

REPORT OF A CONVERSATION WITH MISS MILLIE JAMES ON THE GENTLE ART OF BEING ONE'S OWN MOTHER



AMELIA JAMES.
Aged twelve years and five months.

THOMAS NAST, THE ARTIST

WORK HE DID TO SHOW THAT HE WAS
SOMETHING BESIDES A CARTOONIST.

Friends here of Thomas Nast, the well known cartoonist, who died recently in Ecuador, have interested themselves in a bill to be introduced in Congress calling for the appropriation of \$25,000 for the purchase of his historical paintings.

While Mr. Nast's reputation in the popular mind will perhaps always rest upon his cartoons, to those who knew him well he was not only a cartoonist but a painter. It was his ambition to be some time recognized as one of the great painters of his day.

Villa Fontana, as Mr. Nast styled his home in Morristown, N. J., is a veritable storehouse of art objects. In his lifetime Mr. Nast travelled much, and everywhere he added to his collection. Some of these objects were bought by him, others were the gift of friends, but sooner or later all came to Villa Fontana, and there they are to-day.

Few knew the sacrifice it was to Mr. Nast to tear himself away from these reminders of the happiest years of his life, and go to Guayaquil, Ecuador, when the announcement of his appointment as consul came. It meant leaving his family, his art treasures, his own art work behind, for when the announcement came he was engaged in painting what he hoped to make a masterpiece of his series of historical paintings. He had not named the picture, and for lack of a better the members of his family have given it the descriptive title of "Lee Awaiting Grant." Unfinished, as he left it, the big canvas is still in Mr. Nast's Morristown studio beside his painting of "Garibaldi." In the foreground of the painting sits the vanquished Confederate leader, his gray head bowed in despair, and his eyes fixed upon the half unsheathed sword across his knees—the sword presented to him by the State of Virginia, and the sword he must soon surrender to the leader of the Northern army. In the background are two figures—at the right, Colonel Marshall, Lee's aid, and at the left Captain Babcock, one of Grant's aids, who arranged the meeting. The scene of the picture is a room in McLean's farmhouse at Appomattox. Mr. Nast went there and made sketches of the place to help him in the painting.

This painting is not, however, one of those it is proposed to buy under the provisions of the bill soon to be introduced in Congress. The measure will probably provide for the purchase of five of Mr. Nast's best known wartime paintings. Among his best works of this class are "Peace Again," "Lincoln Entering Richmond," "Saving the Flag," "The March Through Georgia," "The 7th Regiment Going to War," "The Halt," and "Faithful Unto Death."

But Mr. Nast was not alone a painter of historical scenes. Villa Fontana contains many evidences of his ability with the brush along other lines. Tucked away in the nooks and crannies of the big house are many little sketches of friends and large sized paintings of various subjects. Among Mr. Nast's other paintings are "Christ" and the actor Burton as "Toodles."

Mr. Nast had an imposing mantelpiece in the parlor of Villa Fontana, known to members of the household as the Shakespearian mantel. Tiles gathered by Mr. Nast after years of patient search have been grouped into pictures of characters and scenes from Shakespeare, and the whole so harmonized as to present one Shakespeare memorial, covering the greater part of one side of a room. Just above the fireplace and beneath the mantelshelf is a carved box cover which came from the Shakespeare house. To secure the cover Mr. Nast was obliged to buy the whole box. Across a strip of highly polished brass running the width of the open fireplace is Shakespeare's epitaph:

Good friend for Jesus sake forbear
To digg the dust enclosed here;
Honest ye man yt spares the stones
And curst be he yt moves my bones.



MISS JAMES.
As she looks to-day.

Villa Fontana boasts another unique mantelpiece and fireplace. It is in the dining room, and might be called the "sixpence" mantel, since its fireplace illustrates in tiles the Mother Goose rhyme, "Sing a song of sixpence." There are to be seen the king, the queen, the maid and the blackbirds. This also Mr. Nast had especially built. The tiles are said to have been made in England over two hundred years ago. This mantel and fireplace are surmounted by a huge pair of antlers and a couple of Norwegian swords said to be four hundred years old. The dining room, like most of the rooms in Villa Fontana, is replete with the things Mr. Nast

was associated with in life. A coat of mail has its place in the bay window. An old Norwegian drinking mug given to Mr. Nast by Paul du Chaillu is another highly prized article. The vase presented Mr. Nast by 3,500 officers and men of the army and navy in recognition of his services in the war; a rare chest over two hundred years old, from England; a panel made from some wood carvings given to Mr. Nast by Colonel John W. Peard, often called "Garibaldi's Englishman," are among the other things to be seen in Villa Fontana.

In glass cases are carved shells, daintily finished ivory fans, a red clay vase from



MISS JAMES.
In "Lovers' Lane."

Cyprus, said to be the oldest found in the island, dating back to between 1200 and 1400 B. C., and another from Cyprus dating back to about 1000 B. C.

There is much in the old house illustrative of the work that made Nast famous by his cartoons; some that were published, and others drawn for the sake of a laugh with a friend or member of his family, abound in the room Mr. Nast occupied. In a glass case, along with his musket and other war relics, is the skeleton he worked into many of his cartoons. Members of the family say it was no unusual sight to come home and find the skeleton seated in a chair, and Mr. Nast before it studying out some new conception of the grinning features that should find its way before the public later.

MISS MILLIE JAMES.

SHE RESENTS THE SLUR THAT SARA
CREWE WAS AN ABNORMAL CHILD.

"My favorite book is 'Sentimental Tommy,' my favorite game pretending, my favorite friends children, and my favorite actress Miss Millie James—the last with a low bow, of course, quite in the old fashioned manner. This he rehearsed rapidly before the mirror in the elevator, wondering if he dared.

Miss Millie James greeted him cheerily at the door of her apartments.

"Isn't it a beastly wet sort of day?" was what he said.

The star of "The Little Princess" agreed that it was, although there were plain signs of a fine Sunday sunset gathering in the west, and beckoned to a chair. The fact is, you see, Miss Millie James as Sara Crewe and Miss Millie James in person are not the same. The Sara Crewe Miss James is twelve and tempting; the Millie James Miss James is twice twelve, and—an American girl. So you can readily guess that, though you can with truth double the strength of the second adjective, nevertheless you don't—to her. He didn't, anyway.

"Sara Crewe, I insist," Miss James suddenly announced, with conviction, "was not an abnormal child."

"Certainly not," said he; "neither was Sentimental Tommy."

"Who was it said that one touch of Sentimental Tommy makes the whole world kin? Certainly Tommy wasn't," said Miss James warmly, "but so many people were never like Tommy or like Sara that they can't understand. Tommy was true, if he wasn't truthful. Sara was both."

"Was she really the latter, too, or did Mrs. Burnett just make her so?" he asked.

"Of course, she was, really," said Miss James. "She was too kind hearted to lie. Besides, one can be imaginative without being immoral. When she grew up I'm sure she became either an author or an actress. I hope so much it was an actress!"

"Perhaps," he suggested, "she married Sentimental Tommy."

Thus Miss James, "Never!" which goes to show that the cleverest women can never quite forgive that sentimentalist.

"I know about Sara," Miss James went on, "because I was like her when I was twelve"—"A George Wash"—he began.

"Be quiet," said Miss James. "I mean like her I pretended all sorts of things, not that I never told really fibs. I suppose I was an imaginative child, which is the common way of putting it. I used always to be somebody very rich (or else very miserably poor), and sometimes for days I would pretend I was this person, address myself in the glass as this per-



MISS JAMES.
In "The Little Princess."