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ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

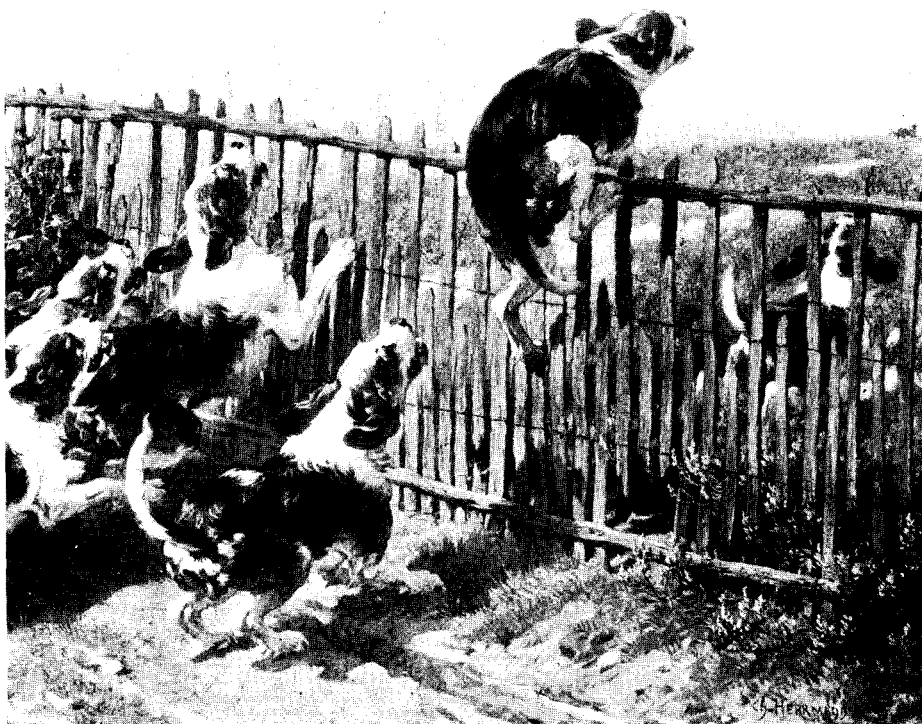
The prominence of Fortuny as the central figure of the great Stewart sale—Notes on American and foreign painters, with a series of engravings of representative canvases.

FORTUNY AND MR. STEWART.

The Stewart collection has been sold and scattered, but its short existence in America was a lesson to art collectors and to students. The students were there in force, and generally found some professor near by to point out the greatness

of the pictures which Mr. Stewart had selected with such care.

The peculiarity of the collection lay in the fact that one great artist had his very best representation before the world concentrated here. Mariano Fortuny was Mr. Stewart's friend. The American



"ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE FENCE."

From the painting by Charles Herrmann Léon—By permission of Jean Boussod, Manzi, Joyant & Co.



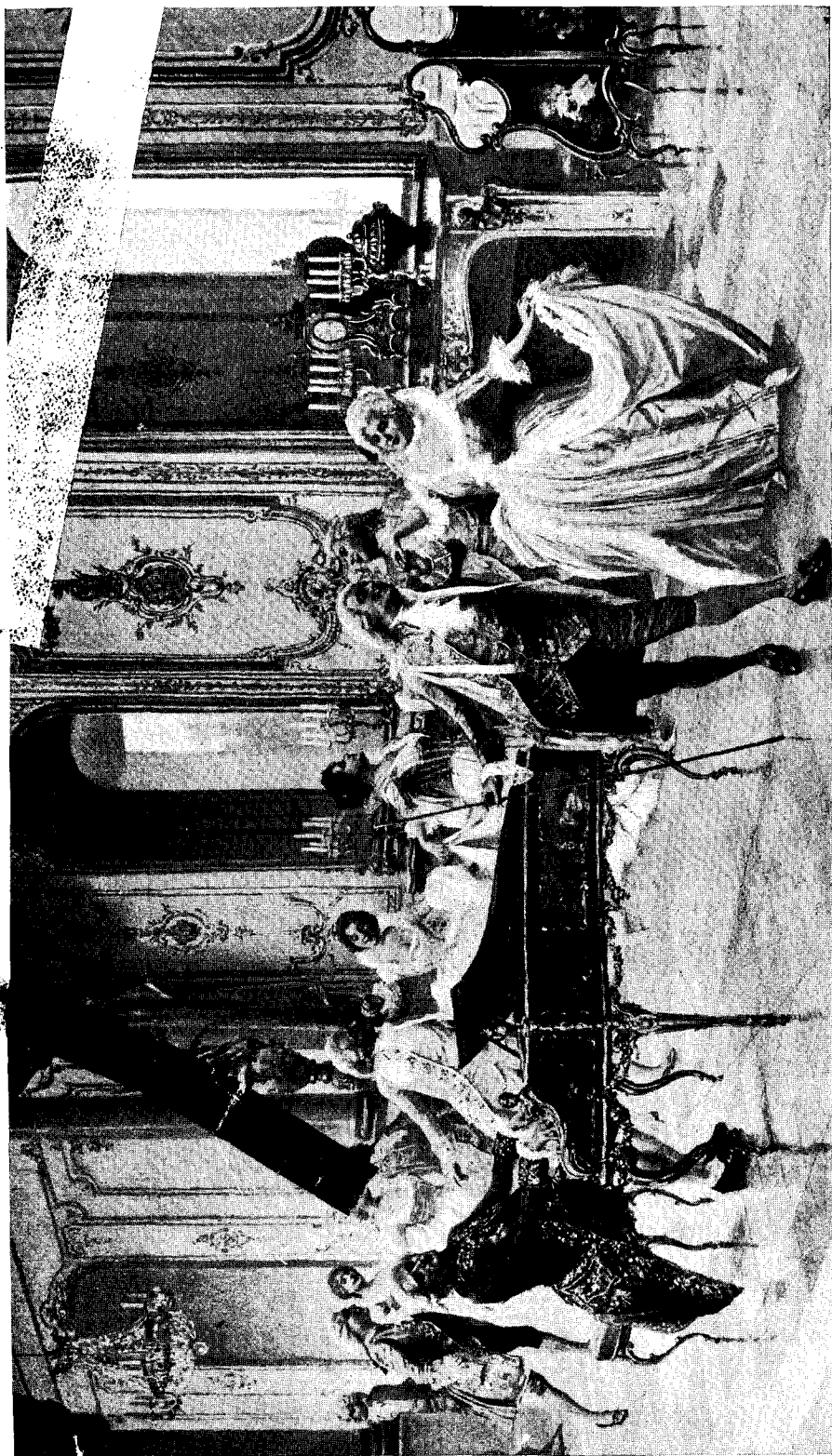
"AT A PARISIAN MILLINER'S."

From the painting by Victor Gilbert—By permission of Jean Boussod, Manzi, Joyant & Co.

collector admired the Spanish painter extravagantly, and purchased as many of his paintings as he could, including his most famous work, "The Choice of the Model." Besides his purchases, several of Fortuny's canvases came to him as gifts—most of them pictures which the artist had painted for his own pleasure,

without any thought of selling. One of these was the fine life size head of the negro Farragi, "One of the King's Moors," with his head dress of white and red. In all, the collection contained twenty five Fortunys.

Fortuny was a remarkable instance of the impossibility of keeping genius out



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"IN PLEASURE'S HALLS."

From the painting by Abasco Perez—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d Street, New York.



"SHELTER FROM THE SHOWER."

From the painting by P. Outin—By permission of Jean Boussod, Manzi, Joyant & Co.

of its chosen path. He was the son of a cabinet maker in Réus in Tarragona. His father and mother died when he was a child, and he went over the country with his grandfather, exhibiting wax figures, and making pictures of everything he saw. When the boy was fourteen, the old man took him to the Spanish artist Talarn, by whose assistance For-

tuny was put in the Academy of Fine Arts in Barcelona. He remained there three years, and won the coveted Prix de Rome—a prize like the celebrated one of the same name in Paris.

During one of the Spanish campaigns in Morocco, the town council of Barcelona sent Fortuny to the front to make sketches, and it was there that he dis-



"THE INTERRUPTED DUEL."
From the painting by J. Garnelo-Alda—By permission of Jean Boussod, Manzi, Joyant & Co.

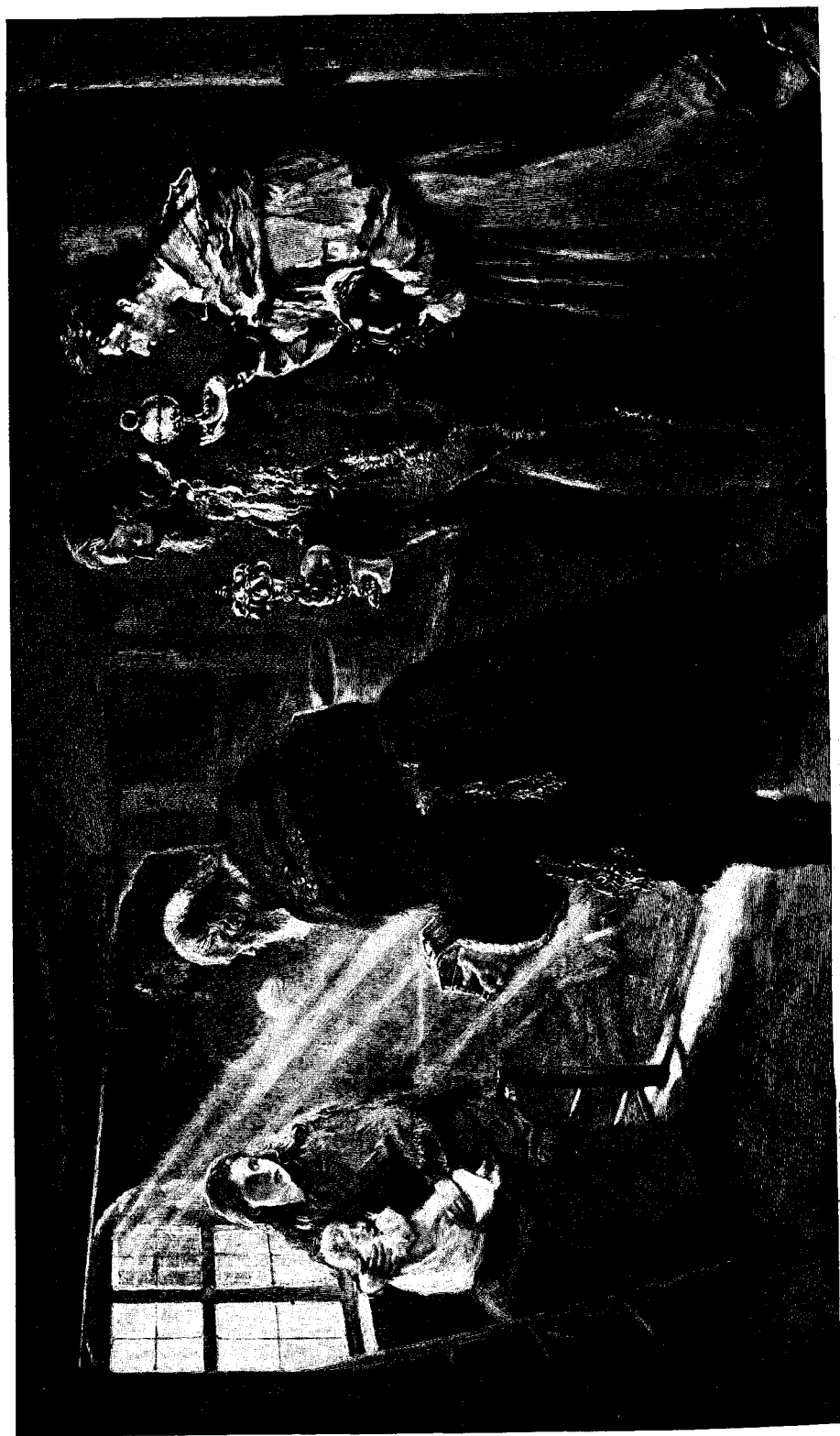


"BLACK DIAMONDS."

From the painting by Jean J. Benjamin-Constant.

covered the great field of character and color which he made all his own. He was twenty three years old, strong, sturdy, an ideal figure for an artist. He came home from Africa to study in Italy and in Paris, making friends everywhere. Then he went to Algiers, where he filled his mind with more of those brilliant pictures which he gave to the world. He

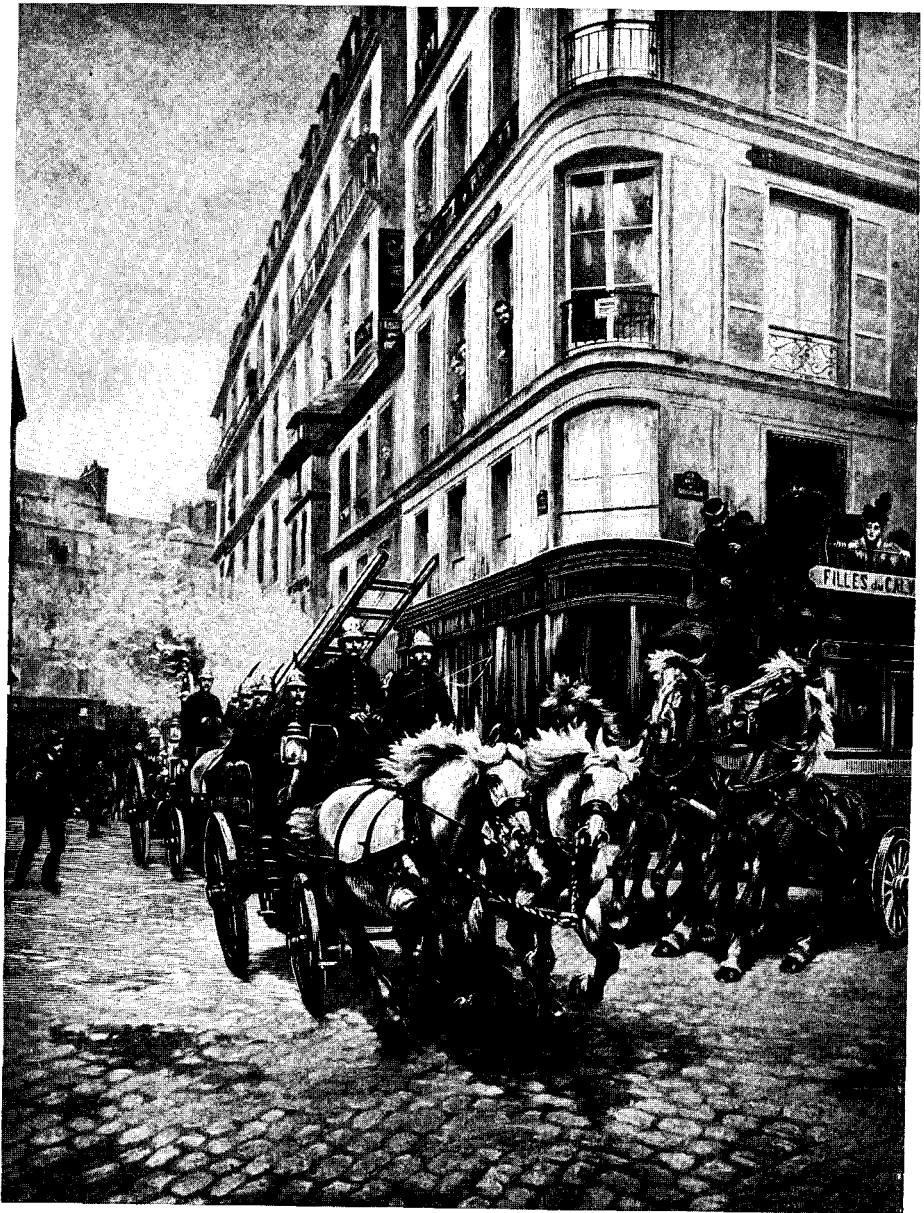
could do almost anything. He painted magnificent vases, glowing with color; he forged swords inlaid with gold, and he lived a many sided life. Mr. Stewart's earliest purchases were four water colors. The first oil painting of Fortuny's that he saw was the "Fantasia Arabe," which was sold for twelve thousand dollars at the sale the other day. The artist was



"THE VISIT OF THE WISE MEN."

From the painting by Fritz von Uhde—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d Street, New York.

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"A FIRE ALARM IN PARIS."

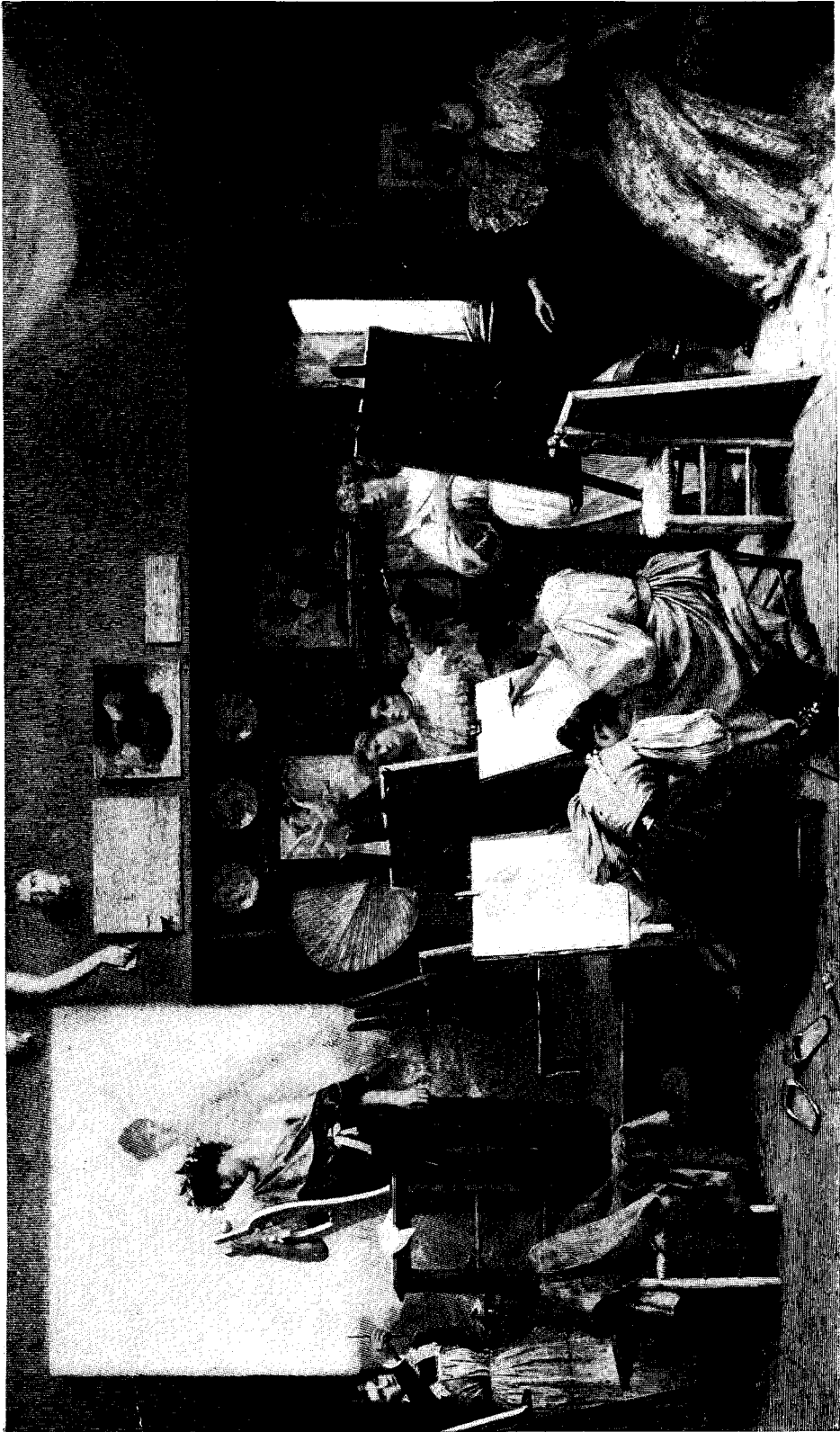
From the painting by Georges Busson.

then quite unknown, and Mr. Stewart said that he purchased the painting "for a song."

One of the most interesting of the Fortunys was "The Antiquary." This picture was given to a dealer in Rome in exchange for an Arab gun and some bits of Venetian glass, and afterward purchased by Mr. Stewart. It shows a room

littered with bric-à-brac and a connoisseur admiring a print, while a friend leans over his shoulder. One day Fortuny told Mr. Stewart that he would like to take the picture home and touch up the background. When he returned it, he had introduced a portrait of his patron hanging on the wall of the room.

This introduction of the portraits of



"A LIFE CLASS,"
From the painting by Albert Edouard—By permission of Jean Bousod, Manzi, Joyant & Co.



"EXPECTATION."

From the painting by Charles Ayer Whipple.

friends was one of Fortuny's pet fancies. In "An Arab Street," Henri Regnault stood for the central figure, and the por-

"The Choice of a Model" was the most widely discussed picture in the sale, and its purchaser, Mr. W. A. Clark,



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"TENDER AND TRUE."

From the painting by E. Blair Leighton—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

trait of Meissonier which went in the sale was an elaboration of a sketch made for another picture.

secured what has generally been regarded as Fortuny's master work. Whether it will always be so considered is a moot



"HOSNAH."

From the painting by Jacqueline Comerre-Paton.

question. It represents a number of the artists of the Academy of St. Luke, in Rome, gathered at the Palazzo Colonna to inspect a model. The nude figure standing on the table is admirably painted, and is brilliantly contrasted with the elaborate dress of the eighteenth century dandies. The whole picture glows like a jewel, and is marvelous in the perfection—perhaps a little overdone—of its detail. Its new owner has some of Mr. Stewart's characteristics. He too is known in most of the studios abroad, where his judgment is much regarded. It is said that he studied pictures for seven years before he presumed to purchase one, but he has sufficient confidence now to buy what strikes his fancy.

To go back to Mr. Stewart, it is wonderful to think of the influence this keen lover of art exerted upon men like Fortuny, Madrazo, Rico, Zamacoïs, and some of their associates. He fairly brought masterpieces into being. "The Choice of a Model" was one of the many canvases that were painted for him.

It was largely through his influence that Fortuny, from being quite unknown, became famous. The brilliant painter was able to indulge his luxurious tastes, to surround himself with the things he loved, to live in the Alhambra at Granada, and to be a center of the cleverest artists of his day. He died in Rome in 1874, and his fame has been growing every year since.

THE WATER COLOR SOCIETY.

The American Water Color Society's exhibitors seem to have a predilection for landscapes, and landscapes without anything particularly cheerful about them. Mr. Lathrop, for instance, with his lowering skies, his gray atmospheres, and his general depression, makes pictures which are sometimes true to nature, and are always clever, but if he had more sense of color we should like him better. We do like the fact that he paints landscapes which we can locate in America. Our artists are not national enough. We are continually hearing that Americans buy foreign pictures. They are likely to continue to do so just as long as our artists paint imitation foreign pictures. They can get the Dutch or the English

or the French landscape rendered by a man who understands it, who is native to it. Our American artists should interpret our own nature, not only in form but in feeling. Until they do that we shall have no national art.

One of the most interesting pictures in the recent exhibition was Mr. Herter's "Sorrow." It was the chief figure picture shown there.

Mr. Charles Curran is an artist whose work is not as well known as it deserves. This year he exhibited two small figures in water color; but his best things have been done in oil. Hang one of his views on Lake Erie—not always showing any part of Lake Erie, but the light, high toned summer atmosphere of that region reflected on the face of a girl, or outlining her figure—and you have thrown a flood of sunshine into the dulllest room. Mr. Curran reminds you of nobody but himself, and he is one of the few distinctively American artists among the young men.

ANOTHER FOREIGN PORTRAIT PAINTER.

The Gandara portraits were chiefly interesting to Americans as studies in style.

Like other portrait painters in New York this winter, M. de la Gandara suffered from the vogue of Boldini. He has been made much of in Paris for several seasons, and his portraits at the Salon have attracted a great deal of attention. He has over here a portrait of Sarah Bernhardt which is very striking; but taking him altogether, he seems a little artificial to us. His women lack humanity. They are like figures passing before us, remote. They are artistic, decorative, everything except just the real, convincing human being that we want in a portrait.

M. de la Gandara's work is more truly artistic than that of almost any portrait painter who has ever exhibited here. He has never painted a canvas that might not be considered as a picture without any relation to the sitter. The figures he shows us are beautiful, and in that way satisfying; but as a portrait, a convincing analytic presentation of one human being different from every other human being, a personality which causes

you to forget its background, not one of his pictures is truly great.

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One of the notable pictures now on exhibition in New York is a "Hamlet" by Edwin A. Abbey. It is more ambitious than anything he has shown here since the "Holy Grail" series, which was exhibited in the metropolis before it found its final resting place in the Boston Public Library.

The picture is shown in the Avery galleries and is offered for sale at eleven thousand dollars. It represents *Hamlet* lying on a rug before the throne, with the poor, beautiful, vacantly staring *Ophelia* sitting beside him. The king and queen sit side by side, and the queen is the most interesting figure in the picture. She draws her hair forward as if to cover her face, and fairly cowers in the corner of her throne. Mr. Abbey has succeeded in painting a remarkable picture of terrified guilt.

Surrounding this picture are several pastels left over from Mr. Abbey's last year's exhibition. The best is a delightful portrait—surely it is a portrait—of "Mrs. Malaprop."

* * * *

Leopold Flameng, the celebrated etcher, has just made an important etching of Edwin A. Abbey's "Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and Lady Anne," one of the pictures of last year in London.

Every year Abbey's art grows, and it is probable that the next generation, which will have lost sight of his beginnings, and will know him only as a great painter, will accept him without criticism as one of the greatest. He is certain of touch and always splendidly fine in conception. There is no pettiness mingled with his art. He is never commonplace.

* * * *

M. Chartran has brought together his usual number of portraits of Americans for the inspection of the public, and has added to the group several paintings which are not portraits. One of these is fairly pretty, but there is nothing to approach his monks of last year. The large portrait of Archbishop Corrigan, in his episcopal robes of a delicately painted purple, is the notable picture of the collection, and it is not by any means great.

It may be that M. Chartran did not find such interesting people to paint this year, but certainly there is a great falling off in his portraits. Compared with Madrazo's or Boldini's they appear at a disadvantage. There is nothing to approach his brilliant portrait of Mme. Calvé, or that of Mrs. De La Mar, which we saw in other years.

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The Madrazo collection is particularly interesting*just now on account of the prominence given to some of this artist's paintings in the Stewart collection. He was the artist whom Mr. Stewart chose to paint his own portrait.

The most interesting of the Madrazo portraits is a large one of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, who was Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt. She lends herself admirably to portraiture, having a face full of color and animation. The portrait is life size and full length, and represents her in a gown of white and lavender satin, seated on a garden bench, with a wide hat beside her. It is painted somewhat after the poses Sir Joshua was wont to employ for his sitters, but essentially modernized.

Madrazo's sister was the wife of Fortune, and the two men were close friends.

* * * *

The student of portraiture may always find examples of the old masters in New York. It is seldom that some of the dealers have not portraits by the great men, particularly of the English school. Just now there are a very strong Raeburn and a good Sir Joshua Reynolds at the Blakeslee galleries.

* * * *

Boldini has added two or three pictures to his New York exhibition, but since his arrival he has painted many that will be seen only by the originals and their friends.

One of the new ones, and a very striking one, is a sketch of Miss Elsie de Wolfe, the actress. It is very broadly painted, with no attention to detail, and a notice is placed in the frame telling us that it is the work of one afternoon. Like everything Boldini does, it is brilliant and clever, but for all that, it is a little hard. One cannot but wish to see it a hundred years from now, when those whites will be toned down.

A DOLLAR SCOOP.

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

The story of a business partnership between two small mice of the San Francisco wharves, who undertook to gnaw through ropes that the great lions of the city could not break.

IT was not only Rita's sex that made the boys so angry. They could have forgiven her for being a girl if she had not taken an unfair advantage of the fact, and made it a source of capital. No one had a right to bring undue influence to bear on patrons. As if the authorized cry of the trade were not good enough for her, she had to go on adding feminine flyers utterly out of place in a business transaction.

"Papers, papers! All about the suey-cide!" her voice would blare out, not unlike a feminine brass band, and rich with superfluous r's. If she had stopped there it would have been all right; but who ever heard of a woman that knew when she'd said enough? "Don't you want one? It's only five cents, you know," she would bleat coaxingly, looking so pretty in her short blue gown and braided pigtail that not one man in six could resist her. And she did not consider the business ended the minute the nickel touched her grubby little palm, either, but looked up and smiled and said, "Oh, *thank* you!" so earnestly that many a customer bought another (to drop in the gutter a block or two further on), or looked out for her next time, when the boys were at his heels.

And Rita, puffed up with the jingle of the nickels in her pocket, strutted proudly about the ferry, blithely calling her wares, while the boys lounged in forced contempt against the walls, and scorned to cry their papers till she had passed, watching her much as St. Bernards might watch the antics of a Japanese poodle. They were far too proud to compete openly with her; also too wise.

Rita was not what you would call sensitive. In the intervals of business she hung around her rivals, and listened

frankly to what they were talking about. When they made fun of her, she smiled with the air of one who understands and tolerates, and their insults passed over her as if she had been oiled.

It was one of those days when the fog muffled the bay like a gray blanket, and the ferry boats ran only once an hour, that they might feel their way across in comparative safety. Business was dull, and Rita, seeing what looked like an interesting conversation going on among half a dozen boys perched on a baggage truck, came and seated herself on the other end of the obtuse angle, dangling her feet in happy independence.

"Haven't sprained your calliope, have you?" queried one of the boys, in mock anxiety. Rita merely grinned. Repartee was not her strong point. The others ignored her completely.

"I tell you, fellers, get onto a real good thing before the reporters do, and you're made," went on the one who had been holding forth. "When Billy saw Black Mary bobbing around in the bay, he had the savey to chase right up to the *Recorder* office while the others was fishing her out, and they just had time to squeeze in a bully article before they went to press. You oughter seen it—'On the Face of the Waters—Suicide of a Notorious Character—The Last Chapter in the Career of Black Mary'—and all that. The other papers didn't get it, so it was a scoop; and they give Billy a dollar."

"But she came to all right, and it wasn't no suicide," objected one of the others. "She just fell off in a drunk."

"That don't matter," insisted the first speaker. "So long as the other papers don't get it it's a scoop, whether it's true or fake. Say, isn't it most time for that boat?"