

board artists whose work he had seen through the window. His boyish bosom began to swell with ambition to make elaborate designs such as he saw in the big room.

The next night the class met, young Tousel took his place in the ante-room, and was getting on famously with some bold but very crude design he had "thought out" during the interval, when he was caught in the very act by one of the church officials. He decided not to resist arrest, and told his tormentor he would go peacefully, but was astonished, instead of being sent to the police station, to be invited into the large room. When Tousel entered the room he felt ashamed to have been caught, and he lifted his head defiantly in the faces of the crowd of "kids" that were looking at him; but no! he was mistaken—there wasn't a face lifted from the absorbing work. Tousel felt that he couldn't play the part of hero in this company, so he meekly took the place assigned him, and with the pencil and paper furnished him, he began to make marks; he neither knew nor cared what they signified, but he felt very happy. His name was registered, and on the next class-night he walked boldly into the big room and took his place.

He has been here now twice a week for two months, and this is his twelfth lesson, for his boots were so bad that he really couldn't come out in a big snow-storm, and sickness kept him home a few times. But he's getting on, as you see. He has gone through the whole series of exercises now—drawing and designing on paper with pencil, on blackboard with chalk, two-handed work on blackboard, with large and bold lines; modeling simple objects in clay; designing on hard oak and carving out the design with chisels and mallet; and now he is working at an original design.

"But what is that dirty piece of manilla paper under his left hand?" you ask.

"Why, bless you," replies the teacher, "that's his rough draft—what an artist would call a 'study.' Do you see what he is doing? You think he is vacantly gazing at the wall. Not at all; he is silently but most intently studying the designs that are hanging there—we like to encourage the boys by putting their best pieces on the wall, along with the models and masterpieces of great artists. I think Tousel is studying how he can improve his design."

"Oh!" you say, "he means to copy the design of one of the other fellows." Surely you don't call that original art work?"

"If the design is better than his own, why should he not copy it? It would certainly be educative for him; but you need not fear that Tousel will copy: all these boys have too much pride in their own work for that."