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TIME, ROLLING BACK THE GATES AND BIDDING US LOOK INTO THE YEARS TO COME, HAS NEVER IN TWO CENTURIES OF AMERICAN ART HELD US WITH SO HIGH A PROMISE AS AT THIS MOMENT ON THE THRESHOLD OF 1919.

WE COME, HAVING AS A PEOPLE KNOWN THOSE THINGS WHICH ALONE CAN KNIT STRANGE RACES AND VAST CONTINENTS. WE HAVE BORNE TOGETHER, AND WE HAVE BEEN MADE ONE. WE HAVE SHARED OUR EMOTIONS WITH ONE ANOTHER. POETRY HAS BECOME AN EXPRESSION OF THE EXALTED HOUR.

WE HAVE WITH HONOR CARRIED OUR SHARE IN A GREAT WAR, AND IN DOING SO WE HAVE MADE FINE CONQUESTS OF OURSELVES. WE HAVE LAID HOLD OF UNSUSPECTED POWERS AND SWIFTLY TURNED THEM, UNIFIED, TO THE ACHIEVEMENT OF GIGANTIC ENDS. WE HAVE BORNE DOWN AN ENEMY WHO WAS MORTAL, BUT WE HAVE BORNE ALOFT, WITH GROWING CONVICTION, IMMORTAL PURPOSES. HAVING BEEN A WORLDLY PEOPLE, WE STILL MARVEL AT THE TRIUMPH OF OUR FAITH IN OUR IDEALS.

IN OUR EXTREMITY WE HAVE INVOKED NOT ONLY ALL OUR CRAFTS BUT ALL OUR ARTS. WE HAVE TAUGHT OUR SOLDIERS TO SING. WE HAVE MADE PAGEANTS AND PROCESSIONS OUR MEANS OF ADDRESSING THE MULTITUDE. WE HAVE ARRAYED OUR TOWNS AND OUR COUNTRYSIDES IN FLAMING PICTURES. WE HAVE RECOGNIZED THAT THE IMAGINATION OF OUR PEOPLE HAS THE POWER OF RESPONSE, AND UPON THIS, AS UPON A MIGHTY ORGAN, WE HAVE PLAYED OUR BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

IS IT TOO MUCH TO BELIEVE THAT EVEN NOW A SEASON IS UPON US IN WHICH "THE OLD VINE OF ART" WILL BLOOM—AND BEAR—AGAIN ?

THE roots of the old vine of art strike deep and spread far. Sculpture and painting may be the blossom and the fruit; architecture is the stem from which these depend; but the sustenance of the old vine is drawn from the sweet earth itself through a myriad of tiny fibrils, the esthetics of every day, through which the plain people retain their habit of loving the beautiful and of requiring it.

Broadly speaking, our national sin with regard to the finer things of life has been a sin of isolation. We have been prone to relegate our art—and even our culture and our religion—to particular classes of people or places or days. We have regarded "the finer things" as

ingredients, instead of seeing them as outlooks on life or distillers of it. As our development has progressed we have, it is true, come more and more to regard these ingredients as desirable, but we still failed to grasp them as forces, as instruments of more complete living, as our European friends (even the peasants) have long since done. This is probably because we have grown without the constant reminder which ancient monuments afford of the essential humanity of our race and because we have had our esthetic feast in the great uncultivated natural environment which has been ours to subdue. The latter is a condition on which the esthetic sense doubtless tends to vegetate and go to seed.



HAND-COLORED PRINT—BY FURUYAMA MOROSHIGE, C. 1710
 THE SEVEN GODS OF GOOD FORTUNE SAILING INTO PORT ON NEW YEAR'S DAY IN THE TAKARA-BUNE,
 OR TREASURE SHIP, CARRYING A CARGO OF CRYSTAL BALLS—THE MAGIC GEMS THAT SATISFY
 ALL DESIRES—AND BALES OF RICE, THE SYMBOL OF WORLDLY PROSPERITY

But art is on the whole a moral proposition, and as such it knows no bound of time or place or person. Art is an attitude toward production. Production is a peculiarly clear-cut form of conduct itself. Production without a recognition of the possible ideal, without a regard for that universal longing which outreaches the irreducible minimum of necessity, is not a wholly sincere, not a wholly conscientious, form of conduct. "A great industrial nation without an industrial art" can, after all, be great in bulk only. When practically every industrial and commercial nation in the world excepting ours has long seen the light on this subject, it would be a perilous thing to venture forth with our wares upon the Seven Seas without a new reckoning.

But the new reckoning is being taken. Business is taking an initiative in the

matter and turning to the art museums and the art schools for co-operation. The thing is felt in the home: the best attended lectures in the art museum are those in which a discussion of the furnishing of the home is offered. In other words the new art awakening, which must ultimately lead to greater sculpture and finer painting, if such are our need, is beginning at the roots—in the everyday arts that touch all the people. For art is democratic in its growth. As public opinion, in the last analysis, determines the course of a democracy, so the recognition of the universal desire that outreaches necessity sweeps upward with cumulative force—like that of the wave of green that we call a vine—and having this force, the force of life itself, it cannot but burst forth when its time comes, in undreamed of fragrance and beauty over the land.