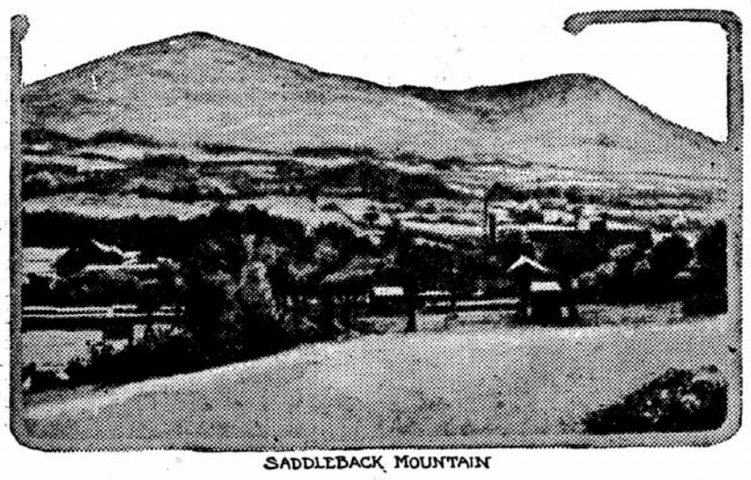
In The Berkshires



SADDLEBACK MOUNTAIN

TO ANY person who has traveled through the Berkshires, that glorious range of hills that stretches from Vermont across Massachusetts into Connecticut, long famous for their historical and literary associations, what a wealth of pleasurable emotions is called up by the very name.

The Berkshires! The name stands for scenic beauties to be found nowhere else; life-giving breezes; strolls to the homes of famous authors and other historical figures; vast estates of multimillionaires; scenes of battle with Indians; and, withal, glimpses of many vast industrial plants, says the Boston Herald.

It means, too, that the person who is familiar with books may conjure up Longfellow's "The Old Clock on the Stairs," or Beecher's "Star Papers," or Holmes' "Elsie Venner," or the kindly faces of James Russell Lowell, Doctor Channing, Herman Melville, and many other literary men, who spent their summers among these hills and wrote many of their most famous books in this enchanted region.

Berkshire is the most western county in Massachusetts. It touches three states; Vermont on the north, New York on the west and Connecticut on the south. It is 50 miles long and contains an area of about 950 square miles. The scenic delights of the Berkshires, however, do not stop at the state boundary lines. They extend to the Hudson river valley in the empire state, to the Green mountains of Vermont and the charming rolling country of western Connecticut.

In the early days this entire region was the scene of struggles with the Indians; it did its full part in the war of the American revolution, and it is today a country of beautiful homes, and noted for its remarkable manufacturing development.

Perfect Motor Roads.

It is covered with a network of perfect automobiling roads, so built that their grades are not difficult in traversing the most mountainous sections. Jacob's ladder and the well-known Mohawk trail are the scenic route for the tourist by motor; there are trolley lines throughout the entire region, and by-paths and trails for the pedestrian or the horseman, all of which offer a great variety of pleasures.

Pittsfield and North Adams are centers from which to start if it is the intention to make a tour of the Berkshires, although one may leave from almost any point and find no difficulty in reaching a destination. There is one trolley line, beginning at Canaan, Conn., that traverses the entire region, passing through twenty cities and towns in four different states.

The tour from Pittsfield to Great Barrington, or further on to Canaan, is delightful. In Pittsfield one may see the site of the meeting house over which "Fighting Parson Allen" presided when he led the men of Berkshire to the battle of Bennington. It was in Pittsfield that the first agricultural fair in America was held; and here General Lafayette was royally entertained on his farewell visit to America. In Pittsfield, too, is the house known to every reader of Longfellow, that of his father-in-law, in which stood "The old clock on the stairs."

On the road to Lenox is the house occupied by Oliver Wendell Holmes, with its famous "Holmes' pine," under which the poet often wrote. A little further on is "Arrowhead," the home of the late Herman Melville, where the Indians used to rendezvous. Near here are the Canoe meadows on the Housatonic, where the Indians moored their canoes when visiting the burial places of their ancestors.

On every hand are the beautiful summer estates of those who have inherited or acquired great riches.

Up and Over Jacob's Ladder.

Lee presents many points of interest. Here is the mill in which was made the first wood pulp paper ever used in America; here is the marble quarry, now abandoned, from which was taken the stone used in the erection of the two wings of the national capitol at Washington. From other quarries here were taken 250,000 headstones purchased by the government to mark the graves of its soldier dead. Lee was the scene of one of the numerous skirmishes of Shay's rebellion, and is a very attractive village.

From Lee the motorist may enter the popular Jacob's Ladder route to Springfield and the East, a route that formerly was a terror to every driver because of its steep grades and its ruts and rain-gouged holes. Now it is a fine new highway, as fine as any mountain highway in Europe, and crosses the backbone of the Hoosac range. In the olden days its formidable hill, with a grade of 22 per cent on one side and 17 per cent on the other, offered many difficulties to even the most powerful automobile.

Now, however, through the expenditure of $400,000 by the state, this hill is avoided by a sweeping semicircle at low grade. It is a beautiful road, with a shallow stream rippling over stones and pebbles, and deep pools picturing the tree-covered slopes of the hills. It skirts broad ponds, passes over concrete bridges, crosses "divides," winds through forests and along the sides of deep gorges, and is continually bringing into view new scenic delights.

Where Grover Cleveland Fished.

From Lee, too, it is easy to reach the Tyringham valley, one of the most beautiful of the many valleys in the Berkshires. It was the summer home of Richard Watson Gilder, and where Grover Cleveland spent many a summer in the enjoyment of the trout and pickerel fishing which this region affords. There is a tradition that Tyringham was the place where the white man first learned the manufacture of maple sugar, being initiated into the secret by the Indians.

If one wishes to visit wild country go to Bear-Town mountain. It was famous at one time as the residence of Levi Beebe, the weather prophet, and here also lived Colonel Jackson, the Revolutionary soldier who wrote the articles of capitulation at Saratoga and at Yorktown which were signed by Burgoyne and Cornwallis.

To Stockbridge is a pleasant drive and an interesting one, for here may be seen the "Ice Glen," in which there is a deposit of ice the year round; also Laurel hill, upon which the first village improvement society was established. Stockbridge was where the first industrial school in America was started; where Jonathan Edwards preached and wrote his "Freedom of Will"; where Cyrus W. Field lived when he planned the Atlantic cable, and where David Dudley Field, the jurist, and Supreme Court Justice Field lived.

It contains a monument the like of which is to be found nowhere in America—a monument erected by white men in honor of the red men. Standing on the heights which are crowned by this monument a beautiful view of the Housatonic river is obtained, as it winds among the meadows of Stockbridge.

GOOD HUMOR IS CONTAGIOUS

Petty Vexations of the Day Disappear Quickly If Met With a Smile or a Laugh.

"Nothing in the world is so contagious as good humor." It may cost a little effort to keep oneself good-humored in the midst of all the petty vexations that occur daily, but if one has the habit of making light of these trifling annoyances, half of them will disappear. The annoyance will be but for a moment and cleared up with a smile or a laugh. Permitting these small vexations to take hold of your spirits is a mistake, says the Milwaukee Journal. They wear out nerve and temper and bring permanent frowns to the face. They impair good health. They unfit one for present duties which must be performed in a cheerful, genial frame of mind. Work done in a resentful spirit never reaches perfection. It misses the finer personal touches, which one gives when in hearty, free, genial humor. Giving way to vexation takes from courage and self-confidence, and this is evident in one's work. Then make an effort to keep cheerful, whatever the little aggravations may be. The more you allow yourself to be disturbed by trifles, the greater they will appear to you and the more of them will possess you. "Those who make us laugh are great." If you try to seem happy you help yourself to become so.

Fellowship and Service.

Fellowship with Christ must antedate service for Christ. Our friendship with the Master is the secret of our activity for the Master. To know this atmosphere of personal communion with him is the highest culture of which the soul is capable.—Donald Sage Mackay.

Universal Military Service in Line With All the Nation's Traditions

By CHARLES J. BONAPARTE, Former Attorney General of United States

It is often asserted, and yet more frequently assumed, in the discussion of current events, that compulsory military service is something new and unheard of in the United States; something more or less at variance with the traditions of our early national life and with the practice and counsel of our country's fathers. This is not merely untrue; it is precisely the reverse of the truth.

Those who now advocate the enrollment as soldiers and sailors of all our citizens fit to bear arms are urging a return to principles universally accepted and applied during the first fifty years of our national history, as well as in our entire colonial period, and fully sanctioned by laws in force today and which have been in force, in substantially their present form, from the very foundation of our government.

An American mother who says she didn't raise her little boy to be a soldier in the day of the nation's need, if she knows her country's past history and her country's present laws, must know also that she says, in effect, she didn't raise him to be an American citizen, in the full and honorable sense of the word; that she has taught him to shirk a part of the duties of a citizen, and precisely that part of those duties which all mankind have ever deemed it most disastrous to the state and most shameful and dishonorable to the man himself that he should shirk.

Production of Farm Machinery and the Labor Supply Must Be Protected

By CHARLES S. BRANTINGHAM
Chairman Executive Committee, National Implement and Vehicle Association

The truth is that unless prompt action is taken by the government, our country is headed straight toward the same mistakes that have resulted in compelling our allies to appeal to us to save them from famine. Unless we protect the production of labor-saving farm machinery and the supply of skilled farm labor, we, too, must soon face a shrinkage of food supplies. Anybody can realize how calamitous that would be in the military as well as the economic sense.

We are now confronted by shortages of raw material and factory labor that will begin to be manifest in shortages of certain lines of farm machinery this fall and will result in serious shortages in many vital lines next year. Stocks on hand in important kinds of tools and machines are smaller than in normal years, because of earlier scarcity of factory labor and a rapidly tightening scarcity of all raw materials. Present and prospective conditions as to both elements make it certain that the shortage of our output will soon be serious.

For the last ten years farm labor has been more and more difficult to secure, and now, with an enormous increase in the demand for labor in munition factories, and the withdrawal of many young men from productive occupations, there is bound to be a shortage of farm labor such as this country has never known.

We regard it as vital to keep on the farms the men now there who know the business, especially the men trained in the use of labor-saving machinery. It would be wasteful and foolish to let them go and afterward try to replace them with unskilled men.

We seek no advantage for our industry over any other, but we realize that without this product and without sufficient labor the farmers of the United States cannot increase, or even maintain, their production of foodstuffs next year.

These are the measures that we declare to be vital to the feeding of this nation and its allies next year:

1. That the manufacture of farm materials be given equal preference with the manufacture of war munitions as regards supplies of necessary raw materials.

2. That service to the country in farm machinery factories be considered of equal importance with service in munition-making plants, government or private.

3. That labor on the farms be considered as of equal importance with the production of war munitions.

4. That raw materials for farming machinery and the finished goods be given equal preference by the transportation agencies of the country with munitions of war.

Hoarding and Indiscriminate Parsimony Long Way From Real Thrift

By S. W. STRAUS
President of American Society for Thrift

"It is not the aim of thrift nor the duty of men to acquire millions. Hoarding millions is avarice, not thrift."

This bit of philosophy, uttered some time ago by Andrew Carnegie, can well be applied to American life at the present time. Lack of a proper understanding of thrift has been responsible for a great deal of harm in America recently.

This has been due to false economy, but people are rapidly getting around to the viewpoint that hoarding and indiscriminate parsimony are a long way from real thrift.

What we all must learn is to eliminate waste. There is a great deal of difference between waste and sensible spending. The most reprehensible form of waste, of course, at the present time is in the matter of food. Secretary Houston has said that if only a single ounce of edible food, on the average, is allowed to spoil or to be thrown away in each of our 20,000,000 homes, over 1,300,000 pounds of material would be wasted each day. This would be at the rate of 464,000 pounds of food a year. Think of the millions of acres of land and the thousands of people necessary to produce this vast amount of food!

It would be a very good idea for every American home today to adopt the slogan, "Save an ounce of food a day."

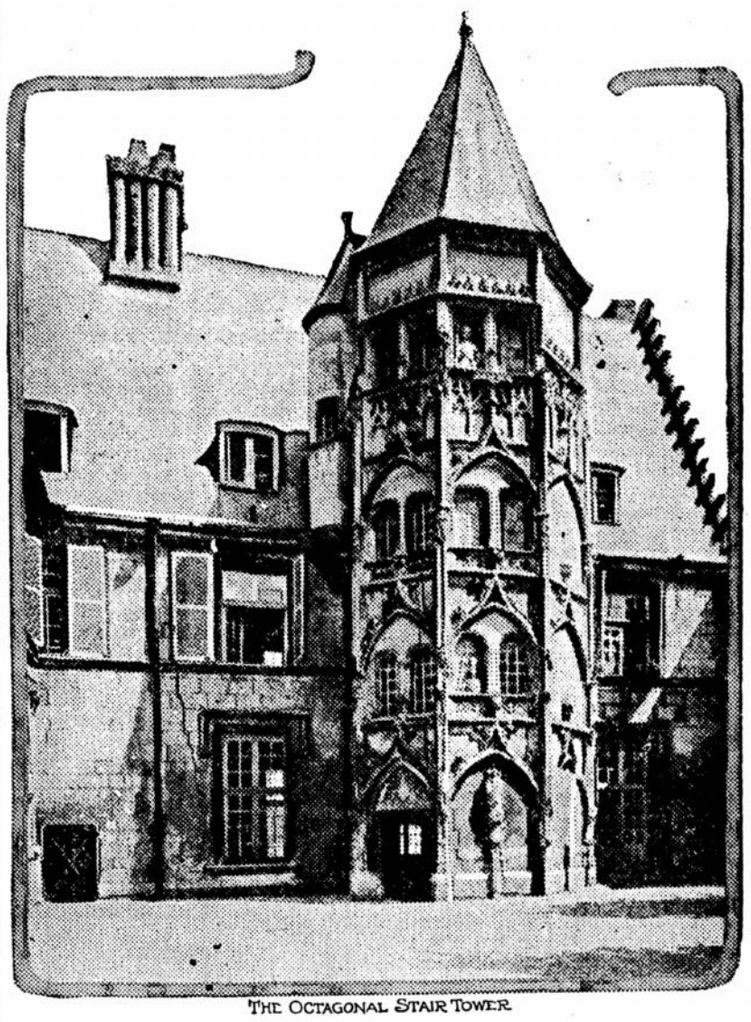
This is a little thing to do. It really requires no amount of self-sacrifice.

On the other hand, we have all been eating a little too much. Cutting down our rations a trifle will be good for our health.

"Save an ounce of food a day."

Let every American home do this and we will have gone a long way toward the solution of our food problem.

Bourges and its Hotel De Ville



THE OCTAGONAL STAIR TOWER

IT is often to some fortunate accident that we owe the preservation of an ancient town house, such as the slackening or arrest at some period of the town's prosperity, or the acquisition of the building for the purposes of some society or institution more permanent in its nature than the family. It is largely owing to causes such as these that the French city of Bourges is still so rich in buildings of the medieval and Renaissance periods, says a writer in Country Life.

Bourges proclaims by its name the antiquity of its importance. It is one of those tribal capitals so numerous in France, which still preserve the name of an otherwise forgotten people, while the title it bore in the days of the Roman empire has long ago passed out of use. The circumstance is all the more remarkable in this case, that it was no indistinctive "Augusta," "Caesarea" or "Colonia," but the celtic "Avarich"—Latinised "Avaricum"—that was superseded by the designation of the Bituriges, which likewise survives, still further corrupted, in the form "Berry." The province of that name, occupying as it does the very center of the realm of France, has been described as constituting a compendium or epitome of the whole by the varied nature of its conformation and produce. Within its boundaries are to be found rocky hills and heaths, woodland and marsh, upland and lowland pastures and well-watered plains, with soils and aspects favorable for viticulture and corn growing, for the orchard, the market garden and the rearing of cattle, sheep and poultry. In addition to its yield of timber, wool, hides, hemp and all manner of foodstuffs, Berry is not lacking in iron ore, easily got. Thus provided with all the staple needs of civilization, it formed in early times a self-supporting unit, which, moreover, was largely isolated from surrounding districts by an all impenetrable fence of forest and swamp,

Once Leaders In Gaul.

If the true heart of France has had its seat rather in the Ile de France and Paris than in Berry and Bourges, there have been times when the latter, too, have formed a determining factor in the national destinies. When the jurisdiction of Rome hardly extended beyond her walls, the Bituriges held the hegemony of Gaul, and in Caesar's day their power proved one of the hardest nuts he had to crack before his conquest could be completed, while the wealth they had amassed through their position on the direct route from Italy to the ocean was an object of desire. The town, situated on rising ground surrounded at all points but one by a belt of swamp, was strongly defended by walls and towers of timber and stone, on whose imposing and not unpleasing mien Caesar comments. But neither natural nor artificial defenses served to avert capture and subsequent sack and destruction. Avaricum, however, rapidly regained her prosperity under Roman rule, and abundant if fragmentary remains prove her importance as a center of art and civilization, an importance which she never wholly lost in the dark ages which followed.

In the later middle ages Bourges blossomed again into a rich crop of artistic production, including the noble Cathedral of St. Etienne and also the great Palace of John, duke of Berry, the luxurious and art-loving uncle of the mad King Charles VI, which, with his neighboring castle of Mehun-sur-Yevre, were reckoned the wonders of the age, but have both disappeared with the exception of unimportant fragments. Later still followed the interesting group of domestic and municipal architecture.

It is probably no accident that it should have come into being in that same fifteenth century which saw Bourges for a brief space once more at the center of the nation's affairs. During the paralysis of the capital and of the kingdom at large through internal discord and foreign invasion, the remnants of national force gathered themselves together into the central province before the final effort to recover the lost ground.

The unity of the kingdom once more assured and the royal authority extended the court abandoned Bourges forever for the pleasant banks of the Loire and the more stirring life of Paris, and the old provincial city—not situated on a main artery of traffic either then or after the advent of railways—sank back into a secondary plane. It lived on, not wholly uneventfully; for during the wars of religion it suffered many things—havoc wrought on the cathedral by Montgomery's Huguenots, and bloodthirsty St. Bartholomew reprisals; yet in the main a quiet, unexciting existence.

How Hotel de Ville Was Built.

It is somewhat remarkable that up to the period to which our subject belongs so important a city as Bourges, and one so given to building, should have remained without a hotel de Ville. But such is the fact, and the city fathers were content to hold their meetings in a church chapel known as "la Comtale" from its foundation by one of the counts of Berry. This church was damaged and its chapel destroyed in 1487 by one of those devastating fires so common in medieval towns, whose timber houses, crowded in narrow and tortuous streets, offered such ready food for the flames. The whole northern quarter of the city, which was then reduced to ashes, was promptly rebuilt, and the municipal authorities seized upon this opportunity to house themselves worthily. The original building of the hotel de ville standing at the back of the court and still substantially intact was then erected. In the sixteenth century important additions were made.

The building is rectangular, containing one long and one square room on each of its two floors, and an octagonal stair tower projecting into the court to connect them. The last forms the principal feature in the elevation, and on it were lavished the richest decorative efforts. This tower was originally surmounted by an open story, or "belvidere," to which the now useless turret stairs led, and which provided a point of observation over the town, useful for the detection of incipient fires. This was removed during a restoration and replaced by the present cornice and conical roof.

The great hall within has a richly molded timber ceiling and is adorned by a noble stone chimneypiece. On its mantel a frieze of quatrefoil lozenges is decorated in every panel with a belled sheep (Brebis clarinee) repeated from the arms which the city took from its cloth industry and which were once carved on the central shield supported by a shepherd and sherpherdess. It was not till the middle of the seventeenth century that Bourges was granted by royal patent the privilege of bearing three fleurs de lys in chief like several other cities—Abbeville, for instance. Above the frieze dainty birds perch among the sprays of a crisply cut wreath of thistle, and higher still the masonry yet bears the traces of the lilies of France conscientiously obliterated by some republican enthusiast.