THE JOURNAL

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THE CAUSE OF THE PEOPLE

Windom Reporter.

Of all the city papers the past winter The Minneapolis Journal has been the only one which has been outspoken against corporate control of the legislature, and in the passage of several laws its influence has been very effective in giving backbone to weak members. Especially was this true in the case of the gross earnings bill. It not only gave the most reliable news to the state, but gave it in a way which opened the eyes of the public to the dangers surrounding the legislature—it went farther—it editorially took up the cause of the people against corporate efforts to control legislation favorable to the interests which now bear so little of the public burden.

PLEASED THE SECRETARY

Secretary Hitchcock, head of the interior department at Weshington, handed a nice bouquet to The Journal yesterday in the shape of an interview about the investigation made by this paper into the cutting of green timber on the Indian reservations under the "dead and down" act. The fairness of the inquiry impressed the secretary, and its completeness was the subject of remark, leading him to say that The Journal had gone farther into the question than he had at that time. He notes, as an effect of The Journal's inquiry, the necessary recognition of the fact that the present law must be amended. He says that what the department wants is not a new law but simply such changes in the present statute as will enable it to get a fair estimate of the timber on the land, to prevent collusion among the purchasers of the timber, and to secure an additional $1.25 an acre by disposal of the land as agricultural land for the benefit of the tribal funds.

The secretary is more hopeful than we are with regard to this "dead and down" business. While it may be desirable to give the Indians the benefit of the sale of the dead and down timber, all the dead and down that has a merchantable value, we are not impressed with the practicability of cutting this timber without encountering difficulties and suffering the depredations upon sound timber which have been discovered by The Journal's investigation. The "dead and down'" law in our judgment is not practicable, if any regard is to be paid to the preservation of the forests on the Indian reservations. And if no regard is to be paid to the preservation of forests, then, for the sake of honesty and fair dealing all around, the timber had better be cut clean as the cutters go.

The Tribune makes its hostility to the gross earnings law more conspicuous by picking out a few press opinions weakly questioning the wisdom of the law and offering them as evidence that the press of the state is opposed to the law. About 5 per cent of the state press outside of the twin cities may be, but probably not more than that.

The Soo has started toward the Black Hills. It may yet become a race between the lines running from this city in that direction to see which gets there first.

DEWEY'S BANQUET

Admiral Dewey is credited with the design of giving a great banquet on May 1, the anniversary of his splendid naval exploit in Manila bay in 1898, to the officers who participated in the battle and many distinguished civilians.

Of course nobody would have the effrontery of hinting that the good admiral has any political design in giving this banquet. It is rather early in the day to enter upon a campaign for the presidential nomination, and the admiral has had a melancholy example of too previous political aspirations in the case of Colonel Bryan, who is now endeavoring to supplement his income by editing a very dull weekly paper at Lincoln, Neb.

Moreover, the good admiral has himself had an unpleasant experience with the bee in the bonnet and with the curious fluctuations of public sentiment, which, at one intense moment and at high tide, might have committed itself overwhelmingly for the presidential candidacy of himself, but it did not happen to be in the some mood when nomination time came along. The admiral is to be congratulated upon his escape from the presidential distinction, for, even if he had succeeded in entering the White House, there is little doubt that he would have been compelled to confess, had he survived, as Fanny Kemble puts it:

—"my life before me
Lay covered with the ashes of the past—
Dark, barren, cold, drear, flinty, colorless—
The last grim pages of my book of life
Filled with a mean and grinding martyrdom,
Washed with incessant tears."

How pleasant is the contrast of to-day when the admiral, freed from the killing anxieties of American politics, is able to sit down with his friends at the banquet board and, "between the sherry and the champagne," beguile the company by his skill as a raconteur from the briny deep and from out the swirling battle smoke! There is as much difference as there is in the wailing of the dethroned, childless queens in Richard III. and pelting sugar plums at the Neapolitan carnival. The admiral, indeed, will have undiminished honor, for it is certain that he will pass into history as the stanch promoter of the American expansion policy, for expansion was a settled fact when he sank the last opposing vessel of the Spanish squadron in Manila bay on the morning of May 1, 1898.

THE STRUGGLE FOR FIRST PLACE

The British budget has caused any amount of talk at home and abroad because of the chancellor's exhibit of the government's financial condition, growing out of the South African war and the admission of Britain's heavily declining export trade. It is a very urgent necessity which compels Great Britain to seek to float a $300,000,000 consols loan to tide her over an emergency, the most severe since the period of the Napoleonic wars, and the largest loan recorded in Europe. A portion of this loan will probably be taken in this country, although it has only twenty-two years to run, and, according to expert judgment, will not pay over 2½ per cent for the greater part of that period.

The taxes which the British government proposes to raise by the new levy will yield $55,000,000, but judging from the government's own statement, this amount will be far from meeting the actual necessities, for the war expenses are increasing and the close of that unfortunate conflict cannot at present be assigned a date. It costs something to keep up an army of 250,000 men 7,000 miles from home. In fact, it has already cost $750,000,000, and is costing now at the rate of $350,000,000 a year.

A 6-per-cent income tax on all incomes over a hundred pounds hits hard; a duty of half-a-cent on sugar per pound may help English refineries by checking the big inflow of German beet sugar, although the tax will anger the Germans, and the export duty on coal of a shilling a ton is likely to curtail coal freights and depress the shipping industry. In the last thirty years England has exported 960,000,000 tons of coal, including the amount burned in Britain's merchant marine.

Limiting the export of British coal, as the duty probably will work, would be an advantage to our own coal interests if freights were reduced, and even now our coal men may get some of the British trade. Our trade with Britain in molasses and glucose and syrups, last year, amounted to about $4,500,000, which will come under the new British tariff. Before the British government gets through with South Africa it is very certain that duties will have to be levied on many other articles or the liquor business will have to stand its big share of increased taxation, from which it is now largely exempt under the new schedule.

It is noticeable that the free trade journals in this country are stoutly contending that Britain is not departing a hairsbreadth from her policy of free trade. Britain has, however, never had free trade, but a revenue tariff affecting a few articles of luxury. She now, not only increases the scope of her revenue tariff, but imposes a duty of 50 pence per hundredweight on refined sugar to protect British refiners and a diminishing duty on raw sugar also for the protection of the refiners, while the coal tax is evidently designed to protect the manufacturers.

It is also noticeable that the new Australian confederation has no use for the Cobden policy of free trade, for the federation parliament, which meets next month, will have a lower house committed by a large majority to a protective tariff, while the upper house has a low tariff majority. There is only one free trade state in the federation—New South Wales, and the parties of protection and free trade there are evenly divided now. Thus England has not succeeded in impressing her tariff policy of half a century on her colonies, for Canada imposes a tariff against the mother country. It is more than likely that England will ultimately adopt protection so far as she can. As she has to be fed largely by foreign countries she is not likely to impose a duty on breadstuffs.

THE SENSIBLE WAY

The pending controversy between the master builders and the carpenters, and the proprietors and the employes of the woodworking establishments, suggests the desirability of being able to reach, in the case of the building trades' strike in this city, the same satisfactory end which has just been arrived at between the newspaper printers of the country and the publishers. The American Newspaper Publishers' Association and the International Typographical Union have entered into an agreement providing for a national board of arbitration, to consist of the president of the International Typographical Union and the commissioner of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. In the event of their failure to agree upon any question submitted to them, these two shall select a third member, who shall be the chairman of the board. The finding of the majority of the board thus constituted is to be final, and will be accepted by the parties to the dispute under consideration.

The agreement was ratified by the publishers in February. The International Typographical Union submitted the proposition to the subordinate unions on a referendum vote. The vote has just been completed and has been made public, and it appears that out of the 16,074 votes cast, 12,544 were favorable. The result is regarded with gratification by both publishers and the printers, since it practically eliminates from that trade all danger of strikes, lock-outs or boycotts in the future. When differences arise they are to be submitted to the arbitrators, both sides agreeing to abide by the result, and the settlement of the controversy involving no suspension of work during the consideration of the matter. This means that disturbances sometimes suffered in this line of business will be avoided in the future to the great advantage of both employers and employes.

While the conditions obtaining in this city, either as to the carpenters or the woodworkers and their employers, may not be parallel to the relations of the printers and the publishers, it would seem as if all these controversies between employers and employes might be adjusted on satisfactory terms and without the interruption of business by some such arrangement as the publishers and the printers have adopted.

Minister Conger does not agree with Mark Twain as to the missionaries, and there is a possibility that Conger knows more about the matter than Twain. It is generally the fellow who has the facts that wins out in a controversy of that kind, and not the one whose main stock in trade is the ability to say severe things and enjoys the exercise.

The propensity of the Tribune to put scare heads and freaks of typographical style over stale matter is illustrated again this morning in the case of the "Pettigrew Rich Again" story, which appeared originally in The Journal several days ago.

Aguinaldo has taken the oath of allegiance, but the American authorities in Manila are kindly assisting him to keep it by retaining him in custody for the present.

An Affair of Honor

Our Captain of Police Fitchette
Was mightily insulted,
And but for the stern hand of law
Bloodshed might have resulted.

A second deputy of court
Used lauguage quite abusive
And very narrowly escaped
A punishment contusive.

'Twas no grand operatic strain—
"Amice, te adoro"
That he applied to John Fitchette—
He called him a "lobstroro."

This language Oscar F. G. Day
Repeated to His Honor,
And everyone about the court
Thought Neilson was a goner.

Judge Kerr made an extended plea,
An effort oratorical,
And several other legal lights
Orated sophomorical.

And then the twelve good men and true,
In need of irrigation,
"Not guilty" found. The court and crowd
Went into liquidation.

Willie Whelan, who last summer lost the big toe of his left foot while playing with a bicycle, had the other toes torn off Sunday at Sandy Lake. They were caught under a freight car, which he was trying to mount.—Morning Paper.

As soon as he is able to be out, Willie will at once start in on the other foot.

The Mad Mullah is devastating around Aden, Arabia. It was he, doubtless, of whom the poet wrote,

Mad Mullah on a summer bust
Raked the desert thick with dust.

A man who has had some experience in Africa says that four men can hold down a lion. One would not care to be the party designated to hold down the front end of the beast.

The doctor's bill for attending the late Chris Magee of Pittsburg is $190,000, and Mr. Magee died. There's a modest man strictly within the lines of the profession, too.

People who can drink Jamaica ginger as a tipple ought to try the carbolic acid cocktail for a change. It can be tasted for days.

Young Queen Wilhelmina is said to be quite a linguist, and this report is not given out by her new husband, either.

The national game has but one flaw—the kind of conversation brought out by an umpire with a crooked eye.

New beets are in the market and the beauty of them is that they do not strike you for "five."

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

To-night's performance at the Metropolitan will conclude the engagement of the vaudeville company. The performances have been meritorious and several of the acts have made a big hit, notably Baby Lund.

To-morrow night Otis Skinner will begin an engagement of three nights and Saturday matinee at the Metropolitan, presenting his new play, "Prince Otto." Mr. Skinner is supported by a strong company, including Maud Durbin, George Nash, Frank Sylvester, Eugene Eberle, Alfred Edwards, Florence Smythe and twenty-five others.

Seats and boxes will go on sale to-morrow morning for the engagement of May Irwin, which is for four nights and matinee, beginning next Sunday. Miss Irwin has not appeared in Minneapolis for several years and is sure of a warm welcome, as she has numerous admirers among local theater-goers. She will present during her short stay at the Metropolitan the new play, "Madge Smith, Attorney," in which she scored a great success in New York this season.

A young and beautiful chorus, with innumerable changes of handsome costumes, bright and catchy music, and lines that are sparkling with wit, go to make up that merry jingle called "The Burgomaster," which will play a return engagement of three nights and Saturday matinee at the Metropolitan, commencing Thursday, May 2.

Al H. Wilson, in his entertaining romantic comedy, "The Watch on the Rhine," is offering a performance of decided merit at the Bijou this week, and the patronage thus far has been entirely satisfactory. Mr. Wilson has been styled the "Golden-Voiced Singer," and he thoroughly sustains this title, for his rendition of "Love Is All and All" and "My Little Fraulein" and his other ballads, is artistic. The story is an entertaining one, with a coherent plot, a deal of comedy, some pathos and a strong love element. The assisting company is an exceptionally good one, Mr. Mark Prince as Baron von Beckman and Miss Affie Warner as Norma Steinway, deserving special mention.

In presenting the Indian actress Go-Won-Go-Mohawk in a new play, "The Flaming Arrow," at the Bijou the coming week, Manager Lincoln J. Carter has spared no expense. He has surrounded her with a thoroughly competent company of thirty people and many novelties. There is the famous old warrior Moon Dog, Kenjockety and his son, who served as scouts in the Custer massacre, and a number of other North American Indians. A new street parade is headed by W. H. Killey, the world's champion bugler, and a genuine Indian brass band, horses, ponies, etc.

In Our Midst.

New York Mail and Express.

W. J. Bryan of Lincoln, Neb., is spending a few days with friends in this place. Mr. Bryan is one of the brightest young journalists in the west and his admirers predict that he will yet be heard from in politics.

His Achievement Greater.

Washington Post.

Mr. Bryan is unable to understand why so much fuss should be made over Tom Carter's feat in talking the river and harbor bill to death. Bear in mind what Mr. Bryan has done for the democratic party.

Home Scene for Wu.

Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Wu has been invited to view the stockyards and witness a fair imitation of a punitive expedition in China.

Minneapolis Journal's Current Topic Series.

Papers by Experts and Specialists of National Reputation.

THE WOMEN'S CLUB MOVEMENT.

X.—ART STUDY IN WOMEN'S CLUBS

By Lorado Taft of the Chicago Art Institute and Member of the Municipal Art League.

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To the women of America we owe the preservation of the fine arts in this country during an age of unprecedented commercialism.

Without the enthusiastic support of the women's clubs, art and literature alike would be practically extinct throughout a large section of the United States. Were our womankind as indifferent to these branches of culture as were their grandmothers a few decades ago, their very names would soon become obsolete and meaningless. Our twentieth century man, absorbed in his fascinating game of business, with its high stakes and narrow horizon, would soon be reduced to a most limited vernacular. The few gentlemen of fortune who possess taste as well, the occasional student, the schoolmaster with a liking for literature, the lame and the invalided who have dropped out of the great struggle and find solace in art—these all together form so small a per cent of the mighty, active, aggressive population of the interior that by themselves they count for nothing at all in the propaganda of ways aesthetic. By themselves, be it noted, for re-enforced as they are by the moral strength of an Amazon army crusading under the banner of "The True, the Beautiful and the Good," they in turn become positive influences. And even the producers, the writers and the artists—gentle, unclassified dreamers that they are, lost amid swarming wealth-winners—feel now and then the unwonted joy of a sympathetic comprehension; imagine themselves for the moment in an "art atmosphere."

"I want to know," seems to be woman's motto in these days. In choosing art as one of the subjects of greatest appeal, the clubs have selected the most delightful and at the same time the most elusive of themes.

You can study arithmetic out of a book; you can learn a great deal about the geography and geology of the world while imprisoned within the four walls of a schoolroom. Grammar and rhetoric, sociology, political economy and even theology are to be had in neat packages, like condensed soups, ready for use when properly thinned out. But art is not so complaisant. It is neither a mathematic formula nor a synopsis. It is more than a zinc etching or a half tone. You can learn a vast deal about it and yet know nothing of it. A class may study the history of art for months and yet remain unable to tell a good picture from a bad one. A club may compile monumental essays on art for twenty years and yet fail to recognize a masterpiece unless it be labeled.

Difficulties in Art Study.

To illustrate how the unguided student may travel all around a subject and quite miss its vital essence, imagine an art circle endeavoring to comprehend the work of Claude Monet through the aid of reproductions in black and white. How often they have been discussed by the hour without a suspicion of their real significance in the evolution of art! The half-tones show only what the pictures lack; their absence of sentiment, their indifferent composition, their shortcomings, according to all classical precedent. Of their sparkling sunshine, their delicate tones, their exquisite values the reproductions give no notion. Beside a neat, sharp photograph of one of Gerome's groups they would be voted unworthy of attention.

Take as another example the sculptures of M. Rodin. To the conscientious beginner, gazing upon single views of figures in the round, how perfectly incomprehensible some of those strange creations must appear! It is impossible that they should convey in any wise the sculptor's point of view. A single glance at the Balzac would convince the average self-respecting admirer of the Apollo Belvidere that M. Rodin is a fraud. Yet he is considered by many artists and critics the greatest of living sculptors.

It is evident that what the art classes need most is familiarity, not with books, but with the real thing—with art itself. Histories and text books of art are necessary, and papers prepared and papers heard are helpful; but there are two or three things which should precede and which would illuminate all of this research, giving it a new significance.

Helpful Methods for Beginners.

The first of these is a "speaking acquaintance," at least, with the processes of the arts. How can one hope to make much out of the history of painting without a knowledge of what painting is; its possibilities, its limitations and its various means and methods? To whom shall we go for this knowledge if not to the painter himself?

The old method of "thinking up papers" on art has largely given way to the labor-saving invention of employing a "leader" to write them. By this simple device many clubs are now supplied at a low rate with critical essays charged with emotion and discreetly enlivened with kitten stories and tales of the painters' loves. Such a system of vicarious study has its advantages, but suggests further development; why not learn of those who can speak with authority? A course in the history of painting is proposed; what would introduce it more fittingly than a demonstration of the artists' methods by a skilful portrait painter? We have several of them in America who could do it well. Let him pose a striking model before the audience, arrange his lighting and accessories, make his drawing (or have it ready), set his palette and then "paint in" the head and surroundings with fit explanation at each step. Would this not make an interesting and highly instructive entertainment? Would it not be something entirely new to the larger portion of his audience? Such an initiation could not fail to make them feel better acquainted with Rubens and Velasquez, with Sargent and Zorn.

Artists as Lecturers for Clubs.

The writer speaks from experience, having given many similar demonstrations of the processes of sculpture. The interest shown by people of all ages and classes is a constant surprise. We like to see things done, and having once seen, we retain some impression ever after. It is a bond of closer sympathy with the artist and his productions. "I shall never see a statue again without thinking of your work in the clay," "I had no idea how it was done," "I want to thank you for opening a new world to me"—such are expressions familiar and ever grateful to the lecturer's ear.

Now, let an accomplished blackboard man bring his canvas and blackboard and, after illustrating the classic forms of composition, sketch and paint in a modern landscape from an out-of-doors study. It need not be a "finished" picture, but surely in an hour and a half a good man should be able to work a very impressive "buckeye," while throwing out a shower of interesting side hints on various methods of technique, juxtaposition of colors, values, etc. By the aid of the stereopticon the processes of etching could be illustrated in the same way, and other arts as well. There are accomplished masters of these professions who are ready and willing to do such work from time to time. There charges would not be exorbitant and the united art circles and clubs of the state will soon be able to command anything that they want.

Forming the Critical Faculty.

The reference above to composition brings us to another point. Art has its fundamental principles, which, if understood, make all things clear; which, if ignored, leave the student helpless and muddled. It is not enough to know how a painter or a sculptor does things; it is even more important to know why he does, and why, on grounds entirely removed from sentiment, one result is better than another. Here such works as Van Dyke's "How to Judge a Picture" and his more advanced "Art for Art's Sake" are helpful. The best thing that I have seen on the elementary principles of art is that opening number of the "University Lessons on the Fine Arts" written by Russell Sturgis. This is really a masterly exposition of the subject and "should be in every family"—at least, in every art club.

Other numbers of this eminently practical series take up the history of architecture, of sculpture and of painting throughout the ages, giving on the whole the best outline of these arts that has been offered in a single work of corresponding scope. It is not superficial like the little text-books, nor is it expanded into an encyclopedia of prohibitive size and price. A great advantage which it possesses over the familiar standard works lies in its being the latest, and bringing things up to date. One can find information anywhere regarding Donatello and Botticelli, or even Burne-Jones and Bastien-Lepage, but to gain a just estimate of Besnard, of Frank Brangwyn or of Winslow Homer is a more difficult matter, and involves an endless search through magazines of many months and years.

Art Studied in the Light of History.

The thing which the "University Lessons" do not provide, however, and which no book offers, is that "local color" so necessary for the full comprehension of any work of art. To understand a picture or statue we must know what manner of man has created it and for whom the work was done. To understand the people we must know the period and the common possessions of the time. Art can only be studied appreciatively when accompanied by general history. To estimate a masterpiece properly we must be able to view it in the light of its own era, to dissociate it from all that has been done since—and to which it may have contributed. It takes a good deal of knowledge to be able thus to divest one's self of knowledge, to live for the time being in a given period of the past. And to put one's self in the place of the artist who creates for the very joy of doing, or in the attitude of his public, enthusiastic and devout, it may be, or critical and discriminating, requires not only knowledge but imagination. It demands qualities of heart as well as of mind. To grasp a great work fully one must know its original purpose, its location and its associations. Some of these things we can never know. Impossible is it for us to look at anything through the eyes of centuries gone. The work as it stands in the museum, though complete, has lost half—yes, nine-tenths of its significance. We realize this as we stare at our dusty casts of Greek sculptures, wrested from noble pediments and rhythmic frieze. It is not less the case with the sculptural florescence of the gothic period and the rich fruition of the renaissance; how far away it all seems!

Human nature is always the same, they tell us, but I venture to doubt if we to-day can share fully the fierce joy of the inquisitors or the exaltation of the crusaders. Do we grasp the significance of the church building of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries? Do we realize that within a circle of 100 miles' radius from Paris, in a country sparsely settled, there grew up in that time scores of the most wonderful edifices that the world has ever seen? Imagine the northern third of Illinois studded with such cathedrals as those of Paris, Chartres, Bourges, Reims, Amiens, Beauvais, Rouen and all of the smaller ones! Can we by any stretch of fancy picture to ourselves the citizens of Aurora, Elgin and Rockford consecrating their lives, their wealth and their children and grandchildren to such works of splendid devotion? We are as intelligent as those old burghers of 800 years ago, and know an enormous lot of things they did not know, but childlike faith and pious emulation have waned with the advancing centuries, the world's capacity for great and lasting enthusiasms has diminished and at this hour we realize feebly the miracle of those buoyant days when nations were young.

Value of Breadth of View.

It is for this reason that we must do our best to gain a point of view, to develop our emotions, and to thrill, for the moment at least, in unison with the pulse-beats of those who wrought and of those who prayed.

Not only were people busy loving and hating then, as now, and marrying and killing, as now, and painting and carving, as we do—much les—here and now; they also amused themselves by writing chronicles and telling tales and singing songs. These explain our pictures and statues and must be studied with them. That is, sometimes they explain the pictures, and sometimes the pictures were made to illustrate them: often they are, one and all, the progeny of old folk traditions. At any rate the arts go hand in hand, and though it may be possible to know but one, it is a pity, for they are like as Italian to French. You can have both for but little more than the price of one.

Do not protest that we are piling up an impossible task for the students of art history. This is not intended for a three-months' course. Nor is it insisted that every class begin with Egypt. I am not at all sure that it is not best to begin with the known and work back into the unknown. Be this as it may, my suggestion is merely that wherever the class begins, whatever the period taken up, the history and literature of the time must receive their full tribute of attention. Try this method in the study of a single century or school; search here and there until you have built up for yourself a good picture of the time, until you fairly live in it. A new world will open before you; you will never be willing to stop. And the kindergarten stories will satisfy you no longer.

Art of the Past and Present.

There are clubs so profoundly erudite, so enamored of antiquity, that they seem unable to come down to everyday matters. Some individuals are mentally long-sighted and can distinguish only objects held at arm's length. The life of our own time is too near, too commonplace, for them. Yet, in a sense, it is for this present moment, for us, that all things have been created. All of the past has contributed to the hour in which we live, wherein are gathered together as in a skein the threads of a thousand converging influences. Surely nothing is so real, so true and significant to us who tenant the earth to-day as this work which our brothers and sisters are doing. With naught else can we so fully sympathize; it alone is tangible and it alone brings with it the appeal of an iridescent future, misty but big with possibilities.

On the other hand, there is danger of living so completely and complacently in the present as to lose much of the lesson of the past. It is a pity to sacrifice all of the advantages of a historic perspective. The present means but little save in the light of the past. Association is all that gives value to anything. No one can hope to appreciate the art of to-day without the standard of a thorough familiarity with the efforts and achievements of those who have gone before.

Practical Needs of Clubs.

Each club should have its library; or else, as is often the case, its special corner in the local library. There should be likewise a club librarian or secretary addicted to scissors and paste, indefatigable in rescuing from the flood of ephemeral literature and reproductions those things likely to be of future use. Their value depends largely upon classification and accessibility. Every club should subscribe to one or more of the good art journals.

The federated clubs will soon be able to command not only circulating libraries on special topics and collections of photographs and autotypes, but even good exhibitions under capable management, their own lecture bureau, and possibly a magazine on the lines of the Chautauquan, but specifically planned for their own work.

So much for the domestic life of art clubs—of that which they can do for themselves. Later I hope to suggest some of the things which they can do for others.

Lorado Taft

The Trick That Barry Did. By David H. Talmadge.

Copyright, 1901, by D. H. Talmadge.

Tom Barry, conductor of train No. 34, a freight which leaves Goose River Junction each morning, running the devious length of a "branch" to Dorlington, and returns each night, is a man marked among his fellows. There are several reasons for this, although one is sufficient to prove the statement—he has never yet been known to lose his self-possession. To quote Banley, who is the poet as well as the engineer of No. 34, "he never rattles though all the world may shake," which is putting it pretty strong, as any reasonable person will readily admit.

It goes without saying, therefore, that Tom Barry is a man of nerve. His acquaintances will tell you stories if given half a chance, which make the records of a score of gilt-laced soldiers whom I might mention, pale into the most sickly insignificance; yet I suppose the space his exploits have occupied in the newspapers would not exceed sixteen inches in its entirety. The only mention, for instance, of the exploit known on the "branch" as the affair of the circus special was this item in the Dorlington Gazette:

"We hear that the morning train broke in two shortly after leaving the junction Monday of this week. The excursion train for the circus at Wheelerville was a short distance behind, and it narrowly escaped being bumped into by the runaway cars."

Banley brought the paper to me, and pointed out the item with a trembling forefinger. "Wouldn't that crimp you!" he exclaimed, scornfully. "Four lines to cover as pretty a bit of heroism as was ever spieled by an elocutionist! Not a word about Tom! We near—narrowly escaped being bumped into—Lord!" He crumpled the paper into a wad and threw it to the ground, grinding it beneath his heel.

"I don't suppose Tom cares. Do you?" I said.

"Tom? No. By George! Just between you and me and the steam gauge, I don't believe he realizes that he did anything worth printing. It takes a sort of a coward to appreciate it. But all the same, if it hadn't been for him there'd have been a smashup that'd have sent a shudder clean from Oshkosh to Yuba Dam. Eight hundred people—men, women and children—on that special—think of it! Two hundred of 'em, as such things go, would have been killed outright. Four hundred would have been hurt. Heaven only knows how many dollars' worth of rolling stock would have been knocked into splinters. And it narrowly escaped being bumped into—bumped into, mind you—bumped! I tell you Tom's life wasn't worth a shovelful of cinders while he was doing the trick that saved all the trouble—no, not a teaspoonful!"

What Banley said was true. No. 34 had pulled out of the junction that Monday morning with twelve box cars, four flats loaded with ties, and the caboose. It is a steady climb for twelve miles at that end, when a train's nose is pointed inward, as the boys say, and the last five miles of the stretch is the sharpest grade on the run. At Morton, seven miles up, Tom had indulged in his regular morning sparring match with the station agent, and the station agent had knocked his pipe from his mouth, in reward for which achievement Tom had made him a free gift of the pipe. Two miles further on the accident occurred.

The train was puffing and groaning up the hill at the rate of about ten miles an hour. The brakeman was sitting on the tender, exchanging jokes with the fireman. Tom was in the caboose alone, busy with some report blanks. The thought occurred to him presently that something was not exactly right. He was conscious, he said afterward, of a sensation similar to that of being in a balloon. The sound of the puffing was gradually becoming less distinct—the forward "pull" was gone!

Before he had fully aroused himself the caboose stopped, and slowly began to run backward. Then he understood plainly enough what had happened. He rushed first to one platform, then to the other, setting the brakes, but the caboose, with two heavily loaded cars behind it, did not stop. He hurried out to set the brakes on the cars, but found that on one the ties had jolted down against the rod so that he was unable to turn it, while on the other the brakewas a "freak"—it would not set tight enough to grip the wheels. And there he was, alone on a runaway, gathering speed every minute in its progress toward a six-coach special loaded to the doors with people. It was not the most enjoyable of situations.

It is impossible to describe his emotions, because he himself said, when I asked him, that he had none. The balloon simile quite exhausted his supply of imagination.

"I saw," said he, simply, "that there was going to be the deuce to pay if something wasn't done confounded quick, and I saw, too, that whatever was done I'd have to do myself, that was all there was to it. The special was nearly due at Morton, and I figured that I'd be there pretty promptly, too. I estimated that at the speed I was making, and was likely to make, I'd collide with the special on the big dump about a mile and a quarter beyond the station—a regularly nasty place, owing to the long slide over the rocks. And I said to myself: 'Conductor, it's your life against the lives of eight hundred. Can you spare it?' 'No,' said myself to me; 'I can't, and even if I could, what of it?' 'Only this,' said I to myself; 'there's just one thing to do, and that's to throw your crazy caboose and your idiot flat cars into the ditch.' 'Yes,' said myself to me, 'but if I do that I'll have to go with 'em, and I don't want to—I might be injured.' 'Well,' said I to myself kind of disgustedly, 'if that's the broadest view you can take of it, be ashamed of yourself. There's mighty little comfort ahead for you in this life if you let these fool cars smash into that special. Besides, are you going to stay on and smash with 'em, or are you going to drop off and break your blooming neck.'

"That was a clincher. I saw then that I was in for trouble anyway, the question was decided, and I went straight to work doing the thing that promised to leave me the clearest conscience in case I didn't have to be gathered up in a basket and shipped home to Molly and the kids in a pine box labeled 'perishable—rush.' I climbed onto the first car of ties and rolled one down to see how it would go. It went like a leaf in a gale. Then I began systematically to drop 'em in between the car and the caboose. I did this for a long time, and nothing came of it. The car was bouncing up and down like a cork on the rolling sea, and I was pretty near discouraged. I was tired, too—heavens! I was tired to the marrow of my bones. Ties are heavy, maybe you know. Section men never try to handle 'em single-handed; they go at 'em by twos and threes, and grunt and sweat. But I kept at it, hoping that I'd be able to get one foul of the trucks before I'd unloaded the car. And I did. It happened right in the yard at Morton. There was a tremendous bump and crash. I think I flew up to a height of several miles. Perhaps I didn't, but I'll swear that the air up there was too rare to breathe. Anyway I didn't breathe. I struck a sand pile when I came down. I never knew before how hard sand is. I thought it was soft."

As a matter of fact, Tom was not injured in the least. He was somewhat dazed when they dug him out of the sand, but not a bone was broken. He lay there, blinking in a comfortable, satisfied sort of way at the wrecked caboose and flat cars. He waved his hand limply at the special when it went by, the passengers and trainmen casting curious glances at the wreck. After that he looked up into the face of the station agent, who was hovering over him like a mother hen, and spoke:

"Where's the front end of my train?" he asked.

"At Wilson, waiting for the special to pass. They're coming back as soon as they get the right of way."

"Hm-m-m—all right. Where's my pipe? I sort of missed it and—and I thought I'd come back and get it."

Daily New York Letter.

BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL,
No. 21 Park Row, New York.

Theft of Pictures.

April 24.—Picture owners have been aroused to the dangers surrounding their valuable paintings since the newspapers have been publishing column after column on the theft and recovery of the Gainsborough painting of the Duchess of Devonshire. The possessors of rare paintings have not been negligent in the past concerning their treasures, but they have now come to a more complete sense of the necessity for even greater care. Picture robberies in this country have not been frequent, but it would not be surprising were we to see quite an epidemic of them before many weeks roll away. In the great art galleries the precautions taken are such as to preclude almost absolutely any such loss as befell the Agnew firm. For instance the robbery of any of the great paintings of the Metropolitan Museum of Art would almost be an impossibility. A large sum of money is spent annually to guard the works in the keeping of the museum but this money is regarded in the light of insurance. The means taken for protection of the pictures are carefully concealed from the public in order to prevent thieves from learning them and laying plans to circumvent the precautions. There are a large number of attaches in plain clothes mingling constantly with the crowds and keeping a vigilant lookout for those looking as though they might have designs on the treasures of the place. One picture in the gallery at least has not one, but a set of guards. This is the famous picture by Leonardo di Vinci, so highly valued that no attempt has been made to establish its mere monetary worth, although some art men have said it is worth at least a million. Because of this fact it is protected as a million in bullion would be.

The Divorce Decision.

The great aggregation of divorcees in this city are considerably disturbed over the decision of the United States supreme court which roughly jolted the sacredness and sancity of the divorce bill as it has blossomed and bloomed in the Dakotas and similar places where favorable soil has been found. For New York's "Four Hundred" is honeycombed with the graduates of the Dakota divorce school and there is much need for reform. The legislature, which showed an almost human intelligence in abolishing common-law marriages, the recognition of which was a disgrace tolerated by the state for almost a hundred years, might even take some steps to reform and remould the divorce laws here and seek to bring about an amendment to the federal constitution so uniform national divorce laws might be the result. The statistics from the Dakotas show that this state has furnished the largest number of applicants for divorces in that region and in the list may be found many names of prominence.

A Freak Tablet.

Members of the Daughters of the American Revolution are still much disturbed over the inaccuracies in the tablet they unveiled a few days ago in a corridor of the old Hall of Records. The tablet murders history at a greated rate than the Logan monument in Washington, for it places the date of the death of the victims of the British in the War for Independence at 1756, some thirty years before these selfsame victims could possibly have expired in such a cause. Then, too, the company for the unveiling had been bidden to an "Evacuation Day celebration," although no attempt was made to explain how the date of the evacuation anniversary had been changed from Nov. 25 to the middle of April. On top of this the tablet, by some agency, was placed on a new wall of the building, which has only been in place for about two years, instead of having it placed on the walls that have been standing for a century and a half.

Old U. S. Hotel Sold.

The old United States Hotel, in Fulton between Pearl and Water streets, which rivals the Astor House in being the best known of the old-fashioned famous hotels in the city, has just passed through the hands of the real estate auctioneer, yielding $164,000. The house was opened in 1832 and was the wonder of the day, its six stories making it the tallest building on Manhattan Island. On account of the great height of the building its tower was as a ship signal station, while another distinction it enjoyed was that a hole had been dug down 300 feet under the building in a vain attempt to strike water. In those days such a thing as a municipal water works was not known; the supply was brought around in carts and delivered by the tubful. This boring ruined the proprietor, named Holt, and the house was named "Holt's Folly," and the hole and the name remain to this day. The building is of granite and stone and in appearance is similar to the Astor House. It has 100 feet frontage on Fulton street and runs back eighty-five feet on Water street and almost as much on Pearl.

The American Breakfast.

Emperor William II. of Germany has become a devotee of the American breakfast, and in honor of that institution has sent the royal imperial chef, Herr Voelkers, to this country to study the preparation of American dishes. Buckwheat cakes, with maple syrup, hominy cakes and codfish cakes are the bright particular stars that have caught the imperial fancy, although the Emperor wishes his chef to also learn the most approved methods of grilling steaks and chops, preparing Welsh rarebit and golden buck. The Emperor, it is said, discovered the appetizing qualities of American cookery during a visit he paid to the new Hamburg-American yacht, Prinzessin Victoria Luise, last January. The steamship people on that occasion had the chef of the Deutschland on the yacht and the Emperor was so delighted with his breakfast that he remained to luncheon and dinner, returned to the yacht at night for a rarebit after the theater and finally showed up again for breakfast the following morning. Then he sent his chef