THE STRUGGLES, Triumph And Views OF A UTAH ARTIST.

IT has been said that Utah ratists are in advance of their people; that their work is better appreciated abroad than at home. Perhaps that is so. Nevertheless the outlook is brighter locally for art, and consequently for the artists than ever before. A discussion of the why and the wherefore might not be profitable, and certainly it is not necessary. It is sufficient to know that the future is promising. That hope is taking the place of despair in the artist breast.

But after all, the story of the struggling artist is the same everywhere, or has been, in our country and in the countries of other lands. It has been one mighty effort for recognition; very often one mighty effort for existence. The painter who is born with a silver spoon in his mouth as well as with brush and palette in his hand is not numerous. His antithesis is legion. Ask the worthy artists that Utah has produced if this is not true, and their combined rejoinders will make an affirmative chorus that will shake the man who can and should support art, into a wakefulness that he has not known in many a day. And better still, it will, if he knows anything of art

JOHN HAFEN,
A Utah Artist Whose Work is Attracting Widespread Attention.

at all, or is susceptible of learning, arouse in him a spirit of intelligence and refinement that he never before realized. And when it comes he will wonder why he never saw things in the same light before.

But this is all preliminary. And yet, it is all true. It is all essential. Just now Utah artists are doing work that is beginning to attract attention as it has never attracted heretofore. And what is so important to the toiling painters, is the further fact that a market is being found for the products of their brushes. In some cases their creations are being ordered in advance, perhaps not by wholesale, and yet in substantial degree. Particularly is this true with John Hafen, whose never-lagging, slowly but surely progressive course, has at last reached that point where he is not only able to live but where he will be able to live well. Art critics throughout the country have passed upon his work with favor. From both east and west has the recognition come. And with it have come orders for new pictures. A peep into the studio of his new picturesque ten room home at Springville these days would show you how busy he is; how fortune is dealing more generously with him now than in the past. A visit to the L. D. S. university of this city, where he shares a studio with Lewis Ramsey, art instructor of that institution, and an erstwhile pupil, will disclose numberless evidences of art activity there. Pictures that are sold and pictures that are ordered, and which are still in the rough may be viewed with interest. And so it is, in greater or less degree in other art studios in Salt Lake. Into these readers of the Desert News will be asked to take occasional glimpses, if not by way of personal visit, at least through the columns of the papers; for there is much in them that will please; that will elevate; that will instruct.

Then the stories of the lives of the men who are closely akin to, if indeed, they are not real geniuses, are pregnant with an interest that is always entrancing. It is well that the people of Utah should know them—both the stories and the men. There are some of them who bid fair to take strong places in the art world. It is not improbable that some of them shall become renowned. It is true that some of them are even now being watched in the art centers at home and abroad.

Illustrative of the old axiom that the race is not to the swift; of the trite truth, that he who sticks longest sticks best, is the career of John Hafen. Forty-two years ago there came to Utah with his parents, a little Swiss boy, six years old. His parents were poor. They had to work hard. The lad soon commenced to help them; and as he grew he commenced to do something else—paint pictures—in his mind, for he was too young to do anything else, except to draw this and that object in the crudest of outlines. But in all the crudity of the objects drawn there was originality; there was a touch of nature; a touch of the nature that has apparently brought final and permanent success. That boy was John Hafen. His more youthful days were spent in Payson, Richfield and Tooele. By an almost superhuman effort he one day had saved enough money to go to Paris and enter the Julian academy. His work was well received there, but on his return home he still found it hard sledding, and it has only been very recently that some of the sunshine that is so beautifully portrayed in his pictures, has found its way into his life. And now that it has come, he will have more leisure and better opportunity to transmit to canvas that which his art mind conceives, that which his art eye can see.

INFLUENCE OF ART.

Being asked to express himself on the educational influence of art, Mr. Hafen said: "Let me preface my answer with an explanation. Some time ago, not long since, Prof. John C. Van Dyke, the great art critic, had propounded to him this question: 'What two or three books are the best for the beginner who wants to look at pictures in a manner to most thoroughly judge and appreciate their value?' Mark the answer. 'The only way is to keep looking at them.' Books will not help very materially, although some useful hints might be obtained from Poore's Pictorial Composition and the Critical Judgment of Pictures, and from Emery's How to Enjoy Pictures.

"Both question and answer are significant in view of the presumptuous confidence with which most people express their opinions on art and artists, and unfortunately many of the people who are most prone to express themselves have but little better conception of the subject in hand than has a Ute Indian of Shakesperian literature. Ignorance on the subject of art is no disgrace to a frontier people whose lives have been devoted to the work of building homes and wresting from the waste places of the earth the comforts of civilization: the fault lies in falsely assuming this knowledge.

"Manifestly, it requires some study to comprehend a work on which years of study and thought have been expended, and the common impulse of likes and dislikes will not lead to a higher standard of art intelligence, no matter how long one may look at a picture unless one have due regard for the artist's inspiring motive, together with a good share of attentive observation of nature.

"Many of our western art patrons purchase paintings such as they 'like' and readily condemn what they do not like. While it is of course natural that they should do so, the fact is that the devotion to money getting is too often diametrically opposed to the channels that lead to the best in art and nature, and their 'like' being entirely uncultivated, they are prone to proceed in a strictly commercial way and to purchase things which have been painted with a commercial motive in view, or such things as are intended to be 'striking' and created with a craving for popular applause. Both motives being degenerative, to 'keep on looking' at such pictures with the idea that they represent true art will never have the effect of enhancing one's art knowledge.

"We are all educated according to the nature of our environment, and hence it follows that if we aspire to a broad and refined art intelligence, we must be open to fresh impressions, and new ideas and not be too tenacious of what we think we already know, and as no one artist excels in everything, we must look to each individual artist to teach us something new and to try to discern that which makes the soul of his work. The sick man will not attempt to cure his ailment by taking a lump of sugar, simply because it is sweet, but will in all likelihood seek out an experienced physician to apply the correct remedy.

"Of course it must be borne in mind that there are quacks and 'grafters' among artists as well as among doctors—painters who have mercenary motives or who follow art (?) merely for what money or unmerited popularity they can get out of it. In nearly every one of the larger cities, however, there is an art association organized for the protection and advancement of genuine art interests, and all their transactions and exhibitions are jealously guarded against contact with any unhealthful influences. It is true that some of those organizations have, for a time, closed their doors to some of the greatest geniuses in the history of art, but they were, after all, the first to receive them later and accord to them their proper place in the galaxy of renown.

"Now, these organizations are sources of good judgment to which art patrons and connoisseurs should—and frequently do in the art centers—apply when they wish to avoid making any serious mistake in the purchasing of works of the kind that will surround them with healthful and genuine art influence, for they will find in time, that the following of the dictates of their own likes and dislikes, and presuming to understand good art without having been cultured under its influence, will place them at the mercy of the glib and plausible dealer or the bombastic paint orator who says much with his mouth and nothing with his brush. Art history has repeatedly proven the truth of Prof. Van Dyke's answer, and it is not only a duty we owe to ourselves, but to the general commonwealth in which we live, to surround ourselves with the best art obtainable, which, by its ever present influence, will make of us an art cultured people.

"Now, I have made these statements briefly with a view to pointing out, so far as I can, the way to true art culture. If painters who are so earnest and sincere in their calling as to forego many of the comforts or even necessities of life, and who have spent many years in diligent study and application, do not, after all, paint to suit you, you may rely on it that it is your own taste or art judgment that is faulty, and I would enjoin you to 'keep on looking' at their paintings, and I have faith that you will experience an evolution of ideas and become more in harmony with the best art spirit of the time, deriving much enjoyment from that source.

MR. BROWNING'S OPINION.

George W. Browning, the artist, who is reckoned a good judge in matters of art, and one who is a friend and close observer of Mr. Hafen, has this to say of the latter's work:

"From the two recently finished pictures by Mr. Hafen—reproductions of which, I understand, are to be printed with my remarks—additional emphasis is given to the conviction which has long been growing on us in viewing his past efforts, i. e., that Mr. Hafen occupies a distinct and enviable position among our artists as the natural painter of natural subjects.

"The first thing that appeals to us in looking at Mr. Hafen's work is the easy, graceful way in which nature's varying mood is interpreted to us. There is absolutely no mannerism there; no striving for a distinctive technique; no pandering to the commonplace taste which demands only pretty color schemes or decorative fancies; and especially is there no forced attempt at what commonly goes under the term of originality or individuality. Yet while this artist's pictures have perhaps less in common than is usual among painters so far as any distinctive way of treatment is concerned, Mr. Hafen, as already hinted, holds a decidedly unique position in the artistic circle. He is the out-door painter, the painter of nature at first hand. He courts Dame Nature assiduously and grows familiar with the particular phase to be portrayed before touching the brush, and then the brush must fit that certain definite mood, and whatever the technique involved, it must conform to the spirit of the subject.

"Thus does Mr. Hafen, with signal success, endeavor to give us the very essence and the inner meaning of that which is best and least often comprehended in nature, and as this is the great objective in his work, we find as a result, that while there is little to suggest the four closed walls of the studio, there is also no servile copying of nature as she would impress the camera, no uninteresting photographic detail, and, on the other hand, no adhering to preconceived ideas at the sacrifice of freshness of impression. While there is nothing Turneresque in his work, there is nothing that could remind us, for instance, of one of the landscape settings of a Messonier battle piece, and whether it be the hazy glimpse of the rustic cottage and the gentle slope of farmland through the arches of autumn flared cottonwoods, or the crystalline atmosphere in the clear, serene vista, through the aspens of one of our little mountain lakes, the first fresh impression of nature as seen by a lover of nature, is well retained to the finishing touches—those touches which artists sometimes find out to be, when too late, the killing instead of the enlivening of their work."

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One of Mr. Hafen's Latest and Best Paintings.

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Family ties are not always ties of blood. Lodgers sometimes become valued members of a family circle. If a home is a bit lonesome, a lodger or two of the right sort will liven it up—and you can secure them by advertising.

HARD TO UNDERSTAND.

In the Midland hotel—and several others here, too, for that matter—the parlor rooms are marked by letters instead of by numbers. This led to a funny mix-up last night in the Midland's elevator between the rather deaf negro operator and a testy traveler, who was in a hurry to get to bed. This man had been assigned to parlor U, and he started in the elevator for it. As he entered he said:

"U."

The Senegambian, not hearing well, looked at him for further remarks, but none came. The elevator went on up, and the darky turned to the traveler and asked:

"What flooah, boss?"

"U," the man answered again.

"Yasser, dat's me, but wah you want to go?"

"U! U!" the man repeated testily. "Can't you hear?"

"Yasser, Ah done said dat am me"—began the negro.

Then the man found his senses and said:

"I want to go to parlor U; can't you understand?"

The negro took him back five floors and dumped him out.

"Neve could understan' some folks," was all he said.—Kansas City Journal.

IF YOU HAVE DYSPEPSIA, READ THIS.

The old way of taking Pepsin, bismuth, etc., to cure dyspepsia is all wrong. They may be put up in tablets or in liquid, the result is just the same. The object is to create artificial digestion, but this does not make a cure. Stop taking the pepsin, etc., and you have your dyspepsia or indigestion back again. People use cocaine or opium for nervous troubles and sick-headache, it does not cure, stop taking the drugs and the pain and distress return. The only Common Sense Method is to drive out of the system the cause of dyspepsia and sick headache, by cleansing the stomach and bowels, at the same time using a medicine that will act on the liver. This forces through the glands of the stomach the digestive fluid that nature intended. In this way you cure dyspepsia. The medicine that cures dyspepsia by this method is called Dr. Gunn's Improved Liver Pills. Druggists sell these pills at 25c per box. It only takes one pill for a dose.

For sale by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

THE WABASH RAILROAD

has just issued a handsome illustrated Worlds Fair pamphlet containing a three color map of St. Louis and the Fair Grounds and half tone views of the principal buildings. A copy free upon request. P. P. Hitchcock, G. A. P. D., Denver, Colo.

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