

THE SAND MODELER and his TROUBLES



Artistic Wedgewood Effects



Novel Idea of a Small Boy Sand Pictures on the Fence



The Onlookers



A One Armed General Artist and his Work



A Sand Artist at Work

Sand modeling at Atlantic City has become a business and a score or more of artists (?) of all ages have been especially busy during the present summer in modeling figures on the beach at the famous Jersey resort. The artists must have food and clothing, so each man has a piece of cloth spread out in front of his work for the reception of coin he expects will be tossed there by the spectators who view his art display from the boardwalk. The appeals for aid are made in various ways; usually the request is painted in black letters on the white cloth, although some appeal to the skill of the spectators by making a model of a baby with an open mouth under which are such expressions as "Who can hit his mouth," etc. They always keep a few quarters and fifty-cent pieces on display to encourage others to be liberal in their gifts. A penny thrown to the artist is picked up and at once put into his pocket, for the giving of pennies must not be encouraged by the sight of one. "People are too anxious to follow that style," said one artist, "so, while we are glad to get anything we do not wish to start penny-pinching here." Several young men declare that they are ambitious to become sculptors and announce on their canvases that they are collecting money to pay their tuition at some art school. Three or four of these men have been asking aid in this direction for several years, which leads one to the conclusion that either the tuition at art schools must be unusually

expensive or the contributions from the boardwalkers exceedingly small. Some of the appeals are made in poetry, others in poor jokes, while several merely ask aid in making a living. Even children have taken up the art, and one boy has decided that something out of the ordinary will bring more coins to his coffers than the regulation picture on the beach, so this boy is using a fence and forming sand pictures in the boards. As a shower of rain ruins his pictures he is constantly at work. Now, the American likes action, and it is safe to say that this boy by his continually being at work takes in more money than the more experienced sand artists, who after they have made on piece, stand off and help to admire it rather than let the people see how it is done. The style of pictures change each season. The earliest sand work at Atlantic City was modeled there about 20 years ago, when a young man made a very startling model of a young woman in scant clothing, with streaming hair, holding a child in her arms. She was lying across a sand rock, and the picture was labeled, "Cast Up by the Sea." The picture created a sensation, and money rained on the canvas basket of the artist. The next year several young artists (?) appeared with hopes of like success and each year one or two new ones turn up. Busts of statesmen soon became the fashion, then came religious pictures, actors and automobiles, and finally

advertisements began to appear, and one artist reaped a tidy sum during the recent car builders' convention by making sand models of the various implements used in car building. The new law which went into effect on July 1 of this year, however, prevents any more advertisements on the beach. The same artist last year modeled an automobile in sand and peopled it with life-sized fashionably gowned women. It was the sand sensation of Atlantic City last season, and thousands of people stopped to view it and comment on the excellent work. Automobile makers, too, were loud in their praise declaring that every part was perfect. Unfortunately, the model was in front of one of the fashionable hotels, and the proprietor did not like the idea of a motley crowd collecting in front of

his place, and one night he sent out his men to destroy the work of art, so the automobile of sand went down, and the artist had no redress. Discouraged, but not defeated, the artist modeled another machine this year, even better than the one destroyed, and it is undoubtedly the most attractive figure on the beach. This young man, too, has made a sand picture of a crowd of suffragettes as they view them. They are shown almost in a free fight over trading stamps. This work has caused no little unfavorable comment, as most people think that the suffragette movement has passed beyond the stage of ridicule, and the picture has, perhaps, lost the sandman much money. Last year religious pictures were the fashion, and "one artist" made a remarkable model of the Crucifixion.

The face and figure on the cross were beautifully modeled, with every line as perfect as though it were in marble or bronze. He covered the sand cross with green paint and the figure of Christ with brown. Red was used on the hands and feet about the nails, and the crown of thorns on the head was perfect. During a heavy rainfall the other models nearby melted away into a shapeless mass of sand, while the Crucifixion alone remained perfect. Many persons deemed it a miracle, and for some time afterward the artist was bothered by people, who carried away sand from near the figure, claiming that it possessed healing virtues. The artist, however, did not share their ideas and attributed its preservation to the unusually heavy coat of paint. Finally there was so much discussion as to the propriety of religious figures on the beach that they were forbidden, and again the sand artist's money-getter disappeared. Just now models of Taft, Roosevelt, Lincoln and Grant adorn the beach. Some are very lifelike, while others are inferior representations. One little colored boy has joined the ranks, and he proudly displays a sand-looking Lincoln and a face of President Taft with an extraordinary looking mustache. Roosevelt and the lion the shot in Africa, were made in honor of the colonel's homecoming. It is a reproduction of his face only and is a poor likeness, and would hardly merit the approval of our strenuous ex-president for the lion beside him has rather tame appearance. This was the work of a 12-year-old boy, who worked two weeks on these particular pieces. Another boy has worked faithfully for several weeks to show Taft, a beautiful lady and a Teddy bear. For genuine artistic work the Wedgewood-effect panels of Spring, Stammer, Autumn and Winter carry off the prize. They are modeled against a screen backed up by sand, and show a talent far above the ordinary. For some reason the creator of this work has a special affinity to reporters and photographers, and threatened direful things when a photograph of his work was made, although when he found that his objection was useless he kept well in the foreground, so as not to be left out of the picture. Young Owen Golden's work attracts attention from the fact that all his work is done with his left hand, for when but a small child he had the misfortune to lose his right arm in an accident. While still a child, he took up sketching in his native city, Philadelphia. Finally a friend suggested that beach studies at Atlantic City might pay, so he went there and was very successful. Later when sand modeling became the fashion he fell into line and is doing some original work. During presidential year he modeled heroic figures of Taft and Bryan and gave invitation to people to vote for their favorite candidate. Hundreds of people tossed coin in the mouths of the figures, and his original idea paid him a handsome return. Whenever he begins to work a crowd gathers and he

is plied with questions, all of which he answers in a kind, genial manner, which has made him a host of friends. His mother, to whom he is devoted, spends much of her time on the beach encouraging him in his work and pointing out little defects and how they can be remedied. The tools of the sand artist consist of a bucket of water and a little flat stick. A sprinkling can comes in handy during very dry weather when the sand is apt to blow. Paint holds the sand together, as well as adding to the beauty of the design, so in recent years a few cans of paint are needed in the outfit. The amount of money collected varies. Some days a very few coins find their way to the sheet basket and the worker becomes very much discouraged. At other times a generously disposed person will toss over a dollar to cheer the worker. "Silver offerings are sure to follow," declared one worker, "it's all in being in fashion, you know." There is great rivalry, and each artist strives to outdo the other in perfection and design, and every year the work attracts more attention. Altogether the sandman and his work are interesting features of Atlantic City life.

The German Advance

N.—The Tariff as a Factor. (By Frederic J. Haskin.)

Great as was the political genius of Bismarck, he would not have been able to unite Germany into a compact imperial state had it not been for the tariff. The customs union, or Zollverein, formed in 1828 and 1836, made Prussia the center of commercial Germany by consent of all the German states but Austria, long before and of the non-Prussian states would have tolerated a suggestion of Prussian political dominion. The customs parliament, or Zollparlament, which met in Berlin in 1858 had for its immediate purpose the revision of the treaties constituting the Zollverein. It was composed of two chambers, the upper one representing the several states and the lower composed of deputies chosen by universal suffrage of the people. It was the first national assembly in Germany which recognized both the principle of state sovereignty and the doctrine of popular control of government, and was modeled frankly on the lines of the American congress. In it was represented all the states except Austria, and all of the German people except the Austrians. It did revise the constitution of the Zollverein, but it also did much more. It proved to the South Germans that their commercial interests were too much in common with those of the North German confederation to permit further political differences. It furnished an object lesson in the practical workings of a national parliament. The Zollparlament resulted in the imperial constitution of the German empire just as the Annapolis convention on interstate commerce resulted in the constitution of the United States of America. It was tariff reform that forged the chain which for the first time bound up the material interests of all Germans outside of Austria as those of one nation. When that economic union was accomplished, nothing remained for Bismarck to do but to provide the dramatic situation which would appeal to the patriotic imagination of the people to bring about political union. That prince of stage managers, two years later, made some erasures in a telegram sent out from Bismarck, the theatrical situation he had planned resulted, the Zollverein became an empire, and the Zollparlament an imperial legislature. A certain German publicist, Karl Marx by name, developed the theory of economic determinism in furthering his propaganda of socialism. It hardly can be said that he discovered the fact that the bread and butter question was at the bottom of all great political, and even religious, upheavals. There is evidence to show that Confucius and King Solomon subscribed to this theory some years before there was a Germany to produce Karl Marx. But it was not Confucius in his philosophy nor Solomon in his wisdom, nor yet Karl Marx in his dreaming, who was first to apply to the problem of practical governmental administration the knowledge of the fact

that all mankind is divided into two political parties—one hungry and naked and the other filled and clothed. Bismarck was a Junker—a born aristocrat. He believed that the princes of earth, with their aristocratic retainers, should rule the people of the earth. He never was a democrat, and he never was able to trust the people to do anything wisely, even in his own behalf. He tolerated some forms of democratic government because he had to do so, but he sought always to control the masses by appealing to their imagination, which they possessed in abundance, rather than to their reason, which Bismarck believed they did not have. Bismarck probably did not believe in the divine right of kings, but he did believe that it was better both for princes and people to leave the control of government in the hands of the princes. Believing this, he examined into the history of the past, and consulted the spirit of the age—the Zeitgeist—to discover how the rule of princes might best be guaranteed in perpetuity. He found that princes must always fear two things—the greed of other princes, and the hunger of the people. He and all his fellow Germans were suffering under the accumulated burdens of a thousand years of war among the princes. The Zeitgeist told him that the most splendid princely throne in Europe had tottered and fallen when the Paris mob cried in vain for bread. He had seen his own people, when he was a boy, defy their rulers because they had no food. He had heard the infuriated cries of the hungry workmen in England when they overthrew the corn laws and humiliated the British aristocrat. Other men of his time also saw and heard these things, but only Bismarck attempted a rational remedy. The iron chancellor, in complete control of Prussian politics and, the trustees of the royal rights of the princely line of Hohenzollern, resolved to remove the dangers threatening the Prussian throne and the German nation. He bound the rival princes and princelings of Germany in golden chains, organizing a German prince trust with the King of Prussia as the president and himself as chairman of the board. He took the other German states as subsidiary corporations and guaranteed to their princes dividends sufficiently large to inhibit the possibility of an anti-trust movement. And then, bolder than any man who had preceded him in any nation or in any age, he resolved to abolish hunger. He believed that the same skill and determination which had resulted in the complete amalgamation of every Prussian energy in the Prussian army, could be used to compel the creation of a great wealth-producing machine which would be as effective in abolishing poverty as was the Prussian army in destroying political enemies. The spirit of the Prussian army organization, which was the spirit of Bismarck's statecraft, was the extinc-

tion of the individual will in the general will. Bismarck thought of the German people as he thought of the private in the Prussian army—as mere parts of a machine. His error was that he believed that the hunger and cold of the people could be satisfied merely with food and raiment. He did not know that men always will be hungry; that when they are filled with bread and meat they become hungry for other things. This was Bismarck's fatal error, and in it is to be found the explanation for the discontent among the prosperous German masses of today. In the half century intervening between the downfall of Napoleon and the advent of Bismarck, Great Britain had enjoyed practically the sole use of the steamship, the railway and the great number of newly invented mechanical devices for manufacturing. Germany had been torn with the petty quarrels resulting from disunion; France was occupied with politics, never knowing at sunset whether the dawn would find its kingdom, empire or republic. The United States was held back by the great struggle over slavery and the natural difficulties of pioneering. Great Britain had discovered that the age of machines made of iron and brass and steel, driven by steam, also was to be the age of machines made of flesh and bone, driven by brains. The English machine set up on this model was a trade machine. It extended all over the world and it brought to its controllers a steadily flowing stream of gold. But its engineers, who were wise enough to care assiduously for their machines of iron and steel and brass, did not deem it necessary to devote similar attention to their machines of flesh and bone. That was the British mistake. About the time that Bismarck began to set his economic machinery in motion, the Americans, recovered from civil war, began to take advantage of the possibilities of this newly found force of organization. But they applied it only to money making, and not to money saving. They instituted their machines in banking houses, and carefully excluded them from the council chambers of state. Bismarck did all that the Americans were doing, and then he did much more. He developed around the imperial throne of Germany a great machine having four reciprocating parts—military, political, economic and social—all contributing and adding daily to the power and the glory of the empire. That machine made use of every German. It had complete control over every man, and it made each man do the things which seemed in the mind of the state to be most necessary for the advancement of the military power of Germany, of the political influence of the Hohenzollerns, of the economic welfare of the state, and of the social betterment of the German race. For the political, economic and social organization he used as his principal implement, the tariff. He took into his hands the control of this agency of life and death to trade, and so used it as to make the Zollverein represent the highest material interests of every kind and condition of men in Germany. He had to free traders' consciences and no tariff baron's rapacity. He used intelligence in the study of the tariff problems and skill in its ap-

plication. Forty years have passed, and now Germany is the most successful industrial community on earth, and, considering its natural resources, and congested population, its people suffer less from poverty than do the people of any other nation. And yet the Germans are filled with political discontent. (Tomorrow—The German Advance. XI—The German Tariff Policy.)

Negro Tells Story of Long Life

"Wells—Joe Wells, sir, is my name, and I came from Ole Kentucky," said an anti-beefing negro to a Missoulian man at his little home on Bank street, yesterday. "And I was born in 1789." "Seventeen-ninety?" "Yes, sir. That's right." "Then you are 120 years old?" "Yes, sir, the fourth of last July." "Are you sure?" "Absolutely, sir. I was first owned by old John Fry of Lexington, but when I was ten years old I moved to Missouri, to the town of St. Joseph, with Mr. Fry. I was the only colored person in his party. He had four sons and one daughter. I made that my headquarters until after the war. Mr. Fry died and his widow, my old mistress, married Colonel Bearman Wells, a confederate soldier, and I went to war with him, waiting on him during his service in the army. He was with General Price. The first place we fought was at Blue Mill landing. We had a little skirmish there. We had a scrap at Lexington, Missouri, where General Price, with 40,000 men, defeated 3,000 Union soldiers, but not until he cut off the water supply. We had brushes at Elk Grove and Oak Hill and a battle right at Vicksburg. "I went with the old man to Texas, from there we returned home. After the surrender I remained at St. Joseph three weeks, but, on the advice of my old mistress, I left. She told me that it would be dangerous for me to stay, as so many people had it in for me because I stuck to my master through the war. She thought that somebody might lay for me and slip one over on me. Consequently I pulled out for the west." "What did Colonel Wells say?" "He offered to give me a span of mules worth \$500, a wagon and provisions for a year if I would stay and haul timber from the river bottoms, but I listened to his wife." "Where was your first stop?" he was asked. "Cheyenne, Wyoming. I was trying to go to California, where everybody wanted to go about that time, but was thrown off of the track." "What did you do at Cheyenne?" "Cooked. From there I went to Denver, Colorado, where I jobbed and did chores. I swung back from Denver to Alder gulch, the richest gulch in the world, and mined gold. There I did my first placer digging, taking out about \$10,000." "Were there any other negroes in that country?" "Not when I first arrived. On leaving there I went into the Black Hills and crossed to Nigger gulch, where I lifted \$20,000 inside of a month." "What! You took out \$20,000 worth of gold?" "Yes, sir, and the gulch was named after me. I had \$20,000 in clean cash at one time." "What did you do with it?" "Squandered it," said he, indifferently as he looked down at his frayed trousers. "In then days I did not know the value of money. I drank and gambled my \$20,000 away in three months." "Were you not afraid somebody would rob you?" "Not a bit. I carried the best of

arms and could use them like a man. I went with an English bull, a dangerous pistol, up my sleeve all the time. "Where did you keep your money?" "With me. I wore two pairs of pants, one over the other, and had secret pockets. My outer garments were of buckskin. "What sort of gambling did you do?" "Faro. That was the game them days." "How long ago was that?" "Thirty years." "Soon after the Nigger gulch find I went to Billings. I was broke, and sick. For two years I lay there in the Sisters' hospital. Every now and then I would tell the nurses that I was burning daylight. As soon as I was



JOE WELLS

able to travel I secured me a horse—a white one—and went to Copper mountain. After three weeks of prospecting I sprung out to Shoshone reservation and located six claims on Williams creek. I have them yet." "Some fellow tried to get them out of me but I told him that I was from Missouri. He was tricky." "What are you doing now?" "I am on the way to Flathead to prospect. If I get up there and find anything I will go to work." "How do you go about it?" "I have done my work alone. I cut the timber, and go in with my wheelbarrow. Give me a bit of giant powder and I can do the rest. I know how to handle that, boy." There is no more unique citizen in Western Montana than Joe Wells. The general impression among his acquaintances, both white and black, is that he has slipped a cog or two on his age but all agree that he is far beyond the three score and ten milestone. His warped limbs, his wrinkled face, and his white hair indicate that he is close to the century mark. In appearance he is scrawny and sharp. On his face there stands, at irregular intervals, bunches of whiskers—sage-

brush—and on his head a scanty stand of hair. On the point of his little black "cuff" there hangs, like a bit of Florida moss, a tuft of beard done in a three-strand plait. The Missoulian man, when trying to locate him, asked a neighbor if she had seen him. She looked into space, in an effort to recall him, but the moment the twig of whiskers was mentioned, she smiled, and said: "He's right there—next door." Two friends Joe Wells keeps near him, a rocket magnifying glass to help in his search for gold, and Nailer, a big, shaggy dog. With these he roams in search of a fortune. The old fellow's heart is full of hope and so long as he is able to move he will hunt for gold. News of strikes at Dixon has reached his ear and he is eager to get back in harness. "Oh, but if I could make one more lucky strike," is his song. If Joe Wells were to step into a Kentucky street some old-time southern man would greet him: "Good morning Uncle Joe, how are you?" and he would respond: "Thank you, Marshe John; noly thank Gawd." But out here he is as gay and chipper as a tree frog, and knows all of the up-to-date vernacular. He is as cunning as a fox.

DISEASED METALS. It will not be long before a generation of mankind will hear some railroad superintendent demand a specialist for a sick bridge, and already experts exist who make a profession of diagnosing the illness of sick jewels and have recognized kinds of medicines for diamonds, pearls, rubies, etc., who are feeling under the weather, so to speak, and whose glittering rays have consequently lost much of their luster. Sick plants are not so wonderful and for years their diseases have been studied. They are, if anything, more numerous than the diseases attacking wild animals. Sick metals are not so generally known. Perhaps it is due to human inexperience and ignorance rather than to the lack of diseases in the metallic kingdom. Iron having been handled longer and more generally than any other metal was the first on the metal sick list. Its diseases seem to be based on a recovery of the component parts under a heavy strain, like that thrown on huge masses of iron at the bearing points of great bridges that have stood some time. That useful metal, copper, is also reported to be subject to a run-down condition of its atoms that make the metal sickly and unable to combine perfectly with the metals used in unison with copper. Just what causes the disease science has so far failed to detect. And except in the case of iron the knowledge of what makes metals sick is most limited. The cure is beyond even suggestion at this state of the investigations aside from remelting the metals and giving them a fresh start. Jewels and their illnesses have been frequently mentioned by ancient historians and poets, but of course the ancient explanations were purely imaginary. Nowadays it is thought to be due to electrical affections disturbing the arrangement of the atoms.

MOURNING CUSTOMS CHANGED.

Royal mourning in England and France was regulated far more elaborately in the past than nowadays. All sorts of mourning rites were gone through with and everything was hung in black during the old days, but now the customs have changed a great deal.