

somehow when stating their side or defence, and it nearly a ways goes against them.

Most of the writing that passes between the bench and the Deaf is beyond the latter's understanding, and, generally, the class of Deaf who appear in the Courts are of the very illiterate order. The other day we came across a deaf man who was arrested on a certain charge, we went to the Court and asked to be allowed to bring an interpreter, as the man was of very poor intellect, and that the matter should be adjourned till then. Our application was refused, on the ground that "the prisoner could read written communications." When the prisoner was brought up he immediately started in dramatic sign-language to acquaint the bench with the facts, which were unintelligible to anyone in the Court excepting ourselves. Then a policeman, who could, or fancied he could, talk on his fingers, started labouriously to ask questions prompted by the magistrates' clerk, questions couched in language that were as Greek to the deaf man. The result of this unsatisfactory course was he got three months hard, which we verily believe would have been different had a competent interpreter been present.

At all times and for all occasions our Association is ready with an interpreter, and we hope that in future these "amusing" cases will be carried on with the dignity and forbearance for which our Courts are justly celebrated, and no opening given to our contemporaries to hold up to derision a class who suffer from an unfortunate impediment.

MR. JOSEPH MORETON OF LEEDS.—A CORRECTION.

In our article on the Birmingham and Midland Adult Deaf and Dumb Association, with reference to our remarks on Mr. Moreton, we extremely regret to find that the same were inaccurate, in fact Mr. Moreton was in Birmingham for a little over two years only, and no such conditions were imposed on him as regards the raising of funds. We can only express our apologies to Mr. Moreton, and in extenuation say that we relied on information that seemed to us at the time reliable.

OUR AMERICAN EXCHANGES.

During the last few weeks we have had the privilege of receiving numerous papers printed for the Deaf in America and also Canada. First came the "Silent Worker," a magnificent monthly magazine, beautifully illustrated and tastefully got up, and then, in quick succession, "The Mt. Airy World," "The Canadian Mute," "The Ohio Chronicle," "The Deaf Mutes' Journal," "The Maryland Bulletin," "The Wisconsin Times," "The Deaf Hawkeye," "The Michigan

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Mirror," "The Colorado Index," and last, but not least, "The Deaf American," which claims to be the only weakly independent paper for the Deaf in the world.

They are a lively lot and most delightful reading, and a credit to their conductors. Most are printed in the Schools for the Deaf, giving the pupils the opportunity of acquiring a very useful knowledge of the printing trade, and also give a very clear idea of the splendid educational facilities by which the children benefit. Our only wish is that our own schools would "go and do likewise," for from an educational point of view, and in after life, teaching the children printing is far and away more useful than acquiring the very rudimentary knowledge of wood-carving, clay-modelling, and metal work, which our Schools are so keen on.

We also are very grateful for the "American Annals of the Deaf," and "The Association Review," and our own, "The Teacher of the Deaf." They represent the ablest of thought and the views of the greatest thinkers, and as books of reference are of incalculable value.

A DEAF ART STUDENT IN PARIS.

BY JULES DE LANGUEDOC.

THE ACADEMIE JULIAN.

The magnificent quarters of the Madeleine and Champs Elysees are left far behind. You traverse the *bourgeois* "Faubourg St. Germain," and, turning sharply to your right off the fine boulevard of that name, plunge into the narrow rather unsavoury Rue du Dragon. Turning to the left up a sunny courtyard you enter the ground-floor studios, three in number, a huge, lofty, long room with gray distempered walls, polychromously dadoed up to the eye-level with the scrapings of many palettes, two handrails dividing the apartment into the three ateliers I have named. I know not who now teaches—it is many years since I was there. But the names of the Professors—Bougereau, Benjamin-Constant, Fleury, Verlet, Royer, Laurens—who have given their services to the Academie in time past, are household words in France. Two or three huge charcoal stoves to warm the place in winter. Three model dais, stools, easels, and the students and models, of whom more anon.

Assuming, reader, that you are looking round (as I was) preparatory to, or just after, paying your fees for the month, quarter, or half-year, you will probably have got just this far in your observations before the *Masster*, or head student of your atelier, approaches and politely introduces himself.

You are then informed of the two tributes demanded of every new comer, apart from the fees, to refuse which would be to be branded as a pariah and "impossible" forthwith. The first is the sum of 10 francs, paid once and for all time to the *Masster*, towards a fund wherewith he provides black soap, fixative, and turpentine for the common use. The second, I need scarcely say, is your "bienvenu," in other words, drinks all round in the particular atelier you elect to study in. You meekly hand over to the soap-and-turps fund. This done, the *Masster* genially links his arm in yours and conducts you, your new fellow-students following in double file, to the number of from thirty to fifty, to the "Café du Dragon d'Or" across the street. A boyish-looking waiter, with

an embryo beard and a scalp like a scared scrubbing-brush, dashes to and fro with glasses of "*Grog Americaine*," absinthe, vermouth, coffee, and grenadine, when, everyone served to his taste, the merry crew thump the tables and raise their glasses, and in many tongues, welcome you to the fraternal, warm, Bohemian heart of the *Quartier Latin*. I may add (be you Briton, Celt, Gaul or Teuton, Moor or Spaniard, Tartar, Slav, Mongol or Ethiop) you will be a very undesirable creature indeed if you lack friends by the dozen, in a week or two.

Ah! the students! Let me endeavour, by a pen sketch, to give you an idea of them! It is Monday morning, let us say, a few minutes before eight, when the model, male or female, is chosen for the ensuing week. Ranged in three close tiers are the easels and stools of graduated height, the highest being outside, the inner tier almost level with the floor. Round these, chalking their chosen positions, trimming charcoal, gossiping in many tongues, or smoking cigarettes, are young men of every nationality under Heaven, it would seem—French, German, British, Spanish, Italian, Russian, Hungarian, Norwegian, Finnish, Swedish, American, Polish, Greek, Japanese, Cuban, Australian! Here you note three neat tweed-clad Britons, immaculately collared, booted, and shaven, their square, pink, clean-shaven faces and blue-gray eyes in marked contrast to two gigantic, black-bearded, swarthy Hungarians who talk close by in pure Magyar, resembling, with their bushy, jet-black curls, descending to their shoulders, a pair of shaggy-maned lion cubs. Here are some typical Frenchmen in their broad, flowing, flapping, velvet-trousers and long, narrow-pointed button boots, little pointed beards and long hair, with great flowing black bow-ties. Next them, a stolid, massive, red-bearded Teuton, with shell-pink cheeks and china-blue eyes, immaculate in a tight black frock-coat, and so on, *ad lib*.

The first model steps upon the dais, and poses—o lovely brunette, and a warm favourite in the whole atelier, for she poses well. A burly, powerful man from Auvergne follows, and after him again, a viry, swarthy, curly-headed little Italian, next a tall, plump, blonde beauty. The *Massier* points out each one in his or her turn with a cane, and carefully records the votes given (by show of hands) for each; but none have a chance beside the dainty little brunette, and with a little discussion she resumes her place and poses, and your week's work, be it in charcoal, pastel, oil, or water-colour, or clay model, begins.

How does the Art student live? We will set on one side the sprinkling of gilded youths who play at Art, and inhabit comfortable rooms in some *pension* or hotel, or have homes of their own.

Every serious-minded and earnest disciple aspires first, last, and at all times to have or share a studio of his own, and as this runs to money, with the rank and file of them it is always a question of—no studio, or—studio, and make your home therein. And the majority choose the latter course, with its many drawbacks and discomforts, and also its unspeakable freedom from every restraint and conventionality, and its independence and quiet.

The Paris *atelier* rents from 350 francs (£14) a year upwards. It usually contains absolutely nothing in the way of fitments, gas, water-supply, or cupboards, but in the majority of cases it has one curious and valuable feature, called over there a "*galerie*." This is a little loft with a handrail, placed in one corner on four posts, about seven feet above the floor, and reached by a flight of steps from against one wall. In a small *atelier*, the loft will exactly

accommodate one bed. In a larger one (which is, presumably, intended to be shared by two or three artists) the gallery is proportionately larger. The problem of having a bed and living-room in one, without the bother of having the bed filling valuable floor space, is solved. In a place like this, then, our embryo artist establishes himself. Alone, or one of a couple or trio, he lays in an iron stove and piping for winter, coal and coke, a few sticks of second-hand furniture, cooking utensils, crockery, an oil lamp, a broom, bed and bedding, curtains to temper the glaring spring and summer sunshine. And here among kindred spirits, working hard of a morning at the Academie, or the Beaux Arts or Colarossi's, joining his chums in up-river painting excursions, cooking his own meals and looking after himself generally, he becomes rapidly inoculated with the frank, free, open-handed, fraternal spirit of Bohemia. His chums invade his studios at all hours of the day or night. They criticise his work if asked to do so. The strong help the weak along the glorious path; they smoke his pipes, borrow his last half-franc and his last decent coat, pick up a smattering of his alien cuss-words, join him in the hire of a model,—ready—good fellows—(when their time comes) to lend their last *sew* and last rag to him. For this is the Bohemian spirit, bred in men of every race and tongue, born of this wondrous city of sunshine and matchless beauty, of the cult of Art and a standard that recognizes no class distinction, only that of genius and worth.

From July to September the Academie and other schools are almost deserted. The sun beats down cruelly on the zinc roofs, turning the studios into furnaces, and every artist who can afford it flies to sea, river, and mountains. Far and wide they go—to the Mediterranean, to Rome, even; Honfleur, St. Malo, Mont St. Michel; to the broad, rich valley of the Loire and its hundred and one noble palaces and chateaux; to ancient Carnac, to Pont-Aven, Douarnenez, Belle-Ile, rightly named, gem of rarest beauty in the lap of the blue bay of Morbihan. Quimper and Auray, and all the quaint old spots of Finistere and Morbihan. To Brabazon, where Millet and Corot painted, and Georges Sand and Alfred de Musset roamed the wondrous old forest of Fontainebleau.

But September and October come again, and the great city draws her children back to her wide, warm bosom. As the chestnut leaves yellow the pavements, and the violet mists to crawl up of an evening from the river, and the frosts to nip, the Academie fills again with bronzed, healthy faces and eyes glowing with health. There is a renewing of old comradeship, and a merry handshaking all round, eager question and answer, invitation on invitation to come and inspect one another's "spoils," and healthy shouts and laughter make the room ring.

What,—one asks,—draws them to Paris, these eager young disciples of Art, of every clime and tongue? The answer you must read in Paris herself, city of peerless beauty and a thousand years of rising dignity and majesty in Art,—the capital of the greatest nation where painting and sculpture are concerned, perhaps, that the world has ever known. Her noble buildings shout it, the glorious blue skies and dazzling generous sunshine flooding her superb bridges and gardens, palaces and domes, vistas of green sward and white marble, silvery river dotted with picturesque craft, all proclaim it. Why she should be mistress of the modern world of Art it would take the pen of a Ruskin to clearly and justly set forth.

Yet, I think, I shall be justified in saying that Art in a nation depends very largely upon climate and scenery. For this reason one may assume that the English, with their cold, damp, changeable northern climate, are poor in that direction. And yet, one reflects, how infinitely superior they are in that respect to the inhabitants of Scotland! and further north yet, where men spend half their lives in grim struggle with the elements, and wrest from cold, hard Nature just the bare right to exist!

Turning from this rather abstract problem, let us pause a moment and look on the sadder and grimmer side of the picture and try to give you, faithfully, the struggle (so often hopeless) of the poorer students towards the barest livelihood. It is at the Beaux Arts and State Evening Schools that one must look for these. There are too many at the game. Here lies the crux of the whole matter! And, so for one who exhibits at the Salon, and let us hope, goes on gloriously, supported by public favour and the patronage of the State, one may count ninety and nine doomed to a bitter, hopeless fight, ending sooner or later in the river, the drunkard's grave, prison, the shop or office stool, the road.—Who knows where life's failures drift to?

I will quote one little story I had at first hand from a friend of mine, also a student at Julian's, and now professor of modelling at one of the largest Schools of Art in England. It is only one of many.

"Poor X, whose studio was next to mine, had just completed his military service, and amused himself by making a species of violin out of his old ration-tin and some pieces of hard wood. Strange as it may seem, he could produce really sad and fine music out of this weird makeshift, only it always hurt me, for I got to know after a little while that when he was playing, it was to try and make himself forget that the hour for a meal had come. In other words, those sweet notes were simply his efforts to soothe the pangs of hunger.

I am glad to be able to add that X succeeded at last. A group in plaster of his was well-placed in the Salon, and his work began to sell, and now he no longer plays on his 'gamelles' at meal-times."

More cruel yet is the story of the young student who had, after infinite effort and struggle, produced a lovely girl's bust for the Salon. He was down to his last copper, and his wretched bed and bedding—all he had—went to pay for the casting of his masterpiece. The night before the sending-in day was one of bitter frost, and fearing greatly that the fresh moist plaster would freeze and crack, he took off his seedy coat, wrapped the bust therein, and crouched, shivering, holding it in his arms, through the night.

And thus the two were found by his comrades when they came round joyously next morning to escort him to the Salon, the bust (a masterpiece of the year) fresh, smiling, beautiful, intact; the brave young sculptor—alas! alas!! stiff and cold in death!

The years slip back again as I write, and I feel myself sitting in my dear old studio, waiting. . . . Without, the November wind whirrs the dead maple-leaves round the courtyard, and the night is black and stormy. But my curtains are drawn to shut out the dark, my oil lamp throws a cheery, yellow

gleam over canvasses, and pastels and charcoal studies dotting the walls, and my coke-stove is nearly red-hot.

"In my room the fire glows brightly

And 'tis cosy, silent, warm."

There comes a clatter on the floor as the heavy block of wood, which serves me for a "bell," is slipped off its catch and falls, and I flung wide the door to admit dear old Madame L——— and her "apprentices," four jolly, merry girls of between sixteen and twenty-one, all good chums of mine.

They laugh and talk and criticise, these pretty, black-eyed, black-haired "grisettes," inspect my photographs and sketches, and pose for me, one by one, for rapid pencil portraits, passing severe judgment on the results. We play cards. We cover reams of old sketches with conversation, and then Josephine and Berthe, at my request, busy themselves with my coffee-pot and crockery, and brew "café-au-lait," handed round with cakes to all of us.

They all live near by, the five, so it is getting on for midnight when Madame begins to don her wrap, and expresses dismay at the hour.

One by one I help the girls into their warm jackets, and pack them down-stairs with hearty hand-grips and "Bon soir, Albertine," "Au Revoir, Monsieur," "A bientôt, Aimée!" Little Aimée with the Norman-blue eyes and yellow hair comes last, and as she reaches the doorway she turns by a sudden impulse, and with all the warm innocence of sixteen years slips a soft pair of arms round my neck, and presses her lips to my hard, lean face. "Bonsoir, petite amie," I say, "A bientôt!"

God rest your pure, gentle soul, little Aimée! It is ten years now since we said good-bye, and eight since they laid you to sleep in Montparnasse Cemetery. Madame, old and feeble now, lays white flowers there once a year.

I go to Paris this summer. We will go together, and lay our tokens side by side.

JULES DE LANGUEDOC.

THE SCHOOLS OF SWITZERLAND.

There are sixteen schools for the deaf in Switzerland, supported for the most part by the State. The first school was established in 1811. The schools are mostly small, with 15 to 93 pupils and 1 to 9 teachers each, the largest school being at St. Gallen. The oral method is used almost exclusively, one manual teacher each being retained in only three schools. Two of the above schools are special ones intended for children of poor intellect but capable of education. Two asylums for the deaf unfit for education are maintained by a philanthropic society in Zurich.

Formerly there were a good many successful composers among the adult deaf, but of late the requirement of passing an examination in the German and French languages at the conclusion of the apprenticeship has operated to shut them off from the trade. The friends of the deaf are making an effort to obviate such difficulties.

The spiritual care of the deaf is undertaken by the public authorities, who appoint pastors for them. One or two of the pastors are themselves deaf.

The Swiss teachers do not claim very much as to the results of their work under the pure oral method. They think they do well if they train their pupils well enough to earn their own living.—*Ohio Chronicle*.