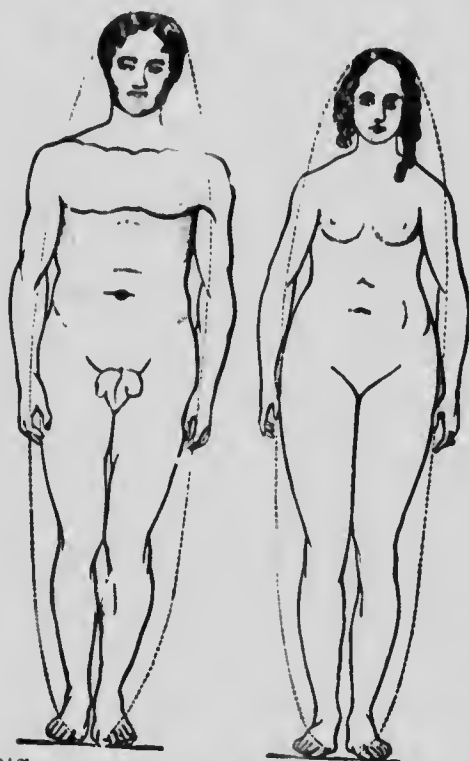


can ever compare in ease and nicety to the natural bend of the knee or elbow, to the arch and spring of the foot, or to the curve of the neck and spine. No marble dome, even in the remotest way, can approach the dome where man's intellect weaves its marvelous mystery of human plan and eternal endeavor.

See the hand, that master of detail, how it works out the thought of the mind on canvas or stone; how it grasps the sword or how it untan-

gles the knotted web. See the eye, how it becomes a mirror in its power to discern and reflect. See the veins, how like canals they become; how the arteries appear like streams, each having locks and dams which lift and hold back the mysterious fleets and fluids of life.

The heart, too, so little that it can easily be held in your hand, yet night and day, by moment and by years, you hear it beating, as if an army was always on the move. Sometimes the beat falters. It is as if one of the soldiers had stumbled over something in the dark. That stumbling, the out of step, is a sharper warning than a sentinel's challenge—Who goes there? In its intricacies and its delicacy we might well wonder that we live at all, yet



Difference in Form of Man and Woman.

the mystery is—that so beautiful a structure could ever be destroyed. The Greeks are said to have possessed at one time the ideal bodily temple; that their sculptures—the despair of the world to-day, were not ideals, but simply the realization of the perfect body—the Greeks themselves. We are also told that men with perfect physiques were then as