chapter is "The Story of a Thousand-Year Pine,"—the first adequate biography ever written of an individual tree. This pine tree essay brings a new, large and most interesting element into literature. "It is almost a marvel," we read in this essay, "that trees should be the oldest of living things." The pine of which Mr. Mills wrote was born in the year 856 near the Cliff-Dwellers' Mesa Verde. It was cut down in 1903. A poet might have taken these dates and reconstructed from his imagination the drama enacted about it in all those centuries of time. But poet and naturalist together have done vastly more than that. Not only has Mr. Mills painted with swift, bold brush-strokes the pageant of the years, but he has read from the tree's own scroll, as it opened under his saw and knife-blade, the records of its personal experiences. He knew in what year the borers attacked it and what year it was cured by the woodpecker surgeon. He knew the very season and the year in which it suffered an earthquake shock, and when it was, in turn, the target for Indian arrows and for the bullets of white men. His Old Pine was 636 years old when Columbus discovered America, and yet it was green and healthy when cut down seven years ago.

One of the aids Mr. Mills has found ready to his hand in expressing the natural life of the mountains is the camera, which he uses with marked success. Here again the artist stands revealed where naturalist and forester may have been supposed to have it all their own way. His pictures are remarkable for the skill and imagination displayed in the selection of subjects.

THE DEMOCRACY OF ART

"Potentially, every man is an artist. Between the artist, so called, and the ordinary man there is no gulf fixed which cannot be passed. Such are the terms of our mechanical civilization today that art has become specialized, and the practice of it is limited to a few; in consequence artists have become a kind of class. But essentially the possibilities of art lie within the scope of any man, given the right conditions. That man is an artist who fashions a new thing that he may express himself in response to his need. Whatever the form in which it may manifest itself, the art spirit is one."

Carleton Noyes.