

Will Durant Tells the Why of Art

By WILL DURANT.
Author of "The Story of Philosophy."

YES, art is decaying. From the time that Galileo steered his telescope across the sky, art withered and science was more and more. Mathematics made mechanics and mechanics made industry and industry made quantities and quality began to die. Machines made things cheaper—and made cheaper things; every article was like a million others, not individualized by an artist's hand, not unique and precious in its use. Who could love it now that it might be so easily replaced?

Architecture began to die: homes were poured out along the streets as if by some bestial machine, in deadly rows and miles of duplication; horrible office buildings, built like prisons in patterns geometrical, displaced cathedrals whose every stone was carved with patience into difference and beauty.

Painting began to die: once it had lived by catching a passing loveliness and making it permanent with the brush; once it had preserved the radiance of a dying day, or given immortality to Mona Lisa's smile; but now science came and made the camera, made it cleverer than any brush, gave it the colors of rainbow and palette, and taught it even to make ugly faces beautiful; the task of the painter was taken from him, his art sickened into bizarceries, into a chaos of novelties as numerous as the nostrum that try to keep off death.

Drama decayed, replaced by the motion picture, duplicated in color and sound, and confined to ideas that could appeal to vast majorities. Sculpture decayed; how could a sculptor carve our universal pantalons into a thing of beauty? Music decayed; the rhythm of life had given way to the fever of life, the grace and swing of ancient dances yielded to the mechanical staccato of barbaric contortions,



MR. TELEVOX JOINS THE CHORUS
This Photo of a Modern Mechanical Man with Eight Little Beauties Emphasizes the Idea—Brought Out in the Accompanying Article by Mr. Durant—That "the grace and swing of ancient dances yielded to the staccato of barbaric contortions."

the quiet search for the beautiful was forgotten in the neurotic passion for the new.

Literature decayed. Men and women were too busy to read, or they had leisure and were tired; they wished to be amused without the pain of thought. Writers, too, were drawn into the convulsions of our hurried life; they flung their ideas at us unformed and never paused for style; they did not know that language, to be literature, must be built like architecture, carved like sculpture, colored like paintings and composed like music.

And then, while the pessimist sang

dirges, suddenly beauty appeared again, growing out of the dark soil of industry itself. Makers of radiators, vendors of trifles, purveyors of insurance to His Majesty the People, reared glorious buildings in the midst of barbarism and chaos. Makers of flash-lights and loudspeakers (O, democratic term!) sent the symphonies of Beethoven, Tchaikovsky and Brahms miraculously into a million homes and souls that had known only the chorus of dance-hall music trembled at the touch of genius.

Makers of a costly automobile once clumsy and formless suddenly sensed the new day and engaged—lo and be-

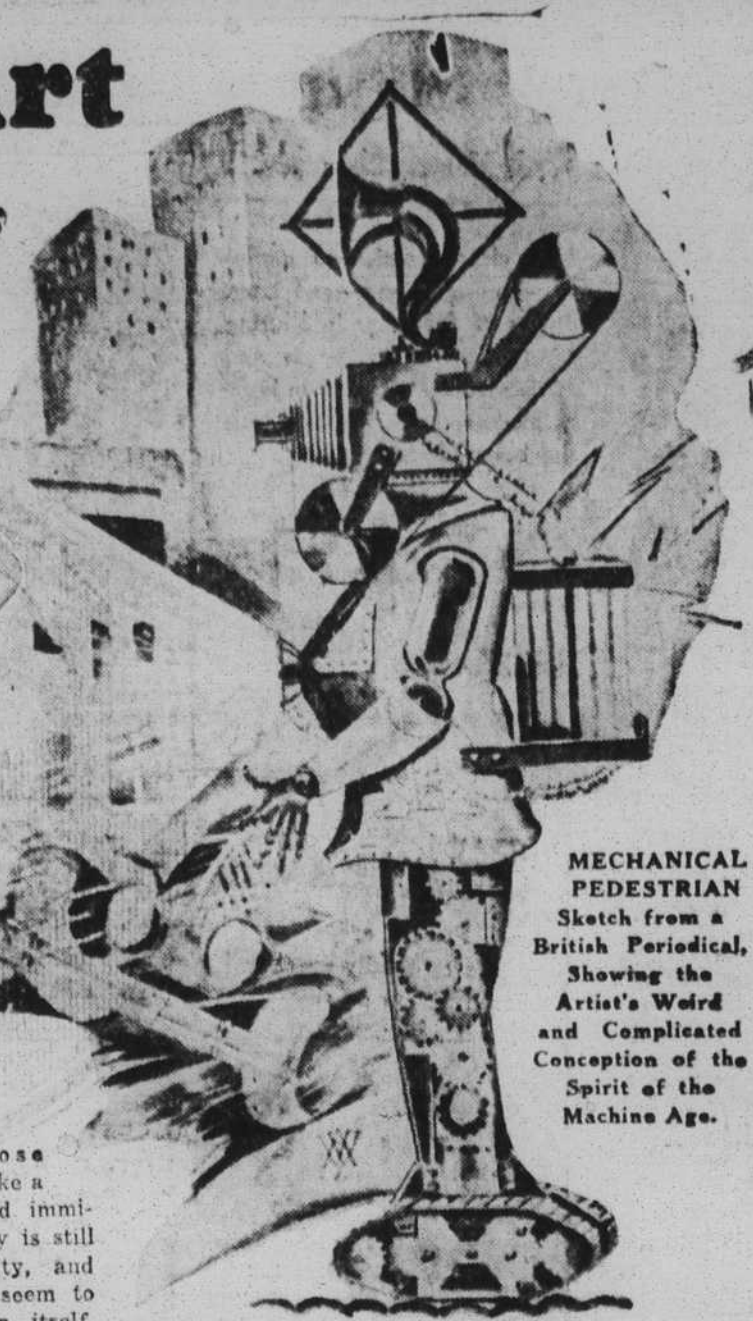
hold!—an "artist" to design their cars, to make them things of beauty as well as of use and power. They paid him better than their president; and now every street shines with their glory. The word goes forth throughout America that it is beauty as well as use that will win tomorrow's victories; and the greatest standardizer of them all, that tall gaunt worshiper of quantity, is almost ruined by hearing the news when it is already old.

These are beginnings, childish and incomplete: Our architecture is hybrid imitation, our music is made and played

by men whose names sound like a list of rejected immigrants; beauty is still slave to utility, and does not yet seem to us an end in itself, profounder than wisdom and kinder than truth. Every age must slowly make its own arts, different from those of old, indigenous and individual, redolent of the race and the soil we shall not duplicate—France, nor Italy, nor Greece.

We are like the Pythagorean students who, when they joined that guild

of learners, were pledged to a modest silence for seven years; only then might they question and debate. We, too, are listening in silence, for many times seven years, calling every talent of every land to come and teach us, that we may grow up from our youth. Soon we shall have listened enough. Soon we, too, shall speak.



MECHANICAL PEDESTRIAN
Sketch from a British Periodical, Showing the Artist's World and Complicated Conception of the Spirit of the Machine Age.

Ideas+Backbone=Success

"DON'T put all your eggs in one basket," says Charles J. Eldridge, president of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange and head of the Merrill-Eldridge Butter and Egg Produce Company—which handles more than \$400,000,000 worth of butter and eggs a year.

Mr. Eldridge was asked: "Suppose you were starting from 'scratch' again today. What would you do to succeed? Would you go about your career in much the same manner as you have, or would you adopt different tactics?"

"One thing is sure," came the reply. "I'd very my interests, I wouldn't sink all my hope and energy in any one project. It's a bad idea to center everything on too narrow a field."

Forty years ago Eldridge was an office boy in his father's butter and egg establishment. Looking back, he's pretty sure how he'd feel if he had to start over again. If he were on the street now looking for a job he wouldn't feel at all depressed simply because he needed work and had to ask for it. He thinks no young man should let that bother him.

"Asking for work is asking no favor. The young man is offering something of value in the open market. To find some way of bringing together the manless job and the jobless man is one of the great current problems in business."

"What assets should he have? Courage, I'd say, courage of his convictions and courage to fight a thing through

—Says This Big Butter and Egg Man



CHARLES J. ELDRIDGE.

to the finish. Ideas aren't worth having if there isn't ability with them, those two qualities and I'll show you a person close to greatness.

"Competition in American business is growing more and more intense. The youngster has got to be on his toes to stand the gaff and come out on top. I think it's a good thing for him to bring all the force he's got to the consummation of one job—but it's never a

bad idea to peg away along several other channels. Plant your seed in different fields and you're likely to get at least one good crop."

Finally, when asked what sort of young man had the best chance of becoming a power in modern business, Mr. Eldridge grew grave and his eyes flashed. He felt what he said:

"My admiration is for the young man who knows how to say 'no.' It's surprising how that little word can tilt the scales of success. But his judgments should be tempered with kindness. To be a big man in any line of endeavor you must be big in your heart first!"

Mr. Eldridge has little use for the copy-book definitions of success. The man who has reached the top—in his eyes, at any rate—is the man who has grown from within. Unless a man is piling up breadth of vision and sympathy and understanding he is not succeeding—no matter how his bank account may pyramid.

"And my feeling about putting your eggs in a number of baskets goes for things other than business enterprises," he added with feeling. "Tell the young man to keep himself out of a rut, in his diversions and contacts as well as in his commercial ventures. Know all sorts of people, and understand them; keep one eye peeled for new riches of experience, new insights into the real selves of your associates."

By Clare Murray, New Girl Poet-Artist



"The interesting shape of those trees on the bank Against the straight line of apartments."

RAMON LEGRAND.
On the River Bank.

There is always new beauty here in the park—
Something to sketch, to see and interpret
An orgy of color.
The interesting shape of those trees on the bank
Against the straight line of apartments—
Organism against mechanism—
Forms the basis of many a fine composition.
Those figures you see
I've sketched them in action, caught on the fly,
Notice the strength of the movement.
The bend of that body
I saw in a beautiful girl. What a figure she had!
But the faces are the most fascinating subjects
Of study. I sometimes wish
I were a portrait painter.
The light is good in the mornings.
There are never the people to watch and disturb,
When a student, I flinched
From the stare of the curious.
Yet much as I feared and despised them
I used to act my role, and slap on paint
For quick effects, to hear the ohs and ahs
As they recognized a rock or boat
Taking form on my canvas.
(One of those crude studies won a prize
At the exhibit. Amusing, wasn't it?)
I still find that to express the best



I have to be alone.
Then the colors spring to life, and I see
In the tints on the river
All the delicacy and subtlety of a Japanese print.
But I have never yet been able to do them justice.
Sometime I will.

HOW TO DRESS WELL

by ANNE U. STILLMAN

Wife of the Millionaire Banker

AN evening coat is sometimes a pleasure and sometimes it is not. And this is so important, for when you are dressed in your evening clothes a look of annoyance or a feeling of being ill at ease often ruins what might otherwise have been a most perfect evening. For this time above all should be play-time.

An evening coat is not a pleasure when it does not "go" with your evening dress. And, strangely enough, sometimes it doesn't. The evening wrap of today completes the dress. It is part of the entire costume.

You should choose your evening wrap, if possible, when you are selecting your dress. For it is no longer a thing apart. It is just another piece of the ensemble. This should make the selection of the wrap very simple.

Often the coat is made of the same material. If not, then it may be of a complementary material in either the same color or a shade which will blend with the dress.

There are many beautifully designed evening wraps. Some are artistic, romantic. Some chic—and expensive—usually most expensive. But how really few are comfortable or warm! This is an important point to think about when buying a new evening coat. For if the coat does not feel comfortable—if it is not well cut or is slimly lined—then no matter how beautiful

the wrap is—you have already lost much of the meaning and worth of the garment.

The richly brilliant colors of the new ensembles contribute in no small part to their success. For sapphire blue or glowing prune can no more be ignored than the season's stunning new shades of English reds, flame and vivid greens. The family of yellow, too, have come into prominence—in every tone from the palest canary to the deepest sulphur. Many have taken on a greenish cast, the greens adopting the yellow notes. Char-treuse is one of the smartest of the new shades.

In many instances the gown and wrap match in color and material. But this is not absolutely necessary. If a harmonious contrast is used, the wrap lined, perhaps, in the same color or material as the dress, then it may possibly be used with one or two other dresses, especially when economy is a factor.

Neutral colors are excellent choices for the evening coat, too, if you cannot plan a wrap for each gown. It is in such instances that broadened wraps are a favored medium. Many of these broadened wraps are lined in velvet.

Velvet is the most important fabric for evening wear this season. It is used by every Paris house, and seen at every important function, whether it be the opera, or some private party of great social importance. It is made into coats which are quite plainly designed without trimming or into the most elaborately draped styles, richly collared in luxurious fur.

Speaking of fur, the white ermine wrap is with us again in abundance. The newest ones are trimmed in a fur of dark brown color. Other white fur wraps of the more inexpensive type are of white caracul, galyak, which is quite new this year—and copy, of course, which is not of fashion significance at all.

There is much to be said about the



A Lovely Evening Coat of an Off-White Velvet Mink Collar and Cuffs. A Scarf Belt Knotted at the Back Trails Long Ends. Deep Wine Red Velvet Fashions This Voluminous Wrap. The Softly Crushed High Collar Is of Ermine. It, Too, Has a Trailing Uneven Hemline.

silhouette of the evening wrap or coat of the past season. For there are many new details. The first thought is that the coat has been designed with particular attention paid to the gown it accompanies. And since most of the dresses favor the dipping hemline with the long back, a good many of the new wraps have been designed with this in mind. This subject of matching the silhouette of the gown by dipping coats is not the only style note emphasized. Inserted godets—swaying scarfs often beginning at the neckline adding height and slenderness and intricate cuts of coats which are really voluminous but appear slender—are all clever ways in which the coat adopts the silhouette of the gown beneath.

Remember, an evening wrap is a covering—but it is also the outside armor—and it often tells the story of what is beneath. Who would suspect a perfectly gowned woman under a stupid coat—or smartness inside of a misfit?

The coat is the complement of the dress—and should be harmonious in every respect.