THE futility, the deadness and selfishness of the ordinary monument has at last been realized. Yet this has only come about within the last few years, and even to-day it is the few rather than the many who are awake to the fact that a hewn stone eventually crumbles away and adds dust to dust, whereas a kind deed lives on and gathers to itself as surely as the river draws its tributary streams.

Because of the few who believe thus the world is richer by many an endowed hospital, by many a memorial window and gracious deed.

And far away in the miniature town of Asolo there is a memorial that is still different. This is an industrial art school, a school for hand-made lace, and it is suggestive of the newest thought of our time, the thought that recognizes the relation between joy and craftsmanship. Built as it was by Mr. Barret Browning to the memory of his mother, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, it is only fitting that this school at Asolo should exhibit a feeling for beauty, both indoors and out.

As seen from the tiny town square the most striking feature of it is its splendid windows. These are grouped along the whole front of the house on the upper main floor and have boxes of flowers ranged along the base of them, accenting their pleasantness. Entering, one finds spacious rooms, numbers of small chairs, and—for the rest—simplicity. Outdoors again we discover, just below the window line, and slightly above the doorway itself, the unpretentious mural tablet to Elizabeth Barrett Browning. At the corner to the right stands a little fountain, and here at almost any time of day or evening some picturesque peasant may be seen filling her pail or halting for a chat.

To our new-world clumsiness, the deftness of the tiny fingers of the little lace-makers was of the nature of magic. When told that many of the patterns had religious names, here an Ave and there a Pater Nostra, we were almost persuaded to believe in miracles, so marvelously intricate and delicate were the designs.

And after all, the best of it was the pleasure the children themselves took in their handiwork. This was a delightful example of that fine ideal “That joy cometh in the doing.” And we can not but ask ourselves the question: “How indeed might not joy be increased in the world instead of private grievings emphasized, if only men and women would think on these things, and create such green and sweet memorial spots as this at Asolo.”