## THE ART STUDENT,

PUBLISHED BY

STUDENTS IN THE SCHOOL OF DRAWING AND PAINTING,

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON.

ROBERT LEWIS REID, Editor-in-Chief.

Associate Editors.

NEWTON MACKINTOSH. AMY L. LITTLEFIELD. MAY HALLOWELL. STACY TOLMAN.

RALPH E. CLARKSON, Business Manager.

WM. STONE, Treasurer.

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"VAUT mieux tard que jamais."

"When is the paper coming out?" "Well, how is the paper?" These questions, and many others of like import, have been showered upon the heads of the editors of the ART STUDENT for several weeks. At last the serious doubts that many entertained of its ever appearing have been set at rest.

Weeks have now passed since that memorable flay when, in a gathering of some ten students at the Museum of Fine Arts up in the "little life room," the great project of issuing a school paper was considered and unhesitatingly decided upon. What a great event that was! what enthusiasm! what eloquence! We fear we thought most of the work was then and there accomplished; for indeed, it then seemed possible to publish endless numbers of illustrated papers in the shortest conceivable time. But now? We find that the publication of a paper should be tried to be appreciated!

We ask great lenience from each and all toward our new venture: first, from those who have waited long and patiently for the return of their contributed sketches; next, from those who long since subscribed for the then soon-expected "first number"; and last but not least, from the public, who, we trust, will look upon this as merely a school paper, the unpretentious efforts of students.

The illustrations are not elaborately prepared pictures, but are, with few exceptions, sketches gathered far and wide from portfolios and sketch-books, with little or no previous expectation of, or preparation, for publication.

The editors desire to say in explanation of certain refusals, and to any interested, that they are cut off from accepting many sketches which would be of the

greatest value to the paper, because, from the nature of the materials used, they are impossible of reproduction by the process employed in our illustrations. We are, therefore, restricted to certain kinds of sketches; and as the method most advantageous for reproduction — namely, pen and ink — has never been employed to a great extent in this school, the number of sketches suitable for the paper is very limited.

We make no promises for the future; but if we find our venture a success, there is a possibility that the ART STUDENT will appear once or twice next year.

THE ART STUDENT, in starting out on its new career, shakes hands with its "esteemed contemporary" the *Palette Scrapings* of the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts School, and makes its bow, acknowledging the *Palette Scrapings* as its only predecessor in eart-student publications.

In the minds of too many students there is an idea that when vacation comes, all serious work is to be dropped, and the summer months spent in almost complete idleness. Very naturally, at the end of a hard winter's work, the student seeks an entire rest and change; but is it incompatible with this to have a sketch-book, with which to employ the odd minutes in making quick notes of the scenes around us? For those who are very tired, it is well, perhaps, to spend two weeks at least without touching a pencil; but at the end of that time we should take up our work with renewed vigor, especially as its character is so entirely different from that of the winter work. Couture says, "Constant exercise is necessary; I say to you, Draw, draw!" and we should remember this in summer as well as in winter. Often an hour, which might otherwise prove tiresome, can be spent both agreeably and profitably, if one has a sketch-book and pencil on hand. The amount of serious work undertaken will depend upon each individual; but to one and all the constant use of the sketch-book is earnestly recommended.

Above all things be humble; in the art of painting, humility is the greatest strength. — Couture.

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ground for the students' heads, hung a collection of cloaks, shawls, and bonnets which on rainy days became brown veils and shiny, fragrant rubber water-proofs. One could not help noticing what a solemn duty it seemed to be, this disposing of lunch, how stealthily it was done, and the only communication a few anxious whispers.

A month or so later, several students who were working "way up" deserted the corner hall arrangement, and took to sitting on a narrow, winding staircase, where, if they chose a particular step, crowded against the wall and ducked their heads when any one went by, they were completely hidden from sight. This staircase ended with a large, open-work iron door, fastened with a huge padlock. Occasionally when a quick hustling or a giggle betrayed the lunchers, the discoverer would be bound to a solemn promise of secrecy, and, as a reward, taken through the iron door if it was unlocked (alas, it seldom was), down a dusty passageway, around a pile of pictures, into a dark and gruesome corner, where amid ancient draperies (cobwebs) reposed a pile of bones topped off by a grinning skull; and they would wonder if those were the bones of some wicked one who was discovered eating lunch on the stairs. Thus the feeling grewday by day that it was quite wicked to eat lunch at all; however, a change came at last with the report that there was a room in the building, containing chairs and tables, where people were known to have eaten lunch. A visit was made to this room, but with little success, for upon the door was found this notice: "Lunch-room open to students before eleven and after two, being reserved between those hours for employes of the Museum." Who cared to eat lunch before eleven? and the lectures began at two. However, after a year or so the pupils obtained permission to eat their lunch there at one. Then a lunch club was formed, and a woman hired to make chocolate, set the tables, and wash the dishes. had a particular place at table.

Last January this lunch-room was decorated in Egyptian design by Mr. Crowninshield's class in decoration, and a curtain, with a border of lotus flowers, was embroidered and presented. The curtain hangs across one end of the room, for the purpose of concealing the mysteries of the gas-stove arrangements.

On Monday, the 3d of March, the Lunch Club and class in decoration gave a banquet in honor of the completion of the work. The tables were arranged in the form of a hollow square, with seats only on the outside, and the guests were provided with dinner cards of Egyptian design, painted by the students.

This is the only extensive lunch we have had, but occasionally our teachers join us at our lunch, and sometimes our friends drop in and share our simple repast. Thus what was once a "solemn duty" has now become the liveliest event of the day. L. F. S.

## COSTUME LECTURES, 1882.

Among the many courses of lectures during the past year, none has been more interesting and enjoyable than that on costume by Mr. Millet. All who had the pleasure of hearing last year's lectures on Roman costume looked forward to the present course with great expectations; nor were they disappointed, for to the art student nothing could be more fascinating than the charming arrangements of drapery and delicate coloring displayed in the Etruscan and Greek costumes.

We regret that from lack of space we are unable to give a *résumé* or even brief account of the course. The six lectures treated of costume from the Etruscan to the Greek.

A most interesting series of poses, taken by the model, were those from the Tanagra Figurines.

Not less interesting than the facts in regard to the ancient manners and *costumes* were the entertaining descriptions given by the lecturer of the means he employed in preparing his lectures.

The writer was greatly entertained in Mr. Millet's studio in New York by looking over the boxes full of tools, materials, etc., used in the manufacture of togas and toggery, by the artist, who is in despair of finding a tailor or shoemaker capable of making togas or sandals, and so he is obliged to execute as well as plan.

R.

Study the world, the better to paint it, and guard yourself from resembling those workers who show in their pictures only a multitude of good fellows, or represent excessively picturesque commonplaces. Never forget that for us men are words; it is necessary that these words or these men express ideas, and let us try to merit, by the beauty of our thoughts, the title of artists. — *Couture*.

A LADV remarked to a friend, while standing near the once thrifty papyrus plant in the Egyptian room, "I believe it belongs to the banana family." "You are mistaken, madam," said a passing custodian, "it belongs to the Loring family of Boston."



