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"The Temptation of Eve."  
From the painting by Edward Buxton.

Munich, and now, with his American wife, he makes his home in London. He has won a considerable success as a portrait painter. Gladstone, Lord Dufferin, Lady

Eden, and many other prominent men and women in London have been among his sitters. His brother, Prince Paul Troubetzkoy, is a sculptor in Milan.



"The Water Sprites."

*From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clement & Co., Successeurs) after the painting by M. Rieter.*



Emma Eames Story.

## TWO ARTISTS.

A YOUNG AMERICAN COUPLE WHO HAVE REACHED THE HIGHEST RANK IN TWO BRANCHES OF ART—THE PERSONALITY OF JULIAN STORY, THE PAINTER, AND EMMA EAMES STORY, THE FAMOUS PRIMA DONNA, AND A GLIMPSE OF THEIR LIFE IN PARIS AND NEW YORK.

EMMA EAMES STORY, the great prima donna, perhaps the most beautiful woman on the stage, the wife of a celebrated painter, is a figure for all time, one of the women whom this decade will put in fame's gallery, and whom coming generations will be called upon to admire without any reservations, either as woman or artist.

But she is more than this in America. She is the American girl, the brilliant and successful young singer who represents what so many Americans have dreamed of

for their own daughters. What she has done, what she can do, seems possible for another, and ambitious mothers have watched her as anxiously as though she in some measure belonged to them. It was this interest which made her marriage something of a national event, and at first it was not received exactly with equanimity. Although her husband was an American of a New England stock as old as her own, he had not then become famous, and was known, at least to his own countrymen, only as the son of William Wetmore Story,

the sculptor and poet. That Emma Eames should marry at all was rather resented. In America there were precedents for a married woman "giving up" her career. If she must marry, her choice might at least have fallen upon a prince. But only a few years have sufficed to show that the ability which has carried the young New England

thusiasm for themselves and for each other. They have built a beautiful home on the Place des Etats Unis in Paris. They showed their Americanism in choosing just this spot. It was named when Governor Morton was minister to France, and a statue of Washington adorns it. The site is that of Mr. Story's old studio.



Julian Story.

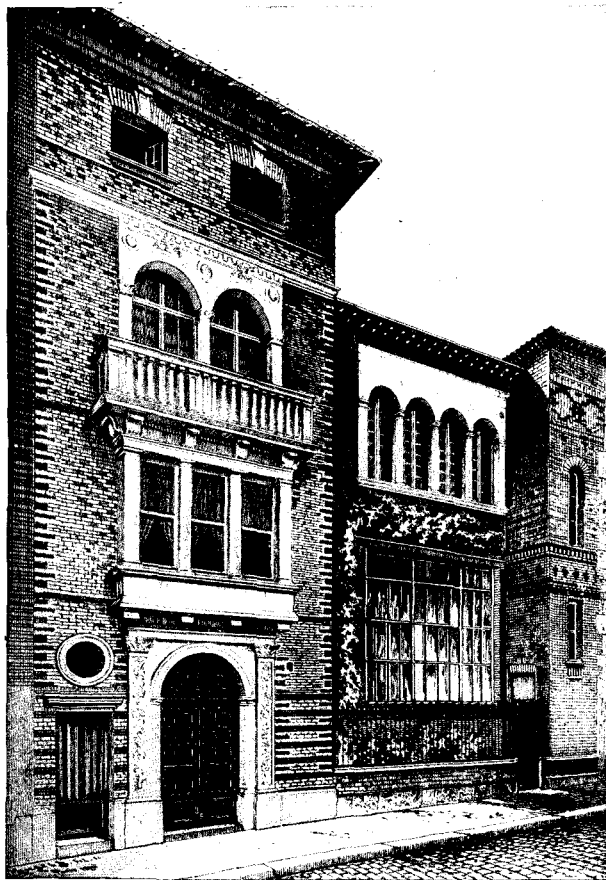
girl through the hardships of training a great voice, and the difficulties of bringing it properly before the public amid the musical intrigues of Paris, was equally potent in attracting and in choosing her own husband.

Probably no woman whose life has come prominently before the public has made a more ideal marriage. Both Julian Story and his wife are Americans, with the artistic temperament which has been tempered and strengthened by traits inherited from Puritan ancestry, and each has the strong individuality and the personal magnetism to draw the best of the world to them. Both are young, celebrated, and full of en-

New Englanders believe that a drop of the blood will always assert itself, and the life of Julian Story would appear to corroborate the theory. His boyhood was passed in that wonderful city which his father has so delicately pictured in "Roba di Roma." Rome was still the papal capital, keeping all of its picturesque old ways. The "occupation" had not come to put new wine in the old bottles. The studio of William Wetmore Story was a sort of Mecca for the clever and interesting people who came down into Italy. Young artists with the French Prix de Rome came to the Story palace, and the two sons, Julian and Waldo, made the close acquaintance of the men



who have since created modern French art. It would have been impossible for these influences not to have had a powerful effect upon the imaginative minds of the young sons of an artistic household.



The Storys' Home on the Place des Etats Unis, Paris.

The elder Story had theories concerning education. He believed that no fine result was ever achieved except through a broad and deep general culture. He would have none of an education built on particular lines. He sent his sons to Eton and to Oxford without biasing their minds with advice about "careers." In the atmosphere of Oxford, where a painting man is almost unknown, the Storys clung to some of the ways of their boyhood, and painted to amuse themselves. When college days were over, Julian Story drifted naturally into a studio. From an amateur's quarters in Rome to a professional atelier in Paris is not a far cry, and for years he has made one of that colony of ardent artists who are try-

ing to put a soul into the brilliant coldness of French technique.

Into his world there came the beautiful young American girl, to take away the breath of Paris at her debut seven years ago. With it she took the heart of her young compatriot, who through his cosmopolitan life had kept a love for the wholesomeness and strength of character of his own people. Miss Fames had been brought up by her mother with the same general ideas that had controlled Mr. Story in educating his sons, with the difference that her talent showed itself in her infancy, and it proved a heavy task to hold it back until it was properly developed. She owes much to her judicious mother. It was Mrs. Fames who looked ahead and planned out the years, foreseeing results; it was her lovable and dignified personality that won the way for her daughter until she was old enough to command it for herself.

Mrs. Fames is herself a music lover, whose family has always been musical, and whose home in Boston was a center for musicians. It was into this atmosphere that her daughter was brought when she was only five years old. Emma Fames' father was a young lawyer who went to Shanghai to take charge of certain American mercantile enterprises, and she was born out there. Even in her infancy, her musical and dramatic talents began to show themselves. There are stories of nursery rhymes set to music and played with empressement on a nursery piano. She learned musical terms and their meanings as she learned to speak. Mrs. Fames had known so many voices ruined by forcing that she would not allow her daughter to sing at all until she was almost fifteen, when her studies began in earnest. At first her mother gave her lessons, and then she was sent to a careful teacher in Boston. It was not long before the onward path led to Paris.

Speaking of the next few years, Mrs.

alities that can create a new one. The great singer is like every other brilliant American woman. She makes a background of her husband. Mr. Story reminds one of the hero of a first rate modern novel. He has a strong, good looking face, and is a well bred, well dressed man of the great world, who appreciates the privilege of being a part of the artistic life of the nineteenth century.

Everybody knows his wife is beautiful, but no one can realize how beautiful until one sits beside her, until she begins to talk. Her skin is of the delicate texture of a child. She has her mother's blue eyes and brown hair; but it is her enthusiasm, her fire, that gives her her greatest charm. Some people have said that Emma Eames is cold. They were those who saw her in the repression of her immature days—only a little while ago, if we reckon by dates. When she was a young girl in Paris, a celebrated French artist, who has died since then, said: "How happy I shall be when you have found yourself, Emma Eames!" He should see her now.

She is full of the spirit of her new Wagnerian rôles, and she told the writer how she had always loved the great German operas, and how it had always been her ambition to sing them.

"When I was a child in Boston I heard them, and longed for the day when I might sing them. They appealed to me, they satisfied me. You have never said the last word in studying Wagner. There is always room for development, for fuller understanding. I was fortunate in hearing the best things first, and they formed my taste. I could not sing German opera when I first came over here, because it was out of vogue. I was enchanted when I found that M. Jean de Reszke was learning the Wagnerian music dramas, and that I was to sing them with him."

Mme. Story expresses the greatest admiration for Lili Lehmann. "There," she

says, "is a great artist with a perfect method, who sings Wagner as he should be sung. They call Wagner hard on the voice. He is certainly hard on the nerves. His music is more difficult, but so are all great things. The voice can be trained to



Mr. Story's Latest Picture, a Portrait of the Prince of Wales.  
*Painted for William Waldorf Astor.*

render his music without injury. It is good to study the Italian method, but not all of the Italian operas. I myself never even heard 'Trovatore' until a year ago."

When Mme. Story was studying Wagner last year, she sent to Bayreuth for Herr Kniese, who knew all the master's ideas, and how he had wished them expressed. This is the only sort of "teaching" she ever has nowadays. She works upon entirely original lines.

"I study no traditions of the operatic stage. What is a 'tradition' except the conception one woman had of a part? We all have limitations. She sang with hers. Why should I add hers to my own? Sometimes, when I have conceived a part and studied it, I go to a critic and ask if I have succeeded in technically producing my



Emma Eames as "Elizabeth" in "Tannhauser."

*From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.*

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idea; but I have left teachers behind. Sometimes the search after your own true expression is like looking for a door in the dark, but growth, development—these are the only things in the world worth living for. When one ceases to enlarge one's horizon, then comes stagnation. When I cannot advance, I want to stop altogether." Then Mme. Story laughed as she went on. "When I begin to fancy that it is time to stop I am coming to America. An American audience will soon let me know if I am losing ground.

"I want to sing here, too, when I am at my best. Americans require us to be sincere. They are quick to detect a sham, and very ready in making their displeasure known when they cease to be pleased. They are right. Why do we sing, except to please? I do hope to have the sense to stop before I become tiresome. I want to reach the apogee of my art and—never to remind an audience that I have left that point behind."

Mme. Story is very solicitous about the great number of young girls who go to Paris to study. As she talked about them, she left her seat and walked about the room. She is so beautiful, so dramatic in every movement, yet so natural, that all at once, in imagination, the world became a stage with this vivid creature moving across it.

"Paris is full of young girls, and so few of them know what it is necessary for them to do to become singers. There are no such voices in the world as those that come out of America. It is not only I who say so, but French teachers and critics; but how many reach an opportunity of being heard in grand opera? I made my *début* seven years ago. Sibyl Sanderson came out at about the same time. Since then what American girl has come into the ranks of opera singers from the French teachers? They have the voices, but that is not all. To become a singer requires a combination of qualities. The student must have facility, adaptability, mental, artistic, and moral equilibrium, and a genius for *work*. A girl may have a fine voice, and may make a good appearance, but it is absolutely impossible for a vacillating

spirit ever to take rank with artists. She must learn the technique of her art so that it is second nature to practise it correctly.

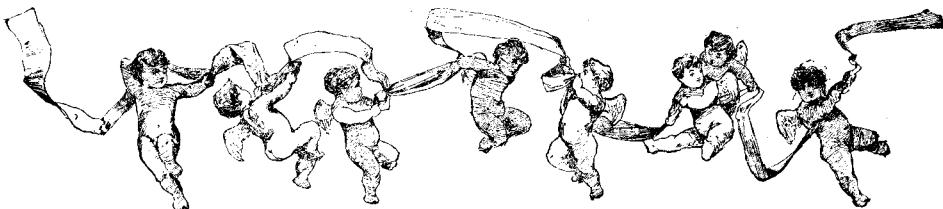
"Too many American girls come to Paris by the advice of personal friends. They want to hurry through. They have no idea of the cost of the course before them. They know nothing of the incidental expenses. A young girl's bare living, without a single gown or a lesson in music or the languages, without an opera ticket or even a cab fare, cannot be less than three hundred francs a month. It is impossible to say how long one should stay. There is nothing but individual cases in voice cultivation. One cannot generalize. And after all, if there is no true feeling for art, no originality in the pupil herself, she can never be a real artist, however beautiful her voice. The teachers can only give a knowledge of technique, can only make teachers. The rest lies in the student's own individuality.

"It is often difficult to make girls study even the technique. Just before I left Paris one came to me for advice. I gave her the best I had. I told her to go somewhere quietly and study vocalism for six months. She needed it. She wrote to me presently, and said she must neglect my advice. It would be 'too monotonous.' I fear she is going to have a life whose monotony will not be broken by triumphs."

A great deal has been said of the jealousy of opera singers. One only needs to see Mme. Story at the opera to know that such a blight has never touched the wholesome nature of this American girl. She listens with the delight of one to whom every note is fresh, and no singer could have a more appreciative auditor.

While she gives up her whole life to her art, making no calls, never receiving on the day she sings, she cannot shut herself entirely away from society. Driving in the park, or at a dinner party, she and her husband are always a distinguished pair. Mr. Story is as busy with his work here as in Paris. Just now he is finishing up his second portrait of the Prince of Wales, which is to be the property of the prince himself. It is a replica of one painted for William Waldorf Astor, and now hung at Cliveden.

*Anna Leach.*





# CORLEONE.\*

By F. Marion Crawford,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Don Orsino," etc.

## I.

"IF you never mean to marry, you might as well turn priest, too," said Ippolito Saracinesca to his elder brother, Orsino, with a laugh.

"Why?" asked Orsino, without a smile. "It would be as sensible to say that a man who had never seen some particular thing, about which he has heard much, might as well put out his eyes."

The young priest laughed again, took up the cigar he had laid upon the edge of the piano, puffed at it till it burned freely, and then struck two or three chords. A sheet of ruled paper on which several staves of music were roughly jotted down in pencil stood on the rack of the instrument.

Orsino stretched out his long legs, leaned back in his low chair, and stared at the old gilded rosettes in the square divisions of the carved ceiling. He was a discontented man, and knew it, which made his discontent a matter of self reproach, especially as it was quite clear to him that the cause of it lay in himself.

He had made two great mistakes at the beginning of life, when barely of age, and though neither of them had produced any serious material consequences, they had affected his naturally melancholic temper and had brought out his inherited hardness of disposition. At the time of the great building speculations in Rome, several years earlier, he had foolishly involved himself with his father's old enemy, Ugo del Ferice, and had found himself at last altogether in the latter's power, though not in reality his debtor. At the same time, he had fallen very much in love with a young widow, who, loving him very sincerely in her turn, but believing, for many reasons, that if she married him she would be doing him an irreparable injury, had sacrificed herself by marrying Del Ferice instead, selling herself to the banker for Orsino's release, without

the latter's knowledge. When it was all over, Orsino had found himself a disappointed man at an age when most young fellows are little more than inexperienced boys; and the serious disposition which he inherited from his mother made it impossible for him to throw off the impression received, and claim the youth, so to speak, which was still his.

Since that time, he had been attracted by women, but never charmed; and those that attracted him were for the most part not marriageable, any more than the few things which sometimes interested and amused him were in any sense profitable. He spent a good deal of money in a careless way, for his father was generous; but his rather bitter experience when he had attempted to occupy himself with business had made him cool and clear headed, so that he never did anything at all ruinous. The hot temper which he had inherited from his father and grandfather now rarely, if ever, showed itself, and it seemed as though nothing could break through the quiet indifference which had become a second outward nature to him. He had traveled much, of late years, and when he made an effort his conversation was not uninteresting, though the habit of looking at both sides of every question made it cold and unenthusiastic. Perhaps it was a hopeful sign that he generally had a definite opinion as to which of two views he preferred, though he would not take any trouble to convince others that he was right.

In his own family, he liked the company of Ippolito best. The latter was about two years younger than he, and very different from him in almost every way. Orsino was tall, strongly built, extremely dark; Ippolito was of medium height, delicately made, and almost fair by comparison. Orsino had lean brown hands, well knit at the base, and broad at the knuckles; Ippolito's were slender and white, and rather

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