TWO PAINTERS OF CHILDREN

seen in every country,—tawdry colored lithographs from Berlin; steel-plate impressions from Vienna; Parisian etchings of the commonest order; English wood cuts, lithographs, copper-plate engravings, and every other means of reproduction have been employed for it; it has even appeared on anchovy and jam pots.” (For this disrespect he has been denounced as belonging to that school of cynics whose motto is: *Vox populi, vox diaboli.*) The artlessness of the nineteenth century may be as artful as this, but it does not seem so in our eyes; it is quite certain that we cannot do things in this particular way. While the human affections cannot, generally, be cultivated beyond a certain point, the intelligence, apparently, can; our grandfathers felt as strongly as we possibly can, but they fell short of us in certain matters of taste, we believe. The heart (admirable organ!) is a very uncertain guide in these matters of taste,—as witness the first fond parent we meet. Whether it is a better way or not, the “modern” way is a very different way, as we have said; and is much more hampered by fear of bathos. It demands a certain fine simplicity and directness, an avoidance of the incongruous, the pedantic and the sham sentimental; above all, in the presentation of that ever-new mystery, the “simple child that lightly draws its breath,” it requires something that, in the words of Fuseli, the painter, shall “teem with man, but without the sacrifice of puerility.”

SINCERITY IN ART

“IT matters not whether you paint butterflies upon fans or the Holy Family to adorn a cathedral, your motive must be sincere, you must be doing that which you really and honestly want to do. To be sincere is not necessarily to be serious. To be sincere is to be natural, to be honest, to be spontaneous, to be true to one’s convictions and impulses. One may be as sincere in acting as in playing a Beethoven symphony; in carving a bit of ivory as in moulding an Apollo. By nature we are all sincere; by training and association do we become false and artificial. Sincerity is a quality soon lost, a luster soon dimmed; natural to children, it disappears with age; contact with people seems to destroy it, whereas close touch with nature serves to restore it, for nature is never insincere.”

—Arthur Jerome Eddy.