

The host continues with a discussion of artists in various fields and in many lands. He seeks for the soul of the picture, not a colored photograph of the matter portrayed.

It shows appreciation and an understanding so well balanced that one wonders when he found time to acquire it. The writer would abhor the hysteria of many artists of today, who endeavor to smother the paucity of their art with an excess of discordant pigment. Woodward closes with a summarization, which I shall read in full.

Quote bottom on page 80 to the close.

The paper had been heard by a group of discerning and capable men. Col. Learnard, brusque, irascible, with the porcupine in his nature always apparent, sits subdued. Chancellor Snow may have wondered why anyone should so concern himself with art, when there is so much beauty in bugs and so many await classification. Solon O. Thacher, perhaps the peer of them all in education, is momentarily enthralled. Dr. Morse, kindly soul that he was, found real joy in what he heard. Gurdon Grovenor with beneficence and business sagacity carefully blended, and with no paintings of merit in his home, was thoughtful, wondering if perhaps there was something in life that he had missed. Bowersock, introspective and practical, but yet with a taste for the beautiful that never had been fully gratified, thought much and said little. Judge J. S. Emery, who had long given himself to the closest economy as a matter of habit rather than of need, was interested, but perhaps not deeply impressed. There were so many other things in life of more practical value. Dr. John T. Moore, a man with a fine sense of beauty and with loyalty and pride for his employer, could understand, for he,