

COLOR STUDIES

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Color studies by Thomas A. Janvier

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THOMAS A. JANVIER

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THE
ART OF
COLOR

BY

THOMAS A. JANVIER

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1885

TO VIVAL
ATLANTA

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

TEOW'S
PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING COMPANY,
NEW YORK.

To

C. A. J.

OUT OF WHOSE COLOR-BOX THESE STORIES CAME,
AND TO WHOSE SUGGESTIONS THE BEST PORTIONS
OF ONE OF THESE STORIES,
"JAUNE D'ANTIMOINE,"
ARE DUE.

M 110

*There is no Moral in this book,
No Purpose is there 'twixt its covers.
In truth, whichever way you look
You'll only find—a Pair of Lovers.*

UNIV OF
CALIFORNIA

COLOR STUDIES.

ROSE MADDER.

OLD MADDER lived on the top floor of an artist rookery down in the Greenwich region—near enough to the Tenth Street Studio Building for him to say that he lived in an artistic quarter of the town; under the roof, as he was wont very reasonably to explain, because that was the only place in any house where a man could get a sky light. Catch him spoiling good painting by working by a side light, he would say.

There were a lot of other men who had studios in the building. Some of them were old fellows—old Cremnitz White and Robert Lake, for instance—who had been painting atrociously all their lives, and who all the

while had sincerely believed themselves to be the greatest artists of the age, whom fate, and the public's bad taste, and all the malign forces at work in the world (but their own incapacity), had united to trample on. And with these there were some young fellows—Vandyke Brown, little Sap Green, Jaune d'Antimoine, McGilp, and two or three more—who had not worked long enough to prove very conclusively whether their work was bad intrinsically or bad only because they had yet a good deal to learn. All of these men snarled and snapped at each other more or less, and abused each other's work, and envied each other's (apparently) less bad fortune; and, on the whole, were pretty good friends.

Of them all, old Madder was the only one who had his family with him: and old Madder's family consisted solely and simply of his daughter Rose. In all Greenwich there was not a more charming little body than Rose Madder; probably it would be within bounds to say that there was not a more