work of Elihu Vedder, in effect it is less purely decorative and more emotional. The color is vivid and beautifully balanced, and the whole as absolutely unrelated to any home-grown art expression as could well be evolved.

We have yet to consider the mural work of Eduard J. Steichen. He has sent from Paris to be hung at the League a decorative panel for a chimneypiece of a country house. This panel is more American than the work we have just been speaking of, because it is less definitely foreign in inspiration rather than for any strongly national characteristic. He presents a stretch of canvas, wide and low, covered with the woods of a springtime day, deep woods and fragrant, with mists trailing through slender branches, with pale flowers blossoming under foot—a lyric day rests in the depths of these woods. A poet should have found and strayed through this rare spring morning. And yet it is the forest edge of dreamland—a dreamland that we would not miss, but we would also have Mr. Steichen paint for us as he photographs, conditions of the civilization of our own land and times.

It is not that any or all of these men should not dream back into old centuries and gather there light and color and grace; it is rather that all the mural work of one annual exhibition should not be wholly remote from us, the recollection of legends and fair verses and fairy stories of other lands. Our wish is solely that the greatest among us should not forget to make the art of our own land picture forth the legends and stories which belong to us and our posterity.

A CLOUD ALONG THE TRACKLESS SKY

A CLOUD along the rackless sky,
The shimmering of the trees,
A bird, a bee, a butterfly,
The rippling of the waves,
Speak in glad language to my every part,
And, sense-transfigured, live within my heart.

F. W. DORN.