

through practice, but there are many well known artists who are poor draftsmen; there are many excellent draftsmen who could not earn car fare as artists. Technical skill has the same relation to the artist as a good voice to the preacher,—it makes his product more pleasing and handicaps him if it is lacking.

Modern art schools are taking this fact seriously and pay quite as much attention to originality as to perfection in drawing. Like other educational institutions they are discarding much of their dogma and striving to turn out men and women competent to take up immediately the practice of their profession.

The Art Institute of Chicago is one of the largest art schools in the country and may be given as a character study for them all.

The difference between the student body of an art school and any other educational institution is the lack of any general plan of culture or standard of life. The student body of an art school knows no race, color, age or code of conduct. In it may be found children scarcely out of the kindergarten stage and men and women on the down-hill side of life. Bullet-headed Japs scuffle in the hallways and long-haired Chinamen jabber at each other. Here is the negro with his tri-colored clothes and celluloid collar and the Hindo with paint daubed on his turban; the Italian eating garlic and sausage between poses and wiping his greasy fingers on the classic feet of Venus; the frizzled and powdered maiden from the lake shore drive, and the "kid" from Halstead street; the college graduate and the village genius. They are all there—over three thousand of them.

Take the above named ingredients, bottle them up in one large building, shake well and the cork is liable to fly out. Sometimes the cork does fly out because there are no rules of conduct and no attempts to keep order. The city police are supposed to do that, but the city police are supposed to do lots of things.

In spite of all these differences in age, race, color and training everything runs very smoothly, because the great majority come with serious intentions of becoming artists and endeavor to make good use of their time.

Out of all this number there are comparatively few who succumb to the "artistic temperament." As much as this disease is talked of in the comic supplement, the germ does not thrive well in art schools. Its symptoms are long hair, baggy trousers, large tie—tied carelessly—slouch hat—worn on the left ear—a half