

girls ceased, the coon-hunter came not and the night passed in peace.

It must have been near daybreak that I was aroused by the old man leaving the cabin and I heard voices and the sound of

horses' feet outside. When he came back he was grinning.

"Hit's your mules."

"Who found them?"

"The Wild Dog had 'em," he said.

(To be continued.)

EASTMAN JOHNSON, PAINTER

By William Walton

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM MR. JOHNSON'S PAINTINGS BY PERMISSION OF MRS. EASTMAN JOHNSON



IN this professional career seem to have been exemplified the natural results of the combination of an innate talent so positive that it scarcely had need of the usual training in the schools and of a singleness of purpose which was almost equally out of the common. All the talent that a man may have is required to make him an artist, Mr. Johnson was in the habit of declaring, "and *all* his time." In the fulfilment of this last hard condition he was aided by an admirable constitution, unfailing good health, a very sound digestion, and a physical strength given to but few. Till within the last few years of his life, notwithstanding his advanced age and the fact that he was a somewhat heavy man, it was his custom to ascend each morning to his studio in the top of his residence in West Fifty-fifth Street (and he would not have an elevator installed), and paint steadily, standing, from nine or ten in the morning till dusk. Not even for his frugal luncheon, as his family testify, would he always interrupt his work. When brought up to him, he took it while still on his feet. George Inness is said to have painted fifteen hours a day when sufficiently absorbed in his work, and also to have generally worked standing, even on small canvases. To paint continuously for more than a few hours, in the most comfortable of circumstances, without losing freshness of judgment and sureness of eye, is difficult enough, as the painters know. In the early summer, when the household arrangements were being made for the annual removal to Nantucket, Mr. Johnson

would work till the last day and begin again immediately when in his island studio. From his first sitter, the family cook—portrayed surreptitiously by escaping from the church organ loft Sunday morning during service and hastening homeward—to the last, in the winter of the present year, he accomplished a prodigious amount of work.

The cook's portrait was so evidently a likeness that the paternal wrath was disarmed; and, for once, the pathway of art was made smooth. It is pleasant to record the adventures of fairy princes and the lives of successful artists which may be said to approach them in joy of achievement and freedom from sordid details—privations, failures, and despairs. The father of this painter, Philip Carrigan Johnson—who seems to have recognized his son's talent with commendable promptness—was a distinguished citizen of Maine, having held the office of Secretary of State for thirty years, under succeeding administrations. There had been an uncle, Major Johnson, in the Continental Army. Of the eight children of Philip Carrigan and Mary Chandler Johnson, two of the three sons attained eminence, the youngest, Philip C., Jr., rising to the rank of rear-admiral in the United States navy. Eastman first saw the light in the small town of Lovell, near Fryeburg, in the western part of Maine, in the summer of 1824. His earliest recollections, as he records in his notes, were of the family's removal to Fryeburg, and when he was nine, they again moved, to Augusta, the capital. He does not appear to have particularly distinguished himself at school, and at the age of fifteen was placed in a country store.

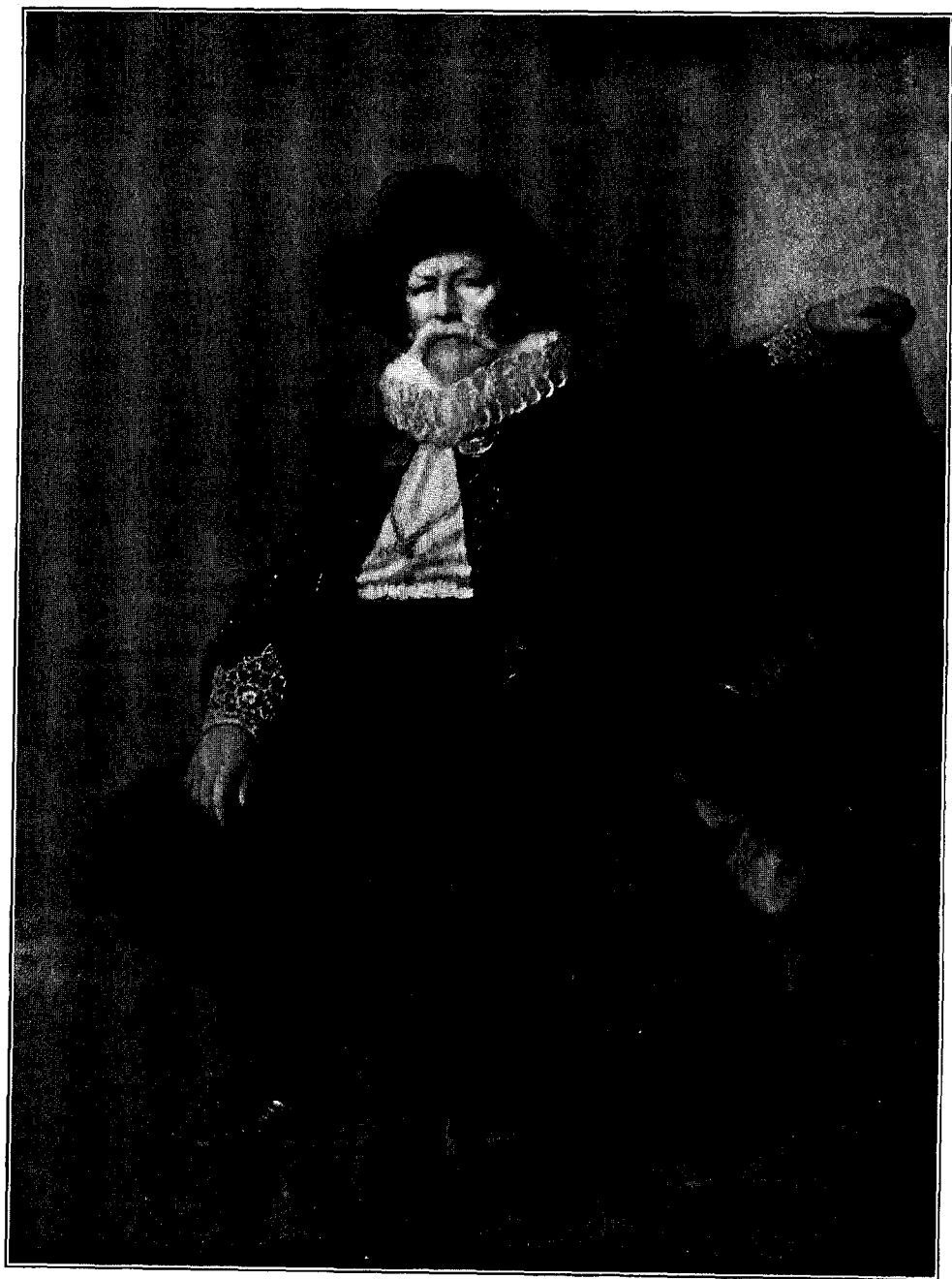
Becoming convinced in the course of a twelvemonth that, in his own words, he was "not going to be any credit to his master," and having so informed him, he abandoned commerce and all its ways.

His father accordingly secured him a situation in a lithographic establishment in Boston, where he soon made himself valuable in designing titles for books, music, etc. Of this, also, he wearied at the end of a year, went back to Augusta, took a room in his father's house and began his portrait work, his sitters including members of the Legislature and other prominent citizens. These portraits were crayon drawings, the general demand for which had not yet been diminished by the introduction of photography. He visited Newport, and spent a season in Portland, Me., where he executed the portraits of Longfellow's parents and of his sister, Mrs. Pierce, there resident. But the capital of the nation, with its official character, its foreign residents and changing population, seemed to offer the most promising field for his art, and to Washington he accordingly went, some little time before his family followed him. Governor Fairfield of Maine, having become Senator from that State, wished to obtain for Mr. Johnson, Sr., the post of chief clerk in the Department of the Navy, this post being that afterward known as that of Assistant Secretary. But "the pressure of politics" prevented his appointment, and Mr. Johnson became, instead, chief clerk in the Bureau of Construction and Repairs. This office he held during the rest of his life; in his later years he took for his second wife Mrs. Mary James, *née* Washington, a sister of Richard Washington and one of the nearest relatives then living of the Father of his Country. In 1845 Eastman was established in a successful practice; one of the Senate committee rooms in the Capitol was given him for a studio, and it was in this august atelier that he executed the portrait of the widow of Alexander Hamilton in 1846. That of Mrs. Dorothea Payne Madison, relict of "the great little Madison," as she herself qualified him, was done in her own residence, this sprightly lady being still in the flower of her popularity. "Mrs. Madison is a particular pet," wrote Mr. James M. Maçon to Miss Chew, "being only fourscore years." Mr. Johnson drew her, as we may still see, in the then some-

what old-fashioned turban and "short-waisted, puff-sleeved, gored, velvet gown" to which she still clung, and to which she lent such a grace that not even "critical young girls" would have had her change.

It is related that Daniel Webster was so pleased with this portrait that he wished to possess it, and the artist executed a replica for him. On a commission from Governor R. C. Winthrop of Massachusetts, Johnson drew a portrait of Webster, at the same sittings which the statesman was giving Healy, the painter, for the collection of Louis Philippe of some of the most distinguished Americans for the galleries of Versailles (1845). In 1886 Governor Winthrop presented the Massachusetts Historical Society with a photograph of this crayon portrait, "which has been hanging on my walls for forty years," and which, he said, had also been lithographed. The original drawings of the portraits of Dolly Madison and Mrs. Hamilton, as well as a small one of Webster, are still in the possession of Mrs. Eastman Johnson, as are, indeed, very many others—drawings and paintings, portraits and genre—"the original is the best, and that you cannot have," being the artist's usual formula.

John Quincy Adams also sat for him, as did General Sewell, an old Revolutionary officer, Judges Story and McLean of the Supreme Court, some of the foreign ministers, members of Congress, etc. Professor Morse, who was "still esteemed as a painter," came to see him, and as he was leaving said: "Well, you can reach the top of the ladder if you wish to." The Washington sojourn was broken by summer excursions to Augusta, and terminated by a return to Boston, where Longfellow gave him commissions for portraits of himself and of his friends Emerson, Hawthorne, Charles Sumner and President Felton of Harvard. The first of these made a great impression upon the artist; in later life he was wont to describe with much enthusiasm the geniality, the amiability, the great personal charm of the Sage of Concord. In Boston he established his studio first in Amory Hall, and later in Tremont Temple, on the site of the old Tremont Theatre, opened in 1827. His friend, George Henry Hall, still living, had also a studio in this building; and among his fellow-practitioners was Samuel W. Rowse, one of the most successful of these "crayon-limners," but who had been an



Eastman Johnson in the costume worn by him at the Twelfth Night celebration at the Century Club, 1899.—Page 274.

Painted by himself.

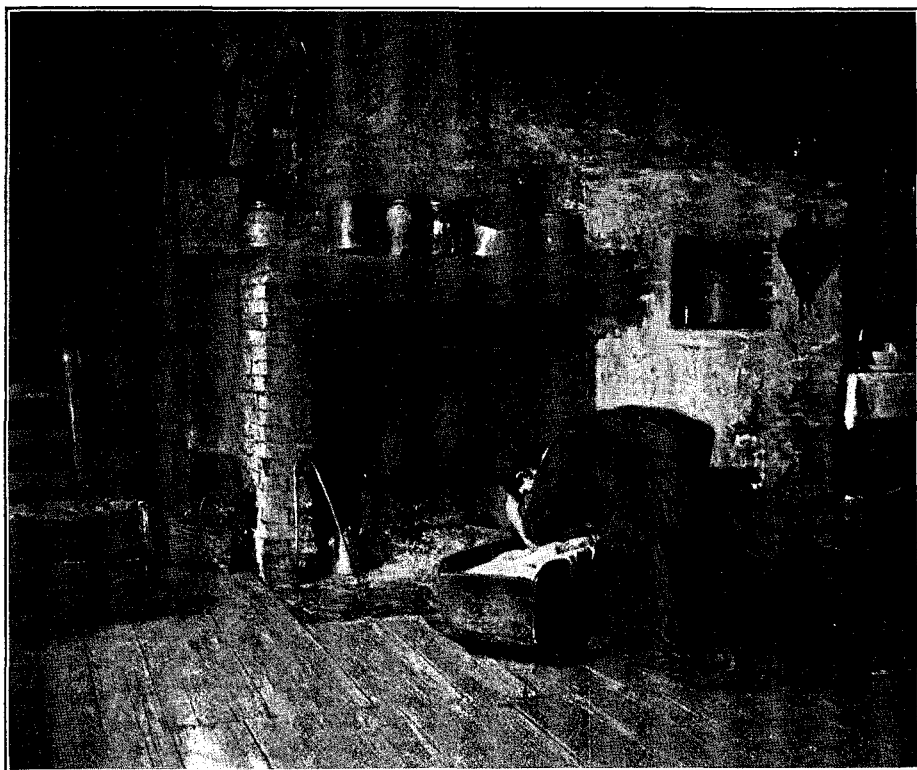


Eastman Johnson in his studio.

actor for a brief period, his only appearance on the stage, the story ran, having been one evening in the rôle of Richard III. The usual price for these crayon portraits at this period seems to have been twenty-five dollars each, though it afterward rose rapidly, Rowse declaring in later life that he sometimes received as much as four hundred dollars for a head. These drawings were usually sketched in with charcoal and finished with hard crayons, the modelling put in with a "stump." Mr. Hall remembers that in Johnson's case they were usually executed in two or three sittings, but not infrequently there would be two sittings a day. He worked with a certain sureness of eye and hand, his attack was prompt and effective, and there were very few erasures and recommencements.

But the painter's color sense was stirring within him, and the need for wider fields. In Boston he commenced to draw in colored crayons; "but I never had a master," he testifies. It is Mr. Hall's recollection that his first *painted* portrait was that of Whittredge, the landscape painter; and this portrait is still in Mr. Whittredge's possession.

In these first pastel heads, dated 1846 and 1847, may be seen his rapidly developing technical skill in the use of color; a little thin, and bluish in the shadows at first, they very soon became fuller, richer in tone and modelling and in warm, broken color. So successful had he been that when, at the age of twenty-five, he decided to go abroad, he had acquired a capital sufficient not only for the trip but also to provide a fund for the completion of the education of his sisters. In a letter still preserved his father expresses his appreciation of this fund, which, however, he states he will keep intact. July 15, 1849, Messrs. Johnson and Hall set sail for Europe in the good ship *William Shakespeare*, with a full-length presentation of the bard, carved in wood, for a figure-head at her bow. This somewhat unusual nautical appellation was owing to the fact that the vessel had been formerly one of the Dramatic line of ships, all of which bore appropriate names, *Roscus*, *Garrick*, etc. The voyage lasted some sixty days, to the mouth of the Scheldt; when the ship came to anchor for the third time in the river, before reaching Antwerp, the two artists de-



The Cradle Song.

cided to get out and walk. Under the walls of the city, then standing, they encountered a cheerful gathering of youths and maidens celebrating some kind of a kermess, and were hospitably welcomed as strangers, invited to stay and help the rejoicing. It is even reported that they were informed by the ruddy-cheeked damsels that the current rates for kisses were half a franc apiece. In Antwerp they remained for eight days, and then proceeded to Düsseldorf, where they enrolled themselves in the Academy schools, but at the end of the first two or three weeks Johnson was notified that in his case the customary two years in drawing would be dispensed with, and that he could enter the painting classes at once.

The Düsseldorf Academy, founded in 1767, was then under the divided sway of Lessing and Schadow, the latter having been director since 1826, but the former—at this time in the midst of the *Kulturkampf* as an “apologist” for the Kaiser-might and the heroes of the Reformation, Huss and Luther—being the more popular. Schad-

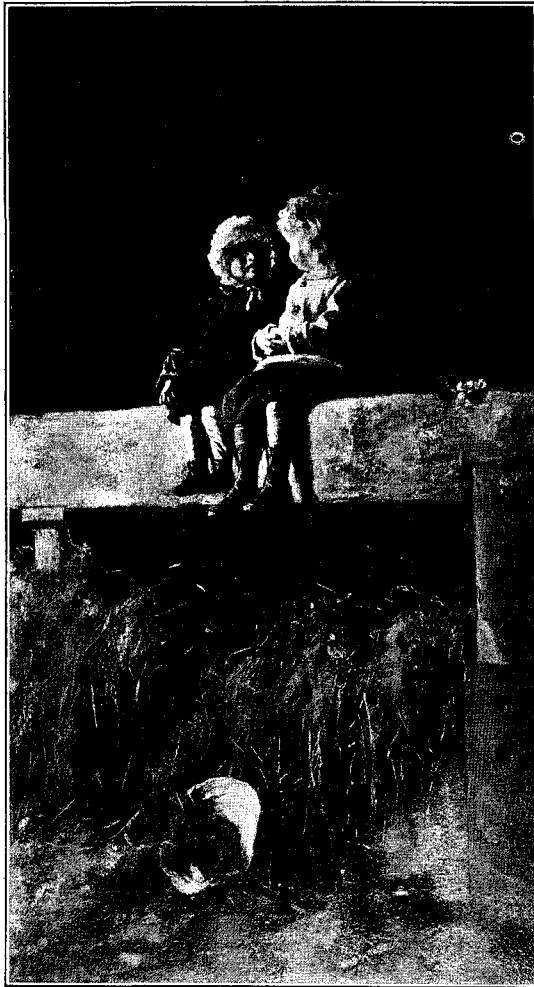
ow’s religious zeal as a convert to the Catholic Church had even led to a temporary estrangement between him and his former pupil, though it is said to have been his influence which had won Lessing away from his early romantic-elegiac manner, both in figures and landscape. Mr. Hall states his opinion that “the Düsseldorf school was excellent in all the preliminary art studies, drawing from the nude, anatomy, perspective, and composition; but in color it was very deficient; not one of the many artists living there was a colorist.” Here they were joined by their compatriot, Whittredge, and the three took a trip up the Rhine, “our object being to see mountains and old castles.”

Johnson made a study in oil of the Drachenfels, and there are still preserved in his portfolios very careful little pencil drawings of the heads of Andreas Achenbach, Knaus, and others, made at this period, on fragile paper, and apparently without retouching or erasures. Leutze was then president of the Kneiper Club, and Johnson was duly made a member of this artist fraternity. He and

Leutze went to the military riding academy for instruction in the art of horsemanship, and the younger man records that he was complimented on his skill. Among his talents was one for languages—he had taken some lessons in French and German before going abroad; he sang and conversed in both, and spoke Dutch with a mastery of the sibilants unusual in a foreigner. In his excursions he was in the habit of collecting and carefully pressing flowers and delicate plants, duly dated, with the locality, and this little herbarium is still preserved.

Without any apparent injury to his own technique, he worked a good deal in the atelier of Leutze, who was then painting his celebrated "Washington Crossing the Delaware," now in the Metropolitan Museum. To secure accuracy in the costumes, the young man wrote home to his father, asking him to have made a careful reproduction of the uniform worn by Washington, which was done, and the garments forwarded to Leutze. The son, in his letters home, records that at the reception held in the latter's studio, May 11, 1851, to celebrate the completion of this great work, the Prince and Princess of Prussia were among the distinguished guests, and that the prince, "a fine, soldierly looking man, with agreeable manners," to whom he was presented by Leutze, wished to purchase the small copy of the picture which Johnson had painted, but which, under the terms of the contract made for the disposal of the original, could not be sold. In July of this year he went over to London to see the National Gallery and the first International Exposition, stopping on his way at The Hague, and a few months later, January, 1852, we find him located in the latter capital and definitely embarked on his career as a painter in oil. In his notes at the time he records his conviction that mere travelling and sight-seeing, even in foreign lands, are much less useful to the artist than concentration and persistence in study. In the works of the

Dutch masters he found satisfactory technical instruction; so assiduously and so well did he devote himself to the copying of the chief of them that, as Mr. George Folsom, then *chargé d'affaires* at The Hague, and one of his friends, says, he was soon known among his compatriots as "the American Rembrandt."



The Confab.

His diary and his letters home bear abundant testimony to his appreciation of the Dutch master and of one or two others—his description of the "Anatomy Lesson," of the best pictures in the Six Gallery, of the Rubens in the Antwerp Cathedral, etc. In The Hague he also executed a number of portraits, paintings and drawings—of the

Countess von Stirrum, of Mrs. August Belmont and child, of the charming young Princess Marie of Holland and some of the ladies of her court, of a Swedish friend, Leenders, perhaps the ambassador, with his violin, and others; and among his figure pictures, most of which were sent home for sale, were the "Jew Boy" (1851), the "Card Players," the "Savoyard," and "Pestal," the last, finished later, in America. In the winter he made many studies of skaters, and skated himself. Numerous excursions with his friends—to Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Düsseldorf, Quindenburg (a suburb of The Hague), and other localities—varied his work in the galleries and in his own atelier; he was elected a member of the Pulchri Studio, an artist's club; at the beginning of his modest career as a collector he purchased, at the sale of the effects of the deceased William II, King of Holland, in his palace in Tilburg, North Brabant, the handsome carved oaken cabinet, now in the dining-room in the house in Fifty-fifth Street; and a carved bedstead, also in his collection, was shown at an exhibition of antiquities in Amsterdam. Finally, toward the end of his sojourn in the Dutch capital, he was offered the position of court painter, but he had not yet seen Paris, and he left for that city in August, 1855.

Knaus, Healy, and others of his American and Düsseldorf acquaintances were already there; some of them, as Thomas Hicks and E. Wood Perry, had fallen under the influence of Couture, and Johnson worked in his atelier, making a copy of the head of a sleeping soldier by Couture. Comfortably installed at No. 14, Boulevard Poissonnière, he soon found himself so content that, as he said in later life, nothing less than the news of the death of his mother, he thought, would have brought him back to his native shore. But on the receipt of this intelligence he sailed for home in the steamship *Arago* on the 24th of October. In 1885, 1891, and 1897 he visited Europe again; in 1891, to see the Salon and the Royal Academy, with Rowse, who remained one of his intimate friends till the end of his life; and in 1897, with his wife and daughter, to Paris and to Madrid to see the Velasquez, remaining abroad some five months.

The arts, in the United States to which he returned in 1855, were apparently entering upon a period of development; the bar-

barous period, of provincialism, shirt-sleeves and indiscriminate tobacco, testified to by Mrs. Trollope, Fanny Kemble, and even Fenimore Cooper, and which had succeeded the greater courtliness and Old World culture of the Colonial and Revolutionary epoch, was gradually giving way to something better. In painting, the almost complete restriction to portraits was being broken by a growing appreciation of figure painting and familiar genre;—the time, prophesied by Inman, "when the rage for portraits in America will give way to a purer taste," was arriving. The taste may not have been purer, but it was broader—the cult of Meyer von Bremen was conterminous with the interest (fostered by both literature and art) in Indian life and border warfare. The latter was prevalent enough to affect the returned painter; after a brief sojourn in Washington we find him making twice, in 1856 and in 1857, the long journey to the head of Lake Superior, establishing himself in the woods in a primitive camp studio of his own construction, which was "everything an artist could desire," and painting red Indians with as much zeal as that with which he had been copying Rembrandts. Of one of these aboriginal portraits, still preserved in his residence in this city, he related that the sitter, a maid, moved by the superstitious fear of the savages that her death would follow the taking of her image, called with a friend to inspect the completed work, took it to the door under pretence of wishing more light, and then suddenly fled with the dreaded thing under her arm. Whereupon the painter, moved to indignation, gave chase, overtook the spoilers, and brought back his picture. In this northern expedition he also painted several portraits, but, having invested his own capital and the sum of five hundred dollars placed at his disposal by his father for the same purpose, in some land speculation, and lost it all, he found himself under the necessity of stopping at Cincinnati on his homeward trip, in November, 1857, and establishing there a temporary professional career as a portrait-painter until the family finances were restored to their original condition.

In the sixties we find him again returning to the forests, both in the very early spring and in the autumn—this time in the neighborhood of his native Fryeburg, where,



Copyright, 1871, by Eastman Johnson.

The Old Stage Coach.



Milton Dictating to His Daughters.

among other things, he made some forty careful studies in oil for a large painting, the rural New England annual festival of "Sugaring Off." This he hoped some day to carry to completion as his masterpiece, and on one or two occasions made definite attempts to secure the commission from some wealthy patron of the arts. In these studies of the native types, both wild and domestic, which are comparatively unknown, the same qualities which distinguished his other work are manifest—possibly most distinctly the good judgment, the careful avoidance of carrying the obvious thing too far. It is this discretion, this knowledge of that which is within the province of painting and of that which is not, which constitutes probably the distinguishing quality of Mr. Johnson's genre painting, and which differentiates him so strongly from many of his contemporaries and immediate predecessors. "The Old Kentucky Home," painted in 1859, now in the Lenox Library, gave him the beginning of his reputation in this line. Seldom has an an-

ecdotic painter (so to speak) essayed more dangerous themes—Happy Childhood playing in the Sun, Rustic Comedy, and Domestic Drama and Piety and Sentiment; but a saving grace, a sure instinct, saved him from them all—his kindliness never led him astray, his sense of humor was beautifully apportioned, the faintest touch of sarcasm kills the sentimentality. Consider the distance between the lightness of touch, the mellow humor, of the "Glass with the Squire," for example, or the "Reprimand," or the "Nantucket School of Philosophy," and the heavy-handed Teutonic renderings of Vautier and Defregger; he never descends to the mere story-telling, or the merely comic, as does Knaus; his pathos is not forced, more plausible than that of Israels; his conception of this rendering of "the life of the poor," of "the tillers of the soil" (and the ex-toilers of the sea), preaches no ugly gospel of discontent, as does so much of the contemporary French and Flemish art of this genre; his Nantucket neighbors know nothing of the "*protestation douloureuse de*



A Glass with the Squire.

la race asservie à la glèbe"; there is no "*cri de la terre*" arising from his cranberry marshes or his hay-stuffed barns. The happy combination of right feeling and sound technique is manifest in all the details; the respectable old silk high hat which constitutes so important an incident in several of the best of his Nantucket scenes

would have been fatal to the ordinary genre painter—it is dignifiedly hospitable in the "Glass with the Squire," gravely stern (but not overwhelmingly so) in the "Reprimand," genuinely pathetic in "Contemplation" and the "Embers." But seldom has so unimportant a baggage played such an important rôle in art.

The *motif* of the "Old Kentucky Home" was found by simply looking out the back windows of his residence in Washington. The painting was exhibited at the National Academy of Design in New York in 1859, at the Paris Exposition of 1867, with three other canvases, and at the Philadelphia Centennial of 1876. It was recognized that the work of Mount—practically the first American painter of familiar genre—was to

one of the most popular, of this series was the "Old Stage Coach," the original, dismounted vehicle of which he had found in a previous summer in the Catskills. From the studies there made of it, and from his careful measurements, he erected a staging, on and around which the island children, judiciously selected and apportioned, filled their appointed rôles. One of the most interesting of the minor pictorial excellencies



Head of Indian Girl.

be continued, with equal technical skill and a certain greater breadth of sentiment and rendering. The long line of Mr. Johnson's subsequent paintings in this genre is part of our contemporary social history; in the Lenox Library, also from the collection of Mr. Robert L. Stuart, hang two other canvases, one, the "Sunday Morning" of 1866, somewhat smoother in brushwork, almost equally well known. The Nantucket series dates from 1870, the year after his marriage with Miss Elizabeth W. Buckley, of Troy, N. Y.,—that island having been recommended to him as a summer studio by Dr. Gaillard Thomas, to meet his desire for a quiet and incurious locality. The first, and

of this canvas is the suggestion of continuous forward movement in this entirely stationary cortège.

A deeper note was touched in the studies made while following the Army of the Potomac, after Bull Run, Antietam and the Wilderness; and a different one in the graver historical and literary themes, as the "Milton Dictating to His Daughters" of 1875, painted before he had seen Munkacsy's more pretentious version of the same scene; the "Prisoner of State," of the preceding year; or "The Boy Lincoln" of 1868. In 1860 a runaway slave girl was sold at auction in Plymouth Church by Henry Ward Beecher, to obtain funds to purchase her



Embers.

freedom, and was brought by Mr. Beecher to Mr. Johnson for her portrait, a photograph of which, representing her in rapt admiration of a ring given her by a lady as a contribution to the fund, is still in Mrs. Johnson's possession. In 1857, with the permission of the proprietor, he made a number of studies of the exterior and interior of Mount Vernon, once or twice in company with Louis R. Mignot, who had been a fellow-student at The Hague.

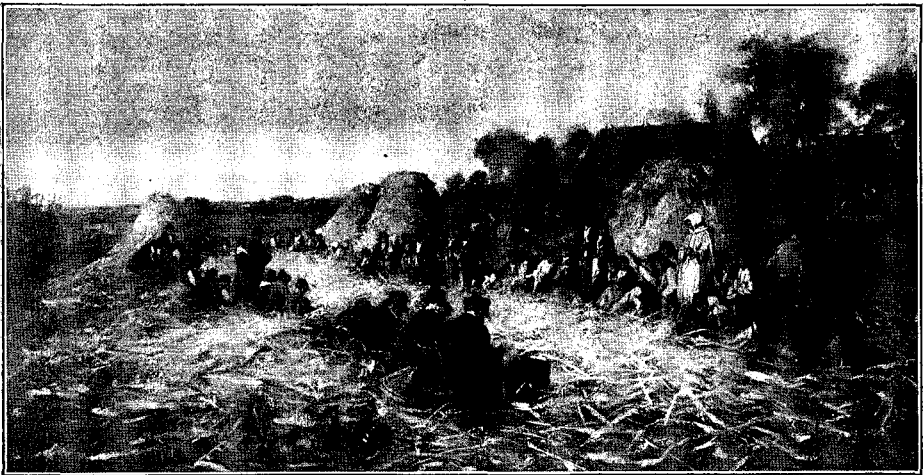
About 1858 Mr. Johnson established his residence in New York City, became a member of the National Academy of Design two years later, and continued almost uninterruptedly until his death his busy

and successful career, alternating portraits and figure compositions. His sitters included a surprising number of men and women distinguished in all the walks of life, political, professional and social, for his good fortune qualified him to succeed with both sexes—a somewhat unusual gift. Presidents of the United States—Arthur, Harrison, and Cleveland both as governor and President; bishops, generals, bankers, presidents of universities, eminent lawyers and divines, and their wives, mothers, sweethearts, and children—all came before his discriminating and all-rendering brush. Conscientious and tireless, he very seldom contented himself with the one canvas he

delivered to the sitter; in his endless search for the better way, he would render, in black and white, or in color, one, or two, or even three, variations, even of life-size figures, and not infrequently the version of the sitter which he had preferred to that selected by the family would be in the end recognized by the relatives as the more desirable. The walls of his residence, studio, living-rooms and halls, are hung thickly with these careful studies, all of them virile, life-like, strongly modelled, and presented with a certain serious dignity and quality of style. Never did he consider his sitter as a mere peg upon which to hang some arrangement, or symphony, or other impersonal experiment. In very nearly all of them may be recognized the same harmony of tone, the warm, suave, generous color, rendered very frequently with a sort of "granular impasto," as Mr. Isham describes it, but in one or two, as in a portrait of Commodore Vanderbilt and in a striking head of Edwin Booth presented in full face, the warm transparent browns and carnations are replaced by cooler lilacs and grays.

He was one of his own favorite sitters, and in these portraits he did not recoil be-

fore such difficulties as that of painting, while standing, a seated figure of himself, and entirely by artificial light, as in his portrait in the costume worn at the Twelfth Night celebration at the Century Club in 1899. The "Two Men," in earnest conversation, originally known as "The Funding Bill," and painted in 1881, was presented to the Metropolitan Museum by Mr. Robert Gordon, a former trustee, in 1898; in this, the gentleman on the left, seated on the divan, is Robert W. Rutherford, a brother-in-law of Mrs. Johnson, and the one on the right, seen in profile, S. W. Rowse, the artist. The general feeling of competence and sureness in the handling in all this portrait work, the total absence of confusion and doubt, contribute very greatly to the enjoyment afforded by it, and to the confidence in the faithfulness to the original—a very important quality in portrait-painting, which should surely present some *vraisemblance*. While it may be contended that as a mere recording angel Art does not attain to her loftiest mission, the larger multitude will always set high in honor that kindly talent which concerns itself specially with Humanity.



Corn-husking.

SIGNS AND SYMBOLS

By Beatrice Hanscom

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

I

BELIEVERS IN SIGNS

"Certain signs precede certain events."—*Cicero.*

MADAME CYNTHE	
IMPORTER	
GOWNS	HATS

It shone, bright and new and alluring—a brassy square, firmly affixed at the side of the entrance door. The sun winked its admiration at it; the windows opposite flashed their coquettish appreciation; but though it responded radiantly to these compliments, *au fond* it remained unmoved, with a riveted fixedness of purpose which is the mark and consciousness of a mission.

That mission was to catch the eye of Feminine Fortune, motoring with a mind at ease, and to coax, by its alluring inscription, that same dainty and capricious Fortune to alight and enter, leaving largess of gold in return for creations of art.

So far, this idea, fascinating as it was, remained in the High Hills of Hope, instead of coming out into the Plain of Reality; but as for that, the sign itself was an expression of aspiration, not of actuality.

So far from fact was it that an unkind critic might have suggested a special fitness in the material employed; but Mrs. Cynthia Slater had chosen it exultingly because the "best places" had them "just that way."

Mrs. Slater recognized that to seem to be what you wish to be is the first step toward accomplishment. Not that she would have phrased it that way. She just knew it.

She was no disciple of these new cults that affirm that you attract toward you that which you confidently expect. She was just happily hopeful in a semi-irresponsible way, complicated with occasional flashes of shrewdness, and more than occasional flashes of generosity. And she had an ideal.

That ideal was expressed on her sign. It had impelled her to "set up for herself." It had induced her to order the sign—to have it inscribed "Madame Cynthe," deriving it from Cynthia, as she divined that Madame Berthe was originally Bertha, with the easy adaptability of one used to following a model.

As for "importer"—"Well, if I'm not, I expect I shall some day, and it does *look* elegant, and I'll have the sign when the time comes," she communed with herself genially. Which was a clear case of Dressmaker's Conscience.

So working with facile fingers to fashion a hat in the prevailing mode from some inexpensive straw, and debating the advisability of buying material and making up an "odd" waist on the chance of its sale, she dreamed dreams of unpacking model gowns from Paris; of motor cars drawn up before the little shop; of clients among those elect who were written up in the Sunday papers as givers of functions. And then she stopped dreaming long enough to run outside and admire The Sign again with that "first, fresh, careless rapture" which, the poet to the contrary notwithstanding, she recaptured with no effort at all every time she gazed upon it.

Paquin, glancing at his own modest announcement, Worth looking down from the mansions of the blest upon his still famous house, could not have experienced a keener felicity than did Cynthia Slater as she stood before *her* shop, her drab-brown hair "wapped up," to use her own expression for a hastily arranged coiffure, her shirt-waist seeking for separate maintenance from her skirt-band, and her soul soaring on the wings of hope. There was nothing in the environment to suggest an incipient Worth or Paquin.

It was an extremely unimportant side-street, where ramshackle houses, sheltering a prolific colored population, elbowed an occasional brick block in an altogether genial way. Still, as Mrs. Slater assured herself