

rest of the house. It should harmonize with those rooms which adjoin it, thereby exerting a pleasant influence upon the person passing through them. It should be an expression of the individuality of its inmates. The condition of individuality makes the room express the nature of the decorator. If the owner leads an intellectual existence, and loves soft lights or warm glowing colors, then if she does her own thinking she will, of course, betray this existence in the things with which she has surrounded herself. The rare literary contents of the book cases, the statuary, if she can afford it, (but all weird and symbolical effects,) rather than the presence of things hard and practical, reveal a poetic personality. Such a scheme admits the widest possibilities of decorative art: is rich in a thousand practical suggestions. The individuality of the master and mistress of the house, whose tastes can be made identical, becomes the soul of the arrangement, transforming what might at first appear a heterogeneous gathering of disconnected parts into harmonious composition. The style is the decorator himself or herself, and not any conception of a dead past. The subject is worthy of the consideration of every house-maker. It is a fad quite worth pursuing, since, through the medium of the home, the coming generations will be taught to admire what is best in form and color.

It might be well to consider seriously what we are teaching in the way of "mother wit," as revealed in art. There has been much ridicule on our part thrown upon the "good old times," as being more uncomfortable and fanatical than the present. But it must be acknowledged that there is one thing in which our ancestors were superior to ourselves, and that is that decorative art, with them, did not mean an endless covering of the wall or ceiling spaces with a prodigality of patterns and colors which "swore at each other," as the French say. Neither did they try to hide their poverty with sashes and silken draperies, nor fling so-called Indian rugs here and there to hide grease spots. Homes made up of handkerchiefs and remnants were less common, and as emporiums of misfits were unknown. There was much less of that cheap splendor and mock luxury which abhors the use of furniture really well made, and chairs that are comfortable and solid, and bureau drawers that open and shut well. In fact there was a relish of those healthful ideas which, in decorating a home as in everything else, consist in appearing that which one is and not what one might wish to be thought. In this age when financial progress goes rapidly ahead of education in art, are we not in some danger of falling into degeneracy?

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