A FARM AND CULTURE

vented by cranks who leave the park open to the grossest indecency—landscape gardeners who don't mind the whole place being littered with newspapers and other similar rubbish, enthusiasts who endlessly talk of encouraging art and artists, and when a practical suggestion is made that we should encourage it and add millions to the revenue of the city and incidentally to artists, suppress every attempt to erect what every other city save London—they are known, many of them, anglo-maniacs—has got. Look, for example, at the popular exhibition lately held in New York, Sorolla and the Futurists, which brought in millions, and yet not one cent can be spent or one inch of ground given for the exhibition of American art in the greatest American city. It is the most pitiful exhibition of American artlessness that the world has ever seen, a farce funnier than our comics to Europeans, a sad spectacle indeed to the few Americans who know a loss of revenue that the average American business man seems unaware of; something to be ashamed of, something that can and must be changed. We must have a gallery in Central Park, and the city or the State must support it as they do the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Brooklyn Museum. By so doing they would really encourage modern art, as every other city in Europe does—save London.

A FARM AND CULTURE

A MAN should have a farm or a mechanical craft for his culture. We must have a basis for our higher accomplishments, our delicate entertainments of poetry and philosophy, in the work of our hands. Manual labor is the study of the external world. The advantages of riches remain with him who procured them, not with the heir. I feel some shame before my woodchopper, my ploughman and my cook, for they have some sort of self-sufficiency; they can contrive without my aid to bring the day and year round, but I depend on them, and have not earned by use a right to my arms and feet.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON