



THE LOTUS

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE
RHODE ISLAND SCHOOL OF DESIGN



1910

RHODE ISLAND
SCHOOL OF DESIGN
LIBRARY

THE LITTLE BOOK

THIS LITTLE BOOK
IS RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED TO MRS.
GUSTAV RADEKE.

PROLOGUE

GENTLES ALL, WE GREET YOU! AND CRAVE YOUR GRACE WHILE WE SET FORTH WITH HALTING RHYME AND PICTURED PAGE EACH ARDUOUS TASK AND GAY FESTIVITY. WIT YE WELL, O SERIOUS WIGHT, THIS BOOK WILL PLEASE HIM NOT WHO THINKETH THAT THIS LIFE HATH NAUGHT TO DO WITH MERRIMENT AND HARMLESS JOLLITY. BETTER THAT YE TURN THESE LEAVES NO FARTHER, FOR HEREIN WILL YE FIND WRIT, ME THINKETH, MUCH THAT WILL AMAZE YOU. GOOD EARNEST FOLK OF SOLEMN MEIN WILL SO DISPORT THEMSELVES, TRICKED OUT WITH ASPECT GAY, THAT YE WOULD NOT KNOW THEM, WERE IT NOT FOR THE MANNER IN WHICH THEY ARE YCLEPT. AND IF, PERADVENTURE, YE FIND AUGHT WEARISOME, SWEET READER, WE PRAY YOU DO NOT YAWN, BUT BEAR WITH US FOR THE SAKE OF ALL THE LABOR WHICH DOTHTH THIS WORK ATTEND.

HERE ENDETH THE PROLOGUE OF THIS OUR BOOK, AND HERE UNFOLDETH THE LEAVES OF YE LOTUS FLOWER.

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AS TO SCHOOLS OF DESIGN

THE Cynic grinned at Common Sense, as he turned to the Artist. "Here's a poser for you," he said, "Why is a School of Design?" The Artist shifted his pipe. "I'll tell you," he started quickly, "you see—"

"He's off again," groaned Common Sense. "Why did you start him? Now we'll hear for the thousandth time all about the awakening of the National Art Consciousness, when he means the individual artist's conceitedness, and the uplifting power of the Ideal, instead of the levelling power of the dollar, and——"

"Oh fiddlesticks!" broke in the Artist, "you pride yourself so on your practicality that you let it blind you to the fact that this world is to be lived in for far other purposes than the mere gaining of a livelihood. But if it can be proved to you that more money can be made from a thing by its having some of that quality you are taught to call artistic, then you will admire the almost human intelligence of the 'artist chap' who did it—reduce it all to a money basis, and forget that to do it the artist must have dreamed dreams and seen visions—have been fed in the spirit rather than in the flesh—"

"Don't you think the Artist is getting rather stout?" asked the Cynic of Common Sense.

"Yes; and also away from the subject."

"Not at all," cried the Artist. "If a School of Design were merely a place where the hands were taught to be a little more skillful it might be argued about in terms of dollars and cents instead of ideals and aspirations——"

"And pray tell me," interrupted the Cynic, "what are the idealistic aspirations of a man who is weaving cloth for 'pants' at so many cents per yard?"

The Artist sighed. "He may not have any, but he should have. There is as much difference in the beauty of a good and a bad design for trouser cloth, relatively, as there is in the figure of the Apoxyomenos and——"

"And mine, for instance," put in Common Sense. "And who is the Apoxyomenos?"

"And the St. Gauden's Lincoln, I was going to say."

"But I thought you admired the Lincoln," said the Cynic.

"I do, immensely. But it has spiritual beauty, not physical, and it was the ideals and aspirations of the sculptor that made it possible for him to make a masterpiece of an acknowledgedly unbeautiful subject—a man in modern clothes."

"Now, we're getting an insight," laughed the Cynic. "It's all a game of bluff. Ladies and Gentlemen, this is a really ugly object, but I touch it—and see how beautiful it is."

"Exactly," nodded the Artist; "all anything needs to make it beautiful is just that touch, and if it's bluffing, it is the most divine kind of a bluff, and the man that can so touch it is acclaimed down the ages as a genius——"

"So a School of Design is a place where one turns out Geniuses, is it?" asked Common Sense.

"No," said the Artist, "not by a long sight. But it's a place where the things that the genius knows by intuition are taught to those who aren't so richly endowed, so that they may——"

"May fill the world with burnt-wood pin-trays and dogs done in diamonds, eh?"

The Artist appealed to Common Sense. "You advocate the teaching of English composition in the schools, don't you, and yet don't expect a yearly crop of Shakespeares? But the more the students know of composition, and, incidentally, of Shakespeare, the better and more useful citizens they will be. So with technical art training—if the student can be taught something of the laws governing the production of beautiful things, and have his taste trained——"

"And what constitutes taste?" asked the Cynic. "Is it an article of fixed value, or are there maximum and minimum rates, with rebates for those in the ring——"

Common Sense interrupted. "Don't try too hard to be funny. I really want to know the Artist's idea about taste. What is it?"

"Well, it's hard to define." The Artist mused for a moment. "If I said that it's the power of appreciating in an object the presence of even some fraction of the Supreme Beauty you'd say I wasn't definite enough—and yet that is what it is; and all through the ages, though the manifestations have been different, those things which have possessed the greatest amount of the ideal have been the things most prized, and those able to appreciate them have been the law givers in matters of artistic judgment."

"A sort of close corporation, eh?" put in the Cynic. "We are It, as it were, and you others are all Hopeless Barbarians."

"State it that way if you want to," said the Artist. "We have no laws to make you like what we like, and the justness of our opinions must be measured by the number of our followers."

"A rather forlorn minority," murmured Common Sense.

"And, therefore, a School of Design," said the Artist. "It's a recruiting station from which our ranks may be filled."

"I'm surprised that such a cause should condescend to such mundane methods," the Cynic remarked.

"Well, they wouldn't be necessary, save that the human animal is easily led to forget his divinity and be content with lower things. And he dislikes to use his brain—and there is as much brain work in a satisfactory piece of design as there is in a problem in geometry, though, as it is akin to the infinite rather than to the finite, it can't be reduced to such finitely expressed rules."

"But surely," exclaimed Common Sense, "it isn't all so up in the air——"

"Dirigible balloon—mostly gas," chuckled the Cynic.

The Artist shook his head. "Far from it," he said. "It's based on logic and reason and cemented with solid technique. Though the discussions of the 'why' of some things may lead into rather un-get-at-able regions, they're mostly governed by clearly reasoned laws founded on structural fitness and proper adaptation to use, and the necessity of good technique is never for a moment lost sight of. A building that expresses its structure and function, a piece of design adapted to the object it adorns, a carpet—a piece of furniture—a machine—the school that sees that each one of these objects is designed in accordance with the best standards—both technical and theoretical—is doing an immense work; and in spite of the Cynic's derby and that scarf pin which Common Sense sports, I believe that some day America will be, by means of such schools, the most artistic nation the world has ever seen."

The Cynic grunted. "Personalities and prophecies are both in bad taste," he said.

Common Sense smiled indulgently. "If I were sure that the work in such a School were founded on logic and reason, I'd be willing to overlook the Artist's rudeness and say—the more of them the better."

Again the Cynic grunted. "Well," he said, "I suppose they can't do much harm."

Huger Elliott.



ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

The Rhode Island School of Design Alumni Association. It is a long name truly, but fortunately it is only the last two words of it that seem to need a clear statement of their meaning. Let us go back to the Latin source of the word "Alumni," meaning literally, "the foster children," and then to the other word, "Association," which means "fellowship," or the condition of having combined for a common purpose." Putting the two together we find ourselves to be, "a fellowship of foster children, with a common Mother, having combined together for a common purpose," and since it is the part of a good child to ever cherish that tender friend, "the Mother," who has brought it to the point of manifesting independent action, our first purpose is not far to seek, is it? Let us read a clause from the constitution of this body, stating its purpose and objects.

Article 2. "The objects of this Association shall be to awaken a wider and more intelligent interest in the subjects taught by the school and in the school itself, and to promote a spirit of co-operation among past and present members of the school in matters pertaining to the welfare of the Rhode Island School of Design." It seems to me that the order should be slightly changed and that loyalty and devotion to the "Mother" should come first, and next, should come the obligation, to be equally borne by every one of the "foster children," of awakening a wide and intelligent interest in the subjects taught by the "Mother" and to promote a reality of "fellowship," or "combination" amongst all the "foster children," past, present and future, which shall constantly busy itself with the welfare of the "Mother." The first thing the "foster child" can do for its parent is to rejoice her heart by giving her just cause

for pride in its personal progress and accomplishment; the second is, to so present that accomplishment before the eyes of the world as to compel its interest and commendation; and the third is for each one to feel so keenly his and her responsibility in caring for the "Mother" that her welfare shall be assured, even at the cost of time and effort, and perhaps the money of these "foster children."

This same constitution provides that membership in this harmonious family may be attained after a year's connection with the "Mother." The term "alumnus" or "alumna" has come, by long usage, to mean, a child who has stepped out from under the care and protection of the Mother wings; but there is no such limitation in the original meaning of the word. It is a "foster child" from the date of its entrance into this "Mother's" care and instruction 'till its life ends! In other words, we enter upon a life membership in this family at the start. Therefore, it is plain to be seen that the act of joining the Alumni Association is only a public confession of our intention to shoulder the responsibility which has already become our heritage as "foster children of our splendid "Mother." Which, then, shall we be? Unappreciative, ungrateful children, caring nothing for the hand that has led us thoughtfully, wisely, and lovingly forward to an interesting, estimable, and, possibly, a very honorable life work? Or shall we acknowledge our indebtedness and bend our hearts and wills toward continuing the welfare and prosperity of our "foster Mother," the Rhode Island School of Design?" One word more is needed to fittingly end this explanation. Let us remember that the limit of what we may accomplish in our work is measured chiefly by what we ourselves are, and among the many and beautiful arts we've been taught to practice, let us not forget that most precious and important one of all,—the art of living beautifully.

An Alumna.

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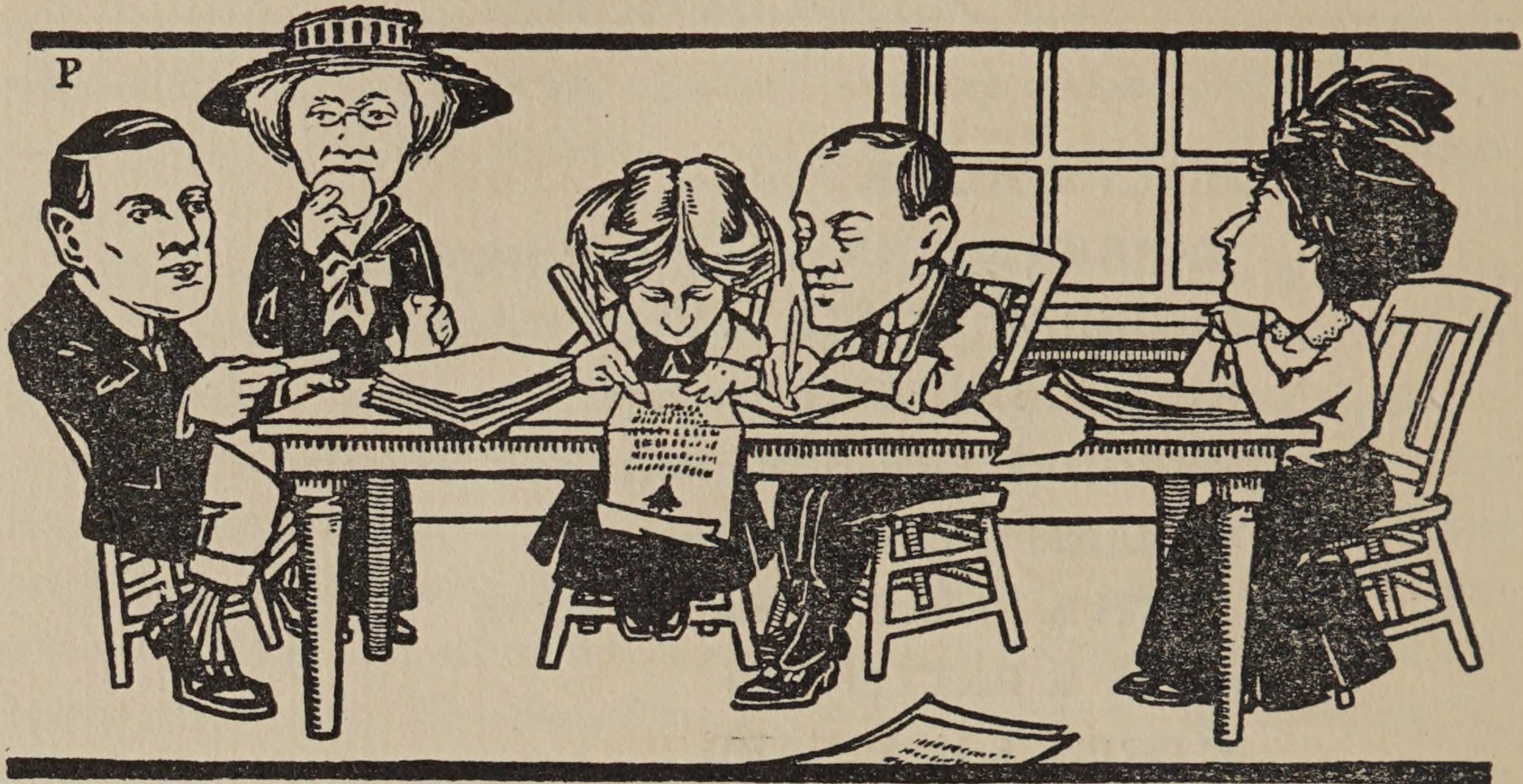
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EDITORIAL BORED

In a dim dining hall,
As dusk begins to fall,
Darkening the white-washed wall,
Students are meeting.

There are five of them there,
Two boys and three maidens fair,
Working o'er stories rare,
A book completing.

Ada, with bended head,
Works with an H. B. lead,
Papers around her spread,
Daylight retreating.

Hope is a good old dame,
And has secured her fame
Telling of things inane,
Also by eating.

Marion, with eager eye,
Watches each passer by,
Waiting the time for Guy,
Minutes are fleeting.

John, with a ready tongue,
Swears over work undone,
Blaming 'most every one,
The gods entreating.

Tilton, with tipped up chair,
Happy and free from care,
Whistles a popular air,
With pencil beating.

Perry, the absent one,
Much of the work has done,
Missing all of the fun,
Drawings completing.

Now, when you read this book
And o'er the pages look,
Think of the time it took
Collectapeting.

FOURTH YEAR STUDENTS

Department I.

Ada Frances Almy
Charles Edward Black
Ella May Campbell
Hope Mehlau Gladding
Marion Ray Hawes
Arthur William Heintzleman
Eunice Deta Hussey
Elizabeth Sherman Wilbur

Department II.

John Arnold Cranston
Minerva Read Dana
Thomas Earle Laughlin
Ernest Saverio Valva
Florence Wright

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George Vincent McDuff
Alice Charlotte Malhiot
Edward Bernard Maroney

Department V.

John B. Doyle
Charles R. Weller

Department VI.

George Albert Watson

Department VII.

Harry E. Nichols

Department VIII.

Louise Anthony
Salome Kinsley Beckwith
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GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

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John W. Cregan
Annie Daly
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William C. Henrickson
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Charlotte M. Kriegsman
Harry A. Lewis
Alvine S. Mancib
John O'Malley
Martin M. McLoughlin
Edward V. McCarthy
Jessie C. Meiklejohn
James V. Murray
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Alice L. Parsons
Clara M. Pearse
Caroline T. Ryan
Lillian Sharkey
Dorothea Smith
Ray C. Smith
C. R. Tillinghast
Jeanette M. Waldron
Alice V. Wallace
Byron V. Wilcox

SUMMARY OF PRINCIPAL EVENTS IN FOUR YEARS' STRUGGLE

I. Campaign of 1906-'07.

1. Invasion of Miss Parker's Room.

A. Conquering of the Lotus Flower Cast.

B. Infant celebration.

C. Raid on Meiklejohn's Piano Store.

D. Retired into winter quarters in the gallery.

E. Expedition against Hunt's Mills.

(a.) Unconditional surrender of Merry-go-round.

(b.) Defeat at dance hall.

II. Campaign of 1907-'08.

1. Division of forces.

2. Declaration of Independence.

A. Cause (Rise of people).

B. Result (Hallowe'en uprising).

(a.) Eunice Hussey appointed commander.

(b.) Dances in celebration.

(1.) Witches' dance.

(2.) Jack-o'-lantern.

(3.) Spirit of the night.

C. Christmas Festivities.

D. Celebration in Honor of St. Valentine.

E. Rations procured for suffering Life Class.

(a.) Shrimp wiggles.

(b.) Oyster stews.

(c.) Rarebits.

F. Scouting party under Col. Hazleton captures boat house at
Nayatt.

(a.) Troops forced to retire to cover at Anthony's.

III. Campaign of 1908-'09.

1. A Period of Peace and Prosperity.

A. Social Life of the People.

(a.) Graphophone Dance.

(b.) Poverty Dance.

(c.) Twelfth Night Revels.

(1.) Choosing of King and Queen.

(2.) Miracle Play.

(3.) Morris Dance.

(4.) Combat between St. George and Dragon.

B. Rise of Dramatic Art.

(a.) Vaudeville Show.

C. Intrusion of Foreign Element into Intellectual Pursuits.

(a.) Red Pepper in History of Art Lecture.

D. Roman Festival at Nero's Court.

(a.) Endymion and Moon Goddess.

(b.) Birth of the Lotus.

(c.) Offering of High Priests.

(d.) Resurrection of Egyptian Mummy.

(e.) Athletes.

(f.) Populace.

IV. Campaign of 1909-'10.

A. Year of peace and prosperity.

(a.) Abundance of rations.

(b.) Social life

B. Period of achievements.

(a.) Hard work.

(b.) Mentions for faithful work.

C. Review of troops at Memorial Hall.

(a.) Commanding officers present.

(b.) Medals of honor awarded.

(c.) Final disbanding of troops.



Up stairs, and stairs, and other stairs,
 With groans you climb still higher,
 And reach at last the Portrait Class,
 The acme of desire.

A strange array of painted things
 Now greets your mundane vision,
 The easels hide the model's pose,
 But "Jimmy's" a safe decision.

See what a quiet class it is.
 Oh yes! the "Professor's" just left.
 Some values are high and some spirits low,
 And some are of smiles bereft.

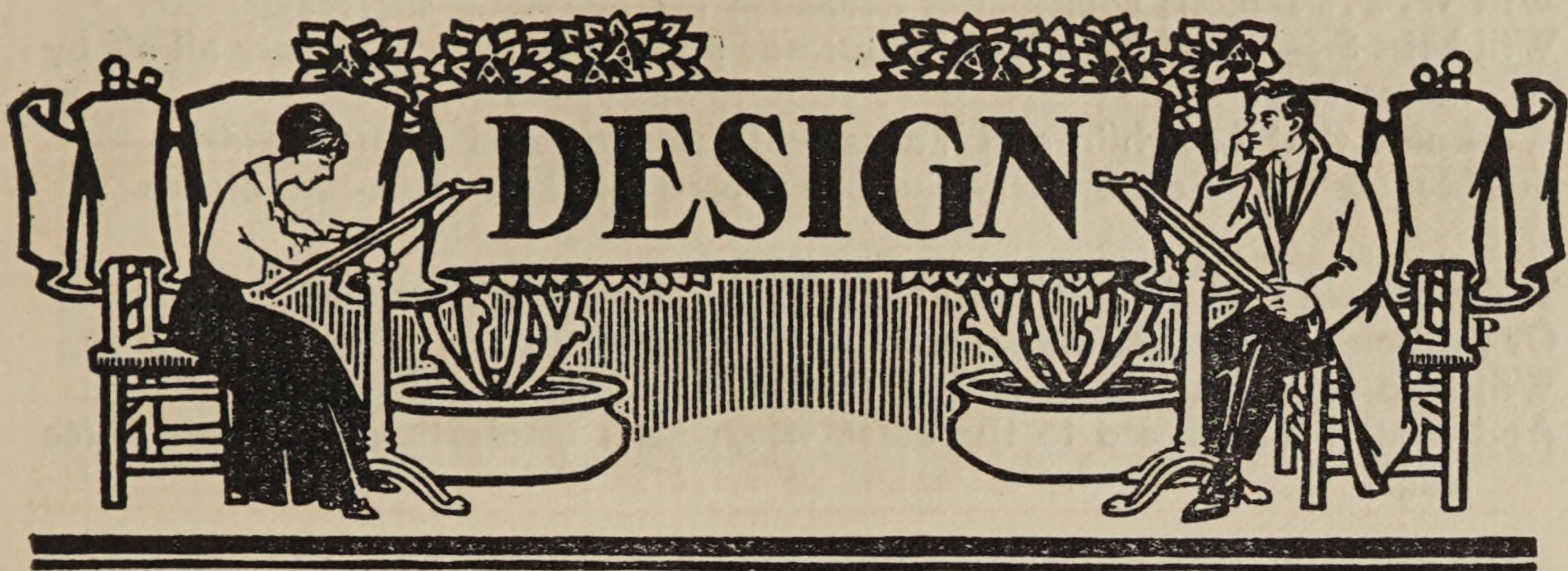
Now Heinie will tell the latest Keith jokes
 And Rittmann of soldiers and drills,
 The talk contains prize fights, murders and snakes,
 And gives you all kinds of thrills.

Frazier is twined 'round an easel or post,
 Perhaps viewing his work with a frown?
 Mrs. S—— will carol the "T'it Willow" song
 With a spirit you never could down.

Mr. Black paints imperturbably on.
 That mysterious mediums use
 Has made him a master without any doubt,
 We'll pay gold for that very same juice.

You've seen enough of the Portrait Class;
 I'm sure it has been a treat.
 There are palettes to clean and brushes to wash.
 Who's put on the water to heat?

Hope Gladding.



When the cloud-lands have opened above us revealing Eternity's scene,
 If Heaven is knowing once more the beautiful things that have been,
 When the R. I. S. D. is transported to some sphere more worthy than this,
 Will the trivial events of the present form part of our heavenly bliss?

Will charming Miss P—— utter luscious at Jap. prints of heritage rare?
 Will blue-green be the favorite color of our Mr. C——rk over there?
 Will all help be given the hopefuls on the opposite side of the room,
 While the others plod drearily onward in the grimmest and blackest of gloom?

Will Salome come rushing in breathless, her Psych. book beginning to cram,
 Crying, "I'm just starting to read it and at 'leven we have the exam!"
 Will Francesca be taking attendance with stern, unforgivable pen?
 Will Nervy be copying Durer, or he her in the wonderful Then?

Will Maggie's desk ever be tilted without the inevitable man?
 Can we others learn to "look at them the way Miss F——ler can?"
 Will Design compel two young maidens to sacrifice even their Life?
 Will B—— Nye paint in blues and in yellow ad. lib. at the point of the knife?

Will B. Bellows plan suites for immortals in vibrant ethereal hues?
 And will that chaotic perspective exist in those unbounded Blues?
 Will Miss A—— deride "Old Rose and Silver" drowning John in the deepest despair?
 Will Miss R—— be eternally famous for the "olive lights in her hair?"

Will E. E——le entertain local artists each day at 2.30 p. m.?
 Will L. Adams draw like a Master and then her own efforts condemn?
 Will shining cathedrals be studded with windows designed by Miss Wright,
 Dispelling the fancy that genius can ever be measured by height?

Will W. P.'s famous book-plates embellish the heavenly shelves?
Will Miss S—— and Miss H—— murmur popular songs in a corner all off by
themselves?

We know that Laughlin and Valva will indulge in occasional feuds,
But because of their infinite genius be excused for their artist-like moods.

We're certain that John, the all faithful, be he playing about upon Mars,
Or fashioning wonderful jewels, tiaras of clustering stars,
Will leap from his innocent pastime with vigorous athletic springs
And hasten with speed to the office when Miss Danforth gives those three
rings.

But listen, the lunch bell is sounding a call to the weary and wise,
To revel in sponge cake, spaghetti, corn chowder and turnover pies.
So now let us lay by our dreaming of life on a far away star—
Contented with life as we live it, enjoying things as they are.

Florence Clark.





A is for Amy, her Ambitions and Art;

She works with a will and in fun has a part.

B's Sara Burge, who loves physical Beauty;

From Brown,—enough said; we've completed our duty.

C's the Correction the brightest ones get,

"Just the width of a line you must take it in yet."

D is the Doings of Helen and Dot;

For Grand Opera or Vaudeville, they're right on the spot.

E is for Emily, whom we call Mother,

Not that she's old, but it's just that we love her.

F is the Fashion, just now it's the swirl

Which is tried by each hopeful and ambitious girl.

G is Grace Arnold, the one who succeeds,

But always her great inability pleads.

H is Hope Davis, who isn't to blame

When she's bored by remarks that are trite and inane.

I is for Isaac and the Interest he shows

In the drawings we make from a "bully good pose."

J's Jessie Rose, who does oils in a manner

Quite pleasing, with green, blue and much "raw sienna."

K is the Kind of a Koncert we give
To our friends down below us, and yet they still live.

L—the Long arguments held every week,
And L—the Library—Hush! do not speak!

M is for Mackey, quite small, but in truth
Is admired by a corpulent, towering youth.

N is for Nannie and also for Nine.
She ought to succeed, for she's always on time.

O's an expression all of us use
When we come in too late a position to choose.

P is for "Pinkey," and also for Pierce,
Together in school and together in verse.

Q's the Queer feeling we have when we're Questioned,
"Say, where is the drawing on which you were mentioned?"

R is for Ruth, though she speaks her whole mind,
We are sure that at heart she intends to be kind.

S is Mrs. Sisson, who is with us still;
She often comes late, but she works with a will.

T. Now what of Amelia, our Tiverton friend?
She may have opinions, but none will she lend.

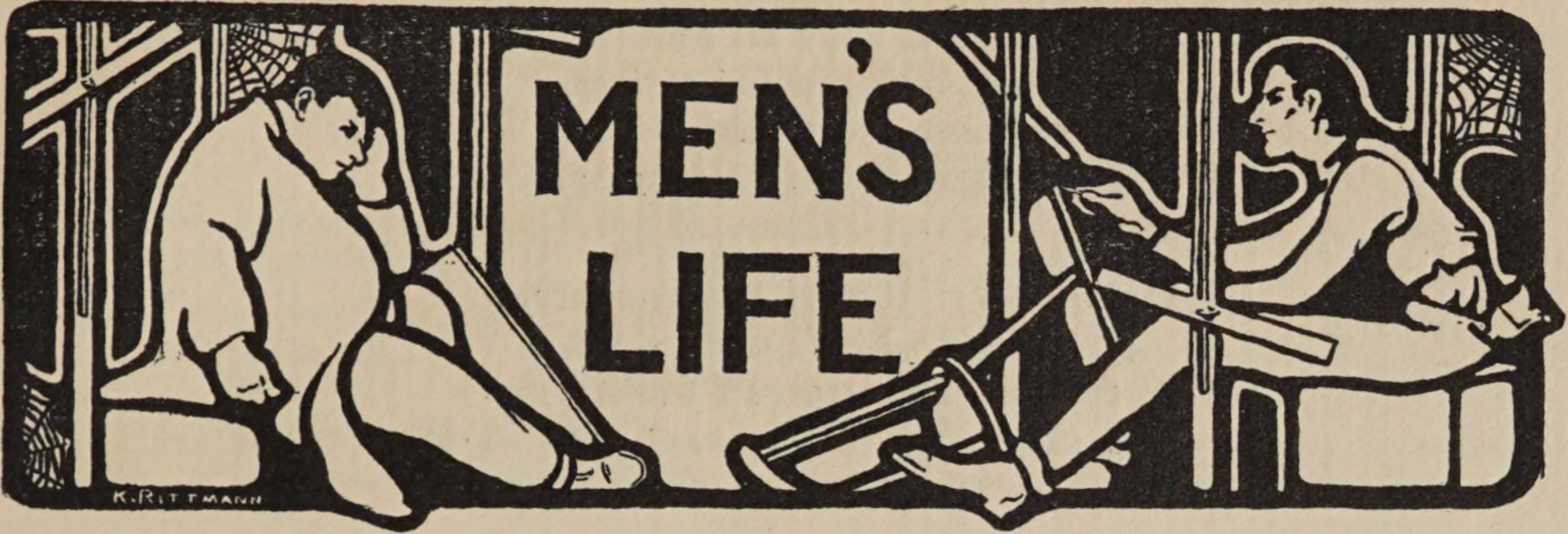
U is Miss Upton, from Pembroke is she,
Who spends her spare time on her A. M. degree.

V is the Various jokes that arise,
The Various hits, and the Varied replies.

W for Miss Wilmarth, who comes once in a while;
We know she's a student for her name's on the file.

X, Y, Z are the models who pose,—
'Tis the end of the alphabet, so here I will close.

A. M. Green.



A PSALM OF MEN'S LIFE.

Tell me not the mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty room,
For the souls have fled that slumbered,
And all is silent as the tomb.

Life was real! Life was earnest!
And the student gained his goal,
Now no feet the dust o'er-turnest
And Life harbors not a soul.

Not to lend, and not to borrow,
Was the rule for every day,
But to swiipe, that each to-morrow
Find us richer than to-day.

Art is long and time is fleeting,
But long rests you'd often crave,
And the hours you'd spend in eating
Would not roads to glory pave.

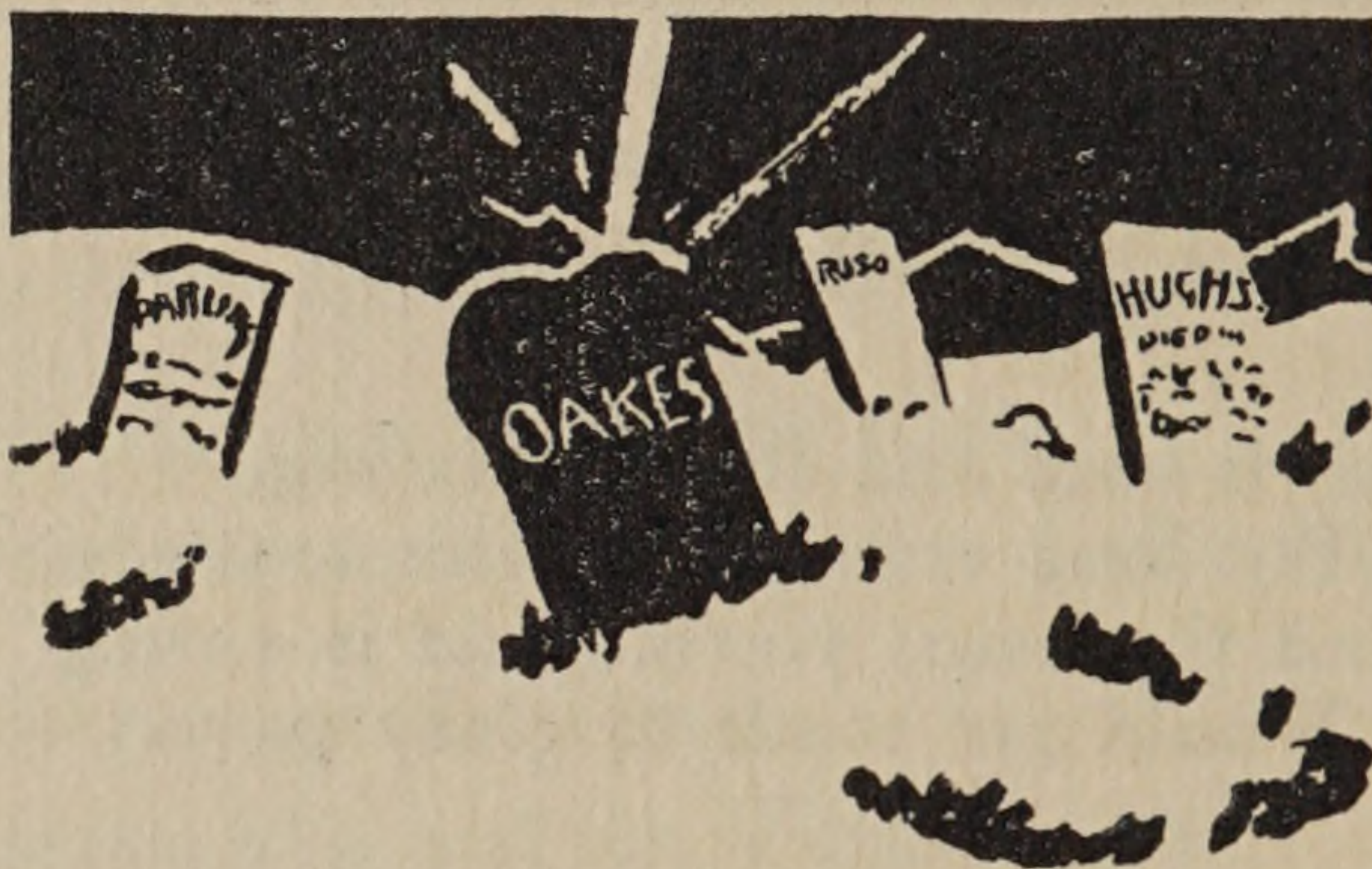
In the School's broad field of battle,
Behind the drawing boards of Life,
All we heard was childish prattle,
All was rough-house, all was strife.

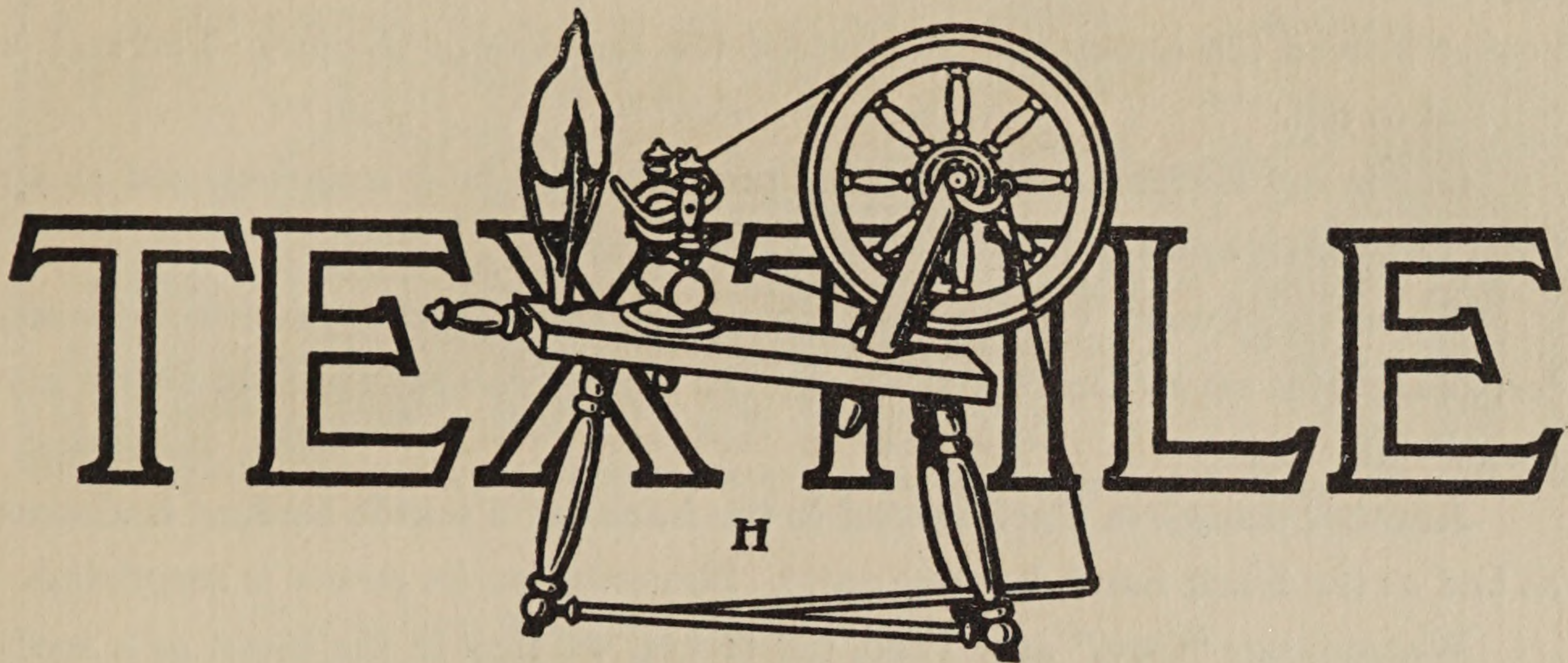
Trust no model, howe'er pleasant,
Remember what our friend B—— told
Draw, draw while the teacher's present,
Heat within, but the model cold.

Lives of these boys all remind us
We, too, suffered for a time,
And departing left behind us
Drawings on the kalsomine.

Drawings that perhaps another,
Drifting to Life's open door,
A forlorn, discouraged brother,
Seeing, shall take heart once more.

Let us then be up and drawing,
Each one do his very best,
Work with all the spirit in you—
When you're dead, you'll be at rest?





In the depths of Memorial Hall we plod our weary way among the mazes of looms and warps, top cloups and bottom cloups, harness frames and pinion gears,—things which an ordinary mortal finds difficult to comprehend.

But we are not ordinary. In fact, we are almost certain that we are the only students who do not indulge in an eleven o'clock recess. That at once establishes our claim to uniqueness. Moreover, we have an instructor who has given a lecture on hairdressing, after which Pendergast pertinently inquired, "What does he know about machinery?"

An excellent cash system is another unique feature of our department. It was invented and installed by Farley at the beginning of the year and has been in use ever since. Miss Dexter patronizes it extensively, and it is by her efficient training that it has become so effective.

Miss Yardstrom, who favors us with her presence in the morning, is famous for her original weave known as the "dog blanket." Further particulars at the office. We are inclined to think that Miss Y.'s attention is not wholly centered in weaving,—but that is a mere guess.

A well equipped "gym" is recommended for the use of Pendergast and Andrews. The other students would appreciate the relief afforded by the temporary absence of those members.

And speaking about "Andy," our humorous pest, words fail us. It is impossible to be angry with that irritating, aggravating imp of humanity, who hides his trickery with a guileless face, and who covers his faults with the most outrageous excuses. He was emptying a water jar one day and Randall's open

pocket proved too tempting. It received the contents of the jar. The rest is too sad to tell.

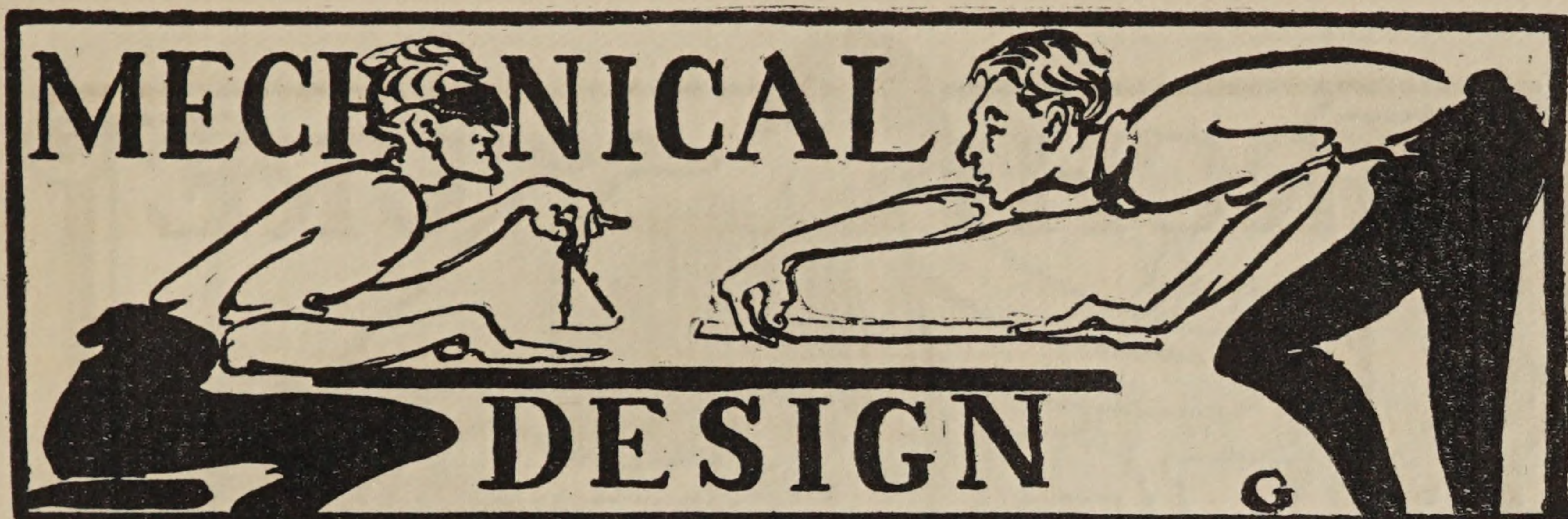
Our friend Kimatian is a model of propriety and he is recommended as an ideal in behavior and industriousness.

We wish to warn visitors that they must never meddle with the looms, for, as Dobbins says, "Don't fool around the looms, you are liable to break my head."

Another thing,—a black thread in the hands of a textile student is almost as bad as the black hand, but not quite. Nevertheless its power is surprising.

Watson, our "Gov," and Tebo, the talker, we find in the midst of a soul-harrowing argument about whether a full twin lens can be woven on top or bottom cloups. As the question bids fair to be undecided at the end of this term, we murmur a few pitying words and softly close the door. It is better thus.

Agnes G. Dexter.



"Now, that is a good start,
 But keep these values apart."
 Ten minutes later you'll hear Frazier say,
 "Well! that's rotten, you must do better to-day."

Yes, Hazard knows about motion pictures,
 Also wireless and its fixtures.

Nicholas is short and always looks neat,
 For going to dances he "can't be beat."

If Hill ever gets his eye on the ball
 He can certainly knock it over the wall.

Good-natured and a jolly joker,
 They say Doherty's quite a shark at poker.

Often you hear John's murderous threat,
 "You wait, Hilly, I'll get you yet."

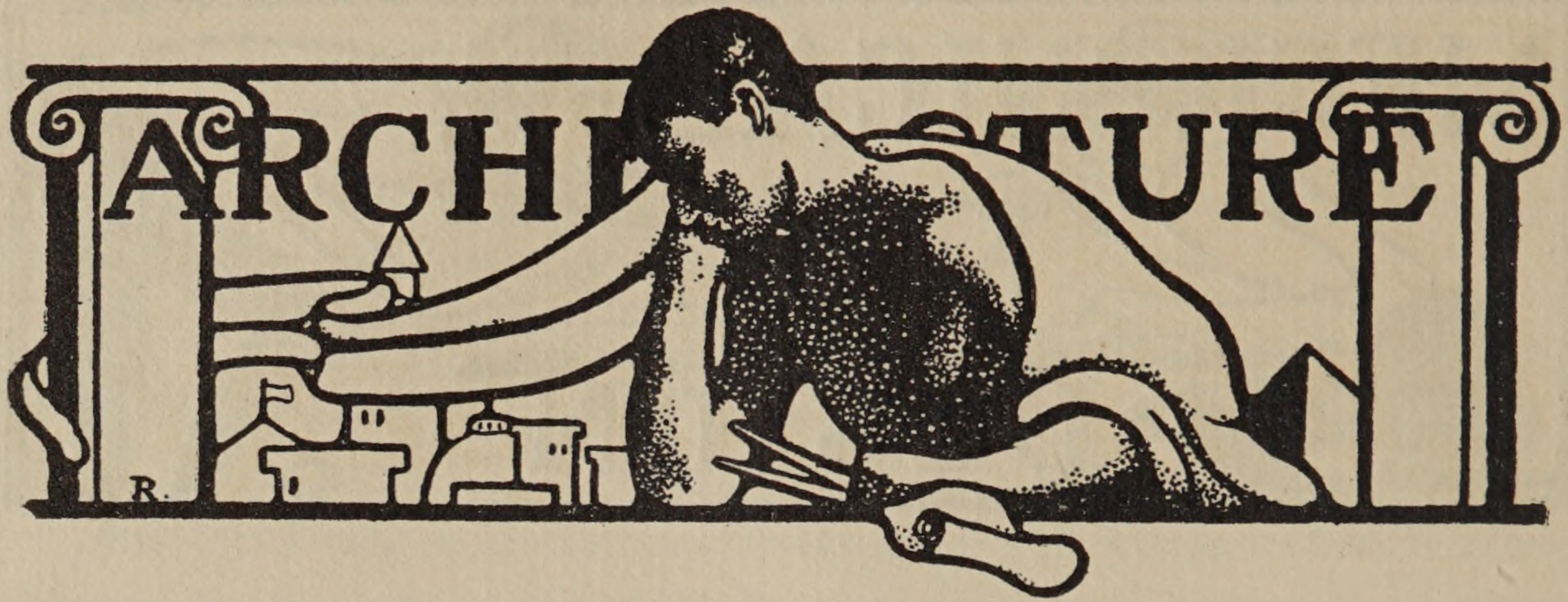
Six feet tall, more or less,
 Can Andrews play pool? Well, I guess!

"Cuke, you got my pen?
 Don't geta me mada then!"
 If you do you'll regret it bitterly,
 For Defayo comes from sunny Italy.

Ask Stapleton a question he knows nothing about,
 He'll give you an answer without any doubt.

"You'll have your usual recess,"
 Frazier often says it, I must confess,
 But now, just to complete the rhyme,
 Add, "Don't forget to be back on time."

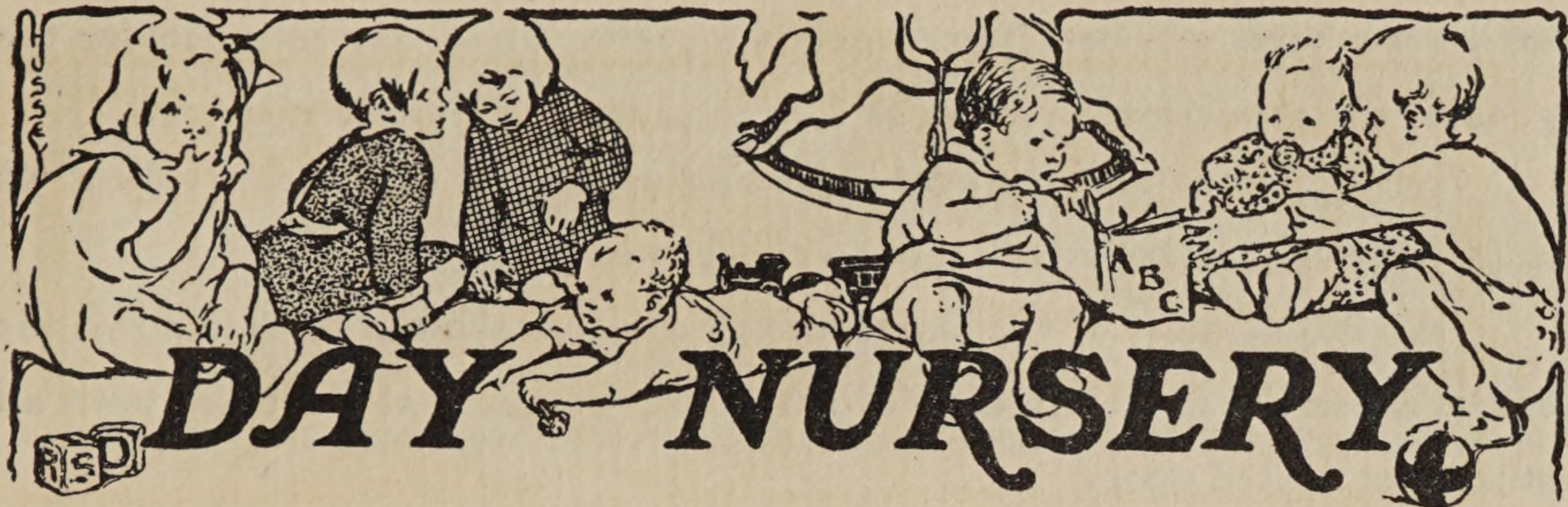
Frederick W. Easton, Jr.



All the architects were late
 Sending in their little rhyme,
All these months they made us wait,
 And then never sent a line.

Nothing useless is, or low;
 Each thing in its place is best;
If we had a line to show
'Twould strengthen and support the rest.

Thus alone must we attempt
 Somehow to fill up the space,
Trusting they will be exempt
 From all feelings of disgrace.



We now wish to call the attention of our readers to one of the largest departments of our institution, the Day Nursery. Here children may be left by their busy mothers from nine in the morning until four-fifteen in the afternoon, and the best of care will be guaranteed. The large sunny room which they occupy is warm and well lighted by windows on the north and west.

This year we have a new force of governesses who keep the little ones occupied and at the same time try to instill into their childish minds a few simple principles of Art. It is indeed gratifying to observe the serious manner with which the small students go about their tasks.

If the ever-watchful attendant finds that her tiny charges are becoming restless she allows them to use colored pencils; with these and sometimes a box of paints, they are often amused for hours at a time.

Under our careful guidance some of the little brains have developed to such an extent that they really seem to appreciate the books and pretty pictures which the institution provides.

At eleven and one each day lessons are laid aside for a time and the children are allowed to run about. During these periods of recreation the usually quiet, dreary corridors are enlivened by shouts of childish glee as they race down the stairs to spend their pennies in the office. A wholesome lunch is provided, which is eagerly anticipated by the hungry children. Nutritious soup and rich milk is followed by the ever-popular pop-corn cakes.

We have found it necessary to draw up a set of rules and regulations,

which we hope will be enforced another year. These are as much for the good of the children themselves as for the peace of the older students.

1st. On account of the ever-increasing popularity of this department we must positively refuse admittance to children-in-arms.

2d. No member of the Day Nursery shall be allowed to slide down the banister, use the front entrance, or make any purchase at the office until all others are waited upon.

3d. Members of the Day Nursery shall give up their chairs in the lunch-room to upper classmen, and at all times behave toward them in a quiet, docile manner befitting their position.

All persons violating these rules will be liable to punishment.

It is earnestly desired that mothers provide their little ones with rompers or gingham aprons.



If you are in search of jokes, dear reader, peruse these lines no further, for there is nothing funny about an evening student.

Daylight and day-students depart together and leave the school to darkness and the janitor. Then silently, stealthily the real workers begin to come. They crowd around the doors and ring the bell violently, so anxiously do they await the hour of opening. They come on foot, by trolley and even on bicycles, as members of the Lotus Board could testify.

A quiet, hard-working set, they are giving most of their time to the pursuit of duty rather than pleasure.

The results of their insatiable desire for work may be seen covering much wall space in the Memorial Hall exhibitions.

Like the industrious ant of the fable, they have a great deal to show for their toil at the end of the year. Mind you, we are not saying who plays the part of the grasshopper.

THE SEA

My mother tells me not to go
Down by the sea.
She says it has a curse for me.
I wonder why? I love it so!

For when a storm is on the deep,
Blackness and thunder, lashed with rain,
My mother grips her hands in pain,
And moans aloud my father's name;
But I am filled with ecstasy.

I only saw my father once—
His eyes were greyer than the sea—
I was a very little child;
He tossed me in his arms and smiled,
And then he went away from me.

For there was something called to him.
He felt the longing night and day,
Stronger than home, or child, or wife.
They say he answered with his life—
Some day I, too, shall sail away.

S. D. Burge.

Social EVENTS



SOCIAL EVENTS



THE first social event of the school year was a "Harvest Festival" given by the Alumni Association, assisted by the students of the school. The rooms on the top floor of the Waterman Street building were decorated most fantastically with cornstalks and jack-o'-lanterns. Plaster casts gowned in sheets appeared before the dancers in most unexpected places. At one end of the room a silver moon arose above a field of cornstalks. Mr. Elliott, as an elderly country gentleman with an ear-trumpet, added greatly to the entertainment of those present. The students were very appropriately costumed as farmers, country maids, witches, and ghosts. The sheriff was present and found it necessary to make several arrests. Mr. William Loring and Mr. Chester Dodge, assisted by Mr. William Drury and Mr. Charles Fuller, painted silhouettes of the dancers during the evening.

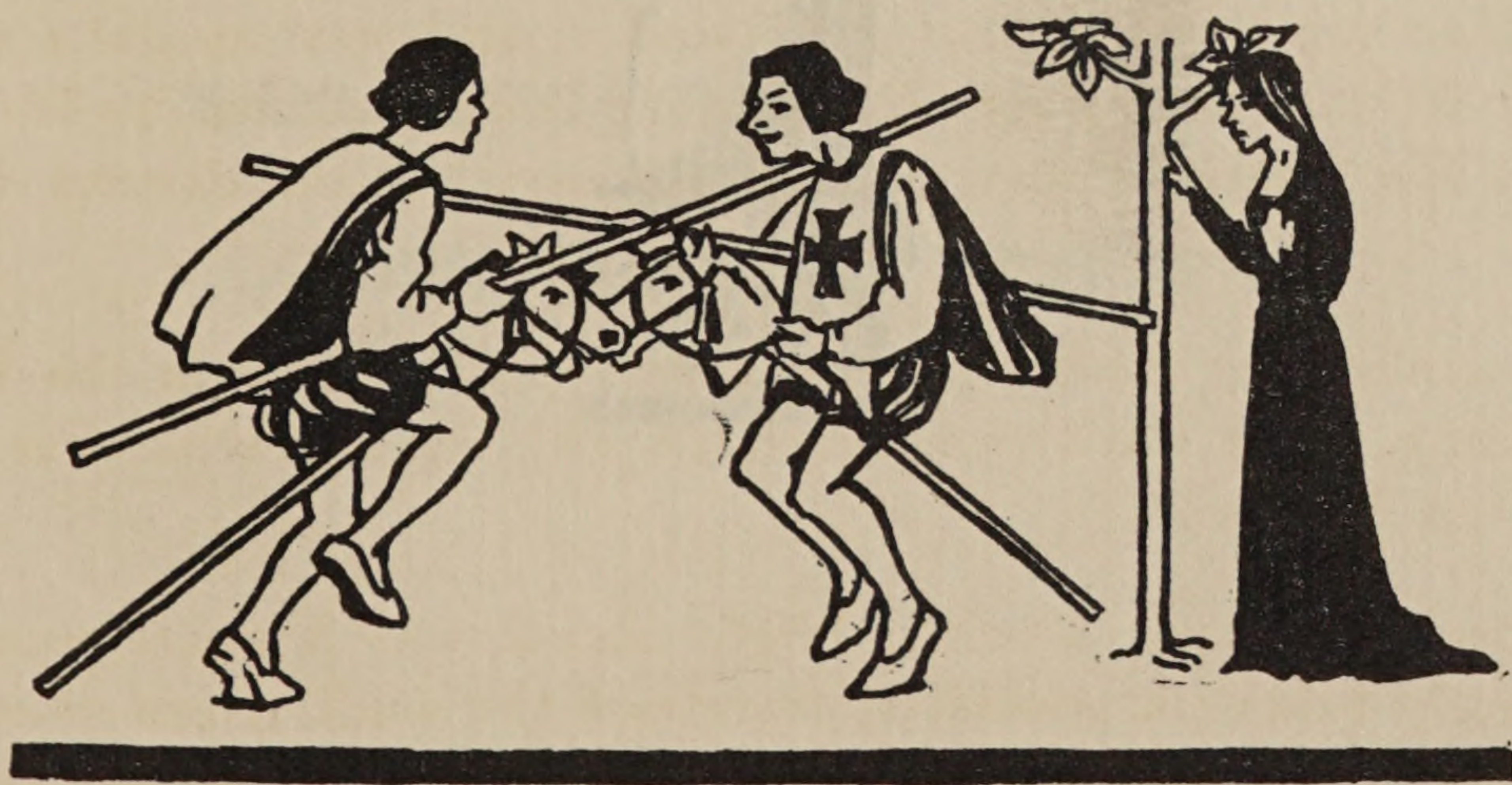
In December, the freshmen gave a very pretty party in the Waterman Street building. The walls were decorated with red and white banners bearing the letters R. I. S. D.

The second annual Twelfth Night Revel was a great success. One would scarcely believe it possible to transform the work rooms so completely. The splendor of the costumes, the beauty of the decorations and the general spirit of old English revelry, combined to produce a most remarkable effect.

Promptly at eight o'clock the heralds announced the approach of the

King and Queen, who were impersonated by Mr. Huger Elliott as King Arthur and Miss Laura Webster as Queen Guenivere. They were followed by the Knights and Ladies of the Court, who took their places around the throne as soon as their majesties were seated. The King then announced that the revel would open with a combat between four Knights of the Court. Mr. William Drury, as Sir Galahad, finally overthrew his three opponents and was crowned with a garland of roses by the Queen. Four Ladies of the Court then performed a graceful minuet, which was very effective. The Ladies were, Miss Marguerite Fidler, Miss Rowena Pierce, Miss Faith Hull and Miss Salome Beckwith. Mr. Percy Albee, as Merlin, the magician, displayed his marvelous skill in a very original way. A band of wandering peasants then enacted Pyramus and Thisbe from Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." Mr. John Cranston and Mr. Earl Davis took the leading parts and were the "hit" of the evening. A lively dance was then given by six girls dressed as foresters, carrying bows and arrows. The costumes of green and orange were very effective. The dancers were, Miss Florence Clark, Miss Amy Parks, Miss Edith Earle, Miss Hope Curtis Davis, Miss Helen Doak, and Miss Dorothy Brown.

Some of the costumes were very effective. Mr. Henry Clark as Sir Launcelot, and Mrs. Clark as Elaine, were splendid. Among those worthy of special mention were Miss Patterson and her little nephew as Dame Lynette and Page, Miss Julian Brewster, as Lady of the Lake, Miss Salome Beckwith, as Rowena, Miss Emily Flanders, as Lady of Shalott, Miss Ada Almy, as Lady Vane, and Mr. Karl Rittman, as Sir Bois.



In celebration of Washington's Birthday the students gave a Cotillion in the design room. Once more the schoolrooms were transformed, the dance hall being decorated with red, white and blue. The men's life room, where punch was served during the evening, looked most attractive with rugs, screens and pillows, while the red paper shades shed a softened light over all. Every other dance was a cotillion figure.

Plans are already being made for the annual Fancy Dress Ball, which is to be held on May 26. This year it will take the form of an Arabian Night's Entertainment. The committee in charge consists of Mr. John A. Cranston, Miss Marion R. Hawes, Miss Ada F. Almy, Miss Hope M. Gladding, Miss Marguerite Fidler, Miss Hope C. Davis, Miss Helen Borden, Mr. Laurance Price, and Mr. Karl Rittmann.





CHARLES E. BLACK

CHESTER L. DODGE

HOPE MEHLDAU GLADDING

ARTHUR WILLIAM HEINTZELMAN

EUNICE DETA HUSSEY

THOMAS EARLE LAUGHLIN

WILLIAM ANTHONY PERRY

KARL RITTMANN

ELIZABETH SHERMAN WILBER

LOTUS LEAVES

Early this spring several students of the school discovered a flower hitherto unknown among us. With more or less patience we watched its growth from day to day and rejoiced as each new leaf was put forth. Now we have brought it out for you all to enjoy, and we are going to leave it to you to care for and work over as we have done. This year *The Lotus* is only a bud; we hope next year it will be a blooming good book; a book which will be truly representative of the school life. Our object in publishing *The Lotus* was to give all the different departments some one thing in common, and we feel that it has great possibilities of becoming a power in the school.

SCHOOL SPIRIT.

Despite our many differences, everyone in this school actually agrees on two subjects, the weather and the lack of school spirit. Unfortunately, we have nothing to do with the weather, but school spirit is ours for the asking, and is moreover, most essential in our school's growth. We talk a great deal about it, but few of us seem to realize what it means.

School spirit is not class spirit, nor "clique" spirit, nor personal ambition. It is absolute willingness to sacrifice all personal likes and dislikes for the betterment of the school.

We students think too little of the

school, as a whole; we come, do our work and go, and never give a thought to the institution that makes possible this work we love.

Now it rests with you undergraduates, to foster and promote school spirit for the next three years, at least; to get all departments together as much as possible, to allow no petty jealousies between classes or departments and to uphold the governing forces in whatever they think is for the betterment of everybody.

A DORMITORY.

There was to be a musical in Memorial Hall. At noon a group of girls were talking about it and someone asked how many were going; there was only one. And the reason? It was not lack of interest, of appreciation, or desire for the fine music—it was just this: of those six or more girls three lived out of town and had nowhere to stay over night, and those who boarded or lived in Providence could not come unattended.

Again and again has this happened in my hearing and each time has made more forcible the crying need of the school for a home for its girls; a wide-open home for the large number of those who must board and a meeting place for those who live in town or near it.

We need it for a stimulus to more real artistic living. Every girl in this

school now, and every one of the hundreds to come, is going to be responsible, some time, for the atmosphere of her home and how much could one year in a refined, artistic, studio-home not do for those who have had little or no training in what such a home should be.

We need it for its mutual benefits, from artist to artist. We have some very brilliant people in our school and city and then we could all meet each other. Many of us go through the school and never really know some of our finest schoolfellows. Fancy the inspiration possible from all of us meeting, in our own home, those delightful laymen and artists who yearly show themselves so much interested in our school!

Most of all, we need it for the school's sake. If we could start and run successfully such a meeting-place, art center and home, we would make this School of Design famous. Being already unique among art schools we would make it superior, and it is highly probable that such an art environment in our very midst would raise the standard of the entire school.

I think we would find it both practical and possible to own such a dormitory or home, if enough were sufficiently interested, and I hope another year will see definite plans made for a studio-home for us all.

ATHLETICS.

For the benefit of those who are not of the school we wish to explain

that there are two branches of athletics practiced here daily. One by the wearers of the R. I. S. D., who pitch and catch in the alley, to the imminent danger of those other athletes who incessantly run a relay from West Hall to the main building. All of the students in the school are obliged to enter the daily stair-climbing contest for the benefits derived are found to be inestimable.

Then, too, there are those who perform in the Wednesday afternoon class held on the top floor in the main building. In this class special attention is given to the more violent forms of exercise.

The Memorial Hall gymnastics are primarily for men, but here we find an occasional "co-ed."

But enough of minor athletics. A great deal of interest has been aroused this year by the formation of a baseball team. They have stunning new suits, and only lack a proper place to practice to make a team to be proud of. It is to be hoped that they will soon have this very necessary factor in the making of a good ball-team. We would also like to see them form a track team like the one which carried off honors in the local meet a few years ago.

Right here we must say something about the long hoped for "gym" which would mean so much to the school. It is probably only a question of time now when this too will be added to the rapidly increasing group of buildings of the R. I. S. D.

THE LUNCH ROOM

MENU APRIL 1, 1910.

Bean Soup	06c.
Finnan Haddie Fish.....	10c.
Hamburg Steak and Mashed Potato.....	10c.
Rolls and Butter.....	05c.
Chocolate Eclairs	05c.
Coffee Jelly	05c.
Hermits	3 for 05c.
Cocoa, Coffee, Milk.....	05c.
Oranges	05c.
Corncakes	01c.

Carefully chalked on a blackboard, the above menu, with variations, is at present the only decoration in our much appreciated lunch-room. Though daily satisfying our physical wants, it leaves something to be desired aesthetically.

Substantial chairs and tables would also add immeasurably to the comfort as well as the safety of the students. Although we dislike to deprive the frequenters of Waterman street of one of their chief delights, we really would appreciate curtains to screen us from the public gaze.

A PROPERTY CHEST

"Hasn't some one an interesting costume in which to pose?" This is

the cry twice a week in sketch class and almost as often in several others. The conclusion is we should have a property closet. There are usually at least three fancy dress balls in the school yearly, and probably a hundred costumes made for each. If only five from each hundred were sacrificed to the property chest we would soon have a mighty fine collection from which to draw. These properties would have to be for school use only, and it would be fine to have some of the artistic creations that have been worn at several of our dances dedicated to public use.

One more suggestion we would humbly make in regard to graduations. We feel that there is not ceremony enough attached to so auspicious an occasion. One of the faculty suggests that in justice to the janitor, whose name appears in the catalogue with the officers of administration, it is only right that he should be given one of the coveted places on the platform with the elect. In fact, all the janitors of the several buildings should be pressed into service to help fill the stage. But these are merely suggestions, we leave it to the powers that be to settle so momentous a question.

PALETTE SCRAPINGS



H.

PALETTE SCRAPINGS

Overheard on the Stairs.

"Coming to the masquerade to-night, old man?"

"Sure. I am going to borrow 'Kittie's' new hat and appear as a mushroom."

Heard in Portrait Class.

First Freshman (watching student at work)—"I wonder why he is called an impressionist?"

Second Freshman (as green as the first)—"I don't know. It must be because most of his pictures look as if he had laid the canvas on a palette full of paint and taken an impression."

Hope D—— says she will bite at anything. This is no joke.

A hair in the head is worth two in the brush.—Mr. Loring.

Although Cimabue was a Florentine he was doing mural painting all over Italy.—Prof. Poland.

Who buys the least ink of anybody in the Mechanical Department?

"Wedded to immortal verse."—S. Burge.

Antics of Andy.

To be certain that T—b—'s round box would stand still.
He screwed it within to the broad window-sill.
Afraid that a cap accidentally would fall,
He carefully tacked it quite safe to the wall.
Another remarkably kind-hearted thing,
He tied George's hat to a hook, with a string.
When talking to Watson, one late afternoon,
A friend, 'tis related, interrupted too soon;
Then Andy arose, looking calm as a lord,
Said, "Hush! can't you see I'm addressing the board?"

A. G. D.

March 4—Prof. Poland takes up millinery.

Miss Buffington, to student—"Is H. H. Clark a student in this school?"

Mr. Rose sends up word that if the book is as lively as the Board meetings he wants a copy.

April 20. Miss Woodward, talking of action sketches, "Nice things can be found in restaurants sometimes."

Same day—"Put a great, big blue wash all over Miss Davis."

To Cranston.

He is a nice little boy,
And a "perfect joy,"
And Miss Danforth's "dear little office boy."

Sayings of the Architectural Department.

"I'll bet you"—McDuff.

"Great Caesar's Ghost"—Shaw.

"Oh, Hades!"—Price.

"Hey there!"—Robertson.

"Marvelous!"—Maroney.

"I wish you fellows would cut it out."—Miss Malliort.

"I'll get yer right"—Lagerquist.

ILLUSTRATED SONGS.

"Happy Heinie."—Nuff said.

"Coax me."—E. Valva.

"Keep on Smiling."—B. Shaw.

"I want what I want when I want it."—H. Doak.

"Take me out to the ball game."—Cook.

"To Old New York."—Portrait Class.

"O! you kid!"—Perry.

"Just we two."—Helen and.

"No Wedding Bells For Me."—Heinie.

"Naughty eyes."—K. Creamer.

"Ain't it awful, Mabel?"—Still Life Class.

"Dreaming."—Eunice Hussey.

"Love me, love my dog."—Fidler.

"All I get is much obliged to you."—J. Cranston.

"Waltz me around again, Willy."—W. Drury.

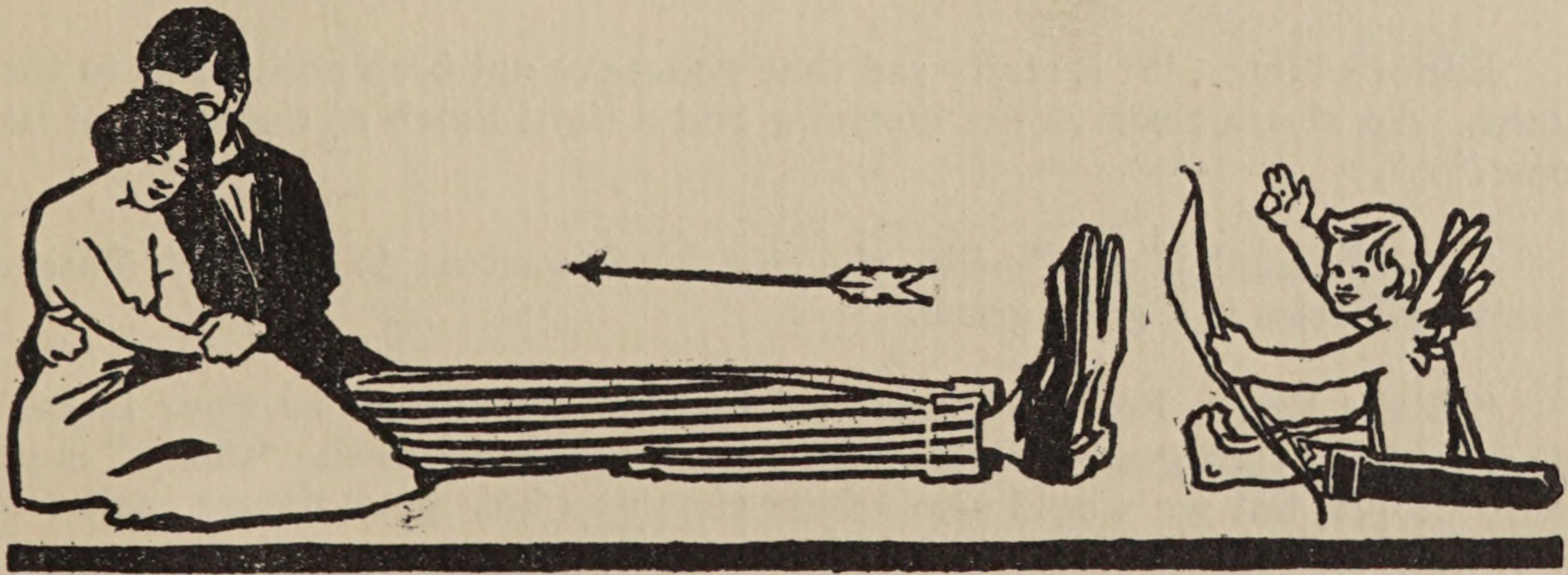
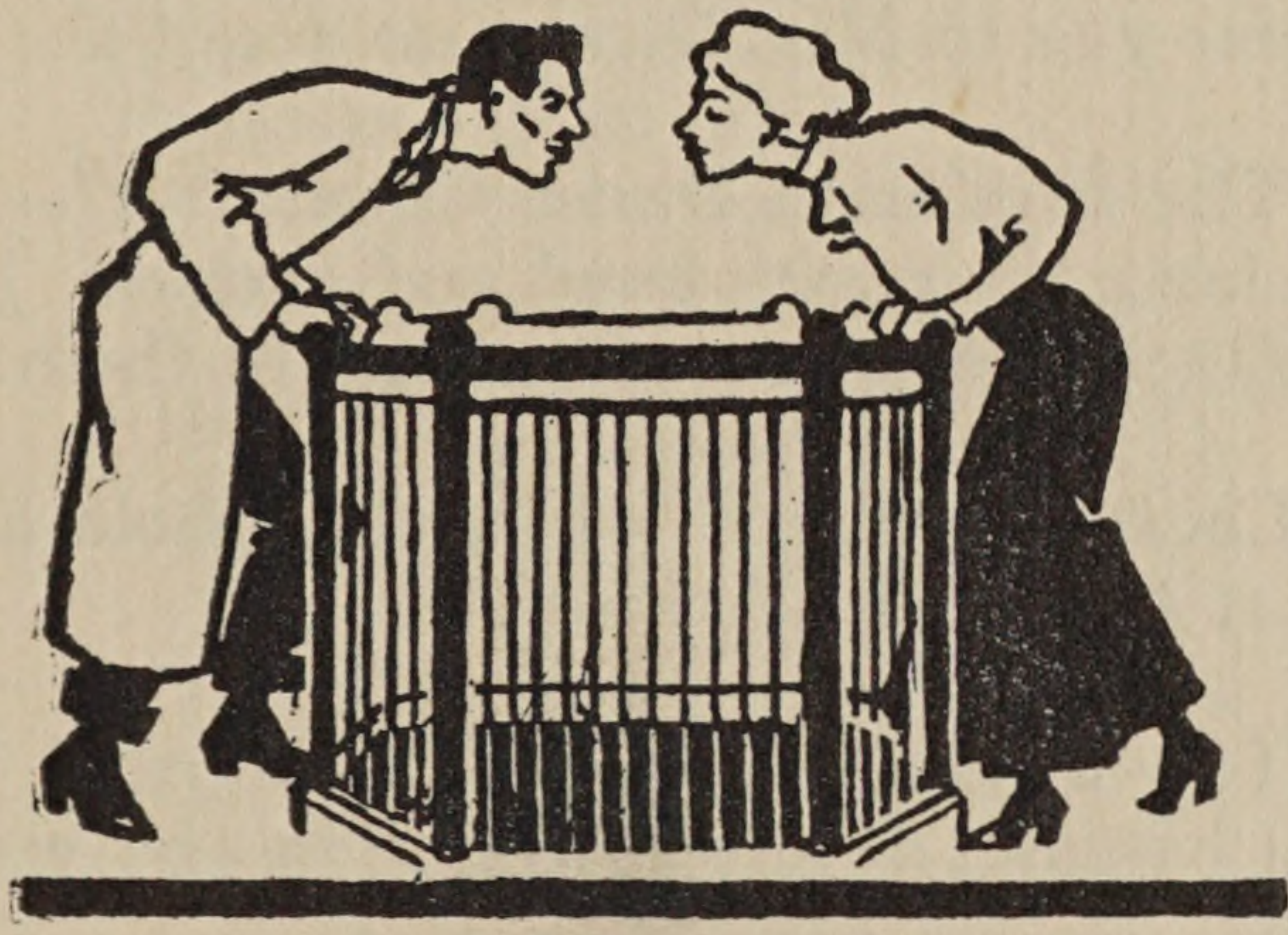
"You look good to me."—Bill O'Fare.

Mite—iest man in his class.—Perry.

This page is still reserved
for the efforts of Ernest S.
Valva.

STUDENT LIFE

BY BILLY PERRY



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Hammer N. Mallet, Editor-in-Chief.

"The School"—No, the student board is not the whole "shooting match" around here. The same mistake has been made before—by the student board itself.

"Cranston"—Don't write to us for information on how to propose to a girl. Ask Rittmann. He might be able to help you.

"Valva"—We will publish your photograph and story of your life for ten cents a line; our regular advertising rates.

"Hughes"—No, pink socks do not harmonize with green trousers.

"Bessie Shaw"—No, we know of no good authority on how to wear the swirl. Everyone to his own taste.

"Salome B"—No, we know of no good book on the terpsichorean art. We refer you to Miss Davis; no doubt she will know."

"The Freshman Dance Committee"—No, after a dance there is no need of washing the punch bowl and glasses. Just leave them in the sink and the next dance committee will attend to them.

"Louise Anthony"—No, the whole design room is not interested in the Normal Art Course." Hush!

"The Senior and Junior Designers' Feed Committee"—Yes, you may have a banquet at any time and in any way you want it.

"Miss Hauxhurst"—Yes, the school hours are from 9 to 1 and 2.15 to 4.15 every day.

Editor's Note—"It is really sad that you have not been positive as to these hours. An alarm clock in the morning and a light lunch at noon might help some."

"The Baseball Team"—No, the city kindergartens do not have baseball teams. Marbles is a good game."

"Misses Doak, Brown, Davis and Pierce"—In answer to your inquiries we would say that gum-chewing and peanut-eating up in the "shoots" is perfectly proper, but we would also advise that you buy your tickets earlier the next time, and thus save the price of gum and peanuts.

THE MUSEUM

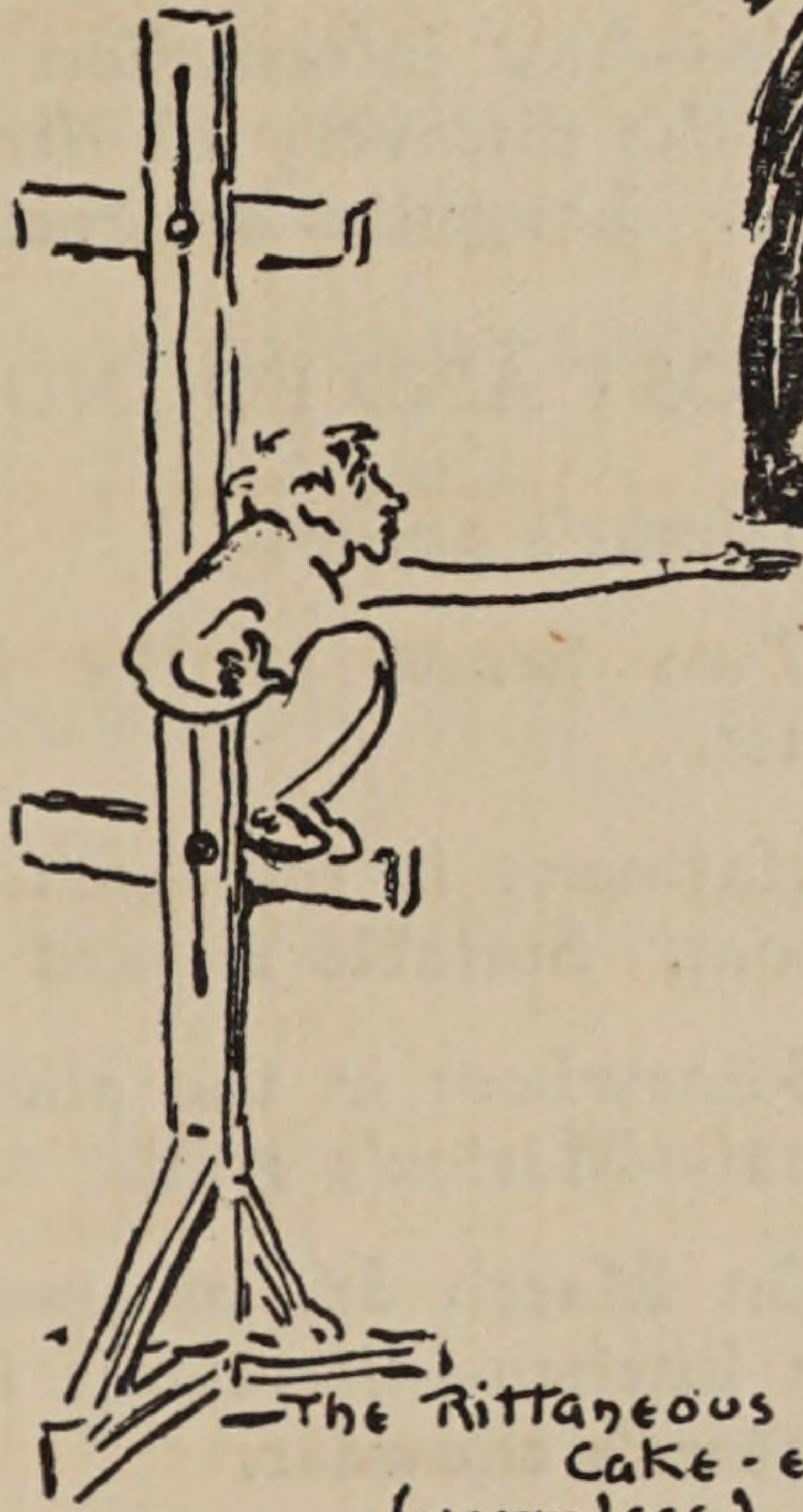
Visit the zoo, 5th floor, West Hall.

many interesting

unaccountable phenomena
The Professor will gladly exhibit his pets and put them thro' their various stunts



—The laughing Hienic-a—
Do not molest.



—The Rittaneous
Cake-eater—
(harmless)

NOTICE
Do not feed the beasts!
Peanuts and Peppermints
Positively Prohibited.



—Standishsingatus—
(green-violet
trimmings)

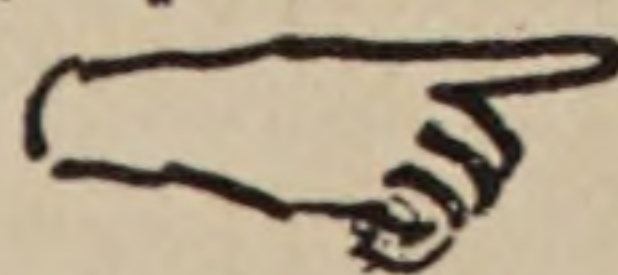
Very dangerous!



—The Frazieraffe—
(DOCILE)

This intelligent animal escapes often
to the great concern of all. Its movements
are watched with intense interest.

MANY OTHER ATTRACTIONS.



Please make as little noise as possible, as the
menagerie is accustomed to absolute quiet.

WANTED.

Wanted—Good, competent man to draw a crowd. Apply Men's Life, between 9 and 1.

Wanted—A remnant of pie for three cents.—Miss Minard.

Wanted—Wash cloth for sticky fingers in the Library.

Wanted—Several men with good staying qualities to work in the Men's Life Class. Fine positions guaranteed.

Wanted—Agents for the best selling decorative proposition—"Ornamental Clouds"—Everybody wants them. Inquire of Miss Amy Parks, Dept. 1.

Wanted—Mirror in the Portrait Class.

Wanted—A dozen post cards.—Mr. Clark.

FOR SALE.

Warmed over atmosphere in the Woman's Life Class.

For Sale—A few shop-worn sayings of the instructors.

"Make it sing."—Miss G—.

"Bangs in the dark."—Miss W—.

"Keep it going."—Mr. H—ton.

"I almost think—."—Mr. H—tone.

"That's very lovely."—Miss P—.

"Yes, no, what?"—Mr. L—.

For Sale—Any information regarding the discovery of the North Pole. Laughlin, designer.

LOST AND FOUND.

Lost—Salome's apron.

Lost—Two hearts in the Portrait Class.

Lost—Harmony in the Architectural Room. Suitable reward offered.

Lost—Somewhere in the alimentary canal—Marion's gum.

Lost—On March 3d, somewhere in the kitchen—the clams in Mrs. Sanford's chowder.

John Spike to Billie D.—during heated argument on painting: “You are a purist!”

Billie D.—“Well, you are a Methodist!”

First student, at board meeting: “We need yeast to raise the standard of the school.”

Second student: “We don’t need it; we have Mr. Elliott.”

Constance Arnold, hearing approaching footsteps: “That is too light and frisky for Mr. Loring.”

Enter, the frowning professor.

Exit, Miss Arnold.

Heintze(mann)’s 57 varieties (hair, not pickles).

Salome, alias Salimy—“What’s in a name?”

The Editorial Board will adjourn, Guy has arrived.

ADDRESS TO UNDERGRADUATES

O UNDERGRADUATES, followers in the footsteps of the famous; O ye, of the warm-toned hair and ever twittering lips, why, oh why, have you dared to enter this institution of the many stairs? Did you feel the hunger for Art (or bean-soup), which even we, the elect, have felt before you, and so you are here?

Some of you have been with us so long and have mingled in our joys and our sorrows, eaten of our cake and borrowed of our thumb tacks, that at times, at times, I say, we lose a portion of our stern dignity, and even seem to enjoy your society and watch with keen interest your healthy, care free appetites. We like your quiet, modest, unassuming way of talking and your incessant toil. Ye Gods! what workers are among you! Neckties and bed-slippers of incomparable beauty, all wrought by your fair hands.

Next year the game of "politics" will thrill you, the dance and revel will be unknown and you will be in love, like those of the portrait class, with your work alone.

You have learned many things while in our company. You have learned that it is better to borrow than to buy; that it is the custom to have an excuse for poor work, such as bad light, bad pose or a misunderstanding of the problem, and also that occasional trips to Keith's will work wonders in the line of an artistic inspiration, one trip being known to furnish material for at least two years. But in spite of this knowledge, there still remains one burning question, "Who put the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder?" Though the greatest minds of the school have pondered this question nigh onto three years, it seems to be as unsettled as ever.

So much for you who will soon occupy the seats of the mighty.

Now, for those on the lower deck. As we lean o'er the rail of the top floor balcony and see your dear little ribbons and your pretty yellow curls, we cannot imagine that you have any troubles, but we know you have your ups and downs, your Hills and Vales.

Words of advice and warning surge through my brain as I think of you embryo geniuses in connection with the Library. It is no place for such as you. It is a place for carousing and loud talking, a place to be cheered and enlivened, to be scattered with pop-corn. That is not the place to find adjectives, hasten at once to Miss Gladding, for she has had long practice in using them and is "reely w-on-der-ful, don't you think?"

There is one word you must acquire the use of if you hope to be an ar-

tist; that is the word subtle. Not that you will know its meaning, oh no! the faculty themselves admit they do not.

One more little hint will I drop for your benefit, it is the "Open Sesame" to select society at the school. Always try to cultivate the high tragedy manner of speech. One phrase, such as, "Sign those papers or I'll tear up the child," or, "I have never seen you before in all my life," delivered in a truly Heinian manner, will launch you upon a career at once popular and attractive.

There, my children, and fellow sufferers, with such advice as you find in the above, and with the record of our acts in another part of this book, which will help you wonderfully, I feel safe in saying that you will not do any harm to the institution which has so long been upheld by our class; and so "Good-bye," or better yet, "Adieu," for shall we not meet in that transformed state as alumni? Until then, O Undergraduates, work hard, think hard, and pray hard, and all will be well, adieu.

Louise Anthony.

EPILOGUE

THUS ENDETH THIS NOBLE
AND JOYOUS BOOK ENTITLED
THE LOTUS, WHEREIN YE HAVE
SEEN SET FORTH, AT LENGTH,
THE LIFE OF THIS OUR SCHOOL.

AND IF, PERCHANCE, IN
AUGHT WE'VE FAILED TO
PLEASE OR HAVE OFFENDED
SORE, WE CRAVE YOUR PAR-
DON FOR THIS LACK OF COUR-
TESY, AND GREAT WILL BE OUR
JOY IF YE PASS BUT ONE SWEET
HOUR IN TURNING O'ER THESE
LETTERED PAGES.

THANKS

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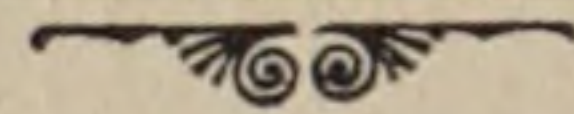
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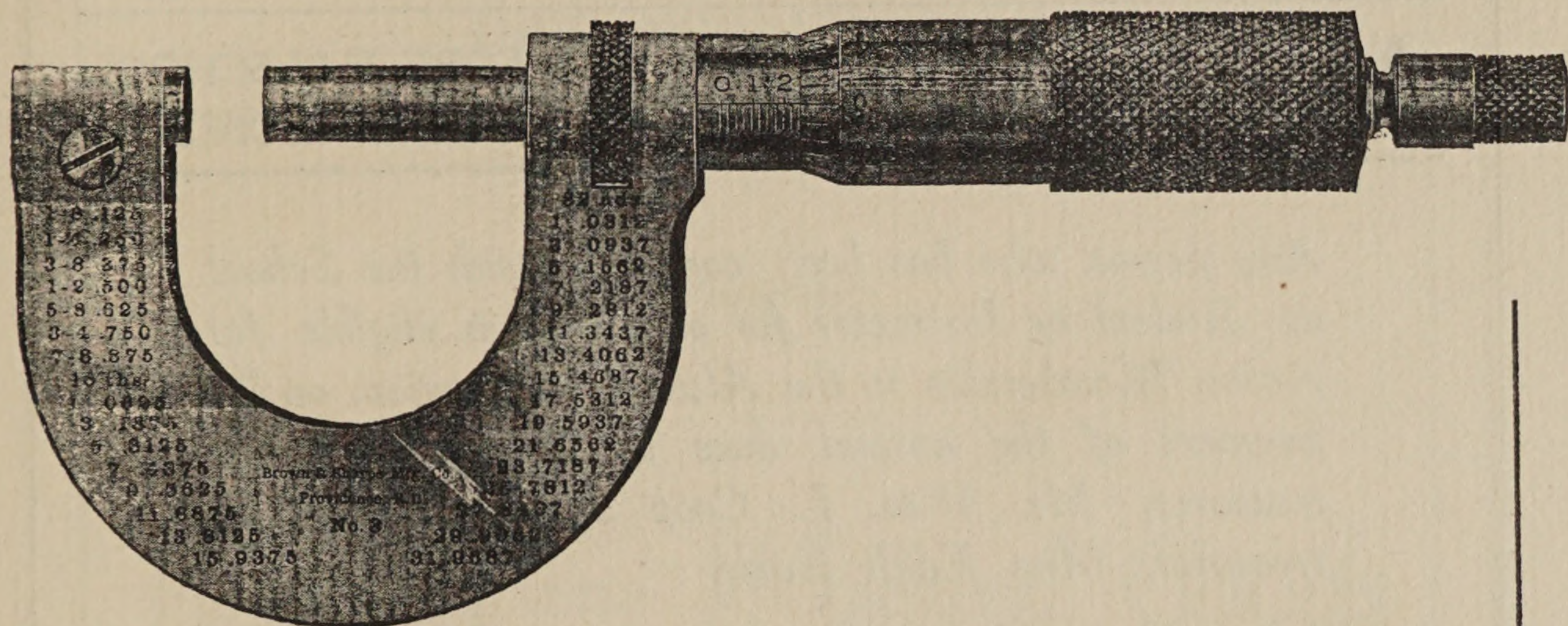
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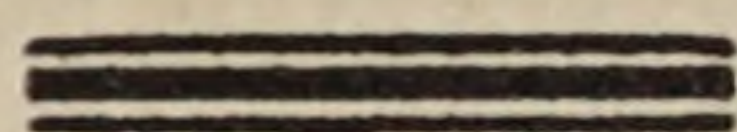
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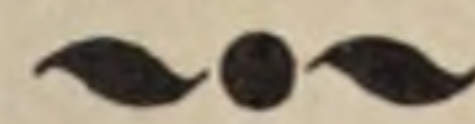
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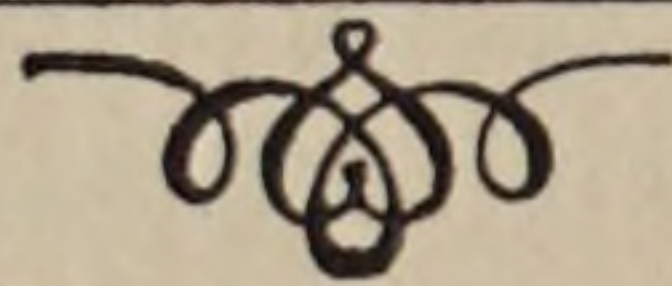
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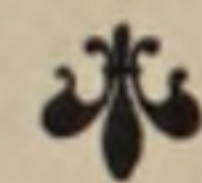
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