

There can be no possible mistake about which professor it is that attends that morning. A student would know with his eyes shut. M. Ferrier enters quickly, energetically, full of life and action. M. Bouguereau, a fatherly old gentleman, and looking as much like a hearty Scotchman as anything else, comes slowly up behind the nearest student, and gives his opinion in the kindest manner. He hails from the North, and has the more phlegmatic temperament of the Norman. M. Ferrier, on the other hand, comes from the South of France, is more demonstrative, and generally ends by seizing the charcoal if the drawing is hopelessly out, and putting it right in a few touches.

Upstairs the professors are Messieurs Benjamin Constant (the Queen's portrait painter) and Jean Paul Laurens; thus the student in Paris can have the highest talent in France to come and look at him twice a week for a mere trifle. They work in the interests of Art, the pay is merely nominal.

The professor comes on Monday and Saturday; he stays two hours, and goes liberally and conscientiously through his work. The students like him, and believe in him.

A sly tear trickles down the youthful cheek as the great man hurls the naked truth at the luckless offender. He needn't cry, nobody is listening, there is no jealousy at Julian's, no ill feeling. Nobody cares. The only competition is at the monthly "Concours," where medals are given for the best work in colour or charcoal.

You are looking at a canvas; the model's head is pretty. The artist has beautified it. The study of perhaps two days is now a picture you would value for your drawing-room.

The workman stops as you watch him. He raises his palette knife—one quick slash, and your picture is wiped on to a dirty rag, a mass of meaningless paint. Ho is out of conceit with his study, he turns his canvas upside down, lights his cigarette, and strolls away.

Next to him is such a nice young man, with a fair moustache and a big nose. Ho also has painted the same head. If he would only take his palette knife and—but he won't. He is satisfied, there is the difference.

The man that scraped off two days' work knows when he is wrong. The other man leans back with a pleased smile, turns his head from side to side, and—is happy.

Side by side they peg away—bald heads and curly heads, the duffer and the genius, the beggar and the Count, the Australian and the Parisian. No part of the world is too remote, no social state too humble, no incapacity too glaring. Everyone is welcome at the "Academie Julian" in Paris.

Even New Zealand, farthest probably of all countries, being almost the Antipodes of Paris, had at one



A GROUP OF ENGLISHMEN AT JULIAN'S.