

Drawing Lessons for School Children

Last week, with its two holidays on account of the Fair, and the irregular attendance usual in Fair week, placed Grades IV, V, and VI at an unfair disadvantage, so it was decided to extend their time until the following Monday. Notices to this effect were mailed to all the schools interested early in the week, and we are looking forward to a splendid showing next Monday.

Be sure and have your drawings in by Monday, the 23rd of this month. When drawings are sent in later, there is a chance that the names may appear in the paper, but the six best drawings should be chosen and in the hands of the engraver by Wednesday in order to have them reproduced in Saturday's paper. So if you desire to win one of the three prizes or have your drawing appear among the six best, be sure that it reaches this office some time on Monday.

The time for Grades VII and VIII has also been extended until Monday, the 30th of September. Some practical work in original design is being planned for these grades, and for that reason the charts Grades VII and VIII are now working on are expected to be of peculiar value to them.

Instead of the criticisms we were looking forward to this week, we have the next lesson for Grades I, II, and III. The drawings made according to the instructions given in this lesson should be handed in not later than Monday, the 7th of October.

LESSON FOR GRADES I, II, AND III.

In almost all drawing outlines the work planned for the primary grades for this month is the drawing or painting of grasses and sedges. This sounds monotonous, but there is no reason why it should. To look at the grasses you sometimes try to draw in class, one might think we had only 2 or 3 varieties, and these very scarce and poorly nourished, instead of the wealth of varieties that we really have, "too numerous to mention," as we used to say in our school essays when we could not remember any more. There certainly are more grasses right here in London than I could name without a prolonged search through a botany. Only last week I counted 6 or 7 varieties within one block where the grass along the sidewalk had not been cut, and this within 5 or 6 blocks of the heart of the city. On your way to and from school be on the lookout for them. You will find them nodding gallily in some neglected corner of the school yard or garden.

"Little dancing leaves,
Grasses, ferns, and sedges,
Out of tangled hedges,
Nodding to the sheaves"

They do not nod to the sheaves like their lucky country cousins, but they will smile up at you through the dust of the roadside when you go in search of them.

"The green grass is blowing,
The morning wind is in it;
'Tis a tune worth the knowing,
Though it changes every minute."

Ever so many poets have written about grasses, and before you begin to paint them I want you to feel that they are among the most interesting of "the green growing things."

I want you to imagine that grasses have their feelings, too, and that they object to poor, stiff, inartistic portraits of themselves just as you do. If you think of them in this way, I know your drawings will be graceful, truthful and lifelike.

Perhaps some of you were fortunate enough to gather a great bunch of marsh grasses when you were away this summer, for these are always strong and full of character, and make beautiful drawings.

Make a generous collection and unless they have been picked some time and are already dried, put them in water the day before you intend to draw them.

Some have such thin, fragile lines in their bushy tops that they are almost invisible. A wise child will not try to draw one of this kind. A trained hand and a sharpened stick of charcoal would be necessary for this variety. Rather choose a simpler type with a well-defined mass for the blossom head and a sturdy growth.

When you have chosen the specimen you intend to work from, fasten it up in a crack of your desk as far away from you as possible and in the position in which it grew when it was at its best.

Let us sit back and examine it now. We will find it has leaves, a stem and the blossom or seed part.

What differences do we find in these parts? We will find first a difference in color. Second, a difference in shape. Third, a difference in texture, that is, when we feel the head, we find it thick and rough to the touch, whereas the leaves are thin and comparatively smooth.

If we were using watercolors we would pay close attention to all these differences, but in your drawings this week you are to use charcoal and paint the grass in practically flat masses, so we will not try to show the difference in color. However, we will endeavor to get the shapes perfectly correct and to give the top its fuzzy, rough or silky appearance as the case may be, and the leaves or blades their smooth thinness.

Of course, we have rejected all the stubby pieces, and chosen the long, graceful specimens that show the true character of the grass. Now let each try to sketch one on the paper in such a way that it will lose none of its characteristics.

Sweep in a faint line to give the direction of the stem. We cannot draw a line little by little and show the force and character of the grass stem. We must study it to find out the directions in which it curves, then sweep it in with a strong, firm, but light stroke. Imagine a rocket cutting its forceful curve through the sky if it went off little by little, instead of with one "clear the way" swish. That is the sort of line you must put in for the grass stem. You will have to try it several times on a piece of practice-paper before you will be able to get it light enough and just slightly curved as it is.

When you can make a fine light stroke, indicate lightly what space the blossom end is to occupy where the blades join the stem, and in what direction the green blades extend. Sometimes the top is made up of several little parts that branch in different directions as the one in the paper. Sometimes it is just one fuzzy plume. On your piece of practice-paper, try several strokes until you can make one that represents this fuzzy top. Often a short up-and-down wriggle of the charcoal, like a lot of "u's" shoved tightly together, will express the texture of the top. Again it may require hairy strokes, slanting into the center. Many a time the charcoal seems to fall into the right sort of stroke of itself. When you have painted the head, come down the stem, painting in the blades with long, smooth, broad strokes, to give them their proper texture. Be sure to join them to the stem as they really grow. Most grasses have the blades folded around the stem, then just where the blade begins to widen it turns abruptly out, slanting up, oftenest, but sometimes straight out, and occasionally down. The blades are the same width most of the way, but end in a long, narrow point. This point frequently has a saucy little twist or curl to it. Notice when we are looking across a leaf how much narrower it appears than when it is turned towards us.

Having painted in the blades, giving them each turn and change of direction that they show, you may hold your drawing off from you and compare it with the specimen you are trying to represent.

Notice particularly the way in which the blades join the stem. Correct this if you are wrong. Next turn your attention to the stem itself. It is very slender between the head and the first blade, but does it remain as slender, or does it grow gradually less slender as each blade is wrapped around it further down the stem?

When you have corrected all your mistakes, see that the charcoal is put on vigorously, so that your drawing will reproduce well. Clean up the paper around your drawing, print your name, grade and school in the lower right-hand corner with lead pencil, and your sketch is finished.

If filled or smooth paper of any sort is put over the drawings they will rub very little if any.

The paper should be white and about 4 inches wide by 9 inches long. The drawings are to be in charcoal only, and need not be sprayed with fixatif. If it is necessary they will be fixed at the office.

Only the six best from each grade are to be sent in, and they are to be handed in not later than Monday, the 7th of October.

A. A. POWELL.

SUGGESTIONS FOR MODELING IN CLAY.

Clay of good quality is now being supplied to the schools, and there is nothing to hinder those teachers, to whom modeling appeals most strongly,

ly, from making a specialty of it in their departments.

As some changes have been made in the staff since the notes on clay were sent to the schools two years ago, the same notes, with some additions, are given below:

CARE OF THE CLAY.

For use in modeling clay should be about the consistency of soft putty. It should be in such a state as to model easily without adhering to the fingers.

If too wet, roll it in a clean towel and knead a little. If it is dry, place in a pail and cover with water. Let it stand two or three days, then pour off the water and wedge, that is cut, divide and work the mass of wet clay together to drive out bubbles and render it plastic. Form it into bricks, wrap in clean, wet towels, and place it in a jar or back in the box, which may be kept in a closet.

If the clay is inclined to crack, a few drops of glycerine will improve it. Clay dries very rapidly in the children's hands, so it should be rather moist than dry, to show the imprint of the hand when finished. The evidence of human touch is very desirable in all modeling.

The clay works better in spring and autumn than in the winter, therefore it is recommended that the modeling exercises be given during the spring and fall months.

Clay lends itself readily to artistic treatment, as in its nature it is better adapted to suggestion than to imitative rendering.

Mass, not detail, is the general art principle in modeling. Too great smoothness, or the intrusion of small details, as the veinlets in a leaf or the notches in its edges, or any minute imitation of texture or substance are all to be avoided.

The use of any other material with the clay, as a real apple stem, is incongruous and out of harmony.

The first work in clay may be without direction, to allow the child to become accustomed to the clay, and objects may be modeled separately for form study, but art deals with things in good relation. An apple of clay looks disconnected and out of place, but modeled on a tablet it at once attains a greater degree of permanency, and its purpose is seen to be suggestion, not imitation.

A four-inch wide tablet is of suitable size for each child, and should be between a quarter and a half inch in thickness. It should be built up by packing and pressing the clay firmly together with the thumbs, and the edges and sides made straight by packing the clay against one thumb with the other thumb. It should, like all modeling, show the evidence of the human hand.

The object to be modeled should be built upon the tablet firm and strong, not modeled separately and pressed on the tablet.

No tools are required but the fingers for children working in clay, for the first two or three years.

A damp cloth on each desk for wiping dust from the fingers will be of great assistance in keeping the desks clean.

The modeling may be done on modeling boards, on slates or on sheets of manila paper placed on the desks.

SOME THINGS THAT MAY BE MODELED IN CLAY.

For Form Study—The type solids and objects resembling them modeled without the tablet.

Fruits—Apple, pear, tomato, etc., built upon a tablet of clay.

Vegetables—Carrot, beet, etc.

Animals—From memory and from plaster casts.

Leaves—Lying naturally, not flattened out. The clay should be built up under the raised parts, so as to support them.

Objects—Such as a spoon, knife, etc., modeled upon the tablet.

Ornaments Used in Architecture—Trefoll, quarterfoil, rosette, etc. Simple Moldings—As the astragal, etc.

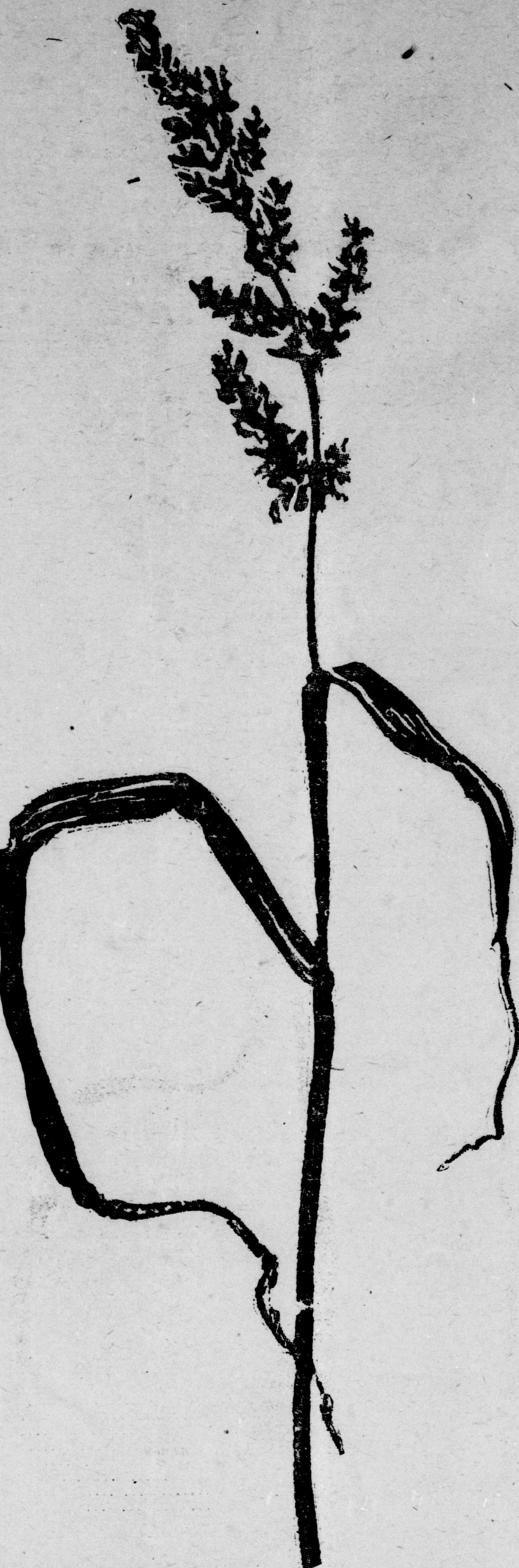
Tiles—With original designs worked out in low relief.

The more advanced pupils may make compositions of sprays of berries with leaves or flower compositions, modeling them in low relief on panels of clay. Casts may be made from these if there is no undercutting in the clay.

Simple bowls or jars may be modeled, and when some degree of excellence has been attained at this, it is probable that the best models made will be fired and glazed at a pottery. Jars for holding bulbs about to flower may be modeled and dried, then painted on the inside with white enamel and tinted on the outside with green or brown watercolors.

Do not feel that you are expected to make all of these things, but use them for suggestions when the interest of the class seems to flag, or when you feel the art work you are accustomed to do beginning to grow monotonous.

A. A. POWELL.



The White Cat

BY GELETT BURGESS, AUTHOR OF "VIVETTE."
Copyright by Bobbs-Merrill Company.

For some time she was too bewildered to speak, and stood staring at me—through me. "You mean that Edna said what I've just said?" she asked. "Yes," I handed the chain to her. She put it away with a sharp gesture. "Oh, no! If she gave it to you, keep it! I have no right—" She turned away.

"But it was only to keep till we got home," I explained.

She looked at me keenly and threw back her shoulders proudly. "No," it wasn't. She meant you to have it. "You remember it, then?"

She smiled sadly, pityingly. "No. But I'm a woman, and I know."

Walking away to a rose bush she plucked a bud and returned slowly, as if to hide some emotion. It was quite time to comfort her. "Joy," I said taking her hand and bringing her to the steps again, "I have been doing a good deal of thinking, and I have a theory that I'd like to prove. I'd rather not say anything about it till I'm sure of it, but when I am, I'll tell you. Have I your permission to use my own judgment, even to the point, perhaps, of eavesdropping?"

"Oh, is that necessary, do you think?" She clasped her hands nervously at the thought. "I don't know. It's all so mixed up in my mind. Who can settle the ethics of a case like this?"

"It may come to a fight between you and Edna, I think."

"Oh, that's what has come to!" she exclaimed. "That's what is killing me. Who is Edna? Where did she come from? Where does she belong? I must be fair—I want to be just to her, however, she treats me. If I could only see her or hear her—if we could only communicate in some way, there might be an agreement guaranteed."

But she's like a ghost—a character in a book. Is she a different person, or only some phase of myself? Dare I come into open conflict with her? Why may I be only destroying myself? I have to be she, don't I? Shall I have to bear whatever I do to her? How do I know what danger may lie in any action I may take?"

"Yes," I replied, "I've thought of all that. I'm convinced that, as the doctor says, it's only a case of 'waking you up.' It's as if you were a somnambulist—walking in you sleep—dreaming half the time, irresponsibly. To wake you up may be uncomfortable for her. It may be like a surgical operation that she has to suffer, but when it's over you'll regain your health and reason, and by the same token, so will she, and you'll forget all the pain. However, it hasn't come to that yet. What I want, now, is the right to explore, investigate, examine, experiment, perhaps, and then, when I have decided for myself we can decide what course to adopt. If you're the White Cat, I'm going to be the Prince, and save you!"

She took my hand and pressed it affectionately.

"I trust you, Chester, and I'll agree to anything you think best. I feel as if I were being drawn into a maelstrom. Oh, what wouldn't I give to be just a normal, natural person, like this?"

DO YOU HICCOUGH?

Pretty disagreeable complaint, isn't it? Why don't you take a few drops of Nerviline occasionally and get cured—it never fails. Polson's Nerviline is a perfect treasure for folks bothered with hiccoughs and stomach gas. Nothing better is made than Nerviline; get a 25c bottle today. Permanent cure is guaranteed.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

everyone else! Why am I tormented so? Yes, you must help me, Prince!" "Well, then, now we'll talk no more of it for a while. Let's forget it, and go and see the collies."

Her face cleared and she sprang up, tossed back her head with her characteristic gesture and went with me to the stable. The dogs were all out in the sun, and as soon as we appeared they surrounded us joyfully. Nokomis walked up to Joy in her stately way and offered a paw.

"Why, Nokomis!" Joy exclaimed, "how did you get this awful cut on your head?" We must attend to it immediately! Chester, won't you go in and get me some water and some salve? Leah will give them to you."

When I came back she was sitting on the ground with the dog's head on her lap. Nokomis' deep brown, soft eyes looked up gratefully while the wound was washed and dressed. The tears actually came to my eyes at the sight. The scene of yesterday, when these two were arrayed against each other, seemed impossible. It should go without saying that I made no mention of it to Joy, for it was evident that she had no idea of Edna's treatment of the collies.

"Now, Nokomis," Joy said, getting up and shaking the dust off her skirt, "listen! I want you to go in the house and get my golf jacket, and bring it to me." She spoke very distinctly, accentuating the important words, Nokomis trotted to the kitchen door, barked sharply, and was admitted.

"I'm educating her," Joy explained to me. "I want to see how far I can get her to understand what I say. This is rather a test, for there are at least three related ideas, the house, the jacket and bringing it back. But she's extraordinary at picking up words; she has really quite a vocabulary. Of course, you hear a good many stories of the intelligence of collies, but I've never heard of their being systematically trained except in a utilitarian way. I'm experimenting with more and more complex ideas. I hate the ordinary dog tricks; they're undignified and unworthy. I'm tremendously interested in animal psychology. Queer, isn't it, when I can't even handle my own?"

Nokomis appeared, in a distressed frame of mind and whined.

"Well, Noko, what's the matter? Can't you find it?"

Nokomis barked, ran a few steps towards the house and returned.

"All right, we'll go in and see what is the matter."

So we followed her into the house. The red govt coat that Edna had worn yesterday was hanging upon a hatstand in the hall. Nokomis went to it, shook it with her teeth, turned round and whined. It was as near talking as a dog could do.

"Oh, I see," said Joy. "You got the house and the coat all right, but you thought I meant just to come back, didn't you? No, bring, Nokomis, bring, bring, bring!" As she spoke, she placed the jacket in Nokomis' teeth and showed her what was meant. "Next time you'll know, won't you?" she said.

"Now we'll try your number lesson," Joy said as we went back to the stable. She and I sat down on a watering trough, while Nokomis waited, her head tipped, her ears straight up, with the soft silky tips drooping like tassels. Her sloping eyes were quick and canny.

"One!" said Joy.

A single bark from Nokomis.

"Two!"

Correct again.

"Three!"

Still correct.

"Four!"

Nokomis was perfect.

"Five!"

Four barks, then, after a pause, another.

"This was too much for the collie. She barked I think, eight times, having quite lost her head."

"Pretty good, isn't it?" said Joy as

I congratulated Nokomis—one the neck, at the spot dogs love. "This is straight culture, you know, won't you? I don't give her any sign, as they do stage dogs. I'm just trying to see how far she can go. I've begun too, to teach her collies, but I haven't succeeded very well."

"It's immensely interesting," I said. "I wonder why collies are so much more intelligent than other dogs?"

"They aren't. Caniches are fully as bright, but collies have been trained for generations with the sheep, and it has raised the level of perception. That's why I try to keep up their education, for, of course, they'll deteriorate if they're only bred for exhibition purposes. But the training of the shepherds isn't everything. My theory is that this reason why a collie is quicker is because his eyes are trained. Most dogs, you know, won't use their eyes if they can use their noses or their ears. Hunting dogs will run past quarry that's in plain sight, following a scent without looking. A collie has to watch his sheep sharply, and his eye is developed. Their ears have been trained, too, by the shepherds."

"How long would Nokomis keep this up, obeying your orders?"

Nokomis, who had been resting inattentively, looked up immediately. "As long as I asked her to—wouldn't you, old girl?" Joy rubbed the dog's neck with her toe. "A dog's chief joy is to be in some way, in as many ways as possible, a part of his master. I never knew Nokomis to tire of doing anything that kept up and accented that relation. It is the mainspring of a good dog's life—it accounts for a dog's devotion. It's trite enough to say, but there is no love on earth so sure as a dog's love. It's unending! It's unchangeable!"

Did Nokomis know, as she watched her mistress there, of that strange soul that stole into the girl's form at night? Did she answer for herself instinctively, with an animal's secret prescience, the question that Joy had asked in anguish—"Who is Edna?"

The thought came into my mind as I heard Joy's words, pathetic in their unconsciousness of how the love of Nokomis waxed and waned with her own obsession. Surely Nokomis was loyal and true. Surely she had never betrayed her mistress's confidence. Perhaps the collie alone knew the secret of the White Cat.

We took Nokomis with us, and walked over the hill as we had walked the day before. "We!" I say, for had any spectator been on the hillside to watch us pass on both days he could have seen no difference in the couple. With me was the same graceful creature abounding with life and beauty, the same small, brown-haired, brown-eyed woman with the flowerlike hands.

But I need not say how different she was in talk, in gesture, in her mental attitude toward me. Yet, though I have shown Joy as intense, even as melancholy, this was not her natural quality. She could be as gay and as debonair as Edna, but it was vivacity of a different key. Her laugh was as light and ringing, but it was provoked by other occasions. Her sallies were as joyous, but they sparkled with wit and comprehension. She was as frank, but she was keen as well. So it was not so much the sunny-dewy as against the quiet-shadowy, as it was April rivaled by June.

(To be Continued.)

Awarded Gold Medal.

Messrs. W. A. Ross & Sons, Limited of Belfast, Ireland, the manufacturers of the famous Ross' Royal Belfast Ginger Ale, have just been awarded the gold medal at the New Zealand International Exhibition, 1906-7, for their world-renowned "Ginger Ale," which makes the fourth "highest award" obtained in that colony by this old-established firm. It will be interesting further to note that Messrs. Ross & Sons have obtained a similar reward at the San Salvador Exhibition.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought