

A Great Battle Painter

How He Got His Start

By GERALD L. PERKINS

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The battle of Gravelotte had been fought; a smoke mist still hung over the field, though in the gathering darkness it was gradually becoming imperceptible.

"Certainly, monsieur," said a woman who was there, "but we can give you very little. The soldiers of both armies have taken all we have except a few bits that we hid in the cellar."

The table was set and the supper put upon it. The stranger sat down, and Fanchette poured into his glass some of the cheap wine of the country.

"You wear a sad look, Fanchette," said the stranger, "is it from seeing the slaughter today?"

"No, monsieur. I did not look that way."

"Well, then, tell me what troubles you."

"It is this, monsieur. Antoine Brisson went out among the fighting and received a wound. He is lying now in the next room."

"He is your brother?"

"No, monsieur."

"Well, then, he is your lover?"

"To this the only reply was eyes cast upon the floor."

"What was he doing out there—fighting?"

"No, monsieur; he has not yet become a conscript. He will not be the age for a month."

"Well, then, what business had he on a battlefield?"

"Sketching!"

"Sketching? That's what I was doing there. When I have finished my supper I will go in and see him."

The stranger chatted on with the girl and easily gleaned from her that she and Antoine could not marry because she had no dot. After having sipped and smoked a pipe the artist went into the room where Antoine was lying. The boy had received a flesh wound, but not of sufficient importance to endanger his life.

"So you were making sketches of the fight?" said the artist. "That is my business. I have been drawing for one of the Paris illustrated papers. Let me see what you have done."

Fanchette took an improvised portfolio that she had made for her lover and of two pieces of pasteboard laced together with a string and brought it to the artist. There were blood stains on it, but he did not mind that. He had seen plenty of blood that day. He opened the portfolio, took out what there was in it—five or six sketches—and began to look them over.

"Where did you learn to sketch?" he asked the boy.

"I have never learned, monsieur," he replied.

"Never studied in an art school, never had any instruction?"

"No, monsieur."

The artist went on looking at the sketches one after the other and when he had seen them all looked at them again. Then he turned his eyes to the boy and the bed.

"Do you know, my boy, that my paper sent me here to make sketches of this battle? I have graduated at the art school with honors, and yet you who have never taken a lesson have done what I cannot do."

"What do you mean, monsieur?" asked the boy, his eyes opening very wide while Fanchette was all attention.

"You are a born battle painter. You have put into these crude sketches an action that I have not been able to put in mine. And you have known what scenes to select. Your soldiers move; they fight; they are impelled by the demon of war; they die really, while mine—well, mine besides yours are like toy soldiers."

"Oh, monsieur," exclaimed Fanchette clasping her hands, "how good you are to say that!"

"Please to say that! I'm not talking to please you. I'm telling you the truth. And, to prove what I say, if Antoine when he has recovered will come to Paris I am sure I can interest art lovers in him who will see that he receives instruction."

"Oh, monsieur," replied Fanchette, "how can he do that? He has no money. He would have to walk to Paris."

"Not at all. I will take these sketches with me. They will be used in one of the illustrated papers and will be well paid for. The money received for them will be used to buy a ticket for Antoine."

The same night, having hired a conveyance, the artist set out posthaste for Paris. Antoine's sketches were produced and created a sensation. The money paid for them was sent him. He went to Paris, where owing to the advice about marriage in haste and repentance he was sent at leisure. Weddedly—No, I don't know an art, and educated by the paper after a man marries he has no leisure.

Why She Quit Her Job.

A lady of my acquaintance in Tokyo, says a writer in the World Wide Magazine, possessed a valuable servant of somewhat mature years who rejoiced in the poetic name of Oharu San—"The Honorable Miss Spring."

One day Miss Spring brought in luncheon as usual. All seemed serene; there was not a shadow of a cloud in the domestic sky. But at tea-time no tea appeared; neither, in answer to calls at first patient and afterward impatient, did Oharu. After awhile the lady went herself to the back regions and found—desolation. The charcoal box was filled with gray ashes, the kettle cold. Half the luncheon plates lay immersed in a bowl of soapy water; the other half stood on the sink ready to be put away. Oharu herself simply was not.

The next morning, however, she reappeared, very much on her company manners, with a clean kimono and her hair done in a shining bun to denote the state of a matron, demanding the fragment of wages due to her since the beginning of the month. The lady expostulated and asked why the servant was leaving thus suddenly.

"Oh," replied Oharu, "just as I was washing the plates yesterday I remembered that Saizo San, the pawnbroker, wanted a wife. Therefore I went out and married him."

Unjustly Accused. Andrew Carnegie, when talking about the Scotch dialect once, said: "Scotch dialect is a lingo hard to understand, and it often causes awkward mistakes. Once an American divine spent Christmas in a highland inn on Christmas morning he gave the maid a tip of a sovereign, and he said, looking earnestly at her, for she was a pretty maid."

"Do you know, Kathleen, you are a very good looking lassie?" "Of course Kathleen was pleased, but, being modest, she blushed like a rose and answered: "Ah, na! Ah, na! But my kinsing, sir, is beautiful!" "The divine frowned. "Leave the room, you wicked young baggage!" he said sternly.

"He didn't know, you see, that modest Kathleen had been simply praising in her highland dialect the superior charms of her cousin Janet of Peebles."

Philadelphia Tea. The famous Adam Smith had all the proverbial abominableness of the philosopher. An amusing story of him is told in Mr. Fyvie's book, "Notable Names and Notable Men of the Georgian Era."

"Mr. Damer, it appears, called one morning upon the Scotch philosopher just as he was preparing his breakfast. As they talked the learned man took a piece of bread and butter in his hand and, after rolling it round and round, popped it into his teapot and poured the boiling water upon it. Damer watched with quiet amusement without drawing attention to this peculiar proceeding, and presently he had his reward, for when business, I have been drawing for one of the Paris illustrated papers. Let me see what you have done."

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A Battered Book.

How the Rev. Mr. Johnston, a Scotch minister and the author of numerous books, succeeded in getting one of his works reviewed by Alexander Russel, the distinguished editor of the Scotsman, is told by the writer of "Famous Editors."

A member of Mr. Johnston's congregation was an old and valued servant in Mr. Russel's family. When the preacher published his new book he asked this member to bring it under the notice of her master, with the request to review it in the columns of the Scotsman. Glad to be of service to her master, the good woman lost no time in making her wish known to the celebrated editor and next morning placed "The Gospel Roll" beside his breakfast cup.

When at breakfast Mr. Russel took up the book and remarked, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Helen, this is an awful dry roll which you have given me this morning."

"Perhaps it is, sir," the servant quickly replied, "but you can butter it well on both sides."

Next morning an excellent review appeared.

Conkling and Thurman. Senator Roscoe Conkling was once addressing the senate in an impassioned manner and seemed to direct his remarks to Senator Thurman. At length the latter got irritated.

"Does the senator from New York," he roared, "expect me to answer him every time he turns to me?"

For a moment Mr. Conkling hesitated, and everybody expected a terrific explosion. Then, with an air of exquisite courtesy, he replied: "When I speak of the law I turn to the senator from Ohio as the Musselman turns toward Mecca. I turn to him as I do to the English common law as the world's most copious fountain of human jurisprudence."

The usually decorous senate broke into a storm of applause, and the Thurman ere mentioned a little. The two statesmen were the best of friends and greatly enjoyed each other's society when "off duty."

A Wetter If Not a Better Man.

A little man in the west of England rushed to the river last summer, swearing loudly that he would drown himself. When he had waded in to the depth of his waist his wife, who had followed him, seized him by the hair, and then, as a local editor described it, she led him back till he reached a place where the water was about two feet deep, where she pulled him over backward and washed his head and pulled his head up again.

"Drown yourself, damn you, leaving me to father the brats! (Another plunge.) Get drunk another season and start for the river! (Another dip.) Better use the water instead of rum! (Another dip and shake of the head.) I'll let you go to leave me a widow! After sozzling him to her heart's content she led him out a wether if not a better man and escorted him into the house and closed the door.

The Gordian Knot. The famous Gordian knot was made of leather taken from some part of the harness belonging to the chariot of Gordius, king of Phrygia. It seems that this knot was so tied that the ends of the leather thong were not visible, hence the difficulty in loosening it. Many must have tried to untie it, for its fame as a "sticker" at last reached the great oracle, which declared that the lucky experimenter should be rewarded by the kingship of Persia. Alexander, trying his hand and meeting with no better success than the others, drew his sword and cut into the knot until he found the ends of it.

Right to the Point. When the lord chief justice visited Ireland he was often entertained by a hospitable gentleman who had an old butler, who took the privilege of speaking his mind freely. On one occasion the claret did not quite meet the host's approval, so he called the ancient butler and said:

"I told you you were to put the best claret on the table. Is this the best?" "No, sorr, it is not the best claret," replied the old fellow, "but it's the best ye've got."—London Tit-Bits.

Know He Was Worthwhile.

In Paris Mr. Whistler and an English painter got into a very turbulent argument about Velasquez at a studio. "Mr. Whistler at one point in the argument praised himself extravagantly. The Englishman, listening, sneered and said at the end: "It's a good thing we can't see ourselves as others see us."

"Isn't it, though?" said Mr. Whistler. "I know in my case I should grow intolerably conceited."

Theology and the Thermometer. A point of theology is raised by Sir Francis Younghusband in "India and Tibet." "An interesting detail," he says, speaking of the religion of the natives, "is that their hell is not hot, but cold. If it were hot the inhabitants of frozen Tibet would all flock there."

Clever Auntie.

Traveler—it seems wonderful that Japanese dentists can take out teeth with their fingers. Little Jack—Auntie can take out hers with her fingers—every one of 'em!

Perfection. Perfection does not exist. To understand it is the triumph of humankind; to desire to possess it is the most dangerous kind of madness.—Alfred de Musset.

Patience. If we give assistance to each other no one would be in want of fortune.—Monsieur.

Playing at Death.

The mother of Ivan Turgenev, the Russian novelist, was a trying person to live with, irritable, capricious and unreasonable. On Ivan's birthday in 1845, she was told in "Two Russian Reformers," after a day of festivities, Mme. Turgenev pretended to be dying. "She sent for her confessor and placing before her the portrait of her son Ivan, exclaimed, 'Adieu, Ivan! Adieu, Nicolas! Adieu, my children!'"

Then she ordered her forty servants and all the men employed about the house to say good-by to her. When they had filed out of the room Mme. Turgenev declared that she felt better and asked for tea. The next day the following order appeared: "I give orders that tomorrow morning the disobedient servants, Nicolas, Jacobovitch, Ivan Petrovitch and Egor Kondratovitch, shall sweep the court in front of my windows."

"Those names were those of servants who had not appeared at her bed-side, possibly because they were a little drunk that evening. 'Good for nothing! Drunkards!' exclaimed Mme. Turgenev. 'They rejoice at the death of their mistress!'"

The Bank Beat the Prince.

The Gentlewoman of London recalls the following story of the prince regent and Countess: "When George IV. was a regent he had a grudge against Countess and determined to play a trick on the authorities. In those days even the great banks kept very small reserves of cash, and the playful prince thought out a plan to close the Countess. So he sent his quarry round from Carlton House with a check for £100,000, fondly hoping that the bank would not be able to pay over the counter. The prince's trick, however, failed of success, as the wary old partner of the Strand bank proved equal to the occasion. He said at once to the quarry: 'How will his royal highness take the amount in gold or notes?' The quarry hesitated and then said he had better go back to Carlton House to inquire. So he departed, and Countess had time to send to the Bank of England and get the cash required, but it was not needed, as the prince regent seeing that 'Countess' had got the best of him, did not return the check in question."

Eggs That Can't Be Found.

The eggs of some common birds of the present day have never been found. There is the robin snipe; its eggs have never been seen. An English zoologist kept a man going up and down the coast of Labrador for weeks, purposely to get a robin snipe's egg, but it was in vain. The bird is known by thousands of people, but it breeds so far north and so remote from any civilization that no scientific observer can ever get to its nest or the young are hatched and have taken to wing. The frigate bird that is so commonly seen at sea on the Pacific and off the West Indies is such a solitary bird and is so seldom seen in its nest during the hours of daylight that its eggs are rare. It seems strange, but the eggs of so well known a bird as the sandpiper have never been found and are almost priceless. London Globe.

Reversed the Proposition.

Robert W. Kille Woolley, the writer found it necessary not long ago to take a trip west. On the dining car of the train he saw that he had in his pocket 10 cents in change, his small bank note being one for \$50. He handed this to the porter, who went to the end of the car for a conference with the conductor.

"I'm very sorry about this," said the conductor, standing in front of Woolley and toying with the big bill, "but we haven't the change for \$50. We'll just take your address and send you the change."

Woolley calmly reached over and took possession of the banknote. "You've got nothing on me," he said at last. "I'll take the address of the railroad and send the price of the meal."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Baths of Caracalla.

The Romans appear to have been well off in the matter of bathing in places in the first and second centuries. In the baths of Caracalla 1,600, at Escher, bathers could be accommodated at one time. The inclosed area was 300 feet square yards, but it included a course for foot racing. The bathing establishment was 240 yards in length by 124 wide. The remains of the walls are eight and ten feet thick and in some places as much as fifty feet high.

A Cumulative Test.

As the thin man and the stout one were talking of diet and food in general the thin man said: "You can get plenty of an excellent dinner at Clapham's, the restaurant near my office, for 25 cents. Ever try one of his dinners?"

"One of 'em! Yes, I should say I had," said the stout man. "Why, I ate four of 'em one day last week!"

The Best Thing.

"What do you mean by kissing me, Herr Frisch?" "My aunt told me to. She told me to at large who try to do business with me and help myself to the best thing I could find in the kitchen."—Fliegende Blätter.

Just Men.

If any one says that he has seen a just man in want of bread I answer that it was in some place where there was no other just man.—St. Clement.

Can Afford It.

"Has the doctor a large practice?" "So large that when people have nothing the matter with them he tells them so."—Pittsburg Post.

The Proof.

"You're very contradictory, my son." "No, I'm not, pa."—Lippincott's.

A Tabor Story.

Count Boyenta, Mme. Modjeska's husband, was arranging with Senator Tabor for Modjeska's first appearance in Denver, and the founder of dramatic art in Denver asked what parts she played.

"Well," said the count, "there is 'Mary Stuart.'" "Who wrote it?" asked Tabor. "Schiller," said the count. "Is he a first class dramatist?" asked Tabor.

"Surely, surely," said the count. "He is most illustrious." "Humph! Never heard of him," commented Tabor. "What else does she do?"

"As You Like It, 'Antony and Cleopatra,' 'Macbeth.'" "Who wrote them?" "Shakespeare."

"How's he? Good writer?" "Excellent, excellent."

"Well," said Tabor ruminatively, "those fellows may be all right as authors, but they ain't well enough known to suit the people out here. What we want is something popular something that everybody's heard of. I tell you what you do—you get her to give us something of Hoyt's?"

Fearful Fate of Ravallac.

In these days when executions, if held at all, are mostly carried out in private, it is difficult for us to understand the feelings of savagery with which an old time mob witnessed a popular execution. Here is Blouddelle Burton's account—from "The Fate of Henry of Navarre"—of the scene when Ravallac, the assassin of the king, after shocking tortures, been torn asunder by wild horses. "The executioner had begun to dismember him and was about to cast his remains into the second cauldron when the vast crowd prevented him from doing so. They each required a portion of the body of the king's assassin, and most of them obtained one. That night many bonfires blazed in and around Paris, and in their midst were consumed pieces of Ravallac's frame, on barn doors in other places were nailed similar scraps of his body, as hawks and owls and carrion crows were nailed as a warning to others of their breed."

Grant and Pickett.

New evidence that the great men are the true men true to themselves, to their country and to their friends appears in a story told in Colonel Nicholas Smith's book, "Grant, the Man of Mystery."

While Grant was president General G. E. Pickett, who led the fatal charge against the Union forces the last day at Gettysburg, called at the White House to pay his respects. Grant knew that his old comrade at West Point had been made a poor man by the war and offered him the marshaling of Virginia. While sorely needing help, General Pickett knew the heavy draft made upon the president by office seek.

"You can't afford to do this for me," he said, "and I can't afford to take it. I can afford to do anything I please that is right." Grant replied quietly.

Peppered Ice Cream.

"There's pepper in that," said a restaurant waiter, pointing to a small silver shaker he had placed beside a heaping dish of ice cream he was carrying to a guest. "Sure, it's to put on the ice cream, too," he replied when an inquirer failed to see the connection between the two.

"Lots of folks want to put pepper on their ices. You see, if a man's stomach is sensitive the cold cream hurts him, but pepper is stimulating enough to overcome the effects of the cold. And the funny thing is that you don't taste the pepper at all. The ice cream is so cold that it kills the other. If you don't believe it I'll give you some with pepper, and you'll find that there's no taste of pepper there at all."

Miles' Grave.

"Which is the deepest, the longest the broadest and the smallest grave in the churchyard?" said a pedestrian to his companion while meditating among the tombs in the burying ground at Escher.

"Why," replied his companion, "it is that in which poor Miles Button lies buried, for it contains Miles below the feet for racing. The bathing establishment was 240 yards in length by 124 wide. The remains of the walls are eight and ten feet thick and in some places as much as fifty feet high."

Effect of Tight Lacing.

"Is tight lacing unwise?" a teacher asked a young lady in a physiology lesson. "Yes, it is very unwise," was the reply. "Why is it unwise?" the teacher pursued. "Because it busts the corset," said the young lady.—Exchange.

Maniacs.

Not all the lunatics are behind the bars.—Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier. Quite so. There are yet a few men at large who try to do business with out advertising.—New York Herald.

Distinguishing Marks.

Willie—How do you manage to tell those twin sisters apart? Cecily—When you kiss one of them she threatens to tell her ma, while the other when kissed says she will tell pa.

Going Too Far.

Baldheaded Man in the witness box—The violent disorder was so terrible that it made my hair stand on end. Judge mercifully—Be good enough to remember that you are on oath!

It is not so much being exempt from faults as having overcome them that is an advantage to us.

An Unfortunate Situation

By JOHN TURNLEE

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The only definite feature respecting my attentions to Phoebe Constant was that they were unwelcome to her father. Mothers are less apt to take definite ground with regard to their daughters, especially men friends, and the only opposition to my being devoted to Phoebe came from her father. Mind you, I was not engaged to her. I was not sure that I wished to be engaged to her, and she had not indicated that she wished to be engaged to me. This matter of love is usually considered as something that comes suddenly, curving a couple from indifference to a wild passion for each other. I admit that there are many such cases, but mine was not one of that kind.

One day Phoebe wrote me a note suggesting that if I had nothing special on hand for the evening I'd better come to see her. I did so and found that her father had gone and would not be at home before 11 o'clock. If there is anything needed to bring about a love affair it is something clandestine. The fact that Phoebe had sent for me to be with her while her father would know nothing about it inspired me with a more tender feeling for her. Indeed, it opened the bud of love. For the first time in my life I put some warmth into my words and bearing toward her and received a corresponding response. When I left her I felt that we had made a beginning in a new relationship.

Mr. Constant kept a large dog on his premises which was unchained every night at 10 o'clock. Not wishing to make my presence during Mr. Constant's absence especially known among the servants, I did not suggest any delay in unchaining the dog, intending to leave just before 10 o'clock. At five minutes before 10 I said good night to Phoebe—no kiss; I hadn't got that far, only a pressure of the hand—and started down the walk leading to the gate. I hadn't gone more than half way before I saw a black mass moving in another part of the yard and knew it for the dog. I was about ten steps from a tree, which I reached in five long ones and, making the jump of my life, caught a branch and drew myself up to a safe place.

Either my watch was wrong or the dog had been let out ahead of time. It did not matter which was the case, I was a prisoner in a tree near a walk along which Mr. Constant would pass when he came home. If the dog had barked Phoebe would have heard him and suspected that I was in trouble. But he did not utter a single growl. I saw my way to attract the attention of any one in the house, and, as to coming down into the jaws of the fierce brute below me, it was not to be considered. When he found he couldn't reach me he simply lay down and waited.

My position was unpleasant, it more respects than one. That first nervous passion of love which had entered by blood I found delicious. I knew that a young woman about to enter upon a love affair is very sensitive to any smile or ignoble attitude the man in the case may occupy. I dreaded to be caught by her father upon a tree like a thief, guarded by a watchdog. It was a contemptible position for me and would place Phoebe in an unfavorable attitude with regard to her father, indicating that she had received me clandestinely during his absence.

If I could only think of some ingenious way to escape the dog or, better yet, some daring stroke to overcome him I might not only avoid losing prestige, but gain it. I looked about me for a means of escape. The trees were very thick, but toward the gate not thick enough to admit of my passing from one to the other and out of the grounds. Toward the house the prospect looked more favorable. I determined to try it. Better be caught like a burglar than a sneak thief.

By climbing from branch to branch and making some desperate leaps, the dog following me, I finally gained the roof of the house. When I got there I couldn't get back, for the limb from which I dropped, relieved of my weight, sprang upward beyond my reach. I found myself in a sort of roof pocket directly in front of a window.

It seemed to me that I had not improved the situation. I had got rid of the dog, but had been cornered on the roof. In any event I must stay where I was till relieved by human help. I heard a train come in at the station half a mile away, and in about twenty minutes Mr. Constant came in at the gate and spoke to the dog. I rejoiced that dogs can't talk and this one couldn't give me away. Then the front door closed, and the next development was a bright light in the window before which I was standing and from which I dropped, relieved of my weight, sprang upward beyond my reach. I found myself in a sort of roof pocket directly in front of a window.

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He advanced at once to draw down the shade and, seeing a man on the narrow ledge of the roof outside the window, was about to turn for some weapon for defense when, placing my face against a pane, I implored him by my expression to desist. The light shone on my features, and he recognized me.

That was the end of my attentions to Phoebe Constant. She never quite satisfied her father but that there was some mystery about the matter greatly to my discredit, and she could never again think of me as a lover.