

LIFE SKETCHES BY ARTIST WHO SENSES SPIRIT OF THE DAY



Mike, the expressman, will never be the same man again. He has just stumbled, not into the portrait class, where he should have gone with the box of light fixtures, but plumb into a life class.

Among Us Mortals

The Portrait Class

By W. E. HILL

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Three young men visitors who have lost their illusions. They knew what art schools were like—yes, sir! Regular Paris by night with cute little gauze clad models all over the place—just like the scene in the musical comedy showing the Latin Quarter! They have dropped in to see Joe, who is working in a portrait class, and the only model in sight is an old man in a G. A. R. uniform.



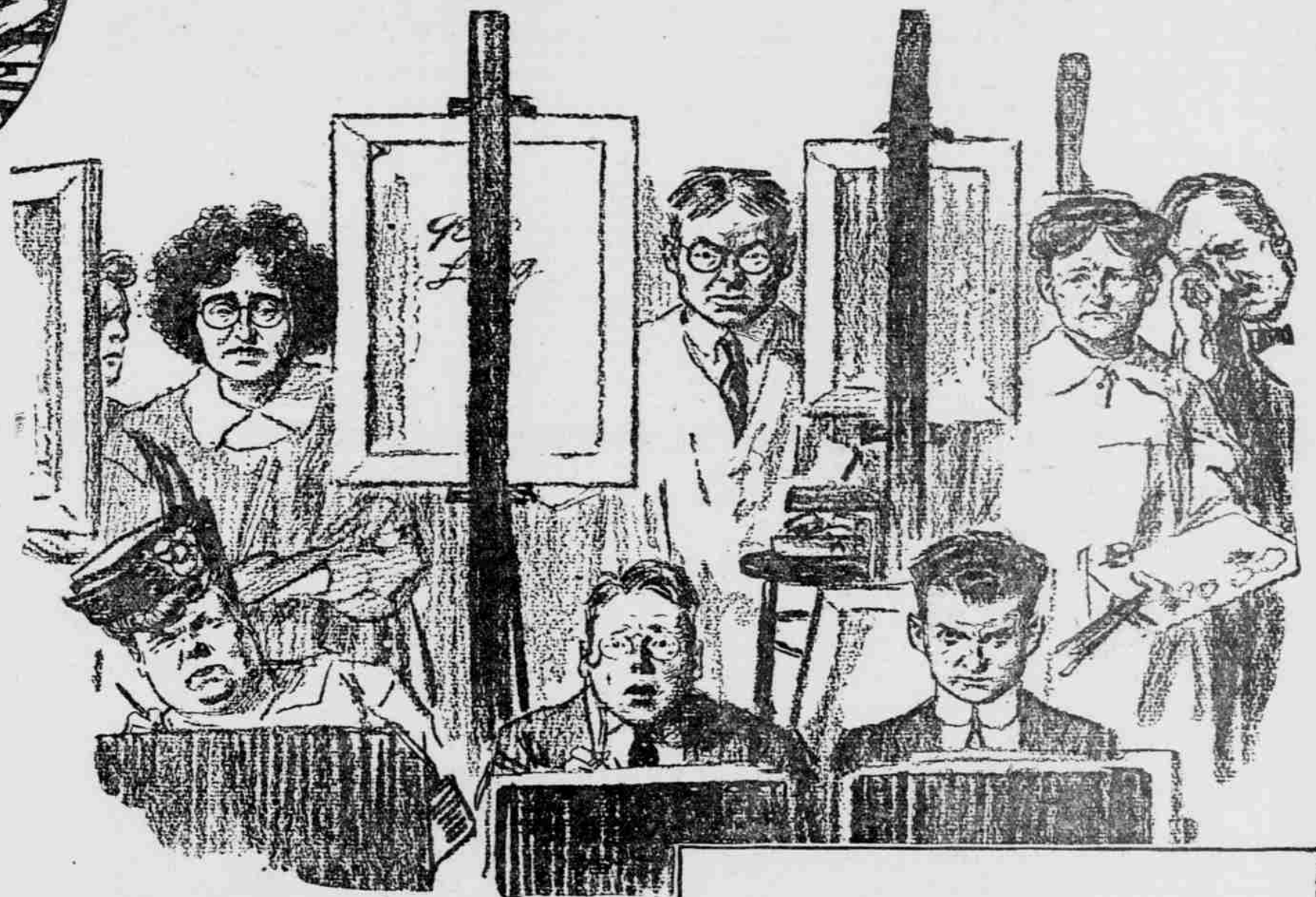
Lady visitor running away "before one of your artists goes and draws me!"

Marshall is one of those awfully radical people who believe that crime is the result of capital. For instance, give all the money to the people who haven't it, and they won't want to steal it. Perfectly simple. Marshall is for working four hours a day, no more, less if need be. For an artist needs to dream dreams, and that takes time.



Life isn't always a bed of roses, and the average artist's model has a pretty tough time of it. If you don't believe it, just look at what a model in a portrait class has to sit and look at all day!

Jessie, the model, who wants to get away early, looking awfully pathetic and wistful in the direction of the clock every now and then.



Gladys simply can't make out why, if a thing is a work of art, one need bother about getting a likeness.



Instructor with a prohibition have over headache, trying to think up just the right thing to say about a particularly howler's set of paintings. Mabel Elaine Colby has just been told to put more "nerve" more—what shall I say—more nerve. "In her drawing," Mabel, who is new at the game, has been explaining at length that the model kept shifting around so she couldn't draw any better.



A real true artist will be an artist anyhow. It's bound to be, just like measles. So why bother about working your head off, argues Milton.



Miss Simms is death against commercial art. It cramps one's style. So for awhile commercial art will have to worry along without Miss Simms' aid.

