

LIFE SKETCHES BY ARTIST WHO SENSES SPIRIT OF THE DAY



Among Us Mortals Art for the Masses

By W. E. HILL
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"Here's a nice one, Mary. It's called 'Girl With a Dirty Face'." The comic, who makes fun of all the pictures and has a beautiful time supplying humorous titles. Very much appreciated by everybody but the artist.



The buyer. It's all the same to Mrs. Clock whether the subject be fish, fowl or beast so long as the canvas will fit the little octagonal space between the door and the window of her living room.

The lady who sits at the desk in the art gallery and hands out the catalogues has a pretty tough job. Not only does she have to sit and look at the pictures all day, but she has to play audience to the artists when there's no one else around to hear their views on art. Maurice K. Featherstone is expounding for the benefit of Miss Gedney, guardian of the Thumbtack Gallery, his theory of red blues and blue yellows used intensively in relation to the blue reds and the yellow reds. Miss Gedney is beginning to crack under the strain.



It's so hard to figure out just what the dealers really want. Agnes has it on good authority that etchings of ducks flying over marshes are the only things dealers will touch this season, which is a great surprise to Lilyan, who heard only yesterday that water colors of fish and fruit were the only subjects that one could sell nowadays. Agnes is going straight home to start a still life of a mess of whitebait, and Lilyan is going to do a marsh full of speckled ducks this very afternoon. And what ever they do, the dealers will say that any other season but this the pictures would probably sell, etc., etc.



"I heard he made twenty thousand out of his one man show!" Little group of contemporary artists at a loan exhibition talking over "Art for Art's sake."

"Now, Carrie, you know perfectly well you wouldn't want a couple of naked women sitting around your drawing room in real life. Oh, well, I suppose I'm not educated up to it!"



Mrs. Emma Palfrey, who has painted nothing but floral studies for at least twenty years, is opening her heart to Mr. Judy, and is telling him all about how each year she finds some new subtlety in flower painting and how no one since the time of Giotto has really painted a flower subjectively, etc., etc. Mr. Judy has a vague feeling that Mrs. Palfrey expects an order, and is edging toward the door.

"They don't make a cent till they die. As soon as an artist dies he gets \$30,000 for one painting. Some life, boy!" Eddie and Wendell, attendants de luxe of the Touch and Go Gallery, modern paintings a specialty, give it as their opinion that art is a pretty punk livelihood.



"It's a road, not a puddle—isn't that a chicken in the corner?" "Why, I'm sure it's not a road—it couldn't be—don't you see the waves?" A little difference of opinion over a very modern work of art.



"He's no good at all as a painter, but he's a darn good business man—that's why his work sells!" The art student's verdict of a popular canvas.

Art critic on an evening paper who has found something to pick on.