

An Artist's Life

By W. E. Hill

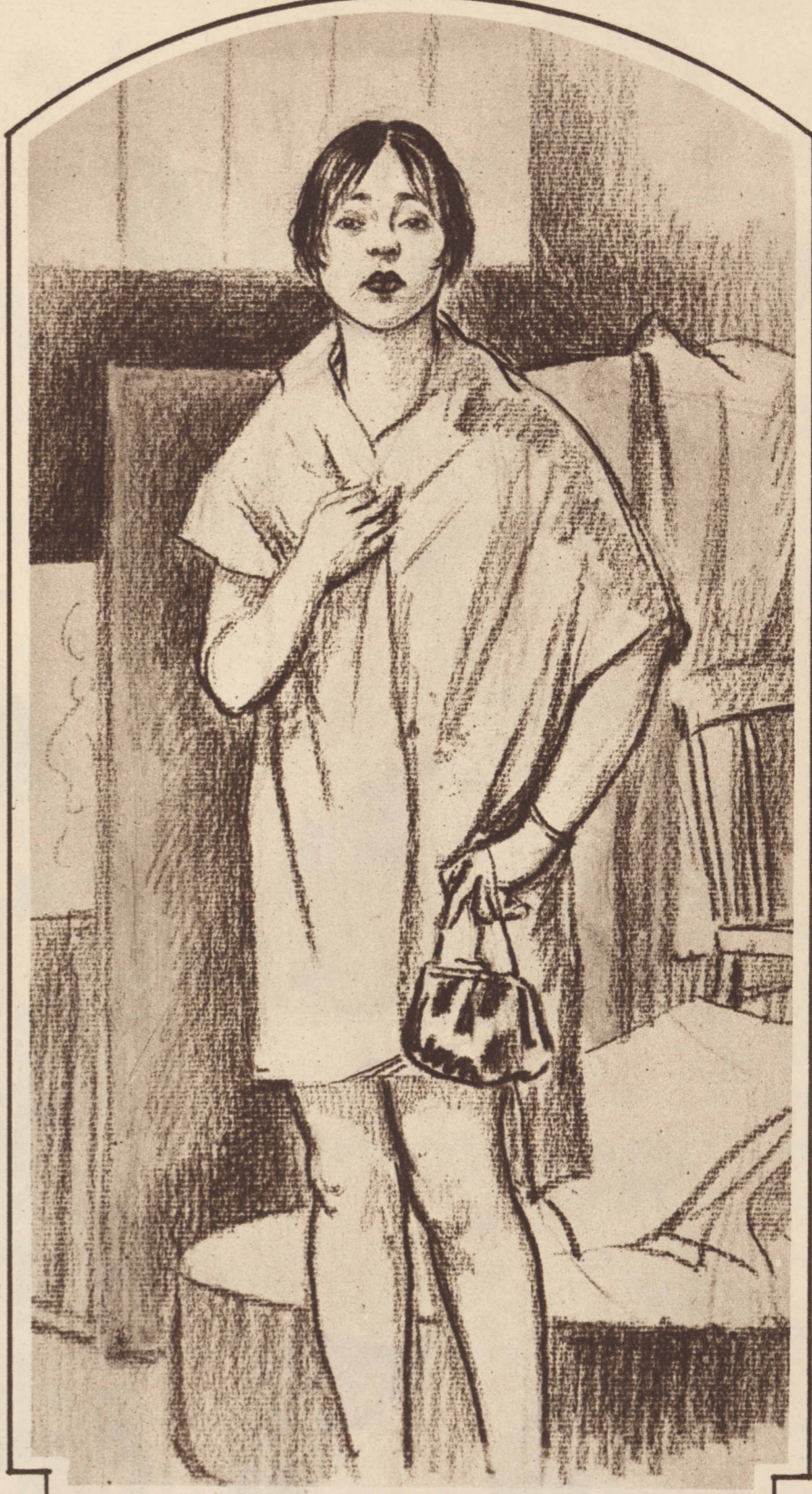
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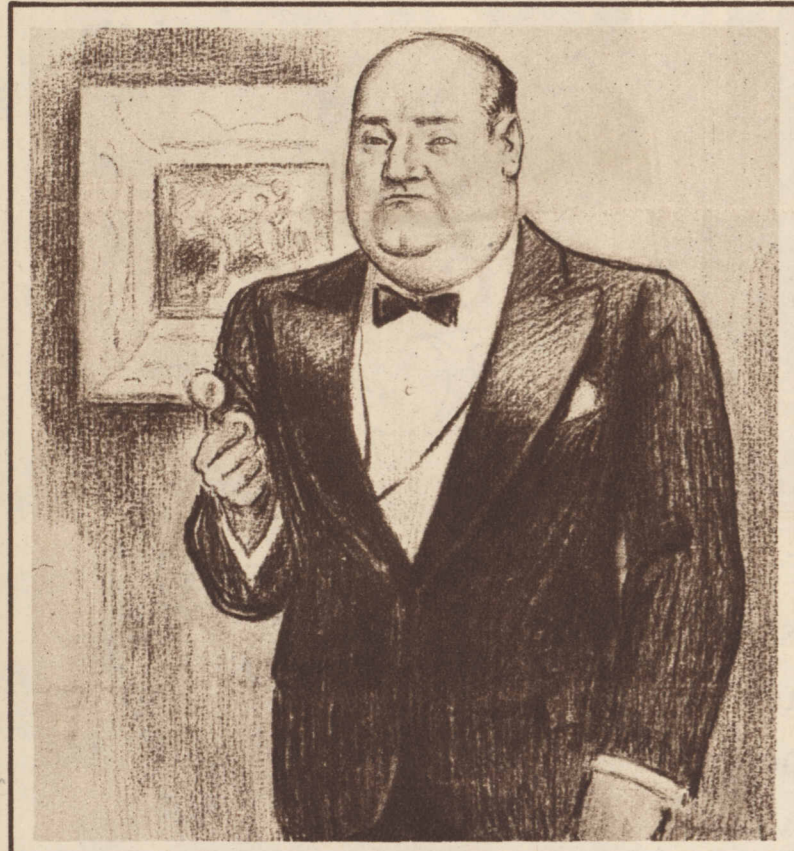
The self-portrait. A sincere artist with "ideals" will try, O, so hard, to leave the world just a little nearer perfection than heretofore. Kenneth is an artist of this type and is working hard to get his self-portrait ready for the academy.



The diamond from the masses. Karl is very socialistic and paints nothing but factory smoke and gray slums and machinery and impoverished sweat shop workers. He is very rude and insulting to the gilded ladies who come to see his work, and calls them names right to their faces. Naturally, they go crazy over Karl and drag him home to teas and luncheons.



The model. Lucrezia Lilly Borgia poses for the figure at a trifling wage per hour and is a great inspiration to genius, budding and otherwise. This being a rest period, Lucrezia is wrapped modestly in a drape and has stepped off the model stand for a bit of exercise. The Borgia family would feel terrible if they knew Lucrezia posed for the figure, being great sticklers, one and all, for the conventions. Lucrezia tells them she merely poses with the toes and insteps bare, so it's all quiet in the home circle to date.



The collector. The collector of old masters is very fond of art. Anything artistic pleases him immensely, provided it is authentic and the investment is a good one.



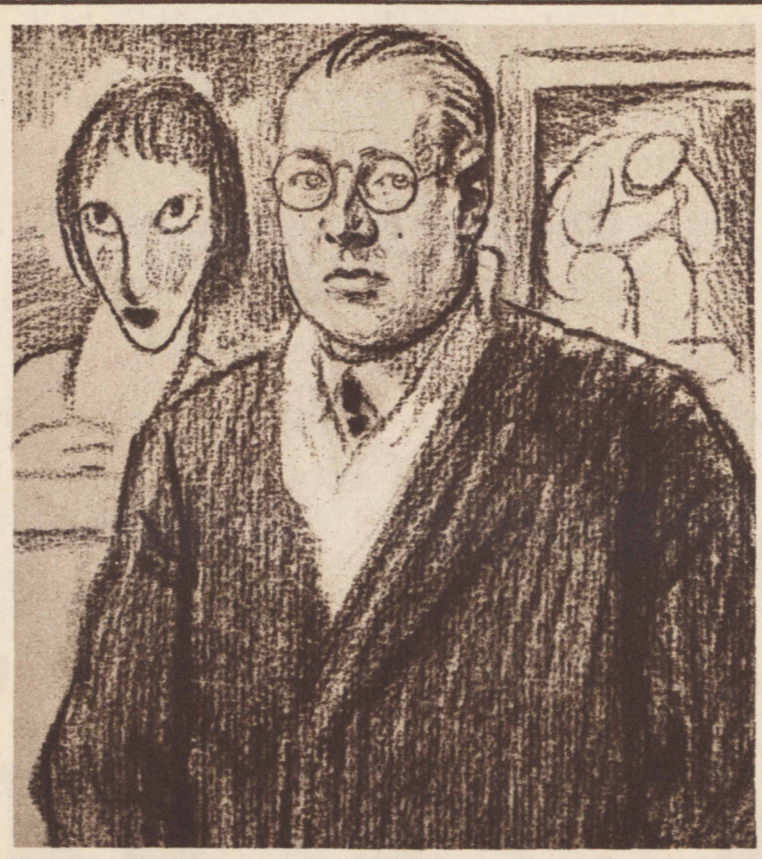
The allied arts. Maud had more time on her hands than she could comfortably use up, so she just had to do something artistic with it. She has a little kiln and makes the loveliest pottery! For miles around friends are deluged with bridge prizes and gifts in the shape of dun colored bowls (that are too tough to break) and dear little jugs all molded and baked by Maude's own lily white hands.



The out-of-doors artist. Back in the early '80s F. V. DeWhiney Brown did a painting of a wart hog peeking out of a hollow log, and it was so true to nature, everybody said, that he has been doing the fur and feather world ever since. F. V. is an authority on fine and applied woodcraft, mating instincts of the lemur and 'possum, and is a great hand at getting up nature clubs. Teaches girl scout conventions how to track the native black bear to and from its lair.



The Victorian menace. If the artist is very modern in his tendencies, the Victorian lady who once as a little girl sat on Burne Jones' lap, and lived for a time on the same street with Whistler, will pounce on the artist and take him down a few pegs. She will ask him what he means, breathing the same air that Rosetti once breathed, and why he picks out such revolting subjects?



The critic. Tracy has to go to all the art exhibitions, being a newspaper art critic, and maybe he doesn't get tired of portraits and landscapes and nudes rollicking on the greensward. "At the Pigen gallery," Tracy is going to write for the Sunday edition, "Emma Eva Bullet is showing a pleasing group of water colors and etchings. Her 'Nude Rolling in Watercress,' while reminiscent of Giotto and Cezanne, shows a sympathetic treatment of the subject and a nice handling of mud and chapped flesh tones."



Friends of the family feel very sorry for the artist's wife, and show it. They take a big brace after viewing his pictures and say, "O, I do think the cloud effects in your husband's paintings are so life-like—especially the one with the cow sitting on a log." Then they look sorrowful, as if to say, "Well, you've made your bed, I guess you'll have to lie on it," and pass on.