

Medici Bruckmann Photo

Imperial Gallery, Vienna

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST, BY REMBRANDT VAN RYN. FROM "THE IDEALS OF PAINTING," BY J. COMYNS CARR

darkest days that are sure to come. After all it will be brains that will finally establish the new basis for civilisation, and so far our brains are the freest from emotions of any of the combatants. And it is a real duty to keep them so, and to put them, in all sincerity and humility, at the service of our allies when they no longer need the assistance of our arms and materials.

There is a paragraph in J. Comyns Carr's *The Ideals of Painting* which may be commended to anyone who has wondered as to the outcome of the meeting of modern art with the Great War—to which art has brought so much egotism and love of novelty, and war such a burden of rhetoric and hate:

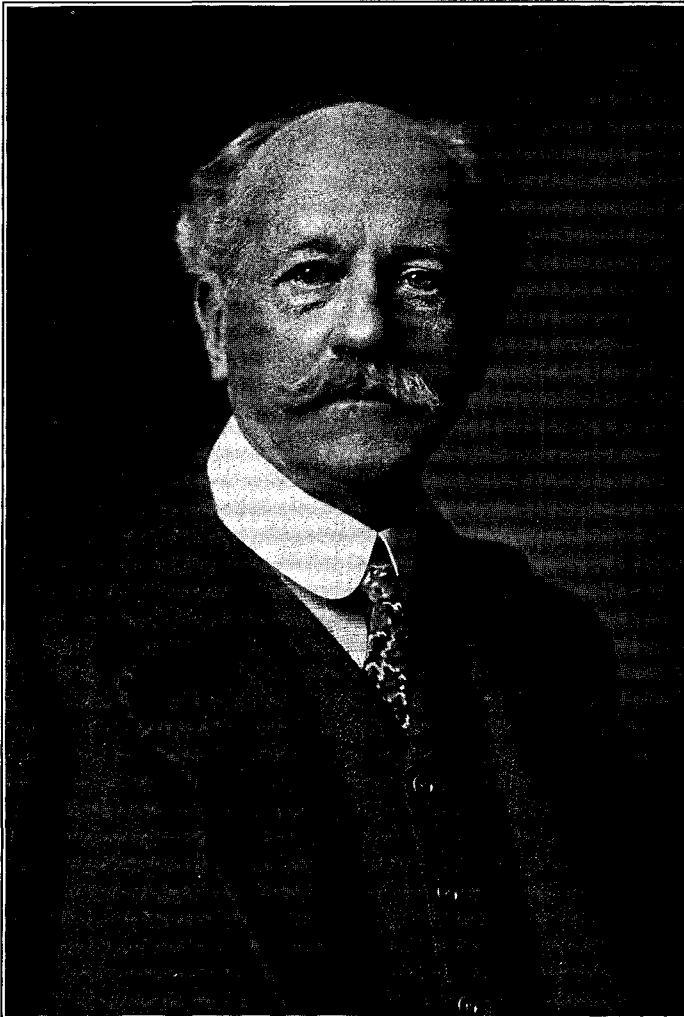
Art and War

It is only mediocrity that seeks to set its

own sorrows to music: genius leaves upon the very threshold of the world its spirit, inhabits all memory of experiences purely personal to itself. Its vision probes too deeply into the lives of others to be greatly concerned with its own: for it is sympathy that supplies the motive power of all great creative achievement, sympathy so overwhelming and absorbing as completely to banish from the realm of art every vestige of the kind of egotism that we may sometimes trace in the work of men of inferior endowment.

The late Percival Lowell was one of the most picturesque figures in modern

A Picturesque American incident and every aspect of his life sparkled with surprises and contradictions. It was not lived in a pigeon-hole. Much of his first twenty years out of Harvard was spent in Japan; and the four books into which this experience crystallised were written in a delicately beautiful prose that was poetry in all but form. Suddenly, in



THE LATE PERCIVAL LOWELL