

his entire energy upon his immediate maximum production, while through the letters of his unprotected co-workers runs a pre-occupying concern for the future.

I'm not for one moment criticising those other teachers; under the circumstances, I do not see how they could do other than they do. I am criticising a community which forces them to make a choice between sacrificing their homes and sacrificing their service.

I said yesterday to the head of a great school system: "If you knew that you would have a pension for your old age, and that your family would be provided for if you died, would it make any difference in your work?"

He began to walk up and down the room.

"It would make me thirty—no, forty—per cent more efficient right now! The thought of what might happen to them if I were

scrapped, is a ball and chain on my foot, holding me back from no end of things I might and *ought* to do."

Psychologists tell us that we have inherited useless hates and desires and fears from the strange pre-human times—feelings that serve no protective purpose in this new world we have made for ourselves since our late tree-dwelling. We still have the monkey fear of the great swallowing python, but we apply it to the unwilling worm; the fear of the dark room is the harmless survival of the fear of lurking beasts; and, worst fear of all, that fear that came with our first power to reason—fear of the helplessness of age. For very early we saw that the great prizes of food and shelter were only to the strong, and, except he provide these out of the strength of his youth, how shall an old man live?

It is for us to say whether we shall have savings with fear, or freedom with efficiency.

# ART AND THE AVERAGE MAN

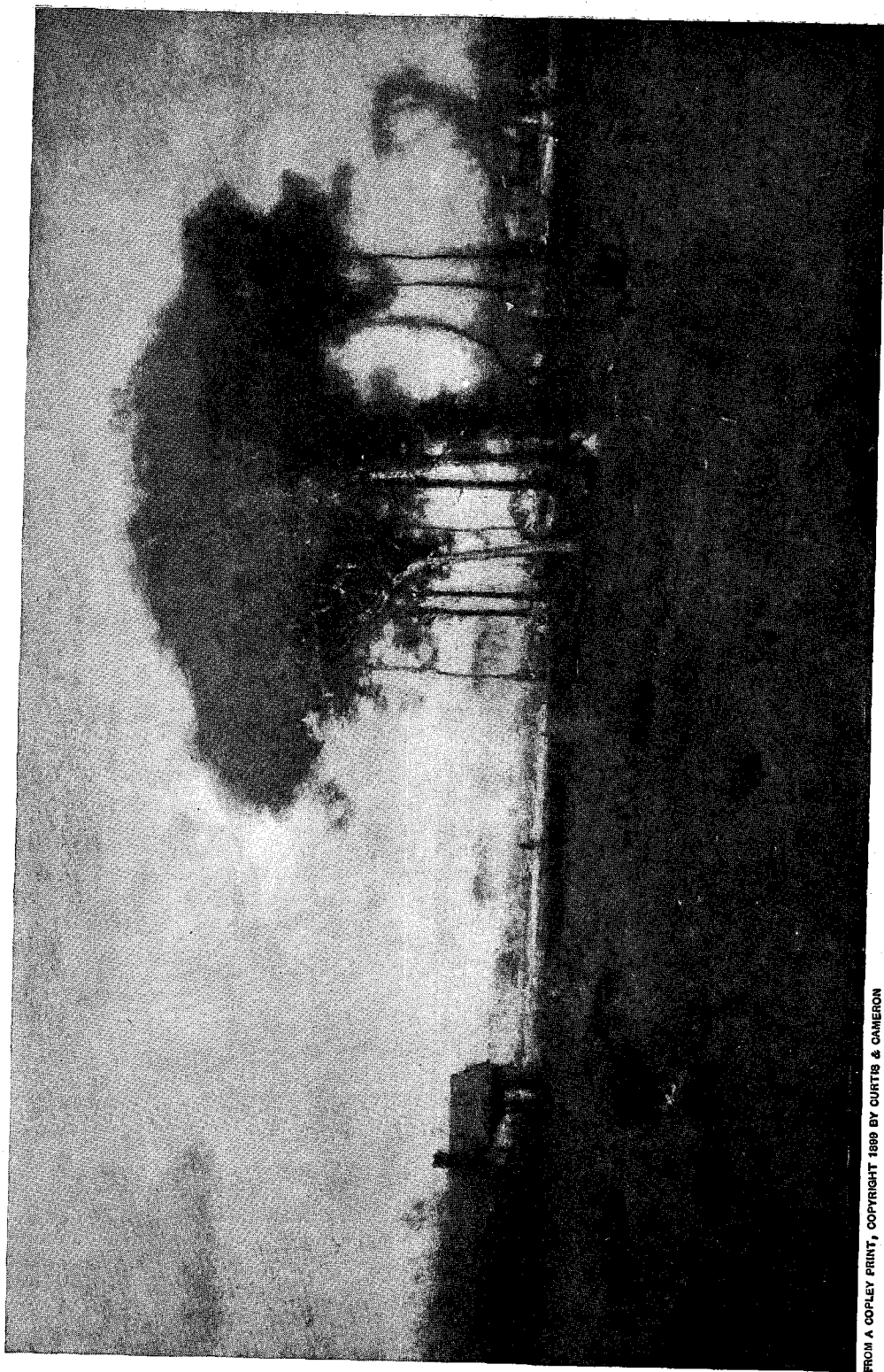
BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER

AN INTERVIEW WITH WALTER PACH

**A**PPROACH art from such an angle as it forms at its intersection with life, and its questions may be discussed by all thinking men and women with interest and profit. The complicated riddles of theory, æsthetics, and connoisseurship are for the experts, but there are matters of art that concern us all, and we are forced to notice them. Thus in the last three years New York has twice been asked for her support of a plan to erect a building for the exhibition of works of art. Twice the plan has had to be withdrawn and changed, but it has retained all its importance for the people who formed it, and we shall hear from them again. Did this matter concern only artists and their patrons, its interest for the rest of the community would be slight. But behind the particular instance lurks the general principle, and, in the opinion of Mr. John W. Alexander, the principle involved here is one that extends to the whole relationship of art and the American people—or of art and the common people, perhaps. That surely is a matter of interest to the community, for art comes from the whole people and is their

expression and epitome. The Greek could have had no better way to follow the injunction of his philosopher, "Know thyself," than by studying the art of his country; so, too, the Venetian or the Hollander has recorded his character in his work, and we can know his nation in a very full gamut of its thoughts and feelings as we look at its art. It is not, then, merely for those of us who paint pictures and those who buy them to consider what America will have to say to the generations who will one day study her monuments; it is for us all to have an interest in. And that is why we are going to talk for a while with a man who has for years taken a prominent part in American art matters.

"You do an unconventional thing in asking an artist to speak on such a subject," Mr. Alexander said once before; but the artist should speak on just such subjects, and his words take on a double importance when he has given proofs of such professional ability as wins the admiration of a very large number of people, and yet has sufficiently retained his interest in the general routine of



GEORGIA PINES  
From a painting by George Inness

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life to partake in the direction of affairs, and to inspire in the men habitually engaged in such work the confidence that they have to do with a man of action and not a mere dreamer. The honors that Mr. Alexander has received for his pictures come from official bodies and private individuals in Russia, Austria, France, England, Germany, and America. In a list of societies in which he holds positions one would mention the National Academy of Design, the National Institute of Arts and Letters, the School Arts League, and the MacDowell Club—of each of which he is the President; and the long list of the institutions in which he is an executive would include the Metropolitan Museum, the Public Library, etc., etc. So we shall hear from a man whose interests are not bounded by the walls of his studio.

"Do you think America ready for the development of a great school of artists?" I asked Mr. Alexander.

"Not only is America ready," was his reply, "but I think the school is already a fact; the only thing necessary is public recognition of the fact, and that is coming rapidly. I do not believe that we shall be mere continuers of the European schools of art. I do not think we are at present; we have men here now who are absolutely individual, and their point of view is distinctly American."

The several points which the artist made so succinctly in the foregoing statement bring up some interesting questions. There is the one of an American's judgment of American achievement; we do not want to overestimate it—we have of ourselves given over the high opinion that was once held of many of our earlier men when we have found them to be of minor value; but it is natural and healthy that we take pride in any work of lasting importance accomplished by our countrymen. From time to time it is well to have a glance over the whole field, not in a spirit of too great self-consciousness, but to judge where we really are; and it is surely pleasant to find such confidence in the success of our artists as we have here.

Confirming his first remark, Mr. Alexander continued: "Very few know what great work is being done in the direction of art in this country, and my efforts are toward making it known—to show what the men are doing." Outside the profession you would hear little of one important phase of these efforts, and yet it is one that should be known. Some time ago, William M. Chase said that

until the artists overcome the discords among themselves they could not expect the public to make the fullest recognition of their claims. It has been a particular mission of John W. Alexander's to make the heterogeneous group of men who are producing our art act in unison. Trained in different schools, representing different traditions (the older American or English tradition, the French, the Italian, the German, and, latest of all, the purely American idea), they present somewhat of a parallel to the whole of America, and we come again to the relation of art with our whole people when we see in what manner this section of it is meeting its problem. The field in which Mr. Alexander has most conspicuously worked is the National Academy of Design. Here there was not only the difference of opinion we have noticed, but there was a definite attitude among the members, especially the older ones, that the Academy was their private club, and non-members (the new men) were to show their work there only on sufferance. "We must give the young men their chance," said the new President, and he continues to say it. "They have now no adequate means of coming before the public; and it is not so much the older men who are already known, but the younger ones who have all the difficulties of making their way, who need the space to exhibit." Accordingly we had probably the best exhibition the Academy had ever given, the first season that Mr. Alexander was President. Men whose views of art are quite different from his, or even opposed to them, were given their hearing; and had each succeeding year shown a similar improvement there would be less necessity for the exhibitions of independent artists that have since been organized. Last winter the MacDowell Club, under Mr. Alexander's leadership, and following a plan long advocated by Robert Henri and others, threw open a gallery to any group of men who cared to show their pictures together, and so the work of developing our artistic resources by bringing forward the new men is being kept up. Surely it is no overstatement to say that this is in line with the best kind of progress in any field of American effort.

"In a country coming as near to being perfectly democratic as ours," I asked, "do you not think that art should be more and more the privilege of the whole people rather than of the few men of wealth?"

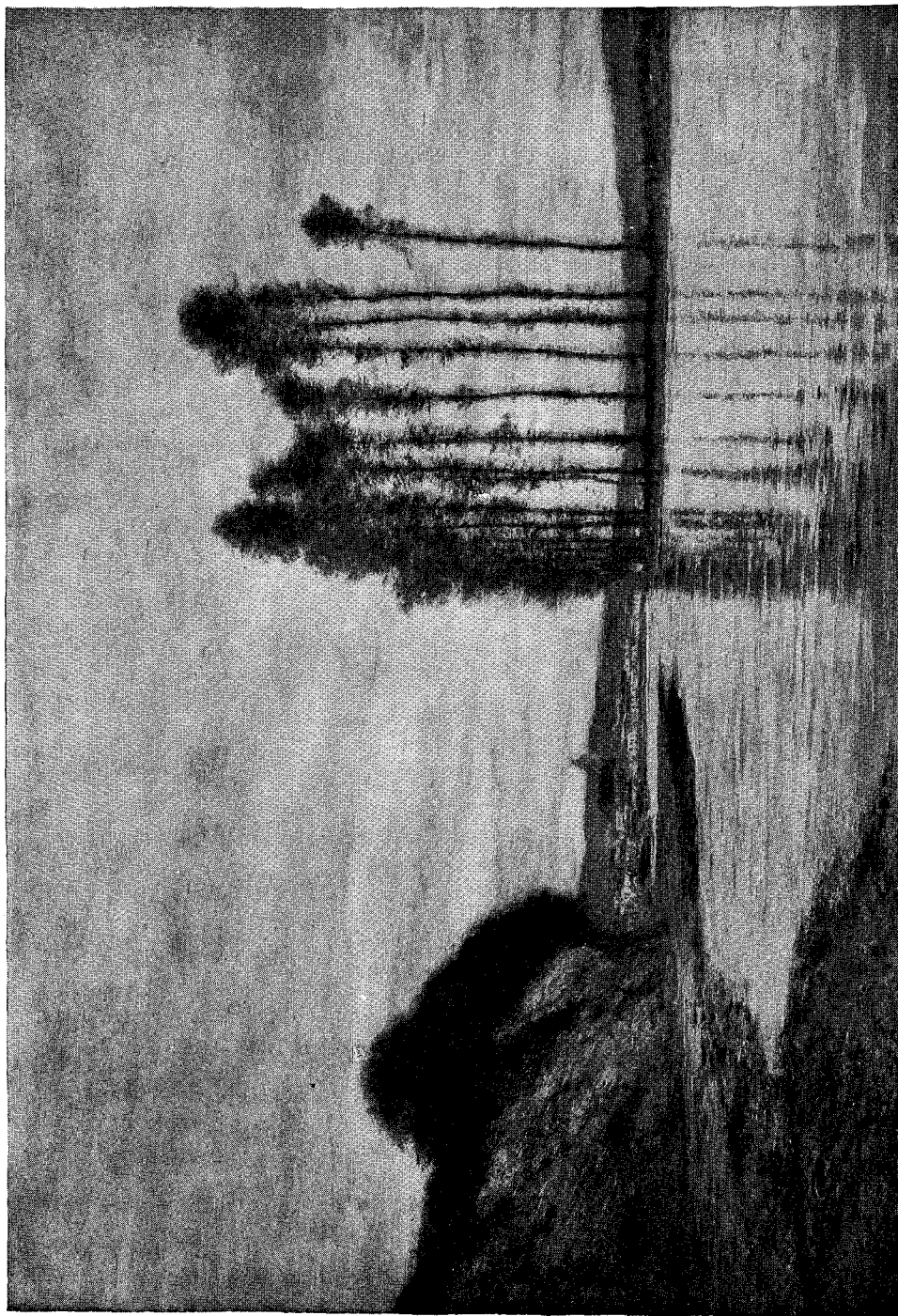
"I do believe so, most decidedly. It



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EARLY SPRING  
From a painting by Alexander H. Wyant





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**VIEW ON THE SEINE**  
From a painting by Homer D. Martin

should be a matter of interest with every class, and I think you can find good reason for this opinion if you look into the work we are doing in the public schools. Later, when those children are busy men and women, it would be harder to get them to take the necessary interest. We are doing everything in our power to help develop the natural art instinct that is so remarkable in children." A section of the autumn Salon in Paris was devoted last year to a showing of the art work of the school-children, and one walks from galleries containing paintings and sculpture by some of the strongest of contemporary artists to the rooms where one sees what importance the French Government attaches to the matter of having the future citizen intelligent in matters of art.

"Ultimately art is for the whole people, and not for a specially fortunate class; we want the demand for it to come from every side, but at the same time we cannot be too grateful to the few men of wealth for the wonderful work in the direction of art that they are doing in this country." It was this recognition of the fact that, while the rich are the first possessors of beautiful things, the influence of the latter goes out to a whole community, that made Mr. Alexander strive so zealously for the removal of the tariff on art works a few years ago. The men who wanted the tariff abolished were not moved by a desire to make things easier for those who can afford to surround themselves with objects of luxury, but sincerely believed that they would be contributing to the development of the art knowledge of all classes. It is surely to the credit of our legislators that they carried the matter through on that basis, and I think it was with a certain reminiscence of this success that Mr. Alexander took the optimistic tone in his next remark. I had asked whether we should not have a substitute for that "Bible of the unlettered" which the walls of the churches supplied in the Renaissance. They were not solely a means of teaching the sacred history to the people or of glorifying the memory of the great personages in that history; they were the educators of taste as well. The people grew to an appreciation of artistic merit under their influence which the modern world has not since equaled; for the artists they were the great treasury of inspiration, and even, at times, their school. Can that comparatively recent development, the exhibition, be made to do some of the work of the monuments

which must for long be out of reach in more than a few places in our country? Some of it, yes; and it is for this educational value that Mr. Alexander and other artists as well strongly indorse the plan of sending about the country groups of pictures as loans, so that all sections may have the benefit of their influence.

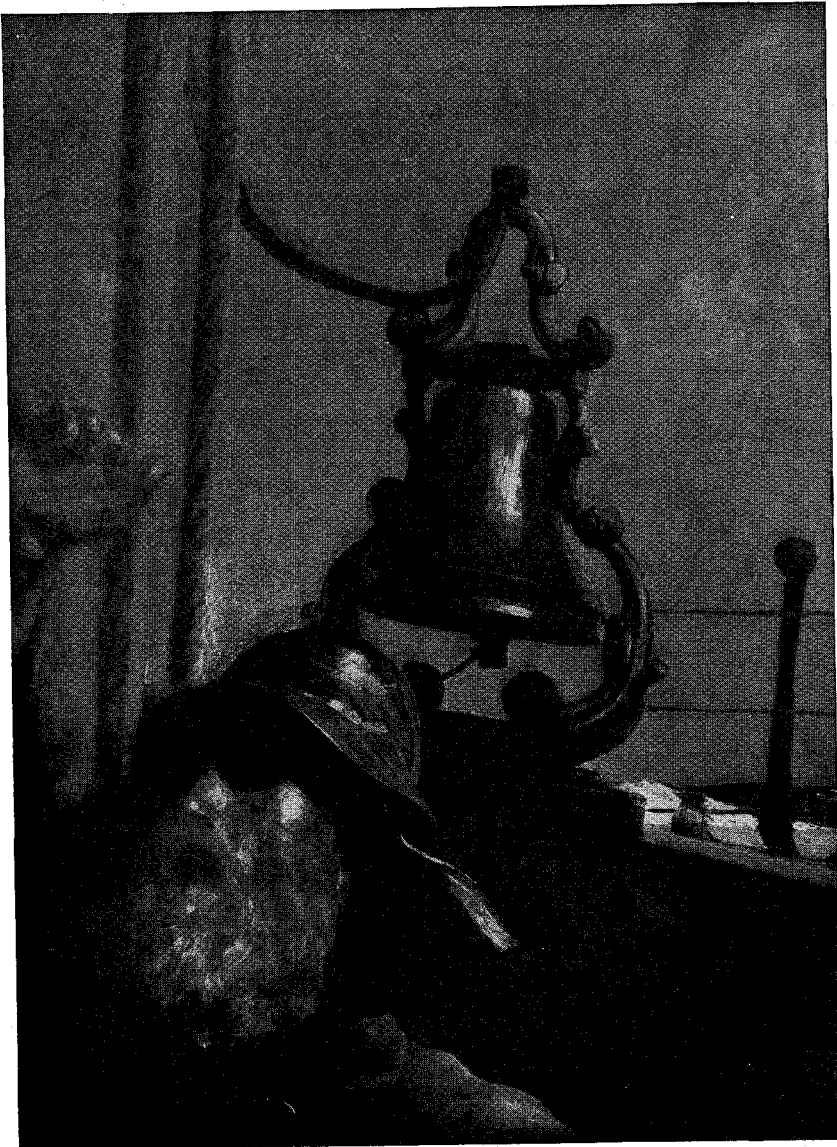
"What seems strange to many people, though, is that every place in the country seems more alive to the importance of this matter than New York City. Every city of any size in the United States has already, is building, or is planning to build galleries for the proper exhibition of the work of the artists except New York, the art center of the country. Here the difficulty of finding a site—owing, first, to the unfortunate shape of the city and the lack of open space, and, second, to the fact that so many other interests have been already developed—has stood in the way of the art movement that is so evident in every other place. If the city government will do its share in contributing the land, private individuals, men of wealth, and those who have at heart the satisfying of one of the urgent needs of culture, stand ready to erect the building which shall be a worthy expression of New York's place in our art.

"The proper interest has now been awakened, things are moving as they should, interest is being shown on every side, and we have strong hopes that before long New York will show herself to be the actual center."

In America more than any other place it is the people who fix the centers of art, for in countries like France, where paintings and sculpture are sent out to the provinces by the National Ministry of Education and Fine Arts, there is far less question of the individual initiative of the various cities.

What is important is that we should have every possible chance; we need it. Vast sections of the country still have but little means of seeing anything of art save in the pages of books and magazines, and, it need scarcely be said, that is a most unsatisfactory way. And then more chance is needed for the young artists, the men who at first are so apt to find the world unreceptive and indifferent. If the proper roads are hewn for them, along which they can meet the thousands of people who are interested in their work and eager for it, they will be spared many a hard year of undeserved waiting. The tale of men who might have done great





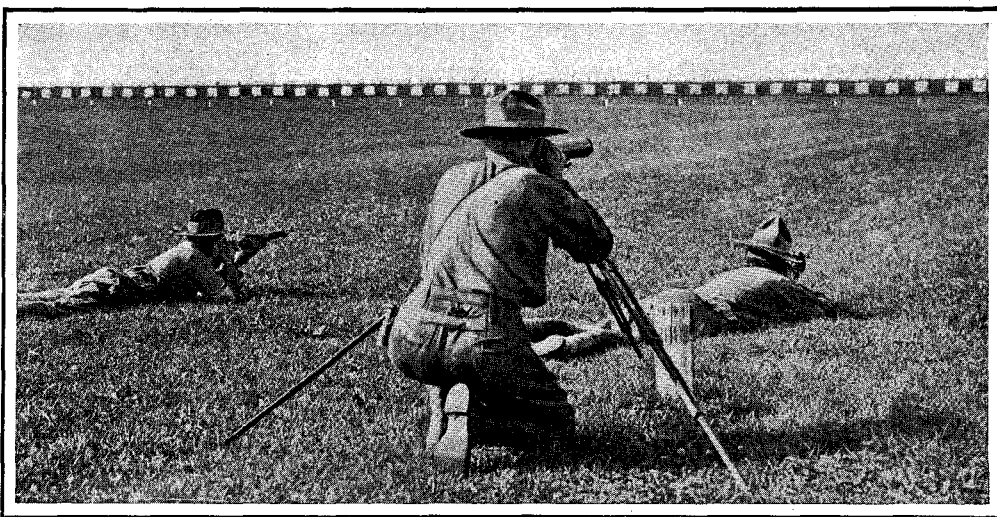
"ALL'S WELL"

From a painting by Winslow Homer

things but were kept from them by lack of means is a sad one, and we cannot even tell of its extent, for the data are forever lost. This is one point to which Mr. Alexander often returns. Now it is with a reference to his own early struggles when he found it hard to secure such work at illustrating as would answer that old problem of making both ends meet, now it is with a hopeful glance at the work which the young Americans of to-day and to-morrow are to do.

John W. Alexander is a man whose interests touch American activities at many points.

Only a short time ago he was at work on enormously extensive canvases to decorate the Carnegie Institute of his native Pittsburgh; then you would get a glimpse of him helping with his advice in the setting of a famous play; then he would be making an address at the Republican Club, or presiding at a meeting of the society which is making art a feature of our school system. The more we realize the essential importance of art as an enhancement of life, the more we shall understand why it is so great a need and demand of the American people.



WATCHING THE HITS IN THE 600-YARD RANGE

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# TEACHING OUR SOLDIERS TO SHOOT

BY GEORGE FRANK WORTS

THE man assigned to No. 47 target on the 1,000-yard firing line squinted for some time along the sights of his rifle, and fired. He waited expectantly. The target dropped from view below the distant concrete embankment, and in a few moments a bright-red flag was waved.

The score-keeper, seated behind him at a rough desk upon which was erected a small blackboard, announced, "First sighting shot a miss." He chalked up the score in the form of a zero, and added: "A little high and to the left; there is a rather stiff east breeze blowing across the targets to-day."

The marksman nodded and shifted the position of the wind-gauge of his rear sight in allowance for the influence of the wind. He shot again and waited. The target lowered with exasperating slowness, and instantly a white disc appeared.

"Second sighting shot a bull's-eye," announced the score-keeper, meanwhile marking a figure 5 in the second of a series of twelve squares which stretched across the top of the board.

The rifleman, having "found the wind," as it is called in range vernacular, with the two sighting shots, settled down to the remaining ten shots, which would determine his percentage of accuracy.

To the right and left of him the scene above depicted was, with slight variations, being re-enacted, a hundred and fifty men firing on as many targets at ranges varying from 200 to 1,000 yards.

There was no confusion, the few misunderstandings being promptly settled by the range officers and the field telephone men, located at intervals behind the firing line to communicate with the pits.

It would be impossible to duplicate the feeling of being truly "under fire" which exists in the target pits, except in actual warfare itself. The report of the rifles cannot be heard above the angry z-nnnnnnnnnnnng of the bullets. A low shot will occasionally strike the concrete of the embankment, whence it will ricochet screamingly onward. When the firing is desultory, bullets may be heard striking the water of Lake Erie, behind the targets, throwing spray ten to fifteen feet in the air.

At sundown, when the firing ceases, the lake proves a source of considerable pleasure and benefit in the way of bathing for the men. The bottom is hard, white sand, extending for several miles as a frontage to the beautiful lands of Camp Perry, situated in northern Ohio.

All in all, Camp Perry boasts of the finest