

### III

#### THE PURSUIT OF BEAUTY

It is a commonplace that Democracy has been provided with more tools than it knows how to use wisely. Illiteracy, to take the census returns in Canada, is lessening with each decade, and there are grounds for hoping that in time it will become a negligible factor in our communities. But among certain circles continuous jeremiads are being out-poured as to the failure of Democracy: it cannot distinguish the flatterer from the true patriot; it follows after the false gods, if indeed after any gods, of art; it is so deplorably faulty in judgment that it is seduced by them from the beautiful and the good. As an inevitable consequence of the almost universal accomplishment of being able to read and write, an unlimited supply of cheap and poor material is provided by the press. Comic strips are a portent. Also in relief from the wearisome monotony of serving machinery, and to fill in the longer hours of leisure or unemployment, the moving-picture show and Hollywood, with all that these represent, supply unwholesome entertainment.

But poor taste is not confined to those who have been recently emancipated from illiteracy; it is endemic also among that large and virtually uneducated class who, though living in material comfort, even in luxury, have never disciplined their minds to discern what is true, beautiful, and good. They also seek excitement restlessly in phantasmagoria provided by well organized advertisement.

We need not despair of Democracy. The day is not past

nor is the night at hand. Were one engaged as its advocate, one might reply that until recent years it had not access to high ideals of art, as they were reserved for the possession of exclusive classes to pursue and enjoy within a narrow circle: the hungry sheep looked up and were not fed. Education is a long, slow, but hopeful process. As never before, we know that it involves much more than the ability to read, write, count, absorb facts about nature and items of history; more even than the knack of speaking foreign languages: it implies also the power of discrimination, of forming reliable judgments on the highest concerns of human life. Therefore we must persistently and with good courage endeavor to provide a completer education for the citizen. And thereby he will come into a better frame of mind, be more contented in a better world. None are so contented as those who enjoy simple things. But the enjoyment of simple things is, as a rule, the result of being taught to see what is veritably simple. It does not come by purchase; it is not an accompaniment of wealth. Happily also the raw material of manhood out of which these simplicities are developed is not confined to any one class; it is found in both rich and poor. Another reason for hope is that taste, even for more intricate and subtle beauty, can be cultivated in all classes. This may be proved at any symphony concert. The first gallery may be filled by the well-to-do and by those who think that they ought to be there; the top galleries are crowded by those who come because they enjoy following the movements of players and instruments, and are thrilled by the motives and harmonies. But it would of course be a profound misjudgment to conclude that excellent taste is not to be found in the first gallery, and to overlook the fact that the concert is an effective means of education for most of those who patronize it. Since artistic capacity may ap-

## 44 Making of the Complete Citizen

pear anywhere, the human mind or emotion when exposed to the influence of the best may be expected to respond well on the average. In art as in religion our optimism remembers that "some who came to scoff remained to pray."

It cannot be successfully maintained that there has been a deterioration in standards of beauty under Democracy. The Victorian period was no golden age in respect of either art or religion. Even those select orders which had the privileges of higher education did not make as much out of them as might have been expected. Nor will our own era become a golden age for our descendants. In fact history shows us that the idea of a golden age is illusory. The Greeks put it in the past; the Hebrews in the future. The best that we can hope for is that the people of our time may enjoy in increasing numbers and in fuller measure the blessings that come from the pursuit of beauty. Moreover these blessings are to be found more in the pursuit than in the attainment of final standards, more in the discipline of the spirit than in external forms. Yet there have been periods in which beauty in some of its phases was more richly and purely shed abroad among the people than it is today. Those periods are classic in the meaning assigned to the word in a former lecture. An authority has said: "But for ancient Greece, the art of Europe would today be on much the same level as the fantastic and degraded art of India. And but for the continued influence of Greek art, that of Europe would continually be in danger of drifting into chaotic extravagance."<sup>1</sup> To them and to all others, who have left landmarks of attainment in art which will never be obliterated because they are so high, we must turn for ideals, even though we will devise new forms for ourselves. The creations of genius in the case of individuals or

<sup>1</sup> Percy Gardner, *Legacy of Greece*, 354.

peoples are a permanent possession for the world, in the sense that what they have left becomes a renewable stimulus to their successors. In art as in morals "the primal virtues shine aloft like stars," and there are men to whom and periods to which we return for the rediscovery of those primacies. Art is manifold; beauty is the quality that is unfolded in each of its flowerings. Some pursue it in painting, some in sculpture, some in music, some in poetry, some fortunate souls in all these manifestations. The Greek world flowered in the plastic arts, in architecture and in poetry; the mediaeval in painting, in architecture, and in poetry; the modern, while not deficient in these, has added to them in unsurpassed measure the glory of music. In regard to the fine art of morals, for in some respects morals are an aspect of practical beauty, we do not need to look back to any past age to furnish higher and more widespread attainment of common virtues; and that notwithstanding the present outbreak of selfish nationalism. Simple human virtue has become the ideal in conduct of more people than ever before.

Those concerned with education, therefore, are more intent than formerly on considering how richer interests may be provided for our communities, how life may be given fuller satisfactions, how the greatest number may be placed in a position to enjoy what is opened up to them now that the tools for education have been put into their hands. The use of the radio and the movie, so influential with such a vast multitude, shows once again that the inventions of science are in themselves no guarantee that we shall be a more cultured world in the future. The unbounded optimism of a generation ago has been chastened. A quotation in the daily press from a recent address by a well known American sounds like an echo of an outgrown age: "Through

## 46 Making of the Complete Citizen

science the world will be made anew during the next fifty years, just as it was remade during the past fifty years. . . . Even modern languages are impractical for Americans." In this pronouncement the speaker implied that the chief aim of life is the pursuit of pleasure, and he seems to assume that this aim will be subserved chiefly by science, or by its applications in this, as he admits, "almost too practical world." The pleasure apparently will consist in the thrills that may come from the applications of science in a practical world. Some will get their thrill from one kind of movie, some from another kind; these will be swept away on the magnificent strains of "Parsifal," while their neighbors purr in satisfaction just in patronizing a high art which they do not understand. Such thrills can no longer be classified as good or bad, high or low; they are simply different.

This hypothesis, if acted upon in another field, may lead not to more enduring satisfaction but to self-destruction. If there is no moral purpose to regulate the applications of science, why may it not be found more efficient in devising death-dealing instruments of war than pleasurable thrills, unless indeed war itself come to be regarded as a pleasurable thrill? The weapons made by applied science and used by raging nations failed by only a small margin, it would appear, to destroy civilization. If another war should come, science will have given the world such fiendish contrivances and poisonous gases, that ruin will be dealt out wholesale to cities and countryside alike. Science in itself guarantees nothing as to progress. The view that it does so is based largely on the biological doctrine of evolution, itself a hypothesis, probable indeed as an explanation of the movement of physical life, but gratuitously transferred to morals and history.

Indeed to identify "science" with its practical applications

is to degrade the term. Science is an activity of the mind which makes decisions within certain limits as between the true and the false. In investigating the laws of nature, in order to discover how things truly are and how they happen, most men of science also appreciate that some things are beautiful and some things ugly; and as they contemplate the world of human beings they pronounce some actions to be good, others to be bad. Moreover they realize that in their judgments as to what is beautiful and what is ugly, what is good and what is bad, they must get wide circles to agree with them, though such agreement may not be so universal as in the case of the truth of a scientific hypothesis, because in the former the subjective element is larger than in the latter. But reasonable persons act upon the belief, confirmed by experience, that by their very nature truth prevails over error, beauty makes inroads on ugliness, and goodness devitalizes evil.

Our efforts must, therefore, be directed persistently and unweariedly to replace higher standards of beauty for lower in our democracies. Individually we may not be able to accomplish a great deal, but it is essential that all those who believe in the promotion of the true, the beautiful, and the good, should gather their forces behind efforts in their community for the creation of taste and more rational enjoyment by the people. Each nation preserves, usually at its capital, standards of measurement, weight, and value. They are not brought out for frequent inspection; they are kept in reserve. While the comparison is not quite adequate, the nation has centers also where standards of culture are maintained—universities, museums, art galleries, libraries, conservatories of music, and learned societies—and from them they are proclaimed abroad. In season and out of season the best in knowledge and in art is disseminated from these

## 48 Making of the Complete Citizen

sources of light and leading, in the confident assurance that what is inferior will gradually yield to the ideals that have been approved by the cultivated mind of the world.

One would be a pessimist if one did not believe that it is possible to create a widespread desire for better things in art as in morals, and for higher integrity of mind. There is, it seems to me, a distinct improvement in the quality of the pictures and music in the homes of the people. Granted that some of the credit for this goes to the resistless movement of standardization, yet the process is bringing more people within the range of better influences. There is much chaff as the harvest is threshed, but also there is in the winnowing a better quality of grain and more of it than there used to be.

It is probable that on this continent there is relatively less enjoyment of poetry and of good literature than in Europe. While we have magnificent libraries we have fewer and poorer bookshops. There are fewer readers of what used to be called *belles lettres*, polite or elegant literature, in fact literature as a fine art. This is an old criticism of American civilization. One of the first to emphasize it was the apostle of "sweetness and light," Matthew Arnold. Not the least curious of his experiences was his adventure in coming to the United States to give a series of lectures on the appreciation of literature, which proved to be partially ineffective because he was inaudible to many listeners, as still today some English lecturers are; though both to England and to America the oddest sight must have been Andrew Carnegie, later the author of *Democracy Triumphant*, acting as his hierophant. Not that Mr. Carnegie was himself what Arnold dubbed a "philistine," for he was a great reader even of poetry, and showed his faith in books by his benefactions for the creation of libraries;

but as Carnegie's biographer says: "What was likely to be Arnold's attitude towards an American who knew not Greek, and who lived in a medium so unsympathetic as pig iron?"

If our appreciation of poetry is less than that in Europe, this is partly due to those who have taught it. There have not been enough teachers who themselves enjoyed literature. To convey an impression of its beauty and inner meaning is much more difficult than to discuss words and to trace parallels. The vitality of all great literature consists both in the beauty of its form and in the appeal, clothed in harmonious words and sharpened by insight, to universal human emotion. Sometimes as we have listened to a teacher expounding with minute accuracy but without appreciation or sense of form the structure of a poem, we have been made to doubt whether the indwelling spirit that gives vitality to literature has been understood by the expounder. Not the least important factor in the interpretation of literature is the ability to read it well, an accomplishment which has been too much neglected in our educational process. Alfred Croiset says that in the method of education followed in the French University scientific rigor is tempered by  *finesse* , "that is to say sometimes taste, sometimes psychological understanding, sometimes a certain delicate intuition which warns one of the point where pure logic loses its rights." The French are good readers; they have cultivated style in outward expression. In intellectual judgments Anglo-Saxons may be fully as reliable as the French, but in judgments involving taste, the latter are on the average superior. For the French the form is almost as important as the thought itself; they regard ability to clarify as essential to the understanding of the idea. Clarifying indeed may be overdone to the extent of rendering in too persuasive terms



## 50 Making of the Complete Citizen

ideas that may be thin or false. But far more harm comes from mystifying hearers in clouds of words. In public policies how often counsels are darkened by masses of platitudes which would soon dissolve if shot through by some clear dry light.

The sense of beauty is more universal than the possession of the good judgment as to what is beautiful in any particular instance, which we call taste; because taste is the outcome of educated capacity, and very few have had the opportunity for this education. Taste is not a logical process, but has in it something of direct apprehension, which however must be cultivated by being exercised upon objects that will call forth the highest power of appreciation latent in the endowment of the individual. Taste was recently defined by an art critic as "the power of enjoying life as it is revealed in works of art"; and he went on to say that "pleasure in reminders of agreeable things has nothing whatsoever to do with taste . . . the main difference between the attitude of people who love art today and the attitude of people who liked art in the last generation being that now they get their feeling straight from the picture, whereas they got their feeling then by thinking of something else that came into their minds as the result of looking at the picture." This seems to me to be an incorrect judgment both as to the different attitudes of the present and the past in their enjoyment of works of art, and also as to what constitutes taste. Indeed such a view would mean that soon we should have no standards of taste; it leaves out of account the intellectual element which is essential to it. Even those who enjoy the most modern art are not so insulated that they do not absorb impressions through the atmosphere of past experience. Line and color and sound remain mere sense impressions unless they are interpreted by insight

based on intelligible relations. This is obvious in the case of poetry, possibly the greatest of the fine arts, for unless we have had understanding of the struggle of human life, of its tragedy, its humor, its victory, we are not qualified to appreciate its beauty in literature. Poetry has its forms just as any other fine art, but also it has its classic embodiments of human thought and emotion in these forms. So have painting and sculpture both form and content, the enjoyment of which does not depend solely upon the sensation that comes straight from the picture. Unless people have enjoyed the scenery of mountains, oceans, and the cultivated country-side, they will find little pleasure in the symbolic lines and colors of modern impressionism in landscape. It therefore becomes a question whether these, or more universally accepted forms, recall most vividly in tranquillity the emotion which is part of the enjoyment in the exercise of taste. We cannot divorce intelligence from emotion, nor dissolve artistic beauty into sense impressions. Carlyle's definition seems to me to be far nearer the truth: "Taste, if it means anything but a paltry connoisseurship, must mean a general susceptibility to truth and nobleness: a sense to discern, and a heart to love and reverence all beauty, order, goodness, wheresoever and in whatsoever forms and accompaniments they are to be seen."

It is therefore essential to the acquiring of taste that we store our minds and enrich our memories with whatsoever things have been approved by the judgment of the ages in respect of the true, the beautiful, and the good. This does not paralyze modern creative effort; it rather prepares it for its own transmission as well as stimulates present originality. Amid that which is conventional and suited to the day, only the dominant harmonies prevailing over the dissonance of clashing conceptions will be permanently satis-

## 52 Making of the Complete Citizen

fying. Beauty, being of the spirit of man, is measurable in terms of response to the truth and nobility of human life and the sphere in which it is set.

That the pursuit of Beauty is an essential factor in the education of the complete citizen, has not long since been magnificently set forth in *The Testament of Beauty* by the late Robert Bridges, poet-laureate of England. No poem in recent years in English has been received with greater acclaim. *The London Times* said that "Bridges was as much a match for his age as Milton was for his." Like *The Prelude* of Wordsworth this poem is almost a philosophic treatise on education, the last will and testament of a poet written in his old age. Educated in modern science he has pondered long over its theories and its trend, and testifies that "it is only as a result of the liberating force of the scientific spirit that Beauty has begun to vindicate its place in the trinity of the absolute values—truth, goodness, and beauty." His poem is "the testimony of Beauty, the witness borne by Beauty to the truth that reality is good."

The poem is difficult, its rhythms are unfamiliar, many words occur with unusual signification, and the spelling often seems fantastic; but the course of its thought proceeds in calm and measured exposition, and is often illuminated by passages of matchless beauty. Mr. De Sélincourt, professor of poetry at Oxford, wrote: "If I ventured to advise those about to enter that most responsible of all professions, the profession of a teacher, I would say: Lay aside, if only for a moment, your statistics of child fatigue and your manuals of psycho-analysis and read *The Testament of Beauty*."

We may then turn briefly to this poem. Bridges believes that

all promise of spiritual advancement  
lieth in two things, good disposition and . . .  
right education.

Therefore it is all important that from its earliest days a child should be surrounded by what is best :

a child well-bred  
in good environment, so soon as he is aware  
of personality, wil know and think himself  
a virtuous being and instinctivly, in the proud  
realization of Self common to all animals,  
becometh to be his own ideal, a such-a-one  
as would WILL and DO this (saith he) and never do thatt,  
refraining there from shame, consenting here for love,  
winning new beauty of soul from the embrace of beauty,  
and strength by practised combat against folly and wrong,  
to perfect as he may his idea of himself. (IV, 628-638)

ther is nought in all his nurtur of more intrinsic need  
than is the food of Beauty. (IV, 643-4)

But while the intellectual faculty is yet unborn,  
spiritual things to children are even as Music is,  
thatt firstborn pleasur of animal conscience that now  
hath for its human honour its origin forgot;  
the which a child absorbeth readily and without thought,  
tho' in after years, if thatt initiation hav lack'd,  
scarce can a man by grammar come at the elements.

(IV, 674-80)

The environment continues to be in later life a moulding factor for the education of society in appreciation of the beautiful:

Well might we ask what Beauty ever coud liv or thrive  
in our crowded democracy under governance  
of such politic fancy as a farmer would show  
who cultivated weeds in hope of good harvest:  
and yet hath modern cultur enrich'd a wasting soil;  
Science comforting man's animal poverty  
and leisuring his toil, hath humanized manners  
and social temper, and now above her globe-spredd net  
of speeded intercourse hath outrun all magic,  
and disclosing the secrecy of the reticent air  
hath woven a seamless web of invisible strands  
spiriting the dumb inane with the quick matter of life:  
Now music's prison'd raptur and the drown'd voice of truth  
mantled in light's velocity, over land and sea

## 54 Making of the Complete Citizen

are omnipresent, speaking aloud to every ear,  
into every heart and home their unhinder'd message,  
the body and soul of Universal Brotherhood;  
whereby war fain from savagery to fratricide,  
from a trumpeting vainglory to a crying shame,  
stalketh now with blasting curse branded on its brow.

(I, 717-36)

The poet therefore has hope for Democracy in that Science has called to its aid the instruments whereby music and beauty may be brought into its intimate life through the command of the pathway of the air.

But what is Beauty? and what is Art?

Beauty is the highest of all these occult influences,  
the quality of appearances that thru' the sense  
wakeneth spiritual emotion in the mind of man:  
And Art, as it createth new forms of beauty,  
awakeneth new ideas that advance the spirit  
in the life of Reason to the wisdom of God.

(II, 842-48)

and again:

Art is the true and happy science of the soul,  
exploring nature for spiritual influences,  
as doth physical science for comforting powers,  
advancing so to a sure knowledge with like progress:  
but lovers who thereto look for expression of truth  
hav great need to remember that no plastic Art,  
tho' it create ideals noble as are the forms  
that Pheidias wrought, can ever elude or wholly escape  
its earthly medium; nor in its adumbrations  
reach thatt detach'd suprasensuous vision, whereto  
Poetry and Music soar, nor dive down in the mine  
where cold philosophy diggeth her fiery jewels—  
or only by rare magic may it sometimes escape.

(III, 1058-70)

Therefore:

as Beauty is all with Spirit twined,  
so all obscenity is akin to the ugliness  
which Art would outlaw; whence cometh that tinsel honour  
and mimicry of beauty which is the attire of vice.

(III, 1119-22)

And:

Verily by Beauty it is that we come at WISDOM,  
yet not by Reason at Beauty. (IV, 1305-6)

This noble poem, the fruit of long meditation upon life, and life too in the full brightness of the scientific thought of these latter days, this recent, profound and beautiful creation of our modern culture, calls to the men of our time to follow Beauty and so let her lead them into truth:

Man's happiness, his flaunting honey'd flower of soul,  
is his loving response to the wealth of Nature.  
Beauty is the prime motiv of all his excellence,  
his aim and peaceful purpose. (I, 120-3)

Hitherto we have been considering the development of taste and the enjoyment of beauty in respect of what may appeal to comparatively few in our communities. While these are found in all ranks their number is relatively small. Are we then to do nothing for the masses of the people? This question is all the more insistent because of the rapid displacement of manual labor by machinery and the imminent increase in hours of leisure. Portents, with some substantial nucleus, have been called up by the calculations and the imagination of the technocrats; whether they are as ominous as they seem, and whether or not we agree with the conclusions and remedies, the fact remains that society must educate itself for the use of greater leisure. At once we ask whether the scope for employment must not be much enlarged. There are many other things at which men can work than in providing food, clothing, houses, and means of transportation. There is the vast realm of the beautiful on which more thought and energy might be put, resulting in richer and more satisfying life.

One thinks hopefully of the cultural effect that is being produced on increasing numbers of people by the widespread

## 56 Making of the Complete Citizen

custom of spending vacations amid pleasant surroundings of nature. Children of all grades in society have holidays in the finer parts of the country where they unconsciously store up in memory scenes of beauty, which give cultural tone to the soul, and, afterwards, as they turn over the pages of their memory, they will in retrospect pass many a pleasant hour.

Travel in later life may or may not stimulate and satisfy taste for the beautiful. Those who seek their pleasure in the stupendous floating hotels that transport men and women during the winter months across warm oceans and touch for a few hours at busy seaports, find in their travel hardly more than long drawn-out occasions for such entertainment or excitement as they are accustomed to in their luxurious round of life at home. Alternate excitement and ennui are not a favorable atmosphere through which to absorb the ideals of beauty, which take kaleidoscopic shapes as tourists glide over the oceans and past far-away lands. Rush of any kind blurs the delicate shades and shapes of natural scenery. The value of the automobile has, therefore, been discounted by some as an instrument for popular education in appreciation of the beauty of the countryside. Even from such a conservative country as England there comes the alarmed query whether this speeding machine is not defiling the old English landscape, and destroying the once popular habit of tramping its country lanes and getting to know its beauties intimately. To offset this the automobile has brought many of the most beautiful districts of wide and far-flung countries within the range of a large number of those who delight in natural scenery.

The walking parties of my student days were a real as well as a delightful element in my education. One can never forget the joys of morning, noon, and evening beside the brawling streams of Thuringia; the climb up and the view

from the Brocken; a perfect summer day on the slopes and the summit of the Rigi; an early excursion up an Alpine valley with the line of the rising sun creeping from the utmost peaks down into the depths; a road by Scottish loch or English lake; a path over mountains clothed in purple heather, and the silence on the summit crowning a sea of billowing ranges now enveloped in cloud, now lightly brushed by wisps of mist.

Fortunate are the men and women who have their home in a beautiful land. Surely beyond others those who have spent their lives in Greece, Italy, Switzerland, France, in cultivated England, or rugged Scotland have had their spirit attuned to natural beauty which is never changed by the changing taste of mankind, and refined to an instinctive piety which will make them less susceptible than others to being vulgarized by what is material in civilization.

But we also on this continent have our settings of natural grandeur and of pastoral charm. We recall with delight images of sylvan beauty, cultivated meadows backed by hills of gentle contour, vivified by sparkling streams winding among elms; of the blue sea dotted by sails under masses of white cloud against an azure sky; of wave advancing on wave and breaking in foam on reefs, or tumbling for miles on beaches of glistening sand; of lakes gleaming through woods and finely toned rocks; of majestic rivers made human by homes along the banks; of prairies spreading afar in a sea of golden grain; of mountains equally sublime by day, as their snow-clad peaks pierce the blue, and towards nightfall, as the rays of the departing sun irradiate and glorify the empurpled fastnesses of the mighty range. If we have eyes to see and hearts to feel we can satisfy our sense of natural beauty in our own homelands, and find our world an unending source of joy that never stales nor cloy.



## 58 Making of the Complete Citizen

But how poorly we have cultivated our noble heritage. How barren our world will become if its end will have been reached when it has been glutted with factories. Already machinery has driven beauty away from many a countryside and town; and it is to be restored, if it has not been irretrievably lost, only by the skill and taste of man's own loving toil. Buildings which may be effective for farm purposes, but desolating in their ugliness, so often disfigure the landscape. The farmer may reply that he is too busy to waste energy on frills. But a pleasant homestead is not frill; in it he spends most of his days; and bad taste is not always due to poverty, nor untidiness to overwork. A little imagination in the make-up of buildings, in the setting out of trees and flowers, and in the orderly arrangement of things put where they ought to be, adds human value to the possession and heightens its worth in the sight of the passer-by. When this depression is over, a pleasant farm may prove to be worth more to a neighborhood than a rise in the price of wheat or hogs. The value of the amenities of life is to be estimated not in dollars and cents, but in the abiding and satisfying contentment which is essential enrichment.

Nor have we been much more successful in the education of our people who live in cities. In America there is no lack of examples of great architecture; indeed no other country surpasses it in the manifestation of this art and applied science; but too often their effect has been spoiled by their setting, and the idea of city-planning has come too late to save its full value to the community. Our cities have grown as a rule in response to the pressure of traffic, though in some cases this pressure has turned into a blessing as it has demanded wide thoroughfares to be driven across older streets, which then may be lined with consistently designed and impressive buildings. So often great opportunities have

been wasted. I never walk along Riverside Drive in New York without regretting that the magnificent bank of the Hudson has not been used to better advantage, for surely with some foresight and a little imagination it might have been made into a city highway unsurpassed for outlook in the world.

Not a few modern cities are superior in town-planning to any in the ancient world. Paris, Edinburgh, Washington have never been outdone in beauty by the best in any age. The effect of these cities on their inhabitants can only be surmised; but it is surely reasonable to say that there is some connection between the transmitted impressiveness of the older cities and the culture of their homes: the charm of Oxford is not found exclusively within the halls of its colleges.

Many of our cities owe their improvement to the urging of a few enthusiastic citizens who have had a vision of the city beautiful, and by long continued effort have educated their democracy into an acceptance of the slight burdens that the provision of civic amenities entails. It is now admitted that playgrounds are necessary for children and open spaces for the physical well-being of adults; but we must go far beyond this. The city of the future will have more beautified places of resort such as parks and public gardens, in which people may wander at will, refresh their spirits in quietness, and enjoy the charm which man's art has drawn from nature. What an incalculable boon are large botanical gardens combining opportunity for knowledge and rest, affording average folk a place to which they may withdraw from the fever and the fret of the busy city, roam in peacefulness among trees and flowers, and sit on green grass beside rippling waters. Along with this source of refreshment are to be ranked the other public centers for

## Making of the Complete Citizen

purifying and elevating the mind and emotions of the people—museums of every kind, picture galleries, and halls for music and other arts. In some European cities there are municipal halls provided with organs; and recitals of orchestral music and choir-singing are placed within the range of the ordinary citizen. We have still an unrealized ideal lying ahead.

Since writing the foregoing I have been fortunate in reading in Andrew Carnegie's *Life* an extract from the letter in which he made a gift that amounted to four million dollars to his native town of Dunfermline: "Gentlemen of the Commission, the Trust Deed, of which this may be considered explanatory, transfers to you Pittencrieff Park and Glen, and two million five hundred thousand dollars in five percent bonds, giving you an annual revenue of Twenty-five thousand pounds, all to be used in attempts to bring into the monotonous lives of the toiling masses of Dunfermline more of sweetness and light; to give to them—especially the young—some charm, some happiness, some elevating conditions of life which residence elsewhere would have denied; that the child of my native town, looking back in after years, however far from home it may have roamed, will feel that simply by virtue of being such, life has been made happier and better. If this be the fruit of your labors, you will have succeeded; if not, you will have failed."<sup>1</sup> The results in Dunfermline as described by his biographer would have gratified the sympathy and justified the vision of the benefactor.

Short though the pilgrimage of even a generation is, it is possible during its course to work great change, for good or for evil, upon that portion of the face of the earth which it may occupy. Damage has been done to some scenes of

<sup>1</sup> II, 249.

natural beauty which is beyond retrieval, but with rising culture there has developed an increasing sense, on the part of the public, that it has a duty, both to its own generation and to those who come after, to preserve and enhance what is beautiful in our environment. We live in hope that our successors will find that they have been served heirs to a lovelier and therefore happier world than ours.