

which their rebellion caused. Indeed, in the case of Morris it has seemed to many that he quarrelled with the world on a trivial point. To them art is a pleasant ornament of life; but if, for some reason, it is one that society at present cannot excel in, they are well content to do without it, much more content than they would be to do without golf or sport. To them Morris is merely a man who made a great fuss about his own particular line of business. Naturally there was nothing like leather to him; but men in another line of business cannot be expected to pay much heed to him.

Morris, himself, however, held that art is everybody's business, whether they are themselves artists or not. And by art he, like Ruskin, did not mean merely pictures or statues. Indeed, he thought little of these compared with all the work of men's hands that used to be beautiful in the past and now is ugly. The ugliness of houses, tables and chairs, clothes, cups and saucers, in fact of everything that men made, whether they tried to make it beautiful or were content that it should be ugly—this universal ugliness at first troubled him like a physical discomfort without his knowing why. And at first he, being himself