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Born February 22, 1732

Abraham Lincoln
Born February 12, 1809

They had Faith

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LO, THE POOR INDIAN

RESENTMENT is finding expression because of the discovery that the Federal Power Act permits hydraulic developments in our National Parks. Only about one in a thousand of us visits these parks in the course of a year or longer, and the fortunate one goes only for pleasure or recreation. For all that the resentment is justifiable, for surely these parks should be kept inviolate, though only the favored few enjoy them. The unfortunate of to-day may be the fortunate of to-morrow. These are our parks. But in giving expression to that resentment only we should not feel ourselves to be a particularly righteous people. Who has heard any outcry against our seizing of Indian reservations for hydraulic developments? Yet the same Congress of ours which enacted the Federal Power Law inserted a provision that Indian reservations might be so invaded. When it was proposed by Senator Nugent that a tribe should have a veto in the matter, the amendment was handsomely adopted in the Senate. Later in conference on final passage that amendment was handsomely stricken out. Now, these reservations are quite as much the lands of these tribes as the parks are ours, but there is an important difference to be noted. These reservations are not mere pleasure-grounds for wandering Indians, but home-lands where Indians must live, work, and die. With justifiable selfishness, we would preserve our pleasure parks for our children to come. All who feel that way should feel bound to insist that Congress, when amending the Power Act for better protection of our parks, as Secretary Payne has advised, should amend it also to extend decent respect for these sacred home-lands of defenseless Indian tribes. **GEORGE P. DECKER.**

Rochester, January 14, 1921.

A GIFTED MUSICIAN UNNOTICED

THE OUTLOOK has been so appreciative of the talent of the blind musician Edwin Grasse that I thought you might like to see this copy of a letter I have received from him, discussing the psychology of American audiences. I fear that his comment is only too true. Perhaps you would be willing to print this letter. Here is the case of a serious artist who might be a second MacDowell, or perhaps even a Mendelssohn, if given his chance, practically unrecognized in his native city just because he is blind and poor. No one disputes his genius. Kreisler, Heifetz, Maude Powell, have played his compositions. He is a fine violinist, a wonderful concert organist, a composer of great talent. But he cannot afford to pay managers' salaries or to advertise—and he is blind. So he lives unnoticed in the great art center of New York. **E. L. TURNBULL.**

Baltimore, Maryland.

Dear Edwin Turnbull: My mother received your last letter inclosing your

letter to Mrs. Stevans, of Portland. You must not be afraid to write to me direct regarding the matter of using glasses, etc. I am not at all a sensitive man and I understand my position perfectly. The taste for everything affecting the eye is nowhere so refined as in England and America. In Germany and Belgium my art was very much appreciated even by non-musicians, because in both countries mentioned there is so much natural love for music that my blindness was quickly forgotten there; the taste for the exterior part of art is not so refined there, as I said before. In Germany, France, or Belgium the question is, How does he play or sing? In England and America it is, How does he look while playing or singing? Managers of England told my father openly, "Don't bring your son to England; the British public wishes to be entertained, but not moved. The English public does not wish to see a blind man on the stage." My father had me play in London, and I had great artistic success, but no practical success, as in this country. The critics appreciated me as well as they do in America, but I could get no engagements.

It is so easy for me to understand, as the Anglo-Saxon is always thinking of looks, action, deportment, first. Music in England, as in America, is a matter of culture pure and simple. In Germany, for instance, an organist never gives a recital without having somebody next to him to draw the stops. The musical effect is considered first. In Brussels it is the same. But in England and America it would seem ridiculous to an audience if the organist would not do all the registering himself, which means that it is better to hold on to a chord if necessary while changing the stops, even if it spoils the musical effect, than not to be able to say, "I do it all alone." I was told frequently that in order to please the Portland, Maine, public, it is necessary to handle the stops as much as possible, even if no change is made; one must be working around the tablets all the time, so that 'the audience can say, "Why! How easily he handles the stops on that great organ!" I thought that this was an exaggeration when I was told this; but I understood a year ago that it was the truth when a friend of mine, not a musician, but a highly educated lady who is moderately fond of music, happened to be in Portland and heard McFarlane's afternoon recital. McFarlane is a great organist and a splendid musician, yet this lady forgot everything, as she could only think of "how gracefully McFarlane handles the stops! How quickly!" etc.

To give another instance of the same thing in England. I lived in London in a boarding-house at which only very refined, well-read, and educated people were staying. Patti gave one of her many "Farewell recitals" at Queen's Hall. Ysaye played, there was the Queen's Hall Orchestra also. I was unable to attend. The next morning all spoke of Patti's gown, how well she looked, etc. Only when I began to ques-

20% Saved on Manufacturing Cost—in Seattle

By C. T. CONOVER

Shortly after America entered the war the writer met the general manager of a Seattle manufacturing concern in a Washington hotel. This man had just concluded a contract with the Government for apparatus up in the millions.

"How can you do it and compete with the East?" he was asked. "We can not only compete but we can ship our raw material west and our product east in carload lots by express and compete," was the answer. "We have at least a 20 per cent. margin and it's all due to climate. This is no guesswork. We have demonstrated it absolutely."

The writer has lived in Seattle for 36 years. He knew it was the healthiest city in the world and that no climate permitted work and play indoors or out the year around as does that of Puget Sound. But he had never heard it figured in dollars and cents before. Later he saw built in Seattle more than 20 per cent. of all the ships that bridged the Atlantic and so tremendously helped to win the war and he knows that that was due to the climate and to the Seattle Spirit.

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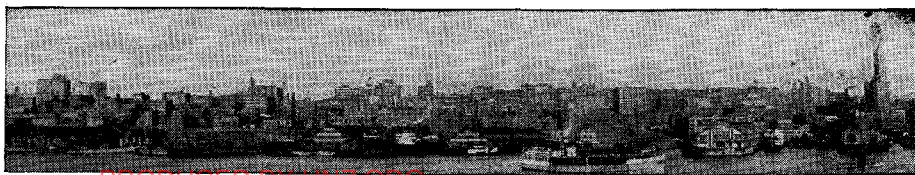
"If you have never been west of the Cascades, you lack important qualifications for imagining what the climate of heaven may be like."

—DR. WOODS HUTCHINSON

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A GIFTED MUSICIAN UNNOTICED (Continued)

tion the people did I at last find out that of course her voice was going fast and that her Mozart aria had to be transposed. Ysaye and all the others were seemingly forgotten.

I know that the fact of my being blind has made it practically impossible to get any opportunities for me in my native land. German churches and German societies were, with very few exceptions, the only ones who were willing to pay me for my playing since my return to America in 1903. The people of the New York Philharmonic Society told my father that for purely æsthetic reasons I could not be engaged to play at a Philharmonic concert. I never had the means to return to the European Continent before the war; and now that Germany, where I had success of a kind never again reached here, is prostrated, I know that America will be the only country in which I can earn money in the next ten or twelve years.

If the use of dark glasses will really make my appearance more pleasing to an American audience, I shall be glad to use them, as I understand the English and American feeling; it is less the actual feeling that I move the audience to tears than the fear of the people that they may be moved which keeps the Anglo-American societies from engaging me. Those who know me say I look old and very badly with glasses, but when you manage to get engagements for me, I shall gladly use them.

As composer I know that I will succeed here as well as I would anywhere else.

I will write more another time.

With warmest greetings to all the dear Turnbells from us all, and thanking you for all that you are doing for me,

Ever your faithful old friend,

EDWIN GRASSE.

161 East 176th Street, New York City,
November 28, 1920.

EASY CHAIRS AND ATHLETES

THE conversation on "Athletics" in The Outlook of December 1 between Mr. Fuessle and Mr. Pulsifer is most interesting. I, too, "though a mere woman," have been made tired by hearing so much "loud and continuous demand for hard exercise." The "easy chair" talk appeals to me and I agree with Mr. Fuessle that this country needs relaxation and rest. The world does, for that matter.

Perhaps, though, it is more mental relaxation, poise, that is needed, than physical. For instance, Mr. Fuessle is apparently in a very upset state of mind over this question. He and others like him certainly do need rest in an easy chair, or hammock, or on their backs under the "spreading chestnut tree" with their beloved Thomas Hardy or any other shelf-friend they invite to