

Architecture



“SPEECH is silver, but silence is golden,” is an old and trite saying. Yet if nothing were said of the Chicago School of Architecture, our silence might, by those not well acquainted with us, easily be misinterpreted, and taken as an indication that such a school had ceased to exist or sunk into a condition of innocuous desuetude.

It is to correct any such possible misunderstanding, that we take this opportunity of notifying our friends and the world in general, that, just as the Pyramids of Egypt are mighty in their silence, so quietly is our work progressing, and bringing us onward to a successful career in the future. Then, indeed, will we expect to create quite a stir in the world, a commotion in the atmosphere, or in plain words to erect such lofty structures towering toward the skies that the world will gaze in amazement.

Air castles you may say. Yet in a city like ours, air castles are daily built, and, in the course of time, develop into frameworks of steel and coverings of stone or terra cotta.

In our realms of fancy we must occasionally lose sight of solid earth and remove ourselves from all sordid considerations and economic problems, yet never so far that a sudden descent would occasion too great a shock, or practical considerations too severe a change. Theory and practice is the motto stamped upon the seal of our department.

Practice as well as theory, is what we always keep in mind and attempt to combine to the best advantage.

So much for our ideas. Now as to ourselves. Time and money have somewhat reduced our ranks. For, through the period of the past twelve months, from time to time, various offers have been made our students of so alluring a nature, that they have found it impossible to resist, and have left us to carry on their work. So have the higher classes been depleted in number.

The freshman class however has increased in spite of the new law in this state, and the general business depression, which has affected architecture in particular, quite severely.

In every cup of sorrow there is one drop of pleasure. For those who have left us, we have gained a new acquisition, which more than tempers our affliction. For the Architectural Department is now ornamented by the presence of three young ladies, who will see to it that in the houses of the future all window openings are