

bub is sometimes deafening. When a newcomer enters the atelier there is a prolonged chorus of "Nouveau ! Nouveau !" "Punch !" He will, if he is wise, summon all his *sang-froid* to his aid and give up any sentimental, æsthetic sensitiveness with which he may formerly have thought himself blessed. As soon as possible the "Massier" demands "mass" for "punch." The students test him, and, if he is gullible, his powers of endurance are pretty severely tried. He must pay his "mass." It is useless to try to escape; until it is done he has no peace; if persistently obstinate, he is forced to leave. The students have the sole control of such matters in their own hands. The "mass" paid, Angelo is sent for the punch. Angelo is general factotum and an institution at the atelier. A grave, sad-eyed, old man, with a shuffling gait, which arises from the habit of wearing shoes several sizes too large for him, so that they aspire with a curl at the toes, he has the most polite of manners, in fact the mildest-mannered man alive, but with a curious control over the students, the secret of which I have never been able to fathom. He wears his hair in long, grey, tangled ringlets to his shoulders, and it grows in heavy masses low on his forehead, which, with his beard and moustache, only leave his mild eyes and flattened, hooked nose visible. The contrast between his Bluebeard moustache and gentle eyes is, to say the least, incongruous. If report says that Angelo takes his pleasure in hard-drinking on Sundays, during the week he works in an indolent sort of way and is generally sober. Everything that is needed gives rise to wild shouts of "Angelo," "Archangelo," and Angelo meekly obeys. He smokes innumerable cigarettes, lounging in easy, picturesque attitudes by the studio stove. His work, however, is not altogether a myth; he looks after lights, heating and cleaning, such as it is, of the studios, does odd chores for the students, and hangs about of a necessity from eight in the morning till ten at night. His stock of jokes and English has been known to generations of students. "Well, Angelo, what will you have to drink?" "Glass of water, please, sir," says Angelo, gravely pulling his Bluebeard moustache; his eyes twinkling benevolently. A glass of water is probably the last thing Angelo would be guilty of consuming, notwithstanding the joke. I have an idea he thinks it, with his few others, are masterpieces in their way, and that it is only polite to repeat it on invitation. So he goes on complacently year after year.

When the punch of the *Nouveau* at last arrives, there is general jubilee. He goes through a series of hand-shaking and clinking of glasses, and is the lion of the hour. He is then a favourite, if never again, and the strongest adjectives of commendation in the student vocabulary are employed to describe him. He is "gentil," "chic." It has been said "The proper study of mankind is man;" and there is plenty of opportunity in a Paris atelier to study the article in the rough. The majority of French students work by fits and starts; a rush of work and a long spell of laziness, during which they chatter endlessly and appear to revel in idleness. They get annoyed with the earnestness of the foreign students, and forget that their home is abroad and often that their money is limited. And what a curious collection of nationalities is to be seen among them. Often the Americans predominate, even if numerically smaller. They are hard-working, and make themselves felt wherever they are. One, a sculptor, who took the medal for the best work in his atelier last year, has the reputation for being the hardest working man in Paris. A tall, fair fellow, with finely cut features and shaggy hair—the type of the ideal art-student, intensely ambitious. He draws in the evening, and comes in, a carelessly dressed, slouching figure to help the youngsters, and influences the whole studio. Another, a painter, who also in his time has distinguished himself, is of quite a different stamp. His rough uncouthness, in manner and ideas, is strangely out of keeping with his affectation of the French ultra-fashionable in dress.

There are all sorts and conditions of men among the Americans, and some of them have the quaintness of their race. Very often they have left the shop and manual labour to spend their savings in Paris in an art education. This earnestness, perseverance, and self-denial is often remarkable. A tall man rushes, bangs, tumbles into the room—no word quite expresses his mode of entrance—and immediately sets himself to arouse the students, who happen to be unusually grave. He begins by railing at his countrymen who write fabulous accounts of the possibility of living in Paris on nothing, or next to nothing. "Living," he cries, "it's not living—it's existing;" and there is no need to mention the fact that he seems to live, like a tightened string, in every nerve. He sharply taps an unoffending youngster on the head. "You! Are you one of those who write impossible things? Do you live upon nothing?" The youngster smiles feebly, and tries to look as if he liked the mode of attack. If he is guilty of such things, from his appearance one could readily believe they were a faithful report of personal experience. Our friend works himself into a state bordering upon what might be frenzy, and ends by calling the French "civilized pigs," and, folding his arms in an attitude of action, passively awaits their assault, crying, "Try it! try it!" as there is a general shout of "The brush! the brush!" His apparent coolness checks the French inclination for a tussle, and he at last swings himself out of the studio on his long, crane-like legs, amidst a universally discordant hubbub. The "brush" is an instrument of torture, now happily somewhat going out of fashion. It is a fiendish arrangement of long-handled brushes pinioning both arms and legs. The victim

is gagged, placed in a most uncomfortable position, and so left to the tender mercies of his swarm of persecutors.

There is a sprinkling of almost all races of Europeans. There, a Russian—delicate-featured, a trifle untamed-looking, an indescribable something about him, wearing glasses through which a pair of weak eyes gaze, painfully suggestive to the heated Western imagination of long night-watches over forbidden publications and dynamite bombs; his work was bad, his unmixableness with his fellow-students noticeable. Here, a little hunchbacked Austrian, whose incisive and not very clean-flowing wit shoots about the studio—an "awful cad," an Australian pronounced him; a heavy gold ring on his forefinger, a delicate hand, and very "chic" work, stamp him, in the way the observer looks upon such things. Narrow-minded Scots—one is waiting until he goes back to Scotland to learn French; and another who, having travelled, considers himself possessed of all knowledge, is the butt for most of the chaff of the studio, half of which is lost beyond recovery in his profound personal vanity. A little Spaniard, who was unutterably lazy, but clever; who walked away, leaving many people to mourn his loss, as he did not pay his bills. Of course there are English and Canadians, Austrians, Swiss and Swedes, Hungarians, Germans and Poles, and French the common language—although most of them know several. Now, having the leading figures and lines of the picture, with the common interest as centre, use, as background, a dingy room, one side almost entirely composed of glass as a window; the walls hung with stretchers, studies, caricatures of by-gone students, some of whom have become notable, if not famous, since they drank "Punch" and defied the Bench—and daddoed with canvas, now almost hidden by layers of paint, the scraping of hundreds of palettes; from the ceilings, supported by bare beams and festooned with cobwebs and covered with dust—hang the model lantern and gas-fixtures, the latter, some two dozen Argand burners, fitted with chimneys and surrounded by heavy tin reflectors, which answer the double purpose of preventing cross lights on the model and casting the full light, and also the heat, upon the devoted head of the student who happens to be underneath; a haze of tobacco smoke, arising from pipes and cigarettes, hanging in clouds and wreaths about the upper air, added to the fumes from a generally red-hot coke stove, and very little fresh air, or capacity for fresh air; a certain amount of wit, not always of the brightest or best; a great deal of noise; a due amount of hard work and earnest endeavour; scraps of knowledge, beyond the intercourse of studio life, indicating breadth of sympathy; plenty of quieter dulness meaning, as a rule, the sentimentality of the verdant enthusiast; generally kindness and good-nature, with the opening of possibilities, and sometimes the fading of former hopes and beliefs: and there is a fair idea of a type of studio where much is achieved, and much more thought of.

F. H.

DOUBT.

FAR from my home

A wanderer in an unknown world I stand;—
No hand grasps mine in this unfriendly land
As forth I roam.

Above, around

Dark clouds pass, ever shrouding heaven from sight,
It may be with the noon-tide will come light,
Some stirring sound

Of battle call

To warfare 'gainst the lurking foes that wait
In ambush near the city's open gate,
And I may fall.

I long for this,

Some body-form to combat, not these ghosts
These spirit-shadows ranged like armed hosts
In cloud abyss.

I long, yet know

The night will come and find me here alone,
Alone, these phantoms real, and I undone
In captured woe.

SOPHIE M. ALMON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A CURIOSITY OF LITERATURE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Allow me to quote for the benefit of your readers two portions of a School Geography compiled by Cornell and in use in some of our private schools.

"The Dominion of Canada is in the northern part of America. The climate is very cold. . . . The inhabitants in the north are chiefly Indians and Esquimaux. The whites live towards the south. . . . A railroad runs across it from east to west," etc., etc., etc.

Also, "England is situated on the island of Great Britain, south of Scotland."

One easily understands that the primary object of the book in question is teaching the map, but how if the scholars never reached a more comprehensive and intelligent compilation?

ONE OF THE WHITES.

FROM A SUBSCRIBER.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

DEAR SIR,—I have noticed with pleasure your recent endeavours, by means of extracts and allusions, to give your readers some idea of affairs in Great Britain. I am a subscriber to the *Mail* and *Empire* both, but although I particularly side with the first-named paper, I am sometimes inclined to cavil at the English news, cabled at much expense, and consisting of the miseries of the London tradesmen who are foolish enough to let themselves be swindled by petty adventurers, and of the doings of the American contingent abroad.

The paragraphs dealing with the British Association in your paper were very interesting and timely; also the extract upon Holland House. I am, sir,
Toronto, Oct. 29th.

G. F. B.

TRUE TALE.

THERE was once an Editor who wanted something new.

This is not, strictly speaking, a highly original want. But then the Editor in question was not an original kind of a man.

Few Editors are. If they could keep Secretaries and Assistant Editors enough they might be. But none of them can.

However, this Editor was really at his wit's end, or he thought he was. It was the Christmas number he was in trouble about, and, naturally, being a pushing fellow, if not an original one, he wished to have something very new, very taking, very striking. Manuscripts were not wanting. They never are. But nothing suited. Old style, new style, realistic, romantic, erotic, puritanical, spicy, severe, thirteenth century, South American, mediæval, primeval—every nation, every school of thought, almost every period was represented. The editor grew discouraged and formed bad habits; going out to lunch when the compositors went, and taking an hour and a half over it; mistaking his ink-bottle for the mucilage-pot, and *vice versa*; mixing up his pigeon-holes, and actually wasting time sending marked copies of his paper to the contributors—those who were not paid. When an Editor falls as low as this he is lost.

However, there came one day, when the morning assortment of manuscripts arrived, a bulky package, labelled "Short Story," and which pleased the Editor very much. No letter accompanied it, but a few pencilled lines at the top informed him that, if suitable, proofs and remuneration might be sent to a certain address in the city. The MS. was large and clear, fine and neat, and the scope of the tale fairly novel and powerful. Besides, it was Russian, or rather, the scene was laid in Russia, the characters bore Russian names, and the local colour and situations all delightfully Slavonic. The Editor was immensely pleased.

An original Russian tale! What luck! Stay—perhaps it was but a translation, though even that would be acceptable—Englished for our columns, etc., by X. Y. Z., *attaché*, etc.—no, he turned the pages and saw nothing to hint at its being a translation. The author had evidently been short of paper, as the under side of each sheet was covered with fine writing in violet ink and a thin pen, at which, however, the Editor only looked carelessly once or twice. He had often received manuscript like this before, and laid no stress upon a fact, entertaining only to novices, who are not prepared for the straits into which many a young and struggling author falls for want of paper.

The more he read the better he liked it. It was certainly bold, passionate, full of declamation. The peasantry were amiable, dirty, and religious. The lordlings were vindictive, cultured, and atheistic. There was no heroine. There was no hero. There were ovens, crosses, hearses, gallows, slaves, dogs, sleds, snow—lots of it—strange, flat cakes, sour drinks, wild sunsets, infidelity, murder, French novels, meals at all hours, and liberal sprinkling of quaint proverbs. What could be better? The Editor ran through it, approved of it, although it could hardly be called new, and finally handed it over to the foreman. The Christmas number might now be proceeded with.

Unfortunately, the Editor, whether from over-eating, or under-eating, or irregular hours, or hard work, or from accumulation of *bacilli* and *bacteria* among the dusty papers in his office, fell ill. A species of low fever set in, and he was obliged to keep to his bed, and all the time he lay there, haunted by the thought of the Christmas number, his one comfort was in his choice of that story. A new Tolstoi! A second Tourganieff! At least, there was no mistake, there could be no shortcoming about that, no matter what the rest of the paper proved to be. Fortunately, he had a faithful foreman, who was perfectly capable of putting the number through, and upon being informed by his medical attendant that he must positively keep quiet and refrain from even the dangerous excitement of proof-reading, he resigned himself to fate in the shape of a hired nurse in a checked apron (the Editor was a bachelor), and cooling drinks *ad nauseam*.

Meanwhile time—the enemy—marched relentlessly on, and the faithful foreman, bound like a grimy Ixion to his wheel, slaved at the Christmas number. He had instructions not to disturb his Editor, and so got on as well as he could bereft of that superior's advice.

Christmas eve—the number had been well advertised—it was out, and not until Christmas eve, for this particular paper disliked the modern habit of anticipating