

ART IN NEW YORK.

THOUSANDS OF STUDENTS ARE FLOCKING INTO THE SCHOOLS.

They Have Their Privations, and They Also Wear Long or Tousled Hair and Make Themselves as Unconventional as Possible for a Time.

The fall opening of the art schools attracts hundreds of art students, and, judging by the number of names already enlisted on the registers of the largest schools and the studios lately, it looks as though there will be between 3,000 and 4,000 art students in New York city this winter. At least two-thirds of this number are women. With the return of the art student, the real Bohemian life of New York begins. There is no class of students who undergo the deprivation and inconvenience, or live the free-hand-to-mouth life that these free-thinking lovers of beauty do.

It seems to be a theory among art students that a man or woman will never succeed and become known as a great artist unless they have at one time or another suffered from want of good food, a comfortable bed and the continual dunnings of the landlord who rents them their hall bedroom or attic.

Like all people who are deprived of the almighty dollar, art students find the winter the hardest season of the year. In the summer many of them have their homes to return to; others go to some remote country place and do not return; while the third lot rent the swell studios of artists who have left the city to commune with nature.

Those who return home and are comfortably provided for, are often able to turn out some good work in the way of sketches; they have the advantage over those that are compelled to put in their summer pot boiling.

the least compunction, but a good student who is aiming to be a portrait painter will seldom take up pot boiling as a means of existence. He may be compelled to degrade the art of the students in the next department to him, and will turn out poor designs for wall papers, carpets, initial letters and advertisements. In return the student who is studying designing would rather try his hand at bad portraiture than to put unclassical designs on the market.



A FAIR CRITIC.

Last year a number of men students, who are anxious to keep up their studies, and yet not to demean any branches of the art by pot boiling, served half their day in posing as models in the schools. Three young women, two of whom are well known artists in this city to-day, took a three-years' course at the Academy of Design, and made their way by posing nude at the evening life classes. On many occasions they were drawn and sketched by the very students whom they had sat



FREE-HAND SKETCHES OF SOME FRESH STUDENTS.

It is only those who live among them and see their daily actions who know to what excess the average art student who comes to New York to study has to suffer. The truer the artistic temperament in the student, the greater the inconvenience he is willing to put up with.

Last year was an extremely hard one for art students. Everybody was pinched for means, owing to the



A FLIRTATIOUS MODEL.

hard times, and many of the art schools would have closed had it not been for the perseverance of the students who supported them. Last October three young men came on from the West, each with \$50 with which to pay his tuition. They were allowed to sleep in one of the rooms of one of the art schools on West 23d street. None of them had more than a dollar after his year's tuition was paid, and two of them lived for three months at the rate of 10 cents per day for food. To do this and still retain their health, the boys saw that it would be necessary to get the matter of food down to a scientific basis, and, after considerable hard study and many references to books on diet, they decided that they could live for the greatest length of time on graham bread and apples. One of these men lived for two months on \$1.75. To most people this would seem like the most abject poverty. But there were not three happier fellows in New York. All three accomplished their end. One is an instructor in one of the best known schools for manual training, the second is an illustrator on a magazine, and the third sells his wall paper designs for the best prices that are given for such work.

Portrait painters will seldom take up pot boiling along their own lines as a sacrifice to their art. They would pot boil along any other line without

next to in the morning, but were not recognized on account of the face masks they wore. The fact of their posing might never have leaked out had not a couple of boisterous students roughly torn the mask from one of the girls' faces just as the class was going to be dismissed. The girl fainted, and was never known to pose again.

The majority of rooms on the top floors of either side of 23d street, from Seventh avenue over to Third avenue, are occupied either by artists or art students. That portion of the city and bits of 56th and 57th streets might be called the Latin Quarter of New York. The ambition of every art student, whether man or woman, girl or boy, is to have a studio. To live in a furnished room is purgatory. If they can get a small attic room, with a low cot in one corner, which they always call a divan, a couple of chairs, and a few yards of fish net, they consider they have a studio. The walls are soon covered with sketches; if the coloring of the painting and papering is inharmonious, a few yards of ten-cent burlap will cover the defects and make a pretty background for the sketches.

For the funniest phases in art student life, notice the young man or woman who comes to the city to put in his or her first year's work. The typical young man lets his hair grow long, and is never seen with anything but a Tam o' Shanter on his head when he has the slightest excuse for wearing one. He allows his trousers to bag at the knee, and appears in the class rooms with a soft alpaca coat or linen duster. His clothes are



EXCHANGING IDEAS.

always bedaubed with paint, which he tries to make himself and those around him believe has got there through his absent-mindedness. He likes to tell of the hard times he has had to get the money to pay his tuition, and of the opposition of his parents' will.

The girl student usually comes on with a wedded-to-art expression, tousles her hair, buys the biggest palette she can find, and dresses her uncorseted form in what she believes to be a purely artistic painting apron.

Instructors in schools know this, and with great interest watch the development on the part of the student. Perhaps in time both these students will join the sketch class, and after they have posed and seen themselves as their forty or fifty classmates see them they begin to make a change. The young man cuts his hair, purchases a bottle of benzine and rubs the paint off his clothes, and uses the Tam o' Shanter only as a decoration on his studio wall. The girl begins to think—particularly if she has been earning her own living—that she may possibly be induced to try matrimony. She still holds that she will never marry a man who is not her equal in every respect, but she begins to dress herself a little more becomingly, and finds that she can paint in her street gown without so much superfluous apron.

ROUGH RIDING.

The Way Australian Mustangs Are Broken In.

"Open the gate!" roars the manager. "Look out, you boys!" and with a mad rush out flies the colt through the open gate, like a shell from a howitzer. For twenty yards he races at full speed, then "propping," as if galvanized, shoots upward with the true deer's leap; all four feet in the air at once (from which the vice takes its name), and comes down with his head between his forelegs and his nose (this I watched narrowly) touching the girths. But the rider has swayed back in his saddle with instinctive ease, and is quite prepared for a succession of lightning-like bounds—sideways, upward, downward, backward—as the agile and frantic animal appears to turn in the air, and to come down with his head in the place where his tail was when he rose.

For an instant he stops; then, perhaps, the spurs are sent in so as to accentuate the next performance. The crowd meanwhile of six or seven hundred people, mostly young or in the prime of life, follow cheering and clapping with every fresh attempt on the part of the frenzied steed to dispose of his rider. A few minutes of this exercise suffice to exhaust and steady the wildest colt.

It is a species of "monkeying," a device of the buck-breaker, who ties a bag on to the back of a timid colt, and he, frightened out of his life, as if by a monkey perched there, exhausts himself and permits the rider to mount and ride away with but little resistance. Sometimes, indeed, the colt turns in his tracks, and being unmanageable in his paroxysms, charges the crowd, whom he scatters with great screaming and laughter as they fall over each other or climb the boundary fence. But very shortly, with lowered head and trembling frame, he allowed himself to be ridden to the gate of egress.

There he is halted, and his rider taking hold of his left ear with his bridle hand, swings lightly to the ground, closely alongside of the shoulder. Did he not so alight, the agile mustang is capable of a lightning wheel and a dangerous kick. Indeed, one rider dismounting carelessly discovered this to his cost after riding a most unconscionable performer.—[New York World.]

Put Sponges in His Nostrils.

The quiet country neighborhood four miles south of Indianapolis, Ind., is enjoying a sensation which has developed from a horse trade whose features would discount anything in the latter-day calendar of sharp practice in horse trading. John Chambers, a well-to-do young farmer, had a smooth, clean-limbed young animal, quiet and gentle, and a good traveler, but with a defect in breathing which made her practically worthless. In common parlance, she was broken-winded, and the disease was so marked that she wheezed audibly even when standing in the stable and without being driven, a thing unusual even in broken-winded horses, as the defect can rarely be detected except when it is developed by exercise. Several days ago, a stranger rented a farm near by, and moved into the neighborhood. Chambers thought this his chance, and, forcing a sponge into each nostril of his broken-winded horse, so as to compel the animal to breathe only through his mouth, he drove over to see his new comer and proposed a trade. A bargain was struck and Chambers got a horse worth a dozen of his and \$15 to boot. The purchaser did not suspect anything for several days, till the animal gradually grew so offensive that he could hardly enter the stable. He then took her to a veterinary and the latter, after a protracted examination, detected and drew out the sponges. With the removal of the sponges, and the discharge of the accumulated pus, the trick was discovered and the wheezing returned. Chambers, under threats of prosecution, gave up the animal and the money, but the neighbors were so incensed that they had him arrested for cruelty to animals, and the fine and costs amounted to \$35.—[Chicago Herald.]

In Search of Salt.

Frank Cushing, of the United States National Bureau of Ethnology, believes that the necessity of procuring salt had much to do with the migration of interior tribes. In the folk-lore of the Zuni there is a salt goddess, who is the daughter of the ocean, and salt itself, they believed, was derived from the sun. Perhaps we do not give sufficient credit to the methods of the interchange of commodities which must have existed in the earliest periods.—[New York Times.]

CLEANING PARIS.

How the French Capital's Streets are Kept Clean.

When it is said that the entire pavement surface of Paris is swept clean every morning, and that to accomplish this only 3,200 men are employed at most, and a large proportion of these only for a few hours each day, it hardly needs saying that the work of the street-cleaning service is conducted in a most systematic way. The plan adopted is, however, extremely simple. For purposes of street-cleaning the city has been divided into 150 districts, called "ateliers." Each atelier is presided over by an official known as a "cantonnier," who is held responsible for the proper care of all streets in his territory. Such a force of subordinate employees and such machinery and apparatus are provided as experience has proved necessary. The "cantonniers" and their chief subordinates are salaried officials (at from 100 to 125 francs per month), and give their entire time to the service; the other employees are paid by the hour (strong men receiving 32 to 37 centimes, and "women, children and weak men from 25 to 30 centimes"), and, as a rule, are employed only during the morning hours.

The main body of the work is done by sweeping-machines, each drawn by a single horse, the work of hand-brooms being only supplementary. The order of procedure is practically the same in all parts of city and over all kinds of pavements. Summer and winter the work begins at 4 a. m. In advance goes a watering-machine to settle the dust. This is followed in narrow streets by a single machine, and in wider ones by two or even three machines in succession, the foremost one nearest the center of the street. Such a cavalcade passing up one side of a street and back the other shifts all the surface garbage of that street into the gutters on either side, while a single man following flushes the gutters, and directs all but the bulkier portions of the garbage into the sewer openings, situated at short intervals between the hydrants.

Such a cavalcade is equivalent to a small army of hand-sweepers, it being estimated that each machine does the work of twelve men—that is to say, of twelve Parisians, each of whom is supposed to sweep 500 square meters in an hour. Each cohort of watering-carts and sweeping-machines has, of course, its definite district to cover, and so accurately are these apportioned that all the different cohorts finish at practically the same time. By about 8:30 the entire city has been swept, and the detritus worn from the pavements by thousands of hoofs and wheels the day and night before is being carried harmlessly on through the great sewers to the Seine, instead of hurdling on every chance gust into the face of the wayfarer, as does the dust of less favored cities.—[Harper's Weekly.]

Some Splendid Timber.

The first thing that strikes a visitor to the Northwest is the immensity of the country's resources. Not the variety nor adequacy, but the sheer immensity. Everything is on so prodigiously large a scale. As one man expressed it: "You have to have a big sheet of paper and a long lead pencil to figure on a proposition out here." The timber at the fair suggests a good illustration. Seven million acres of timber in Idaho; 13,000,000 in Montana; 16,000,000 in Oregon; 20,000,000 in Washington; and uncalculated millions in Alaska and the British possessions. Enough to warrant a good exhibit, it is admitted. And such timber! Imagine miles of trees 300 feet high, straight as arrows, branchless for seventy-five feet! Imagine cutting 8,000 to 10,000 feet of lumber from a single one of them!

The finest wood shown is of the Douglas pine, otherwise known as red fir, rather coarse in grain, but exceedingly tough, and capable of bearing almost any strain. Both English and French experts have pronounced it superior to any wood for ship-building, bridges and other strong work. It will bend or twist like iron, but no pressure can break it squarely as other woods break. When it parts it is in long, jagged rents.

Other valuable woods are red cedar, yellow, black and bull pine, hemlock, spruce, oak, maple and ash. The yellow pine is generally utility lumber; red cedar furnishes the best shingles in the world, and the Western spruce is almost as good as oak for finishing purposes. A curly maple which grows in the coast States is exceptionally suited to cabinet work.—[New York Tribune.]

Fabulous Treasures.

England's collection of plate for use at state occasions at Windsor castle is something fabulous in value. Its display surprised even Russia's crown prince himself.

It is generally reckoned to be worth about \$10,000,000, and it is no unusual thing for a state banquet at the castle to have plate to the value of half a million in the room.

There are two state dinner services, one of gold and one of silver, says the Omaha Bee. The gold service was purchased by George IV., and will dine 120 persons. The plates alone of this service cost over \$12,500.

On state occasions there are usually placed on the dining table some very beautiful gold flagons, captured from the Spanish Armada, which are now, of course, of priceless value, while the great silver wine-cooler,

made by Rundell & Bride for George IV., and weighing 700 ounces, always adorns one corner of the apartment.

As sideboard ornaments there are pretty trifles in the way of a peacock of precious stones, valued at \$250,000, and a tiger's head from India with a solid ingot of gold for its tongue and diamond teeth.

The Sense of Smell.

At the Innsbruck anthropologists' meeting, Dr. Herrmann, from Vienna, has given an amusing lecture on the sense of smell. The non-carnivorous animals are those which have best preserved the sense of smell; while men and animals who eat flesh have greatly lost the faculty. Dwelling together in crowded cities has in men dulled the olfactory nerves. The African, whose wide nostrils remind one of corn and hay-eating cattle, has a sharp sense of smell; while the Americans, because of the use of snuff, are almost without it. That we are so little sensitive to the coal smoke of cities and railways shows how degenerated are the noses of civilized peoples. While civilization does everything possible to assist sight and hearing, nothing is done for smelling. Perhaps, said the lecturer, the nose is too imperfect an organ to offer any standpoint for artificial assistance. Speaking of dress material and their capability of retaining odors, the lecturer pronounced silk to be the best material, because most odors pass through it without leaving any smell behind. Linen, on the contrary, holds odors fast. Wool allows many smells to pass through, but retains exactly the odors of decay—for example, the smell of a corpse; so that it is a great mistake to attend a funeral in woolen dresses. That civilization spoils the sense of smell is shown by house dogs and pet dogs, who lose their sense of smell in a surprising manner.—[New York Post.]

Adaptability of Animals.

The whale was, at some remote period, according to the best authorities, an amphibious animal, and lived in and about the low lands and ponds. After a time, by some of the curious processes of adaptation provided by nature, this creature took to the water altogether, and its feet became fins. These members still retain many of their original characteristics, having bones with joints like those in the fingers. The tail, instead of having bones and rays, is a mass of cartilage. The sense of smell is precisely like that in the mammals, and the still further resemblance is noted in that it suckles its young after the manner of a cow with her calf. The baby whale has rudimentary teeth in its gums, and certain species show traces of hind-legs under the skin. Whales have no special organs for water-breathing, and must come to the surface at intervals for air. Their lungs and heart are as fully developed for surface air breathing as those of the ox or the horse. They may remain under water for thirty or forty minutes, but usually come to the surface to breathe at intervals of ten minutes or thereabouts.—[New York Ledger.]

Keeping Butter Sweet.

In many parts of France butter is kept quite sweet for a number of days by a very simple means. Dip the hands in fresh water and manipulate the butter so as to squeeze out all the remains of buttermilk, then pack it tightly into any earthenware vessel that will hold it, either in large or small quantities; a cup will do, or a pudding basin, according to requirements, only the butter must be so well pressed down that no space be allowed for any air to penetrate, says the Philadelphia Ledger. Invert this vessel in a soup-plate or shallow dish and fill the latter with fresh water, stand it in a cellar or cool larder, change the water every day, and the butter will certainly remain sweet for a week or more. Milk is more difficult to deal with. The only thing one can do is to take every possible precaution to prevent it from turning. It must not be bought in too large quantities, and, above all, it must not be shifted about from metal to earthenware vessels, or vice versa; nothing is more injurious; keep to the one or the other; china is preferable to all other materials.

Fine Cabinet of Minerals.

Says The Philadelphia Record: "Charles S. Bement's splendid cabinet of minerals at his home, No. 1,804 Spring Garden street, is said by experts to be the largest and richest private collection of the kind in America. It fills nearly a whole floor of his large house, which is lighted with special reference to seeing the treasures to advantage, and none of the great public museums have specimens of a size, beauty and perfection to surpass those that Mr. Bement has been patiently gathering for the last twenty years or more. The leading dealers in this country have standing orders to send him the best of what comes to them, and they willingly do so. What he does not take is sent to the British Museum as the second best buyer. While it is difficult to set a price on a scientific collection, it is said by those who should know that Mr. Bement's cabinet is worth at least \$125,000."

A HORRIBLE COMBINATION.

"What was that horrible noise last night?" asked the new boarder.

"Oh, that!" responded the season boarder, "that was only the stuttering boarder trying to learn the clarinet."—[Indianapolis Journal.]

Japanese Window Artists.

Living pictures, and not studies in still life, catch the eye of the art-loving public, as is proven by the constant crowd around a shop window on Broadway, where an enterprising firm has a taking advertisement in the window in the form of a Japanese artist busily painting pictures, while the public criticizes. The window is made pretty with Oriental draperies and bamboo furniture. The artist, wearing a cool-looking robe of Chinese crepe, sits before an easel, with a stand beside him containing water colors, a palette and a bowl. About every two minutes he has finished a picture. There's a dab of white paint with a good-sized brush, which forms the breast of a flying bird. Then there's a dexterous mingling of white, yellow and brown colors and another sweep of the brush and the wing appears. With a few deft touches of the brush the bird is complete, and the artist turns his attention to flowers.

The pictures invariably contain a bird at the top, a couple of flowers in the upper right hand corner, the two corners connected by queer, straggling green stems. The pictures are varied by the position and color of the birds—one flies up, another down, and still another sideways. The flowers are usually pink and white roses or chrysanthemums.

Although the artist seems to slap on the paint as unconcernedly as though he were painting the side of a barn, when the picture is complete there's a real charm about it.

Until very recently Europeans have been inclined to turn up their noses in scorn at the birds as the Japanese see them, but instantaneous photography has shown that the quick eye of the Jap saw the bird as it really is, while the rest of us have been picturing them as we thought they ought to be.—[New York Herald.]

Bishop and Rough.

The late Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand and Melanesia, was well known during his university days as a devotee of the noble art of self-defense. He incurred a great deal of animosity from a certain section in New Zealand, owing to his sympathy with the Maoris during the war. One day he was asked by a rough in one of the back streets of Auckland if he was "the Bishop who backed up the Maoris." Receiving a reply in the affirmative, the rough, with a "Take that, then," struck his lordship in the face.

"My friend," said the Bishop, "my Bible tells me that if a man smite thee on one cheek turn to him the other," and he turned his head slightly the other way. His assailant, slightly bewildered and wondering what was coming next, struck him again. "Now," said his lordship, "having done my duty to God, I will do my duty to man," and taking off his coat and hat he gave the anti-Maori champion a most scientific thrashing.—[Home Journal.]

Man is Full of Poisons.

Dr. Hickman, a physician of the State of Washington, has made the discovery that man is a laboratory of poisons. The human organism, according to this new medical theory, may be poisoned by the products of its own making. It has long been known that in the normal process of digestion of ordinary foods there are found at certain stages products which, if thrown into the circulation, would cause even death. The value of Dr. Hickman's researches is his hypothesis that this self-infection is the basis of man's so-called "biliousness." The black bile of the ancients may prove to be, after all, a home-made poison. Modern medicine may develop a new field of process similar to it, not as large as that of bacteriology, and a new relief may yet be found by weary mortals for many ills, from the ordinary headache to the worse case of blood poisoning.—[New Orleans Picayune.]

Japanese Delicacies.

There may be a suggestion for the student of professional cooking in the following list of impossible, unimaginable and indefinite delicacies, which are as traditional in Japan as bread, hash and apple pie in New England: Soup made of seaweed; white, pink and red jelly, seasoned with pepper; butter beans in whipped cream and powdered sugar; smoked fish, with sugar clinging to it as roek salt to English mackerel; fresh fruits of every variety spiced in vinegar; snow that tastes of attar of roses, essence of lily; preserves mixed with perfumed snow; cherry and plum jam made burning hot with curry powder and chutney; hailstones and icemarbles tasting like hair oil; sweetmeats with chili sauce, seaweed with marmalade, and green wild plums pickled and rolled in sugar.—[Boston Herald.]

The Captain's Meteoroscopic Eyes.

An aged sea captain whose home is in this city, is troubled with a peculiarity of vision, which is common to all skippers and ship's officers of high rank who have had long experience on the sea. In this particular instance the captain complains that through long use of the telescope, the quadrant and other instruments used in making calculations at sea the sight has been drawn from the left eye into the one which peers so eagerly through the instruments. He says he can discern objects at an enormous distance with his right eye, but is scarcely able to read with his left.—[Philadelphia Record.]

In all Persia there are only twenty miles of railroad.