

"I heard two good stories concerning the eccentricities of the late James McNeil Whistler yesterday," remarked a gentleman well known in local Bohemia. "One of them by the way, is a laugh on Whistler himself, a thing which evidently did not happen very often as all the stories going the rounds to-day credit Whistler with doing the laughing at the other fellow's expense. The story in question is told by Clivette, the shadowgrapher, who is at the Orpheum this week, and who was a personal friend of Whistler's. Clivette says that William A. Chase, the American artist whose work is attracting considerable attention, particularly his portrait painting, once painted a picture of Whistler. Chase did not spare his friend, but depicted his bushy head and other physical peculiarities to a nicety. Then he called Whistler in his studio to look at the work. Whistler gazed at the picture for a moment, and turning to Chase, said scornfully: 'It is a lampoon.' Having thus delivered his criticism he strode out of the room. Imagine his surprise and chagrin a few days later when he saw his picture on exhibition at the Academy, and everybody easily recognized it as Whistler's, with this card on it. 'This is a lampoon—James McNeil Whistler.' Another story which Clivette tells of Whistler is a typical Whistler yarn. Whistler was living in Paris at the time and had a studio which looked down into the courtyard of one of those quaint old houses which the artists' quarter in that city boasts. Looking over his little balcony one day Whistler spied two jars of goldfish on the landing below him. He at once rigged up a fishing line with a bent pin and a long piece of string, baited it, and lowering it in one of the jars waited patiently for a while. The fish were hungry and in a short while Whistler had them all caught. He fried them, but, of course, they were not fit to eat. Then he made a package of them; wrote a note to the man who owned them stating that they were unfit for food and quite disgusting; threw the note and the package of fried fish down on the landing where the jars were sitting and went on back to his work."

HE KNEW WHISTLER.

Clivette, Who Is Appearing at the Orpheum, Talks of the Painter.

M. Clivette, "the man in black" who is appearing at the Orpheum this week, was a newspaper artist before he took up his present vocation. He studied in this country and in Europe. During his stay in England he became acquainted with the late James McNeil Whistler and afterwards when he had entered upon his career as a performer, he often visited him. Clivette tells many interesting stories about the eccentric painter, of which the following are a part:

"One afternoon he was painting in somber colors," said he at the Orpheum today. His model was a lady, dressed in gray. The hangings of the studio were gray. The colors on his pallet were gray. He himself was wearing a gray jacket. A visitor called. He wore a red tie. He had not been in the studio a minute before Whistler grabbed the scarf from his neck and threw it into a closet. His friend uttered a mild protest. 'You are the most abominable combination of bad coloring I ever saw in my life,' was the artist's only comment.

"There is a story told of Whistler of an incident before the acceptance of his pictures in the academy. He was at that time on 'his uppers,' beyond a doubt. He had painted and painted without recognition. Many of his pictures had gone to the academy, but none reached its walls. He walked back and forth through the gallery, criticizing this one and that. As he started to go away he saw two or three of his own canvases sitting in the dust and rummish in a corner of a hallway. He stopped and gazed on them with admiring eyes. 'Ah!' he finally exclaimed, 'I am indeed glad to at least see something that has real merit.'