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## Comment

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## Comment by the Editor

### ONLY ART SURVIVES

In imagination people still hear the "hurrying hoof-beats" as Paul Revere all "booted and spurred" rides "through every Middlesex village and farm". So, too, in rhythmic verse comes the "Black-Robe chief" Marquette to visit the Indians in Iowa. The pathetic death of Crazy Horse is a haunting actuality for those who read the Song of the Indian Wars. Thus it is that poets provide the past with immortality.

Nor is history vitalized in literature alone. In marble and on canvas the figures and scenes of former times endure. Art survives when memory fades and dismal archives gather dust.

If the character of a people is to be expressed in true perspective, if their record of accomplishment is worthy of remembrance, if the normal features of their daily life possess significance, they should cultivate the field of art. In literature, painting, sculpture, and music the truth can be told in ways that people everywhere and in the centuries to come can understand. The substance of civilization may vary widely, but the fundamental laws of form are universal. Art is the badge of human unity. Whoever would appreciate the past and comprehend the

present must interpret what has been and is in terms of vital harmony. The nation that would achieve celebrity may well democratize the consciousness of beauty, for beauty is the sesame of everlasting life.

Through human discord and confusion runs a golden melody of unison and harmony. To some, who recognize the tune at only unexpected intervals, the whole creation seems to be no more than noise; but to the ear of the Composer every tone has its significance in the symphony of life. Out of such apparent chaos, artists can perceive the beauty of design—can explain the meaning of events, portray the character of men, and harmonize the music of existence. What greater service can be rendered to mankind? Let those who yearn for glory realize their aim in cultural instruction. All honor to him who can write an epic of the conquest of the prairie, to him who can carve the progress of the pioneers in one enormous monument, to him who can compose a symphony of industry.

J. E. B.