

"POCHADES! POCHADES! FRESH POCHADES, DAILY!"

So Runs the Slogan of Woodstock's Embryo Painters--Dwellers in Art's Arcady in the Catskills.

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Oh To Be an Art Student!

Oh to be a maker of pochades in the summer art colony at Woodstock in the Catskills! To eat wild strawberries and mushrooms, wear khaki and sleep on the sleeping porches of the new dormitory of the Art Student's League.

"Pop" Goltz, secretary to the summer school, welcomes you to the colony when you come over the hills from West Hurley and disembark in a cloud of genuine, rich Catskill dust.

The ride from New York has been a boiler factory sort of performance. But all this is forgotten when one at last arrives in the art village.

"Pop" Goltz, whose tender years little entitle him to the designation, receives one with sweet languor. It is his office in the league's summer school to tour the village with newly arrived feminine students in search of board and lodgings, which are still "accommodations" in Woodstock. Mr. Walter Goltz puts on his best drawing room manner when he is trying to squeeze an extra student into one of the boarding houses already crammed to the roof with embryo genius.

In direct contrast to the lilylike charms of Mr. Goltz is the beaming enthusiasm of Mr. John Carlson, the "master" of the League Summer School. Woe to the woman student who seeks to make a personal hero as well as an instructor of Mr. John Carlson! He will teach the feminine pilgrim to the Woodstock shrine how to paint, if she will, but he refuses absolutely to be the centre of a cult.

Then there's Mr. Chichester. Only last summer one of the favorite diversions of the girl art students was appreciating Mr. Chichester.

Mr. Chichester used to come in from painting quite discouraged with his work, and sit into a rather comfortable chair on

the veranda of Twaddell's boarding house and decide, in fairly audible tones, that he never--no, never--was going to make a painter; his work would never be worth while; it was best, perhaps, to give it all up now, once and for all, and go to work in a city office, a mere business man.

This was the signal which brought the young women students scurrying from all corners of the veranda, and immediately there ascended a soft feminine chorus:--

"But, oh, we like your work so much, Mr. Chichester; it's so poetic."

But this summer Twaddell's veranda has failed to witness the pathetic spectacle of comely young manhood undergoing a moment of attractive pathos. Some one has been especially appointed to appreciate Chichester and the obligations of large numbers of the younger members of the art colony are thereby lessened.

The pochades! What quantities of paint are expended on these small sketches!

Mr. Goltz deals out the supplies up at the League studio and does a rushing business in the materials which go to immortalize the fleeting moods of nature's loveliness in Woodstock.

The beginner is cautious and saves up a little for to-morrow's sunset. It is impossible for him, and especially for her, to forget that there is a terrible reckoning in the coin of ordinary commerce to be looked for by the painter whose pochade is rich with thick rivulets of pure color.

So the novice is niggardly with her paint and as a result her pochade has none of those nice gluey lumps of paint to relieve the monotony of surface which characterizes the pochade of the more experienced and lavish.

"Mr. Goltz didn't begin to give me all the things I needed," complained one of the beginners who was making a first try in the fields on a "crit" day.

"Oh, well," consoled a friend, "he thought you were just here to have a good time. When he finds out you're in earnest he'll give you slathers of stuff."

Very few easels are seen in the fields about Woodstock. The pochade box has



T Pochade by One of Woodstock's Students.

supplanted the easel, and everywhere one sees the students at work in an attempt to pinion "values."

Sometimes there are reels hurt. As the pictures are hung anonymously it isn't necessary to acknowledge them, and sometimes there are very frank denunciations of soft mountains and hard skies and of trees that are no particular kind of tree, but just trees.

It isn't altogether pleasant for the novice to see his cherished pochade held up as an example of what is "awful" in art, and once in a while there is a pro-

test from a temperamental student against the verdict, when the little girl from South Carolina says, with a slight suspicion of lurking tears:--

"But you ranked me in with the regular artists, sir, and I am not a regular

"We are devoted to pure landscape," says Mr. Carlson, "and we believe in being faithful to landscape right here in Woodstock. It is necessary to live for years in a place in order to paint it properly. There are many artists who go all over the world looking for new things to paint, and all that they get are the postcard pictures of a country, like the windmills of Holland. That is what they call running over to get some Dutch stuff."

It is easy to understand when one looks around Woodstock why the horses of the neighborhood look so discouraged and appear to take so little interest in their work. All of their homes have been taken from them by art students. Every barn in the vicinity of Woodstock shelters at least one art student, and still onermeets in the roads disconsolate late arrivals who complain:--

"There isn't a barn or a tool house left. I don't know where I'm going to live."

"Have you tried the barber shop?"

Some one asks.

So the blond art student from Montreal disappears hopefully in the direction of the barber shop. As long as the light is good nothing matters in the Woodstock studios. Some of the roofs leak--not the subtle, circuitous sort of leaks which baffle city house-holders. In Woodstock the leaks are wide, obvious gaps in the roof, through which the rain pours down honestly, without being forced to the devious methods of entrance necessary in more conventional neighborhoods.

"But doesn't it spoil the furniture?"

questions the alien.

"Oh, we just move the furniture out of the way," explains the art colonist. "And if the pillows get wet we rip them up and make new ones of sweet fern."

There are lots of rare things in Woodstock, but the rarest of all is a bathroom. There was only one bathroom in the village until this summer, when the new dormitory of the League was put up for the boy students. The dormitory has twenty rooms, all with good painting lights, ample provision of shower baths and four magnificent sleeping porches. Also it has ten acres of land adjoining which will be made into a vegetable patch when this, the only art school in this country to support its own dormitory for the students of its summer school, sets up its own mess hall also.

In the meantime for the rest of the colony the afternoon journeys to the banks of the Sawkill still continue.

Everybody chatters at the boarding house tables in Woodstock, and even the alien who is there only for a meal or two is admitted to the conversation.

"I hear," says the blond student from

Montreal, who is a recent arrival, "that Woodstock is very green in June. Is it so?"

The young gentleman from Philadelphia thinks it over and says earnestly:-- "Oh, but I'm afraid I'd be a poor judge. I'm seeing everything green just now."

"Are you?" confides the fair Montrealist. "I'm quite the other way. I'm seeing everything purple."

And as she accepts a piece of bread from a neighbor she murmurs sweetly, "Pale mauve."

Even in Woodstock there is a pessimist who has much to say of the good old times.

"They didn't use to have fable manners here at all," complains the pessimist. "Table manners are an innovation. They always used to throw things at each other at the table, and now they regularly pass them."

"Well, perhaps they'll begin to throw things later in the season when they're more warmed up to their work," suggests the optimist.

"And they're dressing up a lot, too," groans the pessimist, panegyrist of the good old times. "They never used to care about style at all."

"But I shouldn't think they did now," comments the alien. "There's only one tight skirt in Woodstock. All the others are summers and summers old."

But the pessimist refused to be comforted. "They put on clean white linen for the Saturday night dances at the league studio," he persisted, "and they always used to go in their old khaki painting clothes with paint all over them."

The pessimist needn't worry. The prevalent style of evening dress in the art colony is khaki skirts and white middy blouses for the women, and khaki trousers and flannel shirts for the men, being the same costume that appears in the morning. At the weekly dances and concerts there is an occasional blossoming forth of white linen. The girls buy big hats of coarse straw at the village store and give them a coating of color under the brim in whatever shade is most becoming.

Later in the summer, however, a worldly note will probably be injected into the simple life of the art colony. The girl from Montreal has a pannier skirt in her trunk, and she is going to bring it out, too. And then we shall see how true the other girl artists are to the principles of the simple life.

"Really, when it comes to clothes it's the writers, not the artists, who are the freaks of Woodstock," one of the artists volunteers.

"If you happen to see a long haired person wearing a lavender peasant blouse strolling about please don't say he's a typical art student, because he isn't. He's

Mr. Harvey White, publisher of the "Maverick."

Rock City, about half a mile from Woodstock, is the abode of the high gods of the art colony. Mr. Carlson's studio is there, and the abode of the "master" is not in the least more pretentious than that of the humblest member of his class, except that just outside the door, he has constructed a wonderful outdoor swimming pool, almost large enough for a full sized man to swim his own length in. The tank is made of wood, and is simply a large box placed directly in the bed of a small stream. An ordinary hose pipes the water into the tank, which is always filled with fresh running water. As the stream itself is too shallow to afford any one with bathing facilities, the improvised tank is justly regarded in the neighborhood as a remarkable engineering feat.

Over the way from the Carlson studio is the "Always Inn," kept by Mrs. Magee, who is belloyed to furnish food fraught with genius developing qualities of a high order. There is a whole group of painters at Rock City who may be said to have "arrived," and who feel that they owe a large part of their success to the viands of Mrs. Magee.

On the way to the Carlson studio you are apt to see Mr. Eugene Spiker at work in the fields back of his house. You tramp through whole fields of biglows, a wonderful blue and purple blossom, until you come to where Mr. Spiker is painting an outdoor portrait of Mr. Horace Brown, a study in blue and yellow, for Mr. Brown wears a blue checked coat and a blue waistcoat, and he has twisted an orange ribbon over his red tie to complete the symphony.

On the fields on the way to Rock City also you probably will see Mrs. Charlotte Coman, who is still painting, though eighty-one years old, and who is able to get over the stiles and scramble through the brambles with the best of the seventeen-year-old students who are brand new this year.

Night parades are a favorite diversion of the students. They usually proceed by short cuts, which are twice as long as long cuts and lead over collapsible stone bridges.

The last that the alien saw of "the master" he was wheeling a push cart down to the village to get some ice. A group of art students who housekeep in their studios were to be seen farther up on the road carrying milk pails to the village for the mainstay of their evening meal.

Then the alien said goodby to Arcady and went back to West Hurley and thence to Kingston, where a number of bawling men stuck their heads in at the car windows and yelled "Taxicab!"

"All same as home," sighed the alien.

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