the chair to make room for her little pet dog, who was ever sure of a welcoming caress.

Only a loving friend and a trained hand could give to the canvas that touch of natural ease that gives the expression of a speaking likeness.

The last painting from the brush of Rosa Bonheur hung near her portrait. She called it "The Steers,"—a group of the animals at rest under a stalwart oak. Though at rest, there was vitality in their very pose. You seem to hear the sigh of contentment from the fine beast standing in the foreground chewing his cud. A breeze seemed fingering the oak leaves, and peace was the message of the canvas.

A painter of unusual strength and grasp of mind and brush, she was emphatically a womanly woman in her home life, in her care and helpfulness to her parents, brothers, and sister, and she had survived them all.

A few words of hers seem to be a creed by which she did her splendid work. She has said:

"The ever-present desire to bring myself nearer to truth, and an incessant research after simplicity are my two guides. I have never grown tired of study. It is today, and has been during my whole life, a happiness to me, for it is with persistent work alone that we can approach the unsolved problems of ever-changing Nature, the problem which more than any other elevates our soul, and entertains in us thoughts of justice, of goodness, and of charity."
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"SCOTLAND FOR EVER!"
By Lady Butler
From the picture belonging to the Corporation of Leeds
CHAPTER XII

Elizabeth Thompson (Lady Butler).

Two women of the nineteenth century reached the high-water mark of art production that, in drawing and technique, spirit and action, surpassed any previous art expression in the line of their chosen subjects. The genii attending their birth seem to have implanted in the heart of each a distinct love for the animal creation, and given an invisible pencil into the hand of each.

We have seen that one of these gifted souls was given to France; twenty-two years later the other was given to England. Both had talents for subjects far beyond the sphere or ability of woman at that time; so said the world of men.

When an emergency or opportunity arises, we are not a little surprised that the right person, fully equipped, is found to fill the position, to do the work, to meet the emergency. Why should we be surprised? Such do not drop to earth full-statured in an hour. Efficient men and women are ever growing, working, delving, studying along the lines of their ability and devotion for twenty, forty, or even fifty years, and when the world has need of them, they are ready. Only years of toil, of mind, body, and spirit, result in preparedness, achievement and success; and then called by the world, they step from drill room, studio, shop, laboratory, or study into the appointed position on the stage of life's drama. The world experiences the thrill of a discoverer, while those on the fringe of the home environment hug themselves and voice a long-delayed prophecy—"We always knew that they'd be great."

The woman who added fame to the art of England was born Elizabeth Thompson, in speaking of whom one is strongly reminded that artists are born—then developed.

An artist born to the comforts of life so that the bread and butter question need not be reckoned with is fortunate indeed. Gifted with art instinct, plus will power and a capacity for work, what more could the Creator grant to a human being?

Elizabeth (Lady Butler), talented child, cultured woman, idolized wife, happy mother, indefatigable and successful painter—all this and more has made her one of the most favored of women and artists.

Her father, a gentleman of wealth and leisure, her mother, also a lover of art and nature, known as a superior amateur in drawing and water-color painting—in the maturity of their powers and judgment they married and together went to enjoy the beauties of nature and art on the Continent.

87
During their prolonged tour of two years, the first of their two daughters, Elizabeth, was born at Lausanne, the charming heart of Switzerland. Her childhood was spent in the beautiful midlands of England, with frequent journeys to the hills and lakes of other lands. On those trips the child was aroused to the unusual people, costumes, and animals, and a pencil became her constant companion at three and four years of age.

With her as with Rosa Bonheur there came a timely correction in drawing from her parents, thus keeping the child from fundamental errors. "Animals were of prime interest to her, but not asleep or standing; they must be in action to suit the little maid. If a horse were still, he must have just stopped, with that alertness and tension of muscle that means the next step; that subtle poise of action in instant rest, to be followed by instant action." This has always been her strongest characteristic, in all brush and pencil productions; truthfulness to nature was the natural sequence. Study from the moving model was a necessity, to her a charm. Love was in her work. She thrilled with the life she loved to depict. She kept at work continually, sending canvas after canvas to the Academy, seemingly not discouraged because at the first they were not accepted. As a child she wanted to study from the life, for which she went to South Kensington School; but she was put in an elementary class with children of her age, because of which she left and took oil painting of a private teacher, and also sketched at home till, armed with work in oil painting and life drawings, she went back. The head teacher looked at her work and admitted her to the advanced life class.

Elizabeth Thompson was in her early teens when her first picture was accepted. It was a water-color, "Bavarian Artillery Going Into Action." The British Gallery rejected it, but it was accepted by the Dudley Gallery. Her love for animals was leading her on to such military situations on canvas as had never before or since been produced in England, if there had been on the Continent.

France her her "Hall of Battles" at Versailles, vistas of canvas that fairly reek with blood and carnage. Yet, France has had many battle painters through her history, but not one was a woman.

Elizabeth Thompson traversed the battlefields of Europe and of history, painting to the life dramatic incident and action, free from all precedent and conventionality, putting freshness and truth in their places; painting with knowledge gathered from camp and maneuvers and from some actual encounters, plus that innate vision that enabled her to resurrect the soldiers of the Crimea, of the
Congo, of Waterloo, and fight those bloody battles again on canvas, serving their purpose to art, to England, and the world, "Lest we forget."

In Italy, as a young girl, she painted with one Bellucci, an excellent draughtsman. She worked incessantly; even when the heat drove the master the country, the pupil remained in Florence and in the coolness of the church Santissima Annunziata she copied frescoes of Andrea del Sarto. So great was her enthusiasm that she arose at dawn and breakfasted alone, that she might have all the time possible for work.

Finishing her student work, she returned to England and opened a studio of her own, sending to the Academy "The Visitation." It came back to her with a hole in the canvas. For three consecutive years her work was rejected, but she kept on painting.

About that time an incident of the Franco-Prussian War absorbed her mind and brush, resulting in the painting called "Missing." Nothing daunted, she sent that also to the Academy. It was accepted, but hung "up and out of sight."

Just then a manufacturer from the north gave her an order for a picture of the Crimea for an hundred pounds ($599). For this she painted a subject long in her mind, "The Roll Call," after an engagement in the Crimea. The poor fellows who were left are massed together in battered and bandaged condition to answer to their names. Sadness and woe are depicted in their faces as the missing were called, who never again would answer, "Here."

The artist's father built a rough studio on the Isle of Wight, where she made studies for that subject; then she took a studio in South Kensington and painted the picture that made her great. Sending in the picture for the annual exhibition, she returned to her home on the Isle of Wight.

Here is a quotation from the letter she received from the Chairman of the Hanging Committee:

"I may tell you with what pleasure I greeted the picture when it came before me for judgment. I was so struck with the excellence of the work that I proposed to take off our hats and give it and you—though personally unknown to me—a round of huzzas, which was done. I shall do all I can to have it well hung on our walls."

Edward VII, at that time Prince of Wales, predicted a great future for the artist. The Duke of Cambridge, then Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, said: "It is astonishing to me how any young lady should have been able to grasp the specialty of soldiers under the circumstances delineated in that picture,
and I was struck by the military character which pervades the grouping and the expression of the faces."

Had the Duke or the English public known of the child-environment of this unusually strong artist, they would have understood this evolution of genius that resulted in that astonishing masterpiece,—astonishing because of the maturity of thought, introspection, and sympathy in one so young, as grasped in her "Roll Call."

A writer who has given at length an account of the earlier years of Elizabeth Thompson's career has, perhaps unwittingly, accented the responsibility and influence of parents concerning interest in developing children. Be that as it may, not only a hint but a reminder may be timely just here, for this is an age and a generation of parents who do not seem to sense their privilege, any more than their responsibility, in bringing up their own children in such home influence and personal helpfulness as would tend to broaden and enrich our literature and art, our reverence for religion and respect for law.

Elizabeth Thompson's success with the "Roll Call" was followed by "Gallop," "Halt," "Charge," "Quatre Bras," and "Scott's Grays." From the very titles one almost views a panorama of the scene, for every word, like every stroke of her brush, means Action. "Dawn at Waterloo" and "Roll Call" express the pathetic, heart-breaking phase of warfare and art. One other canvas must be included with the two, "Listed For the Connaught Rangers."

Years ago, the writer was privileged to view a number of those paintings on exhibition in London. A powerful glass was so placed that the figures were greatly enlarged; focused at the moment on the central group of the 'Roll Call' the effect was startling. Real suffering lined those faces, details of bandage, blood, and exhaustion made the heart throb, the reality of which must have gripped the heart of Florence Nightingale at sight of the carnage and death in the bloody wars of the Crimea.

Referring to that beloved human Nightingale, do we realize that she too was an artist? She practiced the fine art of the Good Samaritan; the soul-developed art of helpfulness and sympathy. Her masterpiece—the Hospital at Scutari—was inspired by a divine love for those who suffered. In this connection another quotation seems apropos. It refers again to the "Roll Call."

"The mere fact that the painter was not a man, but that her subject was the soldier, touched the popular heart, so unexpected in the English art was the association of the soldier and the woman.

"When the exhibition closed, the picture of the year made another little
W O M A N  I N  A R T

visit—a very touching one. Miss Florence Nightingale, confined to her room by chronic suffering, wrote to the artist to ask that the representation of her dear old friends, the soldiers of the Crimea, might be taken to her bedside; and so it was.

"Moreover, separate from the soldier interest (which was very deep in the English heart at that time), or that of the association of the soldier and the woman, was the interest that was strictly feminine. In the triumph of one woman, the generous one dared to see a new opening for all women in the world of art."

The "Roll Call" and "Rork's Drift" were purchased by Queen Victoria, one for Windsor Castle, the other for her favorite home at Osborne.

Lady Butler's husband, an Army officer in active service at the time the artist was doing some of her strongest work, gave her unusual opportunity for studying her chosen subject in any and all phases.

"The next year's success from the brush of Lady Butler (1875) was "Quatre Bras," and the public was as enthusiastic as it had been over the "Roll Call!" Newspapers, critics, nobility were sweeping in their approval and admiration; but one man whom all England listened for was silent. Here again a quotation:

"Mr. Ruskin had not written for fifteen years till that year, which produced his 'Notes on the Royal Academy.' Frank as ever, he confessed: 'I never approached a picture with more iniquitous prejudice against it than I did Miss Thompson's; partly because I have always said that no woman could paint; and secondly, because I thought what the public made such a fuss about must be good for nothing.' Then he adds in generous amends: "But it is Amazon's work, this, no doubt of it; and the first fine pre-Raphaelite picture of battle we have had—profoundly interesting, and showing all manner of illustrative and realistic faculty . . . . I had not in the least expected the quality of refinement, for the cleverest women always show their weakness in endeavors to be dashing. But actually, here, what I suppose few people would think of looking at—the sky is most tenderly painted, and with the truest outline of cloud, of all in the exhibition; and the terrific piece of gallant wrath and ruin on the extreme right, where the cuirassier is catching round the neck of his horse as he falls, and the convulsed fallen horse just seen through the smoke below is wrought through all the truth of its frantic passion, and with gradations of color and shade of which I have not seen the like since the death of Turner."
In this excerpt the great English critic bows to a Woman Artist! The first in England.

The reader may not have visited Ireland, may not have sailed around the west and northwest coast of that little world within itself, may not have had a near or distant view of its bleak and barren hills, green and gray in sunlight, or of its sharp peaks pricking cloud curtains, wind-whipped from off the surging sea; may not have seen the rudely piled walls, thatched with clods of turf that look like—what they are—tiny abodes for many folk, pushed up from beneath, kept green by perpetual mists and rain. Such is the environment Lady Butler produced on canvas against which the group of men tell the pathetic story of the beginning of war. The picture shows the rain has cleared the air, but the puddles in the road still reflect in patches the figures of the moving men, officers who are “Recruiting for the Connaught Rangers,” and the two men conscripted for war service.

The artist spent some weeks among the hills and huts of these home-loving people, making studies from life. Can one say the scene is too realistic? Why should it not be so? She was not painting a flight of imagination but a chapter of history; a condition of human life, of ethics, of sociology, of hungers and duties of mind and soul. All this and more have been studied and painted with remarkable fidelity by a woman with insight and human sympathy.

The officer in charge is in regimentals, erect, apparently looking straight ahead, but the side glance of his eye is on the recruit on his right, his hands in trouser pockets, a nonchalant upward tilt of his head, while a stub of a pipe lends companionship as he steps into a new and compulsory chapter of his life.

They are mounting the hill road. The scattered huts of the hamlet are seen in the valley behind them. The other recruit looks over his shoulder, it may be his last glance at the cot in the valley he loves amid the hills of Kerry. It is the preface of war, yet full of a tenderness and beauty, a blending of the spirit of nature and the spirit of man. Both are subject to storm and disaster, both subject to the influence of strength, truth, beauty. Nature is active under the influence of power: man, because of the spirit relationship, is more active and elevated under influence of the same Power.

Poverty of the land, poverty of intellectual food, are potent factors in the willingness of the young men to leave their native glen; they show the struggle within as they face the struggle without.

“Scotland Forever!” is perhaps the most dramatic of Lady Butler’s canvases, although “Halt,” and “Gallop,” are close seconds.
A young pupil was painting tea roses under an experienced teacher long ago, when a little yellow butterfly sailed into the open window, scented the roses, hovered over them a moment, then was away. It gave the girl an idea. She painted in the butterfly poised an instant over the deeper yellow flowers as if to alight, but the teacher's voice startled her: "O, but you must not paint a bird or butterfly in motion; they must be at rest, not in the act of flying."

Yet here we have a woman painting horses and men rushing furiously into battle; clouds of dust and smoke to right and left of them. Their nostrils snorting vapor as they strain neck and shoulders in eagerness and excitement for the fray. One almost hears ensign and banner snapple in the wind, like staccato notes amid the war cries of men, and snortings of the champer of the bit.

We have said that all subjects of Lady Butler's brush are characterized by action, which is true if the spark of life remains; but if dead—they are dead indeed! On the canvas representing "Halt!" a horse has dropped dead from exhaustion. You know he is dead. No compulsion can bring any response of life from outstretched legs or neck. He has breathed his last. "After the Battle" a horse and rider lie at the entrance of the bridge. They will be borne away, but never move of their own volition.

Another characteristic of Lady Butler's painting is her preservation or delineation of values. Her color strong, clear, harmonious, retains its proper value with added distance and atmosphere as the eye travels from rank to rank, or as smoke and dust of charge and battle serve as a screen for a staged drama. Her foreground is strengthened by knowledge and use of values.

The most exceptional work during her residence in Alexandria is "The Camel Corps," for which she made numerous studies on desert sands. Her own descriptions of camel-riding and camel ethics is amusing and vivid. One is an artist indeed who can formulate an interesting, and I may say a graceful, picture of camels in haste, with their long swinging strides across the yellow African sands. She painted them sixteen or twenty abreast, in tawny brown and a yellowish white. Their long legs have even a longer reach, and their soft-cushioned hoofs seem to spurn the hot sand, tossing it behind them in clouds as the picturesque, red-fezzed black drivers lash the semi-unruly creatures into some semblance of order. Amid the clouds of dust one sees a distant scarlet flag waving its Turkish star and crescent. An African picture to be remembered.

Lady Butler's successes have kept pace with the years. She has sketched and painted wherever duty called her military husband. From Scotland to the African Cape; domiciled at Plymouth, where three of her six children were
born, and where "Scotland Forever!" was painted; or at Dover, where her studio was in the constable’s tower of the old Castle; at Rome, Alexandria, or a thousand miles up the Nile in a dahabiyeh, or at Aldershot, her brain and hands were busy with art, yet her diary was not neglected, and from its records and those of her sketch books she has compiled delightful volumes which, according to her pen, are dedicated to her children. In the summer of 1913 and the following winter, at Glencar, Lady Butler painted "Dawn at Waterloo," and her own description of the beginnings of that painting, in far-away Ireland, an hundred years after the battle, is extremely interesting. Her treatment of the subject makes it a picture of almost heart-breaking pathos. She had been on the field of that decisive battle years before, with her parents, and knew the lay of the land where those war-worn soldiers bivouacked all the night. At the first sound of the reveille the very earth seems to come slowly to life, as the weary men stir with a seeming sense of not knowing where they are. Two men on dappled grays dominate the center of the picture as they did the whole army at dawn of that fateful day. The cavalry horses at the left seem more alert at the bugle-horn than the weary soldiers who cover the ground away to the distant hills. In the foreground a soldier risen to a sitting position reaches toward the heart of his comrade who will never again rise to an earthly bugle-call. An officer faces the dawn, his attitude an unspoken question—"How many of us will see another dawn?"

Every inch of the eight-foot canvas speaks of Life, Death, War, Tragedy, Pathos, Suffering, and over all bends the tender sky, that the garish light of coming day waken not rudely those who may never see another dawn.

Since the death of her husband, Sir William Butler, in 1910, Lady Butler has spent much time in her beloved home at Glencar; and there as elsewhere her brush has been busy recording scenes and incidents of the late war in which three of her sons served. This from her diary: "First my soldier son went off, and then Benedictine donned the khaki as chaplain of the forces. He went, one may say, from the cloister to the cannon. I had to pass the ordeal which became the lot of so many mothers of sons throughout the Empire."

As time goes on Lady Butler's record and sketches of the World War will become of historic value.

If art has a national value, surely the art of Elizabeth Thompson-Butler, which has depicted the great military achievements of the British Army, through the nineteenth and first quarter of the twentieth centuries, has entitled the artist to full and honorable membership in the Royal Academy of England.
SHEEP AND LINGERING SNOW
By Matilda Brown VanWyck
CHAPTER XIII

*European Artists Continued from 1850 to the Present.*

Again we find a genius in art born to Holland parents in Amsterdam, 1852. In her early working years Therese Schwartz was known as the daughter of her father, John George Schwartz, a good portrait painter. He was her teacher until his death in 1874; after that loss to her heart and her art she went to Munich and became the pupil of Gabriel Max, Piloty, and Lenbach. Sometimes the things we do not like to hear result to our best good, and so it was with this young artist. One day Piloty said to her, "If you were a man you would accomplish many things; your feminine want of self-confidence will always stand in your light unless you learn to throw off this timidity and become an independent being." That kindly suggestion carried truth to her need, and she gained her independence and has ever since worked out her own ideals in her own way. Joseph Israels was a tried and true friend of Therese’s father and his wise hints and suggestions were valuable additions to her growing experience. Portrait painting was her chosen line of art, but some most successful figure-pictures have made their way from her easel to choice private collections and museums of art.

A typical Holland group is a mother and little daughter watching the father’s return. “He Comes” is apparently the exclamation of both. The costumes of mother and child show emphatically that they are arrayed in their “Sunday best” in honor of his coming.

“The Orphan Girls of Amsterdam” in costumes of red and black give another feature of Holland, provocative of a soul-developing characteristic of Dutch folk from their entrance into history. The old and young, those entering the experiences of life and those worn out by what life had to teach them, have ever been cared for in Holland. The orphan girls in the painting are singing from the 146th Psalm:

“The Lord preserveth the stranger;
He relieveth the fatherless and widow.”

The sweet expression on some of the faces as they sing carries the thought of a child’s faith and simple trust; and to the mind comes also the precarious lives of the fishermen of the deep sea, the thought that doubtless animated the good mothers of hundreds of years ago, who considered the condition of the little children of the fishermen who never came back, and were the
first people to build homes for the orphan and the aged. That canvas, when
at the World’s Columbian Fair in Chicago, produced a world-wide sympathy
that has had its influence in helping to make this present the “Age of the
Child.” It is now in the Rijks Museum at Amsterdam.

In recent years, Miss Schwartz’s work has been largely of so-called
society portraits, of both men and women, and in 1910 she received an order
for that of H. M. Queen Wilhelmina of Holland.

The portrait of the Queen speaks for itself. The setting for her queenly
personality is all it should be in the matters of robe and gems. She is the
Queen, listening to what you have to say. A glimpse of The Hague is seen
from the window. A commanding portrait.

Miss Schwartz has given the world a most attractive representation of
Frl. Dr. Van Dorpp. It is a work of art, freely and suggestively painted,
portraying a woman of charm, a woman of straight-forward outlook on life
and duty, of happy disposition, with that strength of character especially
needful to a physician.

The Doctor looks ready to be your friend.

Therese Schwartz has the honor of having her self-portrait in the Uffizi
Gallery, Florence. There is force—vital force in the fine-featured face that
she is shielding from the strong light with her left hand, which is holding
her brush as she looks directly at her sitter. Palette and brushes are in the
other hand, and one feels that the artist is just ready to make the next
masterly stroke on the canvas.

One of Miss Schwartz’s strongest portraits is of General Piet Joubert
in the National Gallery at Amsterdam.

Virginia Demont-Breton found herself in the home of her father, Jules
Breton, who gave to the world that soulful picture, “The Song of the Lark.”
Born to the environment of art, the sequence naturally followed. As a child
Virginia Breton always painted; painted in the open, painted peasants and
little children and incidents; studied with her illustrious father till she was
spoken of as the daughter of her father. She painted until she gained honors
at the Salon, and now that her work is represented in the Luxembourg, and
her father has passed on, he is spoken of as the father of Virginia Demont-
Breton. Her grandfather was Felix Virenalt, a Belgian painter.

So far we have noticed that women of achievement in the art of any
country have been sporadic and in harmony with national thought and

96
W O M A N  I N  A R T

characteristics. This fact increases world interest in every showing of international art.

Art is a large drawing factor in any world’s fair, and such grouping of art works proclaims the advancement of the world; each recurrence of such assembling of art and architecture has proved a potent influence for nearly half a century. But we need to keep in mind the artists and their art, the craftsmen and their craft that glorified the preceding exhibitions, whereby to measure the advance of the world.

The art of Mme. Breton continues. She married M. Adrian Demont, the landscape painter, but retained her name in connection for the sake of her art work. Her summer home is on the Brittany coast, and her heart and hand have always gone out to the fisher-folk in her neighborhood. Illustrative of her painting in that environment, is “Her Man Is On the Sea,” full of pathos that fills the lives of hundreds of the wives of the sea-faring folk,—the mother by the pitifully small embers, her sick baby on her lap, waiting—waiting.

In that bleak, barren Northland of France, in the extreme West of North, stand the mystic Cromlechs and Dolmens of the French Stonehenge, which, for more centuries than history records, have been attributed to certain rites and ceremonies of pre-historic Druids or Celts. Tradition and Cæsar’s diary are responsible for our knowledge of some of their religious beliefs.

Mme. Breton has added interest to fragments of such beliefs in a painting she has called “Le Gui.” (The Mistletoe.) The oak was considered sacred by the Druids, hence the mistletoe, a tenacious parasite of that tree, was supremely sacred in their esteem. For certain ceremonies the mistletoe was necessary; it must be cut by a priest, robed in white with a golden girdle. It was cut with a sickle of gold. A priest was chosen from childhood for his office, his education covering twenty years, and never must his hair be cut.

The artist has condensed all this in her painting, and art visualizes for us what tradition hints at.

Pathos seems to have come to the human world on the storm-clouds that met our first parents on their downward way from the gates of Paradise. Sorrow and Regret are the twin sisters that accompanied the souls of the first humans from Eden, and Pathos, their shadow, stays only at the door of the tomb. You will find Pathos shadowing humanity from Genesis to Revelation and ever since. Here is a Bible story in point, Mme. Breton’s brush giving her expression of it.

97
“Hagar and Ishmael” are seen after many days of travel over the hot sands of the desert of Paran. The lad is near perishing for water. After praying and seeking for water she has found it, and the boy will live. In the picture he is limp from exhaustion and heat,—the hands express it; the mother holds his head to the lip of the water-bottle. It was the period of tribesmen in the land of Canaan, and Hagar, the bond-servant of a potentate, rich in camels, sheep, and oxen, wears the sign of her bondage in the large earrings and ringpins that fasten her garment over the shoulders. Nothing in her picture seems opposed to the time or place; it is in harmony with the Scripture story.

The law of opposites holds in art as well as in nature. Mme. Breton gives us a present-day subject, “A Dip In the Sea.” A strong robust mother she is, herself fearless of the in-rolling surf as she holds her tiny boy while it breaks its green into white spray over his little body. She is teaching him to love water, and within her muscular arm he feels safe to enjoy it.

This picture was a bright, fresh motif in the French Salon and afterward made a brilliant showing at the Columbian World’s Fair, in 1893.

Mme. Breton has received many honorable mentions, and medals in her own France and from other nations. One at least homes in the United States, that all lovers of children should see:

A tired, barefoot mother sits on the sand-girt sea shore. Four happy children have been playing in the water and are playing on the sand. The baby is asleep over the mother’s shoulder, and she looks sideways to make sure he is asleep. At her knee stands a dear little two-year-old girl, with arms folded across her forehead shading her eyes that look askance at the baby in mother’s arms, and thinks the baby is in her place, for she too is sleepy.

You say Mme. Breton has portrayed these charming phases of child-life in too realistic a manner? Could the art of a modernist, an impressionist, a cubist, tug at your heart-strings as do the pliable, velvety, dimpled bodies, with sparkling eyes and a laughter you can almost hear?

Another French artist is the daughter of a painter, following more closely in the steps of her father in choice of subject and technique,—Marie van Marcke, born in 1856 at Sevres, France. Her father, Emile van Marcke, was a painter of cattle, and his twin business was raising of fine stock. The mother of Marie was the only daughter of Constant Tryon, so Marie came rightly by her artistic gift. Again we consider an artist who from earliest
W O M A N I N A R T

childhood lived in the atmosphere of the studio, the wide out-of-doors, and with the breath and nature of the kindly cows. She painted from the same life that her father did, learning technique and observation from him, one result being the difficulty in later years of telling their pictures apart if they were not signed. Her work, however, is signed with her married name, Marie van Marcke-Dieterle.

As early as 1874 she exhibited excellent work in the Paris Salon, and has since received honorable mention and medals. Several of her paintings may be seen in American Galleries.

Unlike Rosa Bonheur, the animal world as a whole has not interested her, but she has confined her allegiance to the bovine family.

Doubtless France had many women working along the lines of art during the latter half of the nineteenth century and has even at this present time; but this is not an encyclopedia of artists. However, walking through field and forest, by hedgerow and in highly groomed gardens, we find variety in form and color, en masse at times, till groves and field seem carpeted with blue lupin or the gold and white of daisies and buttercups; or the sweetbrier climbing above its hedgerow leafage nods and showers the breeze with its pink petals and exquisite perfume. Thus tall flowers or the pansies in their shade, or the scented valley lillies all but hidden in their sheath of green, are flowers, heaven endowed with beauty and God’s thought for the uplift and happiness of humanity.

So it is with woman and her manifold gifts; wherever she finds herself and her work, that is her home, her sphere, her center for radiating her best.

Kate Greenaway was born at No. 1 Cavendish Street, Hoxton, England, on the 17th of March, 1846—the daughter of John Greenaway, wood-engraver and draughtsman, whose chief work is to be found in the Illustrated London News.

At the age of twelve Kate won a prize at the South Kensington Art School (the Islington branch) and later won several medals, including the “National” medal. She attended life classes at Heatherley, and the newly opened Slade School. Among her fellow students and friends were Elizabeth Thompson (Lady Butler) and Helen Paterson (Mrs. Allingham).

Kate Greenaway’s first work was designing Christmas Cards and Valentines. Not until 1868 did she exhibit her work, and then it was at the Dudley Gallery. Six little drawings on wood attracted the attention of Rev.
W. J. Loftie, who had them written up and published in the People's Magazine.

It was then that she began to realize the possibilities that lay in her grandmother's gowns. These she made up with her own hands and costumed her models and lay figures. It was largely due to the thoroughness in the beginning that she achieved ultimate success. In 1870 she exhibited for the first time in Suffolk Street. In 1871 she illustrated Madame d'Aulnoy's Fairy Tales for Messrs. Cronheim. In 1873 she began work on "little folks" and was employed by Marcus Ward to design Christmas Cards, which proved an immense success. The next year she exhibited and sold "A Fern Gatherer" at the Royal Manchester Institute. In 1877 she sold her first Academy picture, "Missing," and was working for the London Graphic and the Illustrated News.

Those were the days when woman was doing next to nothing in art, but Kate Greenaway kept steadily at her art for little people. Her work of greatest importance just then was the beginning of her long business connection with Mr. Edmund Evans, the well-known color printer. The turning point in her career was his publication of her book, "Under the Window"—both letterpress and illustrations were hers. Of this, more than seventy thousand copies were sold. This was followed by "A Birthday Book," "Mother Goose" (1881), "The Pied Piper Of Hamelin," "A Day In a Child's Life" (1887), and a dozen more.

An idea of the success of the Greenaway-Evans partnership may be gathered from the fact that in the space of ten years the number of copies of her printed works reached the grand total of 714,000.

In 1881 the Empress Frederick of Germany and the Princess Christina sought the acquaintance of the gifted artist, and received her at Buckingham Palace.

In 1883 Miss Greenaway had made enough money (four of her books alone having brought her eight thousand pounds) to build herself a fine house and studio at Frognal, Hampstead, which was her home until her death November 7, 1901.

In 1885 she did some extra illustrating for the old ballad, "Dame Wiggim of Lea," with an introduction by John Ruskin. In 1889 Miss Greenaway was elected a member of The Royal Institute of Painters in Water-colors, to which she frequently contributed genre subjects and portraits. In 1891.
1894, and 1898, she held exhibitions of her own work at the Fine Arts Society in Bond Street, and sold several thousand pounds' worth of paintings.

Technically Kate Greenaway was not a great artist, but she had a great influence on the art of the nineteenth century in England and America, especially in art and literature for children, and she revolutionized in character and comfort the costumes of children in many lands, the art of which is with us in the present century.

Says Ruskin, concerning Kate Greenaway, "She has a genius which has grasped the spirit of foreign lands, no less than our own. With a profound sentiment of love for children she puts the child alone on the scene, companions him in his solitude and shows the infantile nature in all its naïveté and touching grace."

Another woman who has furthered the pictorial art of England is of the noted Dicksee family, and her work belongs to the latter half of the nineteenth century. It is story-telling of the most interesting sort. Many of her works have been engraved, thus becoming familiar in America also. By Margaret Dicksee, one canvas represents Sir Thomas Lawrence as a child, at work on his "First Commission." He seems a boy of six or seven seated at the drawing board, sketching from the sitter who seems to be a lady of quality, in the person of Lady Kenyon. Thus early did the master of portrait painters begin his career. Another by Margaret L. Dicksee is of great interest to music students: "The Child Handel" at the harpsicord in the attic. His love for music called for expression, and in his robe de nuit he is discovered at his hidden instrument.

Another painting harks back to the seventeenth century, and shows Dean Swift teaching his young pupil Esther Johnson, whose name he poetized as "Stella." "Swift and the Child Stella" are pictured in a charming interior, a sixteenth century library.

Margaret Dicksee's paintings show the nicety of detail customary in the period of her painting. "The Sacrifice of Vanities," taken from the "Vicar of Wakefield," is full of the minor things of art and the absolute naturalness of the two ladies and the two boys makes a charming ensemble. The artist loved to portray childhood just at the bud-opening stage of genius, and did it with enjoyable success. With older folk she painted "The First Audience," and one almost hears Oliver Goldsmith reading to the two appreciative ladies his manuscript, "She Stoops to Conquer." It has a literary
WOMAN IN ART

interest surely, as well as of art, and, like the other canvases, from the brush of this artist, a fascinating lure for the interior decorator.

When natives of a country tell you that you must meet the greatest woman painter of their land, you are bound to take their valuation of said artist, for they have known her and her work from her student days, have watched her progress and shared in her successes, and rejoiced in her honors.

Laura Knight of England is so honored. At the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, in 1922, she gave to American art lovers pictured children on the river wharf, the wharf that might border any city where the heat of Summer drives from stuffy housings to the feel of limpid cool water on the supple bodies. A small boat is made fast to the wharf, and from the gunwale small humans can trail legs, arms, chips, and boats on the lapping wavelets. From sun and stone their dog absorbs the heat into his slim outstretched body, where he seems to guard their finny "catch" that lies wilted in the sun. When weary with a short swim, human ducks cling to an anchored boat not far from shore. You feel the sunshine, you see happy children, and the glint of the water. The artist calls it "Summer." It is realism painted with consummate knowledge. It takes the beholder out among the children without the inconvenience of travel or the discomfort of sun or wind.

Pictures are often so full of the artist's spirit that they exert a contagion. Such an one is the "Laughing Lady" by Laura Knight. From the artist's choice of subjects we take her to be a woman of the world, in the sense that the human world has an art interest in most things. Her art sense was greatly enthused with the wonderful beauty and grace of Pavlowa, and since one cannot paint action, Mrs. Knight has caught the graciousness of the danseuse at the instant she acknowledges the "Curtain Call" sustained by Volinine. The rich colors of the curtain form a most impressive background, though seeing but two figures in the painting, such is the handling of the art expressed that one seems to be in the center of the parquet to obtain the scene.

Anna Pavlowa must have been the inspiration back of Mrs. Knight's pencil when she made the drawing of "La Mort du Cygne." When Pavlowa in filmy white impersonated La Cygne, she was more of an aerial illusion than human or bird; and so has the artist penciled her—delicately, as a violin,
graceful as a lily. No medium, it seems, other than the pencil could produce that effect, even in the hand of so skilled an artist as Laura Knight.

Her touch is equally effective in water colors. "The Untrodden Sands" depicts this touch, and shows her consummate knowledge of sand, sea, and sky. The artist is as familiar with a rocky shore as the smooth beach, and "Daughters of the Sun," on the rocks or in the water, are in a wonderful sunlight.

One knows at a glance at "The Beach" that Holland and the North Sea have aided her knowledge, and no less have the barefooted, wind-blown, happy children, in the water and out of it. Reflected lights and nature's shadows among the little folk produce a delightful picture. The touches of high light on this canvas are of real value, and are not daubs of paint.

It is of interest to know that Laura and Harold Knight began their art study in their early days in the Nottingham Art School, and from Wilson Foster learned the foundation of an art education—"the capacity to imitate nature faithfully." Later they felt that too close imitation was not the end and aim of art. They were married in 1903, and soon after, broadened their art during a sojourn in Holland. That year Laura Knight sent her first picture to the Academy. It was called "Mother and Child," and was bought by Edward Stott, A. R. A., a distinction of which any artist might be proud. The influence of the Dutch art and artists enriched the art and knowledge of the two painters, as indeed it could not be otherwise. They gained in the long, low horizon, the broad sweep of wind and cloud, and the altogether different life and people; and the palette was set differently.

The next move was to Newlyn, with another group of painters on the Cornwall coast. There the environment produced another change. The rock-bound plowshare of Cornwall sets due South-West, saving England from the unruly tides of the Atlantic. Here if anywhere abounds pure air, billowing clouds and water, and a wealth of baptismal sunshine, in which Laura Knight and her numberless children worked and played, drinking health and joy, and for the artist, building up an enviable reputation.

A number of her paintings of children and glorious sunlight have been purchased by George Claussen, R. A., and sent to the Cape; "Flying a Kite" was one, and "Boys" is shedding its influence in Johannesburg. "The Green Feather" is in the National Gallery of Canada.

Laura Knight is gifted with interpretive skill in dealing with a great variety of subjects. She is not afraid of color, nor does she use it too lavishly.
Some critics pronounce her an impressionist; then it remains for others to
consider her work normal, for all painting is an impression of some phase
of nature, applied to the canvas according to the whim of the painter, or to
defective eyesight.

In 1922 Mrs. Knight’s ability as an artist was acknowledged by her appointment
as a juror on the International Art Exhibition at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

She is a born artist, her love of life and most phases of life give an
exuberance of spirit that flows from her mind to hand, and even to the tip of
her brush in colors that seem to write “joy and gladness.” And after seeing
Sorolla’s well-peopled canvases in the Hispanic Museum in New York, one
feels that while he has been capturing brilliant sunlight in Spain, Mrs.
Knight has been doing much the same thing for England (where it is much
more needed), and both artists depict with quick characteristic brush the
universal happiness of children in its glow and warmth. Her love of color
also reminds one of the wonderful Spanish painter.

Mrs. Knight’s work is represented in most public galleries in England;
Manchester, Oldham, Leeds, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Brighton Fine Arts
Gallery, in Ottawa, Canada, Melbourne, New Zealand, Cape Town, and in
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

One of her recent canvases, “By the Sea,” is a charming rendering of
three children on a cliff by the rippling sea. The water is a most adroit
painting of the soft summer ripples of the blue-green and gray, the sunlight
centers on the little ones, most natural in their play.

First there was Lawrence Alma-Tadema, born in Holland, educated in Bel-
gium, married a French lady who died in 1869, leaving the artist with two little
daughters. Then with his children he went to England and in time became a
British subject and Sir Lawrence. In 1871 he married Miss Laura Theresa Epps,
whose striking features and wonderful red-gold hair have been the glory of many
paintings from the easel of Alma-Tadema.

Laura Theresa Epps had been a pupil with Alma-Tadema two or three
years before her marriage to him, her artistic gifts being such that in the
opinion of the English critics she would have made the name Tadema well
known in art, even had it not been illumined by the genius of her distin-
guished husband.

For twenty years Laura Alma-Tadema was a regular exhibitor at the Royal
Adademy. The best known of her paintings are perhaps “Carol,” “Per-
suasion," "The Shadow of the Future" (purchased by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales), "The Ring," "Sisters," "The Pain of Parting," etc. At the Berlin exhibition, 1896, her canvas entitled "Satisfaction" received the gold medal for its admirable work and its no less pleasing subject. At the Paris Exhibition Universay, 1920 her painting was awarded the silver medal.

As is absolutely natural, the work of Laura Alma-Tadema improved rapidly after her marriage to the great artist, yet in no way did the instructor interfere with her expressed individuality. One infers that it was the criticism of technique, and the sympathetic suggestion that was of real help to the younger artist, that such help counted, for their subjects remained as distinct as do the rivers Rhone and Arve in confluence.

Another natural consequence marking a distinct period in her painting was the fact of her beautiful mothering of her two little step-daughters, Laurence and Anna Alma-Tadema, of whom she was exceedingly fond. She painted them many times. One piquant little sister has climbed from a chair to the deep window seat, one slippered foot resting on the edge of the chair as she sits looking out into the beautiful green. An orange in one hand is prophetic of another pleasure later on. She is indeed "Looking Out o' Window."

"Love's Beginning," bought by the German Emperor, depicts a young lady of an earlier Holland period, sitting with her embroidery frame and entertaining a young man of refinement, for he has on "short clothes" and a Dutchess lace neckerchief for the occasion.

"Well Employed" is a charming canvas in more ways than one. Mother and daughter seated by the quaint massive table of the seventeenth century pattern of Holland's best, the high-backed chairs matching it in carving and finish. A portion of tapestry, seen above the paneled wainscoting and next the door frame, is a fitting background for the mother at the end of the table with her knitting, and the young girl seen in profile reading aloud from a large volume. A fur-covered cushion gives the right height for her graceful pose. Charm number two is in the sweet faces framed in the dainty lace caps of the period, and the spirit pervading the ensemble, of mutual interest in the reading, and in the loving companionship of mother and daughter. Charm number three is the composition which is a joy, and number four is the technical excellence of every part. Certainly the artist was well employed working on the canvas; and as a work of art it might be called Harmony, for the characters are in harmony, the composition most
harmonious, and the color scheme most satisfying. Hands are acknowledged to be one of the greatest difficulties in portraiture, but the hands of this young girl are expuisite in drawing and color.

The real feminine instinct and refinement in art is expressed in a picture which Lady Alma-Tadema called "Bright Be Thy Noon." Here again the interior and furnishings of the room indicate the choicest of old style carving. The mother has taken the little babe from the quaint cradle beside her bed on which she sits, as she holds the pearl of humanity close to her breast; one tiny hand on mother's face with a finger-tip on her lip as mother and child love each other with their eyes. The bed and cradle-linen and the mother's white gown embellished with lace indicates the woman artist, yet in no way does it weaken the dignity of the picture, but is an added note in the harmonious ensemble.

Lady Alma-Tadema's pictures are all in the way of a loving home life. A catalog of her subjects would also be proof, for all inspire happiness.

America has long been fond of the paintings of Lady Alma-Tadema, and those of Sir Lawrence, and it is surprising that not one of her pictures adorns the National Gallery of British Art. The United States, Germany, and France have been the most appreciative of her art. It may be called a distinctive feminine art, or a story-telling art, yet it is high in the scale of technique, its value in home influence, its insight of character, and its charm of spirit upon other spirits.

The subjects of Sir Alma-Tadema hark back to affluent Greece, and the wife ventures no further into history than the days of besieged Holland, each in keeping with the beauty and truth of the period and national characteristics.

Laura Theresa Epps, Lady Alma-Tadema died August 16, 1909.

More humans are dreamers than the world dreams of. We are all dreamers in various degrees. We make use of our dreams in various ways, according to our age and temperament. In the long ago, in our grandmother's day, there were two ways of looking at dreams: one with a certain amount of superstition, banal or otherwise, night dreams; or day dreams, when fancy worked its will and amused the child with impossible visions and ideas, or, dreaming was a sign of indolence, even laziness in adolescent years. Grown-ups have their day dreams, they always have had, also a great king in exile
would not have let the cakes burn on the hearth while he dreamed away the barriers to his throne.

There is a great hue and cry these days for something new and original in art. You must not paint from nature as it is, or you will be a copyist and your canvas will be too crowded; just get an idea or outline. As for color, no two pairs of eyes see color alike; one sees a red cow, another paints the same blue or purple. One can see the exquisite palpitating beauty in the human form divine; others see it gross or emaciated to a skeleton in a death dance. Some see the poetic, the imaginary aspect of life, still others cling to the practical, the commonplace, the stereotyped or even the cubic. Some make use of the symbolic, drifting into the mists of humanity's background of ancient and medieval centuries, for a motif and its treatment. The philosopher-poet spoke a truth for all time when he said, "There is nothing new under the sun." All forms of nature may be hauled in at the studio gate and pass out elongated or discolored as decorative. All these things are permissible, but not all are beautiful. The ultimate of art is beauty.

When a dream motif combines the elements of art in well-balanced harmony—proportionate to the subject—we have indeed a work of art.

England has furnished the world with such an artist.

Miss Jessie Bayes has made dreamland very beautiful with her combination of a dreamed-of world haloed with the colors of dawn, or veiled with the approaching mists and purpling shadows of evening. She has peopled her lands with a psychic throng, as human and birdlike symbols of invisible attributes of spirit, of soul. She has transcribed the poet's dreams into the colors and actions of dreams, on sheets of vellum. She has been in league with "The Erl King's Daughter," as she sent her fairy servants to their several tasks. She has painted the fairy queen on a milk-white stag, in a forest made royal with mauves and blues, and produced a ray of sunset gold to glint her form and her waving hair. The spiring spruce trees, too, are a dreamed-of blue against the blue of a Northern sky.

The decorations for the "Marriage of La Belle Melusein" are fairies and goblins and elves, with floral fastoons and the chest of her dower to unite them. A glance askance at the many-twinkling feet of the fairies, the eye chases the hare and the squirrel for fleetness, bound also for the wedding. 'Neath the canopied chariot rides the queen to her bridal, drawn by two milk-white deer, and the white love-birds fly above them.

Miss Bayes' work is full of poetry of color and of action. She has a rare
imagination. It is easy to fancy her as a child, poring over books of fairy tales and ancient lore, as food for her active imagination. Her craftsmanship is choice. To her the ideal is indeed real, and her art has made it suggestively real to the rest of us. She was made for her art, and it has grown under her hand and experience rather than under a school or a master. Her father was a painter, and her two brothers are artists. Her choice of subjects comes naturally to her, and her life has been lived in the environment and atmosphere of art. Her real instruction has been from her brother, Mr. Walter Bayes, a distinguished painter and critic, and for a short time she studied evenings at the Central School of Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society. She was enormously aided, too, by travel to such centers of art as were allied to her own interests.

In the decorative line Miss Bayes has accomplished a beautiful mural for a Vienna house; its message, "For lo! the Winter is past, the rain is over and gone." Worked into that motif she has painted slender trees sparsely leaved with tender green, that blend with the turquoise blue of the melting sky that spreads beyond the soft, pale purple of the distant hills. The foreground with flower-sprinkled grass is gracefully figured with Spring's maidens, browsing sheep, and birds on the wing are as quavers in the air.

Another artistic design from her fertile mind is a unique bedstead. Of course it is made of wood, but if you were not told, cedar would not come to your mind; it has been so thoroughly prepared, so lavishly painted and gilded, that it is indeed a work of art. The supporting pillars of the canopy-frame rest on a four-paneled portion of the legs. On the big panels are painted scenes and figures from "The Song of Solomon." The variety and harmony of colors and the burnished gold give a very unusual and attractive effect.

Another of her designs is in water color; a kneeling damsel at the foot of a high cliff is feeding a pair of doves. The whole is a harmonizing of soft pink and blue, a lavender atmosphere resulting.

To facilitate her artistic kinship with the fairy element and their ilk, Jessie Bayes got as close to nature as she could by spending a long time on Cahill Island among the Celtic folk, who on that remote and desolate spot still cling to their belief in those imaginary beings that are said to haunt their glens and groves—a reality to them, as we all accepted Scott's White Lady of Avenel in our younger years, and longed to watch for her coming to the spring, when evening deepened the shadows of the yew.

Miss Bayes has accomplished more serious and dignified work than
fairies and illuminated manuscripts. Many of the Psalms of David have given her pictorial motifs, and some of her best paintings have resulted,—“The Dayspring from On High”; “I Sleep But My Heart Waketh”; another, of which the artist is especially fond, is a suggestion from the old Celtic runes, “The Cross of the Nine Angels.”

“Adeste Fideles” is the beautiful painting on a churchly maghogany triptych, glorious in its gilding and border decoration.

An altar for a memorial chapel portrays another branch of Miss Bayes’ art, that of wood carving. Four reliefs of angel form serve as caryatides as supports for the altar table, thus forming three panels of the front, the center one square with gilded radiations from the center symbolizing spirit. The whole is simple and harmoniously beautiful, even to the carved lettering:

“God is in His Holy Temple, Let All the Earth Keep Silence Before Him.”
"SUMMER HOURS"
Elizabeth Nourse

Permitted by the artist
CHAPTER XIV

Renaissance of American Womanhood In the Art of Painting. Woman's Building at the Columbian Fair in 1893. Sophia G. Hayden
Architect of the Building. Artists of the Period.

The serious efforts of the American Woman in the art of painting were on this wise: Four hundred years after the New World had been discovered by the persistent will and energy of Columbus, another great wave of will and energy alighted on the shore of Lake Michigan and Presto! "A White City," like alabaster, arose to celebrate his deed. It was beautiful without and wonderful within. All the world was invited to the Columbian World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. The great adventure proved to be the Renaissance of American Womanhood to art in all its ramifications.

The invited art of the world came and was housed in the most perfect Greek structure the modern world has ever seen.

As the stars spangle the celestial world in clusters, constellations and pairs, so comes genius to this under world, scattering gifts of soul to brilliance the nebulous field of sentient beings, who share life here and immortality hereafter.

History gives this inspiration from the development of mind and soul recorded through the centuries. For us, such prodigality of gifts has formed epochs that have served to elevate and broaden the life and outlook of mankind, the passing of each millennium bringing the human soul nearer its goal. The forming of one of these epochs began with the seed-sowing at the Columbian Fair. It was notable because it saw the first attempt in America of woman as mural painter.

There were buildings representing each state in the Union, buildings housing every line of enterprise and industry—hence, "The Woman's Building," wherein were represented the arts and achievements of women of all nations.

In the first place, the building was designed by Sophia G. Hayden, a graduate of the School of Architecture of the Boston Institute of Technology, who proved herself eminently qualified for the arduous undertaking.
W O M A N I N A R T

The blank walls of that enterprise proved to be the open door—the emprise of the American Woman in Art. It was her opportunity, and she entered in. Those walls must be decorated, and decorated by woman only. It meant mural painting.

Mrs. Candace Wheeler of New York was assigned the superintendence of interior decorations. Her daughter, Mrs. Dora Wheeler Keith, painted the ceiling of the library of the building, using a design resembling somewhat the decorations in a Venetian palace, but with a symbolism appropriate to our country and time.

On entering the vestibule, interest and pleasure stayed one's steps to enjoy the wall paintings. Not all were of equal interest or merit, but under the stress of time and inexperience they were remarkable, and thousands who were not art critics received real pleasure and a new view and impetus concerning art as something worth while in life.

In the main hall or Court of Honor, the two large tympanums, one at each end, were worthy—eminently worthy—to represent woman's first attempt in the field of mural painting. The subject dominating the North was "Primitive Woman," combining three views of her activities.

At the right a primitive man is clad in the skin of some wild beast that he has laid low. A plurality of wives and maids attend him, one taking from him the deer he has just brought in. The center of the panel represents motherhood caring in various ways for their little children. Continuing to the left, robust women are carrying water-jars, mostly on their heads, and beyond them other women are plowing with oxen, and despite the unpromising condition of soil other women are broadcasting seed for the next harvest.

This was the design and work of Mrs. Mary McMonnies, wife of the sculptor who worked out the beautiful Columbian Fountain that faced the Administration Building. These wedded artists brought their contributions from St. Louis.

Underneath the tympanum of the Primitive Woman, worked into the border, was the honorary legend: "Bertha H. Palmer, President of the Woman's Organization.

Miss Mary Cassatt portrayed her prophetic view of the "Modern Woman" on the corresponding space at the South end of the hall. Her center panel showed a bevy of girls enjoying the apple harvest in October. Another third of her space gave room for a dancing girl; and the last was full of action, a number of young girls seem running for the pure pleasure of it, or perhaps in
a race with Time, were it not for the cloud-formed temple of Fame receiving almost to the point of vanishing.

Miss Cassatt has the gift of making a simple or every-day subject picturesque and attractive in her easel pictures, and no less did she command it in her fresco work. Beneath her mural was the honorary inscription: “Sophia G. Hayden, Architect of the Building.”

Aside from the tympanums just described, four artists were happy in their choice of subjects for the large panels in the same hall.

Mrs. Amanda Brewster Sewell pictured “The Women of Acadia” in a manner that seemed an echo of Longfellow’s word picture:

“When brightly the sunset lighted the village streets, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors,
Mingled their sound with whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.”

Mrs Sewell was born in a beautiful part of the world, the heart of the Adirondacks, in 1860. The writer believes strongly in the influence of environment on the eager mind of a child. Amanda Brewster, child and woman, loved the woods, and her work in mature years has proved that the experience and knowledge gained in childhood have been a valuable asset in her art.

When she was twenty, assisted by Mrs. Candace Wheeler she was able to study in Paris in the Julian atelier, also with Fleury and Bouguereau. Her work in the Paris Salon gave her honorable mention, and from the Academy of Design in New York more than one substantial prize was the result of meritorious and attractive painting.

At the Fair Mrs. Sewell was a medal winner for her work in the Fine Arts Building. Among those representing her were “Pleasures of the Past,” and “A Sylvan Festival,” similar in treatment, representing the revelers seemingly in spirit dancing over the grassy field bordering the woods. Both are dainty in coloring and handling. “By the River” two small boys sat with overhanging rods, anxiously feeling for a bite,—a bit of real nature.

Miss Brewster became the wife of the painter, Robert V. V. Sewell, and together they made their home near Tangiers, Morocco, from whence many of their paintings have found their way to the French Salon and to numerous exhibitions in the United States.
“Fig Gatherers” was a strong and attractive painting at the St. Louis Fair of 1904, typical of scenes in her tropical home.

By the way, the four panels referred to measured five by nine feet, and the tympanums at the ends of the hall were fourteen feet high by fifty-eight feet long. The Hall itself had a floor space of sixty-seven by two hundred and fifty feet.

The next panel in order was of national import, and Mrs. Rosina Emmet Sherwood expressed in design and harmonious colors “The Republic’s Welcome to Her Daughters.”

Her sister, Miss Lydia Field Emmet, filled her space (literally) with art, science, and literature.

“The Women of Plymouth” was the title subject of the panel by Mrs. Lucia Fairchild Fuller,—a painting that serves well to illustrate the women whose character and courage began a new epoch in the entire civilized world. It is the spirit of those women of Plymouth that, for three hundred years, has advanced the new nation faster than the woodman’s ax would fell the forests of

“Trees that looked at God all day,
And lifted leafy arms to pray.”

There were paintings on the lower wall of the main hall as well as in the Art Building, showing the result of woman’s art instinct and ability. To mention the names of a few artists will accent the fact of that instinct, and the beginning of their efforts through the last decade of the nineteenth century in the domain of art.

The beautiful Gothic dining room in that splendid building was made more beautiful by the mural paintings of Miss Agnes Pitman and the frieze by Ida J. Burgess which she painted in a delightful manner to represent “Youth.”

There was a fine stained glass window in that room which revealed the genius of Miss Sears of Boston. Carved woodwork, elegantly embroidered portieres, fine pottery, choice books and their covers, were a few of the things that represented the art work of women from various parts of the world, making the whole a beautiful setting for the arts and industries practiced by women of all countries.

On the lower wall of that Hall of Honor was the portrait of a woman by Anna Elizabeth Klumpke, the friend and adopted daughter of Rosa Bonheur of By, in France. Miss Klumpke is an American artist born in Cali-
fornia. Her portraits and figure pieces fairly scintillate with vitality. She seems not to pose her sitters but apparently paints them at their ease. She won her first gold medal at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in 1889, for the best figure painting of that year.

It is regrettable that more of her work is not seen in American exhibits in this twentieth century, but her art work has been shared with the absorbing work of writing a comprehensive and fascinating life of the great-souled woman and animal painter, Rosa Bonheur.

A few other painters exhibited on the historical walls of the Woman's Building: Enilda Q. Loomis had a portrait; K. A. Carl an "Oriental Figure," also a charming group of "Children Blowing Bubbles" that was natural and free in action, "A Female Figure" by Miss M. A. Carlisle, and "Eurydice Sinking Back to Hades" by Miss Hester Roe; "An Army Scene" and a fine "Female Figure" by Louise Jopling; "A Marine View" well painted by Elouise Lavilette, and another "Female Figure" by Louise Abbema; a softly brilliant showing of "Flowers" by Jennie Villebessyx, most attractive, also a "Girl With a Goat" well done by Euphemie Murciton; "Music" by Maximilienne Guyon, and a pleasing "Interior" by J. Buchet, all were adjudged fine.

On the wall of the staircase were a number of portraits, one of Miss Leftwich-Dodge, and one representing a personality of the Women's Rights group, Mrs. Lilly Devereaux-Blake. There was a group of fine dogs, "Watching and Waiting," painted by Lily I. Jackson. "The Mandolin Player" was drawn by one who understood the subject, Miss Florence Mackubin. An unusual subject was a strongly painted "Head of a Negra Woman," signed M. Kinkhead, and its neighbor was the "Portrait of a Boy," a real boy, by L. M. Stewart; and a portrait of Angelica Kaufman done by a masterly hand. Miss Matilda Brown had the only representation of "Cattle," showing careful study and a natural environment as their background. Her cattle and sheep are always in a fine landscape.

The very recital of painters and subjects represented at that time shows that the spirit of art had vivified the spirit of woman some years previous to 1893, but they lacked opportunity.

Many painters of that Columbian Fair epoch continued their work through intervening decades. The great World's Fairs that have followed—the Pan-American at Buffalo, the Louisiana-Purchase Exposition, the Jamestown Exposition, the Panama-Pacific at San Francisco—have all afforded op-
portunity for artists of advancing merit, such exhibits having been world-wide in their invitation and encouragement.

As we enter the second quarter of the twentieth century, which in its record of the arts will seemingly pass more rapidly than the first, we already have the consciousness of unprecedented progress in the fine arts, especially of woman’s achievements in that progress and development. Subtract woman with her arts and influence, and progress would be materially retarded.

Primary art in public schools and advanced art-schools is annually graduating thousands of embryo artists. Art clubs are springing up almost like spring flowers; seen or unseen, they come in response to the innate desire for truth and beauty of expression in all things. It requires a whole generation, yes, two generations, to make a marked change in any line of art, and even then the new expression is influenced more or less by the thought that has dominated the passing epoch, by minds that have left color, form, and power to oncoming periods of art, in proportion as they have exerted a world influence. The thing that is strongest and truest in their art augments the fresh, the naïve impulse, in the rising army of art. Time sifts the arts; not alone does it rest with the fancy of man, for truth and beauty, strength and majesty will outlive centuries—if man halts in his vandalism.

Of all the thousands that yearly enter the field of art in all its ramifications, a gifted few will overcarry the struggling majority. It is the law of nature: all the highways through the centuries prove it.

A few who helped toward the ultimate of the Women’s Building, in so doing discovered themselves, and from that impetus have added to the growth of American Art.
ON THE STAIRS

By Mary Curtis Richardson
CHAPTER XV

First Recognized American Women Painters.

Vinnie Reams Hoxie was the first American girl to gain recognition in the art world with her brush. We know little of her early life, nor was she prolific with her painting. We have an example of her work that shows decided talent, a picture of charming naturalness—a child at the edge of a wood is followed by her kitten. The little girl is out at the toes and minus her hose, but she is a dainty maid, native to her surroundings, and as free from self-consciousness as her kitten. The picture is painted with far more freedom and purer color than was usual with the men painters of her time.

Here was a small beginning, but it was woman’s beginning in the field of American Art.

In 1869 she went to Italy, and the result of her study there is noted in another chapter.

During the next twenty-five years few if any women exhibited paintings in the National Academy of Design in New York, or in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. But a few had the impetus and instinct for art, and like bulbs beneath the Winter snows were persistently growing toward the season of buds and blossoms; and as the reasons rotate, so came their time for flowering.

The first painters in America, like the first discoverers, carpenters, and farmers, came with more or less talented souls from over seas. We all feel that Scotland might have become an art center if eight or ten of her artist sons had not migrated to the New World, unconsciously to help in the cultivation of native talent that began to show signs of art instinct, from Boston to Philadelphia.

Women were too busy with practicalities incidental to new homes and new families to spend time and thought on non-essentials. Time had rolled along till the calendar indicated 1820, in which year a little girl was born in Ireland, where she lived till 1836, when, like the painter-men who came before her, she took ship for America. We know not what circumstances brought Mrs. Eliza Greatorex, but we do know that she studied with William and James Hart in New York, under Lambinet in Paris, also at the Pinakothek in Munich. In 1857 she visited England, and five years later spent a summer in France, Germany, and Italy, another in old Nuremberg, and 1871 in Ober Ammergau. In 1872 she returned to New York to spend the summer
W O M A N  I N  A R T

in Colorado. Here as everywhere she was studying and sketching, sending paintings to various exhibitions.

In the Spring of 1878 Eliza Greatorex took her two daughters to Paris, doubtless for some art study, for three years later Kate, the eldest daughter, began sending pictures to the Academy of Design, the first being "The Last Bit of Autumn." Her Centennial painting (1876) represented "Goethe's Fountain, Frankfort," and in 1877 it was "Thistles and Corn"; for a number of years thereafter similar subjects from her brush were to be seen at the Academy. Miss Eleanor also exhibited in 1876, "From Yuba's Kitchen, Ober Ammergau," but later turned her art ability to the decorating of china.

To return to Mrs. Greatorex: In 1869 she was elected Associate of the National Academy, New York, the first women who received that recognition. She is the only woman member of the Artists' Fund Society of New York.

Among the more important works of Eliza Greatorex, A. N. A., are "Bloomingdale," (belonging to Robert Hoe); "Chateau of Madame Cliffe," (belonging to Dykeman Van Dorn); several pen and ink drawings in the collection of Charlotte Cushman; "Amsterdam Landscape"; "Old St. Paul's"; "Bloomingdale Church," painted on a panel taken from the North Dutch Church, Fulton Street, and "St. Paul's Church," painted on a panel from that old church. Eighteen of her pen drawings illustrative of "Old New York" were at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876.

Susan M. L. Wales was born in Boston, Mass., in 1839, thoroughly educated in the principles and methods of art expression of that "rolling stone" wanderlust that gives knowledge and polish with various contacts in this international laboratory we call Earth.

A born artist, she seems to have found her most pleasurable art expression in depicting large masses of light and shade, working them into suggestive groupings, as when a huge cathedral full of imprisoned shadows becomes softly illumined by a stray sunbeam, and its reflected glory from polished marble; or when a flood of unexpected light from the rose window in the transept drives the shadows to refuge in corners and behind clustered columns. She has worked much magic with the medium of charred wood, accomplished beautiful and tender effects with the "hide and go seek" of mere charcoal. An unlighted suspended lamp over a church aisle shows its beauty against the almost impenetrable shadow that veils the altar piece, making a seeming night by the starlight of tapers on the altar. Her
WOMAN IN ART

aquarelles from camel hair point or broad sweep produce even more charming results, for even in shadows a blending of color has a place and charm.

Miss Wales studied first under Grundman, then with William Morris Hunt, "that great apostle of art who exerted a great influence on the art of America through the medium of his teaching."

Be they in charcoal or color, the interiors done by Miss Wales remind one of the same subjects painted by Bosboom and others by Bloommers. Her evident enjoyment of interiors may have led her to study in Holland with Bloommers. In Paris it was Carolus-Duran who aided her art study, and later still she painted with Vincenzo Povda, a Spanish painter of note in Rome.

Miss Wales is still in working trim, and as ever, in her long life, is full of appreciation of truth and beauty in art.

Few women are natural landscape painters; they do not love it seriously. It was the little town of Waterville in the center of New York state that became the home of Charlotte Buell-Coman in 1833. Her childhood was spent amid the picturesque rolling hills and valleys of that peaceful part of the country, hence those phases of life and beauty found expression in her later years on many a canvas, and in her exquisite water colors as well as in oils.

She was a remarkable woman in many ways: strong and cheerful under severe trials, not the least of which was the affliction of deafness which was a handicap through most of her life; yet she made herself known to art lovers through her poetic interpretations of the nature she loved and painted.

Mrs. Coman began landscape painting as a pupil under James R. Brevoort in New York, and later with Harry Thompson and Emil Vernier in Paris, where she lived for some years, studying also the works of Daubigny and Corot.

The spirit of Corot's painting was by far more akin to her own, a native endowment in both. She, too, loved the ideal in nature, as when morning mists soften and blend sky, earth and water into almost a dream of what one sees at mid-day. Before she had seen a Corot her own color schemes were often in the silvery tones.

Many of her best paintings are in Boston, New York, and Paris. To the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia (1876) she sent "A French Village," and to the Paris Exhibition of 1878 a choice canvas, "Near Fontainebleau." A "Sunset at the Seaside in France" was on exhibition in Boston in
1877, and the next year two others, “On the Borders of the Marne” and “Peasant’s Home in Normandy.”

One of Charlotte Coman’s most characteristic canvases portrays “Pocony Hills in Winter,” a charming delicate landscape; the violet of the distant hills beautifully expressed.

In 1910 Charlotte Coman, at the age of seventy-seven, became an associate of the New York Academy of Design. She was already a member of the National Academy of Women Painters and Sculptors of New York, the New York Water Color Club, Society of Painters of New York, and the Art Workers’ Club.

At the Midwinter Exposition in San Francisco, 1894, Mrs. Coman was awarded the bronze medal for her work, and from that time on, each year she exhibited, her paintings called for a medal or prize. She was one of the first women wholly devoted to landscape painting, and with the picture she unfailingly caught the peace and restfulness that belong to the blessed out-of-doors. There is no doubt as to her knowledge of how a landscape should be painted. A New York critic and writer speaking of an exhibition said, “Mrs. Charlotte B. Coman more than holds her own with the men in a lovely stretch of hilly country, which she has painted with artistic feeling and thorough knowledge of landscape construction.”

“Early Summer” represents Mrs. Coman in the National Gallery at Washington, D. C., and another, “Clearing Off,” is in the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

She lived to the proverbial age of scores of good artists, having passed away on November 11, 1924, in her ninety-first year. Among the women she may be classed as a pioneer painter of landscape in America, and a poet painter she certainly was.

The question is asked why do artists—many of them—live to very old age? To put it another way, is art rejuvenating and if so, why? Because art calls into play the creative thought and power within us. The Creator is eternal, man is His offspring. His attributes shared with His children are spirit, for He is spirit. Those attributes are unseen except in the result of their activities—their use. We have bodily functions wherewith to use all of our spirit powers; power is spirit, love is spirit, wisdom is the spirit-guide. Thought is the emanation of spirit through the brain. Love becomes emotion in contact with kindred emotion, it exalts the spirit; beauty of sunset or flower, face or form; grandeur of mountain or storm; horror of fire or flood;
any and all excite in the spirit of the beholder the thing each expresses or stands for.

Aside from self-preservation, the dominant faculty in the human is the creative faculty. A very young child wants to do something, to make something, is in perpetual motion because of life, superabundance of life. Whatever powers of spirit man uses mean life, for life demands activity.

Appreciation is the recognition of some spirit expression often akin to your own spirit, even if you are not able to express it in the same way. The non-use of man's powers produces atrophy of those powers. Barring accident, neglect or epidemic, the human is bound to live to a good old age. All things being normal, hard work does not kill a man be he a farmer, mason, or artist. Some few of the Renaissance masters reached great age, also a few American painters. Being an artist does not prolong life, but the love and desire for beauty, the ability to appreciate it on canvas, the longing to depict and the thrill of the developing ideal under your hand, the spirit ever reaching higher and for truer beauty, these are the powers that enrich and prolong life.

When an art critic says of an artist's work that it is just what water colors ought to be, "bright, crisp, light, and spontaneous, with a well-developed handling value, and a right method of work," he has made as gratifying and satisfying a statement as a critic may. When a writer of culture and taste confesses to "know little of art with a big A, and likes a thing because she likes it and enjoys it, and finds it good to live with," one may put down that artist as a worth-while factor in the progress of art.

Mrs. Susan H. Bradley, who was a Boston child, is also eminently a worth-while woman of character. Her social and artistic careers have commingled since the days of her girlhood, when, with Mrs. Laura (Howe) E. Richards, they gleaned knowledge at Miss Wily's School in Boston. Susan Hinckley married the Rev. Leverett Bradley in 1879, assistant to Phillips Brooks at Trinity Church, Boston. She found time, even while bringing up a family of four children, time that was her own, to carry on her art study and work. Wherever her summers brought her in contact with artists of note, she studied with them; now with Abbott Thayer, again it was William M. Chase and Twachtman who aided her art education. She was a member of the Water Color Club of Boston, also of the Water Color Club of New York, and when they moved to Philadelphia in 1889, Mrs. Bradley formed the Philadelphia Water Color Club. Her numerous trips abroad have been em-
phatically sketching trips. She has made her reputation as a painter of mountains and portraits, and as she enjoyed life amid various scenes, a variety of subjects perchance are portrayed in her art. Even today Mrs. Bradley paints with the same freshness and enthusiasm as in her girlhood. She was one of the few women whose work was passed upon and accepted by the general jury at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, 1893.

It is human nature to be silent about many things, but most reticent concerning its spiritual nature,—the hungers and experiences that are the religious workings of the soul are seldom mentioned. Our spirit-self is unseen save as man is known by his works. A man may carry a strong love and faith, and a big burden of experiences that would weigh him down save for his love and faith, but he is silent. Another fact: you cannot give out what you have not received.

Artists study and paint the subjects they are drawn to, that they enjoy most, that are akin to their nature. It may be landscape or flowers, the nude or portraits, still-life genre or marine, each and all give great variety, and therein does modern art differ greatly from that of mediaeval and renaissance periods.

We recall but one living artist who paints scriptural or religious subjects exclusively, and he paints them with feeling.*

Not many years ago a Boston gallery exhibited a collection of paintings by Miss Mary L. Macumber. There was an unusual spirit dominating that entire room. There was an interesting variety of canvases each with a psychic message: "Memory Comforting Sorrow,"—a woman with abundant dark hair falling over her shoulders, is pressing "the flowers of yesterday" to her bosom; "Mona Rosa" presents a beautiful oval face, a sweet face, yet with a touch of sadness.

Mary Macumber surely has her individuality not only of subject but of treatment, of infusing the material with the immateriality of spirit, and making it felt. Here is a telling talent for allegory and symbolism. There has been rather a distinct change in her choice and expression of subjects in recent years, owing perhaps to being further removed in time from the influence of England's pre-Raphaelites, whose work she, as a younger woman, admired greatly, especially the poetic interpretations of Rossetti and the color schemes of Burne-Jones.

One of the first of Miss Macumber's paintings seen by the writer was

* O. H. Tanner
called "Easter Lily," but it reminded one of the canvases called "Annunciation." The background was treated in a style similar to some ecclesiastic canvases of the Italian Schools. But the angel with wings was not included on Miss Macumber’s canvas. The maid is seen viewing a mental vision, and is lost in thought. Grace and spirituality dominated the picture, expressed in the environment of light, that color responds to, yet is softly commingled with it.

Reminiscent of that picture, but of much later date, is "Saint Catherine." In devotional attitude the serious figure bending slightly looks at a picture leaning against a pot of lilies. Again a background suggestive of the classic period, and the figure is clothed in perfect harmony with it, from the delicately veiled head to the sandaled feet. The figure occupies a wall-seat against the dado, bordered with triglyph and metope design, and the wall above is of intricate mosaic. From the tiled floor the ensemble is complete and harmonious. The intent expression of face and the hands crossed upon the breast are indicative of the spirit within.

Miss Macumber’s work testifies of her conscientious painstaking method, not in the least hard, but freely refined in its finish.

A beautiful, ideal subject is "Singing Stars." Several idealistic heads looking up and floating up are singing as they float; the hair streams back from each forehead where a star is gleaming. In their ascent they seem breasting a star-spangled wisp of the Milky Way. A poetic thought poetically expressed.

"Springtime," "White Butterflies," and "The Nightingale" and "Life" are a few of her subjects. The latter is a lovely idealized face of a young girl who holds in both hands a large crystal ball; turning the head slightly, her face is full of questioning thought.

Having in great measure (but not wholly) outgrown the influence of Rossetti and his followers, Mary Macumber has dared to be herself in art expression, and her art has become more satisfying and beautiful.

She was born in Fall River, Mass., August 21, 1861. Her ancestors were New England orthodox people, with a direct traceable line from the Plymouth Pilgrims. Her father was of Quaker lineage, but with an art instinct not permitted of development save in the writing of poetry, in which he indulged at times with passionate feeling.

Before there were so many art schools and art teachers in the United States, and the wealth to make possible the studying in Europe, art instinct
cropped out now and again and worked from nature with comparatively little instruction. So worked Thomas Cole, the founder of the Hudson River School; and so worked Jean Francois Millet in the little obscure village the world knows as Barbizon. The great landscape painters of the world have been sincere students of nature, plus their own individuality, so strongly marked in the paintings of our George Inness.

Annie Cornelia Shaw was born in Troy, New York, September 16, 1852. Her first studio was in the Metropolitan Block, Chicago, 1870. Her first and only teacher seems to have been Mr. C. H. Ford of Chicago. She had a studio in New York in 1881, and was in a Boston studio in 1884-5. She was elected Associate Member of the Chicago Academy of Design in 1873, and an Academician in 1876, and an honorary member of the Art Institute in 1886, also honorary member of the Bohemian Club of Chicago. Miss Shaw was an exhibitor at the Columbian Fair, 1893, also at the Art Institute the same year, and at the Academy of Design, New York, and the New York Water Color Society.

Her work was represented in the Metropolitan Museum of New York, Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and in the Cincinnati Gallery, etc.

There was characteristic naturalness in her paintings that was most attractive, and most promising for future greatness. Some of her principal works were bought by Walter C. Larned of Lake Forest, Illinois, Mr. Haskell of Boston, A. A. Munger, Messrs. Cunningham and Butterfield, of Chicago, and Mr. George Bracket of Minneapolis.

Her last works were painted in 1887, and her life's work ended before she was thirty-five; she died in 1887, and left about two hundred and fifty canvases in oil and forty-five water colors, beside a goodly number sold; they were choice, showing careful study and masterly handling. Her twenty or thirty studies of clouds are charming, and her method of such work reminds one of the method and studies of similar subjects by Sir Alfred East. Nature was her teacher, and her thought entered into her subjects, as a list of a few of her pictures will show. Her love of the "Morgendämmerung" is emphasized in "While the Morn is New," in which she comes close to the atmosphere and mystery of the hour. "In the Twilight," "Shadows on the Hill," "Night is Descending," "Foggy Day at Gloucester," "Willow Brook," "The Peacefulness of Nature," and "The Oak" are full of interest and most
suggestive of nature, satisfying to the eye and prompting the desire to be in the open.

Her masterpiece, a large canvas, portrays "The Russet Year," and is rich with the colors and dignity of a group of superb oaks. The Art Institute of Chicago is to be congratulated that this canvas belongs to its permanent collection.

Annie Shaw's painting proves it the result of observation, not too broad handling, elimination of unnecessary detail, with a leafiness that is penetrable, and the atmosphere that is true to the season. The passing of a woman so gifted seems premature at thirty-five, a greater promise unfulfilled. She had a rare sense of color and atmosphere, and notable in her career is her Americanism. She lived, worked, and died in her own country.

Elizabeth Nourse is another American artist who has become a habitant of Paris, making her home at Rue d'Assas, where she has the outlook over the beautiful garden of the Luxembourg. She was born in Cincinnati, 1860. Her forebears were of Huguenot stock, who settled in New England in "sixteen something," as she expressed it. Her father, with the convincing name of Caleb Nourse, made Cincinnati his home in the nineteenth century, and courted her mother, Elizabeth LaBreton Rogers, in the home of her uncle, Samuel Rogers, where she married. The fine old house has since become the Longworth home.

There were four daughters in the Nourse family, each born with a talent to be developed and used. Kate, who died early, was a fine musician; Louise, a versatile linguist, homes in Paris with her sister Elizabeth the artist; and Mrs. Adelaide Pittman of Cincinnati is the sculptor of the group.

It is almost universal that a genius shows the nature of his gift at an early age, and Elizabeth Nourse, following the nature of things, took to pencil and paper, and the results of her efforts sent her to study seriously at the Cincinnati Academy of Art. Her talent was soon recognized, and after four years of study, she was offered the position of art instructor, but she preferred to develop her own talent, and again, following the stream of gifted Americans, she found herself in Paris. Going to France was expensive, and the exchequer of the family was low at the time. The parents had both died, but the two sisters were determined. The father's fortune had been swept away in a post-war panic, but, nothing daunted, the girls taught and saved, and gathered the wreck of their father's fortune, until they had five thousand dollars, with which they ventured to Paris.
The young artist worked in the Julian Studio for a few months under Boulanger and LeFebvre. Both encouraged her aspiration for an artistic career, and recognized not only her ability but a precious individuality that indicated a promising future. Boulanger, after seeing her drawing, warned her that to allow herself to be much under the influence of any other painter might impair her distinctive and quite remarkable individuality. This, with suggestions of other critics who appreciated her development, induced her to open a studio and work out her own salvation. In this she was wise. She met with immediate encouragement. Her pictures attracted buyers, and she soon became recognized as an artist of distinction. Queen Victoria purchased one of her canvases, and exhibitions welcomed them. She became noted as a true and strong painter, and prizes and medals came her way.

Being a pupil of some of the best painters in France, LeFebvre, Henner, and Carolus-Durand, it is not surprising that she received her first medal for work exhibited at the Columbian World Fair, 1893. It is a bit more surprising that her next exhibition winning a medal was at Carthage, Tunis, in 1897. Again and again did honors and prizes reward her work; from the noted Salon in Paris, of 1900; at the St. Louis Exposition, 1904; the Panama-Pacific at San Francisco, 1915, and many others.

Miss Nourse's subjects are invariably phases of motherhood and children, with a few exceptions. The Luxembourg has one of her earlier works, "Closed Shutters," and Toledo has a delightful "Twilight"; Detroit possesses her "Happy Baby"; the Chicago Art Institute owns a canvas before which can be seen a bevy of mothers and children almost any day: It is of a mother feeding her two little ones their supper of bread and milk, the baby on her lap; a little girl stands at the corner of the table drinking from a cup, one eye peering over the rim, watching the baby. "The Fisher Girl of Picardy" is a most interesting picture, and ably represents Elizabeth Nourse in the National Gallery at Washington, D. C.

The world recognizes the fact that the great Millet laid the foundation for a new and vigorous art for the world and for time, during the nineteenth century. He was only a peasant in the sparsely populated Provence of Normandy, and found his subjects at his own door. The people were of his own kith and kin, with the "beasties" and the chickens at the steps. Europe had been accustomed to the slick and silken fashions of the day and its art; to decorated or undecorated nudes; while the youth from Normandy, with his marvelous eye for form, and his love for nature and sympathy with the work-
a-day people whom he knew, loved, and respected, handed to the Parisians another type of their countrymen, another style of art. The influence of those most unusual paintings, in the bakery window, was like dropping a pebble in the pond,—the resultant circles increased indefinitely. Joseph Isaels felt it in Holland and went to see the hand that dropped the pebble; it touched a score of painters here and there. Its influence touched the young woman we know as Elizabeth Nourse, when in her American home, and found a kindred feeling. The technical form of that art kept the circle enlarging (in a way), but producers of the soul and sympathy in that art—you can count on your fingers.

Miss Nourse is in sympathy with her subjects. Be it in Holland along the dykes, or on the wind-swept shores of Normandy, wherever she meets women and children, her heart and her art claim them, and they speedily know her for a friend. During the war, wounded soldiers knew the artist for a friend, for her care and attention, freely given, and her studio became a refuge for those in dire distress, especially for families of artists who were never to return.

In 1921 Miss Nourse received the Laetare Medal from the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, for distinguished service to humanity. This was the third distinction she received since the beginning of the war. Her award in San Francisco was the Gold Medal for her exhibit, and in 1919 a silver plaque from the Society des Beaux Arts, in recognition of her work for the families of artists who were victims of the war.

Miss Nourse's work is represented widely in the art-loving world in many private collections and public galleries. It is a matter of taste as to which is the best, for each owner thinks he has the treasure. Antwerp, Ghent, and Rouen have fine canvases, and to go farther, some of her most impressive pictures are to be seen in Australia, in Lincoln, Nebraska, in Michigan, Massachusetts, and elsewhere.

When the younger artists of Paris, led by Puvis de Chavannes and Dagnan Bouveret, founded the Societe National des Beaux-Arts, Miss Nourse decided to send her pictures to the new Salon. They were received "with acclamation," and three years later she was made an associate. Puvis de Chavannes was first to give her his hearty congratulations, saying, "I am rejoiced to know that you have obtained the recognition which your talent so richly deserves."

The drawing of Elizabeth Nourse at first puzzled the French artists, for she is a small, sweet, feminine creature, yet the verdict of one of the most noted critics was, "She paints like a man six feet tall, yet she is frail and delicate, a child in
appearance and manner.” They cannot reconcile what she seems, and is physically, with the vital force of her drawing and brush work. “No painting leaves her studio that does not bear the impress of deep thought.” Not all her works present interior scenes. “Sur La Digue” (“On the Shore”) is a strong effect in drawing and color. Three women on the wave-washed dune are looking over the foam-crested sea where gulls are sporting. One holds a well-wrapped baby in her arm and leads the little four-year-old maid by the hand, who hides the other under her apron. The child’s piquant face is turned from the wind, giving you a suppressed smile. The wind makes statuesque their thick gowns, but the picturesque Breton caps are made secure against that strong sea breeze, and the sabots seem to anchor the women to the sand; the scene says frankly that they are vigorous, wholesome people, delighting in the beauty and freshness of wind, of sky, and sea; they are out for pleasure of it, they are not Kingsley’s fishermen’s wives, heavy of heart and sad.

“La Grand Mere,” another pleasing picture, shows the mother and two little ones on the far side of the table, lighted by the evening lamp. La grandmere by the near side has been knitting, but her head is drooping over the hands that still hold the knitting. Sleep is giving her rest.

No one knows how many times a day a mother administers consolation to a little broken heart, or it may be only a bruised toe. Miss Nourse has pictured that ministry feelingly in “Consolation,” as the mother presses the sobbing wee one to her breast, and kisses the disheveled brow.

The art of Elizabeth Nourse has not been influenced by any other painter; she paints what she sees with the spirit she feels, and the heart sympathy that goes out to the peasants she loves goes through the uplifted arm to the representative canvas, which proves her a great artist.

Sarah Ball Dodson was one of the nineteenth century painters who accomplished remarkable and noteworthy work before the twentieth century made its entrance. But circumstances and adverse opinions of the critics (and the critics were men unacquainted with the art endowment of women) hindered the publicity that a really good painting should have. In the seventies and eighties there were numbers of earnest painters quietly working to express their best.

It is a noticeable fact that, since women entered the field of palette and brush, a large per cent have been natives of Pennsylvania, or have been attracted to its school of Fine Arts for instruction in painting, while those whose natural ability decided for the plastic medium of clay, mallet, and chisel, seem to have found needed help in the schools or studios of New York.
One of those earnest workers was Sarah Ball Dodson. She was born in Philadelphia and early began study in the Academy of Fine Arts. Her father was Whatcoat Dodson, for many years instructor in that Academy. Later she had three years of study under Evariste Vital Luminais, and yet another year with Jules Lefebvre, and still later had the helpful criticisms of Boutet de Monvel. Her first public exhibition was at the Paris Salon, 1877, and the work was "L'Amour Menetrier." Serious illness in 1893 continued to hamper her work for the rest of her life, yet she continued to progress. In spite of the illness referred to, a large work from Sarah Dodson's studio was a drawing featured in the Pennsylvania State Building at the Columbian Fair, that same year, entitled "Pax Patriae," an eminently worth-while canvas depicting "The Signing of the Declaration of Independence in the State House, Philadelphia, Fourth of July, 1776." It was her most important historical work, and remarkable as coming from the hand of a woman. The artist painted it in 1883, and it was most favorably received in Philadelphia that same year. It represented her early style and the grace of her composition. A decorative frieze called "The Dance" was exhibited in the Exposition Universal at Paris, 1878, also in her early style. The development of her later style is well brought out in "Deborah," the least academic of any of Miss Dodson's work, and it represents her in the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D. C. Aside from the technique, the artist had thought out her subject well. She conceived the woman-judge of Israel, Deborah, in her crude house of stone, under the palm trees on the camel-path between Ramah and Beth-el, in the hill country of Ephraim. The artist painted the prophet-judge in her house alone, in meditative mood, on her heat of stone. Her nether garment of white is girt about with a leather girdle with its Hebrew inscription in letters of silver. Being at home, her sandals are removed. She leans forward in her intense earnestness of thought, for she is in deep distress concerning the welfare of Israel, for the people have done that which was evil in the sight of Jehovah. A parchment sheet lies at her feet. Evidently the prophetess had the gift of the sixth sense; she sees the outcome of the battle that is to be fought at Mount Tabor. Her attitude is such that she could rise on the instant and send for the chief of the army of Israel, as she did. The spirit of the time and the subject, no less than the personality of Deborah, is impressive.

In later years Miss Dodson lived a while in Brighton, England, and while there painted in St. Bartholomew's Church "The Invocation of Moses." Another work, strong in its beginning, represented "Pygmalion and Galatea," but the artist
was not strong enough to finish it. However, it progressed sufficiently to prove 
the talent and ability of the artist.

After the death of Miss Dodson, the Corporation Gallery of Brighton held 
an exhibition of about a hundred of her canvases of exceptional work.

Though speaking of Miss Dodson's figure work, we must also record the fact 
that she had remarkable ability in portraying poetic landscape. "A Farm Road" 
leads the eye to an uncultivated garden of nature, where daisies, queen's lace, 
lavender, balm, and the gorgeous cardinal flowers bloom where Nature's lavish 
hand planted. An ancient tree inclining over a stone wall on the hillside is a 
simple subject, yet full of suggestion in its naturalness.

Sarah Dodson loved the out-of-doors and left many records of natural beauty 
that had impressed her. "Les Etoiles du Matin" is a decorative canvas of ethereal 
beauty, showing the idealistic phase of her art. A cloud of nude figures is floating 
aloft, each with her star, as a mere line of light along the horizon indicates the 
coming of dawn. The tone of the picture is in the pastel shades, commingling 
soft pink with the silver gray of the night sky; the whole is softly blended with 
wisps of filmy cloud here and there as drapery. The grace and aerial tints are 
exquisite.

The world lost greatly from the rich endowment of Sarah Ball Dodson when 
she passed on in the year 1906.

After her death the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts exhibited a collection 
of Miss Dodson's work, which to many was a surprise, both because of the 
large representation of her work and the quality, for thought, sincerity, strength 
and the delicacy of the ideal radiated from her canvases; hence the wonder was 
with many that they had not seen more of her painting. Very few realized that 
circumstances of her life made it impossible for her to further a public recogni-
tion of her work if she had wished to. There was competition, it is true, but her 
delicate health often prevented her sharing in it with other artists. Her limita-
tions were largely temperamental, her thoughts and appreciations were of sincerity 
and beauty, quietly worked out.

Anna Lea Merritt had a charming painting of Miss Eunice Terry at the Pan-
American Exhibition in 1901. Someone in the throng was heard to say to a com-
panion, "Come on, that is only a portrait." Only a portrait! Think what it 
means in the making! The developing and education of the subject, to the point 
that his or her portrait would be desired by a family or institution. Think of the 
years of study, toil, practice, discouragements it takes to make an artist capable of 
painting an acceptable portrait, not only a resemblance to the person, but to por-
tray the character, to catch the spirit, and even the charm, if the artist be so highly gifted.

A first glance at the canvas revealed a symphony in gray, a distinctive harmonization of fur and velvet, a rich and effective background of autumn leafage, so arranged that the figure was superb against it. The face was fine, an interesting study, with flesh tones clear, and beautifully modeled. The textures were reminders of the Dutch masters of the fifteenth century. The portrait must have had a high value as a likeness (a poetic likeness it certainly was), for the accessories were admirable.

Mrs. Merritt had an attractive group of "Merry Maids" at the St. Louis Exposition, 1904, also "The Piping Shepherd," lent by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; both canvases expressed art and nature most attractively.

This artist was first known to the general public by her painting at the Centennial in Philadelphia, 1876. Her painting at the Paris Salon, 1889, received honorable mention. At the Columbian Fair, 1893, she received two medals, one for paintings in oil, and mural decorations, respectively. A silver medal was hers at the Atlanta Exposition, 1895. In 1901 Mrs. Merritt's painting became exceedingly popular, for it was "Love Locked Out." It was also exhibited in the British National Gallery of London, and is now in the Tate Gallery, and is one of its valued pictures.

Numerous portraits have seemingly come to life under her brush, among them one of life size of James Russell Lowell fills an honor place in Memorial Hall of Harvard University. Another is of Lady Margaret Hall of Oxford. Eight murals in the church of St. Martin, Wanersh, Guildford, England, speak strongly for the success of Mrs. Merritt in that branch of her art. "A Hamlet In Old Hampshire" and "An Artist's Garden" are others of her attractive paintings; also "Reapers" was a refreshing landscape seen at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, 1915.

In speaking of women artists in 1911, an English writer said, "The last twenty years have seen women advance in art with rapid strides, and although election to membership of the Royal Academy is still denied them, their work in nearly every branch of the art of painting has raised them to a position of full equality with their competitors of the other sex. That official recognition from the Academy is still withheld—though their work is welcomed to the annual exhibitions at Burlington House—is merely evidence of the conservative prejudice that still exists against their admission and is in no sense because of their lack of ability." He said, further, "It has often been stated that women are not creative
artists; that they have not sufficiently the creative faculty necessary to produce original work. The delightful 'Love Locked Out' by Anna Lea Merritt proves at least one instance to controvert the assertion. This picture was hung in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1890 and was purchased by the Chantry Trustees in the same year for the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds, the first work by a woman to be acquired for the collection. Although an American by birth, Mrs. Merritt has lived and worked so long in England that she is accounted among English artists."

Mrs. Merritt studied with Heinrich Hoffman in Dresden, and with Mr. Henry Merritt in London. Another case of wedded artists. Her work has represented her at all the World Fairs held in America, and honors came to her at the first, the Centennial of 1876. She was born in Philadelphia in 1844.

We have briefly considered the incentive and stimulus for woman’s development in art, and realize that the Columbian Fair of 1893 proved the open door for her advancement, and the brief retrospect over thirty-five years may well serve as a prophecy of encouragement for coming decades.

An English writer during the first decade of this century gives a paragraph that tempers our quotation:

"In spite of isolated women artists in the past, it is not too much to say that this generation is the first to develop the fine arts in women. The result is a flood of feminine art, most of which has very little true art in it; it is not often worse than that of the opposite sex, but so far it has not reached the great heights attained by the masters (unless you except Rosa Bonheur). Nevertheless in every country women’s work is infinitely finer and more creative than that of all the chiefs among the men.”

Further the writer quotes a significant statement from an English woman, Mrs. Sargent Florence, possibly the first woman mural-decorator, who in 1891 was awarded the Dodge prize at the New York Academy of Design. She said:

"The women of my generation are the pioneers of woman’s art. We are the ones who are clearing the way for generations to come. No one knows better than I the limitations of my own work . . . . . . but it is because the energy, time, imagination and physical strength that men use freely for their art has, in my case, had to go in ceaseless struggling, not for money only, but for the ‘right to work’.”

In all departments of woman’s enterprise this has been true. But thanks be! equality in action is now on the basis of equality in education and equipment.
By permission of the artist

SELF PORTRAIT

Cecelia Beaux
CHAPTER XVI

American Woman as Portrait Painter. Painter of Every-Day Life. Cecilia Beaux, Jean MacLane Johnsen, Elizabeth Shippen Green Elliott, Jessie Wilcox Smith, Etc.

"Such is the influence of art on society, sentiment and commodities, that we are entitled to estimate nations by their standards of art."—Fuseli.

Portraiture has long been considered the highest as well as the oldest form of painting. The highest, because man is made in the image of his Maker and must radiate that spirit from within his clay-formed chalice. The oldest, because its first use was a confession of faith in immortality. The oldest Egyptian mummies bore portraits of the deceased that his KA (spirit) after unnumbered aeons of wandering in space, might, on returning, recognize and re-enter its own body.

Portraiture of today has its use for the future. For history and anthropology as well as for art it is most desirable. We preserve the lineaments of our nobility on canvas, on walls, or in stone or bronze, for Time, if he prove gracious; for posterity, lest we forget; for art, that it prove the development and honor of our race.

The portrait painter is confronted with many difficulties. One does not realize that fact unless one has sat for a portrait, and even then it is doubtful if the "sitter" considers himself a difficulty.

Years of study and practice acquiring an enviable technique do not always insure an A Number One portrait, for difficulties do exist for painter and sitter.

The attitude of the sitter toward a painter who has justly earned a worldwide reputation should be that of a patient toward a thoroughly competent physician, committing himself to the man of knowledge and skill and accepting the result. It is much like his attitude toward his religion, largely a matter of faith, and aside from that—well, a portrait painter must be one-fourth a technician, one-fourth human (with a generous sprinkling of wit and wisdom), one-fourth an artist by grace of nature's gift, and one-fourth psychologist. The factors may be divided differently, but this percentage gives a balanced whole. Time and constant effort toward the expression of character give proof of that balanced whole, and make a well-rounded painter who portrays the spirit of the subject.

Such an artist is Cecilia Beaux. And more—which may as well be said right here. Permeating the factors and faculties just named, Miss Beaux has
two titanic powers—and power is spirit—namely, Will and Work. She has a
goal—perfection, which from a child has led her to do her absolute best, and
that best has constantly led her onward and upward toward the invisible yet real
temple of fame.

The little girl was motherless from her birth so her bringing up devolved
upon her grandmother, aunts, and an uncle of whom she was exceedingly fond.
It would almost seem as if the fairies chose the names of the future artist as
they seemed to choose the career of another noted portrait painter nearly two
centuries ago, for their combined meaning is music and beauty, and both appealed
to her.

On her mother's side the child was of stalwart New England stock, strong
in body and mind, with the aesthetic phases of life and influence accented and
developed in the beautiful, every-day home culture. Her father was French,
with the artistic instincts of that nationality. So art is the birthright of Cecilia
Beaux.

One of her aunts was a musician and first tempted her with that art, but in
due time it was decided that she had no remarkable aptitude for it. Another
aunt was an adept with pencil and water colors, and one day gave the child some
drawing cards to copy. She was surprised at the accuracy of the child's work.
That led to more difficult studies from Greek sculptures. At one time the young
girl made drawings of some fossils for a scientific book, and while at such work
her grandmother read aloud to her. In such ways the child was led to the work
for which she was made.

She made several portraits of old gentlemen with flowing beards, at fifty
dollars each. It was her first money for art, "and soon after, in company with
some other girls," she said, "I rented a studio and we had a little portrait class of
our own, with William Sartain to criticize our work. During two winters he
came once every two weeks; I don't suppose he came twenty times altogether, but
his instruction was enormously valuable to me."

Miss Beaux has been wonderfully influenced by her instinctive desire for
perfection. "Not only that," she has said, "but my family always expected of me
the very best work I could possibly do. If you expect the best from yourself,
you are not content with anything less. To know that other people, those whose
opinions count most, expect you to do well, has an effect which it would be difficult
to estimate. If I did a thing well, I wasn't extravagantly praised. That was the
way I ought to do it. It was treated as a matter of course that I should do it
perfectly. Those first little pictures I copied when I was twelve years old were
lithographed. And there is a peculiar quality in a lithographed line; it is "crum-
ibly," not solid black. With pencil I could not produce that peculiar quality. And
I can remember how unhappy I was because I wanted my copy to be perfect in
every detail."

About this time the young artist became very ambitious, and took a large
canvas on which to paint the portrait of her sister and her little son, just when
he was getting too big to sit on mother's lap, "too uncomfortable for his body and
for his pride." The desired dress for the mother not being at hand in her ward-
robe, the artist's makeshift was both interesting and practical. A satin sleeve
attached to the arm that showed (akin to putting the best foot forward) and the
graceful draping of a Canton shawl for the skirt gave the required tone and
texture. When asked how the painting turned out, Miss Beaux replied, "It had
rather an interesting history. After it was finished, a girl friend of mine who
had gone abroad to study happened to come home for a visit. She saw the picture
in my studio and wanted to take it back to Paris with her. It seemed an absurd
notion to me, but she insisted on carrying it off. In Paris she had it framed and
took it on top of a cab to the studio of some well known painter, I think it was
Jean Paul Laurenz. He must have given it some praise, for she sent it to the
Salon. It was accepted, too!" and the painter laughed at the reminiscence. Then
it was that her family agreed to her study in Paris and the life class. For more
than a year Miss Beaux continued her studies in the Julian and Lazar Schools,
and we may well believe that she absorbed all her teachers had to impart.

In Paris Miss Beaux was made a member of the "Society des Beaux Arts,"
and one of her very attractive canvases, "Girl With A Cat," was purchased and
hung in the Luxembourg Gallery.

Returning to Philadelphia she continued portrait painting, thereby reaping a
harvest of prizes, honorable mentions, and medals; at least six or eight gold medals,
with handsome cash prize accompaniments, have rewarded her conscientious and
artistic work.

Philadelphia was her birthplace, but after a time Miss Beaux opened her
studio in New York. Far and wide her portraits have found lodgement in many
public institutions and galleries and in scores of private homes. A full length
portrait of John Paul Jones hangs in the library of the National Naval Academy
at Annapolis. It is full of strong determination; the painter must have put herself
in thought and feeling in his place, as he stands, as if on the deck of his ship,
equipped for any emergency.

One of the early canvases to shed the dawning light, prophetic of coming

135
fame, on the work of Miss Beaux she called "A New England Woman." It is well named. The picture is in a high key; the room is in white, the sun-lit garden is seen through dainty Swiss curtains; the motherly woman in her white afternoon gown, seated in her easy rocker, is resting from her duties of the morning; her palm-leaf fan suggests 90° in the shade outside, but the home-maker looks extremely comfortable, as if conning a happy thought. It is a restful picture, and might be called "Contentment."

That type and character of New England womanhood is becoming more rare with the passing of each generation. In art and literature we hark back to them with a sense of higher valuation, deeper appreciation and love.

Miss Beaux was awarded first prizes by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts for seven or eight consecutive years from 1885 to 1893, when she received a gold medal from the Arts Club of Philadelphia; the Dodge Prize in 1898, National Academy of Design of New York; bronze medal in 1896 at Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh; first class gold medal and cash prize of $1500 at Carnegie Institute, in 1900; gold medal at the Exposition Universelle, Paris, in 1900; gold medal, Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, in 1901; first Corcoran prize, Society of Washington Artists, 1902; gold medal Universal Exposition, St. Louis, 1904.

She is a member of the National Academy of Design of New York, and the Societe Nationale des Beaux Arts, Paris; and fellow of Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. In 1912 the degree of Master of Fine Arts was conferred upon Miss Beaux by Yale University.

A glance about the room where Miss Beaux receives her sitters may well serve as a background for the few portraits used to exemplify in some degree her work. An ample room in its three dimensions, it proves a fact of nature which Ruskin garnered for his knowledge and philosophy: "We know a cocoon is the work-shop and home of a silk worm; a web the habitation of a spider, and that a nest is wreathed by a bird,"—for here our portrait painter has the light and shadows that produce values: rich hangings and accessories needful for backgrounds; a Sir Philip Sidney chimney, the approach to its hearth an avenue formed by two divans, suggestive of sociability and comfort; and neutral-toned screens sufficient to lend distance and privacy for the artist at her easel. Such is the studio of Cecilia Beaux: a few choice things, and nothing superfluous.

During this first quarter of the twentieth century one can scarcely take up any art publication without discovering that Miss Beaux has added a new portrait to her industry and honor. And with each result of her indefatigable work, the
PREMIER CLEMENCEAU
Cecilia Beaux
art world has a lasting interpretation of a charactered man or woman, who, before, may have been known only by name.

The portrait of Dr. William H. Howell, dean of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, is of three quarters length, and represents the eminent physician in classic gown, standing, apparently having just removed his glasses to give due attention to the speaker. The spirit of the scholar as well as the physician radiates from the canvas.

The late "J. Dickinson Sargent, Esq.," a portrait painted some time ago, is one of the strongest of Miss Beaux's works, and lends the dignity of the man to the reception room of the Mutual Assurance Company of New York.

In 1911 the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh hung an extremely vital representation of "A Boy and a Girl In Riding Clothes," "A Girl With a Cat" on her shoulder is evidently a double portrait; the cat is as admirably painted as the girl, and one knows at sight that the two are chums. The canvas was bought for the Corcoran Gallery, where it hangs.

A portrait of Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and her daughter shows the happy mother when she was mistress of the White House.

"The Banner Bearer" represents a very earnest young woman whose attention and muscle are concerned with the subject in hand.

Miss Beaux indulges in the decorative at times, perhaps to gratify her love of color more than portraiture calls for; one judges that, from the strong pigment seen on a panel of a woman seated, yet bowed in deep thought amid brilliant but absolutely harmonious colors.

At the International Exposition held in Venice in 1924 seventy-five paintings were selected by a special committee and sent overseas to represent American painters and their work. The movement was under direction of the American Federation of Arts invited by the president of the Exposition, Mr. Giovanni Bordiga. In an open letter of appreciation to the president of the American Federation of Arts, Mr. Robert W. de Forest, Mr. Bordiga said: "The United States Exhibit is one of the greatest and most interesting features of the present Exposition, and we address grateful thanks to those who, with intelligence and love, directed and took care of the arrangement." Quoting from the leading art critic in the Corrier della Sera, we find: "American painters often express themselves, as is known, in French, especially in open air scenes and in scenes of great light. But it is enough"—naming a few—"to understand that, having reached a complete mastery of this foreign technique, American painters by now know how to reveal freely their souls by it. As is natural, that fervid and overpowering civilization holds the human figure and the portrait in high honor. And the tra-
dition of the English portraitists, perhaps, finds not even in its own country fol-

lowers as nimble and as refreshing as Cecilia Beaux, in this picture of a lady 'On the Terrace.' Worthy of remembrance, among other English-style painters” —naming women only—“are Jean McLane and Lydia Emmet.”

One of Miss Beaux’s most vigorous portraits is that of the president of the American Federation of Arts, Mr. Robert W. de Forest, at one time president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

A more recent portrait is that of Mrs. Russell Sage for the Sage Foundation, an extremely dignified and attractive work, to serve on the walls of Sage College as a reminder that the present is daughter of the past—the attractive modern buildings of today having supplanted the walls of the Seminary founded by Mrs. Emma Willard in 1821. The portrait of that first American educator of women will long be cherished in the halls that bear the name of the woman who took up the work when she laid it down. Art gives us the character and marks the epoch of both.*

“Miss Beaux’s work is neither impressionism nor photography,” as Dr. Talc ott Williams expressed it; “Rather it is a compound of sincerity, of intelligence, and absolute freshness of feeling. Her portraits are honest. They savor of no tricks. The simplicity of her girlhood spirit is hers today, more largely diffused in proportion to her understanding of the psychic and mental attitude of her sitters.”

Miss Beaux acquired knowledge of fundamentals, line, form, and color, in the days of her youth, and there has been no demarcation in her case between youth and the next stage, for she has taken the freshness and vigor of youth right along with her—mingled with and broadened by her intellectual vision and grasp.

All this Cecilia Beaux has to a remarkable degree, or she would never have been chosen by the National Committee for the high honor of painting her quota of the “War Portraits.”

The year 1926 was a red letter year for Miss Beaux. First there came to her from the Italian Government, through the Minester delle Instruzione Pub-

blica, at Rome, a request for a self-portrait to be hung in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. The accompanying reproduction of that portrait represents her reply to the significant honor and respect.

*Vocational and technical schools are steps in the uplift and broadening of civilization. It is like teaching a child in his high chair to hold his spoon, his knife and fork; a boy to use hammer and nails; a lad to set type and bind a book; or to use engraver’s tools, and on and up, in the use of things. It is specific education. So in art. Some youths have become artists by copying masterpieces or even one painting more than once, until acquiring the “knack of the thing.” When it comes to the development beyond the technical, artists in the United States can be taught observation; how to subtract the ideal from the real; how to draw on their imagination by help of their knowledge of drawing; and how to harmonize a color scheme; and, most important of all, to know how to express the psychic self—spirit—on canvas, they must first cultivate the spirit within themselves. It is America’s teaching.
Since the World War armistice, November 11, 1918, and the signing of the peace treaty, war memorials have been the incentive for many artists in many lands. The idea of a pictorial record composed of portraits of leaders of America and other allied nations, to be painted by prominent American artists, was an inspiration of value as a national possession, authentic for history and for art.

"With the endorsement of the Smithsonian Institution as custodian of the National Gallery of Art, the American Federation of Arts, and the American Mission to Negotiate Peace, then in session in Paris, the National Art Committee came into being, for the purpose of carrying out this idea, thus initiating and establishing at Washington the National Portrait Gallery."

The painting of twenty-three portraits and the large canvas representing "Signing the Peace Treaty, June 28, 1919," was apportioned to eight eminent American portrait painters, two of whom were women, Cecilia Beaux and Jean McLane.

To Miss Beaux were assigned the portraits of Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Maline; Admiral, Sir David Beatty, Commander of the Fleet and First Sea Lord of Great Britain; Premier Clemenceau, Prime Minister and Minister of War of France. Thus was given as high an honor as the present status of art in the United States could offer, "to the foremost among living American portrait painters."

The three men to be represented to the future by Cecilia Beaux are doubtless as varied in temperament and mentality as any three one might choose, but one characteristic is dominant in all—spirit, dynamic spirit under control, and a masterly demand on attention. The position of each subject suggests that dominance. Each "sitter" is on his feet, in a perfectly natural and accustomed pose. Each faces the audience that life has prepared him for; the Cardinal, the Statesman, the Admiral. Each views human needs from a different angle, the first from sympathy, Clemenceau from the point of justice, the Admiral standing for that much neglected virtue—obedience. The appropriateness and simplicity of each background is noteworthy and suggestive.

In April, 1926, the American Academy of Arts and Letters presented Miss Beaux with the Gold Medal of the Academy, thus acknowledging their appreciation of her distinction in painting. The ceremony attended by leading artists, authors, and musicians was held in the Academy Building, West 155th Street, New York, and included the unveiling of a life-size bas-relief of William Dean Howells, first president of the Academy, by Brenda Putnam. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Chancellor of the Academy, presided, and the medal was presented to
Miss Beaux by Mr. Edwin Howland Blashfield, president of the National Academy of Design.

The gold medal presented to Miss Beaux has been conferred only twice before—in 1915 to Charles W. Elliot, D.D., L.L.D., President Emeritus of Harvard University; and in 1923 to Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer.

Friendship is one of the choice blessings of life, but in these days of hurry and worry there is scant time for the cultivation of real friendship. Congenial souls meet at times, but circumstances often prevent a continuance of social or written intercourse—such as existed in the days of our mothers. However, we occasionally find such friends well met, proving that friendship is not wholly a vanished blessing.

Some years ago a group of young women were students together in Paris. A sincere attachment grew into a lasting friendship, though distance and circumstances kept them mostly apart. But they had the experiences and memories of delightful days together, all of which enriched and sweetened life. The three friends might be treated here as merely three art students, but the rarity of such a tie as theirs seems like an oasis in the impersonal, tumultuous imperatives of the now.

Lucy Scarborough Conant was one of the group. Her father was Albert Conant of Vermont, engineer and artist, her mother Catherine Scarborough of Connecticut. From both she inherited gifts that were a forecast of a full life.

Her two friends were Cecilia Beaux and Florence Este. A vital, vivid trio.

Lucy Conant possessed a magnetic power for friendship, and psychologically that magnetism entered into the development and workings of her mental equipment. She studied vigorously with Lazar, René Ménard, Jean Paul Laurenze, and from all she gathered knowledge for the activities of art that she was soon to meet. She did not wait to meet anything. Her energy propelled her talents into action whatever they were, and they were many.

Her gift of language was most unusual and most useful. Seemingly she did not have to belabor a Dutch grammar in order to make the boatman on the Maas know her meaning, nor dig up Latin roots whereby to get needed information in any derivative tongue—any language needed "she picked up and used at once." Her French was luscious as though she had been born in Paris. Her Irish brogue was irresistible. Her Italian flowed with all the velvet warmth and color of those olive-skinned folk of the Sicilian hills she had grown to love so well.

Even when on a sketching trip with Miss Beaux on the St. Lawrence River, she "picked up" the patois of Canadian French, like a native. Lucy Conant had a
passion for literature and haunted libraries. She was versatile in her life and in her art. She was a decided and rapid worker; brain and hand were in unison. Her sketchbooks were encyclopedias dealing with trees, mountains, housetops, facts quickly caught, some carefully studied for future use.

Landscape painting in oil and water color was her principal interest, but whatever she saw had a message for her, and her expression of it on canvas made one feel the open, far-flung plain, or the height and scope of mountains, distant towns, boats, and people, for she painted what appealed to her. She did not abandon one branch of art for another—she simply carried on from one application of art to another. The various, and often the humblest, forms and color combinations in nature served first as her teacher, till the dominance of mind over matter made them her servants, which she utilized in her art and with which she greatly broadened her art knowledge.

Miss Conant seems to have been a living expression of the truth which Emerson put into these words: "The more you know of everything, the better you teach or do any one thing."

She absorbed suggestions from the most ancient forms of art that geology and archaeology give for this twentieth century consideration. Her artistic talent was so well balanced that it embraced many phases of expression, and not the least to claim her interest and arduous work was the color and costume for the harmonious production of art dramas of literature. For the forty-seven workshop productions at Harvard of "Eyvind of the Hills" and "The Flitch of Bacon," Miss Conant painted the scenery, designed costumes and properties. Her work in this line would make a long list, including eight plays for the Northampton players, for Dramatic Clubs, and Settlement Houses, but notable among them are the Pantomime "The Willow Wife," for the New England Conservatory of Music, and the Greek "Harvest Festival" pageant at Gloucester, for which she also wrote the scenario.

The Columbus Centenary pageant, produced by Livingston Platt, owed much of its beauty to her aid, and it was her direction that developed the glorious color sequence of the "Parthenaia" of 1920 at the University of California. That was her last work, for the spirit of the gifted woman, friend, and artist passed from earth in the last hours of the year 1920, in Boston at the home of her brother.

Lucy S. Conant was born in Brooklyn, Connecticut, 1867; studied in Boston and Paris; was a member of the Copley Society, 1892, of the Boston Water Color Club, the Water Color Club of Philadelphia, and others. In reference to her own work she had written, apropos of an essay, "Nevertheless I had to do it, so
here goes! I shall never hold anything back that I want to do." Hers was a happy, healthful, and helpful life.

Mrs. Jean McLane-Johansen, one of the two women of the group, was unable to go with the rest, hence her portion of the commission was not completed with the others. However, her portrait of Elizabeth, Queen of the Belgians, shows her ample qualifications for the high commission granted her. The portrait is a superb work of art. Her knowledge and artistry produced a most dignified portrayal of the queen in her natural right and character, so the canvas needs not the tiara, state robes and jewels to pronounce her Queen of the Belgians. The innate graciousness of heart dominates the graciousness of the queen—the queen as the civilized world knew her during the strain and stress of invasion and warfare. All this and more has been preserved to the world from the insight and brush of Mrs. Jean McLane.

We are not going to quarrel with the technique of the painters, any more than with their handwriting; if it is clear and legibly conveys the message and satisfies eye and heart, we want to help to an understanding and appreciation of their thought and their art. If it rings true, beauty of style, texture, color, and sentiment will come to the surface and art is manifested.

A well regulated human will understand and enjoy phases of childhood of today and of his own early days and ways. A painting from Mrs. McLane's studio is inspiring alike to grownups and children. It represents a group of little folk on the brow of a grassy hill "Blowing Bubbles," a charming bit of child life in color and action. It became the property of the Milwaukee Institute by gift of the artist.

Needless to say, Jean McLane is a portrait painter, and a painter of mother and children, for the two are not to be separated.

A portrait of Mrs. John Henry Hammond and her daughter is a charming, home-like picture, the two seated on a sofa, the motherly arm about the child who snuggles close to her mother, her bewitching little face looking up at the intruder upon their love-making, the background just a portion of the paneled wall, and a simple side-light fixture, nothing more. Broadly painted it is, yet the sweeps of color are related to the gown which is of soft material. It is a pleasing combination of the human spirit and the technique, and won the Shaw Memorial Prize at the Academy of Design in New York in 1912.

"Virginia and Stanton," children of the frolicsome age, have just paused in their play to listen to a fascinating story; Stanton is interested but incredulous, while Virginia takes a more understanding view of it. This painting was pur-
chased by Friends of American Art, and presented to the Chicago Art Institute in 1914.

One of the most piquant little faces in modern art is the painting of the child, Mary Shepard, a demure little maiden of four or five years, seated on a slightly elevated bit of ground, her hands clasped in her lap. A beflowered and beribboned hat hides most of the willful hair save one coquettish lock; a dimple in each cheek, a merry twinkle in her eyes, and the lips just ready to bubble over with laughter. Without a word, she speaks for herself and for the artist.

Jean McLane was born in Chicago, September 14, 1878. She studied at the Chicago Art Institute and with Duveneck before her sojourn in Paris. The numerous World and International Fairs have been of advantage to the artists; in fact, the art world has been the foundation on which the exhibitions have been built. Jean McLane won a bronze prize at the St. Louis Exposition, 1904; first prize at the International League, Paris, 1907 and 1908; the Elling prize, New York Women's Art Club, 1907; Third Hallgarten Prize, National Academy of Design, 1913; the Lippincott Prize, Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, 1914.

At the Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, 1915, Mrs. Jean McLane-Johansen not only captured a silver medal for her work but had the merited honor of her work being hung in Gallery 61, the room into which the Art Director quietly gathered some five dozen canvases and some small sculpture, representative of the very best that women have given to art. "Mr. Trask, relying on his wide acquaintance with the art of America, had cared to make a kind of Woman's 'Salon Carré', and there was no question about it, the result was not only significant but beautiful. It was by no means exclusive, but there one could see the work by Ellen Emmet, Cecilia Beaux, Mary Cassatt, Violet Oakley, Charlotte Coman, Jean McLane, Janet Scudder, Anna Hyatt, Bessie Potter Vonnoh, and Abastenia St. Leger Eberle. Some women sculptors, Edith Burroughs, Evelyn Longman, Gertrude Whitney, and others, had friezes, sun dials, fountains and so forth, scattered about the grounds where they belonged—in the open."

We are glad to insert the above quotation, for it gives in a nutshell the galaxy of some American women in art, and the status quo of their work and the world appreciation of it at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915.

In that Salon Carré, Ellen Emmet presented to art lovers, to parents, in fact to everybody, a fine specimen of "Boy," painted full of character and the joy of life, as he has bounded into the studio. The cap came off and rumpled his hair, but never mind. "Grenville" has the kind of vitality that is contagious; eyes that
beam on you, glowing cheeks above the red sweater. He is robust, yet there is
tenderness and thoughtfulness in face and bearing.

“In the Studio” we see a typical girl seated girl-fashion with a black pussy
contented in her lap. The child’s wavy hair is beautiful and beautifully painted,
catching glints of sunlight now and again, where it falls over her shoulders. She
is reposeful and sweet. Behind her a large mirror gives a glimpse of the artist
who is recording this picture of somebody’s childhood. Mrs. Ellen Emmet Rand
has a strong gift of characterization. She catches the little things, unconscious
mannerisms, if you please, that accent the individuality to the point of naturalism,
as distinct from “realism.”

This is exemplified in her portrait of Augustus Saint-Gaudens, painted in
1904. The great American sculptor is represented sitting, giving his strong profile,
the face in meditative mood. The strong, sinewy right hand is drawn back on the
arm of the chair; the other arm unconsciously gives poise to the hand that toys
with the chain of his eye glasses. Though never having seen the man, it is safe to
say that at first glance at the portrait one would say, “How natural!”

In 1911 Miss Ellen Emmet was showing twenty-three portraits at the Mac-
Beth Gallery, a most unusual showing of some quite unusual men, and nearly all
were of men. The Hon. Levi P. Morton, and the Hon. Joseph H. Choate in
academic gown, are strongly painted yet with the refinement and penetration their
characters express. The suggestive and detailed environment of the two just men-
tioned, and the library in which is seen Dr. Louis Tiffany, are painted in subdued
light from which the figures stand out most effectively.

Miss Emmet’s portrait of Benjamin Altman, donor of his private collection
of art to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, in 1913, is another of
her successes. It is life-size and a seated figure, the gift of the executors of the
Altman Estate, and is signed Ellen Emmet Rand, 1914. The background of this,
as of others just mentioned, and that of Dr. Billings, is a welcome change from
the non-luminous ones to be seen even in our own day. The characterization that
the artist has for years been striving for is manifested in her portraits, which are
some of the best that American art has produced.

Ellen Emmet was born in San Francisco, California, March 4, 1876. She
studied in New York and Paris; received a silver medal for her work at the St.
Louis Exposition in 1904; a gold medal at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915;
a bronze medal at Buenos Aires Exhibit in 1910; and the Beck Gold Medal from
the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in 1922.

Rarely are two sisters gifted and equipped for the same art, but Emmet
W O M A N I N A R T

seems to be a name for the Muse to conjure with, so that Lydia Field Emmet comes to our knowledge as a portrait painter also, but her art produces the most charming of little people. One fancies they are more obtainable than adult sitters, and more difficult to “catch.” But she wins their hearts and catches their graces, and out from her studio come the dear little faces, both boys and girls, all wreathed with smiles and circled with curls and early flowering of humanity with spirits fresh and pure, minds and manners naïve and equally ready for knowledge as for play. Through these avenues of heart and mind the artist enters their young lives and their interests, and because she loves children and has the gift, she paints them admirably.

One of the first pictures by Lydia Field Emmet that came to the knowledge of the writer was called “A Portrait Study,” and is like a bright jewel in the memory. A globe of gold fish on one end of a low-carved taboret of mahogany; the smallest boy sits on a corner of the taboret, his hair pale golden, his suit buff; the taller child is in a suit of bright golden brown, to match his hair; he stands with both hands on the rim of the large bowl. The background is of transparent browns and gold. It is a perfect harmony of the shades of two colors; the spray of green sea weed in the water is the accidental note that emphasizes the harmony.

We cite a few examples of the work of Lydia F. Emmet because of the real child spirit she portrays. Criticism is not the glass through which we should always look at a painting. It has its place and its use, but the spirit in the painting should be the spirit of the subject depicted by the sympathy of the artist. Sometimes the lack of sympathy makes a failure of a canvas where technique is lauded by the critic. Man has painted pretty children before now, but rarely has man caught the indescribable halo of purity and love that emanates from the innocent heart and mind of childhood.

Miss Lydia Field Emmet is so full of love, sympathy and understanding of the child heart and nature, is so gifted with genuine motherly instinct and love, that she can do and has done what mere man, or mere artist, cannot do, painted the attributes of spirit.

Of this wonderful gift children themselves are the best judges and the quickest to recognize it. One day a lady on the street saw a young woman at some distance, coming toward her, having in charge a toddler less than two years old. The child was crying, grieved and discomforted. There was no altercation between the two, simply an indifference on the part of the maid. No nearer than forty feet, the baby ran to the lady with hands outstretched crying, “Take ba’, take ba’,“ and as the lady stooped to take the baby, the little arms clasped around
her neck as she cooed, "I lov's oo, I lov's oo." "Nothing is the matter," said the maid, "she simply doesn't want to walk with me."

The incident cited vouches for one reason of Miss Emmet’s success with children; she is so distinctly feminine, and to the mind of a child that word means love.

In 1912 Lydia Emmet was awarded honorable mention at the Exhibition of the Carnegie Institute for the portrait of a winsome, golden-haired lassie of three or four. Her bonnet has slipped down her back where she holds it by a ribbon in each hand. Apparently "Olivia" was crossing the room when someone spoke to her. She had just paused, and on the instant the artist caught the spirit of motion in abeyance. It is a trick or art of eye and hand that is reminiscent of the activity of soldier and horse in the military paintings by Lady Butler. The effect is vitality; spirit is in link with mind.

A portrait of "Brother and Sister," painted some time ago, proves that Miss Emmet belongs to the so-called painters of aristocracy, or shall we put it the other way, that she belongs to the aristocracy of painters. Taking the word in its simplest meaning—refinement—both are proven, the subject and the painter, and it may well include the little girl's pussy-cat, for she comes under the same refined influence. It is a charming picture.

Her subjects in themselves are charming. Charm is their hallmark.

Lydia Field Emmet was born in New Rochelle, New York, 1866, and studied with William M. Chase, Mowbray, Kenyon Cox, and Robert Reid in New York, and with Bouguereau, Robert-Fleury, Collin, and MacMonnies in Paris. She is a prolific painter and has a delightful circle of women and children portraits to her credit far and near. She is a member of the Art Students' League of New York; she was elected a member of the National Academy of Design, in 1912, the Women's Water Color Club, New York, and the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors.

Louise Cox was the name signed to a charming little canvas that was sent to the National Academy of Design for the exhibition of 1893. It was a nude figure reclining on a couch in absolute grace of pose, exquisitely painted, and the color scheme was rich and harmonious. The artist called her creation "Psyche," for this impersonation of Soul certainly possesses the ethereal quality. It won for the artist the rarest of all honors conferred upon American women, admission to the Society of American Artists. Another proof of its art value (the critics and judges having passed upon it) was the fact that it was sold within a few hours after the exhibition opened. It was the first showing of the work of the young artist.
As Louise Howland King, she began her study of art at sixteen in the school of the National Academy of Design. Later her study continued at the Art Students’ League under instruction of Kenyon Cox.

In 1895 Mrs. Cox was represented by a larger canvas that gave her own original idea of “The Fates.” Herself confessed to the mythological heresy in an explanation attached to the picture. She said: “As you see, the faces are young and beautiful, but almost expressionless. The heads are drooping, the eyes heavy as though half asleep. My idea is that they are merely instruments under the control of a higher power. They perform their work, they must do it without will or wish of their own. It would be beyond human or superhuman endurance for any conscious instrument to bear for ages and ages the horrible responsibility placed upon the Fates.”

In 1896 a religious subject from her easel attracted attention—“The Annunciation.” It was her first exhibit with the Society of American Artists, and immediately came an offer from a large firm of church-window makers for the use of it for a model to copy in glass. The workmanship, composition, drawing and harmonious coloring whereby the artist expressed her unusual idea of the Fates, pronounced Mrs. Cox an artist in thought, sentiment and knowledge of the technique of her art. In both of these pictures and in her later work, one sees characteristics that add proof (were it necessary) to the truth of her personal statement concerning her student years at the Academy, when she said: “I feel that I owe a great debt of gratitude to those professors who with their excellent Jerome traditions gave us a respect for workmanship.”

For more than thirty years Mrs. Cox has exhibited annually and her work has ever maintained a strong yet refined production. Her subjects are often ideal and decorative in treatment. An incident in point is her “Genius of Autumn.” In the purpling tint of October air comes the Genius of Autumn to earth, with the wings of Time. He alights, girdled with the dun shades of upland and plain, the persistent visitor to earth, and bends to sickle the tall, brave mullein plants on hillside and in pasture lots, the last flowers of the dying year.

The third Hallgarten prize of 1896 at the National Academy went to Mrs. Cox for her canvas titled “Pomona.” It showed the atmosphere and beauty of color usual in her paintings, and the stillness at heat of noon. Against the summer landscape a woman of large, harmonious proportions is holding a basket of fruit.

Mrs. Cox is an earnest worker. Each picture is the result of many sketches and the study of many models. For the Virgin in “Annunciation” a model was
first posed in the nude, and then another draped. On the canvas the artist sketched the nude, draping over that from the second model.

A bronze medal rewarded her exhibit at Paris in 1900. A silver medal was hers at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, in 1902. The Shaw Memorial prize from the Society of American Artists, 1903, was awarded her, the silver medal at St. Louis in 1904, and many others.

It has been a joy to the artist to work at her chosen subjects, children’s portraits. She tells us that Augustus St. Gaudens was in a way responsible for her future career as a painter of children. All young mothers who are artists accept the model nature gives and paint the portrait of the first babe, and Louise Cox was no exception. The portrait painted of her eldest son was so greatly admired by the great sculptor that his admiration influenced her continuance of the subject. Of course portraits of adults were painted now and then, but children were her joy.

She is represented in many private and public galleries, and has long been an associate member of the National Academy.

“May Flower” is the charming picture representing Mrs. Cox in the National Gallery at Washington, D. C.

In spite of the fact that her late husband, Kenyon Cox, and her son Allyn Cox have done much fine and highly approved mural painting, Mrs. Cox has never been tempted to try that line of art.

Rather recently she is making her home in Italy, where influence for beauty and art seem to win her return to her earlier point of view for serious composition. It is to be hoped that she will recapture her earlier inspirations, and give the world yet more on canvas of the commingling of her fine productive thought and skill, that must come to her like an inspiration with the charm of overlooking olive orchards and vineyards toward the towers and domes of lovely old Florence.

Louise Cox was born in San Francisco, California, in 1865, daughter of James and Anna (Scott) King. She was married to Kenyon Cox in 1892.

Clara T. MacChesney is another California artist, born and educated in that state. Virgil Williams of the San Francisco School of Design was her teacher for three years; then followed three years of study in New York with Mobray and Beckwith and yet another three years in Paris with Courtois. The summers of those years were well spent by working in Holland, and she was much influenced by the technique of the old masters and the characteristics of the country; particularly was she fascinated with the quaint interiors of the Dutch homes. Many of such, carefully studied, were most successfully accomplished in water
colors. She supplemented studio work by copying masters in the Prado, the National Gallery in London, the Louvre, and in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

Her contributions to the exhibitions in New York and elsewhere have awakened much interest, for her original paintings are of human experiences that stand for more than paintings of technique and harmony. "The Last Letter" speaks for itself; the "Discovery" is one of her most interesting works. "The Blind Fiddler" mingles its mission in a vein of pathos, as does "The Old Cobbler."

At the St. Louis Exhibition, 1904, Clara MacChesney was represented by "A Good Story' told by an old man, and it drew as much of a crowd to see him tell it as if they could hear it. It was a canvas of general interest, and it scored for the old man as it surely did for the artist, judging from the expressions and smiles as people passed before it. That picture captured the second Hallgarten prize at the Academy of Design.

Miss MacChesney has the interest and ability that has added greatly to the literature of art also.

Since the years of Symbert and Benjamin West there have been interchanges of talent between the British Isles and the United States in the matter of the Fine Arts. Born to the east of the Atlantic, some have worked and died on the western continent; and others born in the sunset land have worked and gained world fame amid treasures and antiquities of the old historic world. Next to people and commerce, art seems to have been the third step toward the oneness of the English-speaking nations. The greater the numbers that mark our annual calendars, the larger the numbers that form this interchange in art.

Rhoda Holmes Nicholls was born in the ancient town of Coventry, in the very heart of England, in 1854. As a young man her father was vicar at the historic little church of Stoke Poges, thence to Coventry, and other removes took the family to Littlehampton, in Sussex, where Rhoda Holmes spent her earliest years. From ten to sixteen she was in Miss Hawley's Boarding School in London. At nineteen she began art studies at the Royal Female School of Art, and took the Queen's Scholarship. While there the superintendent took six of the best students for a trip to Italy; later on, she decided to live there, as her father had died and the rest of the family had all gone to the Cape of Good Hope to live. She has said, "I had more charming things to paint, made worthwhile studies and more money, and found living much cheaper in Italy. I was two winters in Rome, one was spent in Miss Mayer's Art Establishment for students, and the next winter with some American friends I had met in Venice.
at the Consulate. The first summer in Italy, six of the girls (myself included) from Miss Mayer's went to Venice, and I continued to go (off and on) for about six years. I joined the Circolo Artisties and the Societa degli Aqbarresish in Rome, also had an exhibition of water colors. Queen Margaretta who was present sent for me and complimented me. I used to work with other of the students at the Circolo from eight o'clock to ten, and painted from the model. I also painted with Cammerano and Vertunni."

Singing with other students in the choir of the American Church was a pleasure and added a variety to her life in Italy. "In 1883 I met my husband, P. H. Nicholls, in Venice, and married him one year after in our old family home in Brookfield, England. We came to America and lived many years in New York."

In 1881 Rhoda Holmes spent nearly a year with her family in South Africa, her eldest brother going to England for her. Her opportunities for sketching and her subjects were most unusual; on her return to England, and later when New York became her home, she exhibited some of her African paintings—"The Ostrich Farm," "The Song of the Throstle," "Wind in the Tree Tops," "Indian After the Chase." Many of Mrs. Nicholls' later paintings portray subjects of American interest; "The Scarlet Letter" is one, and it tells its story with pathos that would have satisfied the author. The youthful "Narcissus" is admiring his ivy-wreathed head in a calm woodland stream that winds its beauty through a bit of tropical-looking forest. "Search the Scriptures" is a heart-touching picture; the aged mother in her quaint chair bends over the large Bible on her lap; the white cap and the kerchief over bent shoulders suggest years of toil that have been tugged away by the tall clock in the room; and that sorrows have added weight to the years is a truth one reads in the laurel wreath preserved on the wall back of her chair. "Prima Vera, Venezia," one of her best, was bought for the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and the beauty of "Water Lilies" is there also. "Those Evening Bells"—"how many a tale their music tells!" Yes, a painting or a view will recall scenes and voices from the vanishing past. The artist has touched the poetry of art on that canvas.

Much of her spirit of art has been expressed with aquarelles, with great success. We recall a beautiful head in profile, wreathed with poppies, broadly yet delicately painted—a fine study.

Much influence for the uplift of art has gone from the painter's pen as well as her brush. Rhoda Holmes Nicholls has been on the staff of the Art Interchange and the Art Amateur, and co-editor of "Palette and Brush."
great company of pupils testify to her helpfulness in the outspreading of American Art.

Her public exhibitions began in Manchester Academy, and the Dudley Gallery in England, when she showed many thoroughly good water colors, achieving distinction in that line of art.

In New York her pictures were seen in almost every exhibition, winning the artist a gold medal at the Prize Fund Exhibition, and one of silver at the Triennial Exhibition in Boston. Bronze medals rewarded her work at the Columbian Fair in Chicago in 1893; the Pan-American Exhibit at Buffalo, 1901; at St. Louis in 1904; and at Charlotte, South Carolina. She was a member of the National Arts Club, Pen and Brush Club, American Water Color Society, Woman’s Art Club, honorary member of the Art Association of Canada, and the Art Students’ League of New York. In social clubs she was a member of the Nineteenth Century, the Banard, and the Cosmopolitan.

During 1915 Mrs. Nicholls was at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco, which permitted her an artist’s appreciation of the glories of America. Years of suffering have prevented recent painting.

Miss Jessie Willcox Smith was one of the trio who began art study in the fine old house at “Villa Nova,” just out of Philadelphia, under supervision and criticism of Mr. William Sartain. Later in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts she worked under the guidance of Howard Pyle, also in Drexel Institute. She is a member of the Water Color Club of New York and the one in Philadelphia, also of the Art Alliance of Philadelphia, and is Fellow of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Miss Smith was awarded a bronze medal at the exposition at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1902; the Mary Smith prize in 1903; silver medal at St. Louis in 1904; the Beck Prize at Philadelphia in 1911; and silver medal for water color at the Panama-Pacific, San Francisco, 1915.

Jessie Wilcox Smith is singularly gifted for her line of art. Children’s books are more important than those for adults, for they lay the foundation for the taste in books that comes later. Miss Smith pictures fairy folk and real folk as fascinating to grown-ups as to eager little minds that feed on color and what other children in books are doing. “At the Back of the North Wind” is a charming story and acquaints a child with the fact and meaning of pathos. The dear little boy’s cot is by the hay-mow in the barn, and at first he cannot sleep because the North Wind talks to him. Miss Smith has painted such dear pictures that father or mother will have to read the story to know what the North Wind says. For more than fifty years children have loved another of George Mac-
Donald's stories, all about the "Little Princess and the Goblin," and Miss Smith has painted the loveliest pictures for it. And the little Princess is so happy when the white doves come flying to her; her sweet face shows she is happy.

The children's artist is full of sympathy with the story and with the children who will enjoy it. Her illustrations take you right into the intimate home circle, as when Mrs. Tilbury reads to her little son about the "Fairy Wands." The mother is seated on the couch, the picture book on her lap, and the child is leaning against her, his eyes intent on the page. Then another page shows little Jeff, his savings bank in his hand, on the way to the department store to buy a Fairy Wand, so he can have what he wants by the magic touch of his wand. But there was magic in the warm hearts if not in the wand, as he learned later.

What could be a more natural sequence of such art work than that which Miss Smith has developed from it—the painting of portraits of children; and they are charming portraits. She has pleased the child-spirit so devotedly that the child-nature is at home in her own heart, and the result of her brush work is most vital and enticing. The little ones seem to wake up from her canvas and look at you as an interesting study, innocent of the fact that you find them most interesting; or perhaps the artist opens a door that you may see them quite at home in the garden or at play on the lawn, where their beauty, color and grace seem like the bursting into bloom of a new and animated variety of flower, be it Olive, Sidney, Alice or Jean.

For the Sesqui-Centennial at Philadelphia, 1926, Jessie Wilcox Smith painted "Children at Play in Rittenhouse Square."

Matilda Brown comes the nearest to being the Rosa Bonheur of America. There were no fairies attendant with prophecies when she was born, as in the case of Mme. Lebrun, but there was a genuine artist-godfather next door who, as she approached her tenth year gave her the welcome to his studio, answered the ubiquitous why and what for, and taught her observation. Could anything have been a better beginning for a child?

Matilda was born in Newark, New Jersey, May 8, 1869, and the interested artist was Thomas Moran. He permitted her to watch every thing he did, then let her conduct her own experiments with his brushes and paint, gave her the freedom of his studio, and treated her as an equal. Her home atmosphere was most encouraging; her mother read art and art-notes to her, and every Saturday took her to the New York galleries. For a time the child studied with Kate and Eleanor Greatorex, and later with Frederick Freer, whose custom it was to travel from Philadelphia to give her lessons.
Her first public exhibition was with the American Water Color Society, when she was twelve years of age. Her showing was of six large flower panels, and five were sold before ten o'clock of the morning of the opening. The Society of American Artists accepted her work about the same time, and there she exhibited a turkey she had seen in a butcher's window. So her developing progressed, and at sixteen she knew she was to paint animals. The head of a calf was pronounced "thoroughly correct." Then the young artist began a thorough study of anatomy, and the study of landscape under Charles Melville Dewey, and at once combined the two interests.

In 1889 she went to France with her mother, beginning at once to study with Jules Dupre. A second year was spent in Holland with Brisbing (Henry), the well-known American animal painter, living there at the time. Mrs. Brown and her daughter took a house on the dyke at Hattem, a town with an eleventh century wall which gave a feeling that they were back in mediaeval times. They bought calves at a nearby Fair, which were exchanged for others after being painted. One little creature rebelled at the enforced posing and tugged at the rope that held him in the shade of a fruit tree. But he was painted nevertheless, and on Miss Brown's return to America she sent it to the Columbian Fair in 1893, where it was sold almost immediately.

Miss Brown's first important exhibition was in the gallery of George A. Glaenzer, No. 33 East 28th Street, New York. Press notices were most favorable, and exhibiting artists were most encouraging also. In 1899 Matilda Brown won the Dodge Prize at the National Academy of Design, and in 1901 the third Hallgarten Prize. In 1907 her picture at the Academy of Design, entitled "Near the Quarry," was purchased from the exhibition by Mr. F. S. Church as the best cattle picture there. She won the Charles Noel Flagg prize at the Connecticut Academy of Fine Arts in 1919. The painting was of larger size than most others from her studio. It was well-balanced; the glow of light beneath the gathering clouds in the zenith is most naturally depicted, touching to high-light the white on the Holsteins as they saunter at a comfortable gait to the place "Where the Cattle Come to Drink."

Matilda Brown has proved herself a sculptor no less than a painter of animal life; as Helen Comstock expressed Mrs. Van Wyck's present status in art, "It is becoming a question whether to give precedence to Matilda Brown the sculptor or to Matilda Brown the painter." In either case she is Mrs. Frederick Van Wyck.

Sheep are usually restive models, but despite the fact, Miss Brown has caught
them awake on her canvas, where they add much to her reputation as an animal painter. Mrs. Van Wyck evidently paints in the open where her subjects are at home. Cows are most comfortable models if the temperature is right, and the tree casting its shade has low swinging branches, they stand contentedly chewing the cud.

Mrs. Van Wyck is a member of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors, the American Water Color Society, the Art Association of Lyme, the New York Society of Artists, and others.

Elizabeth Shippen Green was of the trio of young women who started their art life in a beautiful spot in Philadelphia under the instruction of William Sartain; also she was the first to permit marriage to disrupt the trio, by becoming Mrs. Huger Elliott.

Philadelphia was her birthplace, and the center of her art education, which was largely under the instruction of Howard Pyle. Under those two teachers, plus her innate ability, she was equipped for her career, which circumstances and her aptitude directed to illustration. For some fifteen years she was developing that line of art with Harper Brothers, publishers, and many exquisite works from her brush and pen added interest, value, and beauty to their manifold publications of books and magazines. Color she used often, and under her hand the effects were strong and in beautiful harmony. The headpiece to "Perdita's Lovers" is intricate and interesting. "My Lady Clemency Entertains a Guest" and "Bondelmont Rides to His Bride," add greatly to the letter press of Basil King's story.

The artist has characterized three clever illustrations for "Antiques." "Sister Nell just shook her head and tried to smile," and when you are conducted to her household treasures, "She called it a 'New England Tapestry Chamber'," and again "She don't call them second-hand, she calls them antiques;"—these all invite one to read the story.

Illustrations by Mrs. Elliott have enriched many beautiful volumes of poetry and prose. "Tales from Shakespeare," by Charles and Mary Lamb, has been made a work of art under her hand. For the midnight revels of the fairies, the artist has placed the playful creatures of the night amid the tints and tones commingled of light through spring leafage, twilight and moonlight, and a memory of the afterglow; just the colors for "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Depicting scenes from the tragedies, the colors are deep and rich. The moonlight effect on young Juliet, leaning with natural grace from her balcony to catch the honeyed words of Romeo, who is half concealed amid leafage of the garden, is dramatically
alluring. Looking at the drawing of Hamlet and his mother in secret converse, the eye follows theirs toward the concealing curtain, on the outcry of a voice for “Help! Help!” The colors in this illustration are rich, and warmer than the floor and walls of stone would be under mere candle-light, but perfect as representing the stage setting and light.

Mrs. Elliott had a group of illustrations at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915; “Queen Cophetua,” “The Moon World,” “The Little Wooden Soldier,” “Elizabeth,” and “Inspector Joly” were some of them, interesting alike to old and young, and all with the real artistic thought and touch that mark her work. That group at San Francisco won for the artist the silver medal.

A digression: Just here the writer was about to pen the words, “Sweet and Low,” that much-loved lullaby so harmoniously set to slumberous music, when the thought came that it was a man of big, philosophic, broad mind who wrote those tender lines, one whom Queen Victoria and the world delighted to honor, Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Something diverted the eye on that instant to the window as a laboring man in his work clothes was slowly passing, a young babe over his shoulder nearly asleep. The man was conversing with another gentleman quietly but earnestly, and the two were followed by another scrap of humanity not more than two years old. That father is living a lullaby.

Mrs. Elliott has expressed that same lullaby in her medium of art, in an exquisite picture of baby on mother’s lap. She has just taken him from the bath at her feet. Shelves of kitchen pots and jars form the background. The position of the dimpled babe within mother’s arms shows that the sand man has been around, but the blue eyes are looking at you from the picture. In another instant he will be in dreamland. It is one of the most sweet and real pictures of a babe to be found.

Mrs. Elliott is a member of the Woman’s City Clubs of New York and Philadelphia; of the Association of Illustrators, 1903; of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Engravers, and others.

She was awarded Second Corcoran prize, Washington, 1904; the Mary Smith prize in 1905; the Beck prize in 1907; and other medals and prizes have attested the art value of her work, in the World Fairs as well as in her published art.
CHAPTER XVII

Women Painters, Present-Day Advancement


Art is not only long but is filling out from ocean to ocean with the onward trend of the twentieth century; and what was difficult yet “beautiful for Pilgrim feet, whose stern impassioned stress a thoroughfare for freedom beat across the wilderness,” has become the pathway for American progress, culture, and art, that were bound to follow the trail of the prospector and the prairie schooner across the continent.

Grandeur and beauty modified the way for those who had eyes to see, and future generations must not be allowed to forget that climatic conditions, Indians, and animal life have been large factors in our characteristic American art.

Our World’s Fair held at Seattle, and the Panama-Pacific at San Francisco in 1915, have called together now and again groups of earnest workers in their several lines of interests, emphasizing the progress for and of the world, no less than for American interests.

Naturally men took the lead in depicting the landscape and animal life of mountain and plain, but as all western states have become peopled from the east, the necessities and refinements of life have developed rapidly. And we are reminded that art keeps the pace, and that woman no less than man has set the pace.

Mary Curtis Richardson became a California pioneer at the age of two. Her father, a young Wall Street business man, had gone west with the gold rush of 'forty-nine. One year later her mother with the three children went out to join him, traveling by the Panama route. Little Mary Curtis was carried across the Isthmus on the back of an Indian, and arrived finally in the port of San Francisco when that city was a huddle of tents.

Her earliest years were passed in a great fortified adobe hut upon the wind-swept plains north of the Bay; but the home scene shifted as her father’s business interests changed. She lived in three separate sections of the state before she was twelve.

It was a picturesque and colorful world boiling with crude life, a society not yet organized, a climate given to floods and occasional tremors. No doubt the child accepted it as every-day life, but she was an unusually sensitive and
imaginative child. Every day life for her was thrilling. She savoried it to the full, and grew up, as most young people do, with no ambition except to enjoy herself.

Her mother, however, was a woman of ideas far in advance of her time. She believed that girls as well as boys should be trained to a profession and become self-supporting. Her father had been a copper-plate engraver. Naturally her mind reverted to this.

As soon as her daughters’ education was finished she again made the long, hazardous voyage with them back to New York, the city of their birth, and entered them as pupils in the school of art at Cooper Union. Great was the fame of Cooper Union! Two girls had traveled all the way from California to study drawing there. In 1866 it was an unheard of thing. Peter Cooper himself heard of it and was pleased and astonished. But greater was the wonder in San Francisco when they returned after a two-years’ absence, full-fledged wood engravers, and set up shop in the carriage house of their father’s home. Mary, the younger, barely twenty, was the draftsman, Leila the block cutter. They had plenty of orders. One of their earliest, the cover for the Southern Pacific Railroad booklet, was in use until recently.

The fact that in a year or two both married, in no way interfered with their business activities. They flourished, took in a junior partner, and took a downtown office.

In spare hours Mary did a little sketching from life to amuse herself. These sketches came under the eye of Benoni Irwin, the portrait painter, who had married her younger sister. On his advice, and somewhat against her conscience, she spent a year in New York, studying first at the Art Students’ League, then in a small private class under the criticism of William Sartain. During that winter the famous painting, “Milton Dictating Paradise Lost,” was exhibited in New York. It was the first really notable work by a colorist that she had ever seen. Up to this time she had worked in black and white, but now she realized the possibilities of color as a medium. She went home to resign from the office, letting the junior partner take her place, and again the loft of the carriage house—this time her own and her husband’s—was fitted up as a studio.

She had no children to absorb any of the force of her emotional life. Her husband sympathized with her ambitions. Her sister and brother-in-law were encouraging. She spent another winter in New York with them, not in any class, but working in Mr. Irwin’s studio, profiting by his criticisms and by conversations of other painters who dropped in at the end of the day to smoke

158
and chat. Famous painters, English and continental as well as American, "talked shop" there, and the student behind the screen, washing brushes, absorbed all she could understand.

Spring brought notice to all studios of the impending exhibition at the Academy. And there was a prize, the Norman Dodge prize, offered for the best work in color by a woman. Mr. Irwin suggested, "Why not try for it?" Preposterous! She did not think she could even pass the jury. No harm, though, in trying.

She secured a charming, golden-haired actress, who posed in white against a yellow background, daffodils in her hands. The picture was finished at the last moment and slipped in just in time. It was hung, and it took the prize! The unknown young artist from the west was overwhelmed, uplifted, and almost terrified by her abrupt success. Her student life was ended. She had become a painter.

But unlike many young painters who have tasted their first triumph, she did not go abroad to study. She went home.

From this time her working life may be divided into three periods. The first, that in which she was developing as a portrait painter, and while her work and reputation as such was confined to her home state of California.

In 1893 Mrs. Richardson visited the Columbian Exposition, but it was not till 1899 that she had an order east of the Pacific slope. Then she was requested to go to Chicago and paint a portrait of Mr. Peabody of the Cluett Peabody Company. That being successfully finished, she had still further orders, two in Chicago and one in Buffalo. The accomplishment of those may be called the beginning of the second period. In that decade she painted many portraits, some of women, but the greater number of children and of men. Bankers, physicians, business men and educators prominent in the life of the Pacific Coast were her sitters. The most notable of these latter were John Swett, Professor Paget of the Chair of Romance Languages at the University of California, and Mrs. Mills, President of Mills College. But Mrs. Richardson was, and is, best known as a painter of genre subjects, pictures of children, or women and children. She experimented with various mediums and produced some delightful little pastel studies done out-of-doors. Usually, however, she paints in oil, and always she is first a colorist. Three small panels of hers were carried to London by a friend and attracted the favorable criticism of John Singer Sargent.

A year or two later Macbeth visited her studio in San Francisco and was
so interested in her work that he invited an exhibition of it at his New York Gallery, a great compliment to the artist.

The show was held in 1910. Among its more important canvases were the "Sleeping Child" and "On the Stairs," both purchased afterward in California and presented to public galleries, the first to the Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco, the second to the Pasadena Art Gallery. Other canvases sold in New York; one by invitation was exhibited in the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D. C., another at the Pennsylvania Academy, and yet another traveled to the International Exposition in Buenos Aires. Two crossed the Atlantic to be shown in the Grafton Galleries, London. These, unfortunately, making their return trip on the Titanic, were lost.

Thus, though the artist has never left the country of her birth, her pictures have traveled far and wide.

The third phase of the artist's life, the more leisurely, was now beginning, and it opened auspiciously with perhaps the finest and most important portrait she ever painted, that of Dr. David Starr Jordan, a full-length, life-size canvas ordered for Stanford University. It was followed by a portrait of Dr. Branner who took the presidential chair when Dr. Jordan retired. Her last large genre picture of her favorite subject, "The Young Mother," took the silver medal at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915. But between then and now there have been many other canvases, and at the present time and at an age somewhat past seventy, Mary Curtis Richardson is engaged on a portrait group of a mother and her four sons.

California has called to the east with varying voices, and its inducements have been manifold. From the path-finder over unknown mountains and the discouraging stretches of plains, and the voices that echoed, Eureka! Eureka! Gold! to the whirring biplane annihilating time and distance, the alluring majesty of mountains, canyons, waterfalls and trees of nature's primal pattern—all have voiced the call to the east from the west.

Remembering that art follows prosperity as its shadow, the Twentieth Century looks along the western slope of the Rocky Mountains—and finds art, finds it at home, working in its studio; finds that art came some of the way in a covered wagon; some of the way on foot; some by way of the Isthmus of Panama.

But Art is at home on the Pacific Coast, and woman no less than man is building her art and cultural influence into our western heritage.
Sometimes it takes a long road and the scoring of a long time table, to reach a nearby destination. In such a case the philosophic poet tells why it is so:

"There is a destiny that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we may."

It is Destiny writ large. It is the thing the individual is made for and responds to, according to the urge within. Nor does the individual always choose or plan his way, destiny does that.

The life of Helen Hyde illustrates this in a marked degree. Her early girlhood was spent in California with a relative of ample means, and a love for art, a combination that enabled her to be of genuine assistance to the gifted girl in her home. A most unusual environment surrounded the child, from which she gained so much knowledge that it was a wonderful help when she was ready for study in Europe. Two years in Paris were spent under the instruction of Raffael Collin, then a year in Berlin with Skerbina, who helped her to appreciate the beauty and values in landscape painting. In Holland she tarried a long time studying the characteristics of that most individual country, its lights and shadows, its long, level horizon and unbroken distance (save by windmills and mastheads). She noted the outside and inside of its home life and colorful costumes.

A visit to England was not so long; she was nearing home and her accumulated study and knowledge increased her desire to answer the strong urge for self-expression; the work of developing and realizing her individuality.

On her return to San Francisco she was greeted by a Chinatown; a conglomeration of types, colors, and costumes wholly unfamiliar to her before, all of which fascinated her with orientalism and color in which she always delighted. Color abounded—from the gorgeous embroidered mandarin coats on august officials to the tiny tots in rich brocaded stuffs; formal restrictions hedging in any natural buoyancy of spirit and action, the simplicity of childhood was eclipsed. Women with benumbed feet hobbled along in beflowered kimonos, with erect heads wearing the universal black coiffure.

The young artist, fresh from her studies, fell to work with unbounded enthusiasm. The critics were both honest and generous concerning her original work; it was poetic and it was from life. With the etcher's needle she worked with remarkable success, and again the critics applauded. But, turning critic upon herself, she was not satisfied with results, and this is what happened: She took a finished etching of a tiny girl on a door step and studied it with care. It did not please her. It seemed flat, something was wrong, something was lacking.
Half-unconsciously she took a bit of color from her box and laying it upon
the plate pressed this upon the paper, and, astonished, looked a second time!
"Trotty" had come to life! Delighted with the effect, she threw off a number of
impressions, varying the colors at each surprising result.

Thus Helen Hyde, returning to the home she started from, entered upon a
new and significant phase of her art. She studied faithfully the Asiatics as seen
in America, but longed to see them at home. Then the opportunity came, came
for a whole year in Japan! One year had been the plan. But again Destiny
stepped in. She worked unfalteringly, fascinated with the land, the people, and
her work, and year followed year; Helen Hyde was making a name for herself
with her new art.

It has been said that her eye was intoxicated with the manifold beauties
about her, and she determined to study these not only as found in nature but their
expression in art by the great masters as well. "With this object in view, she
asked Kano Tomanobu, the last of the great Kano school of painters, to become
her teacher. He consented to do so, and for two years she devoted herself to
the task of acquiring the Japanese method of wielding the brush. This, as is
well known, is quite different from our own, and presents difficulties to foreigners.
She worked hard, sitting, as is the fashion in Japan, on the dainty white mats of
the floor, and earned well-merited praise from her gentle old teacher. Her reward
came when, at the expiration of two years, Tomanobu asked her to paint a
kakemono for the annual spring exposition. She did so, calling her picture 'A
Monarch of Japan.' It showed a charming Japanese mother proudly holding
up a chubby baby to the admiring gaze of a second young Japanese woman. A
tiny branch—a mere suggestion—of wistaria, cuts the edge of the picture in true
Japanese fashion. Despite the Japanese accessories of dress, etc., the sentiment
of the whole is distinctly Western, not Oriental. It is interesting to know that
the picture was awarded a first prize on the strength of excellent handling of a
particularly difficult brush—for it is by the merits or demerits of skillful brush-
work that Japanese pictures are chiefly valued." *

"The great popularity enjoyed by this first public venture encouraged Miss
Hyde to follow the custom of some of the Japanese artists of last century and
produce her composition in the form of a color-print. It was thus that she
entered a field of art which has since made her famous."

A clipping the artist sent the writer in a letter about that time was also
encouraging, and hints of her enthusiasm in her work: "From time to time

* International Studio.

162
By permission of Chicago Art Institute

"MY NEIGHBORS"
Helen Hyde
charming bits of block printing in the Japanese manner by an American hand came from Tokio. There were alluring groups of Japanese children, quaint figures in lovely costumes, and little Japs thrilling with the fierce spirit of war. They are the work of Helen Hyde. She does her delicate printing with her own hands, sometimes pulling off two hundred prints from one set of blocks, each requiring the nicest care in the coloring and adjustment. In addition to the exquisite mechanical work, the pictures, the drawing, the color are fine, and the whole exceedingly decorative. One of her recent prints takes its title from the well-known hymn, 'Onward Christian Soldiers,' though the treatment is not especially evangelical. A Japanese boy, processional and fine in warlike robe, lifts his feet as though to the sound of fierce martial music. The procession is skillfully indicated by the foot and elbow of a second of these 'infantry' appearing at the side of the picture, which is called 'Marching As to War.' Perhaps the most attractive of all is "The King of Japan," a baby held aloft and condescending to notice two worshipful women in front of him. One is not sure that the women in Japan rule the men as they do in the United States, but certainly the children rule the women as Themistocles said they did in Greece thousands of years ago."

At different times when in America, Miss Hyde sketched in various localities, always finding new beauties where others overlooked them, and always helpful to younger artists seeking the best expression for the nature that appealed to them. This appreciation of both art and artists was a godsend to some diligent workers in the southern states where Helen Hyde went at one time for rest and a new environment. At another season she acted on the advice of a friend and turned her steps toward Mexico, expecting to find, as she expressed it, "a country of sharp contrasts and sharper edges." Instead, she found it a country of wonderful colors softened by the warm, mellow haze, harmonizing the tones of various individualities of scenes. This characteristic of semi-tropical atmosphere is reminiscent to the writer of the exquisite glow suffusing the landscapes painted by Frederic E. Church in South America during the nineteenth century—a mellowness of tone that might be a hint of Paradise.

Some of the sketches by "H. H." in that memorable year of 1912, she made into fascinating color-prints, especially of the children and donkeys. Miss Hyde had a heart that went out to children of every name or race, because they are budding of humanity, and in their simplicity, naiveté, and loveliness are prophetic of earth's future. As an artist she caught the charm and naturalness of child life.

There seemed so much for Helen Hyde to accomplish in the world that it was a shock and grief to the art world as well as to her wide circle of friends to
know that she had passed to the spirit land. She was born in Lima, Ohio, April 6th, 1868, and died May 13th, 1919, at Pasadena, California—a pioneer in America in color etching, original in her expression of beauty.

A full collection of her prints and many paintings are in the National Gallery at Washington, and in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, and in the Art Institute of Chicago. Miss Hyde’s work is known the world over, wherever art is to be reckoned with.

The work of Rowena Meeks Abdy needs to be reckoned with in American Art by woman, for in a sense she is a pictorial historian, and we have need of yet more such themes.

She was born in Vienna, Austria, April 24, 1887. Her parents were Americans. The daughter has adopted California as her state; her love and appreciation of it as a state, and its beauty and grandeur, have induced her to know it from the towering crown of Mount Shasta to the drooping palms of San Diego. Her method of accomplishment was unique. The interior of her sedan was remodeled and fitted as a studio on wheels. The quiet and privacy of locked doors permitted her to sketch in comfort, free from dust, wind, and the too-inquisitive audiences by the wayside.

Her appreciation and valuation of times and things that are passing have prompted the painting of scenes of “Old California Days.” A picture of Main Street in the early Spanish days is of exceeding interest. Its story-and-a-half buildings seem to run down toward the bay. Gnarled and crooked trees grow where nature planted them, and donkeys and burros were a means of transportation.

“The Casa of the Commandante,” its facade presenting two stories and verandas, with the distant view across the bay, gives a picture of the primitive town. Old pepper trees seem to reach down and finger the mosses on the old roof. On another canvas she views from the hill top the phoenix-like city rising from the ashes of fire and earthquake; remaining ruins form the foreground, while the background is the blue and silver distance of the bay.

Rowena Abdy has a far-seeing and a constructive mind. The Now moves her to preserve for the future the progress of yesterday. She has not only pictured pioneer days in California, but has carried paint box and easel along the Ohio River and gained inspiration and studies to represent the days when Ohio was near the western boundary of the nation, when navigation on the Ohio River was of great commercial value.

“On the Coast Near Monterey” is one of her larger oil paintings. Her color
is strong and clear, the atmosphere mellow; this applies to her decorative work as well. A panel of "Wild Geese" is attractive because of naturalness.

Such an artist could not do less than build her home and studio on the heights overlooking the bay, as she has done. An artist she is, and the philanthropic instinct is hers also. She has arranged by will that her beautiful home and studio, after she has passed on, shall be preserved for the use of women students who may need a year or two of assistance to complete their studies. She wants the oncoming artists to realize that it is not their ambition alone to be benefited by culture, but they must work for the furtherance of native art.

Close analytical study of European Galleries strengthened her desire to be an American painter.

Rowena Meeks Abdy studied with Mr. Arthur J. Mathews of San Francisco Fine Arts School. Early in her career she received first premium for painting at the State Fair in Sacramento. Later she was awarded the first prize for water color painting at the Southwest Museum of Art in Los Angeles.

There has been a great demand in the west for her sets of water colors, "On the Ohio" and "Old California."

The Southland Has Given Us a Group of Artists

The seed-sowing of art in recent years has been on the principle of "broadcasting," if one may judge from the upspringing of artists in all sections of the country—and their influence and interest in establishing art schools and leagues, and from their individual work as seen at exhibitions from all points.

The south is adding profit and prophecy to its material achievements and successes. Many of the states are enthusiastic over results shown in the exhibitions of the Southern States Art League. In the art of the country they are to be reckoned with. Theirs is a most encouraging showing as to numbers and quality of work of both men and women, but here we can deal with only a few to represent woman's share in the technical and psychological viewpoint already reached.

Ella Sophonisba Hergesheimer is of the group of enthusiastic members of the Southern States Art League, her home being in Nashville for many years, though a native of Pennsylvania.

She has painted many attractive figure pictures; one of the most appealing and artistic is of her mother, which she called "Mother's Day." It is a beautiful reminder to anyone of "Mother." Seated in her easy chair, she has been reading a birthday letter, still in her hand, though her gaze is directed to the vase of
flowers on the table before her. It is a dear, motherly face—the soft, white hair, the simple tulle at the throat held in place with the treasured cameo pin. The face is expressive of sweetness and serenity. The background is exquisitely restrained, but the glass bowl with its spray is there against the filmy curtain.

Miss Hergesheimer is a very acceptable portrait painter, bidding fair to keep up the fine reputation of the "Old Masters of the Blue Grass" state.

Anne Goldthwaite belongs to the group of American painters of the southern states. Born in Montgomery, Alabama, surrounded by wooded hills and vales, it is no wonder that her first attempts at art were devoted to landscape painting. In New York she was awarded the McMillan prize for the best landscape, $100, at her first venture. She studied in New York and for a time in Paris. From landscape she took to etching with marked success, or she would not be represented in the Congressional Library at Washington, D. C., by a complete folio of her work. She received the bronze medal at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, 1915, for her etching, and has found them one of her lucrative assets. Her etching is represented also in the public library of New York, and in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, as well as in the Musée du Rue Spontini in Paris.

Miss Goldthwaite painted portraits and the nude principally when in Paris; indeed, her portraits at the Panama-Pacific Exposition were drawing cards to her reputation as a portrait painter.

She has painted a number of nudes in bowers of leafage and in the softening effect of a twilight sky, but even in that fading light she has not been able to discover the secret of Henner’s flesh tones and luminousness. However, she is one of the younger artists, with plenty of time and vim, plus her talent, to aid in reaching greater things.

One is thankful she has returned to her native country where there is subject and sentiment sufficient to make her an American artist.

Grace Ravlin, one of the present-day group of women given to art, is a product of the State of Illinois, naming Kanesville as her birthplace and receiving the foundation of her art education at the Art Institute of Chicago under the phenomenal instruction of John Vanderpool, to whose thoroughness she attributes much of her success. At the same school she began work in water colors with Martha Baker. William M. Chase was her teacher at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and in Paris she worked under Simon and Ménard. She was made a member of the Associée Société Nationale des Beaux Arts in 1912, and Peintresse Orientalistes Francais. An encouraging number of sales and awards have rewarded her work: a third medal from Amis des Arts of Toulon
in 1911; a silver medal at the Panama Exhibition in San Francisco in 1915; in Chicago the Field and Butler prizes fell to her lot in 1918, also the Peterson prize given at the Art Institute in 1922. Among Miss Ravlin’s canvases attracting marked attention are the “Procession of the Redentore, Venice,” and “Arab Women in Cemetery at Tangiers” (in the Luxembourg, Paris). Four of her paintings are owned by the French government and two are in Chicago. “The Plaza” is in the Newark Museum, and “Market Day, Grand Socco” in the Los Angeles Museum.

Miss Ravlin impresses one as being a young woman with a well-defined vision through which she sees her future. As there are no more continents to discover she has focused her vision on races and lands of the past, bringing them to life, as it were, by her own absorbing interest and indefatigable energy. The origin of races in various countries and certain similarities of modes of life among such peoples seem to be a passion with her that leads on to her chosen subjects. The picturesqueness of oriental lands, peoples, costumes, and colors is the charm of her canvases.

To her the Indian of Taos has an attraction not unlike that exerted by the Arab on his sand-swept fatherland. They seem to have inhabited their respective corners of the earth at the same early period. Hers seems a call from the orient, from the desert coast of Africa, Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco, not too far from her chosen Paris, yet one feels that the call may come yet stronger from historic, arid Persia or the sparsely peopled ruins of Asia Minor where lies buried the one-time civilization of Croesus, for beauty abides even after civilization has yielded her best back to nature and the wandering nomad.

The French Orientalist, Gerome, had somewhat to do with the founding of the society of Les Peintres Orientales Francais, of which Jean Benjamin Constant was its most brilliant light, and it was a signal acknowledgment of the ability of Grace Ravlin that she was elected to its membership; and with that body of artists she has exhibited much of her work done in Tangiers. “In the Navajo Country” Miss Ravlin tells of her interest in America’s first settlers. She is an earnest thinker and worker, and realizing that the Indian is being educated out of his customs and costumes, out of his native haunts—out of everything except history and a few well-written descriptions of his life and character and the poetry of his nature—she has joined the rank of painters who are preserving some of the picturesque aspects of Indian life on the plains.

Her paintings partake of the full light in which they are painted; in turn,
they seem to reflect the captured light and color to the gallery fortunate enough to house them.

She said, "Our recent journey into the interior of Morocco brought us as far as Marrakesh, the storied home of the Sultans, where the dark pines are silhouetted against the white hoods of the Atlas Mountains where the chilly winds sweep down from the snow fields above into the semi-tropical gardens." She has produced a triptych form of painting called "The Festival of the Sheep," picturing the market place of Tangiers which is said to resemble a scene as old as the days of Abraham.

America needs the art of the orientalist, for since the brilliant canvases of Frederick A. Bridgeman we have had but small glimpses of those fascinating lands and people—fascinating to the scientist and interesting and charming to the rest of the world.

The United States, extending from 25° to 48° north latitude, and from 70° to 135° west longitude, offer a tremendous outlay of the objective and subjective for American artists to cope with. From the border of the arctic to the tropical, from the snow-capped peaks of the Rockies as sentinels above the Pacific slopes, to the verdure-clad Allegheny Mountains with their fertile and wooded slopes reaching to the Atlantic, there, with open and outstretched arms forming bays for tidal waters and commerce—all this, and everything between that heart could wish in the realm of river and plain and their contributions to life and beauty, offers beauty and grandeur to those who could contribute to art, and to those who can only absorb it for their satisfaction of mind and the uplift and expansion of soul.

Art follows in the wake of prosperity; prosperity follows in the wake of Industry (written with CAPITALS), and Industry drives the four-horse power of Farming, Mining, Manufacturing, Engineering. These powers have been corralled into the studio, raised to the nth power on an artist's scaffold, to do mural work for today's decoration and pictorial history for the reading of tomorrow.

Literature has its prose, history, fairy tales, poetry, et cetera; so has art all these modes and means of expression; and no less has music. They all form the gamut of colors, each of its particular art, each partaking of its native atmosphere and the mood of its environment. All these give infinite variety to the arts and to painting in particular, for pictures are more easily read than books.

As love responds to love, so does beauty touch the note of beauty in the
human heart, with more or less of vigor according to its expression or presentation.

The art of a nation marks its growth; we realize this when we note that individuals, groups, art leagues, schools, and museums of art, with great rapidity and vigor, are springing up in all sections of the country—those in the south and west of prime interest because they are younger, fresh and strong with enthusiasm, new ideas, and the freshness of spirit with which they appreciate and appropriate what their section of country offers.

There is a special pleasure in speaking of Miss Alice R. Huger Smith. First, because she is a southern product and is devoted to the south and its beauty, and because one of her highest aims is for the development of her chosen art in her native state. Alice Smith loves art for art's sake, but more for the sake of its influence in historic Charleston. She is first of all a landscape painter in the zenith of her power; but some years before, she was just a normal girl, so in love with nature that she would go rowing or fishing at sunrise or before, or into the cypress swamps to study "the herons at home," or amid the magnolia trees glorious at sunrise opening their white cups of fragrance, where cardinals and orioles, unaffrighted, gave her studies in color and pose.

Her work is emphatically characteristic, be it a broad landscape or a cardinal tilting on a red cedar branch, or a tanager preening his scarlet coat amid the flowers of the cotton plant—all have posed for the petite artist in nature's own studio, and be it a sketch, a block print, or a broad sweep of water color, all show a resemblance to some of the most attractive Japanese art. Alice Smith may be called a natural artist, her art being of no school or master. At first, having made up her mind to an art career, she took a room and worked prodigiously at little things and large that were to meet the rent. "She even confessed to having made in those days eight hundred negro sketches at a dollar apiece—seven on Monday, six on Tuesday, five on Wednesday. By Saturday she was never equal to more than one. In the end, of course, fatigue triumphed." When a visitor from the north lifted eyebrows at her little japanned box, she went forthwith to King Street and bought a meat platter and tubes of paint, and then large brushes. Then it was she heard the unfamiliar word "design," and began to study her own work critically.

Having heard of Mr. Burge Harrison's arrival from Woodstock, New York, she betook herself to "The Villa" and asked if he would give her lessons. No, for he had run away for a rest, but he was willing enough to talk with her now and then about what she was trying to do, and even to quarrel a bit. "Moss is
not paintable," he would say, and she, in spite of her awe of him, would answer
mischievously, "That is just what I think about snow."

Mr. Harrison taught her a great deal and under his influence she began to
train herself to go out and look at things and paint them from memory.

There is an orientalism in her composition and handling of light and shade
that, applied to the poetic subjects of her southern environment, produced a
fascinating art. The white egret in its boudoir of sheltering palms overhanging
the river is a thing of beauty, of nature, of solitude, and exquisite art. So; too,
is the broad sweep of marshland softened by the misty atmosphere of the dawn-
ing, through which the white herons take to wing from beds amid the reeds. No
other method could bring out the poetry of nature's every-dayness and give to
art the hallmark of the southland.

Alice Smith has a remarkable knowledge of Japanese line and color, the
immediate impulse for which was the study of Japanese woodcuts with her kins-
man, Motte Alston Read, and a later indebtedness to Helen Hyde, who enlarged
her vision of that phase of art during her stay in Charleston.

The backgrounds for her dreams in color are phenomenal in their relation
to the main object, as exemplified in the opening bud of the Magnolia Grandi-
flora, in juxtaposition to the soft lunette of the rising sun, while the tint from
its nest of richest green leafage mingles with the waving gray of Spanish moss.
Another example, which hardly has need of a name, was one of her earliest
prints, "The Moonflower and the Hawk-moth," purchased by a Japanese col-
lector in New York and taken to his native Japan. In that woodblock print the
moonflower has opened its pure white, funnel-shaped beauty against the silver
of the full moon, and the velvety moth is within touch of the golden stamens.
Two or three leaves of night-shaded green give the artistic contrast to the picture.

Alice Smith has a wide reputation for the three phases of her art, through
the Southern States Art League and the Carolina Art Association, which is
rapidly spreading and interesting the north. She is in love with her native land
and with all that therein is, and it is full of beauty and interest. A little cabin
with a door and one window, smoke dreamily escaping from a hole in the gable,
a few tall, long-leafed pines for its background, and an unkempt space of weedy
foreground makes a picture that lingers with one. You realize it is miles from
anywhere, that peace and quiet broods the place like a blessing. You can almost
hear bird notes from bush and tree. Then there is the human side of the picture,
the psychological, that sets one to thinking, just because of that little curl of
smoke.
W O M A N  I N  A R T

The artist puts the landmarks of South Carolina where the rest of the world can see, even if they never cross the Mason and Dixon line.

Most people avoid a swamp, but our artist friend is up with the dawn and steals amid the morning shadows to enjoy the heron at home. She pictures a covey of those birds in their native haunts amid a primal growth of big cypress trees. They are unafraid, enjoying life and freedom, in the trees, in the water, and on the wing.

Alice R. Huger Smith is represented in the Gibbes Art Gallery in Charleston, and the Delgado Museum in New Orleans. She is an original artist, working in her own way at her chosen subjects, hence she has learned to be her own best critic.

Camelia Whitehurst, of Baltimore, is another member of the Southern States Art League. Her subjects are what everybody is interested in—everybody that is human—for Miss Whitehurst loves children and paints them as if she did. She has won the first prize in three annual exhibitions of the League, also several honors of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors.

It is a very promising outlook for the future of art in our south and south-western states that so many of the younger generation of artists are augmenting the growth of the Southern States Art League. That seems to refer to number, but not merely, for there are many sincere, enthusiastic workers, who realize the value of art to a nation, and of work to the highest achievement in art.

The president of the Southern States Art League, Professor Ellsworth Woodward, gave the address at the dedication of the new Art Museum at Atlanta, Georgia. At the banquet given in honor of the donor of the museum, Mrs. Joseph Madison High, Mr. Woodward gave the assembled art association this significant suggestion: “Take good care of your artists. They constitute your defense against the commonplace and the standardized. It is they who realize a people’s inner life, love, and longing, and interpret them to the world. Art is the preservation of high ideals. It is also one of the most practical of pursuits, for it dominates the markets of the world.”

The women painters of America are annually showing more impressive, characterized, and pleasing results in figure painting and portraits, which is an encouraging indication of progress. And very properly, for the study of mankind is Man. But man lives in an exceedingly beautiful world, as varied in its seasons and moods as the human nature it supports, yet it is surprising how few devote themselves to landscape painting. Although woman has her freedom and prerogatives in most things, there are duties and varying hindrances to her
shouldering a pack and going afield, as do the men, for sketching. Mary Butler is one of the twentieth century young women who can and does face the sunrise, the freshening breeze, or the storm; she tramps the hills, the downs and bogs of Ireland, and gleans the picturesque and beautiful as her eyes see it and her soul feels it. She is a real nature lover, and hence a landscape painter. She loves the wind and paints it, and the glory of sunrise, and is up betimes to enjoy and paint it. She appreciates the silence and solemnity of uninhabited stretches of hill and vale, and interprets them on canvas.

Mary Butler loves to hark back to her Quaker grandmother's girlhood to get at the beginning of her own longing for the beautiful and her strong desire for art expression. It is one of those cases that may be illustrated by the florist who puts his greenhouse rose bushes in a cool, dark place for months, keeping them in a hibernating condition, as it were, and when brought into congenial warmth of sunshine he is rewarded with roses of remarkable strength and beauty.

The rosebud plucked surreptitiously and tucked in the edge of that grandmother's white kerchief was more beautiful because of the severe gray of her gown, and was more eloquent than words of her innate love of the beautiful.

The grand-daughter of today revels in depicting beauty as she sees it broadcasted in this munificent world of ours. She catches the characteristics of the country where she tarries to sketch. You could not mistake her presentation of "Gratfeld Mountain" for a scene in the New Hampshire mountains; the atmosphere and the lay of the land have their own individuality; the low-roofed cottages, almost hidden in the oasis of wild shrubbery at the foot of the bleak, barren hills, make a suggestive canvas, and anyone who has had even a glimpse of Hibernia would say at once, if looking at "Farm Lane," "That is a bit of Old Ireland!" Miss Butler paints with rapidity and strength, and there are instances when her work tells its story or gives its introduction to a country or locality almost better in black and white than in pigment, so telling are her values. The direct contact of brush to canvas, saying what she has to say and no more, recalls again the fact of her Quaker ancestry—the spirit she is heir to from people and principles that knew how to help in the building of a nation, and how to keep it.

Mary Butler has been very happy in representing light in "Early Morning—Monhegan." It is just the place with rock-formed seat where one would love to sit and watch the coming of a new day and breathe the refreshing air from across the sunlit water.
From Wick Wack Cove

By Mary Butler
“The North Wind” is eloquent of the power unseen, save in its actions; and verdure, from grass to trees, makes obeisance to that power.

Miss Butler has the wanderlust to an extent that will broaden and enrich her art. In the Renaissance period nature was lavish of her gifts, granting to some a plurality of talents, and the generous Dame still keeps up the good work among twentieth century artists, of whom Mary Butler is one. One of her extra gifts is that of organizer. “She has been an inspiration, organizer, and one of the upholders of the Fellowship Society of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, till it found its feet and kept them after a trying period of dissolution.

“‘Why should we always feed those who have plenty,’ argues Mary Butler. ‘Why should we not carry our bread to those who are really hungering for it?’” She realizes “that true art appreciation cannot dawn in America until within the children of the country there stirs a desire for the beautiful. And with this thought in mind, she initiated an art service to public schools, working always through the Fellowship.”

Mary Butler is thus working in one of the most powerful ways in the building up of a national art, a work that seems emphatically Woman’s work in art. Being one of the enthusiastic, vital persons, she is making a practical application of art to life.

Lillian Westcott Hale is one of those artistic spirits whose mentality, in some degree an inheritance, plus the will power and perseverance of her own, has made her life and art what they are. Meeting her on life’s pathway, one would be inspired by the face that somehow gives out the message of a bright May morning, pouring its influence over the strong hills of her native New England.

Her work expresses appreciation of the every-day-ness of things at hand; of climatic conditions without and spiritual conditions within. Not one in thousands would think of taking a charcoal to depict the spotless snow that

“Had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night,
Was heaping field and highway
With a silence, deep and white.”

But that is what Lillian Westcott did with consummate skill. In fact, it seems to be snowing yet, partially veiling the “Old Dedham House,” and giving exquisite values to the intervening trees. This effect is produced by her individual method of working, a sort of line engraving giving a dry point appearance. While her
work is soft, it is strong and clear. Her work in oil colors is equally effective, because of the same technique, and her color schemes most attractive and rich.

In early years when talent was budding and ambition soaring, Lillian Westcott met the crux of a lifetime from the lips of her mother—should it be music or art that her work and wealth of thought should be devoted to? Today we see the result of her decision, after two days of thought.

Mrs. Hale's first teacher was William M. Chase, who has been a great developer of native American talent. It is evident that she had talent, and after watching her work for some time, Mr. Chase said frankly "that he was afraid to interfere with what she was doing." He felt that she had unusual gifts, and was in sight of a goal formed in her own mind, and her technique was her own. At the instigation of Mr. Chase, Mr. Edmund C. Tarbell became her next teacher, but as supervisor only, for like Mr. Chase he would not impose his art upon her, but left her free to work out her own art instinct. While studying in Boston, Miss Westcott was in the lecture classes of Philip Hale, who proved an enthusiastic helper. Thus three understanding artists have assisted in the development of a distinctive artist and her art.

Lillian Westcott Hale was born in Hartford, Connecticut, December 7, 1881. She studied with William M. Chase, Edmund C. Tarbell, and Philip Hale, and is a member of the Association of Federated Arts of Boston, and the Associated Artists of Concord. She is represented in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, the Philadelphia Arts Club, and the Corcoran Gallery, at Washington, D. C.

The Metropolitan Museum, New York, has an effective canvas representing "Celia's Arbor," an out-of-door problem of sunlight on white. The young girl in white reclines in a deck-chair, a white umbrella softening the direct sunlight. It is a masterly work. In contrast is a portrait of the mother of Mrs. Hale, which might be called a symphony in gray, in which the varying shades are beautifully blended.

Mrs. Hale has received numerous awards; in 1910 a medal at the Buenos Aires Exposition; a gold medal for her work and gold medal of honor at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, 1915; a gold medal from the Philadelphia Arts Club in 1919; the Potter Palmer Gold Medal at the Art Institute in Chicago, 1919; the Beck Gold Medal, Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, 1923; and the Julia Shaw Memorial Prize, National Academy of Design, New York, 1924.

Lillian Westcott Hale was one of the seven women painters of America whose work was chosen to represent American Art at the World's Fair in
OLD DEDHAM HOUSE
Lillian Westcott Hale
Venice in 1924. In the present year, 1927, Mrs. Hale has been elected an associate member of the National Academy of Design, another honorary degree in her upward career.

“A Twilight Sonata” would be dulcet music to the ear, but what to the eye is a maiden sitting alone in the open? Absorbing the glory of sunset and afterglow, her thoughts are weaving a reverie the while. An artist of poetic feeling has come upon her unseen and conveyed to canvas the silhouette of the shapely head against the fading of the twilight sky.

Other works by Lillian Genth prove that she is an artist of poetic interpretation. “Adagio,” another musical tempo by name, assures one of something alluring and restful to eye and thought. “Adagio” and “Depth of the Woods” represent Miss Genth in the National Gallery in Washington, D. C. ‘Springtime’ is as bright and poyous in color and technique as needs be. It is property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. “The Lark,” minus the song, cheers the Engineers’ Club in New York; and “The Song Bird” is in Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh. “A Pastoral” is in Brooklyn, “Venice” and “Normandy” may be seen in the Philadelphia Arts Club, and in a dozen other art centers the work of this artist is on view.

In the winter of 1926-27, Miss Genth, combining pleasure and art, took her sketching kit to record the scenes and motifs to be gleaned in Northern Africa. Her harvest was great in paintings, sketches, color schemes, and experiences. It was an extraordinary trip for a woman to venture upon alone, but for Miss Genth it proved safe and successful, owing to her courage, perseverance, and level head.

Many of her pictures represent the veiled women of Algiers, Tunis, and Morocco, in street, mosque, or doorway. The statuesque appearance of their white-draped figures, seen against the intricate carving and rich mosaic walls, form a most attractive Orientalism. Bedouin girls and Arab merchants are interesting as humans, and as couleur ardet. More of her canvas work will be seen later.

The preparation for the manifold paintings by Lillian Genth began in the Pennsylvania School of Design for Women, under Elliott Dangerfield, and was continued in Paris under James McNeal Whistler. Miss Genth is an associate of the National Academy since 1908, and of the Fellowship of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; she is also a member of the Royal Society of Artists of London. Many prizes have resulted for her work: the Mary Smith Prize from the Pennsylvania Academy, 1904; the Shaw Memorial, 1908; the bronze medal, Buenos Aires Exposition, 1910; the Hallgarten Prize, National Academy of Design, 1911; and others.
Miss Genth is not confined to any convention, nor has she mannerisms, but works with great freedom.

A few years ago she spent some time in Spain, where she fell in love with color and gave more freedom to her brush work. Finding fresh inspiration in a new country she originated many subjects, using models at hand. The names of a few of her Spanish paintings will, in a measure, convey the mind to that oriental country, to "The Kashbah," "Old Arch, Morocco," "Arab Quarters in Tangiers" and "A Window in the Alhambra," but minus the wealth of color.

To appreciate with understanding the paintings from Miss Genth's well-trained brush, we quote a paragraph from Miss Lena McCally concerning the painting of the nude, for which Miss Genth has been noted: "While Miss Genth was drawing 'Woodland Nude,' 'Summer Breezes,' and 'The Glen,' she was learning the secrets of filtered sunlight, of exquisite greens in shadow and when transfigured by light, and she had mastered the drawing of the human form, and the lovely lights that play upon human flesh, so that some time when venturing into strange lands, she could take her palette and paint what pleased her, and so give us the romance of Spain and of mysterious Africa."

Some of our American artists were born a long way from home, but the call for education eventually brings them home. So it happened with one of our artists who comes near to being one of the World War painters. Felicie Waldo Howell was born at Honolulu, Hawaii, September 8, 1897, and has made wonderfully good use of her time and advantages. She became a pupil in the Corcoran Art School, Washington, D. C., and later in the Philadelphia School of Design for Women. The steps of her progress so far are memberships in the Association of National Artists, Philadelphia Women's City Club, Concord Art Association, Painters' and Sculptors' Gallery Association in 1916; a silver medal was awarded her work by Washington artists, 1921, and a silver medal the same year from the Water Color Club of Washington; also the same year the Peabody prize from the Chicago Art Institute. A bronze medal from the Washington Artists was awarded her in 1922, and honorable mention at the State Fair at Aurora, Illinois, in 1922.

Miss Howell's work shows rather unusual subjects: "A New England Street" is in the Corcoran Gallery; "The Return of the 27th Division" is also in Washington, the National Gallery; "The Avenue of the Allies" is in the American Legion Building, Gloucester, Massachusetts; "Gramercy Park, New York" is in Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis; "The Flower Woman" is owned by the Tel-
Owned by Mrs. B. S. Roberts, Birmingham, Ala.

"PALMETTO AND CYPRESS"
Water-color by Alice R. H. Smith
fair Academy, Savannah, Georgia; and the old "Pierce-Nichols House, Salem," is in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

Her work speaks for her inclination toward historical interests, also for indefatigable industry. She is one of the younger women in art, whose unfolding it will be interesting to watch.

Miss Lucie Hartrath is a Bostonian by birth, but circumstances transplanted her westward after her return from Paris where she studied with Rixens, Courtois, and Collin. She was also a pupil of Angelo Jauk in Munich, in which city she was made a member of the "Kunstlerine."

Lucie Hartrath belongs to the comparatively small number of American landscape painters among women, and her chosen subject has brought her much fame, for many landscapes, either in the fresh greens of June or the dun and brilliance of "October Morning," have merited the prizes they have won for the artist, and an artist she certainly is in landscape painting.

The Butler prize was hers at the Art Institute of Chicago in 1911, for "Midsummer," and from that time annual prizes have been her reward for conscientious work from various exhibitions. The Rosenwald purchase prize of $200 for "The Leafy Screen" in 1915; the Carr Landscape prize for "Summer" in 1916; the Star prize of $200 at Terre Haute, Indiana, and the prize at the Hoosier Salon, 1926, and others.

The pictures by Miss Hartrath show her appreciation of nature's coloring and harmony, which she uses, rather than the inflated tones that are the fashion of today; and that is well, for as a rule harmony is omitted from fashion.

Her pictures are all phases of the wide out-of-doors. "The Oaks" portray their native dignity. "Indian Summer" and "The Valley In October" carry the charm and restfulness of autumn wherever they may go.

Some years ago the writer had an hour to wait for a train; the Chicago Art Institute being near, it seemed an inviting place. The exhibition represented the works of local artists. It was before the extension galleries had been built across the tracks, and the exhibits were in the South galleries of the main building.

On entering the first large room, we confronted a distinguished-looking gentleman hat in hand, as if he paused to let us pass in front of him. The next instant we discovered he was in a frame. His overcoat was black with collar and cuffs of dark, deep fur, painted as only the old Dutch Masters painted fur, soft enough to put your fingers in; his hair was slightly gray,
the face remarkable for strength and refinement of features suffused with the spirit of kindness and good will. Apparently he had just come from the next room, between the portieres of deep, wine-colored plush. The accidental note in the color scheme was the touch of rich blue in the necktie as in the eyes. It was a masterly piece of work, and the painter's name was Marie Gelon Cameron.

Mrs. Cameron has done some fine heads, interesting studies and still life. She was born in Paris, France, and studied with Jean Paul Laurens Cabanel, and Benjamin Constant. "Mending the Net," exhibited at St. Louis in 1904, is interesting. "Hallow'een" shows a charming young woman, a pan of delicious apples held in both hands. "Juliette" is an original ideal. The latter is owned by the Lake View Woman's Club. The "Portrait of American Diplomat," Mr. Gustavus Howard, received many prizes at the Paris Salon and the Chicago Art Institute.

Many of the women we have considered have had fathers with more or less art instinct, the daughters having first encouragement from them. There have been very few exceptions that prove of interest.

The Middle West and South have an artist whom Oklahomans are delighted to honor. Nan Sheets was the fortunate girl whose mother was a cultured artist, giving her daughter first lessons in drawing and painting. After graduation from High School the practical mother suggested another course, and the daughter became a pharmacist. It proved a course with a practical meaning to an artist, for painting accessories are now far from the pigments used three and four hundred years ago, the pure colors of which still hold.

Mrs. Sheets is a hard worker, with a home to keep and studio calls and painting to monopolize her time. But she is the high light in the art world of Oklahoma, and is wholly unselfish.

She was born in Albany, Illinois. Her art studies have been with John F. Carlson, N. A.; Everett L. Warner, A. N. A.; Robert Reid, N. A.; Berger Sandzen, Hugh H. Breckenridge, N. A.; Nelle Knopf and Kathryn Cherry. Mrs. Sheets is an active exhibiting member of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors; The North Shore Art Association, Gloucester, Massachusetts; Southern States Art League, and the Association of Oklahoma Artists. A canvas was invited for the "Casa Alta" at Altman's of New York City the past winter; another to be exhibited at the Art Industry Exposition in Cleveland, Ohio. Nan Sheets received a special Sandzen Land-
By permission of the artist

BEAR RIVER—NOVA SCOTIA

Entrance to Bay of Fundy by Nan Sheets
WOMAN IN ART

scape prize at Broadmoor Academy, Colorado Springs, Col., also the purchase prize awarded at the Midwest Artists’ Exhibition at Kansas City. Mrs. Sheets writes on art for the “Oklahoma Woman” and other magazines.

From Artists with whom she has studied she has gleaned much, and yet more from personal experience. For a number of seasons she has motored to and through New England and Nova Scotia, taking an art-loving friend, and sometimes her white bird dog. This beautiful way of viewing nature, with freedom to stop and sketch when and where one may choose, is a great privilege. When one is technically equipped it is more than a delight, it is like living in another world.

“The Road To the Sea” shows a broad, sweeping view of land and water; simple and broad in the handling, from the rocky hillside where you seem to stand, to the distant horizon, there is no palliating detail, yet nothing is lost. Trees, shrubs and rocks, light on the water, sun and shadow of clouds help one to feel the unseen breeze. Yes, you can see now and again the winding road, ever lowering toward the water, yet higher on the canvas, showing her consummate skill and knowledge of perspective.

“A New England Homestead” tells of another phase of peace. A quiet afternoon when sun and shadow rest like a blessing on the quaint and ample house. You know it has been a home for generations; your imagination fills it with phases of home life. Culture and ambitions have been nourished there. Greetings and farewells have sounded or softened to major or minor music of young or old. Thousands of thoughts crowd heart and mind as one looks. Her color is clear and strong. Her exhibitions have been most educational in a state so far from art influences, and the artist is doing her best just where she is, for the culture of art in her own state.

Mary Stewart Dunlap was born in Ohio, but is counted as a landscape painter of California. After preliminary study in New York she spent four years in Paris, between the Academies Delecure and Whistler. An individual exhibition of her work at the American Club before leaving Paris presented some interesting studies from her summer’s work in Brittany and Normandy. She studied and sketched in and about Florence and Rome before her return to America. She remained in New York a few years before deciding on California as her home and on landscape as her chosen subject. Her accumulated sketches, from abroad and her native land, have given a wide and varied range for her art.

Pauline Palmer is a painter who has successfully helped to maintain Chi-
W O M A N  I N  A R T

cago as an art center of the Middle West. The result of her brush work has radiated far beyond that center for some years. She was born at Mc-Henry, Illinois, October 11, 1870. She became a pupil of William M. Chase, Charles Hawthorn, and later, in Paris, studied with Collin, Courtois and Simon. Her painting and subjects are refined and interesting. Miss Palmer's work in Paris was rewarded by a silver medal, a bronze and two honorable mentions. In Chicago the Marshall Field purchase prize was hers in 1907. Her pictures are true to life. Two in particular, "Sad Thoughts" and "Sad News," impress one as realities that the artist had come in contact with, so remarkably well are they painted. At the St. Louis Exposition was a more delightful subject, "Just Before Candlelight," also "A Girl With a Silver Ball," and "A White Shawl." These brought the artist a bronze medal, but more recently Pauline Palmer has painted "Mother's Wedding Gown," that has claimed universal praise and pleasure, not only because of its good technique, but the sweetness, the naturalness, the suggestions of times long passed. The artist has painted a "Little Boy" sitting on the floor, a dear little fellow, who might almost be called the American Blue Boy.

Mrs. Anna Lee Stacy has long been known through the Middle West and farther, for her interesting landscapes and figure pieces. Our landscape painters among women have been so rare that we cannot afford to lose her from the rank of out-door workers, even for the sake of adding her name and productions to the still smaller list of flower painters.

Mrs. Stacy was born in Glasgow, Missouri, September, 1865. She was a pupil at the Chicago Art Institute, and later at the Delecluse Academy, Paris. She is a member of the Chicago Society of Painters and Sculptors and of the Chicago Woman's Club. A number of prizes have acknowledged her work as true and artistic—the Chan prize of $200 at the Field Exhibition in 1907, and the Carr Landscape prize in 1912; the Logan Bronze Medal, 1921, and others of later date. She has not done much in marines, but a "Spanking Breeze" is a refreshment where it hangs in the Chicago Woman's Club. "Moonlight in the Guidence, Venice," is characteristic of Venetian waters, and speaks well for the artist from the walls of the Kenwood Club, Chicago. "Trophies of the Field" is one of the treasures of the Union League Club, Chicago, and the purchase prize from the Chicago Art Commission was given to Mrs. Stacy in 1914 and 1924. Some of her best works are "A Village" and "Twilight, in Florence, Italy," and "An Old Church at Anvers."

More recently she has turned her attention to flowers en masse, and has
accomplished fine effects, proving her a genius in composition and tonal relations. At the Arts Club, Chicago, she has shown a large gathering of thistles and larkspur, or "Blue Lace," and a most unusual arrangement of still life that is very beautiful. A courtyard scene in the old country is interesting in composition and charming in color. The door of the cream-colored house opens on the level with the stone paved court-yard; a flowering vine graces itself over door and window. Three women are gossiping at the corner, their dark gowns accenting the darkest shades on the canvas, the high light being the sunlight on the house. A good composition and not "patchy" in the handling; before the war she called it "In Days of Peace."

Concerning Painters of Flowers

Numberless women have painted flowers with more or less skill in color and grouping, and with more or less individuality in the technique of the artist and in knowledge of the flowers.

Whoever has observed the numerous flower pieces in the various art galleries of Europe must have been impressed with the exquisite daintiness of petal, stamen, the corolla with its drop of honey, the leaves jeweled with dew-drop or lady-bug, the prickly stems, the ribs and velvet on the underside of the leaves, and their varying shades of green. The detail is intricate in nature and wonderful as a work of art.

The Hollanders are garden-making, flower-loving people, so it is not surprising that they were the first and most conscientious people to portray the flower creation in art.

Margareta Haverman (1720-1795) was well known as a flower painter in her day. We have already referred to Rachel Ruysch of Amsterdam, and her remarkable painting of flowers. In the eighteenth century, Sirani of Italy had a second daughter who was considered wonderful in this branch of art. Doubtless there were others whose names were not recorded, but in Poligny, France, we find Eléonore Escallier in the nineteenth century did very beautiful flower painting. England, past and present, considered flower painting woman's pastime rather than a branch of art with a large A. Hence that country has furnished a number of good artists for that subject, more especially in water-colors, but the surprising fact is that in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries the men of England have chosen floral subjects leaving women in the minority, if one may judge from exhibitions. Katherine Cam-
eron has painted some exceptionally delicate and beautiful water colors; a bowl of white roses seem as fragile as the roses themselves, and a vase of tea roses bear the same hallmark of rare understanding and technique.

Flower painting is not a subject for impressionists, unless painted by the acre in the far west of the United States.

We have seen very attractive flower paintings from France and Belgium. From her studio in Ghent, Mrs. Clemence Jonnaert sent a strong yet delicately manipulated picture of “Peonies” to the St. Louis Exposition in 1904, and a second canvas of iris, so abundantly cultivated in the Netherlands. A mass of poppies from the studio of Miss Louise Laridon, of Antwerp, is worthy of recall at this later date, because it is—and always will be to Americans—the flower of Flanders’ Fields. They are beautiful where they grow, where they cover as a blanket the Braves of the A. E. F. where they sleep.

Flowers are tempting to every human. They were made to beautify the earth and human life. Whoever uses color is tempted to try his hand on duplicating the brilliant or delicate colorings on perishing paper or canvas. And that is well, it has a refining influence, and influence is not so perishable as what they practice on, or as the flower the Great Artist has created.

There is an innate refinement in the soul and mind of a man who wants a flower in the lapel of his coat. You can trust him.

Mme. Lisbeth Devolve Carriere, of Paris, has a taste and a genius for making art productions of roses and orchids and other delicately constructed creations, and her productions are choice. Choice, too, are the flowers Mlle. Jeanne Lauvernay paints.

In America there are also numberless women who work at the floral subjects, but there is fashion in flowers as well as in hats and shoes so far as women and florists are concerned. However, there have been a few unusually fine flower painters in this country. Mrs. Tenana McLennan Hinman is said to be a rival of Paul de Longpre, which is high praise indeed. Miss Mabel Key, a descendant of Francis Scott Key, author of our national anthem, was acknowledged as a genius in painting flowers, but before her time she died. Before her life went out she had an exhibition of some thirty of her paintings.

Not everyone who uses paint can paint orchids. There are thousands of varieties of that tropical parasite and many of their blossoms are wonderfully beautiful. So when we hear that an artist paints orchids remarkably
W O M A N I N A R T

well, we may know that the artist understands the structure of her complicated subject—that she is a botanist as well as an artist.

The azalea, especially the wild, pink variety, has as many or more difficulties for the artist as the orchid, its blossoms being in a more clustering form, resembling somewhat the honeysuckle.

A little toddler of two and a half years was left with her grandmother on a Sunday afternoon while the parents strolled up a spur of a Vermont mountain, taking their way along the edge of an uncut wheat field. Reaching the upper edge of the field, they paused for rest and the view. Through the tall wheat there was a moving line, yet no wind to cause it. For more than half the distance the grain was parted to let a small creature pass before the father and mother discovered it was the child they had left behind. She made a bee-line for them, but assured of their company, her unbounded delight was the masses of pink azaleas along the rail fence and among the great boulders, just a long, irregular covering of the mountain side with exquisite bloom, prodigal alike of its beauty and fragrance. The child could never forget that vivid experience. It has added to the beauty of living.

Miss Key was an artist who painted most acceptably those difficult flowers. A few names will give an idea of her ability: "Iris and Tulips"; whoever loves the glories in shades would delight in "Red Phlox"; "Consider the Lilies" seems indeed a sacred flower among her flowers; "Lilies and Hydrangeas" made an effective composition, and her roses of yellow and white bespeak them queen of flowers.

Mabel Key was born in France, of American parents, in 1874. The Academy of Fine Arts of St. Paul, Minnesota, conferred honorable mention on her water colors in 1915, and the following year her flowers won the silver medal at the same academy. In 1917 the Art Institute of Milwaukee made honorable mention, and in 1919 she was granted a silver medal also.

Lucille Blanche, seemingly, throws a complexity of colors on her canvas and then picks out in strong tones flowers in the foreground that do her great credit. Not always does she use this method, as with a bunch of fluffy asters in a decorated pitcher on a checked table cover, seen against a paneled wall—her first method is far more effective.

In contrast to the above, Agnes Pelton paints flowers as she would a portrait, single blossoms in gorgeous colors and exquisite texture. It matters not how brilliant or how dainty the hues, her work is known as a truthful likeness and a lovely picture.
Isabel Whitney paints in the style of our grandmothers’ day, accurately, even meticulously, which tends almost to primness.

Yet another contemporary artist with flowers is Mary Prindeville. She paints on glass with black beneath, producing an artistic effect, but the flowers do not seem to be at home. Some are well painted, but the environment suggests craftsmanship.

Mary Townsend Mason, Grace M. Haskins, and Bessie Helstrom are some of the younger painters of flowers who are showing good work.

Miss Anna Lynch is one of our finest miniature painters, but her wonderful ability in painting flowers compels classing her also as a most successful artist in this charming branch of art.

There is a large number of good artists painting most attractive flowers, but space compels mention of only a limited number.

Anna Airy is an English painter of fruit and flowers, not for mere effect of color, but for the intrinsic value of detail. A single flower, a spray of leaves with fruit or blossom, is a thing of beauty from her drawing board or easel.

A cluster of May flowers, or hawthorn, painted natural size, impresses one as a new beauty in this world of infinite beauties. She works mostly with water colors. A spray with three or four plums and a few leaves, worm-bitten and half-curled, she called “War Time.” You look and ask why? Wasps are making war on the plums; two wasps are sucking from a hole they bored in the skin. So perfectly are they drawn, the work reminds one of the microscopic painting of the Dutch masters. You discover part of the body and wing and stinger of another wasp getting his fill from the other side of the plum. A mosquito is caught in an almost invisible net of a tiny spider.

Her flowers are painted with exquisite care and color, with never a hard stroke. They are soft enough for the wind to move them—a strong contrast to the majority of pigment flowers.

People who have lived long enough to have a memory of their grandmother’s gardens would “simply love” “The Flowers From a New England Garden,” as massed in an old-fashioned vase, and painted by Laura D. S. Ladd. Painted so you can call them by name: double and single peonies, poppies, larkspur, fox-glove, clove pinks and phlox—you can almost catch their fragrance.
GARDEN OF HOLLYHOCKS
Leonida C. Lavoron
Leonide Lavaron was born in New York of French parents, but most of her life has been spent in Chicago. There she studied with H. G. Maratta and later with Paul Tanquary. Maratta and Louis Millet were of the greatest help to her developing work.

At the Columbian Fair, 1893, her painting had honorable mention. Her best work seems to have been flowers. About twenty years ago she took up metal work, designing, and then silver work and jewelry, all of which has been of much help to her. Her designs have been most unusual, to the extent of carrying her name with them. Roses have ever been her special delight in painting, and many have brought back orders for yet more. Other flowers have marked her line of work with real success.
LAW OF NATIONS

Permitted by the artist.

"LAW OF NATIONS" (Mural)
Violet Oakley, Artist
CHAPTER XVIII

Wall Painting the Oldest Colorful Art. First Murals by American Women, Mary MacMonnies and Mary Cassatt In Woman's Building, 1893. Violet Oakley, Her Murals In the State House at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

“‘To have the sense of Creative Activity is the great happiness, and the great proof of being alive.”—Matthew Arnold.

Wall painting is the oldest colorful art known to history, but the oldest form of picture for which man is responsible, is the Word-Picture. We have a developing word-picture in the first of Genesis: An angel of light with a flaming sword standing guard at the gate of Paradise, from whose beauty and peace the shamed and grief-stricken parents of humanity had been driven out, is the powerful and thrilling story that tells us all we know of the introduction of man to this world, which he was destined to subdue and fill with countless humans.

The first picture portrays Man in Paradise, beautiful as some may dream heaven to be, from which, because of disobedience, he was driven to earth. The second picture portrays Man on the earthward side of the unknown garden, and it expresses the tragedies of human life; disobedience and its train of sins, grief, shame, disappointment, and sweating toil for daily bread. It is a moving picture, and moves on to the children of man who disagree over the tenets of their religious opinions. Uneducated, unfrocked, the differences of opinion and belief lead to murder and its train of sins. That word-picture by an ancient writer of Hebrew scripture is but a negative that has been indelibly reproduced on the sensitized minds of millions who have harked back to that primitive pair,—mural picture, it seems, on the earth side of that invisible wall that still separates mankind from that unknown Paradise, wherein is the Tree of Life, whose fruit we long for even here.

Prehistoric man by degrees discovered various colors and used them to ornament his body and his cave walls, these decorations serving also as records of kingly achievements. Through past ages various civilizations have applied a crude art to their walls, not merely as decoration, but as a sort of record. Hence our next pictures are on man-made walls of tombs and temples, when Mena was king over the most ancient Egyptians known.
Again, on Babylonian walls, pictures tell us of ideas and developments of a later civilization, another conception of deity, another style of architecture, other modes of life, other sorts of men. Hence we see mural painting, an outgrowth of the dim past, has been engrafted from time to time with more modern ideas. It is a practical and harmonious application of decorative painting to architecture. It may be merely decorative, but great art will have something to say or to suggest that will be in harmony with the building or room it is to adorn. Such building or room will naturally suggest a subject appropriate to its use.

On the walls of the throne room of Queen Hatasu is a painting of her Egyptian majesty, her head supporting a two-story crown, emblem of her sovereignty over the two kingdoms, Upper and Lower Egypt.

In the period of the Renaissance, before the art of printing was discovered, scripture themes and stories painted on church and cloister walls were a means of religious education. Old and young can read pictures, and the more clear the pictures the more alert the unlettered mind.

The arts were non-essentials of life, but were very important as adornment and even aggrandizement, as were the brilliantly colored walls of Babylonian pyramidal palaces and temples.

Each civilization has expressed its progress, ideals of beauty and deity, to an extent, on its public walls. Recent explorations have added to modern knowledge concerning the antiquity of wall painting. The explorations of Sir Arthur Evans and Mr. Noal Heaton, on the Island of Crete, prove that the Minoans practiced mural painting—simple colors on plaster—three thousand or four thousand years before Christ, and it seems to have been purely decorative. Hence we infer that there must have been a school for that art, and for them it must have reached a high-water mark. Therefore, color was for them as for the Greeks a means of enrichment, the Greeks using it to add beauty to their statuary in many cases; and more often the beauty was enhanced by a colored background, or a length of soft silk draped over some piece of Parian marble.

Beauty and art, as twin sisters, have touched earth now and again through rolling ages, imbuing the spirit of mankind. Even in the study of history as writ amid the ruins, we discover those diaphanous beings alighted at Tyre, at Carthage, reflecting their glory in the clear blue of the Middle Sea; at Rome and her pleasure towns, Tivali, Baiea, Pompeii, and Herculanenum—all too near the mountain of fire—and later they made themselves
at home amid the lilies by the Arno and made the fifteenth century radiant for ages to come.

It is true that the twentieth century stands upon the foundation of the first, and is appropriating, assimilating, discarding and sometimes improving; but sequence is a law of the universe.

The painted walls of Pompeian homes, brilliant in color even now after lying under ashes and lava for nearly two millenniums, tell much of the glory of Imperial Rome, and also, on the ruined walls of the Palace of the Cæsars, they tell also of Roman use of Greek ideas and forms in the dancing maids, still maintaining their grace and beauty amid the ruins.

Beauty and art overflowed Pisa and Florence, even as light overcomes darkness, and the dawning we will ever call the Renaissance.

Five hundred years have whirled over this old world since then, and in a new world, undreamed of then, humans of this Twentieth Century, A. D., are beginning to record the progress and ideals of this wonderful epoch of development on walls of public buildings and in palatial homes. But will they be permitted to last even one century?

Mural painting is wedded to architecture, hence they are interdependent; each must be appropriate to the other. In subject and style they must harmonize. No painter should put brush to wall until he knows the wall.

In this bird's eye view down the centuries, we see more and more of proportion, harmony, color and form in the arts and architecture, in the crafts and cunning of man's handiwork. With the commercial, intellectual and religious development of a nation, the arts become more expressive of conditions, achievements and ideals.

Mural work demands a high and strong mentality in man or woman, and a rugged physique, for it entails hard work for body and brain. The advent of the Woman's Building (at the Columbian World Fair at Chicago in 1893), as the acknowledged beginning of woman's work in the field of art, should be held in high esteem because of those courageous painters in their willingness and daring to establish a precedent for other women of talent. No one woman, no ten women will ever possess all the qualifications for a perfect artist, because there is no established criterion for perfection in art, fortunately, but the many who strive for the high ideal give the variety that pleases the varying tastes of this world of humans.

Honest appreciation is as valuable as just criticism, and beginnings as important as the ultimate.
The first accomplishment of mural painting by woman, as noted in chapter fourteen, were the tympanums in the Womans’ Building at the Columbian Fair. “Primitive Woman,” by Mary MacMonnies, and “Modern Woman,” by Mary Cassatt. Other murals were not seen till some years later.

Ella Conde Lamb is a rapid thinker and producer in her art, which has been along the line of mural decoration and designs for church windows, et cetera, in which she has been very successful.

The secret of such work is not different from other successful work—it is preparation, a thorough training. It was the method of the early masters. Nearly all the youths who were art-struck in the Renaissance period began as apprentices—“bound out,” as they expressed it, for a term of years, till the actual workmanship and knowledge of the scriptures had been acquired. We were reminded of the power and plentitude of such preparation when Mrs. Lamb said that she had eight years of constant study, for she feels that the vital point for a woman, no less than for a man, is a thorough training for her trade. Such being her case, results came easily and success followed quickly.

Mrs. Lamb realizes the advance in art methods and schools, as she said, “I feel that present-day students have far more opportunities than we did back in the eighties, and take less advantage of them.”

Concerning mural painting, she said, truly, yet perhaps discouragingly to youthful ambition, “It is hard work.”

“Being a little woman I enjoyed covering large spaces! And after my marriage to an artist-architect, mural work was the natural outcome of my husband’s need of what I could do in carrying out details of his comprehensive designs for glass mosaics or mural painting, so that inspiration and opportunity came hand in hand. It was not easy. All mural work demands many preliminary sketches, studies from models, detail drawings and color sketches, and research work, as well as physical endurance, nerve force, and determination to carry through to the final large cartoon or painting.”

Mrs. Lamb was born in New York, and early became a pupil of William M. Chase, later painting with C. Y. Turner in New York. In Paris it was Collin and Courtois, both being of great help. Then a trip to Italy to study the old mosaics of the early masters of decoration. The congenial companionship in art work and home life have lightened labor and advanced the art of these wedded artists.

Strolling with a friend through the highland part of Ithaca, several sum-
mers ago, the writer halted before the beauty of a vine-clad home embowered amid flowering shrubs and beds of bloom. It was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Lamb.

Some of Mrs. Lamb's most important commissions, in conjunction with her husband, are the mosaics in Sage Memorial Chapel at Cornell University, and in the Chapel at Lakewood Cemetery, Minneapolis; also in the Governor Flower Library in Watertown, New York.

"In my case," said Mrs. Lamb, "art has been in conjunction with housekeeping and raising a family of four children. So I come back to where I began: a hard training while young, to insure speed, facility, and knowledge when time, later on, is more precious; also the careful preservation of health, without which, all else is useless."

Ella Conde Lamb is a member of the Society of Mural Painters; of the Washington Art Club; of the National Art Crafts; she was awarded the Dodge Prize, 1889, at National Academy of Design, New York; honorable mention at the Columbian Exposition of 1893; at the Atlanta Exposition, 1895; and at the Pan-American Exposition in 1901. To the above citations should be added numerous portraits from her studio, and a large number of murals and interesting windows here and there throughout the states.

As we look down the vista of the ages, mural painting has, indeed, seemed a measuring rod of human progress. The walls of Egypt, Persia, and Assyria, overlapping in the dim distance, depict our background. According to fragmented walls that remain, Greece and Rome add another æon. The Middle Ages, like a dark valley, intervene, out of which emerges the dawn of the Renaissance, another epoch reaching to its fifteenth century height in our middle distance. Next a plateau in time, whereon we discern terrestrial warfare and struggle after land and learning, science and discovery, and walls of cathedral beauty pointing heavenward with spire and tower.

From an Island shore tidal waters wafted to westward a fragile boat laden with progress, independence, and "Liberty Spiritual." Three hundred years have come and gone, bringing seed time and harvest, seed time and harvest for the bread that perishes, and the principles that can never die.

Here we find ourselves in the foreground of the vision. It is up-to-date; we are not dealing with the future, but preparing for it.

Artists, men or women, do not appear on the arena suddenly cap-a-pie, palette and brushes in hand, awaiting an order, but the years roll by, the preparation is accomplished, and the order comes.
Some years ago three girls with art ambition arranged for a studio together. It was in a beautiful place, "The Red Rose" at Villa Nova, Pennsylvania, a fine old house surrounded by fine old trees and lovely gardens. There they fitted and furnished their studio, and engaged Mr. William Sartain to give them painting lessons. He came once in two weeks for the lessons and the valuable criticisms which they found most helpful. In time they entered the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, working faithfully because of their object in view. On graduation they had ready sale for their pictures, and orders came also. Perhaps the varying orders pointed to the directions which their art eventually pursued.

Miss Jessie Wilcox Smith and Miss Elizabeth Shippen Green were led into the path of designing and illustrating. Before long Violet Oakley received an order for a subject that needed a first-hand knowledge of historical places and costumes of the bygone times, so with her mother and her sketch book she visited Spain, Italy, and England, as a further preparation for her life work. Her previous study with Mr. Howard Pyle was of great benefit, for he is an illustrator who illustrates. All this preparation was unknown to the general public until a finished work (six designs of the whole number assigned to Miss Oakley) was put on exhibition in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

The Capitol Building at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, had been destroyed by fire and rebuilt on a larger and more magnificent scale. The building committee arranged to beautify the interior in a manner appropriate to the use of the building and to the honor of the state. For that purpose the committee selected a number of our best artists for the scriptural and mural decorations, namely: Edwin A. Abbey, John W. Alexander, Violet Oakley, George Gray Barnard, Harrington Fitzgerald, W. B. Van Ingen, Roland H. Perry, and Henry C. Mercer.

To Violet Oakley was given the commission for thirteen panels for a frieze (of heroic figures) in the governor's Reception Room. For that series of murals she took for her subject "The Founding of the State Spiritual." They represent the triumph of the growing idea of true liberty, in the holy experiment of Pennsylvania. Six panels were first completed. First, the dawn of the idea of religious tolerance is embodied in an unequal diptych eight by thirteen feet, representing William Tyndale at Cologne printing his translation of the Bible into English, and the smuggling of the New Testament into England. The second panel portrays the burning of the books
By permission of the artist.

"HER SON"—Nellie Verne Walker
at Oxford, also the martyrdom of Tyndale, bound to the stake, and his last words, "Lord, open the eyes of the king." The third panel pictures Henry VIII signing the permission for the sale and reading of the Bible throughout England, also the horrible hypocrisy of the king, his grant for free use of the Bible being followed by persecution of all who read and began to think for themselves. This the artist exemplified by the martyrdom of Anne Askew, a type of the women who were also ready to die for the Truth. Her last words were, "Rather deathe than false to Faithe."

These panels led to a fourth, undivided, of figures of charging knights in armor who embody the spirit of civil wars. The march of enlightenment is carried onward in two small panels seven feet square; the fifth shows George Fox on his Mount of Vision; the sixth is William Penn in his study at Oxford—the college of Tyndale.

The panels were on exhibition at the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, which is Miss Oakley's Alma Mater. They won for the artist a special gold medal from the Academy.

Miss Oakley's treatment of her subjects is simple, clear, and her color scheme marks her work for enduring admiration.

We have gone into this much of description of the work of Miss Oakley because it is an inspirational work of her mind, that has delved into history of the most vital importance to our American commonwealth; a pictured history of the principles to be tested and accepted into the body politic of our nation—and ultimately of the world.

For the decoration of the Senate Chamber, Miss Oakley extended the subject of founding a state to "The Creation and Preservation of the Union." The entire frieze for the Senate Chamber comprises forty-five panels. The drawings and studies for this monumental work were on exhibition at the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C., and in a number of our large cities. To give an idea of the thought and work on the cartoons required—not to mention the weeks and months of arduous painting on the scaffold—we cite the subjects of two or three. No. 31 impersonates Greed by the recall of the heartless Slave Driver; No. 32 shows the slave driven by Fear; No. 33 depicts the Supreme Manifestation of Enlightenment in International Unity, which seems a fulfillment of a prophecy of William Penn. And these are the words that accompany it: "He carried me away to a great and high mountain, and showed me that Great City... And He showed me a pure River
of the Water of Life clear as crystal proceeding out of the Throne. . . And the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it. . . In the midst of the street of it and on either side of the River was there the Tree of Life. . . And the leaves of the Tree were for the healing of the nations.”

The Constitutional Convention and the Birth of the Union, Philadelphia, 1787, pictures George Washington, Chairman of the Convention, giving his address, his words quoted: “Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair . . . the event is in the hand of God.”

The events of 1863 represent Abraham Lincoln closing his Gettysburg speech. The pathos of the surrounding crowd (bare heads in the foreground, and an army of bayonets to the vanishing point) culminates in the folded arms and bowed head of the Man of Destiny. His words are: “It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated . . . to the unfinished work.”

When the drawings and cartoons for Miss Oakley’s work were on view in London, they inspired a well-known writer and critic to give the public the following account of the way in which the decorations came into existence:

“These paintings are scenes from the life of William Penn and the founding of the State of Pennsylvania. William Penn fought the great fight for religious liberty in the seventeenth century. The paintings in the Reception Room take us through various phases and scenes of those troublous times, to be crowned by Penn’s first sight of the shores of Pennsylvania as he ascended the river ‘from whence the air smelt as sweet as a new-blown garden,’ bringing at last his words true, ‘I had an opening of Joy as to these parts when a lad at Oxford.’

“The paintings in the Governor’s Room are planned to deal exclusively with the founding of the state, and stop just short of recording any event within the life of the state itself—bringing William Penn in the prow of the ship ‘Welcome’ only within sight of his promised land. These paintings were started in 1902 and finished in 1906. Five years later, in 1911, the great American painter, Edwin Abbey, died, and Miss Oakley was commissioned to undertake that part of the contract with the state which, at the time of his death, had not even been begun. Miss Oakley was not, as has been erroneously reported, to finish any of the paintings which he had begun or planned. That was done by his assistant in his studio in England, and the panels were exhibited at the Royal Academy. And so it came about that Miss Oakley had to take up again the threads and weave the tapestry of
the history of a state, symbolizing now the great structure whose foundations she had before seen in the laying.

"It was in London in the autumn of 1912 that she began to work upon the theme for the paintings in the Senate series. At this time Balkan troubles disturbed Europe, and the first panel to be painted symbolized 'International Understanding and Unity' during a period when a Federation of the World was considered by the vast majority of mankind a wild and forlorn dream of visionaries.

"Epitomizing as it does—this decorative scheme—William Penn's dream of a world free from war, it is singularly apt at the present time, when the nations are seeking to find a way out of the labyrinth of strife into the realms of peace. Twenty years has it taken the artist to execute this colossal work, and some idea of its scope, thoroughness and artistic achievement can be got from a volume called 'Holy Experiment.' This magnificent book is written and illuminated by the artist with colortype reproductions from the mural decorations themselves. It has been translated into French, German, Italian, Spanish and Japanese. Presentation copies have been made to two former Presidents of the United States, Mr. Taft, and Mr. Wilson, also a copy has been accepted by the League of Nations' Library, and the subscription list, geographically, represents eighteen American states, England, France, Germany, Italy, Japan and Morocco."

The third great cycle of Violet Oakley's monumental murals began with a deal of preliminary study while she was in England in 1912. It was then laid aside until she completed the Senate Chamber paintings. She began again to do preliminary drawings in 1917, and the big canvases were started in 1921 and finished in 1927.

Not all her working time, however, was spent on that big subject, for she had a vast amount of portraiture and designing to accomplish as well. The completed decoration of the "Opening of the Book of the Law" is being placed in the Supreme Court Room of the Pennsylvania Capitol at this time (1927).

Could a more appropriate subject be found for that place? The artist, in sixteen panels, symbolizes the evolution of law beginning with "Divine Law," over the seats of the justices, the Alpha and Omega of the subject as well as of the series of murals. "The Spirit of the Law" is the two-fold one of Purification and Enlightenment, while at the right "The Scale of the Law" shows the divisions: Divine Law, Law of Nature, Revealed Law, Law of Reason, Common Law, Law of Nations and International Law.
Divine Law is symbolized by the open book at the face of Truth, half-concealed by interlacing lines of cherubim and bodies terrestrial, and a network of elongated words wherein one finds that the initial letters on the face of Truth here and there are Law, and the letters somewhere, following the initials, form Love and Wisdom. An ingenious device. The Law of Nature is represented by a religious procession led by a virgin priestess who pours incense on the altar of libation. Young men follow with pipes and cymbals, patriarchs, the white bull and peacocks follow on. The clustered rays of the sun in its circles and the winged Pegasus bespeak Greek conceptions of the "Golden Age."

Moses amid the lightnings of Sinai accents "Revealed Law" as he carves the Ten Commandments on the second tables of stone. Number seven represents the "Beatitudes," the Christ surrounded by those of a meek and quiet spirit. Rich Byzantine color and detail envelop Justinian and his Code of Reason. He is seen giving thanks in the church of Santa Sophia. Common Law is an apotheosis of Blackstone seated in high dignity against a voluminous library of law books, that of All Souls' College at Oxford.

Coming to modern times, the Law of Nations represents Chief Justice Marshall in the robes of his office, seated in the chair of state; the national capitol is the background, while the sky beyond is spangled with the forty-eight stars of the Union.

The Supreme Court of the state, the Supreme Court of the United States, and the International Court of the World are all significantly portrayed in this magnificent pageant of law. In the more recent panels many portraits of participants within our knowledge give a realism to the sense that we are living in history. "The International Court at The Hague" bears an inscription quoted from Elihu Root: "The civilized world will have to decide whether International Law is to be considered a mere code of etiquette or is to be a real body of law imposing obligations much more definite and inevitable. . . Nor can we doubt that this will be a different world when peace comes." The painting is of twelve judges seated at the long table, forming an impressive group. The dignity and gravity of the occasion creates its own atmosphere. Above are the splendid stained-glass windows of the Palace of Peace.

The supremacy of the highest law is pictured in "Disarmament," the last of the series. The powerful figure of Christ is walking the waves, while all around him the battle ships sink. His outstretched hands still carry the stig-
W O M A N I N A R T

mata, and the sun makes a halo in the midst of the storm. The Omega of the series is reached in the first panel, and we read with a new comprehension—"the streams of the Law running through all countries, down throughout all ages, purified by Wisdom, meet in the Sea of Light, Divine Law."

Quoting again: "Violet Oakley is, in her time, a Voice—and her work, as well as that of William Penn, can truthfully be called a 'Holy Experiment.' She has consistently maintained a high ideal of government, and endowed abstract conceptions with the breath of life, thereby immeasurably enriching the national consciousness."

By the sequence of her three cycle subjects and of the consecutive panels of each in that state capitol, Miss Oakley has interpreted history and biography in the most impressive and unforgettable manner. Children of school age will learn more from her colorful history than from books, and will imbibe a deal of art at the same time.

Violet Oakley puts deep thought into all her decorative subjects; nothing she does is merely for color decoration. Twelve medallion windows were required for the residence of Mr. Robert J. Collier, of New York. Miss Oakley selected her subjects from Dante's Divine Comedy, citing lines from the three parts which she has illustrated, showing deep appreciation of the poet's word-pictures.

She represents Virgil as earthly wisdom in his conduct of Dante through the underworld. In Purgatory an eagle conducts the poet to the entrance of the Mount of Purification, and in Paradise it is Beatrice who shows him the stairway of Contemplation, leading to the seventh heaven. And the quotation follows:

"Her beauty raineth little flames of fire
Full of spirit that inspireth love
And in our nature quickens all good thoughts."

"The Building of the House of Wisdom" is the subject for the motifs in the hall of the home of Mr. Charlton Yandall, of Philadelphia. In the center of the dome is the Head of Wisdom, around which are the words: "Wisdom hath builded her House." In the outer space the four winds are calling: East Wind, "But where shall Wisdom be found?" South Wind, "Seek." West Wind, "Ask." North Wind, "Knock." This is bordered by an outer circle of waters, above which runs the answer: "Who findeth me findeth life, for by me thy days shall be multiplied."
The four pendentives represent the builders of the race:
First—Dwellers in tents—Wanderers in the desert.
Second—Ancient Foundations—Egypt.
Third—The dome of the Renaissance.
Fourth—The High Tower.
The three lunettes illustrate Wisdom in the Home. The Child and Tradition—upon the stairway, visible to the child only. “That which hath been, is now; and that which shall be, hath already been.”
The second, Youth and the Arts, in the Upper Room: “I will sing a new song unto Thee upon an instrument of ten strings... That our Sons may be as plants grown up in their youth, and our Daughters, as cornerstones, polished.”
The third, Upon the Housetop; a group watching Man conquering the Air.

“And what is Man?...
Thou art mindful of him...
Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor.
Thou hast put all things under his feet.”

Above the man and science is seen:
First, Communion throughout space—The Wireless Message.
Second, The Search for Light—Man between the Material and the Spiritual theory of Light.
Third, The Conquest of the Heavens—“They mount up with wings as eagles.”

Above the octagon in the vault, above the child and tradition, is seen:
First, Hercules, the infant, strangling the serpents.
Second, The Choice of Hercules (at the crossways between Virtue and Voluptas).
Third, The Apotheosis of Hercules—“For Wisdom is more moving than any emotion. She passeth and goeth through all things by reason of her Pureness. She is the brightness of the Everlasting Light.”

Therefore—Get Wisdom.
Get Understanding.
Let Her Not Go.
Keep Her, For
She Is Thy
LIFE.

198
The designs for the windows from the Divine Comedy received the medal of honor from the New York Architectural League in 1916.

Violet Oakley has accomplished a series of twelve panels for the Cuyahoga County Court House at Cleveland, Ohio.

Many windows and decorations from Miss Oakley's designs have enhanced the beauty and interest of other public buildings and private homes. In the Church of All Angels, West End Avenue and Eighty-First Street, New York, is a very devotional and beautiful altar piece in mosaics from the design by Miss Oakley; she also did personally the two curved sides of the chancel wall, and designed the four small stained glass windows. The beauty and execution of her work in All Angels' Church resulted in the choice of Miss Oakley for the decoration of the frieze in the Governor's Reception Room in the Harrisburg Capitol. The work in the church was finished in 1901.

The same year Miss Oakley completed another work of deep thought and great beauty—"The Great Wonder"—a vision of the Apocalypse (Revelation XII). There are seven compositions comprising the triptych: First, the seven golden candlesticks; Second, The Book sealed with seven seals; Third, The seven angels with seven trumpets; Fourth, The Great Wonder; Fifth, The Mighty Angel with the little book; Sixth, The Rider upon the white horse; Seventh, The old Serpent cast out. This most unusual art work partakes of its veiled meaning in symbolism, and is a remarkable study—the color rich and harmonious. It was presented to the Alumnae House of Vassar College in the name of the Class of 1891, "In Loving Memory of Hester Caldwell Oakley Ward."

Miss Oakley's portraits possess the same sense of life-likeness as do her murals; there is the wealth of harmonious color as accessory to the position and face of the sitter. She is too thorough an artist to impose the background of the one for the other.

A full length portrait of Mrs. H. Houston Woodward, standing, in a luxuriously furnished library, proves again the mastery the artist has of color and harmony. It is dignified and graceful as a portrait, and abundantly satisfying as a picture.

One of her most striking portraits is of Henry Howard Houston Woodward, of the Lafayette Escadrille, winner of the Croix de Guerre with Palm. Killed in France, 1918. It is a masterful piece of work. The hair blown back from the brow, the eyes clear and penetrating, the face full of character
and determination, the hands indicative of strength and refinement. What a sacrifice was there! This portrait is now in the Academy of Fine Arts at Philadelphia.

Miss Oakley was born in New York; she was a pupil of the Art Students' League, also of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. In Paris her studies continued under Aman Jean, Collin and Lazar. She is an associate member of the National Academy of Design, a member of the Water Color Club of New York, also of the Water Color Club of Philadelphia, of the National Society of Mural Painters, the Art Alliance of Philadelphia, Fellow of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and the Society of Illustrators, and honorary member of the Institute of Architects. The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon her by Delaware College in 1918. She was awarded the gold medal of honor by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in 1905, also the gold medal of honor at the Panama-Pacific Exhibition at San Francisco, 1915.

We realize that American Art has progressed somewhat when we find industrial, mechanical and structural subjects of the present day laid upon our walls by masterly hands, pointing the two-fold message, art in labor and labor in art. This has been done by a few men. We recall the stupendous, hazardous engineering feat of the Panama Canal construction work, paintings by Jonas Lie, who thus earned the sobriquet of "The Panama Painter"; also the murals blazing the genius of the Pittsburgh Mills and of the artist, John W. Alexander.

But who would think of engaging a slender little woman for such heroic work? A few years ago the Federal Reserve Bank of Cleveland, Ohio, wanted a large decoration for their new building, symbolizing the chief industry of the Cleveland District, and the architects gave the commission to Miss Cora Millet Holden, resident of their city.

Not long after the war, Miss Holden painted a memorial decoration for the Goodyear Hall in Akron, Ohio, a two-fold subject, "Separation, and Return," in which was mingled the spirit of heroism and pathos. The figures were nearly life size, and the color scheme brilliant as it had need to be in the lobby. Her work there was counted a success, and a greater success was pronounced concerning "Steel Production." For the latter work, the artist made studies in color and in charcoal, working in the mills, to the surprise and admiration of the giants of the molten metal. The huge machinery about and above, men half clad (the human part of the great industry)—
all reflected the lurid light from the great cauldrons of fluid metal, and below, against dark retainers, were seen spurts and fountains of red hot spray.

"Her sketches for this rather daring venture into a field seldom invaded by artists of her sex were made from direct observation of the process of "Steel Production," as she calls her painting. She watched the drama of man's mastery over iron in the work of the Bourne-Fuller Company of Cleveland, and her record of what she witnessed is accurate and convincing enough to satisfy a lifelong steel-worker, provided that he shall have a sense of decorative values and some consciousness of the victory of mind over matter, which is impressively set forth in Miss Holden's painting. For her rendering of the tremendous scene, which is so constantly enacted and so seldom witnessed by any eyes but those of the workers in the mills, is essentially the depicting of a triumph of the human brain. Brawny men stand watching the outpouring of molten metal from the great container above the molds to be filled. One is impressed with the tremendous forces visibly chained in the service of man, but the whole scene is one which shows mind reigning over matter, where immense weight and power dominate the processes of creative industry. Indeed, so easily does the intelligence of man rule the gigantic mechanism of his devising that this big picture is almost serene in its mastery.

"Miss Holden's strong painting fits into the warm browns and yellows of the wall that arches above it so that it suggests a temple of fire, power, and steel, instead of a bank decoration. With admirable restraint, for which Walker & Weeks, architects of the bank, may no doubt be given much credit, this big mural painting stands alone, the one picture on the walls of a noble room."

The next step Miss Holden takes to find an appropriate subject for another mural decoration leads her thought and study to ancient Greece and its mythical nobility. It is the Allen Memorial Medical Library of Western Reserve University, Cleveland, that calls for her next work. The subject is the life of Asklepios, the mythical Greek doctor, who became a god. He was a son of Apollo and the nuyph Coronis, and Apollo did very well by his offspring; he had him educated in an exclusive school, which Cheiron the Centaur conducted in a grotto in Thessaly. Jason, Achilles and Theseus were educated in the same school. Asklepios became a great and beloved doctor, and later a god, and his son Machaon became a famous surgeon and took care of Menelaus when he was struck by an arrow.
All this is told by Miss Holden with freedom and vigor in her murals. From her hands Cheiron the Centaur has emerged with wisdom and kindness in his bearing, and Asklepios becomes a Greek god.

The first of the series of four panels is already in place, and the second is nearly finished. Asklepios wears orange draperies which contrast finely with the blue sky and deep green cypress background. A youth in leopard skins stands at the left of Apollo's great son, Asklepios. The murals have a beautiful setting in the warm-toned walls. The third panel represents Machaon, his surgeon son, ministering to the wounded Menelaus, and the fourth is the deification of the first physician.

Cora Millet Holden is of New England stock, although her birthplace was Alexandria, Virginia, in 1895. She is the only artist of the family, and it is singular that she is not a doctor, with her grandmother, grandfather and her mother all physicians; but art was in the family and has already spoken twice, Frank D. Millet having spoken first in this generation.

Cora Holden is a mural painter and a portrait painter, many of the latter being in Boston and Cleveland. She has some bewitching portraits of children to her credit, and of adults her art has produced fine characterizations.

She studied with Joseph De Camp and Cyrus Dallin, and graduated from Massachusetts School of Art, where she has been teaching. She also spent a year in special study abroad and in travel. While in Paris she received the commission for the murals now under way, and made the figure studies from models there. The four murals are the gift of Mrs. Walter H. Merriam as a memorial to her husband, the late Dr. Merriam.

Cora Holden is a pioneer in this part of the country, as an artist of her sex who undertakes and carries through handsomely big strong mural paintings of a nature long considered only for men, and she certainly scores heavily in the hall of the splendid new Allen Library of Western Reserve University.

Jessie Arms Botke is a mid-west artist by birth. She was a student at the Chicago Art Institute and did some of her best work in that city. Her painting is decorative in style and is a very natural combination of the feather creation and flowers. Both are subjects requiring careful study and technique, and Mrs. Botke has given a full meed of study to each. A corner of an old-fashioned garden on some of her canvases is as refreshing as if one had stepped into her grandmother's garden of long ago. She uses colors
as pure as seen in the flowers themselves: calendula, giving the pure orange, the varying shades of cobalt and cerulean represented by masses of larkspur, while perennial phlox and the stately hollyhocks, in all their gamut of shades, give the reds, pinks, lavendar and purple. In the midst of such riotous color (for the gate had been left open) waddle the dignified, snow-white geese, the leader with neck craned, eye alert, proudly surveying his flock and their environment. Expressive of his enjoyment and freedom, the uplifted wings fluff the down beneath, so exquisitely accomplished you forget all about paint.

Any and all water-fowl or birds of gorgeous plumage tempt the brush of this artist, as do the unusual white peacocks, painted with consummate skill. Perhaps these subjects come more to her notice since making her home in California.

The art of Mrs. Botke just naturally led her to mural painting, and one of her most ambitious murals she has called "The Masque of Youth." It lines the long entertainment or dancing hall in the "Ida Noyes Hall," the building erected to her memory by her husband, LaVergne Noyes, on the campus of Chicago University, for the exclusive use of the university women. It is a magnificent structure finished and furnished in the dark wood and carving of the seventeenth century in England, and into this rich interior Jessie Arms Botke introduced young life in its various vivacious moods, from fairy-like little folk to the veiled bride. In groups they are linked with ribbons and garlands of flowers, tripping the light fantastic on the flowery greensward. The figures are graceful, the colors soft and harmonious, a pleasing contrast to the structural beauty of the hall.

A group of younger mural painters are working their way toward broader and more significant conceptions for mural decoration. Realizing that fact, we mention a few names that give promise of fuller knowledge and preferment in coming years.

Caroline Haywood has composed a most unusual design for a mural in the Manayunk National Bank, Philadelphia—a central square with a long narrow panel on either side. The central panel is an authentic map of Manayunk and vicinity, showing the Schuylkill river, canal, and Wissahickon creek and Fairmount Park. Superimposed on the map is a drawing based on an old photograph of the present site of the Bank. The side panels represent scenes from the little old settlement on the canal. It is of local interest and unique as a decoration.
Edith Emerson is another of our younger mural workers, already accomplishing attractive subjects in many public buildings. Her preparation has been of the best. Hers was the good fortune to be born in a state that has furnished the country with many noteworthy characters—Oxford, Ohio. Her first art studies were at the Chicago Art Institute, and later were continued at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and finally under instruction of Violet Oakley, with whom she has continued as an assistant. Her first successes were portraits, and it was but natural that, working with the most important mural painter among women, her own inclination should be fostered and developed guided by such a mind and technique as that possessed by Miss Oakley.

The first order of importance Miss Emerson received was for decorative murals in the Little Theatre in Philadelphia. Then came an order for two Memorial Windows in the new Keneseth Israel Synagogue in Philadelphia: The Roosevelt Window and one to John Hay, both successfully filled.

Miss Emerson is represented in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Her illustrations in "Asia" and "The Country" are such as one likes to see, because appropriate and artistic.

A summer in Spain with Miss Oakley was not only a pleasure, but profitable to both artists for scene and subject for the future.
CHAPTER XIX

Sculpture by Harriet Hosmer; Elizabeth Ney; Twentieth Century Progress; Evelyn B. Longman; Absetenia St. Leger Eberle; Malvina Hoffman; Nellie Vern Walker; Anna Vaughn Hyatt; Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, Etc.

“It is the Creative Element that endures in all worthy human accomplishment, and that makes any lasting impression upon HU. AN LIFE.—James Beebe.

If any woman had longings to express her thought or ideal in clay or marble before the incoming of the nineteenth century, it was not recorded or chiseled for us of the twentieth century.

Harriet Hosmer was the first American woman whose art inclinations led to a sculptor’s life. Her experience in developing was full of difficulties. Her mother died of consumption when her daughter was but a little child. Her father was a physician in Watertown, Massachusetts, where Harriet was born in 1830. Being a delicate child, her father encouraged her in every out-of-door sport. She lived in the sun, and the stunts any boy could do she loved to do: riding, swimming, boating, shooting, climbing trees, filling her room with nests of bird or bee, butterflies or snakeskins, till it was transformed into a museum of natural history. At the back of her father’s garden was a bed of clay where she showed her early art instinct by modeling figures from that clay.

A preparation for her future work was the study of anatomy with her father, and afterward at the medical college in St. Louis.

Harriet Hosmer wanted to be a physician, but every medical school was barred to her; they could not and would not admit a woman. She applied in Boston and elsewhere for instruction in art, but without success. So back to St. Louis she went for anatomical drawing, which led on to modeling, and so by degrees she became a sculptor. Returning home she modeled her first figure, “Hesper,” which being such a decided success, she went to Rome with her father and her dear friend, Charlotte Cushman. There she became a pupil of Mr. Gibson. In his studio she modeled “Daphne” and a number of heads. Her most ambitious work was a colossal statue of “Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra,” of which only the head remains. Her “Reclining Beatrice”
frankly shows that her subject and method were classic. Mr. Lorado Taft
points out, with no less appreciation than justice, that the slippered foot and
iron ring indicating her a prisoner are brought out in strong relief, which in
present day method would be merely hinted, giving the quality of a thought
rather than a hard fact. The "Sleeping Faun" is considered her best work. She
remained in Rome for seven years, returning in 1859.
A few other names suggest woman's efforts in the sculptural art, and
are noteworthy because they form an initial group and pave the way in
marble and clay for younger women who are bound to lift ideals and results
higher for each generation into a field yielding more and more of originality.
Emma Stebbins was one of that initial group to handle mallet and chisel. Born in 1815, and Charlotte Cushman the year following, it is not known
that they were neighbors or friends till they met in Rome, but the fact is
that while one was making her reputation before an audience the other was
making her reputation by being in the audience and studying the actress;
for the bust of Charlotte Cushman made the reputation of Emma Stebbins
as a sculptor. "The Boy Joseph" seemed resurrected in stone in response to
her will and determination. The life-work of Horace Mann for and among
children will be brought to the mind of anyone who views the statue of the
world's pioneer educator, his fatherly arm around the shoulder of a small
boy. This work by Miss Stebbins was charmingly placed on the grounds at
St. Louis for the Louisiana Exposition of 1904. It belongs in front of the
State House in Boston.
In Central Park, New York, is another work of her hand, one of the
figures of the beautiful fountain called "The Angel of the Waters." Her
work ended in 1882. She was forty-two before attempting sculpture.
Margaret Foley, another of that early group, exhibited at the Centennial
Exposition at Philadelphia, 1876, a beautiful fountain of gracefully formed
children playing in the water beneath tall-stemmed, overhanging leaves. The
whole was most artistically placed in the Horticultural Hall. The basin of
her fountain represented overlaying leaves, and one of the children stood in
the water up to her knees. The whole is a dainty and perfectly natural idea.
In marked contrast to the children of the Now was a powerfully strong
head presenting the artist's idea of "Jeremiah the Prophet." Margaret Foley
was working hard as an artist during the years that Charles Sumner was
doing splendid work as a statesman, and naturally the young woman from
Vermont put her best power on the bust of the powerful man of Massa-
chusetts. Her success, as expressed by Tuckerman, could not have been more satisfying to any artist. He has said, "It is unsurpassable and beyond praise!"

Miss Foley made a number of bas-reliefs of the poets, Bryant and Longfellow, and others.

Winnie Ream Hoxie, born in 1847, did, as we have seen, very little painting, and elated with her first efforts all too soon, embarked for Europe. Over there she discovered that sculpture was her workable gift. She was undoubtedly gifted, or she would never have received the order from Congress for a statue of Lincoln when she was but fifteen years of age. Though immature in some respects, it had strength enough to hold its place in Statuary Hall, Washington.

To touch more adequately on nineteenth century sculpture by women, we refer again to its use and display in the Woman's Building at the Columbian World's Fair in Chicago, as being the first use of note.

Mrs. Hoxie was represented in the Hall of Honor in that building by a bust typifying America, the stars and stripes draped over one shoulder. It is an exquisitely modeled head, commandingly set upon the shoulders, but it is the head of a Roman of high rank. "Miriam" and "The West" were also Mrs. Hoxie's work. The latter is a full length figure of a young woman, a sheaf of grain at her back, husked ears of corn at her feet, implements of industry in the right hand and left arm, armed as it were to promote progress in the West.

There were busts of some of America's most ardent workers for the uplift of humanity; women who have put brain and shoulder to the wheel of progress; strong characterized faces, gone already from earth, but whose influence pervades, and will long prevail in the civilization of this country and the world. Those busts represent Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Dr. C. B. Winslow, Susan B. Anthony and others.

The building that housed the arts and crafts work of women of the world in 1893 should be considered under the head of woman in art, for architecture such as that was indeed a work of art.

Miss Sophia G. Hayden of Boston, a graduate of the School of Architecture of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was the designer and architect of the building. It was no amateur or student's work, but was selected for its skill of detail, no less than for its grace and harmony. Though she was unknown to the profession in general, they readily passed upon
her design as the work of a professional architect, as shown in its comprehensive departments, the whole fitting admirably the environment of its assigned location and use.

For the decorative, as for the structural scheme, designs were invited among women qualified for such work throughout the United States, and after eager and close competition the prize was awarded to Alice Rideout, of San Francisco. The pediment and symbolic groups of the roof-garden were her work. On the roof were winged groups typical of feminine characteristics and virtues, in choicest symbolism. One of the central figures represented the spirituality of woman, and at her feet a pelican, emblem of love and sacrifice. In the same group charity was side by side with virtue, and sacrifice was further symbolized by a nun, placing her jewels on the altar. Another group represented the genius of civilization, a student at her right and a woman at her left struggling through darkness for the light. All these and other groups represent the genius and labor of Miss Alice Rideout. The center of the pediment was occupied by Minerva with Wisdom's owl at her feet, and on either side, women's work in the progress of civilization was typified by literature, art, and home life.

The caryatids supporting the entablature on the second story balcony were modeled by Miss Enid Yandell of Louisville, Ky. Designs for the frieze in various rooms, for windows from different states, the actual carving of tables and newel posts, were all the handiwork of American women.

There is no more cosmopolitan nation under the sun than America, and no more cosmopolitan art to be found anywhere, because art is individual.

Because of this we find an influence for art was exerted in our Southern states by a woman not native to America, except in her broad mind and free spirit.

Elizabet Ney was born in the quaint old town of Munster in Westphalia, in 1834, but although born in Germany, her mother was of a family of wealth and culture that had escaped from Poland at the time of its most tragic upheaval, with merely such things as they could carry with them. The father of the future artist was French, a nephew of Marshal Ney of Napoleon's army.

When a girl in her teen years, Elizabet Ney found herself. Her mother was reading to her the romantic story of the life of Sabina von Steinbach,
the daughter of the architect of the wonderful Cathedral of Strasbourg, who in the fourteenth century composed and chiseled in stone (working side by side with her father) the statues of the five wise and five foolish virgins which adorn the main entrance of that beautiful building. That bit of storied history proved to be the key to the inner sanctum of the young girl's life, for it awakened and set flame to aspirations for an art practiced only by men in her day. She would, and she must study art. It was finally arranged, and at seventeen she was working in the Academy of Fine Arts at Munich.

The professor of sculpture took her under his special care, escorting her daily from the home of a friend where she lived to the lecture hall; and to his amazement the presence of a young girl in a class of men had a most subduing effect. Chaos ceased and real work began, greatly to the surprise of the directors of the institution, who had been almost adamant against admitting a woman to the Academy. After two years the ardent worker moved on to Berlin for more advanced work with Christian Rauch, the most famous sculptor of his time. Especially was he at that time most celebrated because of his beautiful, recumbent statue of Queen Louise at Charlottenburg, and that of Frederick the Great in Berlin.

Rauch was a man of few words, who appreciated every help that had been given to him in his craving for an art education, yet when the girl-aspirant of nineteen entered his studio he briefly asked her to model a composition of her own; in a few days, on the strength of that composition, and the distinction of her two years' work in the Munich Academy, he recommended her for a two years' scholarship in the Berlin Academy. The authorities of that institution put up the bars; the student recommended was a woman! Objections were many and strenuous, but in the end she carried her point, and entered the Berlin Academy triumphantly. When her two years of scholarship expired, Christian Rauch offered the young artist a studio next to the government studio which he occupied, that her work might be under his immediate supervision, and for two years more she enjoyed the inestimable advantage of association with the greatest sculptor of that time. Death took the sculptor at the end of the two years, in his eighty-third year, and his pupil of twenty-three became in her turn what he had been in his—the portrait artist of the great men of her day, Von Humboldt, Von Liebig, Jacob Grimm, Schopenhauer, Garibaldi, Bismarck and many of lesser fame.
While still a young woman, she had gained greater reputation than good artists who had studied and labored a life time.

What a revelation it must have been to those hard-shelled directors of those two academies who debarred her entrance and only grudgingly admitted her, denying the right of a woman to aspire to the study of art. Neither one has ever admitted another woman.

Elizabet Ney's portraiture in oil or marble was considered phenomenal. Just here a quotation will enlighten us on another phase of her art: "Her ability to reveal the natures of children and delicate, poetic women is equally striking as the power and force depicted in her statues of Frederick the Great and Bismarck." It would seem that a greater difficulty came to the sculptor in the bust of such a duplex or complex character as Schopenhauer. His was the face of a man powerful and restless, whose very smile was of "sardonic hardness and ugliness, that of a pessimistic philosopher...... One day, while she was modeling that robust character, the old philosopher sat studying her for a long time with an amused, quizzical expression. The artist bore it as long as she could, then asked, "Why do you look at me so, doctor?" His reply was, "I was just trying to see if I could perhaps discover the beginnings of a little mustache. It grows more impossible to me each day, to believe that you are a woman." But after all, the feminine in her must have finally impressed him, for in his published letters he speaks of her more than once as a most lovable "Mädchen."

So far the life and works of Elizabet Ney belong to Europe, portraying many of its great characters who made history during the nineteenth century. Why then did the great artist in the meridian of her success come to America? The only answer that has become known is this:

"In addition to her genius for sculpture, Elizabet Ney had a great genius for philanthropy; art for art's sake had been her guiding principle of life, and her motto, "Sursum" (upward), is but another way of saying it. Today we know it was for political reasons.

"Some years after the civil war a little band of Germans desired to form a community in a mild climate, far from the harrassing restrictions of monarchy. Miss Ney was of that group, most of whom soon returned to "Vaterland," but the artist remained and made her home in Texas. For some years she lived in a suburb of Austin, during which time she realized that one great need of the state was the cultivation of public taste and industrial education, guided by the influence of art. While pondering the
matter, Governor Roberts called her from her retirement to visit him at the mansion for a consultation about plans for the state capitol about to be erected. One result of her visit was that she built her studio in Hyde Park and immediately began to interest such congenial minds as she could find among the men and women of Austin in a project for establishing a School of Liberal Arts in conjunction with the State University. The plan was heartily endorsed and put into effect, and instruction given in decorative and domestic arts as well as the finer arts, including the leading features of Pratt Institute of Brooklyn and Drexel Institute of Philadelphia."

The pioneer who founded Austin soon stood life-size in marble in the new studio, and of it some said, "You could say that even the ancestors of the artist must have been Texans to enable her to realize so perfectly in stone the true idea of the first Texan." While studying the work one was heard to say, "I do not ask, I do not care whether this is how Austin looked, I only know this is how he should have looked, for it is the perfect realization of the Austin whom history portrays."

The same may be said of the other great Texan, Sam Houston. An array of governors and generals of our South and West now add historic and art value to the state, because of the vital interest and genius of Elizabet Ney-Montgomery.

The artist was indeed feminine, and on a date not given had married a remarkably fine-looking husband, but her art claimed her own name. The fact that Dr. Edmond Montgomery was educated in Germany may have brought them together, but the real romance of their lives does not appear in the recital of Elizabet Ney's art. Of their two sons, the first died in infancy, the second lives in Texas.

Her last work—left unfinished—was Lady Macbeth, of which Mr. Lorado Taft has said, "It is one of the most expressive and eminently sculptural conceptions among recent American ideals." Mr. Taft has also conceded that "her sketches and compositions are admirable, so are her virile yet simply-handled heads of the forceful sons of Texas. Her work is full of life in expression—an easy mastery of form which is unknown to the majority of sculptors."

Her marbles of Austin and Houston are in Statuary Hall in Washington, D. C.

The artist died in her home June 25, 1907 (born in 1834). She was one of the greatest sculptors of modern times.
Evelyn Beatrice Longman, N. A. (Mrs. H. N. Batchelder), was born in Winchester, Ohio. She was educated at Olivet College, Mich., 1897 to 1898, and the Chicago Art Institute 1898 to 1900, where she studied with Lorado Taft for the beginning of her sculptural career. After graduating from the Institute School, she studied in New York till 1906 with Daniel Chester French. With those two masters of sculpture to guide her unfolding ability, Evelyn Longman, plus her own genius for work and subject matter, has become a genuine American artist. Her industry has created many statues and reliefs large and small, each showing her high ideals and the conscientious technique of her art.

Her first principal work was prophetic; it was "Victory," a colossal male figure holding aloft a laurel wreath and oak branch, which surmounted the dome of Festival Hall at St. Louis in the World's Fair in 1904. It was awarded the silver medal. Bronze reproductions are owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York; the Chicago Art Institute; the Union League Club of Chicago; the Toledo and the St. Louis Museums of Art. It is also used as a trophy of the Atlantic Fleet of the United States Navy. Hers was a lofty idea for the bronze doors and transom to the chapel of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland, the commission for which was won in open anonymous competition of thirty-two competitors (1906). They are among the largest bronze doors in America, measuring twenty-two feet to the top of the transom. The main panels of the doors depict the study of scientific warfare and warlike patriotism, and the transom represents Peace and Prosperity honoring the ashes of the dead. The work was erected in 1909. The Ryle Memorial was placed in the Public Library of Paterson, New Jersey, in 1907. It is a bronze figure of Mercury. Heroic figures in white granite of Faith, Hope and Charity surmount the Poster Mausoleum at Middleburgh, New York. The bronze doors of Wellesley College Library, Wellesley, Mass., are the work of Miss Longman in 1911, and the same year she accomplished the General Henry Clark Corbin Memorial, for the Headquarters of the Department of the East on Governors' Island, New York. It is three-quarters portrait relief in bronze with inscription and decorative frame. Miss Longman was the creator of the fountain of Ceres in the fore court of Four Seasons at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco, 1915. It is a figure of Ceres surmounting a pedestal bearing fruit and flower girls in relief. At the same exposition a marble group won for the artist the silver medal award; "Consecration" is...
its title, and represents a man and a woman embracing, a most delicately modeled nude with figures half life size. Another of her works idealizes the invisible power "Electricity," a colossal, winged, male figure in bronze wrestling electricity from the elements with one upraised hand, while the other holds a live cable loosely coiled about his nude body. She won the commission in anonymous invitatory competition in 1916. This unique and altogether striking symbol surmounts the American Telephone and Telegraph Building in New York.

The Illinois Centennial Monument is a lofty fluted column rising from a drum-shaped base twelve feet in diameter, which supports thirteen appropriate figures in high relief, more than life size; upon its doric capital rests the American Eagle done in marble. To the left of the base stand historic figures of Indians, Pere Marquette, La Salle and Clark, and to the right are symbolized Agriculture, Industry, Transportation, Education and the Fine Arts. Miss Longman's work in 1918 includes a young girl called "The Future," one hand reaching out dreamily toward a dreamed-of future. The Naugatuck War Memorial in Tennessee marble was worked out the same year. In 1922 the Theodore Chickering Williams Memorial, Carrara marble, was accomplished for All Souls Church, New York City. A more than life-size portrait of the man, seated, is in high relief, and he holds the quill pen over the manuscript; the background is in low relief, and indicates beautifully the female figure of Inspiration, with wings outspread, holding a Roman lamp as she inclines gracefully toward the earnest thinker, whose upturned face expresses inspiration. Although Miss Longman's work is with the hard material of marble, she not only achieves grace of form and line, not only texture of metal, feather, or fur, but in a marvelous degree the impress and expression of spirit, of emotion. From the very shape and form of that memorial tablet, carved as an intaglio, comes the low relief of Inspiration bringing forth the high relief of thought in the brow and eye to action with hand and pen.

The setting, the environment of even the finest works of plastic art may heighten or mar their beauty, if not in harmony; but the architect, Henry Bacon, has enhanced the idea of the artist by his appreciation of the spirit and dignity of her subjects.

Miss Longman has accomplished another work of exceeding impressiveness. It is the Storey Memorial: a seated figure in high relief is volumi-
nously draped; the finger on the lips symbolizes silence. The poppies in her lap indicate sleep; the key in the left hand has fastened the door of the tomb.

What's in a name? The question flashed to mind when looking at two heads from Miss Longman's studio. Both represent girlhood. Both are fascinating. One is of vivacious, sprightly character, head alert, eyes looking beyond you at something as fascinating to her as her face is to you; her whole face is a smile, every muscle expresses joyousness, the parted lips cause a bewitching dimple and disclose the pretty, even teeth. In her short waving hair is a sprig of holly. O, but she's jolly! The other maiden has a sweet face, and thoughtful, the eyes downcast; were one or two words spoken, the eyelids would lift and let fall a tear, or the lips would part with a questioning smile. Her hair is slightly rolled from the face, the heavy braid forming a crown that maidenhood may glory in, surmounting a face that can be in sympathy with joy or sorrow.

One is called "Elizabeth," the other "Peggy." Which is which?

Through the years of Evelyn Longman's career, her works are like milestones marking her way. But as the artist cannot keep the work, the prizes, medals and honors are becoming the markers.

Another marble from the workshop of this artist is a most exquisite portrayal of the nude. In the Heckscher Museum, Huntington, Long Island, is a children's fountain carved from the purest Carrara marble. Three young children are watching a bronze frog spouting water from the brim of the basin; the spontaneous expression of wonder and delight in those bewitching baby faces is fascinating to watch, and wonderful as a work of art. The texture of that seeming flesh, with dimples and creases, responds to the unconscious pressure of their fingers on one another as they look, spellbound.

A gold medal was the reward to the artist for that fountain when exhibited in 1922; also for the Naugatuck War Memorial.

One of the most pure nudes in modern art Miss Longman has simplified as "Nature." It expresses purity of thought, of sweetness and the dignity of repose, all are there. The position is grace itself. Were it vitalized, strength, dignity and decision would be dominant. The master's chisel has said it.

This nearly life-size figure was awarded the Shaw Memorial prize in 1918, by the Academy of Design, New York; also it captured the W. M. R. French prize at the Art Institute of Chicago, 1919, and the Widener gold medal from the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, 1921.
Portrait busts, medals and reliefs come frequently from Miss Longman's studio, chaste and strong in their presentation; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bacon; Judge Allen F. White; N. H. Batchelder (educator); Mr. and Mrs. Robert de Forest, among them.

At the Sesquicentennial held in Philadelphia (1926), Mrs. Evelyn Longman Batchelder, N. A., is represented by her latest finished work, a portrait relief of the eminent American sculptor, Daniel Chester French, her former teacher.

"It is an admirable likeness of Mr. French, and shows the distinguished sculptor seated in life-like pose. To those who know him the likeness is remarkably fine and convincing of one who occupies a foremost place in the realm of American Art.

"One of the most interesting features in the composition is the simple background with a frieze in which a number of Mr. French's masterpieces appear. These include "The Minute-Man" at Concord, Massachusetts; the group entitled "The Sons of God Saw the Daughters of Men That They Were Fair," which is in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C.; "Africa," on the New York Custom House, New York; the "Melvin Memorial," at Concord; "The Angel of Death and the Sculptor," in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, and the sculptor's well-known statue of Lincoln, in the Lincoln Memorial, Washington. . . . This is a likeness of Mr. French that will last. It is notable for its simplicity in treatment and for its strong characterization. A portrait of a sculptor of high ideals, Mrs. Bachelder is to be felicitated upon her latest achievement."*

Her work has won for her a membership in the National Academy of Design, New York; the National Sculpture Society; the American Numismatic Society; the American Federation of Arts; the Connecticut Academy of Fine Arts; the American Archaeological Society, and the Municipal Art Society of New York City.

Mrs. Evelyn Longman Batchelder is represented in the Metropolitan Museum of New York; the Art Institute of Chicago; the Art Museum of Cleveland; the John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis; Art Institutes at St. Louis and Toledo; the Cincinnati Art Museum, and elsewhere.

Those interested in the unfolding of American art may look longer than the year 1926 for such superlative sculpture as is being wrought here and now; and you may find it, for Progress will be a habitant spirit of

* Excerpt from The American Magazine of Art.
W O M A N  I N  A R T

earth as long as time is. Spirit is the parent of thought, thought is the
parent of action. When action symbolizes or expresses spirit in material
form, so that the human spirit responds to spirit in the inanimate, the thought
and hand have accomplished great art.

Everyone has a background. Our artist harks back to the nation of
artists where the name was Longmain, which may account for her having
the hand of a sculptor, though her father is of English extraction, where
the French name became anglicized. Her mother was English-Canadian.
The future artist was the fifth in the family of six children. Her father, a
professional musician, amused himself with painting when opportunity of-
ered, and the child may have inherited her love for the beautiful from him.

The family exchequer not being adequate per capita, the ambitious girl
had to leave school when only fourteen and begin to earn her own living.
She was clerk for a wholesale house for a number of years, but while she
was busy all through the day with the monotonous drudgery of a down-
town office, her ambition and courage took her to the night school of the
Art Institute with great regularity, until she found the double strain too
great, and the art fervor had to wait. Not long, however, for the sincerity
of the girl was such that she began to save from her modest salary, until
she had a seemingly Carnegie foundation. But it served its purpose, for with
it she was able to begin her career by studying for a time at Olivet Col-
lege, Michigan, the drawing and painting she hungered for. Here, too,
she made her first attempts at modeling. After her $265 fortune had gradually
melted away, she came to Chicago in 1899, and began the serious study of
sculpture, paying for her tuition by work in the Institute library at night.
More than two years of study at the Art Institute were followed by teach-
ing in the summer school. In 1901 Miss Longman’s ambition took her to
New York with just $40 in her pocket. Fortunately, she obtained work for
a time in the studio of Herman A. MacNeil, and later, for a short time, as-
sisted Isidore Konti. Although her most lavish dinner could be set down
in her account book at fifteen cents, the forty dollars was on the vanishing
page. At that critical, yes, tragic juncture, came an offer of work as as-
sistant in the studio of Daniel C. French, today one of America’s greatest
sculptors. From that hour, in the congenial atmosphere of this kind and
helpful artist’s studio, the sky began to brighten. There she toiled for three
years, the way becoming steadily pleasanter and easier, and in time the
orders and work led to a studio of her own.

216
SKATING
Abestenia St. Leger Eberle
Abestenia St. Leger Eberle is one of a group of artists who have found incentive for art expression largely in diminutive statues. Miss Eberle's productions, though usually small, are large with human significance for social inspiration.

It takes all sorts of people to make a world, and all kinds of artists to mobilize for an artistic nation or epoch.

American art really began with the portraits of the first President of the United States, and a few of the loyal, brainy, practical men who assisted in shaping and laying the corner stone of the American republic. Now that the Mayflower Compact, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, the Monroe Doctrine and the Gettysburg Speech have built up and cemented the human walls of the Republic into the fabric of a Nation, the refinements of peace and prosperity are at bud and bloom, in forms of the arts and sciences.

There are many in this American commonwealth who, through the decades of nation-building, have realized that growth and development prepare for the next stratum of national achievement, and so have augmented educational facilities, not only for those born under the flag, but also for all who disembark at our flag-guarded ports.

Abestenia Eberle is a plastic artist of plastic clay, whereby she is modeling the plastic forms, the plastic minds and hearts of the child-life in New York's East Side. She is gifted with art ability, with the understanding of and love for children; she has visions of their value to the world, and helps unthinking people to understand that value. Nowhere is there sculpture more convincingly human than Miss Eberle's. Her studio is a miniature of the community where she dwells. There is the shy little girl, hands in jacket pockets and chin 'way down on her chest; she wants to look up but dare not raise her head—so shy. Then there is "The Little Mother" with the baby in her arms, keeping her out of doors while the mother is washing within. Children are far more expressive than adults who have learned to control their feelings. There is the child flying along on one roller skate, hair to the wind, arms extending in her exhilaration, with no idea that she is skating for the public and into the Metropolitan Museum of Art. She personifies Joy, because she is brimming over with joy.
W O M A N I N A R T

In powerful contrast to such youthful happiness, Miss Eberle has produced another phase of socialistic conditions in a group that speaks for itself, "The White Slave." When the writer came upon that startling presentation of one of the most cruel and criminal practices in the civilized world, the shock was poignant and there flashed to mind two words—Heaven and Hell! Innocence and crime! A monument to depraved human nature. It shows a coarse, repulsive man, outstretched hand and hideous mouth, auctioning off a young girl to the highest bidder. His right hand holds her two wrists firmly behind her back. Her head is bowed low, her hair hiding in part her shamed face. By the position of the knees, they almost refuse to support the nude body. There goes many a cry to heaven against such atrocities, and humanitarians everywhere are doing much toward answering such prayers. Why should not the artist proclaim against an evil as well as to lift high a "Victory," a "Horace Mann" with arm affectionately about a boy who looks love and homage up into the strong face and clear eyes of the child-lover and life-saver.

It is an understood fact that illustration, in this present, is a decided factor in commercial and literary progress, proving that adults as well as children are influenced by pictures, and that the fine arts no less than the liberal arts have a mission beyond beauty, even a didactic use. But sculpture and painting as representatives of the fine arts have, perhaps, the highest, the most deep-seated influence for beauty and character and uplift.

Having chosen one's life work, the circumstances that hedge the path broaden the ideals, lighten the labor, and lift the spirit to higher aspirations, whatever the subjective, or the objective.

Miss Eberle's work seems progressing by these steps.

"The Windy Doorstep" gives the sense of a vigorous, housewifely woman, who does her duty rain or shine. Her clasp on the broom proves her no novice with the anti-dust brigade; the practicality of the artist has made her sweep with the wind, and it was a regular March wind at that.

"The Rag Picker" is a most pathetic figure of an old woman bending over an alley can; it tells its own story. We have all seen it, and are thankful its repetition in real life is becoming yearly less.

Abestenia St. Leger Eberle studied first with George Gray Barnard for three years. In 1904 she was awarded a bronze medal at the St. Louis Exposition. "The Girl On Roller Skates" was bought by the Metropolitan Museum in 1907; "The Windy Doorstep" was awarded the Helen Foster
Barnett prize in 1910 by the Academy of Design, New York; the figure of the veiled "Salome" was bought by an Italian Art Society in Venice; and she is one of the ten women members of the National Sculpture Society.

Miss Eberle believes that the artist may rightfully hold the mirror up that humanity may see itself as others see it. And yet she loves art and the beauty in art; but more does she love the beauty of soul that she recognizes often in the garb of poverty and walking often the blind alley of disappointment.

She also studied at the Art Students' League in New York during three winters; the summers were spent in Porto Rico, where the picturesque natives gave her abundant inspiration. From her teacher and the Art League she gained technique, but only discovered the real line of her interest when her family located in New York. Then it was that she did intimate living portraits, modeling women and the exuberant, life-loving children of the East Side of New York. Like every true artist, Miss Eberle is in love with her art and her work.

After "The Windy Doorstep" gained the Helen Barnett prize in 1910, Miss Eberle was in Italy seeking new motives. She did not have to search for them. She was in Naples, where every American may be sure of a train of motives to choose from, or escape from. The sculptor made her clay models, then came the casting.

She said, "I had never been in Italy before, when fate suddenly sent me to a bronze foundry to have some work done which would necessitate my constant presence there for two months." Her experiences were unique. The penny bus took her up the long hill toward Capo di Monte and the foundry. She found the right number but in the open doorway a white-haired old lady was shelling peas. Thinking herself mistaken, she was about to turn away when the domestic woman answered her inquiry by screaming aloud, 'Antonio! Antonio!' and her son came and invited me into what proved to be the foundry after all." "He had had the plasters some days, and the waxes were ready for me to retouch. There were eight or ten men in the room, all working on bronzes, cleaning, chasing, filing at them or retouching the waxes from which the bronzes are made. I worked from nine o'clock till five for six weeks in that room. The passersby could never get over the sight of a woman, and an American woman at that, working at what they consider a man's trade. Some would exclaim in surprise, 'Dio Mio! A woman? UnaAmericana!' and the padrone would
suavely explain, 'Yes, they do that in America.' 'But to work like a man! Dio Mio!'

Those people have yet to learn,
   "Blessed are they that work,
   For they shall inherit the earth,
   In the dawning day."

A friend of the artist wrote of the beginning of her work on the East Side. It was printed in a supplement years ago and was to be relegated to the barrel of waste paper when the writer rescued the yellow paper just now, and from it makes this quotation:

"A tea-wagon, a rag-picker, the janitor's daughter, and her cat, all are omitted from the brief "Who's Who" narrative of the life of Abastenia Eberle, sculptor. Yet they were as definite factors in her career as a course at Princeton was to Woodrow Wilson's, or a singing teacher in Caruso's. They helped to direct the subsequent course of her life, and to give this country one of its most definitely American plastic artists.

"A friend of Miss Eberle's gave her the tea-wagon. The friend was going away, and the tea-wagon was a mark of appreciation of the many late afternoon hours she had spent in the sculptor's studio with congenial friends. The tea-wagon was as revealing to Miss Eberle as a horoscope. It showed her that she was in danger of settling down to sculp for an audience that liked tea and cake with its art.

"The next day she went down to the East Side and tramped through the swarming streets till she came to the type-swarm she liked best—the massive, sculptural, Russian Jews. It was Madison Street, and she rented a floor in an old-fashioned house, with a dentist on the floor below and a tailor on the ground floor. There were daily visits for a short time, superintending painting and cleaning, and then Miss Eberle moved in—without the tea-wagon. She had set apart one room for the children's playroom, put in some cheap toys, to inveigle some neighboring children. But little Becky Ravinsky anticipated her plan and became part of her life history that first day. The children came, and Miss Eberle displayed the playroom and toys, and said it would be open after school hours and all day Saturdays. No further advertising was needed.

"Now in that neighborhood people live twelve hundred to the block, so children are not scarce. They flocked in far beyond the capacity of the playroom at first, but in time settled down to about twenty-four steadies. Why?
Maybe just as artists form a very small percentage of the community, so do art's and artist's appreciators. And you must have a certain amount of devotion to art to remain long in that playroom circle. There were no rules governing that playroom, except that Miss Eberle liked you to say "Good morning," and put you out for the day if you were too noisy. The door was always open between studio and playroom. But the motive was not to keep tabs—at least not in the school-marm way. One would think the children would have invaded Miss Eberle's privacy rather than she theirs, for she stood there all day at a tall stand playing her own games with heavy, messy, soft clay. But she had drawn a chalk mark—like Merlin's magic circle—around the modeling stand, and none dare invade it except—invited."

If the reader has never been in the studio of a sculptor, there is much lacking in his understanding, pleasure and appreciation of the completed statue, the finished work. Every branch of art calls for its needed environment, like any other work. A painter must not have any dust in his or her studio, while a sculptor’s workshop is of necessity dust-laden. The first clay modeling is free from dust, but the casting in plaster is a dusty proposition; bronze casting has other difficulties, and the cutting of stone varies from all the others. A painter can get along in a room of rather medium size, but a sculptor needs space, high and wide, step-ladder and platform if the work is large. Many an unused barn has been converted into a very productive studio. For summer, at least, Miss Malvina Hoffman works out her inspirations in such an one, in a charming spot in New York, in which she tells us something of her progress up one of the most difficult paths of art. Home influence, and that of travel, have meant more than pleasure to her; they have been of fundamental and evolutionary value in constant unfolding.

"In the first place, I feel that perhaps the most helpful influence in my life of sculpture has been that from my earliest childhood I have been taught to have a profound respect for hard work and good craftsmanship. My father was a most ardent student of his art all his life, and his pianistic career which enabled him to appear in public for fifty years was based on the most sincere and idealistic foundation."

As a girl, Miss Hoffman's first efforts in drawing and painting were directed toward the idea of "earning a trip abroad," which made the eventual realization of the dream a very vital and keen experience—a sense of appreciation and reverence for the Old World has been a continual inspiration
of study. "One cannot emphasize too strongly the inestimable value of con-
stant study of the classic in the arts."

"During three winters in New York I studied dissection and anatomy. My work under Rodin in Paris consisted chiefly in the study of marble
carving and modeling of innumerable clay studies and compositions for
groups. He also insisted upon my drawing from models at least two or three
hours daily. His keen admiration for all the beauty of what he called 'La
Nature de Dieu' drove him to making thousands of drawings, a few dozen
of which are on exhibition in his museum. Sculpture as a profession is not
by nature well suited to a woman's life. The hours of work are naturally
no longer than those of other arts, but the sculptor does his work standing,
climbing ladders, or banging away pretty strenuously with mallet and chisel.
The physical labor of building a really strong armature of iron and wire
and wood, then the manipulation of clay and construction of a figure de-
mands a rather unusual amount of strength and fitness. If the sculptor car-
ries through his work into the realms of stone, marble or wood carving,
this demands far more patience and dogged perseverance than is generally
supposed to be necessary.

"In the art of sculpture, constant study of forms and the practice of
committing these forms to memory is certainly the main road to progress.
Every sculptor should work a certain amount in all materials, for each has
its own limitations and demands. The treatment, for example, of a figure a
foot high would never be adequate for a life-size one, and often the faults
of the latter are mechanically enlarged to a colossal proportion by machinery
and the final monument suffers from just this lack of appropriate treatment
for its proportion, or out-door silhouette and setting. Bronze demands another
treatment entirely from stone."

Only last winter Miss Hoffman was in Jugo-Slavia where she visited
the Academy of Arts in Zagreb directed by Ivan Mestrovic, and was very
much struck by the thorough and practical methods enforced there. Her
own relation of it throws direct light on the sculptural branch of art, that
seems worth while to an appreciation of a finished production, in whatever
medium.

"When a student graduates from this academy after four or five years
he must be able to draw from life and classic casts, and from memory, en-
large or reduce drawings or clay models, model and cast his own work in
plaster, carve in wood or stone, be equipped to understand all the processes
of bronze casting, be able to make and temper his own tool for carving both in stone and wood. In fact, he must be capable of earning his living as a practical craftsman, as well as being an artist when natural gifts show themselves to be existent—and these gifts are not especially encouraged unless thought to be far above the average, a very important factor.

"If such methods could be carried out in all art schools, we would have far more good workmen, and fewer 'near artists'."

For the past two years this strenuous artist has been considering the composition of a group representing the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. It has necessitated the study of horses and monumental architectural sculpture in general; also it has led her into the study of comparative religions, the origin of symbols and ancient decorations. She tells how her travels in Tunisia and the Island of Djerba were most interesting in the light of these subjects; and in Rome—let her own enthusiasm touch the reader.

"Later in Rome and other Italian cities, the splendor of ancient art filled my soul, and more than ever before I should like to lay my homage at the feet of those great masters whose example of industry and passionate knowledge lives on through the ages and carries high the torch of Beauty, so that all may see and learn."

Miss Hoffman's first efforts in sculpture reflect action, energy, and a certain personal element that a true artist must have. Being permitted a glimpse of her personality and equipment, there is no mistake in saying that her appreciation and experience of art development carries the tone of a master.

Malvina Hoffman is one of the leaders toward the high-water mark in sculpture. She has made three portrait busts of Ignace Paderewski, representing respectively "The Man," "The Artist," and "The Statesman." The art value of these, as of others of her work, is beyond question when their place in the world is considered. All have had a fair showing in art centers. Mrs. Henry F. Osborn purchased "The Artist" and presented it to the American Academy in Rome. Interpreted, it is "the embodiment of a soul of dreams." "The Statesman," a most impressive head, has been said to suggest the brooding mystery that recalls the Egyptian; adding to that, it is a powerful face, the brow and eyes portraying deep thought.

A masterpiece by Miss Hoffman is "The Sacrifice," a memorial group of the late Robert Bacon (1860-1919), Secretary of State, Ambassador to France, et cetera, and of the Harvard University men who lost their lives
in the World War. It represents a dead Crusader lying on a cross, his head resting in his mother's lap, and symbolizes "Sacrifice." It is in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York City. It is a case of stone expressing the spirit that was His, and is that of the mother—Sacrifice.

A portrait of "Gervais Elwes" is for Queen's Hall, London, and another exceptionally great work, not yet completed, will also go to London, to be beautifully set in a large, temple-like building.

"La Peri" and a series of panels that the artist has called "Bacchanale Dance" represent poses of Pavloua and her partner. The wisps of diaphanous drapery add grace to the whirling, swirling figures of the dancers. A most difficult thing to achieve is instant action, especially where every muscle is in motion.

"Offrande" is in Parian marble and might be taken for a classic nude in form and beauty, pure and chaste in material and sentiment.

Miss Hoffman was born in New York, June 15, 1887, and is the daughter of Richard Hoffman, a pianist of renown. She studied painting with John W. Alexander, and sculpture with Gutzon Borglum in New York and Auguste Rodin in Paris.

The following are some of her awards: Portrait of S. B. Grimson, honorable mention, Paris, 1911; honorable mention, Panama-Pacific International Exposition, 1915; Shaw Memorial prize, National Academy, New York, 1917; the George D. Widener Memorial Gold Medal, Pennsylvania Academy, 1920; the Helen Foster Barnett prize, National Academy, 1921. Works from her studio are to be seen in the American Museum of Natural History and Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York; the Art Institute of Chicago; the Detroit Museum; the Cleveland Museum, and the Luxembourg Musée, Paris.

Miss Hoffman is a member of the Art Alliance of America, the National Institute of Social Science, the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors, the National Sculpture Society, the Painters' and Sculptors' Gallery Association and honorary member of the Three Arts Club. Her decorations are "Palmes Académique, France, 1920, and "Royal Order of Saint Sava III," Jugo-Slavia, 1921.

During the war Miss Hoffman was director of domestic and foreign information at the New York Chapter of the American Red Cross. She was one of the founders and the American representative of the Appui aux Artistes, a French war charity. In 1918, she organized the American Jugo-Slavia
W O M A N  I N  A R T

Relief, for collecting and distributing food and clothing to the debilitated children of Jugo-Slavia. In 1919, she made a tour of the Balkans for the American Relief Administration, where she gathered information as to the immediate needs of the country and visited the child-feeding stations. These vital human experiences seem to have been of value to the art of Miss Hoffman, rather than a hindrance.

Malvina Hoffman was married to Mr. Samuel Bonarios Grimson June 6, 1924, in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in the St. Ansgarius Chapel, where at present is placed her masterpiece, “Sacrifice.”

Be the artist man or woman, and be their art expressed in sculpture or painting, the dominant element in personality will be the dominant trend in their art. That fact accounts for the variety in taste, ability and appreciation. We realize that fact the more we study “one man shows.” When the work is as large in character as that of Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, the fact is more pronounced.

The sympathy Mrs. Whitney has shown in her helpfulness to younger artists has found a stronger expression in her war sculptures. Her work in plastic art has a vividness and pathos that can only come from one who has been an eye witness of the subject in hand, and whose heart as well as mind has been opened by the sight of suffering and agony, and thrilled with human sympathy and national patriotism that welled up at battle scenes and the hospital aftermath during the World War.

Thus her experience in France has made cold granite and marble eloquent with her message to a peace-loving world.

One hardly needs to refer to the names that signalize the heroic groups from the studio of Mrs. Gertrude Whitney. “Blindness” is pitifully human, and the Good Samaritan soldier guiding him is possessed of that spirit of brotherhood that flowered more and more as bloomed the poppies red on Flanders Fields. “Honorably Discharged” is the lame man leaning upon his crutch; he has done what he could. Each name brings a vivid rehearsal of the horrible warfare. “Chateau-Thierry,” “At His Post,” “Refugees,” “Gassed,” “Spirit of the Red Cross,” all speak to the soul of the subject.

Mrs. Whitney’s technique is decidedly her own, indeed it might be considered the impressionism in sculpture; as some one has expressed it, “impressions caught out of a war-ridden air,” for it surely partakes of the conditions existing when she made her sketches. For heroic works seen at a distance, it is most effective. Knowing this, the artist made a bit of an
Italian garden of the space at the rear of her studio as environment for some of her work. A relief in marble of "The Blind Soldier" was particularly significant embowered amid evergreens.

The Titanic memorial, given by the women of America to be erected in Washington, D. C., is the work of Mrs. Whitney. The position of the half-draped man with outstretched arms is that of a man in the water about to take another stroke, which he does not take, and the arms are upborne by the water. Here again is the pathos of a tragedy.

One of Mrs. Whitney's latest achievements is most striking in its symbolism. It is a tall marble shaft surmounted by a huge spread eagle upon whose back an American soldier in a floating attitude is holding a long sword, point downward. The eagle has just alighted from the west; the soldier comes with drawn sword to assist in bringing peace. In commemoration of the landing of American troops, this remarkable memorial stands aloft on the rock-bound coast at Saint Nazaire, France.

In the beautiful courtyard of the Pan-American Building at Washington, D. C., is a work by Mrs. Whitney in absolute harmony with the name and purpose of the structure—an Aztec Fountain. Primitive in design, simple in treatment, it might impress one as a relic of the past.

Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney did not take up sculpture till after the birth of her daughter, and began her art study at the New York Students' League, later with Daniel C. French and James Earl Fraser. In Paris she came under the influence of Auguste Rodin, who offered her the use of his studio and suggestions. The influence of his technique is apparent in some degree in her work, in the broad suggestiveness of treatment. The fountain of "Eldorado" is Mrs. Whitney's work.

Edith Woodman Burroughs has been very successful with portrait busts, one in particular, a strong forceful likeness of John Bigelow, the author and diplomat. This, if no others were seen, is characteristic of her method of representing personality. Mrs. Burroughs has done other big work, big from the standpoint of her outlook on life and its effects on her sitter, and unconsciously on herself, which gives her the introspection and freedom of expression in her work.

Bancroft was gifted with prophetic vision when he realized that "Westward the star of Empire takes its way," a star that has guided thousands toward the sunset land, that has proved to be the sunrise land to them.

Iowa is one of the great granary states of the country, but intellectuality
finds it productive also. Genius may be a respecter of persons, but not of locality. Yet the locality will be enhanced in interest in proportion to the development of the genius.

The little town of Moulton, Iowa, was the early home of Nellie Verne Walker, one of the foremost sculptors in the United States. Like most eldest daughters in a family of six children, her time and talent were devoted to household affairs and the ordinary school. When sixteen years old, she left home duties to the younger helpers and went into her father's tombstone shop, for he was a maker of monuments. There she learned to smooth and polish marble, cut epitaphs and decorative borders; she became acquainted with the feeling and texture of stone, and the opportunity thus opened suggested other and more beautiful things than tombstones to be made from marble. She had scarcely been outside of her native town, hence had never seen a statue and had no idea of the processes of sculpture. She knew that statues could be carved from stone, and she began to dream and plan for making something out of stone.

In the shop yard there was an appealing block of marble neatly squared for a pedestal. She asked if she might have it to make into a bust of Lincoln. After a few days of diplomatic intercourse she was given the block, and with great enthusiasm began to carve the head of the great President. In twenty-four days it was done, cut directly from the picture into the stone. It was crude enough—but remember she had never seen anything she could use as model for technique; the work was hard and uncompromising, but it did look like Lincoln.

Her first success inspired her with the determination to become a sculptor. The family was friendly toward her ambition, but in spite of that, there were plenty of difficulties in the way. But the girl who persisted in her efforts to acquire that first block of marble until she got it was not to be daunted.

On the first day of the first month of the first year of the twentieth century, Nellie V. Walker arrived in Chicago to begin her career with a course at the Art Institute under Lorado Taft. Beginning as a student, it was not long before she was an assistant instructor in modeling, so between being a teacher and a pupil she spent seven or eight years at the institute.

Very naturally, a large proportion of her works were memorial pieces, and she has made a name for herself as a sculptor of monuments. Her designs are original, beautiful in proportion, while the dignity and sincerity
have a remarkable appeal. She has great discrimination in choice of subject, variety in treatment and excellence in technique. Her versatility of design, which means thought, it emphasized by two monuments to the same man in Colorado Springs, Colorado.

One of Miss Walker's earlier works is the Winfield Scott Stratton memorial in their beautiful cemetery, erected 1907. The material of a work of sculpture is a large factor in the decision of its treatment. The crystalline hardness of granite demands simplicity of style. The Stratton Memorial is a rough boulder about nine feet high, the name cut in a sunken plane on the rear. In keeping with the reverse, the front is adorned with two figures emerging from the surface of the rock, partially blended into it, following its irregularly curved outlines. On the rough-finished stone between the two figures is cut the inscription, "'Tis not enough to help the feeble up, but to support him after." The figures illustrate this spirit of philanthropy. One erect and firmly poised reaches her hand out to the other, a younger and more slight figure with veiled face. Soft draperies fall about them in simple folds. The head of the drooping figure is bowed and suggests dependence, while the strong, fine features of the helper radiate a calm power. The firm chin, the tender mouth and steady eyes, the fine forehead—all are notes in an ideal character portrayal.

Nellie Walker's second memorial to this man of philanthropic memory was placed in Stratton Park of the same city, 1908, but repeated claud-bursts have ruined the Park, so the statue was removed to the city. It is difficult to believe that the two were designed by the same artist. The public monument is a portrait statue in bronze, which admits of more detailed treatment, but the coat and trousers of the present day do not lend readily to charming lines or picturesque folds. All the more praise, then, if the artist produces truth and beauty from the combined circumstances. The young artist did this, and gave freedom and vigor to the portrait. The overcoat has almost the swing of a mediaeval cloak, while the broad-brimmed hat held in his hand is dramatically typical of the West. He stands like a man on the brow of a hill to scan the landscape, and is a most satisfactory characterization of the man.

Miss Walker has many beautiful monuments to her credit, scattered over this wide western world, in Minneapolis and several in Michigan. One of remarkable grace and beauty is in Battle Creek, erected in 1911—the Johannes Decker monument. Against a rather low wall of light granite
"Memory," a tall figure in bronze, stands with out-stretched arms hanging her laurel wreaths upon the corners of the stone against which she leans. The pose and balance are exceedingly well done, the head bowed, the eyes downcast in profound contemplation.

A recent composition by Miss Walker represents Senator Isaac Stephenson, "Pioneer, Lumberman, Statesman." An impression of sheltered intimacy is produced by the arrangement of the figure against an architectural background. Thus while framed and bounded, the seated bronze figure is in high relief. Rich drapery over the back of the chair overflows onto the granite frame, breaking any formality of line.

An incident that occurred after the unveiling of the statue is of interest, when we know that Miss Walker had never seen the man but had worked from photographs and the reading of his biography. An old employee, who had worked in Mr. Stephenson's mills for many years, went up to the statue, placed his hand on the knee and looking up into the face, said, "Well, Isaac, I see you again."

An Iowa city on the Mississippi River treasures Miss Walker's statue of its "patron saint," Chief Keokuk. On the spot where this leader of the Sac and Fox tribes held his war councils, less than a century ago, he stands in bronze, half again as large as life, looking out over the broad Father of Waters.

Quite recently Miss Walker has made a figure of more than life size—one of the finest things she has ever done—which was conceived originally to be erected on the grounds of a large hospital. The figure will, however, be used as a soldiers' memorial. It is a figure of great idealism and significance, the most fitting and perfect tribute which any institution could erect. It is the figure of a young man clean-limbed and muscular, finely developed, a thoroughbred air about him, slender yet strong. His left hand gathers folds of heavy drapery against his thigh; his right holds at arm's length before him the Torch of Life. The firm grasp of his fingers, the steadiness of that outstretched arm, are significant of steadfast purpose. The figure of "Courage" is broad and high in its symbolism.

For the expression of the ideal, Miss Walker not only touched it but exalted it in a statue that made and announced her reputation. "Her Son" has been seen in the Chicago Art Institute for a number of years, a theme that for centuries has tempted the pencil, brush, and chisel of mankind—the Mother and Child.
This might be the Madonna and her Son; it may be the interpretation of the universal spirit of motherhood. Miss Walker does not say. Yet to many minds it seems to relate itself to that day when Mary found the Child in the temple. There is a questioning in the mother's face, a wondering over the revelation of the Child's new-found wisdom; an awe as she realizes His high destiny. And the boy seems to be seeing visions with his clear eyes, seems to be putting aside the mother's hand, as He steps forth to begin His "Father's business."

Nellie Walker has accomplished some worthwhile sculptured reliefs. In the State House at Springfield, Illinois, is a bronze tablet commemorating the Illinois soldiers of the War of 1812. It depicts a young frontiersman in the costume of his day, fringed buckskin shirt and trousers and coonskin cap with the tail down his back, and with his powder horn and long rifle. Sketched lightly in the background is the picture of old Fort Dearborn, surrounded by its stockade, with its blockhouse at the corner. The romance and hardihood of the frontier days is vividly suggested.

Two huge reliefs carved in the marble facade of the new library of the Iowa State College at Ames had their problems for the artist which she mastered with skill.

Miss Walker is one of the three Chicago members of the National Sculpture Society, also a member of the Association of Chicago Painters and Sculptors, and of the now defunct Society of Western Artists. The Cordon Club, composed of women prominent in the professions and arts, elected her president, which position she held for three years. She is a member of the Daughters of 1812 (who were responsible for the bronze tablet in the State House at Springfield), also a Daughter of the American Revolution.

Miss Walker has other qualities by gift of nature that have combined with her early desire to cut stone, and her splendid training in technique with such a master as Lorado Taft. She has drawn on her versatile imagination for subject and composition, and then, with a directness of attack, has put vital feeling into her material, a vitality and will that supplements the will to work and produces the power we call individuality, and which forecasts even greater development for the future of her art.

For some years the art world has enjoyed the sculptural work of Anna Vaughn Hyatt. Be the work small or large, lovers of art have not only enjoyed the creations of her thought and hand, but have experienced a real interest in the development of that thought, that technique, till now, if a
W O M A N I N A R T

work is on view with her name attached, the gallery guest halts—the statue or its diminutive is eminently worth studying.

As to size, subject, harmony, truth and technique, the biggest thing Miss Hyatt has done is the equestrian statue of Joan of Arc, which stands at a commanding view on Riverside Drive at Ninety-Third Street, New York City. It was made for the open, and the environment enhances the strength and dignity of the Maid of Orleans at command, done in the spirit and understanding of its creator. It is an exemplification of the fact that “it takes a woman to understand a woman,” even the inspirations of a peasant girl of a far-away country and century, a far-removed condition and necessity of a people and their homes.

Who that has seen that dignified statue by Miss Hyatt has not thought of the stupendous mental and physical work involved in the making of that serene and finished monument to art and the artist, no less than to the Maid of Orleans? The artist is serene and direct in her work, regardless of the labor entailed. To construct the frame for the heroic group, and to use for the first essay some three tons of clay, was no easy task for a woman; and to this was added the years of study for the accessories, such as armour, trappings for the horse, et cetera. A huge work, but it was a success.

Animal life has been a special study with Miss Hyatt, hence her spirited horse was from the life. A replica of the statue was in the Paris Salon and received honorable mention; it was said that had the jury known it was the work of a woman they would have given it the first prize, so remarkable is its strength and spirited handling. “Never was great art a side show, or an aftermath. It dominates or dies,” has been truly said.

From viewing such a masterpiece one naturally thinks back to the girlhood of such an artist. Anna Vaughn Hyatt was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, March 10, 1876, the daughter of Alpheus and Audella Beebe Hyatt. She was educated in her native town at a private school. At the age of sixteen she was a pupil at the Art Students’ League, New York; she studied under Herman A. MacNeil, with Gutzon Borglum and with Rodin in Paris. In 1917 Miss Hyatt was awarded the Auguste Rodin medal for sculpture. Not many of her works are monumental. A memorial is in Lancaster, New Hampshire, also one in Dayton, Ohio. Smaller statues are in the Metropoli-
tan, Carnegie, Cleveland, Edinburgh and other museums. Miss Hyatt has a Joan of Arc in Gloucester, Massachusetts, and in Blois, France, on which

231
was conferred honorable mention, 1910. Another, standing in the attitude of prayer, is in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York.

Many honors and prizes have come to this artist, among them the silver medal at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, 1915; the same year she received from the French Government the Purple Rosette with Palm. She was awarded a gold medal from the Plastic Club, 1916; the Saltus Medal, National Academy of Design, 1920; the Legion of Honor, 1922, and was elected a National Academician in 1923.

A bronze lion stretching out and yawning proves himself in a natural mood rather than a posed model. "White Horses of the Sea" is a novel idea that Miss Hyatt worked out most gracefully. It represents a huge wave rolling in, its foam formed of the heads and manes of a phalanx of white horses. In the Gorham Gallery was seen a fountain where a nymph, holding aloft a garland of flowers, is laughing at a trio of doves perched on it; one on the brink is drinking, a dainty device.

On March 10, 1923, Miss Hyatt was married to Archer M. Huntington, LL.D., founder and president of the Hispanic Society of America.

When preparing Jackson Park to receive the World’s Columbian Fair in Chicago, 1892, there was a group of capable, busy women working on the adornments for the Woman’s Building before the structure was ready for them. Among them Enid Yandell, of Louisville, Kentucky, was working out her idea of supports for the entablature on the second story of the balcony. From the ancient Greeks she borrowed the idea of caryatids being the supports, and for that purpose modeled and made strong yet graceful figures which added greatly to the beauty and dignity of the facade of the building.

Enid Yandell is the daughter of Dr. Lundsford Pitts and Louise Eliston Yandell, born in Louisville, 1870. She is a graduate of the Cincinnati Art School, pupil of Philip Martiny in New York and of MacMonnies and Auguste Rodin in Paris. She was decorated at the Académié by the French Government in 1906; was awarded the Designer’s Medal at Columbian Fair in 1893; has exhibited frequently at the Paris Salon since 1895; received the Silver Medal at the Nashville Exposition in 1897, honorable mention at the Pan-American in 1901, and bronze medal at St. Louis, 1904.

In 1907 Miss Yandell organized the Branstock School of Art, Edgartown, Martha’s Vineyard, Massachusetts. Her works have been numerous: the Carrie Brown Memorial Fountain, Providence, Rhode Island, 1900; a
bust of William T. Bull, of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, 1909; a sun dial for Oliver Harriman, 1900; the Emma Willard Memorial at Albany, New York; Chancellor Garland, Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee; the Hogan Fountain, Louisville, also the Daniel Boone Monument. Each year she produces new work.

The states of our southwest have opened more slowly to the influence of cultural arts than have those of the northwest, owing in large measure to the topography and climatic influence of that section of the country. Art is affected by these, both in the activities and in the subjects for art. Aside from interests in, and work of, railroad construction, thanks are due to the enterprise and inspiration of pioneer painters whose art, pictorial of scenes, Indians and their habitats, broadcast a translation of primitive America to modern civilization, such art serving as a record for the future.

Julia Bracken was born in Illinois, but from early childhood the sun, the wind, the freedom and broad stretches of mountain and plain have surrounded her, wooed and won her as completely as did the great landscape painter whose name is irrevocably linked with hers. Her studies were at the Art Institute, Chicago, under instruction of Lorado Taft. She had two inherent gifts that have made her the artist she is—the power to see, both objects and opportunity, and the power to use them, to make them her own.

She was only twenty when the Columbian Fair began to spring up all over Jackson Park; when water channels began to form islands and fairy-like bridges spanned the lagoons, and steel skeletons began to grow their outer covering of staff. Then it was that the young woman saw her opportunity and took hold, saw in the mass of material and scaffolds possibilities which her co-workers did not dream her capable of putting forth. However, her masters were quick to discover the mental gift that guided her hands, and she was given every opportunity to exercise her ability to the fullest degree of execution. It was her idea of placing against the pilasters on the upper balcony of the Woman's Building carved figures typifying the attributes of woman, and it was she who carried it into execution, even to superintending the raising of those great caryatids to their high pedestals when the workmen were baffled at the great difficulties. Another important World's Fair group by this young woman was "Illinois' Welcome to the Nations." This fine conception now stands in the State Capitol at Springfield.

For the St. Louis Fair of 1904, this sculptor was commissioned the
statue of James Monroe, fifth President of the United States. An Eastern writer of note said of it: "Miss Bracken has made many fine portrait busts, and not a few statues, but the simplicity of the man standing in close coat and knee breeches, his hand resting on a pedestal which supports a globe, is well managed and dignified. This work will be one of a collection of statues of important men which is to enrich the front of the Hall of Fame at St. Louis. Miss Bracken is the only woman whose sculpture will find a place in this Pantheon. Her work honors Woman, and more, it honors Sculpture."

A splendid portrait relief of Emerson is one of her strongest, as is also one of Perez Hastings Field, another of Charles R. Crane, of Chicago, and many others.

Other works are a "Young Pan," a "Nymph" gracefully kneeling toward a water-course of which she would drink from one hand, the other holding back her waving hair as she bends forward.

A strong work, though small, represents "Napoleon in Exile." The great man is sunken deeply in his chair, while he contemplates a small globe of the world which he holds in his hands. The futility of personal ambition was never more wonderfully portrayed.

"The Tree of Life" is a design for a holy water font, full of potent suggestion and deep religious sentiment.

A friend says, "This sculptor believes that all art should be spontaneous, and that it should come from the emotion or thought of the artist, who should never force himself to work at it when the creative impulse is not there. The true artist does not make art his main business in life, for if he does he becomes narrow, one-sided, thrown out of all sympathy with the Divine Realities."

Mrs. Went has modeled for her art from the bronze-like children of sun and sand, and cast into bronze playfellows, descendants perhaps, of the one-time cliff dwellers.

Julia Bracken Went has long been a member of the Chicago Society of Artists, and the Municipal Art League of Chicago; also of the Federation Art Association and the Three Arts Club of Los Angeles, California. Her awards and prizes have been many: The Municipal Art League of Chicago, 1898 and 1905; a gold medal, Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, 1915. A sculptural group of Art, Science and History in the Los Angeles
Museum of Art is one of her latest and best. Mrs. Went is also an instructor in the Otis Art Institute at Los Angeles.

Bessie Potter Vonnah has contributed much to the enjoyment of thousands of people who appreciate her inimitable groups in plaster and bronze. Her subjects and handling are dainty, natural and graceful. During war times the writer chanced on a group representing Motherhood. It was small, but came in answer to a clarion call of an acute, urgent need sounding in the ears of womanhood and manhood everywhere. It was the tonic diapason of war—and the dominant note, “Help! Help!” from the Red Cross sounded continually, and continually humanity responded according to its ability. About two hundred artists flocked to a Fifth Avenue House placing their art works on the altar of mercy, and among the canvases, water colors, pastels and plastic works stood the significant group, “Motherhood.” The mother, standing, holds the baby close in her left arm, her right hand on the shoulder of a winsome little maid of four or five, who clasps the hand of a younger sister as both stand in front of their mother. The ease and grace of the group is delightful, the faces of the children sweet, the face of the mother sad and thoughtful. Viewing it conjured a background of thought, of question—Where in France is the father?

At the Paris Salon, 1900, Mrs. Vonnah was given a medal for a group, “A Young Mother.” At the St. Louis Exposition, 1904, she had a case of statuettes, among them a “Dancing Girl,” “A Creeping Baby,” “A Portrait Relief” and others. The Panama-Pacific Exhibition had a room exclusively of woman’s work, wherein was seen an interesting collection of the art of Mrs. Vonnah in little. “Enthroned,” “Maidenhood,” and “Youth” were phases of real life attractive to old and young, while scattered through other galleries, by way of adornment, one came upon “The Intruder,” “Butterflies,” “Grecian Draperies,” and the most dainty “Pond Lilies.”

As Bessie Potter, the pupil in this dainty phase of sculpture studied at the Chicago Art Institute with Lorado Taft, and like most of his pupils, had the ambition to accomplish worthwhile things, which she has done with her innate ability.

Janet Scudder is another of those successful sculptors who has enjoyed “working” through all the processes and years from mud pies to clay birds and figures, up and on to bronze and marble things of beauty, for the rest
of the world to enjoy. Sprightly fauns and dancing nymphs, water babes, and sportive dolphins come out into the world from her studio, to take their places on velvet lawns, seemingly to play at peek-a-boo with the sunlight and shadow amid the trees. Some in fountains splash and play and spatter lilies and lotus and the breeze with spray. In someone’s garden a maiden stands holding a birdbath in both her hands, and, unafraid, birds flutter in and flirt with the water with head and wing.

Yes, Miss Scudder had to learn how to do it, so she went from Terre Haute, Indiana, where she was born, in 1873, and became a pupil under Rebisso, in the Cincinnati Art Academy; and having acquired technical knowledge, she did the rest. That included study in Europe to the progress of her art, till she was the first woman whose sculpture was bought for the Luxembourg Gallery.

Harriet W. Freshmuth is a strong worker in the round, as might be expected from one whose study was mostly with the great Rodin and Gutzon Borglum.

Edith B. Parsons, though the mother of a family, has done much with sculptures from animal life. Her work is spontaneous and, partaking of her spirit, the modeled animals look ready for an instantaneous change.

Carrol Brooks MacNiel has devoted her art to small creatures and people, much of it in the humorous and playful spirit, and all exquisitely modeled.

Edith Freeman Sherman, a graduate from the Chicago Art Institute, under Lorado Taft, has carried on her work while caring for a growing family. She has taught for three years in the American College at Honolulu, Hawaii, while her husband was president. She has several portrait busts and groups to her credit, and still continues modeling in clay and developing the character of three fine children.

During the month of May, 1915, an exhibition of original sculpture was held by American women at the Gorham Galleries, New York. For the sake of noting progress during the interim, we quote a little from the report:

"Of the life-size portrait busts shown, Gail Sherman Corbett’s was the most important. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney showed an excellent study of a head in marble. Janet Scudder was represented by a bronze girl with
W O M A N  I N  A R T

a fish, it being one of her fountain series. Edith Burroughs’ “Water Baby” is also a fountain, the child beautifully modeled. Laura Gardin Frazier exhibited the most successful of all, a table fountain unusual in conception and execution. The figure of the bashful little child is charming, naive and original in character, while the decorative bas-relief on the pedestal is well modeled. Among other designs was a mare and foal by Helen Morton, and a lioness and cubs by Elizabeth Norton. Stina Gustafson’s Celtic Memorial Cross was impressive. Another fountain was “A Girl and a Dolphin,” by Harriett Frishmuth, and was one of the most successful of the large subjects. One of the dainty things was a Bird Bath by Caroline P. Ball, and the wish went out that every garden might have one.

The Chicago Art Institute has a beautiful piece of sculpture by Helen B. Robinson-Ingles called Inspiration. The group shows Inspiration standing back of the young girl, whispering into her mind as she touches her hands. An earnest thought prompts her to rise, but inspiration interferes.

Both faces are sweet and earnest while the ensemble is grace itself. The marble is beautifully carved to show light and shade.
PART IV

Motherhood in Art

CHAPTER XX

Gospel of Beauty. Mary of the Hebrews; Saint Monica and Her Son. Mothers in Renaissance Painting.

“A woman who creates and sustains a home, and under whose hands children grow up to be strong and pure men and women, is a creator second only to God.”—Helen Hunt.

The poetry of art is drawn from the poetry of nature. All pictures are not on canvas, nor are they wall paintings. Here is a picture to listen to. Let your mind supply the color, the light and shade and the spirit, which is the life of all true beauty. The sketch is from life, from the “Birks o’ Aberfelde,” hidden amid the Scottish Highlands.

The Sabbath morning air was radiant, pure and clear. At the foot of the birches on the steep hillside the woodland stream rushed, rippled, and splashed into sparkling light and glee.

The church bells had chimed, and the breezes
Had wafted the echo along,
Till lost in commingled music
Of the forest’s leafy song.
The birds above and around me,
In a carnival of glee,
Poured forth their sweetest praises
On wing, on bush, and tree.

The slender white steeple of the little kirk pierced the thick foliage. Neat white homes faced the road that surrounded the sacred precinct of the village common, hedged about by hawthorn in full bloom. Each side of the common had a stile of its own. No one was seen on the street till the bell called them, then from every doorway, with reverence in voice and mein, old and young turned their steps toward the door of the kirk. Young men and maidens carried the Bible, but more often James took that of Janet with his own; or Donald plucked a spray of bluebells that blushing Ruth accepted and tucked in the edge of her bodice, as he handed her over the stile. O
that stile, with its three steps up and its three steps down! There was need of the helping hand. The elderly gentleman tenderly helped the little old lady up those three steps and down on the other side amid forget-me-nots and clover. Her fringed shawl caught on a thorn, his eager fingers quickly disentangled it, and with a lover's look under the brim of her prim gray bonnet he questioned, "All right now, mother?" They had walked life's path together for well nigh sixty years, and babes once cradled in her arms were leading their stalwart sons and daughters to the house of prayer and praise.

It truly is beautiful!—and that beauty is all spirit, from nature and the human heart.

A minister in his prayer one Spring morning thanked God for the blessing of beauty and uplift that comes to us in sunshine, in the fresh budding and bloom of Spring; for the beauty written in books, painted in pictures, and carved from marble. That thought prompted the theme given here, the Gospel of Beauty.

What is a blessing? A gift with the good will and love of the giver. It promotes happiness and well-being. We know that beauty answers to that description, but how many of us ever thought to thank God for beauty? We are a working people in this world, and those who appreciate what life means are earnest workers, and the thing that appeals to a busy man or woman is the thing that is of use, that is worthwhile.

The Giver of our blessings never gives with meager hand, holding back a part till we deserve the whole, but with a largess boundless as the love that comes with the gift, He gives all gifts, and only love requires. So we have a great assortment to choose from, beauty of nature and beauty from the handiwork of man; the appealing beauty of helplessness and the compelling beauty of strength; the pulsing physical beauty, and the fadeless beauty of spirit, also the combined beauty of power and restraint producing grandeur.

Man-made beauty has man's thought in it. Nature’s beauty has God's thought in it. We have already learned to recognize an artist by his work. Two or three canvases from one man's easel will acquaint you with his character, his thought and technique, choice of color scheme and subjects. Let your mind recall canvases by Corot, Inness and Waugh.

When mediaeval man was tempted by brush and color, it was sorrow and suffering that gave his pencil power. His thought was of the dead. The
dying Christ, emaciated by pain, fasting and grief of soul far more than pain of body, was painted for the saving grace that the God-man brought to the earth-man.

The motive of those painters was religious.

In that non-age of books (save the Latin of the clergy) such sad and gruesome panels in church and cloister enforced the lesson, "A life for a life." None of us enjoy those paintings of the pre-renaissance period, but we learn something of the thought and development of that time through those agonizing pictures. They began with the fact of sorrow and suffering. As the effect of that redeeming sacrifice and the love that prompted it grew through the centuries, enriching the hearts that accepted it, artists painted from the cross back to the cradle. They painted disciples, Magdalens, cripples and suffering humanity that crept and crowded with the throng, reaching out to touch the robe of the human-framed Divinity who healed their diseases. Backward were those painters led through the dark of sin and suffering till they gazed on the Morning Star and found the Babe of Bethlehem.

That epoch marked the dawn of the renaissance of art, of faith, of letters, and the Christ-child became its most luminous cause and effect. Correggio's "Holy Night" illustrates just that, for the light that radiates from Him, the Bethlehem Babe, reveals Himself to those who seek him. He is the Light of the World. If one looks long at this painting it seems to increase in luminousness. Note the woman shielding her eyes from the light.

Art and religion went hand in hand and the Psalm of the Psalmist began its fulfillment in the hearts and on the canvases of men,—"And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us." And the beauty came, not from without, but like the beauty of the lily it came from the inner growth outward.

The renaissance was not confined to painting; it was the awakening of soul, gifted with new vision, new thought, and looking higher for its inspiration. No wonder painting was considered a divine art. Artists brought a scripture knowledge to their work in chapel, church, wall and window. No immoral person was permitted to work on any sacred edifice.

Mothers with children in arms or trailing at their skirts stood awe-struck before Nativities, Miracles, Crucifixions and Ascensions. Remember, there were no books, no libraries for the populace, and adults as well as children learned of the Bible and life from pictures. The Lamb symbolized meekness. The dove taught a fluttering lesson of incomprehensible spirit and peace. The faces of men and women were changing, influenced by a
change in environment, but more by the development of the spirit within. Those were years of strong contrasts—a reconstruction period. The world is passing through another in our day.

The art of the renaissance, or of the Italian masters, presents human development more vividly than do books, for man not only expresses himself in his work, but his enlightenment makes him faithful to his subject. Madonnas chosen fifty years apart chronologically show an uplifting influence.

In the subject of Motherhood In Art we see much beside the painter's craft, manifold as it is in technique, drawing, composition, color, etc. History, development of character and science, all depict the working of the spirit in the life of man, or the lack of it, which saddens the life.

Much in art had expressed the symbolic in the beginning of the fourteenth century when, thanks to Massaccio, the knowledge of perspective and foreshortening, the more perfect study of the human form in the handling of light and shade, gave more of naturalness to the results of art, and figures stood out independent of their background, and the phrase and fact of "realism" was applied to art.

Fra Angelico was the first of the Dominican Order to claim art as his birthright, and the last of the great painters to express his love of beauty in the terms of symbolism. Not all of his drawing was after the perfection of the Greeks, yet much was superior to the art prior to his time.

As "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," so was the spirit of the man expressed in the output of his brush. Love, purity and peace seem dominant in his nature, and on his canvas or wall. Of the angels and Madonnas that illumined the gray convent walls, the "Madonna of the Star" is typical of his work and subject, that subject being uppermost in his religious thought and life, and the technical being the result of his youthful work as illuminator of letters and borders of manuscripts. His angels of music, with their jeweled wings and elaborately bordered robes, emphasize the fact of his early training in that particular and minute form of art. "The Madonna of the Star" is very beautiful in its color against a background of radiating gold lines, signifying the sacredness of the mother and child, and which, as an accessory to a painting, was reminiscent of Byzantine art and symbolism.

Madonnas were usually represented seated, enthroned, and there is a churchly dignity in the standing Madonna, the child on her arm, but the
It is now in Dresden

DIE VERLOBUNG DER HEIL. KATHARINA.
Andrea del Sarto—1486—1531
attitude is not that of mother and child; rather is it that of a model, as undoubtedly the original was, a model who was not a mother but a woman whom the baby knew or it would not have rested its forehead against her cheek. The lack of the spirit of motherhood is the reason for choosing this masterpiece of five hundred years ago as a criterion of art to start from.

Practically a hundred years later Andrea del Sarto gave to the art world "The Marriage of Saint Catherine" which represents the enthroned Madonna, the Child on her knee of about to put the ring on the finger of Saint Catherine who, kneeling, extends her finger to receive it. Saint Barbara sits gracefully to balance the picture, while on the lower step a little cherub has his arms about the neck of a young lamb. A cherub on either side holds back drappings of the canopy, thus forming a harmonious composition.

It is the only Madonna we recall which has a smiling countenance; her position is graceful and with no suggestion of posing for a picture; and the baby, balanced by the mother’s left hand on his shoulder, is just a dimpled, winsome little human of about a year old, his face one bewitching smile, his interest fastened on the lamb and cherub on the lower step,—the most lovely babe in the realm of Italian renaissance painting. The mere thread of glory above each saintly head is in marked contrast to the Byzantine disks of gold.

A contemporary painter with Raphael, being but three years older, but living thirty-five years longer, was Lorenzo Lotto (1480-1555), who sweetly expressed the spirit of motherhood in his painting of the Madonna, the Christ-child and the young St. John the Baptist, which is one of the beauties of the Dresden Gallery. The mother, simply and artistically gowned in the period of the renaissance, sits by the open window that gives a view of a bit of landscape. The Child lies in her lap leaning toward St. John who is leaning against the mother’s knee as he receives the caress of the infant Jesus,—a painting which the mind easily locates in the home at Nazareth, and for that very reason adding to its influence as a churchly picture of motherhood.

In marked contrast to such simplicity and truth, the great master of color, Titian, painted a most ambitious Holy Family for a wealthy Venetian official. There are ten figures grouped on the marble steps of a portentous, pillared facade, aside from the Madonna and Child, who are merely accessory to the Pesaro family. The head of the family monopolizes the center of the canvas as Saint Peter, the large key of heaven, attached to his great toe,
WOMAN IN ART

pendant on the marble steps. Kneeling men in the foreground display the richness of Venetian brocade in mantelletta and cope, and the turbaned head of Mohammed inclines to the substituted figures of Frederick II, who upholds the elaborated embroidered banner of Venice. A monk, of the tonsured crown and rope girdle, stands on the opposite side of the canvas speaking to the Infant in the arms of the mother, who is seated on the base of the column. A floating cloud bisects the great columns, and within it appear two cherubs holding a small cross. The whole is a masterpiece of Titian's color and the magnificence of Venice.

Raphael painted seventy-four Madonnas in his short life, beside stanzas, signature walls, church pictures, etc. The Madonnas painted in his earlier years seem more spiritual, of a more inspiring countenance and younger in years, thereby expressing a scriptural and traditional statement concerning the youth of the Virgin. Some of the holy mothers depicted in art give an impression of a careworn spirit, when perhaps it expresses such a fact in the life of the woman who served as model. In contrast is the Madonna di San Sisto in the Dresden Gallery, considered the most wonderful of all representations of the Virgin. In that rare face we read the heart-thoughts of the young, the wondering mother. We wonder, we question as she must have questioned many times and oft, concerning the meaning, the mystery, the mission of her Son.

Mary, of the Hebrews, was not only versed in the prophecies of their scriptures but her mind and spirit had been imbued by the Holy Spirit, and an angel of God had foretold her of the birth of the Child she holds in her arms. Inspired by the sacred honor of motherhood and the mystery and fact of prophecy fulfilled, with yet more to be fulfilled, the San Sisto Madonna looks into the future with wonderment and awe. The responsibility and love that has come to her with her sweet and marvelous babe gleams from her face and from her clasp of the little one to her breast. He is hers yet not hers. He is born with a mission, and the mother is God's helper in preparing Him for that mission. The throng of thoughts that mean motherhood can be read in that saintly face, and so powerful is thought to the human soul that the soul of the Child seems one with hers.

Such is the beauty and mystery of spirit.

It was the mystery of prophecy that gave Mary the words of the "Magnificat": "My soul doth magnify the Lord, henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."
Relative to the women who emerged from the brush of Raphael, we quote from one of his letters to his friend, Count Castiglione: “I should think myself master if it (his painting of Galatea) possessed one-half of the merits of which you write.............To paint a picture truly beautiful, I should see many beautiful forms...........but beautiful women being rare, I avail myself of certain ideas which come into my mind. If this idea has any excellence in art I know not, though I labor heartily to acquire it.”

Not all painters of saints and Madonnas were as spiritual as was Raphael or as gifted in ideals as he.

One of the most human, hence motherly, of his mothers, is called “The Madonna della Sedia,” and the incident that has sometimes accompanied the enjoyment of the picture in the Pitti Palace, savors of a fact. In brief, the artist, sauntering through a bit of woodland for recreation, happened upon the hut of a woodman. A mother was hushing her little child to sleep; an older child was playing at the doorstep. The artist paused and asked permission to make a drawing of the babe in her arms. Having no material with which to work, he wandered further and found a part of a barrel head; then stirring the ashes where the family fire had been, he found a bit of charcoal and made his sketch. It is one of the most loved of all his Madonnas.

Let us see what later painters show concerning the influence of the Mother and Child. Another incident of the early Christian centuries leads to the subject of the painting.

A Christian woman had an only son for whom she worked and prayed, fearing the influence of the wild youths of Alexandria during his adolescent years. One day he told his mother he was going to Rome with a number of the “fellows.” Her efforts and entreaty made him the more determined to go. She knew enough of the wickedness in that city of crime to fear its result on the boy she had loved and prayed for since his birth. Her heart was breaking, and one night she went out on the sea shore, and kneeling on the sand, poured out her heart in supplication that God would not permit her boy to go to Rome. Above all things the mother prayed that he should become a Christian, and wanted him where she could shield him from evil influences. She prayed all night in her agony of soul, so strong was her mother love and her faith. In the morning she learned that he had sailed. Her son was a scholar, and the lure of study was the real object of his journey. In time, this object took him to Milan where he heard Ambrose, the great father of the Christian Church, preach again and again. It led to the
conversion and baptism of Augustine, who became the most potent of the four great fathers of the early church.

Ary Scheffer has given the world a wonderfully spiritualized painting of that mother of prayer and faith, whom we know as Saint Monica, and her son St. Augustine. Did the mother’s faith and influence prevail? The artist has pictured them seated on the rocky coast of Southern Italy, seemingly looking over the blue sea toward their native Idumia. They are in deep thought, peaceful, tranquil, mother and son in loving spirit communion, hand in hand. She is his mother, he is her son. God made that relationship with a great purpose in it. They do not yet know that full purpose. They are illumined by two great lights: the glow and glory of the setting sun and the indescribable rapture of the spirit light in the soul.

They seem thinking over the experiences of the bygone years when with the eagerness of a strong will and a spirit determined in its search for the truth the youth was dipping and delving into the philosophies, creeds, and writings of the various nationalities and cults, that pervaded the intellectual atmosphere of that tumultuous period. Not only had Augustine been saved from degradations of life in Rome under the most degrading and wicked of all the Caesars, but he had been saved and prepared for the mission appointed him by the Son of the Mother of Bethlehem, for in the name of the Son of God, Augustine preached and wrote, shedding spiritual light where humanity was groping in midnight darkness.

What Plato uttered in 400 B.C., Paul preached in 52 A.D., and fourteen hundred years later no less a painter than Botticelli set it forth in his day as a new truth—“The principle of beauty lies within.” Particularly is this true of motherhood, for the child learns from the mother’s spirit before it can speak or understand a word. A woman is never so beautiful as when she is mothering her children, which includes her teaching them this principle of beauty that lies within and develops character as well as beauty.

It is indeed a fine art that can express soul in the painting of the human face, that can illumine the countenance with spirit.

One of the world’s twelve masterpieces gives a beautiful example of such high art. The face, pose, and spirit that you feel as you look upon it, is full of a holy beauty. In Murillo’s “Immaculate Conception” the Virgin is exalted in spirit to the spirit realm. She is graced with purity and meekness. The space above her is vibrant with the spirits of babes—cherubs we call them. The Virgin’s foot on the crescent moon is symbolic, but note that
S. S. MONICA AND AUGUSTINE

By Ary Schaffer
you do not see the foot. Every bit of nudity in painting was forbidden in Spain, so the spiritually minded Murillo concealed the foot in cloud and drapery. The penalty for disobedience in such matters was excommunication, a fine of fifteen hundred ducats, and a year in exile. Perhaps no painting of the Virgin has such a beautiful influence on young mothers as this masterpiece by Murillo. The Virgin is in a holy rapture. The Spirit has told her that she is to be the mother of a holy child, "and thou shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High."

Later we have the exquisite painting of the promised fulfillment. It has come to us through four hundred years of admiration and adoration as "The Holy Night." Night is the admirably painted background and through the open door of the manger the outline of a hill is seen dimly against a horizon that would seem to indicate the fourth watch of the night. In the darkness one feels rather than sees Joseph just outside, leaning against the donkey; and within is more of the Rembrandt suggestion of things not seen. The Infant in swaddling clothes is held close to the mother's breast by her encircling arms, her face of ineffable sweetness, bending over the heavenly "Light of the World." How beautifully Correggio has made manifest that "Light" in our darkened world! All the light in that scene radiates from the Babe of Bethlehem, suffusing the mother with a beauty not of earth. A shepherd and two women are sharing the wonder of this Nativity, one shading her eyes with her hand from the wonderful light. Spirits in the upper air who have come to proclaim Messiah's birth are touched in their cloud-wrapped forms with the light that belongs to heaven but descends for the blessing of earth.

About ninety years later, Carlo Maratti was inspired to put his conception of this same subject on canvas. He, too, did it worthily, although the idea of the spirit radiance from the Christ-child may have been borrowed from Correggio, with whom it was original. Yet the expression and the thoughts prompted (?) by Maratti's brush are not the same. The Child is older, and the face of the young mother makes one think she is pondering on that miracle of God in life, and recalling all the things foretold of him. It was not a case of Bible study with her, she was living the facts that we revere. She seems realizing the life and responsibility—both God-given. She was young and inexperienced, you think? Yes, but so are we all young and inexperienced when we enter school, and motherhood is an experience in life's schooling. The curriculum is of the highest grade, and the longest;
it extends through life. Once a mother, always a mother. There is no divorcing, no stepping down and out; only the graduation from earth to the spiritual plane.

The benefit is mutual; the love and uplift reciprocal. If every young woman could realize her privilege and responsibility in being a woman, a wife and mother, and shape her life, its pleasures, duties, and daily influence for the truest, sweetest, and strongest principles and precepts she knows—the there would be such a turning and overturning of human life and affairs that the Lord's Prayer would be answered in two generations.

Woman is coming to her own as fast as she is qualified to fill her sphere. But let her not forget that the most important, vital qualifications are those of heart and mind. Live the Golden Rule and the Kingdom will come. Be true and you will be lovely, and beloved. Be helpful, and you will find true happiness here and hereafter.
"MOTHER AND CHILD"
Mary Cassatt, Painter
XXI

Responsibility and Opportunity, Mary Cassatt, Painter of Mothers and Children; Pathos In Motherhood.

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eyes:
In every gesture dignity and love."—Milton.

Did you ever think of the touch of poetry and home life that comes to us out of the past, out of the ancient prophecy of Micah? It concerns the peace of these latter days, "when they shall sit, every man under his vine, and under his own fig tree."

The present condition of the Holy Land today, after warfare, and a painting by Dagnan Bouveret, brought the quotation to mind. It was the custom in the days of Micah to arbor the flat-roofed dwellings (rarely more than one story high) with gourds or grape vines, and to train the fig and pomegranate trees to the wall of the house, even to the lattice that extends to the latticed roof, making the living room of Summer beautiful and cool from the hot sun of that country. The lower branches of such trees gave a grateful shade at the door, and pots of brilliant flowers in the deep window recesses added their beauty to the oriental home that the prophet may have known in his day.

In this setting the modern artist has painted a mother of two thousand years ago, as true of that time as it is today, where modern influence has not set its hand. The Jewish mother, her baby in swaddling clothes, is walking back and forth under the grapevines of her home, as mothers of this Western world still put their little ones to sleep. It is bad practice for both, but oh, they do love it! The cool, green shade under the leaves and clustering fruit, the fresh softness of the mother's gown, form a natural bit of the poetry of art. With the fleetness of vision we come to a French mother teaching her twin blessings to walk in a flowery meadow, where bright colors woo the toddlers from flower to flower, one wavering and uncertain step at a time. Born to a different tongue and climate, they will develop all functions common to all humanity; their first effort at speech may be in any language, barring entirely that of their parents, for environment and example from the beginning will make or mar the future man or woman.

Mme. Virginia DeMont-Breton is the sympathetic painter of "The
"WOMAN IN ART"

Twins." Motherhood, common to all countries, children, and painters, may be of varying characteristics, but mother-love is the same. M. Giron has painted a Swiss mother with an armful of future citizenship. He is taking the nourishment nature provides, and seems not at all concerned with the high cost of living; nor does he realize that he is in a neutral country. The picture is a bit of realism, and technique does not disturb its value.

The sea-faring folk of France and Holland make good wives and faithful mothers, even to this age of divorcements. They were the first women in Europe to mother the orphan and the aged. There is a deal of heavy fog and rain, anxiety and sorrow over-hanging the fisher folk of Holland; their is a precarious calling, but Volkenberg has found entrance to many a sun-lit room. The furnishing is simple, but the spirit of contentment comes to you out of the picture. Little sister at the foot of the cradle is drawn to the pink and white baby sleeping, just seen above the blanket. The mother’s fingers are busy, and we doubt not her thoughts are, too.

Seldom in this modern day does an artist paint for religious reasons the Madonna and Child, but Louis Vaillant has a distinguished canvas entitled “Madonna of the Laurel.” It might be merely a portrait for she certainly seems a Madonna of the home, there being no trace of a churchly picture, just a sweet and natural mother and child. Such are the thousands of Christian Madonnas in this Anno Domini 1927.

Intelligence comes rapidly to the developing child. Sir Joshua Reynolds depicts this in one of his portraits of a mother and her son. Lying in her arms, the babe is reading the spirit of the mother in her face as she tells him the love stories that only a mother can. The little spirit absorbs from her look, her smile, her frown, before the young brain can take in a word. To illustrate with a word-picture that proves the truth, although the child was able to use a few words.

In a living room hung a large copy of Hoffman’s “Christ in the Temple with the Doctors.” Facing the boy Christ sits a member of the Sanhedrin in deep and perplexed thought, his finger on his lip as he listens with wonder to the words of the boy, but do you know the face of the Rabbi? A tiny girl about two and a half years, singing a wordless happiness to herself, climbed upon the couch under the painting to play amid the soft pillows. Soon her eye caught the face of the Boy, radiating a sort of spirit-light as he talked. After a little, touching him with a dainty finger, far as tip-toes
enabled her to reach, she lisped to herself, “Pitty boy, I loves oo, I loves oo,” and baby fashion danced up and down as she studied the face. Then her eye lighted on the sober man. The song ceased, the happiness went out of her flower-like face as she slowly pointed her finger at him. Then with a deep sigh she said, ever so softly, “Poor man, poor man! He’s so sorry—so sorry.” Do you get the psychology of a Jewish Rabbi of two thousand years ago?

Every artist has his specialty, not only of subject, but of some one thing he does better than anything else. Bouguereau’s special delight and success was in flesh tints and shadows—illusory as wind-chased cloud and shadow, with glow and warmth in sunlight, and cool tones like tints of a sea-shell in the shadows. He began with the most difficult of models—babies. Not a line anywhere, all curves, creases, and dimples, chubby hands and feet, a hint of cream and rose in the skin, of cherry red in the lips. Hands, feet, and brow full of prophecy, wavy hair that defied a brush, be it mother’s or the painter’s. A babe Bouguereau painted was asleep; it was the only way he could be satisfied. It is unconscious beauty, and over the helplessness the mother keeps “Watch and Ward.”

An artist of such exquisite skill as Bouguereau possessed painted many Madonnas, cherubs, children, and beautiful women. Two of his Madonnas are of peculiar loveliness: “Madonna of the Lamb,” and the “Madonna of the Stream.” They are very alike in treatment; one can hardly choose between the two. They impress one as being more refined in features than some painted in earlier centuries, but one reason may be they are modern women, the type of woman we are accustomed to, and the setting is a bit of nature our eyes are familiar with. They do not invite devotion, they do not arouse mother love, they bring no message of uplift. They speak of the superior technique of the artist, and of the lovely women he secured as models.

But motherhood has to do with more than Madonnas and babes. Babes grow up. Children under twelve years of age are the most vital members of the human family. They are too restive and energetic for purposes of art, for they are perpetual motion with the ubiquitous “Why?” ever on the tips of their tongues.

Mary Cassatt, who attempted to portray the “Modern Woman” on the walls of the Woman’s Building thirty and more years ago, was more prophetic than she realized when depicting young women and girls in outdoor sports and pleasures. There was no suggestion of domesticity on that tympanum, only pleasure, health, and the tempting vision of fame were in-
dicated; a marked contrast to the tasks imposed on women by the necessities of primitive times, as depicted by Mary MacMonnies.

Miss Cassatt had accomplished meritorious work before the Columbian Fair. She was a native of Pittsburgh, Pa., born in 1845. She not only studied in Paris, but France had a lure that kept her there many years. From 1874 her pictures were accepted at the Salon, and from 1878 they were to be seen in the National Academy of Design in New York, and in Boston. The characteristic scenes in France and Spain had a charm that furnished her with subjects she loved to paint. “At the Theatre,” “The Music Lesson,” “After the Bull Fight,” and figure-pictures found their way to many galleries and private collections.

In spite of travel in the art-blessed countries of Europe, and her absorbing of technique studied with Monet and Renoir, it was the forceful personality and broad humanity of Degas that influenced her work. He recognized in Miss Cassatt a strong spirit and absolute sincerity, a mind of broad scope and originality. In maturer years Miss Cassatt painted almost entirely women and children. Some familiar canvases are “The Bath,” “In the Garden,” “Playing With the Cat”; “The Mother’s Caress” of her two-year-old daughter comes nearest to having an indescribable charm. The little one is on her knees on mother’s lap and the mother holds her close, as the dimpled fingers press her cheek and the baby eyes seem to read the mother-love seriously.

In such intimate subjects Miss Cassatt was at her best. Such is the beautiful message of her art to the world, the love and confidence of mother and child.

“Mother and Child,” from the American Exhibition of Art in Berlin, accents this message, for the child is older, and there is more of understanding, and love is deeper. “Breakfast In Bed with Mother” is a picture of absolute content, sitting close to mother within her enclosing arm, dimpled knees, pink toes, some breakfast in each baby hand. It has a charm that anything more of detail in the painting would have marred. It is one of the very best, broadly painted yet with thought and brush centered on the little one, so happy to be with mother. Modernism or impressionism or any other ism, nor what painter or school does the brush-work resemble, none of these enters into one’s enjoyment when looking into the sweet picture of life. It is an influence left to an art-loving world from which the artist has passed on—June 20, 1926, at Mesnil-Theribus, Oise, a suburb of Paris.
Not Art alone, nor her large circle of friends, but the world has lost a fine woman, a splendid artist, and one of the best interpreters in her chosen subject, the beautiful and everyday life of Mother and Child.

Since the death of Mary Cassatt, the friends of American Art throughout the country have arranged loan exhibitions in various art centers, and it was surprising and interesting to know what large collections of her works were owned in the Middle States and in the far West and East. It was a significant appreciation of the artist, and no less of the subject of her choice during the latter years of her life—Motherhood and the Child.

The Memorial Exhibitions of the works of Mary Cassatt brought together a number of paintings from private collections not familiar to the general art lover, hence they invited an unusual interest. The portrait of Miss Mary Ellison was one of exceptional beauty, character, and at-homeness that put you at once on the list of Miss Ellison’s friends, without question as to the technique or school of the workmanship. The group “On the Balcony” is one of those instantaneous pictures from life. Two form the company, and the third is conscious that she is the crowd and that, by inference, is in the street. A native charm pervades the group. The portrait of the “Mother of the Artist” is a reflection from life as she sits in meditative mood, and the compositor is all one would ask the face expressive of serene, thoughtful motherhood, after the heat and burden of the day. It is a portrait that is a charming picture.

More than once the writer has been asked how it is that a “Bachelor Maid” can talk to mothers about mothers and children. There are several answers to the question. Mothers are sometimes very young and need the advice and experience of an older woman. Again, a bachelor maid has usually taken time for study and preparation for her life-work of helpfulness and uplift, be it as teacher, mother’s helper, nurse, or companion, plus practicalities and common sense. But the greatest, truest answer is that the genius and instincts of motherhood are deeply implanted in every woman by the Creator Himself; if he does not need her to serve in one capacity he does in another.

Abastenia St. I. Eberle has given a pathetic expression of this truth in one of her inimitable statuettes, which she calls “Playing Dolls.” The little waif, out at the toes and otherwise unkempt, too poor to have a real doll, cradles on her arm a gourd squash, lavishing on the substitute doll the af-
feconiate caressing that appeases, in a sense, her heart hunger that indicates innate motherhood. A poignant, pathetic prophecy (?) of her future.

Look at a statue in marble of "Her Son." It has made a young American woman famous. She wanted to portray the soul of motherhood. Note her success. Her babe has grown out of her arms; he is a stalwart boy at her side. Her guidance as his mother has lifted his thought, awakened his wonder; her love has lifted his heart to the Invisible who is all love, all wisdom, the Author of his being who, supplementing the mother influence with the Divine, will be the Master Workman to shape his life and his destiny. One cannot look upon the group without recognizing that Nellie V. Walker, in the medium of marble, has portrayed spirit with surprising vividness.

I am sure there are some among my readers who can recall the time—can’t you?—when you fell in love with your own mother. I knew a little boy—he is over six feet now—but when he was six years old he came in from play one day and, leaning against his mother’s knees, began to tell her an experience with another boy, something he did not like. He was looking intently into her face as he talked, and his story came more and more slowly. Suddenly he broke off in the midst of a sentence, climbed into her lap, put rather dirty hands on her cheeks, and looked. Then thoughtfully he said, "I didn’t know you were such a beautiful mother! Why, I love you 'way down to my toes." And reverently he kissed her eyes and her lips, and sliding from her lap walked slowly around her chair and, coming again to her knee, gazed into the tender face and, straightened to his full height, said, "I’d like to be a man for you!"

Young women, God grant that sometime you may have the supreme blessing of being reverenced by your son. Such mothers and such sons would give us a new world.

There is a painting true to the life and suggestive of the generation that is passing. Again we have one of those Rembrandt backgrounds, for it is a deep twilight effect. You can just discover the window through the delicate curtains, and the blooming plant on the sill. The mother is at the piano, and the gleam from the one candle lights the faces of mother and daughter. With one hand she accompanies the old song, the other is about the listening child. It is the sweet refrain of an old, old song to the mother; it is just a lovely experience to the little girl. How do I know? Because I have lived that same delight, leaning against my blessed mother as she sang to her little girl, sang sweeter songs than I have since listened to,—"The Loved Ones at
Home," "Life on the Ocean Wave," "Give Me a Cot in the Valley I Love," "Strike the Harp Gently," "Schubert's Serenade." Yes, it was by candle light or fire light. Do not forget the power of association. Sing to the children, sing with them, sing the songs they love, of "the snow-bird sitting close by on a tree," sing of the "Naughty Kitten," sing of the "Morn Amid the Mountains," of "Angels Ever Bright and Fair"; teach them the "Merry, Merry Bells," till they grow up to the angel trio "Lift Thine Eyes," "Come Unto Me, All Ye That Labor," till they have the best and will not brook any other.

Tell them stories, exquisite stories of folk lore. True, there are more books, charming books for children than ever before. No stories delighted us children more than those that came in answer to our eager importunings, "Oh, tell us about you when you were a little girl, grandmother."

Such stories are the connecting links between the past and the future. Our forests vanish into lumber, and the smoke of home and forest fires; radiators supplant the big fire place, and piped gas or oil has crowded out the fragrant beech and hickory logs, and the rich moss has ceased to wrap itself on the north of the leafless trees that sway snowy branches as you pass under them. There is to be less and less of rich experiences and yearly happenings. Art is doing much but not enough, not enough of the best. There is need of the human touch, human sympathy, the real must electrify the heart and imagination.

"Little Mothers" are a great institution; while helping mother in caring for the younger children they are being educated. "La Papillon" (The Butterfly), by Alfred Guellon, was one of the attractive paintings in the Paris Salon a few years ago. She was a little mother of France before the dreadful war. She has taken the baby into the pasture to relieve the busy mother indoors. Chickens and geese are wandering yonder, picking for their living—as if they knew that feed was five dollars a sack; a sheaf of grain is the baby's bed and sister is a good knitter, a motherly accomplishment. Could you see the soft pink that sleep has tinted on the baby face, you would not wonder that the hovering butterfly had mistaken its beauty for a flower. Sister has forgotten her knitting, watching to see if La Papillon alights on baby's cheek.

Motherhood is a generic term, like leaves, flowers, or fruit. No one can tell how many kinds, how many colors and tints, there are. So with gleanings from art, like gathered flowers during a ramble by garden, hedgerow, and upland, one gathers for the beauty or helpful power each may have.

"Margaret Donegan" was a new discovery in art, a few years ago. You
would not take her for an art motif, although William Starkweather, the artist, did. We have chosen her to prove that there is no caste in motherhood. Motherhood and love are universal; they are first aids to the Creator in the continuing and fulfilling of His eternal plan and purpose concerning the development of man.

Margaret Donegan was a studio scrub woman, at her work, but she was a mother and greatly impressed with a vision of her son that made her pause in the act of cleaning the floor. She seemed to see him dead, received into heaven by Christ and the Virgin. Dimly seen in the background is the artist working at his easel from a model. Both are oblivious to her pause from her work, her hands resting on the handle of her mop as she gazes straight ahead, her eyes wide to the vision her mind sees. The mental picture is seen above the clouds that screen the work-a-day world from the spirit or thought world, It is perfectly natural for a mother about her work to visualize her boy. Something may have happened.

The picture is old Spanish in style of painting—the clouds being the division between earth and heaven, as we find it in Raphael's "Transfiguration" and the "Ascension." In spite of her humble life, or perhaps because of it, she is a true type of mother.

Three of the world's great masterpieces we place in sequence: "The Immaculate Conception" by Murillo; "Holy Night" by Correggio, (also called "Nativity"); "Sistine Madonna" by Raphael. These perpetuate in art the message from heaven to earth, from God to man. The message of promise; the message of fulfillment; the message of love, of pity and forgiveness. To carry the sequence further, we may add "The Descent from the Cross" by Rubens, and "The Resurrection," also by Raphael (now in the Vatican), as perpetuating the message of sacrifice and the assurance of life after death.

The body must be sacrificed to gain spirit life, for it is given only for the uses of earth. After that there is a spiritual body for use in the spirit realm.

All art is so truly of the spirit that its expression in thought and material is manifold. There is no one definition, save that Art is the effort of man to express in some form the result of his thought and spirit through his creative instinct. From lowest to highest—according to the measure of a man—there comes, first, the longing for something better than he has known; second, the feeling after it; third, the vision of it; fourth, the thought of how to do it; fifth, the spirit to make it vivid; sixth, action; and the balance, to make the work of his hands measure up to his conception of its spirit value. When all
WOMAN IN ART

is said and done, what is its value? There is the influence of it on himself or herself. There is the influence on the beholder. Be it mechanical invention, a Tribune Tower or a painting great with spirit like the Sistine Madonna its influence is long—centuries long.

“What is man that thou art mindful of him?” asked the Psalmist, and he continues, “Thou hast made him but little lower than the angels, and crowned him with glory and honor.” Made in the likeness of the Creator, all mankind are His children, and He has given His offspring such a body as pleased Him.

We marvel at the fleeting glory of the sunset; at the beauty and texture of flower creations; at the color and brilliance of gems exhumed from the clay or rocks where they have been hidden for aeons; at the canyons and waterfalls undiscovered in remote corners of the earth through untold millenniums, the while from their height and volume has roared the tremendous diapason of God's symphony of Nature.

“He hath made all things beautiful in His time.”

Nothing so exalts the soul of a young mother, as she looks upon her own child for the first time, as the desire to mould that little life toward splendid manhood or womanhood. If she carries her best efforts, prayers, and example continuously, a better world will reward the mothers of the world. The fulfilling of prophecy, the fulfilling of God's plan for the uplift of humanity, and the coming of the spirit kingdom on this earth—for which Christ taught us to pray—all, all depends upon You, God's helpers as the Mothers of men.
Portraits: Influence Shown in Matilda of Scotland; Philippa of Hainault; Victoria of England; Mistress Ann Galloway; Mary Ball Washington; Abigail Smith Adams; Emma Hart Willard.

"Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart; So did'st thou travel on life's common way In cheerful godliness."—Wordsworth.

The greatest human asset is character.

In the most ancient Book we find this inspired record: "Let us make man in our image," that is, in our Character. So man was made a little lower than the angels, and given dominion over the works of the Creator.

Shakespeare, in the thought-provoking forest of Arden, made this record:

"These trees shall be my books, And in their barks my thoughts I'll character."

(Impress, would be a synonym for Character.)

Character is the compelling product of soul, the mercury within the hermetic bulb of life. It rises from the zero mark or falls below it according to the influences that warm or chill it. Character is the distinguishing mark of Cain, or the Christ; of the murderous club of selfish barbarism or the cross of renunciation, sacrifice and uplift. It is that spiritual effulgence that radiates from innocence to goodness, to greatness, to glory; or reversely, the inner light becomes smothered innocence to disobedience, to debasement, to death.

"What we shall be will mirror what we are; And what we are reflects what once we were; The thing God judges by is character."

Portraiture is one of the oldest forms of art. It is of historic, artistic, and anthropologic value, aside from family pride and interest. It has a value as a connecting link over long spaces of time in countries where there has been short-lived or sporadic art only. Kings, queens, courts, clergy, and beauties have had their physiognomies preserved in oils because they could afford to nourish their personal and political pride in that way, and sometimes because their admirers or constituents requested it.

Egypt and Assyria had great pride in royal sculptured portraiture. They
portrayed their deities for the delight of their eyes, augmenting their own kingship—the head—by symbols of power they worshipped in animal forms.

In this twentieth century A.D. we realize the value of that prehistoric portraiture, some of which Dr. Flinders Petrie exhumed from millenniums of debris, and presented to our age the ivory carved features of Mena, King of the first Egyptian dynasty about 5000 B.C. Wall paintings in Egypt give representations of the "four races of the world," and that was done more than three thousand years ago.

In a previous chapter you have noticed other ancient and Ptolemaic portraits in stone. Greek painting, which would have enriched our knowledge and art, was ruthlessly destroyed by the Roman conquerors in large measure, although fragments survived to assure us moderns that their art reached a high degree of refinement in features and in the art of portraiture.

We know that all religion is the spirit life of the human in its struggle to find his relation to the Author of Life, Truth, Righteousness and Love. These attributes were lived and proved to the world for all time by the God-Man who stooped from the heights to the lowliness of earth to verify and justify the ways of God to man.

Portraiture was not a large factor in renaissance art, not even in the fifteenth century. A few of popes, doges, and dukes were painted, but few were painted of women. Leonardo da Vinci painted his own portrait which has been the admiration of centuries of painters. The portrait of Mona Lisa, wife of his friend, has had both condemnation and praise, and endless speculation as to the character portrayed—is it purity and goodness, or sarcastic and hypocritical? For a period of four years the artist worked it over, so evidently it did not suit himself as a portrait.

As we have said, there were long stretches in years when woman filled her space in the economy of life with little or no notice taken of her value outside or inside the home, unless she were on the throne or within its radius.

Modern history beginning with the Norman Conquest is more than a thousand years old. That long period brings us to an epoch of history enacted in England some three hundred years before the dawn of the renaissance in Italy.

History in the past has been concerned with kings, their wars and conquests. But when Clio dips her pen to write of queens, she records names, dates, marriages, the birth of future sovereigns, and the peaceful activities of the queen regent during the king's absence on war intent.
Matilda of Scotland was queen of Henry I of England, great-granddaughter of Alfred the Great on her father's side and of Henry II of Germany on her mother's side. Her life is a thrilling romance to this day.

After William the Conqueror won the Battle of Hastings and subjugated the English, the Saxons of noble birth, not daring to trust to his promises of protection, took ship secretly by night and fled from his court. The refugees were Agatha, widow of Edward Atheling, with her three children. A storm took them out of their way, and after some days they anchored on the coast of Scotland, in the Firth of Forth.

The eldest daughter, Margaret, eventually married Malcolm, King of Scotland, Shakespeare's Malcolm, son of that "gentle Duncan" so treacherously murdered by Macbeth. The first child of that marriage was Matilda, born in 1077. The young princess grew from childhood beautiful as her mother had been, and resembling her in goodness and sweetness of disposition.

After the untimely death of her parents, Matilda, then but sixteen years of age, was taken to England by her mother's brother, Edgar Atheling, where, under the care of an aunt she was instructed in the literature of the time and attained a higher degree of knowledge than was customary for one of her sex. For those days she was considered remarkably proficient in music, and her beauty, refinement of manners, and common sense marked her as a queen. The story of her life and influence is too long for these pages, but her marriage with King Henry united the two royal lines, Saxon and Norman, and made sure the rights of future sovereigns, all to the great joy of the whole nation.

Matilda as Queen of England radiated a beautiful character. Her piety, her conjugal virtues, and her generous spirit were worthy of the daughter of Margaret Atheling, and of her queenly position in a country greatly disrupted by greed and political factions. Her exertions for the good of her people were varied. She tried in every way to improve the conditions of the country, causing roads to be made through wild heaths and forests, thus facilitating commerce which had never been looked upon as a national asset. There were the remains of four old Roman roads radiating from London. England must thank Matilda for the first bridge over any river or stream; it still stretches its one arch over the River Lea at Stratford-le Bow. This queen built "Road-Houses" for the comfort of travelers. Several hospitals and charitable communities owe their foundations to Matilda. To have accomplished all this and much more, she must have possessed more power in the government than was permitted a queen-consort. In 1115 Henry and Matilda spent Christmas

261
together at St. Albans, where a portrait of the Queen was painted, a copy of which is in the British Museum. It confirms the reputation of that remarkable queen for a mild and amiable beauty.

There is also a statue of her in the Cathedral of Rochester, forming the pilaster of the West door. A statue of Henry forms the other.

Matilda died in 1118.

England had more than fifty queens, between the reign of Henry and Matilda and that of Queen Victoria, who according to their characters influenced the political and moral status of the nation for weal or woe, for nearly eight hundred years. Among these queens Flanders furnished a number who greatly augmented the stability of the Island Kingdom as a power. William I, while still a Norman Prince, wooed, waited, and finally won the hand of Matilda of Flanders, whose son in time became Henry I. Both Matildas became literally a power behind the throne.

Some three hundred years later Edward III and Philippa of Hainault were betrothed as young children, as was the fashion of royalty in those days, and married some years later. Edward’s reign was warlike in the extreme. He was brought up to wars by his infamous mother who murdered her husband. There seems but one redeeming feature in the reign of Edward III; that is the moral and economic efforts of his Queen Philippa and her influence on the whole country. While on the war-path in various directions, Edward left his Queen as regent of the realm. She augmented the Plantagenet dynasty to the extent of eleven heirs. Furthermore she invited John Kempe of Flanders, a cloth weaver of wool, “to come to England with the servants and apprentices of his mystery, and with his goods and chattles, and with any dyers and fullers who may be inclined willingly to accompany him beyond the seas, and increase their mysteries in the kingdom of England; they shall have letters of protection, and assistance in their settlement.”

In that same year (1331) the Countess of Hainault visited her royal daughter and by her presence assisted in establishing those Flemish artists in England.

Philippa also established the grand tournament and jousts, which in reality practiced the young men in the military tactics of their day, though it was done as field sports, augmenting the army of the king with men who had some idea of what was expected of them.

While the king and his son were fighting in France, the Scots overstepped
PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT
Consort of Edward III
the border and the battle of Neville’s Cross was fought in England. Says Froissart: “It now was Philippa’s turn to do battle royal with a king. The Queen of England, anxious to defend her kingdom, came herself to Newcastle-Upon-Tyne to await her forces. On the morrow the King of Scots with forty thousand men advanced toward Newcastle, and sent word to the queen that if her men were willing to come forth from the town he would wait and give them battle. Philippa accepted his offer, saying her bairns would risk their lives for the realm of their lord the king.

“The Queen’s army drew up in order for battle. Philippa advanced among them, mounted on her white charger, and entreated her men to do their duty well in defending the honor of their king and urged them for the love of God to fight manfully. They promised, and the queen took leave of them, and recommended them to the care of God and St. George. Her courage was wholly moral courage, and her feelings of mercy and tenderness, when she had done all a queen could do, led her to withdraw from the work of carnage and pray for the invaded kingdom while the battle joined.”

Suffice it to say that the English archers gained the day and King David was captured.

This admirable Queen of England died in 1369, mourned by all the kingdom. To her influence England is indebted for the establishment of factories and commerce as national assets to her progress.

Art commingles with history when it comes to portraits. Or shall we say that portraiture pronounces the development of humanity when said portraits represent the high lights of history.

One of the functions of art is the portrayal of character that has influenced a nation, an epoch, or a dynasty for better or worse.

The work and influence of the early English queens referred to proved a stimulus to the Anglo-Saxon race in its formative period, as it was passing through the slow process of amalgamation of differing nationalities, struggling toward a state of civilization, the perfection of which was not even a dream at that time.

From the crowning of Matilda of Flanders as Queen of England, in the old cathedral at Winchester in 1067, to the proclaiming of Victoria as Queen of England in 1837 represents nearly eight centuries of that formative period, and there were but few high lights among the queens of those centuries.

But there was to be a change.
Owing to a number of deaths in the royal family, and William IV hav-
ing no heir, the Duchess of Kent, mother of the Princess Victoria, told the child, when she was but twelve years of age, that some day she might become Queen of England. Lifting her dimpled hand she said, "I will be good." Those words struck the keynote of Victoria as Queen and Empress. Later, when eighteen years of age, she was aroused from early morning slumber to receive the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain, bringing their salutation to her as Queen of England, the dominant motive of her life sounded again, and she fell on her knees between them, saying, "I ask your prayers in my behalf." After presenting herself on the balcony to the cheering crowds before Kensington Palace, she returned to her mother, her eyes and voice overflowing with emotion requesting to be left alone and undisturbed for a time; the first few hours of her reign were spent in fervent prayers for herself and her people. Thus began a new era for England.

"A devoted mother gave the kingdom a devoted queen, eliciting the gratitude and respect of the nation, which commingles with the love and reverence the daughter gives her mother's memory. A part of her training was the development of that natural poise and dignity that has ever graced her Majesty, and the happy faculty of doing the right thing at the right time. She never ceased to be the queen, but was always the most charming, cheerful, unaffected queen in the world."

These words express the opinion of Lord Melbourne, Prime Minister at the beginning of the Victorian era; and for long years after he was succeeded by Peel, he was her friend and counsellor in political matters. Party factions soon learned that their queen was gifted with prudence and strong sense. Her coronation has been considered the most magnificent ceremonial that ever took place within the historic walls of Westminster Abbey.

Against the background of similar historic events, how beautiful, solemn, impressive, appeared the coronation of the young girl queen, sincere, pure-hearted, untainted with ambitions and vices of intriguing court life, taking the oath to protect the constitution and the nation! What had been merely a ceremonial with previous sovereigns assumed the solemnity of a patriarchal rite.

The American artist, Thomas Sully, was in England at the time, and the young queen graciously acceded to his request that she sit for her portrait in her coronation robes. The portrait was painted in Buckingham House before her coronation and finished May 15, 1838, and her coronation occurred the 28th of June following. Victoria's reign of sixty-two years of peace within
VICTORIA OF ENGLAND
Painted by Thomas Sully
her domain was an era of development and progress in the nation, and its world-wide influence has been a dominating factor in the history of the nineteenth century. Victoria was the seventh queen regnant, with the added honor and responsibility, since 1877, of being Empress of India.

On January 22, 1901, Victoria passed to the spirit realm. Magnificent as was her coronation, no pageant has ever followed a sovereign indicating the love, veneration and honor expressed by the cortège that followed the oak catafalque from Osborne to Windsor. The world loved and mourned Queen Victoria.

One of those long spaces of years indicated by four figures brings us to the period of the renaissance when artists were painting their own portraits, perhaps for practice, and now and then a woman’s face was seen on canvas. But not often, for women had not yet arisen to artistic, literary, professional, or political prominence on the continent. One exception, however, is of interest—Michael Angelo’s portrait of Victoria Colonna. For the time in which she lived she was a remarkable character. Born when the renaissance in painting was at its height (Michael Angelo working in Rome, and Raphael as a youth painting in Florence, Bartolommeo, Purugino, the Bellini and Titian all making reputations on walls and canvas), she, too, belonged to the gifted company that brilianted Italy for all time; but her talent expressed by the pen was newer to the thought and appreciation of the time than painting.

“She was the daughter of the grand constable of the kingdom of Naples, and Anna da Montfelterre, the daughter of the “Good Duke” Frederick of Urbino was her mother, and Morino was her birthplace. In accord with the custom, she was betrothed at the age of four years to Francisco d’Avalos. She received the highest education and gave early proof of a love of letters. Her hand was sought by many suitors, but at seventeen, as she ardently desired, her marriage with d’Avalos took place. They had four happy years together in their home on the Isle of Ischia, when he offered his sword to the Holy League. During the months of exile and the long years of campaigning that followed they corresponded in most passionate terms, in prose and verse. In 1525 he died of wounds in Milan. She was hastening to him when she received news of his death. Returning to Naples, she remained for ten years. In 1538 she took up her residence in Rome, where she first met Michael Angelo, then in his sixty-fourth year. She became the object of a passionate friendship on the part of the great artist. He wrote for her some of his finest
sonnets, and from these we can well understand her character and influence upon him. She made friends with men of highest position and kept them for friends while commanding their highest respect. She died in 1547."

Portrait painting in America was not as crude an art as many thought previous to 1890. If not the first, one of the first missionaries came to the foreign field of America in 1710 to minister to a little band of Swedish settlers who had located on the Delaware River. With the missionary came his brother Gustavus Hesselius, a portrait painter, and within two years each took to himself a wife. The Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts contains the portrait of Gustavus and his wife Lyda, painted and signed by himself. Among other portraits from his easel that of Mistress Ann Galloway of Tulip Hill, Maryland, introduces us to a typical lady of that time. These and other portraits prove the man from Sweden to have been a trained and understanding artist. Later it was discovered that he was also the first organ builder in America, and that work was for the Moravian brethren at Bethlehem, in 1746. The first commission for a work of art in a public building was given Mr. Hesselius "Aug. ye 2d, 1720: Ye vestry agree with Mr. Gustavus Hesselius to paint ye altar piece and Communion Table, and write such sentences of Scripture as shall be thought proper thereon, and wn. finished to lay his acct. of charge before ye Vestry for wch. they are to allow in their discretion not exceeding 8 pounds curry. to wch. agreement he subscribed his name."

Not only does the portrait of Mistress Ann Galloway stand for the vigorous and strong-minded Colonial Dame, but it shows to a nicety the quality of goods and style of costuming of that time, and shows also the remarkable technique of the artist. It makes one wish it were possible to see his painting of the "Last Supper" over the altar in St. Barnabas' Church near Wilmington on the Delaware River—the first mural painting in the new world.

A mere first glance at the portrait of Mary Ball brings the exclamation, "George Washington," so striking is the likeness of the son to his mother. Even should the comparison be made with any of the numerous portraits of Washington the likeness would be impressive. Nor was the resemblance confined to the features; characteristics both mental and temperamental were
MISTRESS ANN GALLOWAY OF TULIP HILL, MARYLAND
By Gustavus Hesselius
the heritage of the man from his mother. Her portrait done by an artist, Wooliston by name, expresses what we know of her endowments.

Mary Ball's English grandfather, Colonel William Ball, emigrated to America in 1657. His son, Colonel Joseph Ball, built his home on the left bank of the Rappahannock River near its confluence with the tidal waters of beautiful Chesapeake Bay, one of the beauty spots of old Virginia. His plantation was called Epping Forest, where, in 1706, his youngest child Mary was born. Little is known of her life in that early home. Her name occurs in a legal document of June 25, 1711, when her father, "smitten with sore illness, lying upon the bed in his lodging-chamber, maketh his last will and testament, commending his soul to God, with sound and disposing mind," carefully arranged his estate for the benefit of his family, and made a special bequest to their youngest child, thus "Item . . . . I give and bequeath unto my daughter Mary 400 acres of land in Richmond County, in ye freshes of Rappa-h-h'n River, being a part of a pattern of 1600 acres, to her and her heirs forever."

Books and schools were few and far between in those days and only one of Mary Ball's letters remains; it was written to her half brother Joseph in England, and among other things we learn a fact: "We have not had a school-master in our neighborhood until now in nearly four years."

There were no public schools in Virginia at that time, and few tutors were to be found. But Mrs. Ball lived until her daughter was twenty-two and well grounded in the practicalities and refinements of life.

We take a quaint description of Mary Ball from a letter found during the war in a desolated house near Yorktown, Virginia, under date of "Wmsburg ye 7th day of Oct., 1722"; the letter says:

"Madame Ball of Lancaster and her sweet Molly have gone Hom. Mamma thinks Molly the Comliest Maiden She Knows. She is about 16 yrs. old, is taller than Me, is very Sensable, Modest, and Loving. Her Hair is like unto flax. Her eyes are the color of Yours, and her cheeks are like May Blossoms."

This description helps one to understand why, in the flowery language of that time, the sweet girl was called "The Rose of Epping Forest." A scrap of another old letter says: "I understand Molly Ball is going Home with her Brother, a Lawyer who lives in England."

The visit was probably made, and the inference is that Mary Ball met and married her husband there, for the old family Bible still proves by the
faded brown ink that "Augustine Washington and Mary Ball was married the sixth of March, 1730-31." Nothing more was added, as to where, or if at home or church. As her mother had died, it was but natural for her to have gone to her brother's home for a while. That the bride was blonde and beautiful, both history and tradition tell us. Mary Washington's description of her husband is confirmed by his contemporaries' testimonies—"a noble-looking man, of distinguished bearing, tall and athletic, with fair, florid complexion, brown hair, and fine gray eyes."*

George Washington was the first child of his mother, and the study of the two characters results in a number of interesting similarities. As a developing young girl, Mary Ball was not only beautiful, but had a temper of her own; but it was modulated by an affectionate disposition and a reasonable mind. A clear straight-forwardness and kindliness looks at you from those eyes. The mouth is sweet and tender, yet expresses firmness above a well-moulded chin.

You know a boy would love her, would obey and respect such a mother, and her eldest son paid her that homage as long as she lived. Now note the same calibre in the son; it was in the way of counsel he gave to a nephew just as he had been chosen to the Assembly, and doubtless it conformed to his own practice.

"If you have a mind to command the attention of the house, the only advice I will offer is to speak seldom but on important subjects, except such as particularly relate to your constituents, and in the former case make yourself perfect master of the subject. Never exceed a decent warmth (temper) and submit your sentiments with diffidence. A dictatorial style, though it may carry conviction, is always accompanied with disgust."

The great man had, like his mother, learned to "hold his horses." The personal care and training of their children until majority were left solely to the mother, and of results, able historians have written that in those manifold duties she acquitted herself with great fidelity to her trust, and with entire success."

Mary Washington was a typical matron of those Colonial times, nor did any political disturbance affect a change in her routine of duties. Directions to the overseers, supervision of the spinners' and weavers' work—an important

* "Something more is due to the father of Washington than mere mention of his personal appearance." See Washington ancestry given in Spark's and Irving's histories tracing the family for six centuries in England.
MARY, MOTHER OF GEORGE WASHINGTON
The Only Portrait Extant.
THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IS IN THE POSSESSION OF R. FIELD & CO., ART DEalers
NEW YORK
Copyright, 1885, by R. F. Field & Co.
item, as the servants were clothed in the main from fabrics of home manufacture—and the daily direction of the household kept her constantly occupied.

Typical of her force of character and her rigid discipline was the rebuke she administered to an overseer who presumptuously departed from her directions and followed his own judgment upon some matter of work. When arraigned for the offense, he made the insolent reply, "Madam, in my judgment the work has been done to better advantage than if I had followed your directions." A withering flash of her eyes fell upon the offender, with the imperious question: "And, pray, who gave you the right to exercise any judgment in the matter? I command you, sir; there is nothing left for you but to obey." He was dismissed at once, and tradition relates that when telling his friends of his misfortune he declared that when he "met the blue lightning of Madam Washington's glance he felt exactly as if he had been knocked down."

"Before leaving home for the Continental Congress in Philadelphia, with a recognition of the deadly strife that the nation was entering upon, and with tender forethought for his aging mother, her son induced her to leave the lonely country home and remove to Fredericksburg. There in a comfortable house, surrounded by her most cherished home furnishings and attended by a housekeeper and three colored servants, she spent her remaining years. Her garden was her delight. Here she watched, with a mother's interest, the political problems and turmoils incident to the adjusting of the new nation. She was much in the open air, driving daily in the "park phaeton" (an importation from London), or walking the mile to her daughter's home aided by her gold-headed cane, which had become a necessity in advancing years, her maid Patty, whose turban handkerchief towered in a top-lofty structure, carrying an extra wrap and the little basket of needlework or knitting for her mistress, the dignified, gray-haired Stephen coming in the evening with the chaise to fetch her home. An incident pictures the respect inculcated in the children of those times. "When Madam Washington appeared in the streets of Fredericksburg in her phaeton driven by the pompous Stephen, or taking her daily walk, her progress became an ovation, for everyone, from the gray-haired old man to the thoughtless boy, lifted his hat to the mother of Washington."

"Upon the Lewis estate overlooking the valley of the Rappahannock was a favorite spot which she afterward selected for her burial. She would sometimes stop there to rest, and seated upon a flat boulder would meditate while
the grand-children amused themselves. But they liked better to nestle by her side while she chatted cheerfully, teaching them lessons of natural history illustrated by their surroundings, and linked with the Bible story of the creation of the world, the deluge, and the changes that came over the earth. The manner of her speaking was so deeply impressive that neither the lesson taught, nor the scenes connected with the telling, were ever quite forgotten. As one of them related, when himself growing old, "There was a spell over them as they looked into grandmother's uplifted face, with its sweet expression of perfect peace, and they were very quiet during the homeward walk."

What a deprivation for the children of today, that grandmothers of that calibre and teaching are no longer included in the universal curriculum of life. The writer was blessed with such an one, and the paucity of books in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries compelled the reading and study from the book of nature; the telling of what they learned or discovered to children formed their first schooling.

"The Bible was her constant study, its precepts the guide of her life, and the influence of its teachings ever shown in her character and conversation. When teaching her children from its pages, any irreverence or mutinous merriment was sternly rebuked.

"The venerable volume is covered with homespun cloth in check plaid of now faded blue and buff, the Continental colors, fashioned by her own hands, though patched to preserve the original fabric."

"When the tidings of the splendid success at Yorktown were brought direct from the General to his mother, she was moved to an exclamation of fervent thanksgiving: "Thank God! The war is ended, and we shall be blessed with peace, happiness, and independence, for at last our country is free!"

"After the surrender of Cornwallis, Washington, leaving Yorktown with a brilliant suite of French and American officers, started for Philadelphia, stopping enroute to visit his mother whom he had not seen for seven years. It was the 11th of November, 1781; the town of Fredericksburg was all aglow with joy and revelry. Washington in the midst of his brilliant suite sent to apprise his mother of his arrival, and to know when it would be her pleasure to receive him.............

"Alone and on foot, the general-in-chief of the combined armies of France and America, the deliverer of his country, the hero of the hour, repaired to pay his humble tribute of duty to her whom he reverenced as the author of
his being. The greeting was warm and tender, then tenderly she said, 'You are growing old, George; care and toil have been making marks in your face since I saw it last.'

"The citizens of Fredericksburg had resolved to give a ball in honor of the victors, and the lady above all others who should grace the fete was the mother of Washington."

When the General entered the ball room, his mother leaning on his arm, every head was bowed in reverence. She wore a simple black silk gown, with snow-white kerchief and cap, her figure still erect, though it had grown thinner and frailer than once it had been. When she was holding her little court, one of the French officers observed, "If such are the matrons of America well may she boast of illustrious sons."

The Marquis de Lafayette, before returning to France, came to Fredericksburg to bid adieu to his friend's honored mother, and was conducted to her presence by her young grandson, Robert Lewis. She was walking in the garden taking careful note of its condition when they approached. Her black stiff gown and white apron were as neat as a nun's, while above the white cap was worn a broad straw hat tied down under her chin.

"There, Sir, is my grandmother," said young Lewis, pointing to her. The Marquis made the military salute as they approached while she, recognizing the distinguished visitor, came to the garden paling and looking over with a kindly smile remarked: "Ah, Marquis, you see an old woman; but come in, I can make you welcome without parade of changing my dress." The impulsive Frenchman's reply was full of warmth, he called her the mother of his friend, his hero, and the preserver of the country and its liberty. When he arose to leave, referring to his speedy departure for France and his home, he asked that she would bestow upon him a blessing. With hands clasped, and the light of faith in her uplooking eyes, the blessing was fervently invoked, beseeching that God might grant him "every blessing of safety, happiness, prosperity, and peace." It so moved the heart of her noble guest that tears filled his eyes, and taking the frail, faded hands into his warm clasp he bent his head to touch them reverently with his lips as the final adieu was spoken. The grandson who witnessed this scene said it was so affecting that he "almost choked to keep from crying aloud." Speaking of Washington's mother subsequently, the Marquis made the remark that he had seen the only Roman matron who was living in his day.

Mary Washington lived to see her eldest son elevated to the highest
dignity a grateful people could offer. Having been unanimously elected the first president of the new nation, and before his inaugural, George Washing-
ton hastened to his mother for her blessing and a God-speed. And he added, "So soon as business, which must necessarily be encountered in arranging a new government, has been disposed of, I shall hasten to Virginia and—" She gently interrupted him, saying, "You will see me no more. My great age and the disease that is rapidly approaching my vitals warn me that I shall not be long in this world. I trust in God. I am prepared for a better. But go, George, and fulfill the high destiny which heaven appears to assign you. Go, my son, and may that Heaven and your mother's blessing be always with you."

Her forebodings were fulfilled, for she passed into that better world August 25, 1789.

History tells us that Mary Washington became indeed the head of the family when George was eleven years of age, and the four remaining children were all younger. By will and wish the father left all his estate to be administered by the mother, to be divided to each as they came of age, and she was equal to the trust. Destiny marked the son of Mary Washington for the Father of his Country, rather than the father of a family. It may well be said of her as it was said of the mother of Queen Victoria, a devoted mother gave the nation a devoted ruler. In her life-time she could not realize her part in the uplift of the new nation, for the world, and for Time.

The Good Book tells us there is a time and a season for everything under the sun. We notice such times and seasons in the peopling and developing of the New World. From 1492 to 1620; again to 1776, thence to 1865. Those four periods we can name. Columbus, Discovery. Pilgrims, Freedom. Wash-
ington, Independence. Lincoln, Emancipation. Those periods not only had the leaders named, but the surprising number of efficient helpers in various ways, who fitted into the work to be done when and where they least ex-
pected it. This is not the prelude of history, rather of art which could not take root and flourish till the time and season were ripe, that is, after warfare, and commerce and crops had had time to replenish the depleted exchequer of the new nation. The one hundred and fifty years from the landing of the Pilgrims had been such a strenuous time between life and death, the establish-
ing of home, churches, and colleges, that the inhabitants did not realize the growth and development of character springing to life and strength in the

272
ABIGAIL ADAMS

From an original painting by Gilbert Stuart
WOMAN IN ART

purity of air, exercise, and principles, but when the pressure came from George III and his Parliament across the sea, the people were ready with needed brain and brawn that brooked no interference or injustice so far as their independence was concerned. They made that emphatic. Character, love of liberty, Independence, and Loyalty, never took deeper root than in that period of American history.

The portrait of Abigail Smith Adams recalls two volumes of her life and letters that the writer read aloud to her mother when twelve years old* Her letters reveal much of daily life not to be found in history, illustrating the naturalness of preparation for service; how necessities of the moment opened the door to positions undreamed of by the man who was equipped to serve his country at its most crucial moments.

Abigail Smith was born in Weyworth, Massachusetts, November 11, 1744. Her father, Parson William Smith, was a notable figure of the times, a man of character, intelligence and cultivation. In the process of time his daughter became the wife of John Adams, then a young barrister. From the year of their marriage, 1764, to the day of her death, she was in every relation of life a pattern of filial, conjugal, maternal and social virtue.

Within the period of her life occurred the most vital and crucial events that led to the War of the Revolution, the Declaration of Independence, the formation of the government of the United States of America, the acknowledgment of the new nation by foreign powers, the naval warfare of 1812,—and in all these formative events John Adams was often called in council, was a member of the Continental Congress which convened at Philadelphia, and by Congress was sent twice to France on State business, and to England as the first ambassador from the United States. He was the first to serve the country as Vice-President, and was inaugurated second president February 8, 1797, Thomas Jefferson becoming Vice-President.

Abigail Adams was not well and could not attend that inauguration, but wrote a letter to her husband on that day which has become a classic. A copy of it here will speak for the wife:

"The sun is dressed in brightest beams,  
To give thy honors to the day."

"And may it prove an auspicious prelude to each ensuing season. You have this day to declare yourself head of a nation. 'And now, O Lord, my God,

* A more recent work by Laura E. Richards is in one volume.

273
thou hast made thy servant ruler over the people. Give unto him an understanding heart, that he may know how to go out and come in before this great people; that he may discern between good and bad. For who is able to judge this thy so great people?’ were the words of a royal sovereign; and not less applicable to him who is invested with the chief magistracy of a nation, though he wear not a crown, nor the robes of royalty.

“My thoughts and my meditations are with you, though personally absent; and my petitions to Heaven are that ‘the things that make for peace may not be hidden from your eyes.’ My feelings are not those of pride or ostentation upon the occasion. They are solemnized by a sense of the obligations, the important trusts, and numerous duties connected with it. That you may be enabled to discharge them with honor to yourself, with justice and impartiality to your country, and with satisfaction to this great people, shall be the daily prayer of your

A. A.”

Abigail Adams and her husband were singularly of one soul and one mind. This we glean from one of his letters to her in the Spring of 1774 while on his way to answer the call to the first Continental Congress at Philadelphia, just before the outbreak of the Revolution. Lord North had effected the blockade of Boston Harbor, and had vowed he would “put Boston seventeen miles from the sea.” New England was under severe trial, the trial for life and liberty. The country was seething, the pot of Independence was at the boiling point. Though on business for his country, his wife and children were in his heart and mind. To Abigail he writes: “We live, my dear soul, in an age of trial; what will be the consequences I know not . . . . . . I do not receive a shilling a week. Let us therefore, my dear partner, for the affection we feel for our lovely babes, apply ourselves in every way we can to the cultivation of our farm. Let frugality and industry be our virtues, and above all cares of this life, let our ardent anxiety be to mould the minds and manners of our children. Let us teach them not only to do virtuously, but to excel. To excel, they must be taught to be steady, active, and industrious.

“I am anxious for our perplexed, distressed Province. Resignation to the will of Heaven is our only resource in such dangerous times. Prudence and caution should be our guides.

“I have the strongest hope that we shall see a clearer sky and better times.”

That time was drawing near. The notable Committee of Five was ap-
pointed to draw up a Declaration of the Independence of the thirteen colonies. They were Roger Sherman, Robert Livingston, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson. Everyone knows that Jefferson wrote the Declaration; yet Adams, it was said, stood forth as “the Atlas of Independence, bearing on his shoulders the main burden of the tremendous decision.”

The next day this to his wife: “Yesterday the greatest question was decided which was ever debated in America, and a greater, perhaps, never was or never will be decided among men. A Resolution was passed without a dissenting colony ‘that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states, and as such they have, and of right ought to have, full power to make war, conclude peace, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which other States may rightfully do.’ You will see in a few days a Declaration setting forth the causes which have impelled us to this mighty resolution, and the reasons that will justify it in the sight of God and man.”

Abigail read this letter to her four children, Abbey, John, Charles, and little Tommy, and we know that she gave all needed explanations to their eager minds.

Her reply to her husband is sober and discreet, like herself. She writes: “By yesterday’s post I received two letters dated 3rd and 4th of July, and though your letters never fail to give me pleasure, be the subject what it will, yet it was greatly heightened by the prospect of the future happiness and glory of our country. Nor am I a little gratified when I reflect that a person so nearly connected with me has had the honor of being a principal actor in laying a foundation for its future greatness. May the foundation of our new Constitution be Justice, Truth, Righteousness. Like the wise man’s house, may it be founded upon these rocks, and then neither storm nor tempests will overthrow it!”

In the beginning of 1783, anxiety and overwork laid the indefatigable statesman on a bed of fever. For days his life hung in the balance. But his work was not finished. Before full strength returned, he was again on the other side of the Atlantic and finding his stay would be indefinitely prolonged, he summoned his faithful Abigail to England. She remained with him the four years that kept Mr. Adams at the court of King James.

Abigail Adams lived to enjoy with her husband their golden wedding in 1814. They also welcomed their son John Quincy home from Russia where
he had been ambassador for eight years. The next honor conferred upon him was that of Secretary of State, but the mother passed from this life too soon to know of his election to the highest office in the gift of the American people, which made her son the sixth president of the United States.
CHAPTER XXIII

Emma Hart Willard, Educational Pioneer

One of the first things felt to be a real necessity by the early settlers on the "rock-bound coast" was an institution of learning. The matter was agitated some six years after the colonists landed, and eventually resulted in the opening of a College in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1640, named for John Harvard who bequeathed seven hundred pounds towards its founding. Sons of the colony must be educated. Girls were just girls, they had no need of "book larnin'."

It took one hundred and seventy-four years more (at least five generations) to prepare the new country for another educational uplift. It came about in this way.

Emma Hart was born in Berlin, Connecticut, in 1787, February 23rd. She was of excellent parentage, and the beautiful home life of her childhood was manifested in her developing character.

"At the age of seventeen she opened a school in her native village, and with the beginning of that experience resolved to qualify herself for the vocation of a teacher. For three years she alternated teaching in her little school and studying as a pupil with Dr. Wells, who pronounced her a most remarkable scholar and a brilliant teacher, even at the age of her first experience. In 1807 she took charge of the female academy at Middlebury, Vermont.

"The early inhabitants of the town were noted for their enterprise and intelligence. Up to the close of the Revolutionary War the Champlain Valley had been for centuries the arena of savage warfare. But as soon as the cessation of hostilities would permit, the fertile lands were rapidly settled by a vigorous and high-minded class of young men and women, from the best families of Connecticut. There was in Middlebury an unusually large number of educated men, graduates of Yale, Dartmouth, and Brown. Their devotion to the cause of education is evinced by their establishment, before the beginning of the nineteenth century, three district institutions of learning—the grammar school, the female academy, and the college. The elder President Dwight of Yale, who made three visits to the town prior to 1810, has recorded his high appreciation of the character of the people and of their educational work."

Mrs. Willard, then Miss Emma Hart, has given emphatic testimony to the same effect, in a letter to her parents that first year. She says: "I find society in a high state of civilization, much more than any place I was ever
in. The greater part of the beaux here are men of college education. . . . . Among the elder ladies there are some whose manners and conversation would dignify duchesses."

These are hints of the social side of life for the preceptress of twenty. She had an intense relish for agreeable society, attending balls and parties during the week, and four meetings on Sunday. She was full of the joys of youth and health, but her strong brain never became giddy. In August, 1809, Emma Hart was married to Dr. John Willard.

Dr. Willard was twenty-eight years the senior of his wife, but nowhere in the annals of biography can we find a married life more happy than theirs was from first to last. Dr. Willard was a public-spirited man in many ways, a director in the State Bank, and very well to do, as the saying is. But a heavy bank robbery embarrassed all the directors, who lost greatly. Mrs. Willard came to the rescue of her husband. She had not taught for many years, but her teaching days were not over. Through the years of her married life she had taken up one subject after another: The 'dry' medical and physiological books of her husband's, that she might be in intelligent sympathy with his work; another time it was the study of geometry. Dr. Willard had a nephew in college, just across the street, who had his home with them. On one of his vacations she took up his Euclid, and was fascinated with the propositions from cover to cover. On the return of the college student, she submitted to an examination in that study, and he pronounced her learning correct. In this way the thirsting mind was being educated. Again it was moral philosophy, and Locke's Essay on the Understanding, and Kames' Elements of Criticism. She acquired all the history within reach; she wrote poems and essays, and painted after the fine manner of water colors of her time; and having scant literature on which to exercise her recent study of Kames, she criticized sermons.

From the standpoint of today, she was unconsciously preparing for the great work of her future. Mrs. Willard opened her home as a boarding school for girls, and the first year had all she could accommodate. This was an encouragement toward the working out of a plan that had been growing in her mind since early girlhood.

Her home was just across the street from Middlebury College, and having one of the students in her family she was daily and hourly in the atmosphere of intellectuality and learning.
“On opening her school, Mrs Willard taught the round of light and superficial studies that the age had prescribed for "females," but in a letter she writes, "My neighborhood to Middlebury College made me bitterly feel the disparity in educational facilities between the sexes." She had already made private excursions into the realms of solid learning, forbidden to her sex, and she was profoundly conscious of woman’s capacity to understand all that was highest and best in the reaches of human thought. Why should the sister be deprived of the intellectual culture that is offered to the brother? Why will not the companionship of wedded life be purer and stronger if the mental training of the wife is comparable with that of the husband? Why will not the mother give to the world nobler sons and daughters if her own character be strengthened and refined by the highest education? These are hackneyed questions today, but they were new to the world when in 1815 they first throbbed in the brain of Mrs. Emma Willard.”

These thoughts with their compelling power set her to work on “a plan for improving female education.” It was slow work. For two or three years she wrote and rewrote, and tested some of the theories of her plan; formed a class in moral philosophy, another in philosophy of the mind, taking Locke’s great work as text book. The professors of the college were fearlessly invited to attend her examinations, and to witness the proofs that “the female mind” could appreciate and apprehend the solid studies of the college course. She desired in turn to attend the examinations of the young men, to learn how they were conducted, and to see what attainments in scholarship were made in college. “It is humiliating to think that this privilege was refused, President Davis considering that it would not be a safe precedent, and it would be unbecoming in her to attend. But let us not blame too severely this staunch defender of the proprieties; he was simply guarding well-bred society from a terrible nervous shock.”

In 1818 Mrs. Willard sent her plan to Governor Clinton, of New York. It was then for a Female Seminary involving state assistance; and in his next message the Governor strongly urged an appropriation in behalf of female education. An act was passed incorporating a Female Academy at Waterford, New York, and giving to female academies a share of the literary fund. Mrs. Willard’s school was removed to Waterford the ensuing spring, and her “Plan” was published under the title of “An Address to the Public, Particularly to the Legislature of New York, Proposing a Plan for Improving Female Education.” Its circulation in several states and abroad led even-
tually to the establishment of female seminaries aided by state appropriations. The hopes of legislative aid did not materialize, however, and in 1821 Mrs. Willard removed her Seminary to Troy, New York. By tax and subscription, four thousand dollars were raised by that city, and a suitable building erected, sixty by forty feet, three stories and a basement. The growth of the school in after years made it necessary, at two different periods, to erect additions, until the building was some three hundred feet long, facing a park of old elms and maples.

In 1825 Mrs. Willard lost her husband. In 1830-31 she was in Europe, and on her return entered into a scheme for educating a company of Greek girls for teachers in Athens. The sum of $2500 was raised for the purpose, $1100 being the profits on the sale of "Mrs. Willard's Journal and Letters" written and published for that charity.

In 1838 she resigned the Seminary to her son and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Willard. Suitable school works were a minus quantity in those days, and the energetic pioneer in the educational world wrote the first geography, and the first history of the United States, to meet that need in 1825, which she enlarged in 1852, and published at that date a volume of poems. In 1838 her output was "A Universal History in Perspective," and in 1844 a work "On the Circulation of the Blood." "A Chronographer of English History," 1845; "Chronographer of Ancient History," 1847; "Respiration and Its Effects," also "Last Leaves of American History," 1849; and "Astronomical Geography" and "Morals for the Young," in 1857.

When relieved of the arduous strain and responsibility of the Seminary, Mrs. Willard assisted in forming a number of schools for training teachers, normal schools they were; and hundreds of miles she drove in many states, with her messages of encouragement and helpfulness to small schools or groups of young teachers, whose letters had plied her with anxious and eager questions.

This indefatigable worker for the higher education of woman lived to see the Seminary she founded complete its fiftieth year of world-wide influence, and passed to the higher spiritual life from within its walls, at the age of eighty-three years.

She was the foremost instigator and influence for the higher education of womanhood. In that first fifty years of her Seminary, it was estimated that more than fifteen thousand young women were enrolled, a large majority of whom became teachers and directors, who carried the influence of the
school far and wide, in Europe as well as in America. Emma Willard was the superior artist of womanhood, of character, and these few pages give the present generation, but a miniature of her activities in evolving the plan, and laying the foundation of the higher educational uplift of woman in the past century, upon which the twentieth is building the prodigious superstructure for the development and advancement of the whole world in the centuries to come.

The munificent gift of a million dollars from Mrs. Russell Sage has made possible a new and architecturally beautiful home for the school, to which it moved in 1913. The gift was in memory of the mother of Mrs. Sage, who was educated under the influence of the founder, and an expression of her own appreciation of the mind, the work, and the influence of Madame Emma Willard, not only for womanhood but for the world.
# List of Artists

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Abbama, Louise</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abdy, Rowena Meeks</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adams, Abigail Smith</td>
<td>273</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Airy, Anna</td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Angelo, Michael</td>
<td>35, 46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anguesola, Sofonisba</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ball, Caroline</td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bayes, Jessie</td>
<td>107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beaux, Cecilia</td>
<td>133</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blanche, Lucille</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Botke, Jessie Arms</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Botticelli, Sandre</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bougereau, William Adolph</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bonheure, Rosa</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bradley, Susan H.</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Breton, Jules</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Breton, Virginia (Demont)</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brewster, Amanda (Sewell)</td>
<td>113</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brown, Matilda (vanWyck)</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burgess, Ida</td>
<td>114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burroughs, Edith Woodman</td>
<td>226</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Butler, Mary</td>
<td>173</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cabanel, Alexander</td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cameron, Katherine</td>
<td>181</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cameron, Marie Gelon</td>
<td>178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carriere Lisbeth Devolve</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cassatt, Mary</td>
<td>112, 251</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cleopatra</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coman, Charlotte B.</td>
<td>119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conant, Lucy Scarborough</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Constant, Jean Joseph Benjamin</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corbett, Gail Sherman</td>
<td>236</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cox, Louise Howland King</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Del Sarto, Andrea</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dicksee, Margaret</td>
<td>101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dieterle Marie vanMarcke</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dodson, Sarah Ball</td>
<td>128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dunlap, Mary Stewart</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eberle, Abastenia St. Leger</td>
<td>217</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elliott, John</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elliott, Elizabeth Shippen Green</td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emerson, Edith</td>
<td>204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emmet, Lydia Field</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Empress, Theodora</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emmett, Ellen</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Este, Florence</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eyck, Margaret Van</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Florence, Mrs. Sargent</td>
<td>132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foley, Margaret</td>
<td>206</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fra Angelico</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>French, Daniel Chester</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frazier, Laura Garden</td>
<td>236</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friesmuth, Harriet</td>
<td>236</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fry, J. H.</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fuller, Lucia Fairchild</td>
<td>114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Galloway, Ann</td>
<td>266</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Genth, Lillian</td>
<td>175</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gerome, Jean Leon</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goldthwaite, Anne</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greatorex, Eleanor</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greatorex, Kate</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greatorex, Eliza</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Green, Elizabeth Shippen (Elliott)</td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greenaway, Kate</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gussier, M.</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gustafson, Stina</td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guyon, Maximillienne</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hale, Lillian Westcott</td>
<td>173</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haskins, Grace M.</td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hatasu</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hartrath, Lucie</td>
<td>177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haverman, Margaretta</td>
<td>181</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hayden, Sophia G.</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haywood, Caroline</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hargesheimer, Sophonisba</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helstrom, Bessie</td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hinman, Tenana McLennan</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hesselius, Gustavus</td>
<td>266</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henner, Jean Jacque</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoffman, Malvina (Grimsen)</td>
<td>221</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holden, Cora Millet</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howell, Felicie Waldo</td>
<td>176</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoxie, Vinnie Reams</td>
<td>117, 207</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hyatt, Anna Vaughan (Huntington)</td>
<td>230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hunt, William Morris</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hosmer, Harriett</td>
<td>205</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hyde, Helen</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ingles, Katherine B. Robinson</td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Israels, Joseph</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jackson, Lily I.</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jonnaert, Mrs. Clemence</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jopling, Louise</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kaufmann, Angelica</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Keith, Dora Wheeler</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Key, Mable</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Klumpke, Anna Elizabeth</td>
<td>84, 114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knight, Laura</td>
<td>102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kinkhead, M.</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ladd, Laura D. S.</td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lamb, Ella Conde</td>
<td>190</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laridon, Louise</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lauverny, Mlle. Jeanne</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lavaron, Leonida C.</td>
<td>185</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lebrun, Elizabeth Vigee</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lefebvre, Jules Joseph</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lepage, Bastien</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lenepeveu, Jules Eugene</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leighton, Sir Frederick</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liszevska, Anna Dorothee</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lippi, Fra Philippe</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Longman, Evelyn B. (Batchelder)</td>
<td>212</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Loomis, Enilda</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lynch, Anna</td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Macumber, Mary</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mackubin, Florence</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McMonnies, Mary Fairchild</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mason, Mary Townsend</td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marcke, Marie Van</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Matilda of Scotland</td>
<td>261</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McLane, Jean (Johansen)</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Macchesney, Clara T.</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MacNiel, Carrol Brooks</td>
<td>236</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merritt, Anna Lea</td>
<td>130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Millet, Jean Francois</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mistress, Ann Galloway</td>
<td>266</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morton, Helen</td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murcitol, Eupheme</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murillo</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ney, Elizabeth</td>
<td>208</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nicholls, Rhoda Holmes</td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norton, Elizabeth</td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nourse, Elizabeth</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oakley, Violet</td>
<td>192</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Palmer, Pauline</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parsons, Edith B.</td>
<td>236</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pelton, Agnes</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pitman, Agnes</td>
<td>114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Princess Nefert</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prindeville, Mary</td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Putnam, Brenda</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philippa, of Hainault</td>
<td>262</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rand, Ellen Emmet</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raphael, Santi</td>
<td>31, 54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ravlin, Grace</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reni, Guido</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richardson, Mary Curtis</td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rideout, Alice</td>
<td>208</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roe, Hester</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruskin, John</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

285
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rogers Randolph</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruysch, Rachael</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rubens, Peter Paul</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robinson, Ellen Emmet</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saint Augustine</td>
<td>246</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saint Barbara</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saint Catherine</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saint Margaret</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saint-Gaudens, Augustus</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saint Paul</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scheffer, Ary</td>
<td>246</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schwartz, Therese</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scudder, Jnet</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sears, Sarah C.</td>
<td>114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sewell, Amanda Brewster</td>
<td>113</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shaw, Annie C.</td>
<td>124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sheets, Nan</td>
<td>178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sherman, Edith Freeman</td>
<td>236</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sherwood, Rosina Emmet</td>
<td>114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sirani, Elisabetta</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, Alice R. Huger</td>
<td>189</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, Jessie Wilcox</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stacy, Anna Lee</td>
<td>180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stebbins, Emma</td>
<td>206</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Steinbach, Sabina von</td>
<td>208</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Starkweather, William</td>
<td>256</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stewart, L. M.</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taft, Lorado</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tadema, Laura E</td>
<td>104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Titan</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thompson, Elizabeth (Butler)</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vecchio, Palma</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vedder, Elihu</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Victoria, Queen</td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Villebessy, Jennie</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Volk, Douglas</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Volkenburg</td>
<td>132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vinci, Leonardo da</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vonnah, Bessie Potter</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wales, Susan M.</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walker, Nellie Verne</td>
<td>227</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington, Mary Ball</td>
<td>266</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Went, Julia Bracken</td>
<td>233</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ward, Hester C. O.</td>
<td>199</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wheeler, Candace</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whitehurst, Camelia</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whitney, Gertrude Vanderbilt</td>
<td>225</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whitney, Isabel</td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Withrow, Eva</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Willard, Emma Hart</td>
<td>277</td>
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