

supreme job of man; his most important job is to live fully and unselfishly. Maybe the "working slave" would strive for a more meaningful life if he would take time to examine the rich life of an idler, and realize that an idler does not die with his stomach lined with ulcers!

What is Beauty?

Marthella Louise Davis

THE WEARY LABORER, trudging homeward from a day of toil to find his own small cottage, his waiting wife, his happy children, and a warm fire, knows in his heart what beauty is.

The bitter, disillusioned cynic, chancing on the faith of a small child, finds once more that beauty does exist.

Young lovers, discovering for themselves the wonders and mysteries of first love, will swear that they know what beauty is.

The child, gazing into the face of his mother and finding love and tenderness there, instinctively feels beauty.

The visitor to a great cathedral stands awed and silent in the presence of beauty.

The sailor feels beauty at the sight of a graceful ship, at the smell of the sea, at the sound of the rolling waves.

The farmer sees beauty in the well-ordered fields and crops that comprise his existence.

A. E. Housman found beauty in a bough of cherry blossoms. Robert Frost found it in a snowy woods on a winter's evening. Beethoven found beauty in moonlight; Debussy discovered it in the sea; Michelangelo saw beauty in the life of Christ.

What, then, is beauty? From these experiences we can know that beauty is that which gives pleasure to the senses; exalts the mind or spirit; and that which displays physical, moral, or spiritual loveliness.

What a prosaic definition that is! How can such a quality be defined in these dull, common words? For my part I will use for a definition of beauty, the lines by the philosopher, Kahlil Gibran, "Beauty is life when life unveils her holy face. It is eternity gazing at itself in a mirror."