

GEORGE LORING BROWN

His recent exhibition at the Art Institute in Chicago of the portraits of the late George Peter Alexander Healy, who, although a native of Boston, afterward became a resident of Chicago, and really quite "to the manner born," in spite of his

birth and his subsequent residence abroad for so many years, created more than a ripple in the art world, and showed again what a strong and representative man of his era he was. It may be said truthfully of him that, as was a most conspicuous figure in the latter part of the second era of the art of portraiture in America, as Gilbert Stuart was of the first era.

Aside from the strong merits of the portraits seen at the Art Institute, their exhibition recalls to the writer a story told him many years ago by a boyish boon companion of Mr. Healy, the late George Loring Brown, so famous for his studies of atmosphere and poetical distance in landscape and still marines as seen under the skies of sunny Italy. Mr. Healy, at the time of which I speak, was about twenty years of age, and Mr. Brown a year younger. Mr. Healy had been studying art in a somewhat desultory manner—about the only way in which art could be studied in the New England city at that early day, and was making preparations to go abroad to enter upon his studies in an earnest way. He had attracted the attention of Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis the year before, that lady then being the queen of society in Boston. He had gone to her with a letter of introduction, when she asked the shy boy what she could do for him, and his reply was, "Oh, sit for me, Madame! I so want to paint a beautiful woman!" She did so, and the portrait made quite a local reputation for the boy, upon which he made arrangements to go abroad.

Mr. Brown, the constant companion of Mr. Healy, was born in Boston, February 2, 1814, and began to draw when eight years old. His father used to encourage the boy to make caricatures of people whom he did not like, and got the boy into many a scrape. If he drew the caricatures, as he told me once, he had trouble with the people thus travestied, and, if he did not, his father made it very uncomfortable for him, sending him out on the Back Bay in winter to cut holes in the ice, and fish for eels and other inhabitants of mud and water, among other things. But the boy survived it all, and finally went to the Franklin school, where he won the silver medal, and at twelve years of age was apprenticed to the famous engraver, Peter Parley, where he learned the art of drawing thoroughly, which stood him in such stead in his later career.

While with Parley, who, it may be remembered, was the wood engraver who illustrated so many of the school books of a century ago, the boy experimented with colors, and when not at work at his engraving was experimenting constantly with colors, with the result that he attracted the attention of Isaac Rich, a wealthy merchant of that day, who one day asked him banteringly how much he wanted to go to Europe.

"One hundred dollars!" he replied enthusiastically, displaying a wonderful ignorance of the world.

But Mr. Rich advanced him the hundred dollars, and the boy began making preparations to go.

It was about this time that the two boys began to see the world opening its doors to them, and in honor of this event, young Brown invented a dollar or two in beer and something eatable "on the side"—the beer portion of the menu being considered as something almost criminal in Boston in those days—and the boys made a night of it in honor of their early departure for Europe, and the taking up of their life work in earnest. The beer had a good deal of "head" on it, and it gave a good deal of "head" to the boys, with the result that the two future great artists soon began to imagine themselves great already, and boasted of what they would do.

"I will paint pictures of Italian scenery," declared Brown, "and have my pictures in all the castles of Europe."

"And I," said Healy, "will paint the kings and other notables of Europe, and have them in the castles side by side with yours."

I did not know Mr. Healy personally, but was acquainted intimately with Mr. Brown for many years, and have heard him many times tell how he finally got away to Europe. He went down to the wharves, and inquired around until he found a vessel that was ready to sail for Europe. He did not stop to ask what part of Europe, thinking that once the other side of the water he would find everything easy. A married sister gave him a mattress, and he marched down State street to Long Wharf with the mattress on his back, having taken steerage passage. He found, after the boat set sail, that her destination was Antwerp, almost as far from Italy as Boston itself. When he landed there he had twenty-five dollars left. But he had made a friend of the captain of the vessel, who lent him fifteen more, and with this amount he managed to get to London, where he was befriended by Mr. Cheney, the American engraver, and he began at once his studies of Italian landscape, living almost on the verge of starvation for nearly a year, at the end of which time he sent a picture home to Mr. Rich, who sent him more money, and he continued his studies.

As an evidence of his conscientiousness in

BOYISH BOASTINGS

Now they were fulfilled almost Literally by Earl Marble



VIEW IN VENICE, PAINTED FOR ALVIN ADAMS

study, it may be mentioned that he had secured a fine study of atmosphere by Claude Lorraine, but he never reached his ideal in his work over it, and finally, in a fit of desperation, he slashed his copy into four pieces with his razor, and threw the pieces in the bottom of his trunk, where they remained for two or three years, only to be resurrected finally at the urgent solicitation of Mr. Rich, who begged him to mount the pieces on a fresh piece of canvas, and who liked it so well that he paid him a handsome sum for it. This copy really started him on his journey toward artistic eminence in America. Meantime he continued his work mostly in Rome, where Hawthorne met and was attracted to him, making mention of him in "The Marble Faun;" and he was a noted and welcome figure in the American colony, the Brownings making much of him. He soon had pictures in several of the castles in Italy, and here and there one in other countries, there being a poetical dreaminess about his atmospheric effects that appealed to the cultured taste.

He came home in 1860, and took a studio for a time in New York, where he painted a view of Mount Washington, which he called "The Crown of New England," and which a number of New York gentlemen, among whom was Henry Ward Beecher, purchased and presented to the prince of Wales, afterward Edward VII, who was on a tour of this country at that time. The painting pleased the prince so greatly that he ordered a companion picture, "The Bay of New York," both of which he had sent home to him, and they were hung in Windsor castle, at that time being the only American pictures so honored.

So much for one of the boasters. Mr. Healy first went to London, but did not remain there long, the French capital appealing to him more strongly. The American minister, Hon. Lewis Cass, interested himself in the young artist, and induced the French king, Louis Philippe, to give him sittings, the portrait pleasing him to visit Windsor castle, to copy some of the paintings there, and later sent him home to America to paint some of the American statesmen for the Versailles gallery. But the revolution of 1848 put an end to this royal patronage. A famous painting of his later was "Franklin Urging the Claims of the American Colonies Before Louis XVI," which was shown at the Paris International Exhibition of 1855. He came home that year, and in Boston exhibited the great historical picture of "Webster's Reply to Hayne," which contains a hundred and thirty portraits, and which has hung in Faneuil hall ever since. This painting and other works attracted the attention of William B. Ogden, who has been called the "father of Chicago." He induced the artist to remove to Chicago, where he remained till 1867, when he returned to Rome, and afterward to Paris. He had portraits of M. Thiers, the princes of Roumania, Lord Lyons and Hon. E. B. Washburne in the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition of 1876, and of General Grant in the Paris Salon of 1878. He painted portraits of a number of distinguished Americans, including Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, John Quincy Adams, Generals Sherman and Mc-

NAPOLEON AND LETTER "M"

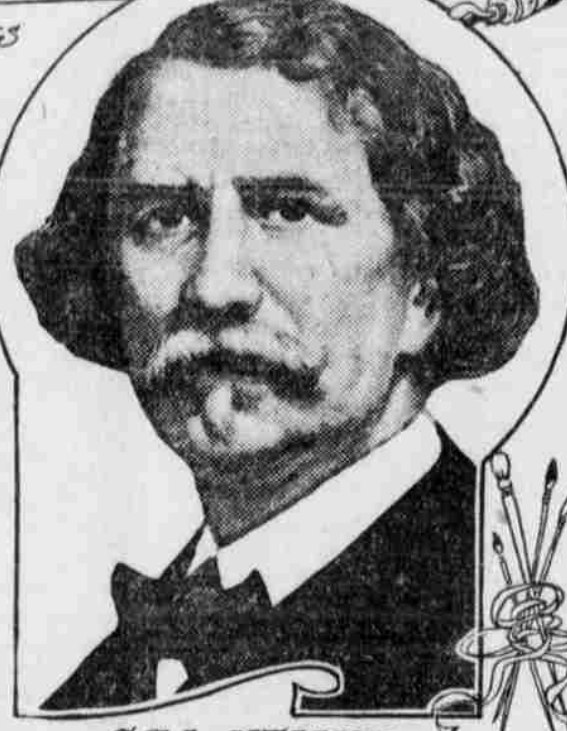
Both Napoleon I and Napoleon III attached a most superstitious importance to the letter "M." Marboeuf was the first to call attention to the genius of the young Bonaparte at the military college. Marengo was Napoleon's first great victory. Melas was the name of the general whom he superseded in the command of the French army in Italy.

Morier was one of his best generals. It was Moreau who betrayed him. Murat, King of Naples, was the first martyr to his cause. Marie Louise shared the culminating point of his success. Moscow was the scene of his greatest disaster, and it was Metternich who defeated him in the field of diplomacy.

No fewer than six of his field marshals and twenty-six of his best generals had names beginning with "M." and Marek, Duke of Bassano, was his most trusted confidant. His very first battle was that of Moulonotte, and his last that of Mont Saint Jean, subsequently and more universally known as Waterloo.

Among his victories were those of Millesimo, Mondori, Montmirail, Montereau and Montmartre. His first chamberlain was M. de Montesquieu. His last residence in France was at Malmaison. He surrendered himself to Captain Maitland, of his British majesty's ship Bellerophon, and his attendants at St. Helena were Montholon and Marchand.

The superstition attached by Napoleon III to the same letter may be accounted for by the fact that his wife was a Countess of Montijo, that his most intimate friend was the Duke of Morny, and his most dreaded enemy Mazzini. The most



G.P.A. HEALY

Clellan, Admiral Porter, William H. Seward, President Pierce, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Stephen A. Douglas, Archbishop McClosky, not forgetting the famous one of President Lincoln.

So much for the other boaster.

Many of these portraits were shown at the Chicago Art Institute exhibition, having been loaned by their owners, notably the Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, the Lincoln, the Grant, the Clay, the Calhoun, and others. While his vigorous handling and strong effects made him particularly successful with public men, he yet had equal success with the feminine character, as may be noted in the Queen of Roumania and other noted women; and one of the most remarkable pictures of the late exhibition is that of a "Girl With Pitcher," which was painted at one sitting, at the studio of Baron Gros, in Paris, in 1835, when he was but twenty-two years of age, the color being marvelous, something like an echo, it might be said, of Thomas Couture, then also a young man, but afterward a famous one.

The portrait of Franz Liszt, sitting at the piano, with a rapt musical expression, is the Liszt that the world knows—the musical and general world; the "Liszt Holding a Candle" betrays a rapt religious expression, quite another expression, such as this wonderful artist could discern and depict; the painting showed the great musical genius during his temporary religious madness, so to speak, when it will be remembered he renounced the world, and declared he would end his days in a monkish institution, which of course he did not do, but came forth again the musician par excellence.

The romance of the two artists is really quite a remarkable one, and the paintings they have produced illustrate most grandly the lives of two earnest boys who were inspired by the high motives that urged each to a most honorable career, and "made the dreams come true" that were born of the boyish boastings.

glorious feats of arms by the French army during his reign were the capture of the Malakoff and the grim Mamelon during the Crimean war. His most famous field marshals were MacMahon, Duke of Magenta, and the Duke of Malakoff. The great victory of Solferino, in 1859, took place on the banks of the Mincio, and the cities of Mantua and Milan played an important role during the campaign. The Mexican war and the execution of the Emperor Maximilian caused his power to wane perceptibly; Malmesbury was the name of his most intimate friend in English political life. Sedan, which witnessed his fall, is on the banks of the Meuse. The surrender of Metz rendered his restoration to power impossible, and Moltke was the name of the man to whose genius he chiefly owed his defeat.

Truthful Friends.
"That horrid old cat," said Maudie, "told Claude that I was forty!"
"The mean thing!" agreed Mamie.
"Ain't she the limit?"
"She sure is—but she might have done worse."
"How?"
"Well, she might have thought up some lie about you."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Up to Standard.
Rev. Mr. Thirdly—Now, re—regarding the milk you deliver at my house.
Grocer—Yes, sir.
Rev. Mr. Thirdly—I—er—merely wish to remind you of the fact that I use it for drinking, not for christening!—Judge.

JUST WHAT HENS EAT

Meat Is Usually in Form of Bugs and Worms.

Considerable Studying and Experimenting Necessary to Find Out What Fowls Need and How Much They Should Have.

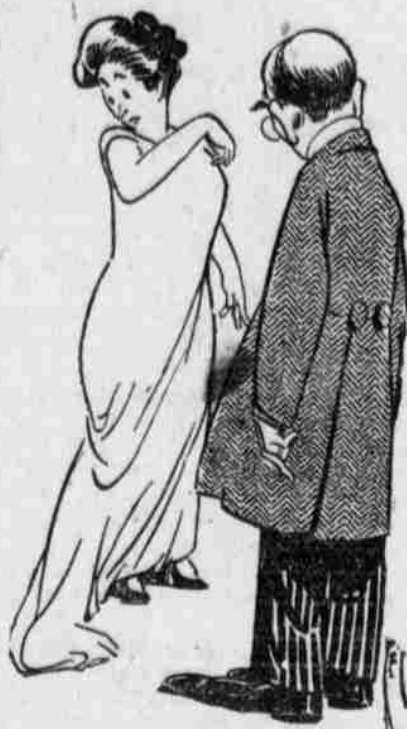
(By KATHERINE ATHERTON GRIMES.)

The hen has three reasons for eating: to repair the tissues of her body, to keep herself warm, and to make eggs. It therefore follows that her diet must be varied and plentiful. If we open the crop of a hen that has been allowed to eat just what she pleased we will find that she has provided herself with three kinds of food—grain, green stuff and meat. The last named is usually in the form of bugs and worms.

We must, then, furnish our hens with food of these classes. Moreover, the quantity must be about right of each. If they are not given enough, they will have to use it all for body building and heat production, and will have nothing left over to make eggs with. If we feed too much of some kinds the surplus will go to fat, and the hens will get too lazy to lay.

It takes considerable studying and experimenting to find out just what the hens need, and how much they ought to have, but we must learn as soon as we can, or we will find our

The ONCOOKER S.E. KISER Hopes Deferred



He worried through the busy days Because his plans so often failed; He sought success in many ways, Obstructions daily he assailed; He longed for honor and for fame, He strove to win a lofty place; His hair grew gray and wrinkles came To write the story on his face.

He worked with all the might he had, To prove his worth and win regard; His shoulders drooped, his look grew sad, The path he chose was steep and hard; Deprived of sympathy and aid He struggled on, defying Fate; With talents that were small he made A splendid struggle to be great.

His wife from day to day complained; Her once fair face was ever sad; 'Twas not that he so seldom gained The ends that might have made him glad.

Her tones were tinged with deep regret, And sorrow came with her to dwell, Because it was so hard to get Dressmakers who could fit her well.

What He Wanted.

"I have," said the gentleman with the frayed overcoat and unmanicured nails, "just succeeded in figuring out the exact moment at which life will cease to exist on this planet, and if you will permit me I will be glad to read to you an article—with a view to publication in your valuable journal—which I have written on the subject."

"My dear sir," replied the subeditor, "if you can figure out the exact moment at which life will cease to exist in the ticks of our boarding house beds I will be more than glad to consider any article you may prepare on the subject."

Still Young, Apparently.

"Simeon," his wife protested, "please do be careful. Remember that you are not as young as you used to be."

"Fshaw!" he replied; "I'm not getting old. I have never been referred to as the Nestor or the dean of any thing."

Unfitnes of Things.

"Burlison is having his new house finished up with a lot of quaint-looking contrivances. He has bought a big, old-fashioned brass knocker to be fastened on the front door."

"I thought he claimed to be a charter member of the anti-knocking society."

Gratification.

"Why do you belong to the golf club? I have never seen you playing."

"I get so much satisfaction out of sitting around and watching the men keeping the greens in order. I once had to work for a living myself."

Pointer Wanted.

"Officer, arrest that man! He just walked up to me and whispered that I was the most beautiful woman he ever saw."

"Very well, ma'am. What shall I charge him with—insanity?"

Her One Advantage.

The heiress who marries a titled foreigner has one advantage. She needn't be afraid that he will ever complain that her cooking isn't as good as his mother's used to be.

Description in Brief.

"What kind of a fellow is Binkley, anyhow?"

"Well, I think I can best describe him by saying that he keeps Lent in his wife's name."

When to Quit.

There would be fewer divorces if women would quit talking when it had been conceded that they have won the debate.

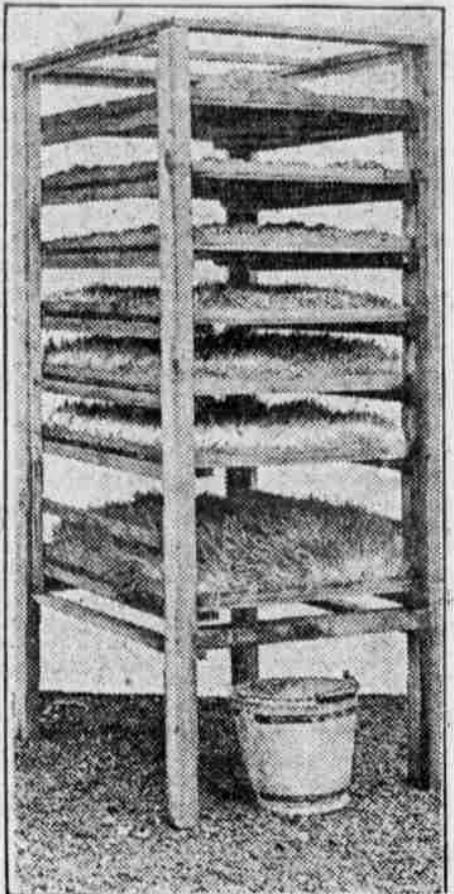
The Trouble.

A man may be religious without belonging to a church, but the trouble is that he generally isn't.

It Began With Adam.

Denouncing the government is the oldest profession in the world.

S. E. Kiser.



Dats sprouted to supply green food when none is growing in the open. The arrangement of the trays shows sowing at week intervals. Then trays can be slipped out and placed in the poultry house as needed.

poultry is not so profitable as it ought to be. The feeding question is one of the most important in the whole poultry business. Experts tell us that a hen needs about six ounces of food a day. A flock of ten, then, will need about three and three-fourths pounds a day, or a trifle over twenty-six pounds a week.

Of this amount two-thirds by weight should consist of grains. The grain should be a mixture of equal parts of wheat, cracked corn and oats. A few handfuls of sunflower seed, cane seed or buckwheat should be added for variety. They are to the hen what pie is to the boy—and you know what that is.

The other third should be a "mash," which is a mixture of bran and other finely ground feeds, usually fed dry. Some poultrymen moisten the mash, but the majority claim that it is better to feed it dry, and let the hen moisten it in her crop by drinking what water she wants. If fed dry there is less danger from certain kinds of disease.

A good formula for a mash is as follows: One-half bushel of bran, 4 quarts alfalfa meal, 2 quarts each of ground oats and corn meal, 1 tablespoonful of charcoal, 1 pint of beef scrap, 1 tablespoonful of salt and 1 teaspoonful of pepper.

This furnishes both meat and green food in about the right quantities. Where these elements are given in other ways the alfalfa meal and beef scrap may be omitted from the mash.

These ingredients should be thoroughly mixed together, and the mash kept where the hens can get it any time they want it. It is a bulky food, but not a fattening one, so there is no danger of their eating too much. The bran is one of the best "condition powders" poultry can have. It keeps the system vigorous and healthy and furnishes a large part of the egg-making elements.

The grain food should always be thrown into a deep little of straw or chaff, where the birds will have to "scratch for a living." If you have ever watched an old hen digging about in the yard you will know that it is as natural for her to dig as it is to breathe.

Grit and lime, usually given in the form of oyster shells, are two other necessary elements. They should be kept before the fowls all the time. A very convenient hopper for feeding the mash, grit and shells may be made like the illustration, the compartment for the mash being much larger than the others.