



OPEN LETTERS

Robert Reid

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

ROBERT REID has the happy gift of seeing lovely and highly personal color, combined with a delicate appreciation of the beauty of femininity, two desirable qualities in the making of portraits. To these he adds a thorough academic training, with craftsmanship of a high order. So he is able, in a measure, to give his entire attention to working out the artistic intention of his canvases,—to riot in lovely tones, to revel in delicate color variations, and to work out subtle values. The result is thus a delightfully unconscious performance in which the sense of decorativeness is ever present, where womanly beauty plays an important part.

Since his advent into the field of mural decoration as far back as 1893, at Chicago during the World's Fair, Mr. Reid's easel pictures have been comparatively rare, for the larger schemes for the embellishment of church, library, law court, and State-house have claimed his time, though they have resulted in placing Mr. Reid in the foremost rank of American painters, rounding out his talent, broadening his horizon, and giving him an authority that permits these more modest efforts greater freedom and certainty.

Born at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, in 1862, he began his art studies early at the schools of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, from which he went by way of the Art Students' League, in New York, to the Julian Academy of Paris, where he remained four years under Boulanger and Lefebvre, returning to New York in 1890.

Immediately he attracted attention here, and was made a member of the Society of American Artists, afterward casting his lot with the little group that seceded from that body in 1897 and became known as "The Ten Americans." But the years bring discretion, for, despite these earlier revolutionary tendencies, he is now a full-fledged National Academician. Many medals and honors have come his way both at home and abroad, with the more substantial appreciation in the shape of pictures acquired by the museums of New York, Washington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and Omaha, and by private collectors in many cities. An important commission was a set of stained-glass windows for the Rogers Memorial Church at Fairhaven, Massachusetts, a work that occupied Mr. Reid several years,

and was of elaborate composition and arrangement, being novel in color and of much beauty.

The last year, however, has found Mr. Reid painting single figure pictures, almost always of attractive young women and generally out of doors. In "The Brown Veil," reproduced as the frontispiece of this number of *THE CENTURY*, he reaches a high point of excellence both in color and sentiment, for he catches the nuances of evanescent tones, the sparkle of light, the envelopment of atmosphere, and, with rare grace, the refinement of young womanhood.

Arthur Hoeber.

Jean-Baptiste Greuze, 1725-1805

TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS
OF FRENCH MASTERS

(SEE PAGE 759)

GREUZE was born at Tournus, in Burgundy, France, August 21, 1725. He was at first the pupil of Grandon at Lyons; he afterward studied in the Academy at Paris, and at Rome. He became a very successful portrait and genre painter, and was, according to Diderot, "the first who thought of introducing morality into art." He was unique in the French school, and the influence he eventually exercised was due to the sentiment and character of his work, his favorite subjects being illustrations of the affections or domestic duties—the observance or violation of them, as in "The Father's Curse," "The Village Bride," or the present subject of "The Broken Pitcher," which are to be seen in the Louvre of Paris. This last is the most celebrated and oftenest reproduced of all his canvases, and is one of the most successful of his single-figure pieces. His works are often melodramatic, but good in expression, though not always strong in execution. While never ideal or poetic in conception or treatment, still, as in the instance of "The Broken Pitcher," they often possess very considerable charm and sweetness of manner.

Greuze was elected an associate member of the French Academy of Painting in 1755, and a member in 1769; but as he was placed in the class of genre painters, he considered it a degradation, and consequently retired altogether from the Academy. He died in Paris in very poor circumstances, March 21, 1805.

T. Cole.

IN LIGHTER VEIN



Drawn by Chester Ivers Garde

MRS. CASEY'S PARTY

MRS. MULLIGAN: Oi hear that Mrs. Casey is givin' a party on Monday. Her youngest daughter's comin' out.
MRS. DUGAN: An' phwat was she in fer?

The Rime of the Moderne Millionaire

IT was a Moderne Millionaire
Who one day stoppèd me:
"By thy wide girth and shining head,
What can I do for thee?"

He seized me by a buttonhole;
I could not choose but stay,
And thus he made his mickle moan
Upon that grewsome day:

"I bought me stocks, I bought me bonds—
They rose in market-price;
Eftsoons I was a Millionaire—"
Quoth I, "My! that was nice!"

"Alas!" he wailed, "as I grew rich,
All treated me with scorn;
Would I were poor as others be,
As poor as I was born!"

My heart welled over at such grief—
Such woe I ne'er did see.
Quoth I, "Old man, I'll be your friend,
Give all your wealth to me."

He wrung my hand to thank me for
The sympathy I'd shown,
But shook his head as he replied:
"I'll bear this grief alone."

"Gramercy for thy courtesey,
And for thy wish to share
My horrid stocks and hateful bonds
And all their weight of care!

"But, no; I'll keep the loathly things,
Though burden sore they be.
Rejoice that Fortune still has kept
Thee from such bondage free."

Away he fled. Though I pursued
For twice a score of blocks,
He would not give me even one
Of all his bonds and stocks!

Tudor Jenks.

The Song of the Saddle

"HUNK o' meat an' raw pertater,
Sop—an' 'tater-sop—an' 'tater!"

Mornin' is peelin' her covers
An' grabbin' her garb o' day;
Out with them Morryphus lovers,
The column is up an' away!
Away on the long, hard hikin'
To meet the dark in the west;
Straight to the night-time strikin'—
Where mebbe there 'll be some rest.

"Hunk o' meat an' raw pertater,
Sop—an' 'tater-sop—an' 'tater!"

Once with the doughies an' field-guns,
Once with the coast guns, too;
(Plattsburg an' all o' the dead ones—)
Now with the workin' crew.
Up at the peep o' the mornin',
Right at the bugles' squeal—
Hellity-bent at the warnin'—
Stables—the ghost o' a meal.

"Hunk o' meat an' raw pertater,
Sop—an' 'tater-sop—an' 'tater!"

Tails o' the hosses draggin'
An' a trail o' dust behind,
Down in the saddles saggin'—
Yee-ho! An' the captin' 's blind.
Miles o' the way behind you,
Miles o' the way before,
An' none to find, or find you—
(They tell you that this is war!)

"Hunk o' meat an' raw pertater,
Sop—an' 'tater-sop—an' 'tater!"