The Angle Orthodontist

VOL. III No. 1

JANUARY, 1933

A magazine established by the co-workers of Edward H. Angle, in his memory. . . . . .

Compensations*

EDMUND H. WUERPEL

Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

In the first of this series of short essays, we concluded that through thought we might cultivate imagination and that imagination is one of the things which makes life worth while. In our second paper we discovered that having attained imagination through thought, we must visualize this thought in order to make it bear fruit; that this fruit was always the reward of our conduct of life. We must cultivate the finer things in order to arrive at a higher plane; that the higher we rise above the plane of mediocrity the finer will become our vision. We found that beauty was a vital force in the development of our lives. In our third discussion we tried to discover the forms that beauty assumes. We followed the evolution of beauty from its most primitive form to its culmination in historic times.

If these essays have meant anything to you, if you have given thought to what has so incompletely been indicated, you may be prepared for the final suggestions that are about to be made to you.

There comes a time in the lives of most of us when thoughts of the future become more insistent than usual; when, in all seriousness, we ask ourselves, "What have I gotten out of life and what have I to show for all the countless years of my labor?"

The farmer gathers his crops; the laborer receives his pay check; the lawyer collects his fee and the ice man presents his bill. But when these material things, this money is gone, what is left? Wealth fades, prestige vanishes; comfort and ease may remain secure, but of permanent possessions, there is nothing.

*The concluding essay, in a series of four, written for Orthodontists by Professor Wuerpel. The previous ones appear in the April, July and October numbers of *The Angle Orthodontist*.

You will say that, after all, the securing of a competence which will insure against want, is something to be very thankful for. True. But, shall a man continue to struggle throughout his life and have nothing to draw upon, when old age comes, beyond food, shelter and ease? Shall we become mere empty casks from which the rich, warm wine of life has been ruthlessly drained? If we will but take the trouble to look we may observe, on all sides, men and women of mature years whose faces reflect utter destitution of the finer things of life. They may be well fed, they may be well clothed, they may ride in comfortable limousines, they may even have footmen to wait upon them; but look into their eyes and ask yourself,—What have they lived for? If you could gather together such a group of people and question them as to what life held for them, they answer,—"I have found love," or "I have found riches," or "I have found God." Yes, they might give such an answer, but what would be the tone of voice in which they would say it? How much conviction would their replies carry? Life for them has been a disappointment, whether they are conscious of it or not, and this disappointment would be written in their expression and in their postures,—in the hopelessness of their point of view. How many of these people have found tranquility; what of their Faith,—isn't it mere form?

Why is this? Surely it is not asking too much that after a long life of service we shall have come into quiet and peaceful contentment. What can insure this?

We have insurance companies that guarantee to us all kinds of protection against want, fire, theft and death. They are all founded upon business principles which, when observed, lead to fulfillment of their promises.

Why cannot we devise some form of insurance which will guarantee us against utter sterility or dearth of imagination and vision in our old age? Could such an undertaking be devised one cannot help but wonder how many would avail themselves of such an opportunity. If the majority of people knew, when setting out upon a journey, that they were faced with a danger which might deprive them of further enjoyment of life, and if some company were to insure them against such a disaster, would they not avail themselves of such protection? Would it not appear foolish to deliberately endanger our material existence when we might, at least through insurance, secure some compensation? That is merely a business proposition to which any open minded person would listen. We are, to a very great degree, interested in our own welfare. Why not? There may be others who are really and unselfishly devoted to our interests but we are very dependent upon ourselves for what befalls us. The responsibility for our success or failures, physically, mentally and spiritually, lies upon our own shoulders. This truth we cannot

evade. We must put forth our best efforts to insure ourselves and secure in old age and, for that matter, all through life, these very modest ends. Let us suppose that it was within the power of all people to ask, before assuming the responsibilities of life,—"What have you to offer me in exchange for these trials, these ephemeral joys, these doubtful treasures which you call life? Am I, at the end of an active career, to have nothing in compensation for a very questionable privilege?" What would be the answer, do you think?

An all wise Creator would no doubt reply,—"I gave you the seeds for permanent satisfaction. If you did not sow them, if, though you sowed them they bear no fruit, that is no fault of mine."

This would imply that in our lives all things are possible and that if we have missed opportunities for laying aside the worth while things of life, we have no one to blame excepting ourselves. It will not do for us to say,—"I was not consulted in this creation; I was not asked whether I desired this gift of life." Shifting responsibility in this manner is not a normal attitude or a justifiable one. If we had but such an attitude from the very moment we were born there might be reason for such an argument. Even after we have reached the age of reason most of us still have hopes, still have illusions, still feel that life is worth while and we would, with reluctance, relinquish it. Why, then, should this attitude change? Why should we, with the increased opportunities offered by passing years, become disillusioned, with not a single vision left to give us comfort? Why should this group of middle aged people, whom you have summoned, be unable to answer your simple questions with a simple convincing answer?

You may consider that a man who can say, "I have gotten comfort" or, "I have gotten love" or, "I have gotten God", has answered the question in as satisfactory a manner as is humanly possible. But, I ask you,—"If these acquisitions do not include peace, of what good are they?" Again, I say,—"Look into their tired, weary eyes and read there the answer to that question." Can you then truthfully deduct that they have found the only thing that makes the gift of life worth while,—Peace?

So, perhaps, you may agree with me when I propose to organize a Personal Peace Insurance Company. Surely we should be able, without great difficulty, to write many a policy in this organization. In planning this Company let us see what assets we must have and against what liabilities we must secure ourselves. Let it be a business and let us see how we may conduct it.

There are three kinds of policy holders whom we must consult,—the ones who are material, who are concerned only with the physical life; the

ones who are concerned with the mental life; and those who live the spiritual life.

The materialist is he who cares for creature comforts. He lives in the senses; he is an easy risk. All we have to do for him is to secure definite creature comforts. With the enjoyment of the senses he is satisfied because he cares for nothing beyond this. An animal in his ambitions, he has neither vision nor sensitiveness. He lives an empty life and death takes only a pampered body.

The second type is the man who uses his power of mind towards a definite end. He it is who provides the creature comforts for the materialist. He is a discoverer. He is ever in quest of something that intrigues his mind. He frequently does not care for material rewards and is satisfied to live penuriously that he may achieve his object,—that he may further his search. He uses every ounce of physical and mental force in order to effect a given result. His joy in life consists in overworking every faculty which nature has placed at his disposal.

The third type is the spiritual one and it is this type which saves the races from being or becoming mere animals. The materialist cannot advance the race in any way. He lives only for himself and cares not how much it may cost others. The mental type also is not concerned with others. It does not so much matter to him that mankind is improved by what he has achieved. He is primarily interested in a problem and not in humanity. But the spiritual type is seeking to show humanity that neither the materialist nor the mentalist will ever derive from existence that which every life holds out to those who will accept. They are blind to these intangible things which are of the spirit. The spiritual type is the culmination of all that man is capable of doing in the higher planes of existence.

The three types, then, are the ones to whom we must make our appeal. The first two are devoid of any desire to reach the end of their journey, safely or otherwise. Each is emersed in his own manner of life and thought, because it has not been given to him to think along other lines. When he bought his ticket he was either not even aware or was indifferent to the fact that there was a goal or an end to his journey.

What can be done for these two types? Do we want them as policy holders in our company? Are the risks too great and will the costs amount to more than the profits? If our insurance company is merely an ideal one, if it is willing to accept risks at any cost, would it be able to continue very long in business?

There is always a chance that among these two classes there may be

those who would, if their eyes were opened to the advantages of personal peace, be eager to subscribe towards such an end. Who can open their eyes in this direction? What must be the qualifications of a salesman who can put over an argument which will interest the prospects solicited?

Surely the third type of policy holder can do that. He has all the qualifications. From our established ranks of policy holders we must draw our salesman. They must be keen to convert. With their own kind they will have no trouble.

The "line of talk", as it is called, through which they must make their appeal must be convincing and logical. Only through force of personal conviction can they hope to secure even momentary attention.

Now let us look into the assets of our company. To do this we must make an analysis of the functions of life. If we are to insure Personal Peace we must try to understand what that means. If you were to insure the Indians or the Chinese against starvation and would make them understand that you had the means at your disposal for doing this you would talk to them in terms of rice and still more rice. If you could make them understand that, by becoming members of your company,—policy holders in that company, it would secure them against starvation, you would easily win them over. Or if you formed a company to insure the peoples of the swamps of Arkansas and Florida against floods, you would have to talk to them in terms of dams, canals, dykes, over and over again. If you could assure them that you could deflect flood waters, that they would no longer be subject to a living death from fever and ague; if you could give them hope of a better living, decent houses, warm, dry clothing, perhaps even education for their children, surely they would listen to you.

However plausible your arguments might be, you would have to express them in terms easily comprehensible to the type of person whom you were addressing. You could not expect to present your argument upon such a plane that your prospects could not follow you. In other words you, as a salesman, would have to be sympathetic and not critical or antagonistic to your listless type. It would require keen judgment to become a salesman. To acquire this salesmanship, or the qualities necessary to this salesmanship, requires training. It requires a special training of certain senses. I do not mean the five ordinary senses, though necessarily these five senses have everything to do in our perception of that other, unnamed and intangible sense. This sense reveals to us those things that constitute a higher life. It has to do with aesthetics; it has to do with ethics; it has to do with the finer consciousness of what is worth while. These are the things that lead

to that final achievement which we call Recompense, which is the payment we are supposed to receive for our paid up policy.

As I have repeatedly said, "If what we have already touched upon has not opened your eyes to the meaning of the aesthetic, the spiritual life, then I fear that I cannot help you towards further knowledge." You must have or you must cultivate the will to understand the meaning of this; to make it as much of your life as the material things which spell existence; more so in fact.

Food and clothing can be secured some way or another, not perhaps as abundantly or as richly as we should like, but it can be had. Truth of vision, firmness of purpose, desire for beauty, calmness of judgment, wisdom of selection—these things cannot be bought nor bartered. You cannot deprive others of them,—they are intangible. You are not even aware when they are within your grasp. A sorry business you will say, with but little with which to begin the search.

There exists in all of us the sense of right or wrong. Just what gives us this sense, who knows. It is not a matter of training for in one form or another it is manifest in all classes of the human family. It is true that what may seem right or truthful to the Bushman of South Africa might not seem right or truthful to the Indian of North America or to the King of England. But there invariably exists some unspoken code which tells us of the right and wrong of things according to our perception of them.

It has nothing to do with station for often the very simplest man or woman in the humblest ranks of society has a keener, a truer sense of this than the highly cultured individual. Perhaps I use the term "culture" in too loose a manner. But of that I have spoken elsewhere. A man who is truly educated should see or feel this finer instinct more readily than an uneducated one. It behooves us, therefore, to define the term "education" in the endeavor to ascertain whether through education we may acquire the knowledge which we are seeking. Education, then, becomes a means towards an end.

To most people education signifies book learning. In a little monograph issued by the Henry C. Frick Educational Commission, Dr. L. A. Sherman of the University of Nebraska says,—"So far as process is concerned, education is not of necessity or in nature, schooling. It is not impartation. So far as concerns the product, education is not acquisition. It is not comprised in an acquaintance with mathematics or languages or science. One may have been plied with all instruction, from kindergarten to doctorate, yet remain casual, boorish, visionless and in every sense of the word, uneducated."

That education is a process we cannot doubt. That any process must result in product is not to be refuted. If, therefore, we can hit upon the right process of education and tabulate this product, however rudimentarily, then we shall know whether education is the means we are seeking towards our special end.

To learn names, dates, facts, details that are a matter of record is schooling, but, if we agree with Dr. Sherman's thesis, then education is not schooling. A man who does not happen to be informed about Alexander the Great or about Marcus Aurelius may still be an educated man. What does the term education connote? It means to draw out. Draw out what? "Those native gifts and forces," says Dr. Sherman, "which differentiate the spiritual from both the material and the mental. Education is not a technical training." It cannot be compressed into a hard and fast and dry curriculum. It is a response to those promptings and urges which give us pause before beauty. It is the gentle fostering within us of all perceptions and considerations of aesthetics and ethics. It often lies within the realm of metaphysics. It is a cultivation of behavior and relation towards all men. It is a recognition of the rights of others. It is a sympathetic understanding of the weaknesses inherent in human beings. Does this take your breath away? And yet it is not the half of what education means.

Again you will question, "But how shall I achieve it?" You will say, "Is it not the function of the institute of learning to guide us into the perception of these things?" It should be. But there are some things which an educational institution (so called) cannot include in its curricula and they are the very core of this subject. It lies, after all, within ourselves to find the courses which shall complete our education. You see we must, mostly, educate ourselves.

We find these sources of information in the stars that endlessly follow their given courses in the profundity of the heavens. We find them in the clouds that bedeck the infinite depth of the skies. We find them in the awesome silences of the deep forests and in the majestic towering of ageless trees. We find it in the mighty roar of a winter's wind and in the streaming sunlight of a summer's day.

Many people, especially men, think that the admiration of beauty constitutes a weakness. That is a false premise. The very fear that it may be a weakness becomes an acknowledgement of the strength of beauty. When beauty ceases to be strong it becomes prettiness and prettiness is merely a matter of surface. That which has not depth can have no substance. But beauty *is* depth. It is dimensional in every direction. It encompasses mind

as well as matter. In it lies truth. It knows no laws but answers and obeys the call of those who search.

With an understanding of beauty comes growth. If this is true then only those who have achieved beauty are full-grown. There is no measure to beauty even though it is all dimensional. Perhaps it is unmeasurable because of the fact that it knows no limitations. It may exist in the most unexpected form; in the tone of a voice; in the movement of a hand; in the swirl of water. It reveals itself to the sentiment and is lost utterly to the unobservant.

You will find it in homes and in offices, in churches and in railroad terminals. Price will not create it; it can be had for the picking. A room may have all the elements that constitute beauty and yet be unbeautiful. A woman may have beautiful features, beautiful form, beautiful lines and yet not be beautiful. Or she may have none of these and still be beautiful. Splendid, sumptuous rugs and polished, inlaid floors; costly jeweled lamps, on precious, hand-wrought bases; priceless pictures in gorgeous frames and flawless marbles on onyx bases will not make a house or a room beautiful. The simplest rustic cottage, where the flowers of the field smile at you from earthern dishes, where sunlight dances joyously from casement to hearth,—*that* may be beautiful.

How are we to define such an elusive thing? How can we learn to know what beauty is? Beauty is potential in most things. It is a question of subtle relations. It is the joy of perfect unity. The voice that is modulated in accord with the occasion becomes beautiful,—not only that but, through its fineness and fitness, it makes other things beautiful. Has not the strident voice of man or woman often marred for you the enjoyment of a supreme moment? I recall a record of Caruso's voice in a song,—soft, dreaming, gentle, by Massenet, I believe,—in which the false emphasis of a certain passage utterly destroys the beauty of the entire number. But, you will say, cannot we enjoy that which has remained beautiful? Does one error condemn the entire thing?

That is a question worth considering. The beautiful rug, the beautiful lamp and picture in a room, remains the same wherever it may be. But does it? Can we afford to ignore relations? Are not all things greatly governed by association? Are not men and women often judged by the company they keep?

Is there not such a thing as fitness, environment and relation? Beauty is so subtle that the most trivial thing will upset it. Last year I saw, in California, a filmed picture which had to do with the early development, by the Catholic Fathers, of the Missions. One of them, Father Junipero, for

whom a mission has been named, wanders off into the uncharted wilderness with his Indian flock. He is finally brought back to this mission by faithful followers,—the final resting place for a self-sacrificed body. The music is splendid, the set is well painted, the simple action well sustained. I was all prepared to enjoy one of those moments of pure rapture in the fitness, justness and harmony of all things when, just as the curtain sank, a screamingly brilliant cross appeared in the heavens,—and the entire scene was ruined. Yes, there was a reason for the cross; there could be no objection to that. But there was no reason to introduce a false note into what otherwise was a perfect whole. There was no false note in the motive for showing the cross. It was a symbol that under the conditions of the play was quite appropriate. But the cross should have been made to glow gently into a mystic vibrant thing that gradually, with greater and greater fervency, was finally to be defined as a cross. To suddenly turn the strength of a prosaic spotlight, devoid of all suggestion, upon a crudely painted emblem, destroyed all illusion, offended every aesthetic principle, shocked every nerve and ruined a very beautiful possibility. That was a pity. The effect of that play might have been complete and most impressive had not the principle of fitness been transgressed.

It is probably true that there were many people among that audience to whom the climax was a fitting ending; who were not conscious of the error made. What about them? They represented a large majority to whom the finer things are not revealed. They were quite content with superficialities and the essence of beauty was lost to them. They were interested in human emotions but not in the manner of their expression. They would tell you that it was nice or pretty or fine, but they could never have told you of the beauty in purpose. So these things would, alas!, be lost to them. The symbol of the cross, meaning very little beyond a mechanical effect, would not move them one way or another. It helped to bring home to them a melodramatic moment. What might have been an artistic whole became a commonplace event. It was a lost opportunity. The sail of their argosy was set to carry them over unimaginative waters. They never ventured into that vast realm, the sea of skies, where lies beauty, imagery and dreams. It is to such as these that the salesman must address himself. To them the nut means food. They crack and munch the shell and throw away the fine meat that lies within. The comfort of self forgetfulness, the ease from wearying, petty clashings of mind and matter, has been denied them.

How can one know the blessed joy of music unless these senses have been cultivated. When Beethoven wrote his Seventh Symphony did he have only

musical notes in mind? He never for a second was thinking of notes; he was expressing his emotions and the written notes were merely the symbols he used for this purpose. The mellow warmth of sound, the splendid richness of color must be lost to those who have not learned to meet, even half way, the spiritual significance of these symbols. Shall any one dare to call such communion a weakness!

Unless we are given moments of freedom, unless we are provided with wings which will carry us beyond the realm of the actual; unless we can be moved to higher perceptions, through beauty which is intangible, then we have not yet lived the fuller, the higher life. We might as well have been automatons, moved by well-oiled springs. We might as well have been inhuman. It is impossible to say that animals do not feel this sense of beauty, —they do not tell us about it,—at least we do not understand. But recall how they are attracted by beauty. Nature gives plants and birds and animals beauty in order that they may attract. Biology tells us about it. This was not an accident. It was a purpose. That purpose is accomplished in the propagation of the species.

If, then, the lesser orders are given the instinct to recognize beauty shall we despair of imparting beauty to the highest order? Man is frequently closer to the higher species of the animal kingdom than he is to man himself. In-so-far as this condition is reversed we call ourselves civilized.

All records of man's progress in thought are revealed through the arts. Unfortunately all sound in the past, which must have moved the people to ecstatic expression, has been lost to us. But architecture, painting and the handicrafts have remained in sufficient quantity to enable us to form some judgment of the condition and the importance of the contemporary civilization. Art is, then, the revealer of beauty as it existed, as it was felt and as it was expressed in long since vanished ages. In the future there is a possibility that even beauty revealed in sound may be preserved. Surely among the tens of thousands of recorded sounds, some are most worthy of preservation and no doubt, in some quite permanent form, they will be preserved. Motion, too, in the same way will undoubtedly be indefinitely preserved so that coming generations may react to the thrill of Dvorak's "Largo" and Pavlova's "Swan"; of Paderweski's piano and of Kreisler's violin. Beauty once achieved should not be lost, and alas!, so much has vanished,—can never be recalled.

Art, then, is the means whereby we shall have revealed to us the enchantment of beauty. Beauty shall point out to us the peace that passes understanding. That is the excuse for art's being, if it need be justified.

Is it given to all people to study art? If art is the key that opens the portals leading into that realm of beauty where peace dwells, then, unless we have that key, we cannot enter. The delectable garden is closed to us. Does that seem fair? Shall some be more favored than others?

But wait a moment. Even though we cannot all be keepers of the key, may we not acquire intimacy with it? Knowing that it really exists, how may we accomplish this? The public schools are already doing much to bring this about; they want to do more. If the children studying in the public schools can have a comprehensible view of what art means, then their children and their children's children will have a great advantage over children of the past generation. But this art training should be practised with great care. In the not too distant part art, like the A. B. C.'s, was taught by rote. The teachers did not know much about it and the little they knew was not along the lines of progressive education. They did not know nor could they feel any particular incentive toward art instruction.

As a consequence, even today, art training consists of giving inadequate lessons in drawing, painting, modelling, sketching and some of the minor crafts. This will not create within the mind of the child a desire for beauty. Indeed, very few of them study art merely for the sake of beauty. They study it because it is a part of their course and not because they like or desire it. Not in this way can we become familiar with the key to the garden beautiful. It requires more than that. I am quite well aware that there are difficulties of time and expense which make what I propose seem almost hopelessly impossible. Some day it may be done. I would propose that all people be taught to see beauty in the common things of nature. Eyes have we yet we see not. We can go nowhere and not find on all sides natural beauties. In form, in line, in color, in pattern, arrangement and in relations. The more we learn to observe, the keener will become our perception and the greater will become the permanent joy of our awakened faculties.

Even if only for a very short period each day we should look for beauty or should allow beauty to reveal itself. I am convinced that this method would bear fruit. Begin by taking a walk and during this walk devote fifteen minutes to the charm of the sky, trees, flowers, shrubs and birds. We can all do that. Unless we are bed-ridden we are obliged to go somewhere even if it is only to the grocer's shop. Old, as well as young, can find no excuse for remaining in voluntary imprisonment. It is not necessary to become a slave to such a thing, to make it an obsession. But, let us form the habit of allowing the mind to absorb beauty automatically. It is not that we all want to become artists. Far from it. Only a few of us can do that.

It requires something entirely apart, an endowed faculty, to enable one to follow the profession of the artist. It would actually become a calamity were we all so endowed. But we can all become what the art advocates pleasantly termed, "art minded". If our mind leads us toward motion rather than toward color or form or pattern then let it be the beauty of motion which we shall observe. The gracious flight of birds; the gentle, rhythmic play of waves; the swaying of trees and the flutter of leaves; children dancing in the sunlight and artists dancing on the stage. There lies beauty and the search for it will inevitably reveal other beauties. It must be. It cannot well be otherwise. If it be beauty in words, beauty in the flow and sound of words that attracts you, what a vast treasure house you have to draw upon. Indeed, we should all cultivate the joy of poetry and prose. We should never force ourselves to read. We should read, either poetry or prose, because it moves us, because it thrills us, because we lose ourselves in it. That a book seems worth-while to me does not necessarily mean that it will attract and hold you. I know that it has been said that no one can be designated as being educated who has not read Shakespeare or John Bunyon or Spinoza. While Shakespeare is, of all writers, the most humanly appealing in his interpretation of life, yet there are others who, in just as great a degree as is possible for you to absorb, will give what you, within your limitations, can feel and need. After awhile, if you really feel the joy and stimulus of the beautiful in literature, you may even grow nearer to Shakespeare and to other great writers because beauty, as revealed by them, has finally reached you through devious paths.

Yes, we must read, and we must see the good plays that are so sparingly patronized and consequently so rarely placed within our reach. In this connection I recall Julia Marlow saying to me one day, after looking at my paintings, "I am afraid you will play to a very small house." Going to the picture-show is rarely a stimulus in our search for beauty. It sometimes has all the elements of beauty, both in the acting and in the photoplay. But, generally speaking, that is not what most people go to the movies to see. It is an emotional experience they are seeking, and, even though they become aware of beauty revealed here and there, they do not count that as part of their experience,—part of what they have paid to see. But a good play, well performed by competent actors, is very much to the point. We are subject to the beauty of diction, we are enthralled by the charm of the action, we are profoundly moved by the truthfulness and life-likeness of portrayal, by the deep understanding of human nature. Beauty is made manifest to us in the sympathetic rendering, the wise interpretation of life. That is a most liberal education.

If, again, it is form that moves us we cannot fail to find it on all sides. Do not for a moment believe that because the artist, the sculptor, reveals beauty of form to you through the human body, that that is the only way in which you can be inspired to seek beauty. The shape of a shell, the shape of a tree, the shape of a hill, the shape of a stone can reveal as much beauty as you and I can within the narrow confines of our untrained observations encompass. If you will but look for it, if you can learn to see with delight the manner in which light dances from form to form, from plane to plane, as the artist has revealed it, then, when you see the masterpieces of great sculpture, you will understand and feel their message and the same thrill of beauty will again be revealed to you as comes from music or painting or architecture.

Each age expresses itself. Each age reveals the beauty that has moved it. We must try to understand what it is that the ages want to tell us. In Egypt, it was Eternity. In Greece, it was sheer beauty of Line and Form. In Rome, it was Power, Order and Law. In each of these the beauty that lies dormant within differing human attributes, is revealed. We must not try to put these things into words for they are beyond us. Most of us, at best, are inarticulate. We do not have to formulate, in words, a definite reaction. Let us be contented with the awe, the majesty, the power and the beauty which speaks to us. Let us say to ourselves Michael Angelo shows us the beauty of power. Paul Manship reveals the beauty of sheer emotion. The Assyrians show us beauty in freedom and the Byzantines show us the splendor, the awe and the majesty of religious ecstasy. The Little Masters show us the affection, the pride, the honesty and the patriotism of a simple people. We need not try to put this into other words. The consciousness that it lies emotionally within us, that we actually feel this,—that should suffice. But we must always remember that these emotions are hidden under a cloak of indifference and by ages of disuse. To arouse them, to reawaken them from the lethargy caused by this indifference, we deliberately and assiduously cultivate them.

We cultivate them, at first, with indifferent success. All seed must be sown in prepared ground. Sometimes the ground must receive chemical treatment that it may bring forth all that you have reason to expect from your sowing. The enrichment of the soil of your mind must come from yourself. There are no written instructions. A government pamphlet will tell the farmer just what he must do. If he intends to raise potatoes, the soil must have certain chemicals in order that his crop may not only be large

but good in quality. The same soil may not successfully produce strawberries. For that another treatment is necessary.

You must determine what your crop is to be, and never forget that crops must rotate. Thus you will become a grower of all things. Your product will become broad and universal. It will not only comprise many things but it will broaden the possibilities that lie open to you.

First and foremost you must prepare the soil. That is true no matter what ambition you may have. The soil of the mind is not unlike other soil. It presents all sorts of possibilities. An abandoned farm is a sorry sight to see. Here and there we see evidence of past ambition, abandoned cultivation,—trees, shrubs, plants that have persisted but are rapidly losing their charm and their purpose. A mind that has been allowed to idle shows the same pathetic symptoms. Do not let your mind run into disuse. Plow up old thoughts, harrow the clods of indifference or apathy and sow new seed. Remember that you are working towards a definite end,—to insure for yourself such compensation that, when the evening of life is upon you, you will have resources to draw upon,—resources of the mind, resources of the spirit. You need not forever have this thought in mind, it would become unbearable and defeat your every purpose. But, by occasional weeding, the plant will grow. The weeds are mostly prejudice, ignorance, complacent self-satisfaction, which leads to conceit. Root these out as quickly as you can and the plant will take care of itself.

How much to learn, there seems to be, for the salesman of our insurance scheme. But it is pleasant learning; it, in itself, is worth the price. It implies reading, a great deal of well directed reading. Of that we have already spoken. So have we also spoken of the drama, of music, of the so-called, Fine Arts. All these can and should become pleasures eagerly sought. There will be such variety that there can be no chance for boredom.

You can exercise these growing faculties in every branch of life. You need not be a professional man, nor a wealthy man nor a man of leisure and you may be all of these. If you own a home, and in some form we must have a home, begin your active experimentation right there, there can be no better field than that. Order your home along the lines that we have been indicating.

The fundamental principle in the evolution of beauty is simplicity. Always and again always, seek for that. It dominates all growth towards that which we are seeking. In every effort that you may put forth be guided by simplicity. In the arrangement of your home; in the arrangement of your office; yes, in the arrangement of your family and your person.

It must not be a drastic, sudden, revolutionary change that you must try to bring about. That might be disastrous. It might lead to other destruction.

For instance, I knew a man who had gradually risen from a very humble position, socially, to great wealth and distinguished position. As his power and position grew he broadened in his point of view. He had found joy in the cultivation of his mind and he never overlooked an opportunity for bettering himself. Naturally, in these changing conditions, his discrimination and taste changed. His home contained many things which, in the past, had given him inspiration and pleasure. Some of these things had connected with them associations that were intimate and precious. It was my privilege to gain this man's confidence and I tried not to abuse it.

One day I noticed, in his steadily growing collection of pictures, one that was distinctly out of place. It was sweet and pretty and innocuous but it simply did not belong. I felt impelled to tell him so and he listened to me patiently, as he always did, but without comment. Two months later I was at his home and I noticed that the picture in question had been removed. He saw that I was looking for it and finally he said, "The picture has been promoted. It is now on the upstairs landing. My wife was attached to it because of certain memories connected with our children, so I had it put upstairs where she could see it frequently."

I again visited Mr. B. some time later and, during the course of the conversation, he said, "Do you remember that picture which I said had been promoted? Well, it has received further promotion. It is now up in the attic. Some day, when the opportunity comes, I will turn it in towards some other picture I want to get." It seemed that Mrs. B., of her own accord, had requested its removal. Association, unconscious association with better things, had gradually revealed to her the weakness, the inadequacy of this picture. Her taste had changed and she was no longer moved emotionally by looking at the canvas. It ceased to have meaning for her other than intrinsic merit and whatever sentimental reason may have been associated with it was dismissed from her mind with the removal of the picture.

In your own development such things must necessarily occur. Your growth will be marked by changes in yourself and in your environment. You may well ask how is it possible for a thing to have aesthetic value at one time, under one condition, and not possess it at all times.

Let me answer in this way. All things move us through association or more properly through relation. The note C may be in perfect harmony in a given chord but may be utterly out of harmony in another. The note has not changed a bit but its relation to other notes has made its effect different.

In an unpretentious house many things may fit charmingly which would be utterly out of place in other environments. A hooked rug may be very appropriate in a room into which its texture, its color and its execution fits, but it would have no place in a sumptiously furnished room, resplendent in silks and glistening in oriental splendor.

Whatever your house is, let it be consistent. A lady in an evening gown would be an abnormality were she to wear wooden shoes. Not that the wooden shoes are not proper in their place but because they are out of place. So, if your house belongs to the wooden shoe station, make all things consistent,—in accord with the wooden shoe.

What should your office be? Primarily a work shop, but it is more than that. It is the common ground upon which you and your clients meet. Separate the two. The common meeting ground should inspire sympathy. It should not be cold, it should make you feel free and easy. It should be cosy. No matter who may come in, the poorest man or the richest woman, should feel that they belong. It need not be overpowering, indeed it must not be. It should give us the feeling that we are welcome. No pretense, no ostentation. It need not be a matter of cost. In many ways a charming frank cosyness is preferable, for it puts everybody at ease and it can be obtained at comparatively low cost. It is a matter of careful selection, of quiet and sympathetic association. There should be no outstanding object to dominate the rest of the furnishings. If one thing should take precedence over all others then it should be removed. If you are able, gradually, to raise the level of your furnishings or if, for any reason, you should want to change entirely the style and character of your room, then make it consistent. Do not try to combine a Mission motif with a Chippendale style. It should be one thing or another.

In your laboratory you should observe the same consistency. It should, above all, reflect cleanliness. There should be no elaborate carving, no easy chairs or couches, no drapes or cushions. It should be a work-shop. It is a mistake to try to combine the ease and comparative negligence inherent in a rest room with the simple and serviceable efficiency of a work room. When the patient is in your room he is there quite distinctly to be operated upon. If you have anything upon the walls to distract his attention let it be simple and in thorough accord with what the room stands for.

Not long ago a friend of mine, a plastic surgeon, asked me to come and see his operating room. He had had all of the walls and the ceilings decorated with rather a fantastic arrangement of color and pattern representing tales from fairy-land. His idea was that the patient, becoming interested

in the paintings and loosing self-consciousness, would relax and therefore be a more normal person to work upon. I rather enjoyed seeing this phantasmagoria of color and form. It was very unreal and rather interesting, as a dream, and I am glad to learn, upon inquiry, that the purpose he had in mind has been justified by the reactions of his patients.

However, this might not always work out in the same way. The object was to create forgetfulness, to banish fear *before* an operation during which the patient would remain unconscious. But where a patient remains in perfect possession of his faculties, it might interfere with the easy accomplishment of your purpose. A soothing color scheme, with no particular form or thought revealed, would be better in its influence.

In all art expression there are certain combinations of line, form and color which react alike, in most cases, upon all persons. I have spoken of this elsewhere,—the feeling of the horizontal and the vertical line; the inclination of lines, the certain creation of rhythmic pattern; the juxtaposition of colors. All these things occur in all the major arts, music, painting, sculpture, architecture, poetry, etc. The terms used may differ, though not necessarily so, but the psychology is the same. If, then, we want to exercise certain reactions upon those who must see these motifs, we must use them with sympathy, understanding and careful judgment.

Curiously enough our training in this respect comes through reiterated experimentation. We frequently learn more through our failures than through our successes. We must have no fear. Mistakes that teach cannot be fatal. The principal consideration is that we shall encourage the thought, that we shall become addicted to the observation of aesthetic relations.

It is this habit which will, in the long run, enable us to show others the joy, the quiet satisfaction, the lasting peace which an intimacy with Beauty can bring to all lives. It is the only compensation that life has in store for us. What matter that all else may depart. Beauty once possessed, remains. Truth, honesty and strength are attributes of beauty. Not the obvious truth, which is so often distorted; not the honesty which is founded on policy; not the strength which lies in force,—but the quiet self assurance of a mind that has sought and has found. The mind that has conquered the small and the mean and the petty; the mind that has freed itself from jealousies and anger; the mind that knows sympathy and understanding.

Thus and thus only shall we achieve that fine and final compensation which is ours for all time, which shall outlast even the memory of friendship, —Eternal Peace.

November, 1932