

ADVENTURES IN THE ARTS

casades of lace with picture hats to shade the eyes, and streamers of velvet ribbon to give attenuated sensations of grace to their quietly sweeping figures that seem to be always in a state of harmless gossip among themselves. One never knows whether it is to be quite morning or afternoon for there is seldom or never present the quality of direct sunlight; but as ladies and gentlemen usually walk in the afternoon even now, if there are still such virtuous entities as ladies and gentlemen, we may presume that these are afternoon seances, poetically inscribed, which Mrs. Cowdery wishes to convey to us. That Mrs. Cowdery has a well adjusted feeling for the harmony of hues is evident in her production as well as in the outline of her simple and engaging conversation.

Thus the lady lives, in a world gently fervorous with lyric delicacies, and her own almost girlish laughter is like a kind of gracious music for the scenes she wishes to portray. I am reminded in this instance to compare her gentle voice with the almost inaudible one of Albert Ryder, that greatest of visionaries which America has so far produced. It is probable that all mystical types have voices softened to whispers by the vastness of the experience which they have endured. These gentle souls survive the period they were born in, and it is their clean and unspoiled vision that brings them over to us in this hectic and metallic era of ours. They come, it must be remembered, from the era of Jenny