

masses than with individuals. We may, perhaps, feel a certain old-fashioned sense of shame in the presence of a little internal mob.

I say this in all seriousness, for it seems to me that the only problem we have to deal with in this difficulty in regard to public taste is the problem of private taste and the problem of the elevation of individuality. Taste is the most personal thing in the world. It is quite as personal as religion. A public taste could be, of course, the taste of a committee appointed by some political or organized mass; but it would simply be then the standardizing of the tastes of its members.

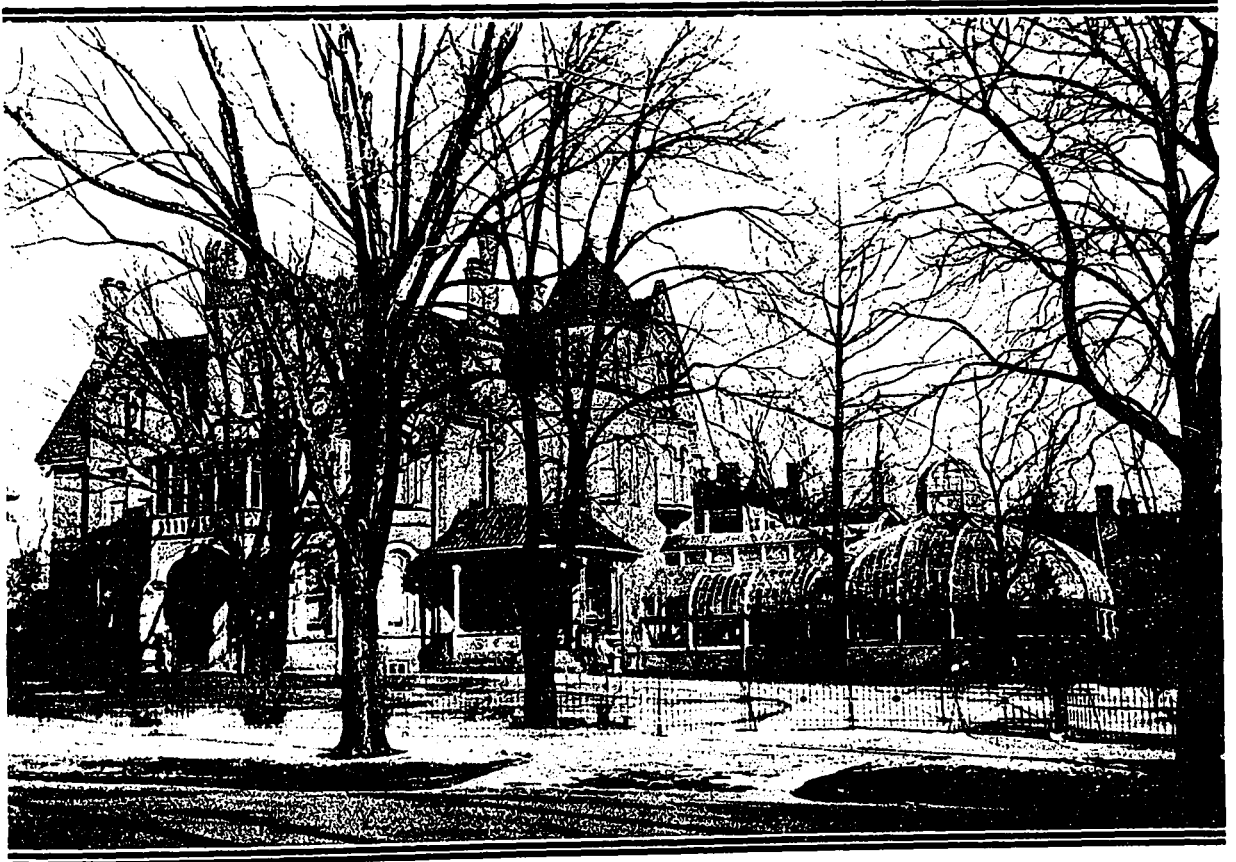
We may go beyond that. We may develop a taste among ourselves that may be harmonious. And that is what we are doing. To inculcate the whole thing, it is an absolute necessity that we should develop private taste—that people should come into harmony with their surroundings. The trouble is simply that we as a nation have forgotten for a moment the necessity of appreciating individuality.

A man goes through the streets of New York, his mind filled with wonderful schemes for helping the masses. He gets on the tram, he gets off the tram, and he doesn't see the man who runs that tram. He would do a great deal more good if he recognized the personality of that tram-conductor.

Really, rowdies are themselves the most courteous men in the world, if you only realize that. I come here and I say to the lift boy, "please," and the man takes his hat off to me a year afterward. I say to the man, "Forty-two, if you please," and he says, "Certainly, sir; thank you."

But this is, after all, only the appreciation of individuality. What other difficulty is there? These persons having been crushed by this massing movement—they are individuals—what are they doing? They are trying to escape individuality, poor things, by being all alike! We establish in this country the great principle that all men are free and equal; and then we spend all the time trying to be equal, and never try to be free.

Speaking for the masses, what is the freedom of our intellectual life? It is the equality of the headline in the newspapers. It does our thinking for us; it does, usually, our reading for us. And what is the freedom of our private dress, of our habitations? We stand there under that anæmic influence of commercial advertising. We find that the wonderful Ichthyosaurus Department Store has ten thousand lingerie gowns at ten dollars, and at once ten thousand women must buy those ten thousand lingerie gowns. We find that the men who "saw that hump" put it on the toe of the shoe; and there-



"EUCLID HALL," FOR MANY YEARS THE MASSEY RESIDENCE.

This handsome house on Jarvis street, Toronto, was for years the residence of the late Hart A. Massey, and afterwards of his daughter, Mrs. Massey Treble. By the will of the latter, "Euclid Hall," together with all the land in connection therewith, is devised to such corporation created and organized for educational, hospital or other purposes in connection with the Methodist Church of Canada as the trustees may in their discretion appoint: if for educational purposes to be known as "Phelps-Massey College," and if for hospital purposes as "Methodist Deaconess Hospital" or "Methodist Hospital."