

as in old Greece, be once more a vital force.

We are suffering from the mania of collecting things. Every boy must be given a stamp-album. I met a lady who had traveled around the world for the sole purpose of adding to her collection of porcelain cats. Futhermore, we are fooled by the names of things. How many members of Audubon clubs care about the nature of the birds they see as compared to those who wish to add a blue-throated green something-or-other to their list of birds checked off? A far wiser bird-lover that I know never has used a bird book, nor is she acquainted with the official nomenclature; but the birds themselves she knows like friends and has given all which come near her windows names of her own devising. In both of these bad habits of over-collecting and over-naming, museums are offenders and set a bad example. Sometime we shall learn that names are nothing and the things they represent little more. A million facts in themselves are worthless; their value comes only when we

see the unity in which they are related, or the progression which they indicate, or the idea which they symbolize. Museums, therefore, which merely present facts to us, no matter how vast their extent or rich their collections, have little value unless they can unify, interpret, or suggest; and for these purposes numbers positively disturb; a few selected illustrations would serve better.

As I read over what I have written I realize that my petulance is akin to that which Beethoven described in the rondo which he so delightfully called "Anger on Losing a Penny." As our museums stand, they are built on wealth, learning, patience, and even sacrifice. We need far more of them than we have now. But in our enjoyment of them we must not forget that they are means, not ends. They are lenses through which we look at knowledge and beauty, focusing our attention, not dispersing it. Beauty itself is not to be collected and classified under stuffy roofs. No more is wisdom. Behold the sea and the sky.

Heritage

BY MARIE BLAKE

Why should the mountains confuse me with rapture?
 Storm at my heart till I see them through tears?
 Weigh me with wistfulness past all the telling?
 Sound the high bugles my errant soul hears?
 Is it the magic of other hills calling,
 The hills of my fathers, across the long years?

Child of a race that knew stretching horizons,
 Far-climbing headlands all misty with rain,
 Slopes of soft emerald starred thick with primrose,
 Vista and vision: half beauty, half pain—
 Here 's why the mountains confuse me with rapture:
 The green hills of Ireland call me again!

Portage, Wisconsin

What Only a Native Knows

BY ZONA GALE

ON one bank of a river it should lie—the town that one means when one says “small town.” Homes should border the bank, small lawns, sloping to lilacs and willows. The current would be lazy and pre-occupied, with leisure for eddies, and daily it would bear old dried trees, dislodged from the up-stream rocks, before the first energy of the water had dissolved into meditation. On the opposite shore would be a feathery second growth of maples and hickory trees, looking as if they must shelter white temples, but really only covering the Bridge Farm chicken-coops. Beyond would be hills, neatly buttonhole-stitched against a flat horizon, usually gray, sometimes violet, and, on occasion, ripe pink and yellow, like a cut peach.

On such a scene our back doors and windows look out, as folk occupying box-seats. All the older houses have kitchens at the back, with wash-boilers and clothes-reels and wood-piles; but the newer houses have verandas, green-shuttered “landscape” windows, scrim-curtained, as becomes a home which has just discovered that the back door should be the front. The newest houses have a sun-parlor, as if they had always had a “view” and had known it. Only we are

particular about terms. For lately a woman from the East, a visitor in the town, passed before a “landscape window” and cried, “Oh, what a beautiful vista!” And we told it to one another for days. “*Vista!*”

All we who live on the river sympathize with those who live remote from it. But any of these others once sympathized with us: “That freezing south wind sweeping across on you. Back street, anyway. Not much of any travel on it.” And if we pointed out that we liked the occasional launches, plying our non-navigable stream, their alert exhausts, their faded colors, and the ancient rowboats which put off at dusk to stretch unlawful nets near the sand-bar, they said, “Well, you always do make the best of things, anyway.” But of late, or since we ride in cars, we all know what a “view” is, and now they say: “You were lucky to have a lot here on the river. How did you come to do that?” And we say it just happened.

The streets stretch away from us in three directions, and they are bordered by trees. We know that it was Judge Guppy and Mr. Turner who urged upon the town these trees, and that in the common council of those days there was a terrible battle before the planting was done. A woman of