
LIVING TEACHERS

never do anything better, I have put all my art into it. No one has seen it yet. Will you look at it?"

Mr. A—— seemed pleased. They walked together to the studio. The artist stepped behind the great canvas stretched across the room. He pulled aside the crimson curtain, and there before him Mr. A—— saw himself. Yet it was not he, for the man upon the canvas faced the world straight, shoulders thrown back, head erect, ambition, desire, hope, in attitude and expression.

For a long time he gazed in silence. The artist waited breathlessly to see if his masterpiece were a success or failure. At last Mr. A—— spoke. "He thinks I'm that," he said. "He sees that in me." Then a pause. "Am I