

Mr. F. E. James's Water-Colours

an Apollo, their tresses flying wild—how well it shows the artist's poetic fancy!

I have only now to speak of Steinlen's *technique* as a lithographer. Two primary qualities strike one at once—his respect for the process itself, and the suppleness of his treatment. As to the first point, I mean that Steinlen's lithographs are lithographs pure and simple, devoid of artifice, and quite free from anything but that which is inherent to the process itself. Yet he succeeds in realising all the force that is necessary. When I talk of his suppleness I refer to the artist's ability to make his colours and his atmosphere quiver, as it were, and to invest that atmosphere with the figures, the scenery, the actors, animate or inanimate, proper to his compositions. In this he excels, thanks to a truly rare and profound knowledge of draughtsmanship, which raises the illustrator of the "Chan-

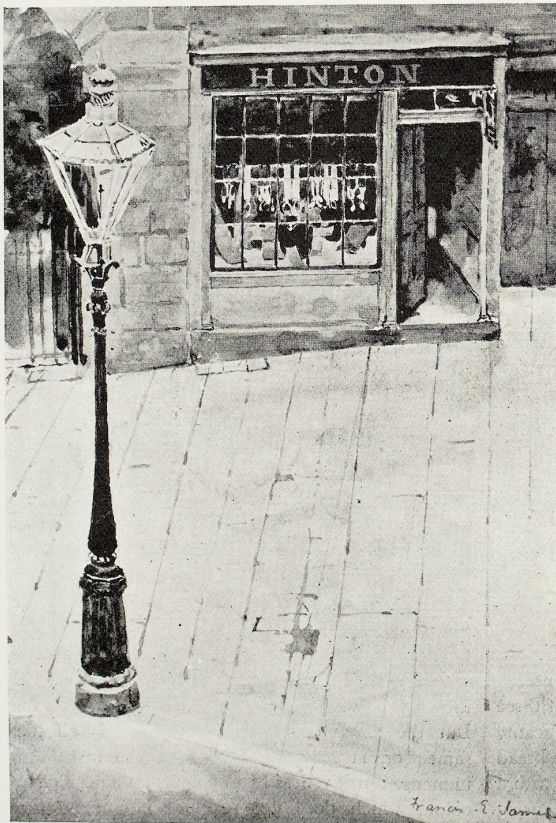
sons de Femmes" to one of the highest and most enviable places among the artists of to-day.

GABRIEL MOUREY.

M R. FRANCIS E. JAMES'S WATER-COLOURS. BY FREDERICK WEDMORE.

I LEAVE to a biographer, in the Future, the task of recording Mr. Francis James's birthplace and of settling the number of his years; of saying, too, where he chiefly lived and chiefly practised. I am concerned with his drawings, and not with the man, except in so far as his drawings must reveal him—and the real man, and not the outside facts about him, a man's work does always to some extent reveal. In the case of Francis James, his work is his water-colours. I know no oil-paintings by him. I remember no pencil studies. I know no etchings by him, no lithographs by him. And, moreover, modern man though he is, he seems to be able to express himself without the assistance of silver point—the interesting and difficult medium, the employment of which is, or threatens to become, a label or badge of the cultivated. His own work in water-colour is as direct, immediate, uncorrectable as that; but colour is of the very essence of it. Whatever he tackles, whatever he elects to let alone, Francis James is essentially a colourist.

Just one thing about his life and his circumstances I shall here—taking breath in a parenthesis—venture to record without a-fear of condemning myself afterwards as an impertinent for having recorded it. As a youth he was never compelled to prepare for a profession. He is a country gentleman who gradually became an artist—as out of a tree there came, eventually, Daphne. Mr. Francis James had a little comfortable means, one may suppose. Is he to be cursed then, on that account, with the name of amateur? Certainly not. No more than Méryon, who was brought up in the French Navy;



"A TAILOR'S SHOP"

FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY F. E. JAMES