

CLUBS.

Edited by Miss Helen G. Harwood.

In the work of woman's clubs the study of art occupies a place of honor and prominence. Yet less than one-half of the members of these clubs would be able to give a definition of art, should the occasion arise. Simply and primarily, art is the power or ability to do something not taught by nature. To walk is not an art, but to dance a two-step is one. The application of knowledge or science to effect a desired purpose, is art. The science of music is laid down in books, and the art of music is the expression of this science in singing or playing. Were it not for art, the truths of science would lie in our minds, cold and dark, like marble in its mountain prison; but the artist brings them up to the light of day, breathes upon them an electric aura, and they go forth with a new investment, effulgent in their glorious expression. Art is the twin sister of civilization, the sure evidence of human advancement. The mechanical or useful arts have a relation in the main to man's physical wants, while the representative arts appeal to his mental needs. The office of representative art is to embody thoughts and ideas so that they become cognizable to the senses. A man may have an idea of a horse in his mind; if then with a pencil he makes a picture like the one in his mind, that is representative art. If instead of a picture he should write a description of the horse, that would still be representative art. And if instead of the written picture he should describe by spoken words the image of the horse, or should make an image of him in plaster or marble, it would be the same. A carpenter may have an idea of a house, and he may represent that idea by building its material counterpart; but he would not erect a house merely to represent his ideas; the prevailing motive with the builder is to give his skilled services to another person and receive pay. Thus his representation must be classed in the mechanical art.

The art of talking is more familiar to people in general than any other representative art. Eloquence must be considered as a separate art, though a member of the representative household. Eloquence is by many persons supposed to mean more than the simple expression of emotion and ideas; it is thought equally to include the matter expressed; but when considered as an art, which it truly is, its definition can hardly be extended so far. Eloquence is an expression of emotion, of intense feeling, in a manner that will produce similar feelings or emotions in the minds of the hearers. The eloquence of the forum and the desk is in part the result of cultivation, and in part not so. The dramatic art is closely allied to pulpit and forensic eloquence. The art of representing ideas by written characters is strictly representative, while printing must be considered a mechanical art,—a way of rapidly multiplying copies of a written text. At what time in the world's history letters were invented, is not known. Whether Moses was acquainted with the division of words, who can tell? He probably wrote the Hebrew language, but whether hieroglyphically or in words as they are now written, we have no convincing evidence on either side. Painting is allied to writing by the fact that the means of representation are similar. The best paintings are those which approach the nearest to a correct representation of nature. Indeed the artist often makes imaginary pictures, the original of which he never has seen, just as the novel writer sketches scenes of life that he never has observed. But in both



MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT,
President of the National Woman Suffrage Association.

—From the "Mail and Times," Des Moines.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, president of the National Woman's Suffrage Association, is one of the finest speakers in the country. She presents a charming appearance on the platform, her arguments are clear and logical, her statements truthful and interesting and her wit, of which she possesses no small amount, is keen and quick. She never fails to charm, please and convince. As a writer, speaker and philanthropist, Mrs. Catt has no superior. She is an Iowa woman and Iowa may well feel a pride in this noble, talented daughter. She is a graduate of the State Agricultural college of Iowa and has also taken a special course in law. She has had a wide and varied experience, having been principal and general superintendent of the Mason City high school, joint editor and owner with her husband of the Mason City Republican. She has also the distinction of being the first woman reporter in San Francisco; and it was while engaged in this work that the sad condition of so many wage earning girls who came under her direct notice caused her to give up her newspaper work and resolve that her life and abilities that God had given her should be

devoted to the cause of women until the time should come when all women should have equal right and equal wages in the field of labor. She has traveled all over the United States and investigated all conditions of women; she gives her time, talents and self to her chosen work and contributes large sums of money. Her husband, who is heartily in sympathy with her in the work, also gives freely of his wealth. She has a beautiful home, Benson-Hurst, on Long Island Sound, a half hour's ride from her New York office. This home is an ideal home with well trained servants who have learned to be skillful under their mistress' training. In this home, our president, lecturer, writer and philanthropist becomes an ideal wife and home maker, and thus in Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt we have a beautiful, well-rounded type of American woman, eloquent and witty on the platform, dignified and business-like as president of the N. W. S. A., talented and instructive as a writer, motherly and wise as a philanthropist, finely gowned and queenly in society, a true wife and home maker—in the truest sense of that much abused term, a womanly woman.—Mail and Times.

cases the pictures must be true to his ideas of nature—to natural probabilities. If they are not thus true, they are rejected. In all literature and art success is attained only when pen and pencil represent nature in her various moods and developments. Shakspeare was emphatically the student and child of nature. Humanity, physical nature, science, were all his; he knew everything, for knowledge is only an acquaintance with nature. He sings, and not England and America only, but the whole world, cries encore; his plays are brought out, and the strong heart of humanity, which changes not, responds as it did two hundred years ago.

The art of sculpture seems to be more closely related to the ideal, taken as a whole, than painting. The great triumphs of the sculptors have been in the representation of the human form, by the attitude and expression of the statue representing heroic or moral sentiment. This art is no less representative than painting, yet it represents less.

Sculpture was doubtless practiced first of all the imitative arts. Its first manifestations, like those of the other arts, consisted of blind, infantile gropings after an expression of an inward ideal.

For thousands of years sculpture was

devoted to religious subjects, and controlled by hierarchical influences. It embodied certain fixed types from which no deviation was permitted, and thus progress was effectually prevented. The first historic sculptors are those mentioned in the thirty-third chapter of Exodus, about 1500 years B. C., although long before this time the art of carving stone and metals was known to the various eastern nations. It was in Greece that sculpture was elevated to the position of a fine art. In the sixth century B. C., having escaped from sacerdotal control, it was rapidly brought to a state of perfection which it has not occupied since the decline of Hellenic art. But the sixteenth century gave us Michael Angelo, and the nineteenth Powers and his Greek slave; so let us hope for a metempsychosis of the spirit of the old masters.

Poetry is one of the most important representative arts. Poetry is the antithesis of science. While it is the leading office of the latter to impart knowledge, the mission of poetry is the impartation of pleasure. The poet is preeminently a life-enjoying being. He always is able to find some luscious fruit or fragrant blossom on life's thorny tree, which he embalms in the rhythmic vesture of immortality. And this is the mission of the poetic art, representing

truths, beauties, glories, that others less gifted may see them, too; thus charming the sick, world-weary soul away from its gloomy prison into a realm of peace and rest.

In speaking of the art of music, we have an idea of musical sounds and their harmonic relations.

Probably none of us ever saw a musical instrument whose scale comprehended more than seven and one-half octaves; a sound above or below this would not be musical to the human ear. What a wonderful thought is that of the absolute musical scale, of God's musical instrument, if you please. This great instrument spans the universe; we can appropriate only seven octaves out of the infinite scale. Who knows but the inhabitants of Mars or Venus use the seven next above or below those of our scale?

Our physical organization permits us to know comparatively little of music. If our faculties enabled us to use seventy octaves instead of seven, the variety and changes would be infinite. Who shall say that the Creator did not make the whole universe in accordance with the immutable principles and possibilities of the diapason, and that creation is not a vast musical instrument, and the different worlds the stops and keys?

In the mythology of olden times we read of Orpheus who by the influence of his lute could enchant wild beasts, while rocks and trees danced to the time of his music. In this life of ours we often drink from a bitter cup,—we feel as if Providence had mingled with it no sweet. Life seems like a forest through which a fire has swept, burning and blackening every vestige of green and leaving a dreary desolation. But now steals upon the soul a breath of music, and the wilderness is changed to a grove of gladness; the skeleton arms of the trees are bending beneath their burden of bloom and verdure, while even the blocks and stones smile their satisfaction with so pleasant an existence. Then do we realize that Orpheus was not all a myth—then have we tasted of the sweet that distills from the bloom of the musical art!

Miss L. W. Law, newly-elected president of the Business Women's association of New York, occupies the responsible position of general manager of one of the largest life insurance companies in the country. Miss Law's early ambition was for a literary career. From the position of proof reader in a large publishing house she became an expert accountant, and soon had entire charge of the financial side of the business. Failing health demanded a change of occupation, and the insurance business was undertaken at a time when most companies looked with disfavor on women as beneficiaries, to say nothing of managers and solicitors. Miss Law was the first woman who occupied the position of general manager, and there is only one other woman occupying a similar position at the present time.

At the recent annual meeting of the Michigan Women's Press Association, a resolution was adopted to petition the forestry committee of the state federation to consider the need of making a beginning in the direction of preserving the beautiful trailing arbutus. Throughout the state club women are active in the work of tree culture and forest protection.

One of the most practical forms of club work which has been taken up in the cities is the lunch and rest room, where shoppers and business women can secure a hot lunch at a trifling expense, or may use the tables free of charge when they bring their lunches from home. Couches, easy chairs, books, papers and magazines furnish the means