artist. Although still a distinctly young man, Mr. Bitter is a force "in all matters of national art development.

In all gathering of artists in this country for the discussion of important art matters; wherever the real beginning of American art in landscape work is known; whenever one remembers the founders of our successful art societies; when one wishes to refer to the first of our painters of serenely beautiful landscapes, the name of J. Alden Weir is registered. Mr. Weir was among the first of our landscape men (after the time of Inness and Martin) who painted familiar country as he felt and saw it. He listened to no other man's message, nor sought to evade the straightforward honesty of his own at a time when there was much fear and confusion in the native art expression of our country.

Although the seven men presented in this group of artists in no way form a school of art, nor are they related in any technical expression, they nevertheless are so significant, as representing a particular period of our art development, that it seems natural that they should be presented in one article as being more or less pioneers at a time when their work was of widest significance to the nation.

THE MIDNIGHT LUNCH ROOM

WITH little money one may enter here,
   And yet those haggard faces watch outside
   The frosty window—and the door is wide!
The clatter to my unaccustomed ear
Of dishes and harsh tongues, is like a spear
   Shaken within the sensitive, wounded side
   Of Silence. Soiled, indifferent hands provide
Pitiful fare and cups of pallid cheer.

In my warm, fragrant home an hour ago
   I wrote a poem on the peace they win
   Who worship Beauty. Let me breathe it low:
What would it mean if chanted in this din?
What would it say to those out in the snow,
   Who hunger, and who may not enter in?

—ELSA BARKER.