

"One o'clock, boys." It is Professor Shattuck, who has entered, and this is the call to "Construction" class.

"Mr. Rasmussen, what constitutes framing?" is one of the first questions asked. "Studs and *purloins*," is the answer, at which the class is amused.

"What is the color of Tennessee marble, Mr. Fortune?"

"I should *imagine* it is white, with black stripes in it," says Fortune, at which the class is convulsed.

"Mr. Travnicek, where do we get limestone?"

"From the stone-quarry," quoth "Trav," which again brings forth loud guffaws.

"Mr. Ostergren, will you go to the board and draw a section of the plate, showing studding and rafters." Ostergren hesitates, and finally admits that he cannot get the "vertical projection yust right."

This so discourages Professor Shattuck that the class is dismissed, leaving many questions unanswered, among which are the following: Why does Wolters spend so much time in the library and office? What does Rasmussen find to admire so much in billboards? Where did Cerny get that black eye? Why is Reily always so sleepy? Why is Bates so proud of his home town? Why are we all so fond of free-hand drawing under Mr. Phoenix? Why does "Pa" Shattuck object to Kalter's singing? Who built the ark? How could the Reed flirt so openly with the Birdie? Why is Botteron so popular with the girls of the Art Class? When did Hinsch escape from the dog show, etc.

About this time, or later, absolute quiet is insisted on, as "Patron" Von Holst is criticising our designs. Still later, in the basement class rooms, we listen to the explanations of Monsieur Fleury, our water color teacher, "First you make ze perpendicalaire, zen you make ze ozair lines. You must always commence wiz ze cast shadow. Ze cast shadow is ze darrkaist. Zen you make ze couleurs, one, two, zree—"

During Frenchy's temporary absence, and spurred on by the passing of various charmers along the corridor, we are led by our "sweet singer" into warbling:

*"Squeezing, squeezing,
I was only squeezing you,
What foh, Babe?"*

Upon our return to the Atelier, our old friend "Punch" appears, and "punches" everybody, right and left, up and down, north and south, regardless, which formality having been gone thro' with, we are made aware that at last another day has ended for the Atelier.