

Women Sculptors Should Not Marry

By Vinnie Ream Hoxie

Famous Woman Sculptor Tells How She Became Wedded to Her Art—Made 16 Life-Sized Busts in First Two Months of Experience—Every One Can Marry—Not All Can Model—Matrimony Hinders Development of Art—Men Quick to Appreciate Genius in Women.

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(Mrs. Vinnie Ream Hoxie has the distinction of being the only American woman who has had her statues accepted by the United States government and placed in the marble rooms of the capitol at Washington. Her life-size marble figure of President Lincoln is familiar to all sight-seers in the capitol, while the heroic bronze of Admiral Farragut is one of the best works of art in Washington. Statues of many other great Americans have been made by her.)

The field of sculpture for women is unlimited, but the workers are few, for one must have a very decided talent—a genius for it—to enter the field at all.

There must be no mistake about this. Mediocrity will not do. Industry and application will not do. Perseverance will not do. The only reason for men or women trying to follow sculpture as a profession is that they are so irresistibly impelled toward it and impressed with their own ability that they cannot possibly resist the impulse to model in clay.

Many girls have sought advice on this subject, asked how they could know if they had marked ability or talent, and also, desiring to be sculptors, what method I would suggest, what teachers recommend? At these questions I have sometimes lost my temper and told them that they could soon find out by shutting themselves up with some clay and seeing what they could evolve from the crude material. I have told them that, like love, this knowledge "comes not by appointment, but at some unexpected corner it springs forth." A good way would be to take some common pottery's clay (it seems almost sacred to me)—and if, alone and unaided, they cannot instantly bring forth something beautiful or artistic from its weird depths, where statues lie imprisoned, then let them come forth from that room, "leaving hope behind," and let them then and there forever abandon all idea of being sculptors and following in the footsteps of the "divine Angelo."

My own experience when making my first steps in the study of art—a study that has been such a great pleasure and comfort to me all my life long—may be of interest.

A mere child—a delicate girl—I had never been in a studio until the fateful day when I was taken to Clark Mills' studio by a friend. He was modeling in clay and I was instantly impressed with the fact that I, too, could model, and in that very hour I made my first essay. In two months I had made in clay the likenesses of Thaddeus Stevens, Reverdy Johnson, Gen. Custer, Gen. Grant, Gen. McClellan, Gen. Thomas, Gen. Fremont, Representative John Wentworth of Chicago, Gen. Frank P. Blair, Senators John Sherman and Nesmith, Parson Brownlow, Gen. Morehead of Pennsylvania, Representative Garfield, Gov. Yates of Illinois and Abraham Lincoln. They were all life-size busts and I have copies of them all here in my studio now, and I look at them with deep and affectionate gratitude, as they all became my warm and devoted friends, inspiring me to industry, application and high ambition. These busts were said to be striking likenesses and the senators and members who were lookers-on at my early efforts took a deep interest in their young protégée and had the kindness, sympathy and courage to uphold willing hands.

If a woman feels that she has unusual talent for sculpture and desires to enter this field, let her determine to make it her life work. Let her not be handicapped by marriage. Every one can marry, but not all can model. Not that I discourage matrimony—an institution so noble in itself—but it is distinctly not conducive to development in art. Husband naturally are jealous of any other love, and a mother's heart yearns more tenderly over her real than her clay children. Little ones demand constant attention, and there is work enough in a house, be the servants never so plentiful, to absorb the constant attention of a woman and keep her busy day after day, week after week and month after month.

If a woman student is really seriously in earnest let her study anatomy and draw from the nude. Let her put her whole soul into her work. If she can afford it, let her engage experienced teachers that she may profit by their experience, and let her follow every advantage that means will procure. But if she cannot afford these helps, let her take the clay in her own untutored hands and work out her own salvation.

There is certainly nothing unwomanly in this vocation. All the surroundings of art are elevating. Its environment is refined and its presence is felt by the pure in heart.

A woman need not even be before the public if she desires privacy. In her own retired studio she can bring forth these children of genius, and if they are stamped with that seal, public opinion will be the high priest that will christen them and the world will recognize their worth.

Every surrounding of art is refined and its atmosphere pure. A woman's touch is as delicate, her eye as true and her hand as firm as that of a man. Yet it is not the delicate touch, the true eye, that speaks the artist. The workmen who reproduce beautiful statues in marble have that. It is not these things that bespeak the grand result. It is the seeing of these things in the mind's eye before they have taken shape in the clay. It is being able to feel these things in advance, as the poet feels in his soul his verses, as the orator feels his theme, waxing him eloquent to move the hearts of others. We must feel deeply ourselves to reach others, and to bring forth a work of art it must be in our minds to conceive it first before emancipating it from the silent clay. Themes of beauty and of grace must chase each other through the brain.

The mind must be filled with noble purposes and beautiful shadows, ideal forms, majestic, noble groups waiting to be set free. All of these must hover around and inspire the artist, even though he or she may never have the means to carry any of them out to perfection in the marble or the bronze. The artist's greatest work is often being done when his modeling tools lie idle—when he sits apparently idle, "brooding over his theme," sometimes for weeks, for months. Beside this work which is being done by the brain, the mind, the soul, the working out in the clay seems to be almost mechanical.

The field for art is broadening every year. Our forefathers had no time or means for these luxuries, for luxuries they certainly are, not necessities. Wealth is accumulating and the rich like to surround themselves with beautiful and costly things. People of refinement and culture try to satisfy for themselves the thirst for elegant and artistic surroundings. Even the very poor yearn for them and in their squalid homes of poverty gaudy prints and cheap plaster casts of impossible figures adorn their walls, attesting to their desire—their reaching out—for something beyond, better than the toll and monotony of their daily lives. Their tastes are slowly becoming educated, and the public schools, a great factor in this cause, on a broader and more generous plan than of old, are gradually advancing art in the minds of the working people. The once barren walls of the public schools are now illuminated with the finest engravings and photographs of celebrated paintings and their halls are adorned with casts of treasured statues of ancient art.

If a woman's work is as good as that of a man she will receive equal recognition—even more prompt recognition, for men are surprised when we have the courage to compete with them and more quickly recognize our ability. They are not the tyrants some would make them, but kind and good and generous to us if they are made to feel that we are not simply posing but are really seriously in earnest.

There are, no doubt, some few men who are narrow-minded and unjust and who would keep down the aspirations of woman, but if her work bears the stamp of genius, like truth, it will not be downed.

HIS FIRST LOVE.



"I want you to tattoo 'Gledys' on my skin, and I want the letters a foot wide."

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT

Giovanni



Played to His Heart's Content.

A grand French nobleman was once traveling quietly through Italy, accompanied only by his secretary.

Stopping at a village to change horses, they were at once surrounded by a troop of ragged urchins. One, much cleaner than the others, and fairly neat, played a violin while the others danced.

After dispensing a few coins, the chaise proceeded on its way. It had gone some distance when the horses were thrown back on their haunches.

and the driver, with an excited shout, lashed out with his long whip.

"There's a brigand on behind the chaise!" he explained to the French nobleman.

The "brigand" was found to be Giovanni, the little lad who played upon the violin. He begged and pleaded for the "signor" to take him to France, where he might learn to be a great musician.

Greatly amused, the nobleman permitted Giovanni to accompany him, and, when they arrived at Paris, secured a position for him in the kitchen of a friend.

One day the master of the house invited a number of guests to a banquet. As they dined there came through the open window the sweet strains of a violin.

Charmed with the music, a servant was sent to fetch the musician. Giovanni was dragged before the company and commanded to play.

"Who ever taught you to play, my lad?" asked a celebrated count.

"No one," replied the boy.

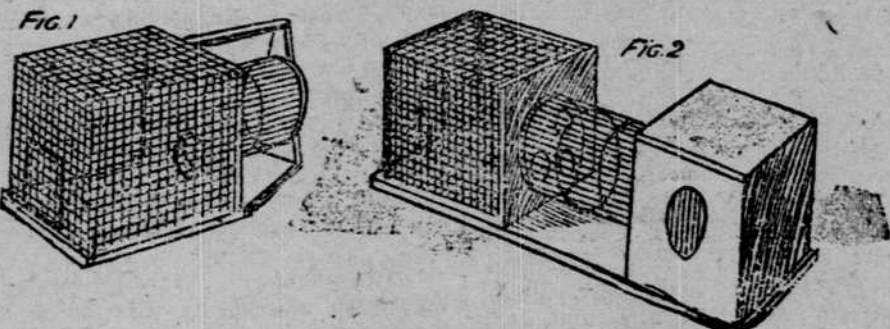
The count was astonished. He asked Giovanni's master to permit him to see that the boy received musical instruction.

Not many years passed before Giovanni realized his ambition and became one of the most noted musicians of the day.

A Game.

Each member of the party is given a sheet of paper and scissors. Then the hostess announces that she would like to have them cut from memory the form of any kind of a dog. After this is done, the name of the artist is written on the back of the production, and the collection pinned face outward on the wall. Then three judges, not of the company, are asked in the room to decide upon the merits of the dogs, and prizes are awarded for the best or worst, as the case may be.

Cages for Your Pets



How They Will Look When Completed.

In the construction of good cages for squirrels, chipmunks or white rats, you need nothing more than a small quantity of wire cloth, tin boxes and wood.

Fig. 1 is a simple house to make. Cut the baseboard 28 inches long, 15 inches wide and one inch and a quarter thick.

Ten inches from one end saw off strips so that the end will be six inches in width. Eleven inches from this end erect a square partition, covered with tin, so that the animals will be unable to gnaw the wood at the edges or around the hole that leads to the cylinder for exercising.

Tacks may also be driven around this hole to protect it.

At the wide end of the board drive a wicket made of stout wire or quarter-iron wire rod. Tack the wire

cloth to the backboard and wire it to the wicket. Along the edges of the baseboard bore holes into which the wires of the netting may slip at the bottom. A door made of wire cloth is hung on hinges, soldered to the galvanized cloth.

At the small end of the baseboard attach a wedge-shaped piece of wood, six inches broad at the bottom and two inches broad at the top. Nail a connecting strip from the top of this wedge to the top of the backboard.

An exercising cage is made of straight wires or wire cloth with wooden or tin ends. It is supported between the wedge-shaped upright and the back of the cage.

Fig. 2 shows another form of squirrel cage, which boasts at one end a shelter made from an inverted tin cracker box.—Philadelphia North American.

GOOD MESSENGERS.

How the Pigeons Saved the Carters from the Indians.

Bess had two pet pigeons that used to carry messages for her to all her friends. She lived way out west, in a time when there were no telephones, and the pigeons used to be put to about the same use.

The Carters moved to their new home in the spring, and it happened that before they settled down in the new house some Sioux who had been removed to the Indian Territory became dissatisfied with their location, broke out and started toward their old northern home, plundering and murdering as they went.

A report of this raid reached the Carters, but too late to enable them to seek safety in flight.

When Andrew Patchin was severely wounded, Mr. Carter began to despair, and he sadly told his wife and Bessie that he saw no chance to escape from death or capture.

"If it comes to the worst," he said, "you two must die rather than fall into the hands of those fiends. There is no hope of help, and no one of us could pass the Indians to take a message to the fort, even if they had not got our horses."

"There is one that can go, pa," spoke up Bessie.

"What do you mean, child? Who can go? Not Harry?"

"Not Harry, pa, but Chip or Possum."

Mr. Carter had not thought of the pigeons, and he eagerly seized the idea.

"Do you think that either of them would fly to the fort?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. We were so long at the fort, and the birds had not yet got to think of this place as home. I am sure they would do it."

"Get one of them, Bess, and I will write a message."

Bessie had brought her pigeons into the house for safety, and it was easy to secure Chip. The message was fastened to him, and he was let loose. After circling in the air for a minute or so he settled upon his course, and flew away in the direction of the fort.

Another message was sent by Possum, and then they waited. They had to fight, too, as well as wait, and Mr. Carter and Harry continued to make their fires crack in the hope of keeping the Indians away from the house as long as possible.

Capt. Morris, Mrs. Carter's cousin, had caught sight of Chip when the bird flew to his old quarters at the fort, and he at once secured him and found the message.

In a very short time the men were mounted and speeding away over the prairie, and so the Carter family were saved by Bessie's pigeon.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Chinese Football.

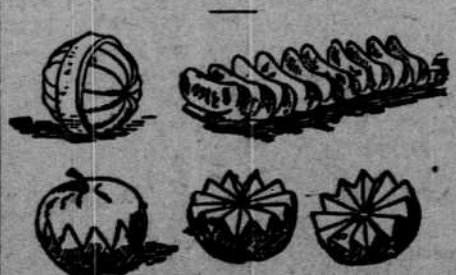
The first game of football I witnessed upon my arrival in China, one of our consular representatives, at home for a visit, remarked recently, "I mistook for a very serious riot, and you wouldn't have blamed me, either."

"In the first place, I was not aware that the Chinese had any such game, but later found that it is very popular in North China. It is not played as the American game, and instead of 11 players to the side there are 50. These northern Chinese are almost giants, and every man on the team will be six feet or over in height, and weigh on an average 200 pounds. There are no goals, side lines or halves. The game lasts until one side is the winner, and frequently this is not accomplished before two or three days.

"The idea of the game is to force a small wicker basket, which takes the place of our ball, into the territory of the other side—the territory being one-half of the town, and up and down the streets the fight rages. Each man is equipped with a whistle with which to summon assistance when too hard pressed.

"Stealth, as well as main force, may be used in getting the 'ball' into the enemy's country, and I know of one clever player who did so by passing over the roofs of the houses. As you may imagine, 100 giants yelling and fighting in the streets create some excitement."—Harper's Weekly.

SOME DAINTY WAYS.



Here are a few pretty ways of cutting oranges and apples when you are ready to serve your friends with such refreshments.

What She Was Interested In. Mrs. Ascum—What does the paper say about the fire at Bergen & Co.'s big store last night?

Mr. Ascum—Oh, it tells all about how it started and—

Mrs. Ascum—Oh, silly! I mean what does it say about bargains sales of damaged goods?—Philadelphia Press.

Explained at Last. Bacon—What's the idea of printing these menus in French?

Robert—I suppose they think if you don't know what you are going to have you'll enjoy it better.

DAVID'S REPENTANCE

"Against thee, thee only, have I sinned."

STORY BY THE "HIGHWAY AND BYWAY" PREACHER

(Copyright, 1907, by the Author, W. B. Kist)

Scripture Authority:—2 Samuel 12:1-23.

SERMONETTE.

Sin, however great, is as nothing when the forgiving grace of God is taken into account.

"Where sin abounds, grace doth much more abound."

"It is an awful thing to be a great sinner, but there is a more awful thing, and that is for the sinner to know no repentance.

David sinned, Oh, so grievously, committing almost every sin in the decalogue, but he repented most gloriously, and herein is to be found the bright side of this dark picture.

Out of the depths into which his sin had cast him David looked up into the face of a forgiving God and found help.

And notice how his sense of guilt shuts out every one but God.

"Against thee, thee only, have I sinned."

This was not literally true, neither did David mean it so. But what he did mean was that sin when committed is first of all and above all committed against God.

Such consciousness of the relation of the soul to God is the evidence of true repentance. To realize that first of all the sin has been committed against God and that it is there that the soul must first come for forgiveness and cleansing prepares and fits the soul for the further steps of true repentance, which are open confession, as complete restoration as is possible to those wronged, and reconciliation with man as well as God.

True repentance also means a turning from sin, or as the little girl put it: Feeling bad enough to quit.

Yes, David's sin was great, but his repentance was great, also. And herein, I am persuaded, was one of the elements of his character which made him a man "after God's own heart."

It was because of his desperate need that he could in faith claim so much of God. As Christ said, in rebuke to the self-righteous Pharisee when the sinful woman came weeping, washing his feet with her tears and wiping them with the hairs of her head: "Her sins which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much; but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little.

If man is a great sinner, God has provided a greater Saviour, whose "blood cleanseth from ALL sin."

The sum of human guilt is never equal to the sum of the Divine mercy.

Paul, the apostle, saw himself the chiefest of sinners, but at the same time he saw that Christ was "able to save unto the uttermost."

This, then, is ever the bright side of the picture of human guilt: Sin vanishing before the cleansing power of the blood of Christ.

THE STORY.

"Thou art the man!" The words rang out clear and distinct, filling all the great audience room of the palace. With finger pointed in the direction of the startled king the prophet Nathan stood. His stern face and tense bearing betokened the towering moral strength of the man of God in that trying hour.

In obedience to the command of God he had come to bring King David face to face with his awful sins. And notwithstanding the possible danger to himself as a result of his unwelcome message, yet he delayed not but boldly entered into the presence of the king and told his parable about the rich man who had taken the one little ewe lamb of his poor neighbor, notwithstanding the rich abundance of flocks and herds with which he had been blessed. And the king had listened with rising wrath. Perhaps the burden of guilt in his own heart made him the less tolerant, and as the prophet ended his story he thundered:

"As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die."

Then it was that the prophet, drawing himself to his full height and pointing his finger at the king, cried:

CHILD LABOR IN ENGLAND.

Thirty Thousand London Children Are Wage Earners on Half-Time.

In London there are 747,000 school children, 480,000 of them over seven years of age, and of those 30,800 are half-time wage earners, according to the Craftsman. About half of them spend during each week 27 hours in school and more than 20 hours in work. In one district such children work from 14 to 50 hours a week and are paid at the rate of one and two cents an hour. In small laundries the helpers are employed for two or three nights a week until ten o'clock, and all day Saturdays, working in a steam-laden atmosphere and amid surroundings that are distinctly undesirable.

Lather boys in barber shops have hours that are much too long, never less than 40 a week. They are usually busy from five to ten every evening, all day and until midnight Saturday, and Sunday from eight to nine in the morning and from one to two in the afternoon. Grocers' boys are

with intense earnestness: "Thou art the man!"

The king recoiled as though struck, his face grew ashen and his form trembled as though he would fall.

"The man shall surely die!"

"Thou art the man!"

He had pronounced the judgment upon his own head.

He grasped the side of the throne to steady himself, and with bowed head and averted face he listened while Nathan reviewed all the black record which he had written against his life. It was all true. He did not seek to deny it or palliate his conduct. He had kept these things hidden in his heart during all these months. He had thought that his secret was safe with the few confidential friends; and he had persuaded himself that it was a closed incident. But he had not reckoned God into the account, and to and behold the awful record of sin which he had been trying to forget was suddenly spread before him.

He sank into his chair and buried his face in his hands. How long he sat thus he knew not, but when he looked up the prophet had gone, and he found himself alone.

Alone! No not alone, for where there is sinful heart willing to hear the accusing voice of God, there is God present to deal in love and mercy with that soul. And there God was that day. Not as king but as a guilty sinner did David meet God. Stripped of kingly robes and position of state, separated from his riches and power he stood a naked soul before the searching eye of God.

Ah, how black now did his sin appear unto him. Ah, who would have thought that the first misstep into the pleasures of sin could have plunged him so low!

Was it possible that this was David who had professed so much before his people? Was this the David who only yesterday had carried out his formal obligations before the Lord in the sight of all the people? Was this the David who had established the ark in its place in the tabernacle in Jerusalem, and had then been filled with the ambition to build a temple for the Lord?

Upon the ground before his throne he threw himself in his anguish of soul.

"Have mercy upon me, O God," was all he could cry.

Was there forgiveness enough in heaven to compass the enormity of his sin?

How dark the way seemed? Would God answer?

Dare he throw himself utterly upon God and his mercy? He had stolen another man's wife, and then to cover up his sin he had killed that man. He was worthy of death. Dare he let God do with him as justice demanded? Many a man in the kingdom had been judged worthy of death and been killed who had not done as wickedly as he. Why should he ask or expect any less sentence? Yes, and had he not pronounced sentence upon himself when in answer to the prophet Nathan's story he had said: "The man that hath done this thing shall surely die."

So the struggle went on in the heart of David as the succession of barriers of the will were broken down and true repentance brought him to the point where he was willing to cast himself utterly upon the mercy and justice of God.

True repentance never seeks to make excuses. It seeks not to excuse or palliate the sin. And at last when David had given up utterly and was willing if need be to pay the penalty with his life for his wrong doing, he found peace.

It was in this attitude of heart which the prophet Nathan found him late that same afternoon.

"I have sinned against the Lord," David cried in broken voice. "Let that be done unto me which is pleasing in the sight of the Lord."

And the prophet Nathan came and laid his hand upon the head of David, and said:

"The Lord hath put away thy sin. Thou shalt not die."

"The Lord hath put away MY sin," repeated David softly to himself. How sweet the words sounded. "According to the multitude of the tender mercies thou hast blotted out my transgressions," he continued to himself.

How blessed it was to feel that burden of guilt taken away. What awful months those had been during which he had kept the sin hidden in his heart and had remained unrepentant before God. And now how wonderful it was to feel that he had been brought back to God and that the old fellowship had been restored.

And then came the yearning for a nearer walk with God and a share in his service, and he prayed:

"Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me by thy free spirit. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee."

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AIDS TO BEAUTY

PRACTICAL LITTLE HINTS FOR THE WOMAN WHO CARES.

Perspiration Helps to Keep the Skin Clear—How to Cure a Dry Skin—To Remove Blackheads.

Keep Skin Clear—Perspiration opens the pores lavishly, and hence is a prime beautifier. Damp air and fog are kindly to the complexion and are held to be largely responsible for the fresh piquancy of the young English girls' complexion. The fog seems to lie close against the cheeks, soft and luscious, like kisses from velvet lips. You will find that every one, be it man, woman, or child, who drinks quantities of water will have a clear and soft skin, as pink and white as a baby's. Water, if drunk in great quantities, will cause perspiration, which clears out the pores and makes them healthy. It also bleaches the skin. It prevents the skin from becoming hard, dry and close, and is thus indirectly a preventive of wrinkles.

The stout woman need not fear to drink water because she thinks it will increase her weight, for it will not unless, of course, she drinks it with her meals. It is a mystery why women do not drink more water, for every doctor will advise his woman patients to drink lots of water. It is such a simple remedy and is so much easier to take than medicines. Still, it is almost impossible to make many women believe that they will derive benefit from anything but medicine.

To Remove Blackheads—Blackheads are the result of the skin failing to throw off all its impurities. The perfectly cleansed face has no blackheads. Many who are afflicted with blackheads deny this, as every one likes to think they are clean, but few of us know how to cleanse our faces properly and thoroughly. Not enough can be said about the nightly scrub with the flesh brush and soap and about the morning wash. Wash the face every night, even if you are so sleepy and tired that nothing matters, so long as you get to bed. If the habit is formed, the task will soon become a mechanical one and will be part of the duty of undressing. There is no hope for the girl who is too indolent to do this. She must accept her lot and the blackheads with it.

Different skins need different treatments, but one knows no end of women who go to the nearest drug store and buy a cold cream, simply because some of her friends have recommended it. Probably her friend has a dry skin, while she has an oily one, but that does not make any difference; it's a good cream, so she uses it.

Eat Oil for Dry Skin—Women who suffer from a dry skin will be wonderfully benefited if they will take a tablespoonful of olive oil after each meal. Benzoin, which is far too stringent for many