

The New Solid Oil-Colours

"pay" in the struggle for daily bread. It is expected that a statuette should be sold for a small sum, and for a small sum it can be sold when it is multiplied in from fifteen to twenty bronze copies. But casting is so expensive that few young sculptors can afford to have their models cast the requisite number of times; and the result is that they fail to hold their own against the cheap statuettes which come into the market, always in large numbers, from Italy and from other countries. This cannot but be discouraging; yet there are some among them who try hard to meet the emergency in a practical manner. Thus Mr. Wells does his own casting. The results, thus far, have been quite satisfactory, and he hopes that he may be able to continue the practice. Not only has he hit upon a means by which a great deal of expense may be saved, but he has passed many leisure hours in a manner as interesting as it is instructive. Still, as few serve two arts with equal good fortune, we cannot be sure that Mr. Wells has solved the

difficulty of reducing to a minimum his working expenses. He may find after a time that his attention is too much engaged by the process of casting, to the hindrance of his original work. Meantime, in any case, his experiment is worth trying, and Mr. Wells deserves to be congratulated on his resourceful courage.

THE NEW SOLID OIL-COLOURS: INTERVIEW WITH M. J. F. RAFFAËLLI.

A DELICIOUS and very simple little *hôtel* at the end of the Rue de Courcelles, No. 202: a big garden, with fine trees and a studio in it. A gallery joins house and *atelier*.

Introduced into the well-lighted studio, we find the painter at his easel. Before him on a stool is a long box full of little sticks of all colours. Some he holds in his left hand, while with another, in his right, he produces on his canvas a long and

thick flow of colour. The work represents a landscape at sunset, and the trees are casting their long, bluish shadows across the meadow

Still going on with his work, M. Raffaëlli inquires: "You have come to see my colours, and how they are used?"

"Yes; but how easily you seem to work, *mon cher maître!*"

"The fact is, work has become a real joy to me. Everything seems easy to me now, whereas painting in oils as we practise it is very arduous"

"Is it not less arduous for others differently constituted?"



"BOY CUTTING A STICK"

BY REGINALD F. WELLS

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