it is the work of an American, done for the joy of Americans, as well as for the rest of the world, for his fame has traveled abroad. We know that the American boy is distinct from the boy of any other nation, and because Emory Albright has realized this and has caught the American boy's distinction, transferring it with consummate skill to his canvases, we can believe that a new American painter has risen among us, a painter who has opened our eyes to the possibilities of the further development of our own art.

FOR THANKSGIVING DAY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TEN

If we would give thanks, let us give thanks most heartily
Because the seeds of sanity are planted deep in the heart of the nation,
Because they will grow, if we nourish them, and blossom into health for the people,
Because they will bear a rich ultimate fruitage that will shame the present insanity.

And let us give thanks because there are a few among us growing up in rugged idealism that fears neither drought nor mildew and defies vermin,
A few who stretch their beauty Heavenward, unhampered by the lust of sale,
A few, who, giving their best, are willing to be counted meager and unprofitable, for love's sake.

And let us give thanks because there are many of us who need but a little more courage to push through the soil of every day, up to our fulfilment,
And many, who, having reached the light, would share all that they have of beauty and fragrance,
And many who give their friendship and the fruits of life gladly, without hope of return.

And because for all of us there is the sunshine of human betterment which we may reach if we seek it with every fiber of our being, And finally, because those of us who live today are preparing a great harvest, altruistic and assured for tomorrow, Let us give thanks.

Marguerite Ogden Bigelow.