

Western art movement has gone far enough to insure certain definite results. The importance of art, however the word may be defined, has been publicly recognized. Art collections of various kinds are placed within the reach of the people at large. Facilities for education in art have become accessible. If there were nothing more than this, the results would represent at least an elevating influence.

But this movement comes at a time when we are rapidly accepting the ideas that training of the hand should accompany training of the brain, and that educated application of art to industry is a valuable economical end. England, Belgium, Germany, and France later, have learned the lesson, and the agents of even Russia are studying the museums and schools of applied art which are in every German city. In the fifteen years since Massachusetts took the hint from South Kensington and made drawing a part of her common-school curriculum, these ideas have taken shape in one way or another, West as well as East. All this has met with opposition, of course, as the Boston artists ridiculed the adoption of South Kensington theories and practices. Yet Massachusetts is now building an ampler home for her State Normal Art School, and her publicists in speeches and reports are demanding more popular education in art that the State may not lose her supremacy in the finer industries. The same

demand is felt and has been answered in a greater or less degree in many of our cities. It is this demand based upon the practical value of art-training in industrial work which will broaden the usefulness of the Western art museums and schools.

But there is something more than the familiar argument of money value, the dwelling upon the differences in the compensation of clay-shoveler, brick-maker, tile-maker, potter, and sculptor. It is not merely on account of higher wages that this training is so necessary, but to awaken in our people a love of art if only in its simplest forms, an appreciation of beauty of line or color though it may exist in the humblest article in daily use. With this love of beauty aroused by familiarity with the work of our artist artisans, we may hope for the growth of that National Art which, as William Morris rightly said, must, if it deserves its name, take its roots among the people. The collecting of paintings and the making of Artists (with a capital A) have been our first consideration. Now we are beginning at the beginning, and something is being done to make art tell in the daily lives of the people about us. The task of the West is to help in substituting a vital principle for the idea of art as something "appealing only to the connoisseur, unintelligible to the masses, who pass before it as though it were some splendid idol weird and dumb."

Ripley Hitchcock.

painting and sculpture. But the expenditure of fortunes for paintings which go to private galleries is not so healthful a sign of interest in art as the unselfish activity in behalf of art education which is now

to be noted in the West, but not in the East. At present the East seems content with its earlier achievements, but this apathy can hardly be expected to last.

JOHN BURROUGHS AND HIS LAST TWO BOOKS.

"WHAT crop have I sowed in Florida or in California, that I should go there to reap?" questions the author of "Signs and Seasons,"* urging closer and more expectant study of nature on the home ground. Yet have we good reason to rejoice that Mr. Burroughs decided he had sowed some crops in Great Britain, which required his going there to gather the increase. We who remained at home have been richly benefited by his husbandry in "Fresh Fields."* From no writer British born and bred, and from no previous accounts of our visiting countrymen, have we gained so complete a view of the characteristic differences between nature in England

and in America, as we obtain from Mr. Burroughs's vivid pages. What emphasized impressions we receive of Great Britain's moist and teeming fertility, when he compares the undulating lines of the landscape to the effect produced by a deep snowfall, every projecting crag clothed as with clots of green fleece; when he records the novel spectacle of mowers at work in a grassy forest; or when he recounts his experience in climbing some of the Scotch mountains, where not rocks and precipices but swamps impeded the ascent. To his eye the pastoral fields are "stall-fed," and the very hillsides are "wrinkled and dimpled like the forms of fatted sheep." It is worth a volume of technical information about the geology

* Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.