

IN THE "LIFE" SCHOOL.

DRAWING FROM THE NUDE MODEL AT THE ART MUSEUM.

An Hour with Young Boston Artists—The Hard Work of Posing as a Model—How the Students' Work Progresses.

[Boston Transcript.]

Rising midway of the room back to the screen wall is an amphitheatre, the seats ranging tier above tier, and so situated as to give an uninterrupted view, from any point of the semi-circle, of the posing model. The windows, which when the room was devoted to its original purpose gave it light, are covered with shades of green cloth. Elevated boldly from the ceiling is a sharply pitched skylight, through which one catches glimpses of the clear blue of the heavens. Below it are hanging screens, by the movement of which the volume and direction of the light are governed. Seated at points of vantage in the amphitheatre are half a dozen young men, in their shirt sleeves or wearing dusters or summer sacks. A ray in hand, they work busily, glancing from the model to the sheet of paper on the easel before them, and back again to the model, as they patiently compare their copy with the original.

The latter is the object of interest to the visitor. The firmness of the pose, the mingled steadiness and ease that characterize it, show the professional. By the time that the visitor has noted these few details of the scene, he has become very sensible of the high temperature maintained in the room. Nor is he, equipped as he is in ordinary street dress minus the overcoat, the only one who feels that the heat is trying. The nude model is in a recumbent position, his left arm bent under his head, and the weight of his body resting on his right side. He is raised above the floor on a rude wooden platform with supporters for his head and shoulders. The platform is covered with a matress rug, and has the appearance of having been started by some cabinet-maker who intended to make a solid wooden sofa, and then, chummed it off short and left it a nondescript fit for no other use than that to which it is at present devoted.

Abandoning his pose for a moment, the model turns to the thermometer lying on the rug at his left side, and finding that it registers 84 degrees, opines that a brief rest would do him good. The instructor concurring, he jumps from his couch to the floor and takes a leisurely stroll about the room, glancing at the portraits of himself very much as Adam might have done had art entered Eden. The model is a young man of good muscular development, fulfilling the requirement of firmness of flesh without hardness, and without of hands-me shape. Pleased by this promise, which has the good effect of limbering the muscles, he then, chummed it off short and left it a nondescript fit for no other use than that to which it is at present devoted.

The fatigue that posing occasions is something hardly to be realized by those whose ideas of it are gained from experience at the photographer's, or from taking an attitude for some sketching friend. Frequent rests counteract in some degree the fatigue of posing, but the physical strength necessary to endure it is not so common as is generally supposed, and is one of the first requirements. Without it the fine form and intelligent appreciation of effect are of no avail to the would-be model, and are simply tantalizing to the artist, who can scarcely compose himself for his work before the artist discomposes everything by yielding to fatigue, either changing position for one more comfortable, or demanding a rest.

The difficulties to be encountered in mastering the art of posing should be understood by all who enter upon it for a living. At the present time, when many young people—driven from regular work by dull times or deprived of spending-money they have hitherto enjoyed—are seeking employment as models, under the impression that if it is not very lucrative it is easy, warnings of the trials it involves should not pass unheeded.

To return to class work, the students work away with a persistence and industry which gives the visitor a realizing sense of the laborious nature of the artist's apprenticeship. Professor Grundmann moves from easel to easel, pointing out to the student errors that need correction; here an arm too meagre, there a shade is a trifle too heavy; here again the light has not been caught and fixed exactly as it should be. Quietly the work goes on, interrupted only by the ticking of the clock, the half-whispered instructions of the professor, and the soft sweep of crayons over papers.

Gradually the time passes until the hour given up to the lesson has expired. Then the model jumps down from his couch, stretches himself wearily for an instant and dives behind the screen which serves as a robing room. The class group themselves about the professor for a chat on their labors, and gradually drop away after packing up their impedimenta. By this time the model has dressed and emerges from behind the screen a trimly dressed and trig young fellow, whose supple strength shows itself in his movements.

A Prosperous Communitarian Township.

[Fall Ma' Gazette.] Every one knows something of the prosperity of Swiss townships, where so many things are in common, but a more remarkable instance still of a thriving commune is given by M. de Laveleye in The Communitarian Review. It is the township of Reudenstadt, at the foot of Kniebis, in Baden. There are 1,420 inhabitants, each of whom has as much wood for building purposes and firing as he wishes, while he can send his cattle out to pasture on the common land during the summer. Schools, churches, thoroughfares and fountains are all maintained by the commune, and every year considerable improvements are made. Twenty-five thousand dollars was spent in 1880, for instance, on establishing a new water supply in iron pipes.

A hospital, too, has been built, and a pavilion in the market place, where the communal band plays on fete days. The villagers have never paid a single farthing in taxes, but, on the contrary, each year a distribution of the surplus revenue is made among them, and each family usually obtains from \$12.50 to \$15. All this is done with about 5,000 acres of pine forest and meadow land belonging to the township, a fact which seems to show that communism is not always unfavorable to the production of wealth.

Newport's Old Mill.

[Chicago Times.] Newport is situated upon the condition of the famous old stone mill, one of the wonders of the world and a genuine antique. The extreme cold of last winter has so badly damaged the structure that extensive repairs will be required to keep it from falling to the ground.

THE PERFUMER'S ART.

A "Gamut" of Odors, Hanging from Clives to Patchouly—Temperament. [C. in Brooklyn Eagle.]

The art of the perfumer is shown in delicately combining different scents. When we walk in a garden the delicious odors that greet us are by no means the emanation of one flower. All the blooms of the garden, more or less, add to the general harmony that strikes so gratefully upon the olfactory nerves; they reach us in such infinitely small particles that no one scent overpowers the other. When art attempts to imitate the diffusing effect of the breeze she has to be more circumspect. Only odors of a similar octave, as a recent writer has pointed out, will agree with each other. Another authority, indeed, has elaborated the idea and has compounded a perfect gamut of odors, beginning with civet, verbenia and citronella in the treble clef, and ending with wallflower, vanilla and patchouly in the bass clef.

The ingenious originator of this idea well remarks: "The odors have to be remembered, and it is noteworthy to remark that odors do fix themselves upon the memory; and were it not for this remembrance of an odor, the merchants in the trades indicated would soon be at fault." These dealers, on the strength of their olfactory nerves, often make purchases amounting to thousands. The tea merchant, the tobacco dealer, or the hop merchant takes one sniff at the commodity in which he deals, and makes his purchase without fault.

The writer quoted goes on to say, "An experienced perfumer will have 300 odors in his laboratory and can distinguish every one by name. Could a musician, with an instrument of 300 notes, distinguish and name every note struck without seeing the instrument?" Every person, from his own experience, can testify to another quality which scent in common with sound possesses. I allude to the power it has of recalling to the mind's eye the scenes of long past years. The mere breath of a perfume will often call up a picture of an event, with all its minutiae, which had long lain dormant in our memory.

The composition of bouquets may, indeed, be considered a fine art, viewed by the light in which we regard it, but the scent is an individual thing. The perfume that suits the blonde by no means agrees with a brunette. There are differences of temperament, again, which require differences of perfume.

It would be noticed that in music we select those airs which are consonant with our own temperament. Why should we not employ our own instincts in selecting perfumes? As it is we are the mere slaves of fashion, because a certain actress uses a certain bouquet, every store girl that can afford it does the same—rather she gets some sham article, which is palmed off upon her for the real thing.

Perfection of Human Philosophy.

[Chronicle "Undertones."] I once knew a man who had reached as close to the perfection of human philosophy as possible. One-half of the discomfort and a large proportion of the misery of the world come from our inability to gratify tastes that are acquired—that are not by any means necessary to existence. This fellow held a theory that there is not in any part of the world absolute necessity for starvation. That everywhere nature has provided something that will sustain life. He argued that men very often suffered from the absence of what they had been accustomed to eat, and they did not stop to think that it was possible to survive even on water for a period of time.

He had traveled, and he made one rule in all his travels, to eat whatever any other form of human life could eat, and falling human life, whatever any other form of animal life could sustain upon. He could with equanimity, if there was nothing else for it, live like a Digger Indian. His relish for a good dinner was as great as anybody's, but he never feared to get away into a desert, or a strange land, or an uninhabited island, because he felt implicit confidence that he could always find something to eat, even if he had to suffer a certain amount of unpleasantness in doing it.

Carolina's Brick-Dust Soil.

[J. H. Beadle in Rockville Tribune.] From Spartanburg I took the Sunday train to Cowpens, and that afternoon walked the ten or twelve miles to the old battle-ground, which is about four miles from the border of North Carolina and in a region where the earth looks like a bank of granulated sugar, with streaks of chocolate and brick-dust. "Brick-dust" is a weak comparison, however; for the clay belts are much redder than new bricks—the reddest I ever saw. After a light rain Sunday afternoon the road looked exactly as if it had been drenched with arterial blood. Without fertilizers the average yield is eight bushels of wheat or fifteen of corn per acre. Guano, phosphate or bone dust double the yield. The people are healthy, poor, pious and contented.

Russian Conscription.

[Foreign Letter.] A Russian decree was put forth in 1882 placing more rigorous conditions upon admissions into the army ranks, the restrictions relating to the men's thorax. Under this order a large number of men were sent home on account of chest complaints. Thirty-two per cent of the conscripts enrolled in the Russian army during the past six years were married, showing that a large proportion of Russian marriages are early ones. The husbands are compelled to spend five years in the army, during which time their wives and children not infrequently become burdens upon the state.

Dublin's Sea Bathers.

[London Journal.] There are plenty of dirty faces to be seen in the streets of Dublin, and yet Lady Morgan was right in saying that the Dublin folks are the "most sea-bathingest as well as car-drivingest people in the world. In the summer bathing is the order of the day. The Irish girls are far more courageous swimmers than their English sisters; they take to the water like ducks, and dive, float, and swim as to the manner born. It is a positive reproach not to swim. Crowds flock to the water, and lines of bathing places stretch along the coast as far as Bray.

Transportation on the Credit System.

[Cor. Inter-Ocean.] The railroads in Guatemala are run on the credit system. Freight charges are seldom paid upon the delivery of the goods, but merchants and other expect three or four months and sometimes more time. If a package arrives with your address upon it the railroad company is expected to deliver it at your residence, unless it happens to be very bulky, and a few weeks after a collector comes around for the freight money.

We seldom recognize a truth when we first see it, and never realize its value until we have neighborhood with it a time.

IMMORTALITY.

[Life.] When roamed the ichthyosaurus gay With other protoplasmic birds, The merry creature made a play On Words.

It tickled prehistoric man, And cheered poor Adam in his fall Nor yet in Homer's day began To pall.

It flourished when Augustus reigned, Joe Miller got it off at lunch; I've seen it, with the point explained, In Punch,

And deemed thereof the jest laid low— Forever hid from human sight; I heard it at the minstrel's, though, Last night.

The Coliseum To Be Outdone.

[Economic Field in Chicago News.]

Much commotion was occasioned in local naval circles recently by a rumor that the Russian corvet Tchskafsky, which has been at anchor in our harbor for a month, had received scaled orders to set sail at once for Kenosha. The British man-of-war Albert Edward, which has been watching the corvet ever since the Afghan complications arose, was the first to hear of the rumor, and immediately made preparations to follow the Russian vessel whither she sailed. Thousands of our best citizens went out on the government pier to witness the threatened engagement, but the Russian corvet gave no indications of leaving the harbor, and after three hours of great suspense it was officially announced by Petrovitch Smokoff, the resident consul, that the previous rumor was utterly groundless.

There has arisen in the midst of us such a universal desire to witness a naval battle that two enterprising theatrical managers have entered into negotiations with the commanders of the Russian corvet and British man-of-war, respectively, for a grand naval encounter between the two vessels. It is proposed to erect in our harbor a temporary pine structure large enough to surround the ships and give them plenty of space for maneuvering. On the four sides of the structure will be private boxes, stalls, and galleries, with a seating capacity for 30,000 people, and by making this ample provision the price of a seat will be merely nominal.

The complaint heretofore has always been that the cost of naval engagements was too great to admit of this species of amusement ever becoming popular. We hope to be able to felicitate Chicago upon being the first to inaugurate a reform in this direction, and we certainly approve the effort which is now being made to place the luxury of witnessing a first-class naval battle within the means of even the poorer classes.

The Ameer of Afghanistan.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

We are told by a French traveler that at dinner the ameer drinks an inordinate quantity of tea. He takes neither sugar nor milk with it, but a little lime. He is not given much to physical exertion, and, indeed, he leads a somewhat sedentary life, devoting many hours each day listening to the stories of his many spies. He is very fond of describing his own adventures, and at other times he will prefer to play chess, or, as he considers himself a good musician, will perform some of the national ballads on the ratab or Afghan guitar. A light repast of sweets, fruit and tea is the usual dinner at 10 o'clock the guests leave. Wine and spirits he never touches, but he smokes a good deal and even in public.

In one way or another he has removed all the men of note who were supposed under the old regime to possess a hardly less potent voice than the ameer in deciding important matters in Afghan policy. His object has been to get rid of every man of wealth, influence or position within his territories, in the belief that they both detract from his dignity and serve as the means of intrigue against his power. In short he is a believer in the Oriental fashion of decapitating all the tallest of the poppies.

How Indians Catch Eagles.

[Colorado Letter.]

Among our Indians the most highly prized article of adornment is eagle feathers. They not only use them for making head-dresses and ornamenting their blankets, but use them as money in the purchase of fire-water, tobacco and other necessities of Indian life. Among the Blackfeet the mode of catching them is interesting. After holding an eagle dance the "braves" rype to the mountains, where each digs a pit and covers it lightly with reeds and grass. A piece of tough buffalo meat done up in a wolf skin is laid on the pit. After the sun is risen the eagle swoops down, alighting upon the wolf skin, which he begins to tear. The Indian who is concealed in the pit reaches out stealthily, seizes the bird by its legs and drags it into the pit, where he crushes its breast with his knees. The return of a successful party is the occasion of great rejoicing, and the plumage of our bird of liberty graces the top-knot of a greasy Indian buck. "To what base uses, etc."

Where There's a Will There's a Way.

[Danish News in "Osaka" Transcript.]

In a corner of Windham county there lived some years ago a man of considerable wealth. He knew he was near his death, and sent for a lawyer to make his will. His wife and daughter were present, and greedily watched the proceedings. After most generously providing for them, the sick man directed the lawyer to designate \$500 to his aged sister, who was needy. The wife and daughter remonstrated angrily. Quietly the sick man said: "Make it \$1,000 for my sister." "Make it \$1,500," quired, "coolly said the lawyer. "You shall not!" shouted the sweet-souled females. "Make it \$2,000," said the will-maker serenely, and here the selfish fools concluded it was policy to hold their tongues. The lawyer has kept the secret for years, but somehow it has leaked out.

An Old Religious Document.

[Foreign Letter.]

The famous "Codex Argenteus," the four gospels translated by Bishop Ulfilas, is preserved in the University of Upsala. It is written on 182 leaves of parchment in letters of silver on a ground of faded purple. It is kept in a glass case and under lock and key. It dates back to the second half of the fourth century, and, besides being of value to the religious world, it gives the secular world all the knowledge it now possesses of the early Gothic, the parent of all the Germanic tongues.

Crocodile Mummies.

[Foreign Notes.]

Crocodile mummies have been found in the subterranean chambers of the Labyrinth, a great edifice built by ancient Egyptian kings. The sacred crocodiles, great reptiles, were attached to the temple of Sobek, the crocodile god. They were excruciatingly tame and wore earrings. The Labyrinth seems to have been their sepulcher.

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