ROMANCE OF THE WINDOW

speaking of poetry reminds us of some ideal windows which, while materially existent, yet possess the glamor of "magic casements." We confess we have until recently felt that all the fascination of Venice was due to its marvelous color. Without disparagement to that supreme one of her charms, we now have to admit that shorn of it she would still be interesting. Happening on some cheap old prints of Venetian palaces, in the crudest of black and white, we were astonished at the thrills of delight they roused. It was not the memory of the color that caused this (one of us had a blank instead of a color memory); it was the wonderful grouping of the windows and the fancy wrought around them, the exquisite balance of the essential parts of the houses, the harmonies, in short, evolved between use and beauty,—these are the things that enchant and captivate.

The eyes of our huge metropolis are, like the eyes of its eager-to-get-rich citizens, sad and careworn, heedless as are they of the truth that a sunbeam measures farther than the glintiest of dollars. When we awake, our house-eyes will open too. Gradually we shall learn what a skilled decorator and painter is this master sun. One of these days we may come to furnish our rooms with his golden shine, where now we waste our hard-won earnings on fancy shades and elaborate curtain stuffs to keep him out. One of these days indeed we shall come to realize how infinite and varied are the actually possible window joys.

BE SILENT ON YOUR BLIND SIDE

"A motto for critics; Be silent on your blind side!
There are things that you reck not of.
There are worlds that you know not.
There are forces to which you are impervious.
No one of us can see and appreciate the whole.
Let us then hold our peace in the dark."

From "Broadcast." by E. H. Crosby.