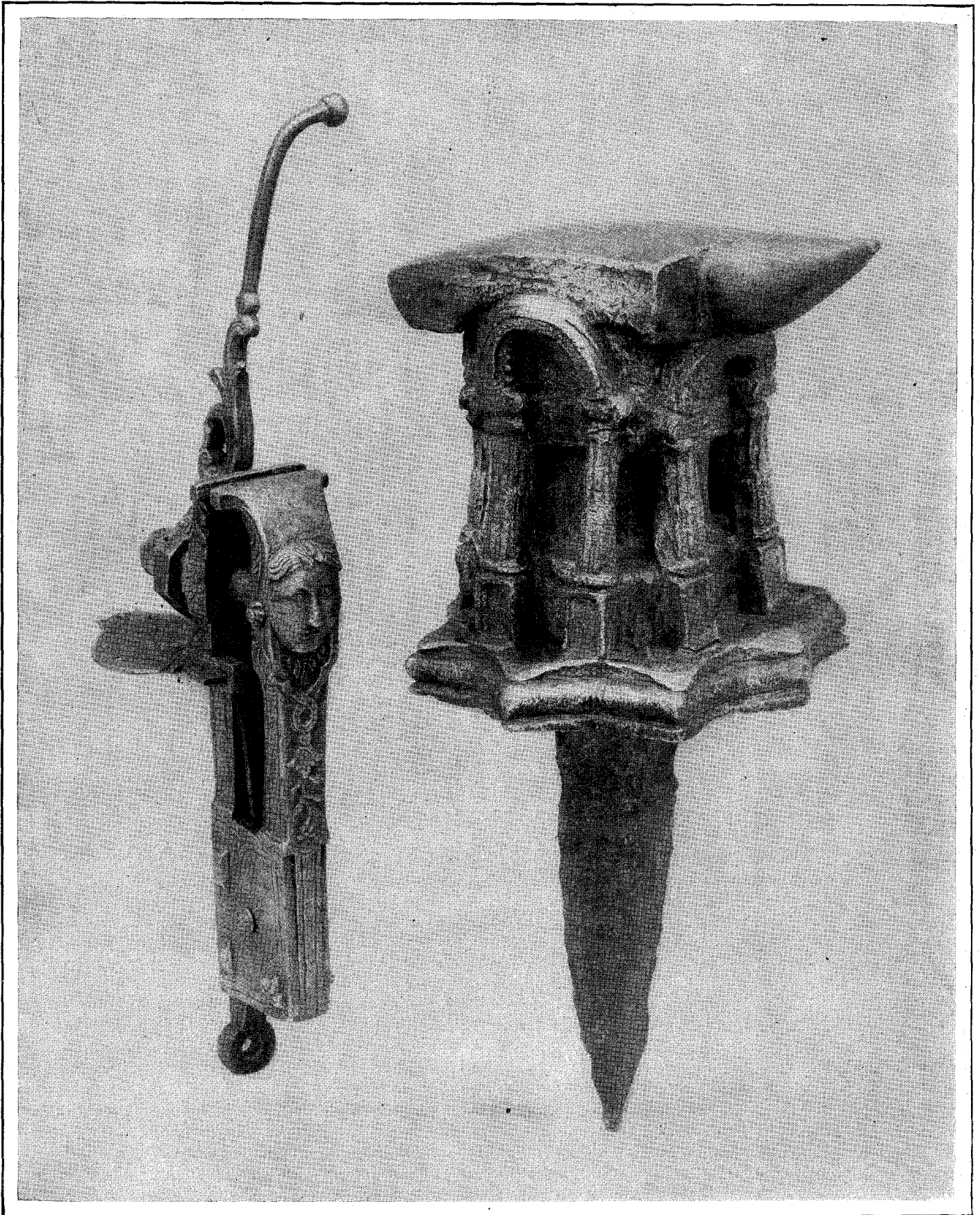


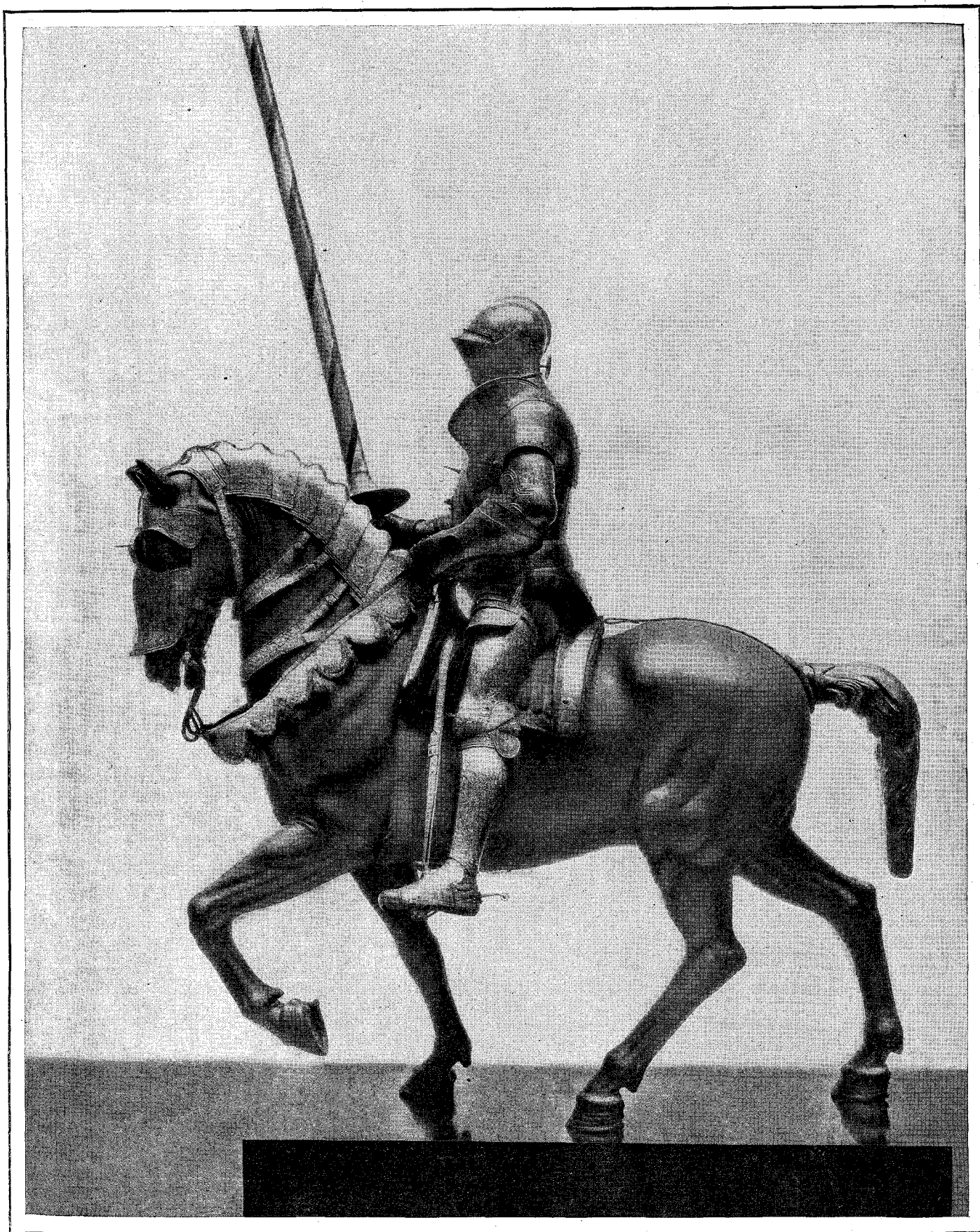
Art in Armor



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

The exhibition of armor now being shown at the Metropolitan Museum of Art contains some of the most wonderful examples of the armorer's art ever produced. The engraved and gilded armor for man and horse, seen on the right-hand page, is dated 1527; of it a collector once said, "It is the finest suit of armor in the world." It is believed to have belonged to the Sieur Jacques Gourdon de Genouilhac, 1466-1546, a distinguished warrior in the court of Louis XII and Francis I. The vise and anvil shown above are in the "armorer's workshop" of the Museum. The vise is of North Italian workmanship, boldly

and in Tools



decorated with foliation and mascaron (or grotesque face). The richly wrought anvil is also probably of Italian workmanship; it was no doubt used "only by an iron-worker and an iron-worker of quality—which means, in all ancient rules, an armorer." These tools bring vividly back to us the days when artificers loved their work with a devotion that expressed itself in terms of art equally with those of utility. Mr. William H. Riggs, who gave to the Metropolitan Museum his magnificent collection of armor, in which the specimens shown here have an honored place, died in France on August 31

A Village Under Prohibition

By MELISSA STURGESS

Here is a survey of an American village under prohibition, by "one of the neighbors." The names of the author and the village are naturally disguised, and the village is not located where it is said to be. But these changes in no wise alter the value of this intimate town portrait

HARRISVILLE is a real American town tucked away among the hills to the south of the Adirondack Mountains.

In the closing years of the eighteenth century twenty men from Connecticut bought the land—at a dollar and a quarter an acre—and divided it among themselves. The farms these men cleared have been broken up into smaller ones, but many of their descendants still till the old homestead acres.

Half a century later there came a wave of immigrant laborers from Ireland. As time went on, the best of these bought farms and became citizens; so to-day the population of the town, numbering roughly three thousand, is made up as to race in the proportion of two descendants of the early Puritans to one of the Irish. There are practically no foreigners.

Who is breaking the prohibition laws? The alien only, or is the native American also guilty?

It seemed that I might find the answer to these questions right here in my own home town, with its overwhelming majority of native stock, so I began asking, "How do you think prohibition is working out here?" of friends and acquaintances. The first one questioned was a woman—an elderly maiden—living next door. Her reply was characteristic.

"I see you, too, are misled by all this propaganda about drinking," she exclaimed, excitedly. "The stuff that is printed in the papers makes me all out of patience. Why, in my last 'Church News' a man wrote that he went out in Chicago to investigate conditions, and found only six places in the whole city where he could buy any intoxicants; and," with a superior smile, "Chicago is somewhat larger than Harrisville."

A few houses up the street lives a widow—a well-bred, well-read, sensible woman—and I was curious as to what her reply would be. She thought for some time, and then said, slowly: "I have lived here twenty years, and when I first came a drunken man was a common sight. I remember one night John came home late from lodge, and found Charles Atwood asleep in the snow out by that tree. It was a bitter night, and he would have been frozen long before morning if some one had not found him. Twenty

years ago you couldn't walk down by the saloons without running into 'drunks,' and now I don't know when I have seen even one."

"Is it better now than ten years ago under local option?" I persisted.

"Yes, I think it is. Ten years ago Harrisville was 'dry,' but Franklin, only twelve miles away, was decidedly 'wet,' and the men could jump on the train and go down after anything they wanted. Don't you remember how people used to joke about the shoe-boxes on the train? I do think conditions are better here now than they were even ten years ago."

Putting the question to an ex-soldier, I got an instant response. Straightening to his full height, eyes snapping, he snorted: "Prohibition! That makes me tired! If I had had a chance to vote on it, or had had one thing to say about it, I would have felt differently; but while we boys were over there going through hell these nice little boys and girls who stayed safe at home put one over on us. They can't make it work in my case!"

There is a flourishing Women's Village Improvement Society here, whose president told me the following: "We had a dinner down at the Temple Tuesday evening, and, as it was late when we broke up, we went home and left everything. When we came down next morning, we found there had been another party after we left, for there were empty beer bottles all over the tables, and such a looking place! Nice advertisement for us women!"

For nearly forty years my husband has been a dealer in agricultural implements here, and when he goes out canvassing among the farmers I often ride along. At a majority of the places where we stop we are offered something to drink. Most often it is cider; sometimes home-brewed beer; occasionally elderberry, dandelion, or grape wine.

"Is this a sample of the way farmers keep the Prohibition Law?" I asked him one day.

He said, with a shrug, "You can see for yourself."

In a village several miles north of Harrisville is a college for men, and if one is riding on the main highways toward night of a Sunday he will see groups of students waiting to hail any

car with a vacant seat. Not all these boys are intoxicated; in fact, very few of them are; also there are few who do not show some effect of drink.

Ten years ago the village boasted two hotels and eight saloons. To-day we have two hotels and no saloons. The better hotel is run by a woman, and according to law as far as she is concerned. Her husband, however, takes care to keep a supply for himself hidden about the place. One morning a salesman came into the store, and my husband rallied him about his appearance. He grinned sheepishly. "Maybe you wouldn't look any better than I do if you had been with me last night. You have a fine hotel here, and Mrs. Shelby runs it right. But you know that husband of hers. He invited me into his room last night, and when I went I found a trooper and a bootlegger with him. We all had a few, and the stuff was certainly strong, all right, for I have a beautiful head on me this morning, and Shelby is still in bed. I dropped in to see him on my way out, and he said his wife came in and stood and looked at him for a while and then told him to stay out of sight."

The other hotel is now closed by order of court for frequent violations of the law. Two years ago a stranger bought the place, and it became popular almost at once, as was evidenced by the number of cars parked around at all times of the day and night. Enforcement officers raided it, and, finding some whisky, the proprietor was fined. A few months later the building was searched again and a quantity of beer and whisky found hidden under the coal in the cellar. This time the owner was lodged in the county jail, while his wife and son (a lad of sixteen) continued to run the hotel. All this persecution—so called—proved an advertisement, and the boy sold more than his father ever had. Again the officers came, and this time gave the family a week to vacate the premises, and the doors were then locked and sealed for a year.

No story of prohibition conditions is complete without a bootlegger. We have our representative—Lippett. To all appearances he has no business, but owns a high-power seven-passenger car, and drives away with his wife at dusk every