

For the Girl with Aspirations Towards Art

By Lila Graham Alliger

Aspirations are very good in their way; without them we should never have risen to the heights of attainment which have already been stormed. If we had not sometimes sighed for the unattainable, we should not have become possessed of so much that lies between us and that distant goal. But aspirations are not all that is necessary to assure one success in any chosen line of work.

Talent must be the real motive power, while concentration and perseverance are the wheels which carry one until ability to proceed further is exhausted. Therefore, if you are thinking of studying art, be sure that you have a positive and recognized talent for it in whatever branch most appeals to you before you take it up in earnest. Perhaps you "love to paint;" possibly an admiring circle of friends and relatives (who, though well-meaning, know nothing about the first principles of art) assure you that your "plaques" and "panels" are "lovely," and feel quite certain that you are already far on the road to lasting fame, if your productions could only be brought before an equally appreciative public. In spite of all this don't be deceived by such biased opinions, but seek the advice of some good authority before deciding to devote your time and effort to something in which you may altogether fail. If such a person is not within reach, make drawings or sketches and send them to one of the well-known art schools or teachers, asking whether they display any ability which would warrant a thorough cultivation of the talent, and in nine cases out of ten you will get a true reply. If, however, it should come in the form of discouragement, and you still feel that you *must* paint, work along faithfully and critically until you note your own progress or see that you have ceased to advance, when it will be time to apply again for an opinion, perhaps in another direction this time, and you will be safe in looking up a teacher or good school of instruction, for if you have worked on in the face of discouragement it is probable that some ability exists. What is within us is pretty sure to come to the surface, if we only allow it means of expression.

If, however, your drawings at once receive favorable comment, then lose no time dawdling over decorative work, so called, or in studying one branch only, but start right in at the beginning and prepare for a long struggle before even a small quota of success is accorded to you.

It is seldom that any one displays such marked originality as to jump quickly into popular favor, and if one does, it is more often in the line of some particular style of work than in that of art in its more serious phases. There are so many things to be learned of drawing, form, and perspective before one can even approach color of any kind that "painting" looks a long way off to the student in the first terms of instruction.

If you are really determined to make a life-work of some branch of art, select which one that shall be, and then start for some art center, as New York, Boston, or any large city which affords good opportunities for study. If money is no object to you, you can go to New York, for instance, and if you have no relatives to chaperon you, and you prefer not to live as a "bachelor girl," you can find some one who for fair remuneration will provide you a home and all the espionage desirable; in fact, there are several houses run by gentlewomen in reduced circumstances, but of large acquaintance and wide social influence, where girls who wish to settle in New York temporarily for study in any line may be accommodated and provided with attendants whenever needed, and no one else is allowed to enjoy the privileges of this little colony. Then, instruction of the best kind may be obtained from private teachers at any price for the services required, according to the standing of the artist who gives it, varying from \$20 for as many lessons to a limit far in advance. There are also private classes, the Art League, Students' League, Schools of Design, Cooper Union, and any number of public institutions which are invaluable to an art student.

If money is an object, as it usually is to artists, they being proverbially "poor and struggling" in their student years, you can come into New York, and, taking a room in a refined house in a good neighborhood for from \$3 to \$4 per week, can add to this for cost of board about \$5. This includes all the care of one's room, and meals at a restaurant where everything is good, clean, well served and well cooked, and devoted to the patronage of women only, rendering it especially retired for a young girl or woman living alone and absorbed in her work. Of course cheaper rooms may be obtained, and, perhaps, room and board for less money, but the former method has the advantage of giving a refined place of residence and of not requiring attendance at any one place at meal-time—you are free to take a meal wherever you may be at the time, without feeling that you must pay twice for what you get, or put yourself to the inconvenience of hurrying "home" at a special hour. Two girls rooming together and providing their own breakfasts, with the help of an oil-stove or chafing-dish and teakettle, can considerably reduce expenses by thus combining forces.

In a great city like New York there are many advantages free to any one seeking them. In some instances scholarships may be obtained, and much instruction is given absolutely free. The free classes in the Y. W. C. A. are a boon to many struggling young women, as they include numerous branches in art, and study of various kinds. A visit to the spring exhibition this year would have proved to the most skeptical that these classes are accomplishing a good work, and are the means of developing talents which otherwise might remain uncultivated through lack of funds.

The art galleries are always powerful agents in the education of a student, and, while an admission of twenty-five cents may be charged for some special exhibits, there are continually placed before the public choice collections of pictures for a view of which no fee is asked. Besides these, the picture-dealers have always a good stock on hand to display, and the Museum of Art throws open its doors to the public on all but two days in the week, free of charge. Here, too, on certain days, artists are allowed to set up their easels and copy the treasured canvases which line its walls.

The public auctions of large collections of famous works are important factors in an art education, as they often indicate the changing taste of the people by the varying prices offered, or show its steadfast adherence to some long-time favorite by the enormous sums which are readily bid upon the work of a recognized master. It is no doubt certain that, however good one's local advantages may be, there is no place like a great city, and, on this continent, no place like New York, in which to begin an art education; but don't start unless you are sure you have talent, and are willing to persevere in spite of apparent failure and defeat, reaching the goal through earnest, painstaking effort—for the favors are few that are distributed by the Goddess of Art.

Not Yours, but You

A certain minister traveled seven hundred miles to preach for a church in an Eastern city. They lodged him at a comfortable hotel, but limited their intercourse with him to handing him a batch of notices in the morning and a roll of currency in the evening. This, of course, was an extreme case of an apathy which appears more often in less reprehensible degrees.

But what is it that a genuine minister of Christ is after? Not money, but men, to reach souls with help for right thinking and living. To know that he has reached any is the reward without which no fee or salary can content him. Whether witnessing to small or great, the true successor of the Apostles protests, with Paul, "I seek not yours, but you." If he gets you, he deserves to know it.

"Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things" is a bidding which is not fulfilled by the payments or donations which it suggests, however good these are, and however worthy the

laborer of his hire. Material values given are no adequate measure for spiritual values received. Nor can they balance accounts with men who are not seeking to make their living so much as to make better living for other men, and who hunger to know that they have done it, as they hunger for their food. To give them such knowledge is to give them the soul-food they crave to support them in their work.

But natural reticence hinders, and so also does inconsiderateness. Yet remembrance of the heart-glow occasionally kindled, when grateful hearers have come forward, or have written, to speak of the clearing of their vision, or quickening of their faith, or girding of their will, makes him who has felt it plead that those who feel the impulse to such responses should oftener yield to it as the prompting of the Spirit whom we must not quench.

Among Christian people overcommunicativeness is not so common a fault as undercommunicativeness. "To do good and to communicate," says Paul, "forget not." Especially remember that the kind of good which the Gospel teacher tries to communicate is the kind that must not be left out in the reciprocal communication of the taught. The word in season from the pulpit should be balanced by another from the pew. Responsiveness is the thing the preacher thirsts for. Pastor or stranger, it ought not to be denied him. He gives thanks to God for the refreshment of it, and gratefully remembers it, as the words of the psalmist come to his mind, "He shall drink of the brook in the way; therefore shall he lift up the head."

J. M. W.



The Widow Malone and Her Pig

By Alice L. Anderson

The widow Malone and her seven children lived in a superannuated passenger-car left standing on the waste edge of the great train-yard of the J., O., and K. Railroad at Chicomantic Falls. The late Terence Malone, a servant of the aforesaid railroad in the capacity of section-hand, had pre-empted the car in the early days of his marriage, and, owing partly to the negligence and partly to the good nature of the yard-master, it had remained in the undisputed possession of the family ever since. There the seven children of the Malone household, "two pair o' twins and three single," as their fond mother described them, had first seen the light of day; they had been lulled to sleep by the roar of trains and the shriek of locomotives, and had played under the noses of the snorting iron horses without ever suffering injury to life or limb.

"We do be in the railroad business *as* a family, mem," the widow Malone often remarked, with pardonable pride, at the houses where she was accustomed to assist in house-cleaning time. "Me husband's feyther was a flagman at the Shawshine crossin'—a very raysponsible position, mem. Me own Terence was in the emply o' the railroad for siven year and a half as section-hand—till he was, rin over by a ghravel thrain and lost his breath entoirely, he bein' a bit full at the toime. 'Twas his only failin', hiven rist him! Dinny, me oldest, is goin' to make a gra-ate railroad man, I'm ixpectin'. He's thrain-b'y already, and I'm tould he's a gra-ate favorite among drummers and such, he bein' so ceevil and obligin'. 'Twas so I brought him up. Mesilf, I does washin' for the thrain-hands, and they do say there's nobbudy else can suit 'em so well. And as for the leetle childer, they do be doin' what they can. The leetlest pair o' twins, they sits out on the step whin the big passenger thrains goes by, and they do be the sauciest pair o' colleens that iver was, though I be their mither that says it. It's many's the orange or banana that's thrown out to 'em when the through thrains sthop for the signal. Me own famly was mostly in the emply o' the city, and I ain't a-sayin' that ain't a very respectable business, but for mesilf I prefer railroadin'. It's more excitin'."

Whence it will appear that the widow Malone, though deprived of the partner of her joys and sorrows, still considered herself comfortably and even desirably situated.

Rumor of possible trouble came to the Malone family one day in the news, told by Dinny, of the appointment of a new division superintendent, who was reported to have begun, after the manner of new brooms, a thorough overhauling and cleaning out of all the departments under him.

"Jerry O'Toole, he's tellin' everywhere that our old rat-trap—that's the very word he said—'ll have to go. The new superin-

tendent won't have the yard cluttered up with old cars and squallin' brats. It's a disgrace to the road, that's what he said." So Dinny repeated the gossip of the train-yard when he came home from his day's work.

"Whisht there wid yer talkin'," commanded his mother. "Niver ye moind a wurd o' his talk, the spalpeen. Is it loikely the shuperintindent 'd be afther sphakin' his moind to such as Jerry O'Toole? He's wantin' yer place on the thrain, that's the flea that's bitin' his ear. As for us bein' turned out o' our home, and me Terence a section-hand, and his feyther a flagman, there's no fear o' that. The Road 'll niver sthand by and see it done."

Mrs. Malone always spoke of the road with a capital R.

But, in spite of her apparent confidence, the widow was the prey of some secret misgivings concerning her tenure of occupancy, and when, one morning, as she sang and scrubbed at her tubs just outside the door of the car, with numerous young Malones playing in the dirt about her, she looked up to find herself frowningly observed by a tall personage with an air of authority, she knew that her time had come. She dropped a courtesy, and the tall personage said:

"What's all this?"

The widow favored him with another courtesy and replied:

"If ye plaze, sor, I'm Molly Malone, widdy of him that was Terence Malone, formerly in the emply o' the Road, sor, and these, sor, are me childer, me and Terence's, or, as I may say, sor, your childer."

"Indeed! how's that?" inquired the man.

"The childer o' the Road, sor. We all belong to the Road; and as I take it ye're the new division shuperintindent, ripresintin' the Road, I make bould to call 'em your childer, sor."

"Hum! how many children have you?"

"Siven, sor—two pair o' twins and three single. Dinny, me oldest, is thrain-b'y, sor, and I'm ixpectin' nothin' less than that he'll be conducter wan day, he's that smart and ceevil, sor. Niver a day but I says to them childer, 'Childer, niver forgit that ye belong to the Road, and, childer, always ack so as to be an honor to the Road.' Nora, darlint, come out from ahint that thruck and make yer curt'sy to the jintleman. I bring up my childer to have manners, sor. Their feyther had the beautifullest manners ye iver did see."

"Your husband is dead, you say?"

"Yis, sor. He was rin over by a ghravel thrain. He wurruked on the section, sor, and his feyther—"

"Drunk, probably," interrupted the superintendent.

"I ain't denyin' he'd taken a dhrop too much, maybe," replied Mrs. Malone, with the air of one making a concession for politeness' sake, "but he was foine on the section, so his boss 'll tell ye—Thomas Eagan, sor, maybe ye know him. An' a kinder husband or a better feyther niver was. Och, me Terry! alack the day that I should lose ye from me heart, and siven childer." And Mrs. Malone, as if overcome by the remembrance of the virtues of her late spouse, threw her apron over her head and rocked herself to and fro lamenting. When she recovered herself and peeped forth, the superintendent was gone.

"He stoled away jist loike a thafe in the noight," said Mrs. Malone in describing the interview to Dinny, "an' niver a chanst did I have to tell him that me Terence's feyther was flagman at the Shawshine crossin', an' mesilf did washin' for the thrain-hands. He'll be afther wunnerin' what I mint by sayin' we all belonged to the Road, an' now I'm afear'd he'll niver know. Alack the day if we should be turned away!"

But the second day thereafter Mrs. Malone's fears were all set at rest. A farm wagon drew up to the fence which separated the train-yard from the highway, and the driver called out:

"Is this Mrs. Malone's?"

"Yis, sor, I'm hopin' so," replied the widow.

Whereupon the driver picked up a lumpish and very lively bag from the bottom of the wagon, and handed it over the fence, saying:

"Mr. Dunkeld, him that's jest been appointed division superintendent o' this here road, he's sent ye a pig from his farm out in the country, an' I was to say that he'd rather ye wouldn't name it after him."

Great was the joy in the Malone household. For long it had been Mrs. Malone's secret ambition to own a pig, an ambition which had but been strengthened by the seeming impossibility of its fulfillment. Now the gratification of her heart's desire was doubly felicitous in that it contained an assurance of the superintendent's favor. Their home was to remain their own. The Road had recognized their adoption. Dinny gathered some old boards and built a pen for the pig under the car; small Terry, with his soap-box cart, made a tour of the neighborhood and secured promises of garbage to be had for the carrying away, and the other children took turns in hugging the pig and