From a decorative point of view the arched panels are an unusual and convincing achievement; they are equally so when studied thoughtfully and regretfully from a sociological viewpoint. They are a searching and pitiless satire on modern luxurious existence, presented in tints of a misty May sunrise,—the cruelest truth told with a brush dipped in the calyx of a peach blossom. And, as Mr. Herter contends, “the decorative effect in relation to the wall is all right.”

PRAYER OF THE BRAIN-SPINNERS

Give us a work for our hands, O Master of Toil;
Weary are we of the din and shifting strife,
Endlessly waged in the endless fields of the air,
Weary of searching in vain for the clues of life.

Strong is the pull of the rock, the clay and the tool,
Quick in our blood is the yearning to carve us a sign,
Tangible, real, to stand in the eye of the sun,
Shapeless howe’er, yet by joy of creation, divine!

Give and withhold not, O Master of Toil and of Life!
Sweet will the rest be at nightfall, but sweeter to say
Words not, but works I leave, and the work is good,—
Even as God, on the eve of the seventh day!

—HELEN M. BULLIS.