

cupy it temporarily; and notwithstanding that the building has cost much means, yet the tithing has increased steadily. The house will be finished in about a month and will then be ready for dedication.

The remainder of the day was occupied by the First Presidency and Apostle F. M. Lyman.

The house during all the meetings of conference was comfortably filled, and all felt that they had attended one of the best conferences ever held in this Stake.

F. MINSON, Stake Clerk.

### UTAH ARTISTS IN PARIS

THE friends of James T. Harwood, a young Utah artist who has gone to Europe to complete his studies, will be pleased to learn of his doings in Paris, the artists' paradise, where he has achieved notable success. The following letter to a brother artist in this city dated July 19th, appears in the *Salt Lake Journal of Commerce* of the 15th inst:

"I have not left Paris and the schools yet, but I start next week for two or three months out-door study. I should have been gone long ago if I had not started in for the competition of the National Ecole des Beaux Arts. On the 24th of June, the examination started with between three and four hundred competitors, myself included. It lasted until the 16th of July, and on the 17th the results were posted up, and I am very pleased to tell you that I was one of the seventy-five who were admitted as full members of the school. I am now furnished by the French government with free schooling for two years, with professors in painting, anatomy, history and other branches who are equal to any in Europe. It is a very great honor to be a member of the Beaux Arts, for they have privileges which others do not, and many who have been here for years have not been able to pass. I worked with a young man who had made quite a reputation at home in America before he came, and he has been here for three years; but he failed this time and has tried two or three times before. Three of the Americans have higher class numbers than I, but I have the highest of any who have not taken the examination before. Number 1 is high and 100 is as low as can be taken and stay in. My number is 29. The examination is very hard. All are packed in one room and have to hold their work with the knees and one hand and draw with the other, the top of the sketch resting on an upright iron rod. After drawing the examination includes history, architecture, anatomy, perspective and modeling. The questions in history are given when all are placed, guards being stationed to prevent cheating, and the questions are taken from all the way between 2700 B. C. and 1889, A. D., so you can't very well look the matters over the morning be-

fore. Then in architecture, when all are assigned to their places in boxes or stalls, the subject is given; this one was "Christ at the foot of a Doric column in a chapel." We had from eight a. m. till two p. m. to finish, lunch (which, of course, we had to pay for) being served to us like horses. Anatomy was given the same way, but we only had two hours and a half on that; we had to give the external face of the lower leg and foot, to draw the bones and mark the attachments. In perspective, we had to draw a vase and block and give the true perspective from where we were placed. Modelling was to copy a bas-relief of a head. For this we were given nine hours and were again fed in our stalls like horses. Modelling finished it. It is a very exciting affair. One feels like an ancient galley-slave with his guards over him. Every Frenchman who passes has two years of his army service remitted, so that makes them very keen, and as the school is limited, every American that gets in keeps a Frenchman out. I am very glad it is all over and I have done so well. I have been studying up for it all my odd time evenings and mornings for the last six months, but except for the last four weeks I did not lose any of my day work over it. The boys paid me the compliment to predict that I would pass.

Since I last wrote, I have done quite a lot of painting at the Julian. My Prof. Benjamin Constant, told me one day that I had drawn long enough and to go to painting. That pleased me very much, as I wanted to start but felt a little timid about it. The next week we had a very interesting boy as model and I went in for color with all my might. It brought very encouraging criticisms, and at the end of the week a fellow took a notion to it and bought my first painting! As he was criticising on something new to me, I told him I was just beginning. "Keep on," said he, "you will come out all right." That gave me encouragement. I have spent a lot of time at the Exposition, and found it the most tiring pleasure I know of; there is so much to see. Many of the students made a business of it and did it right up at one swoop, going day after day until they had seen it all. There never has been and probably never will be such a chance to see as great a collection of pictures. There are all the best pictures that have been painted in the last twenty or thirty years—Corots by the stack and every other painter of note. It is a fine chance to compare one painter with another, as well as the different schools; but it is admitted by all that the French looms up above everything else; Spain comes next, then America makes a very good show, but falls away behind the first two, and so does England. You can count the English painters on one hand, while France has hundreds of them. Benjamin Constant, in one of his articles to the press, gave American art a big puff. He said they were taking the lead in landscape and that George Innes

was the greatest living landscape painter. He bought quite a number of his pictures and advised others to do the same. I visited the Exposition the other day with a gentleman from Salt Lake, Mr. Lavagnino, and his brother and family, who live here. We ascended the Eiffel Tower and took lunch up there. One can realize the size of Paris from there, for that is all you can see as far as the eye can reach. The last time I saw Dallin he wished to be remembered to his friends in Salt Lake. His model of Lafayette is a very good thing and he is coming along nicely."

### YALE'S WOODEN SPOON.

A correspondent wishes to know "in what year the wooden spoon celebration of Yale College ceased." The last wooden spoon, which was originally intended for presentation to the most popular member of a class, was conferred upon a member of the class of 1871. The first was given to a '52 man. The presentation was elaborately gotten up, and was followed by a promenade dance, which was attended by the parents and friends of the celebrating class. Each class strove to outdo the one preceding it. The event grew more and more elaborate in design and more and more expensive. In time the college societies took a class interest in the elections, and presented their favorites as candidates. This naturally led to wire-pulling and the adoption of electioneering methods, which are familiar to those who today take a hand in the conduct of political campaigns.

Bad blood was engendered, and not infrequently the harmony of the class was seriously disturbed, and in at least one instance has never been healed. Things were in this condition when the feature was eliminated from the social life of the college. We are not sure, but we are of the opinion that the faculty took the matter in hand and made itself responsible for its overthrow. Out of the wooden spoon celebration grew the present magnificent junior promenade. For several years the significance of the wooden spoon was supposed to attach itself to the student who was elected chairman of the junior promenade committee. He retained the copper plate from which the handsome invitations were printed. Since the memory of the wooden spoon affair has been entirely obliterated we believe no such significance is attached to the honor, though it still remains the highest social honor conferred by each successive class, and the strife for it is hotly, though thus far in every case generously, contested.

Mr. Spurgeon was consulted by a scrupulous brother, who inquired, "Can a man who plays the trombone be a good Christian?" Mr. Spurgeon replied, "Well, I think he might be a good Christian, but I don't think his next-door neighbor could easily be one."

Habit renders wrong-doing of any kind a sort of second nature.