

MY ACQUAINTANCE WITH RUSKIN

Edinburgh Scotch student, living on porridge and sharing a bed in a tenth-story attic, could have had more desperate devotion in scaling the clouded summits of learning, than most of us were possessed with.

I, a little art workman, beginning life on two dollars and fifty cents per week, and living in the next street in a little dark back room, with as much cupboard as bed room, in a big house, fit to a Dickens' mystery, came on the College as a poor find. The fees were the smallest possible. The great Ruskin taught for nothing, and gave paper and pencils and paints into the bargain! Was ever such a thing in all time gone? Plato and Socrates apparently taught without fees, but Phidias and Apelles, we can hardly question exacted helping hand labor. Our Modern Idealist in Art, exacted only subjection to his methods, peculiar methods undoubtedly, and looking back on forty years of hard art handiwork I judge his methods of little value to the training of the art workman. It certainly did not train to the mastery of drawing. It would take