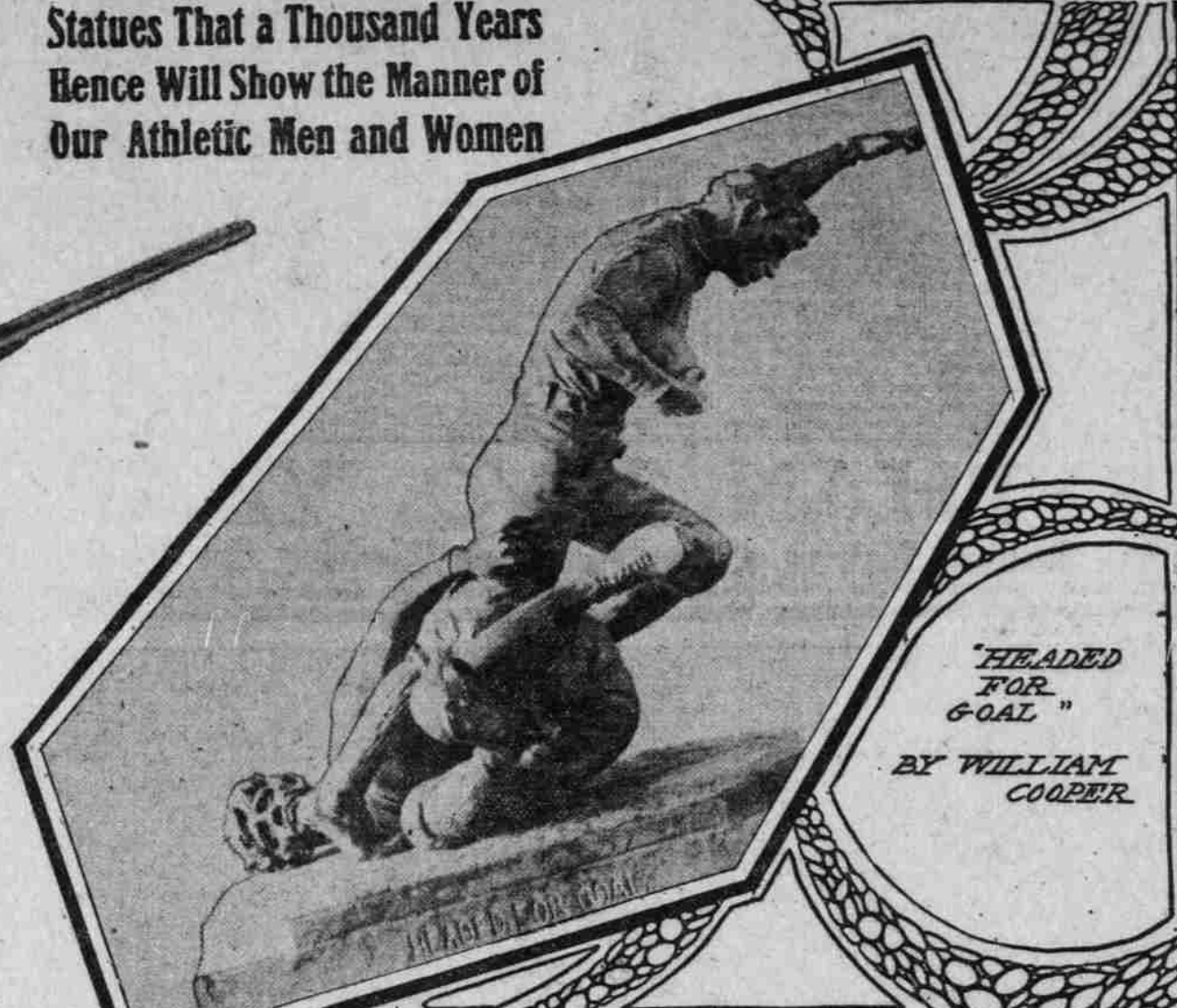


PRESERVING AMERICAN ATHLETES IN BRONZE

Statues That a Thousand Years Hence Will Show the Manner of Our Athletic Men and Women



"THE HUNTSMAN" BY MULLER



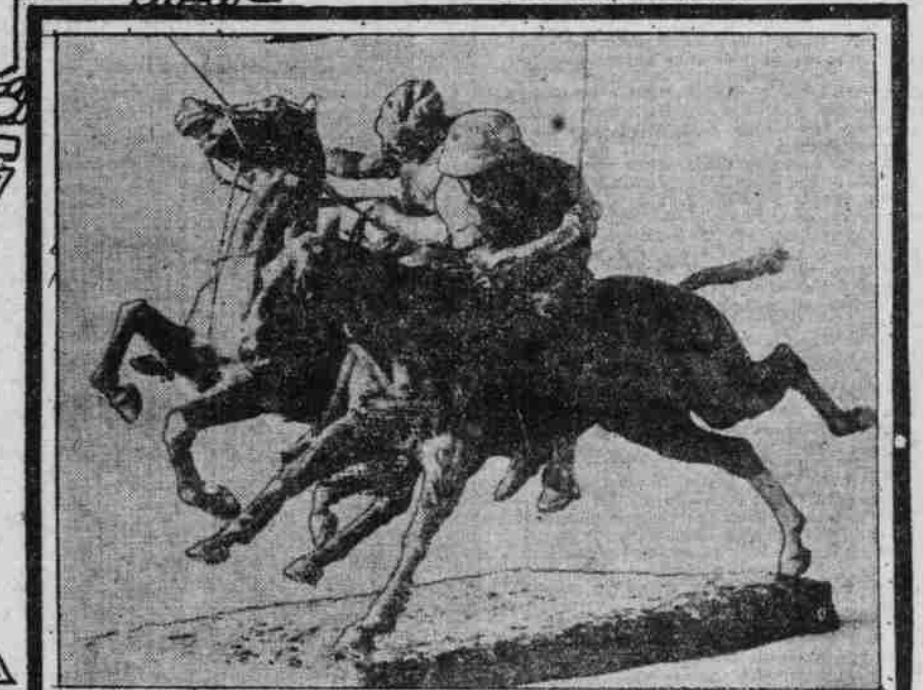
"HEADED FOR GOAL" BY WILLIAM COOPER



"THE LONG DRIVE" BY WEINMAN



"THE GOLFER" BY WEINMAN



"POLO" BY HERBERT HASELTINE

IN undying marble ancient Greece has handed down to the world statues of her athletes.

Arrested at the climax of their action, these masterpieces of heart of sculpture enable the world to today to tell what manner of athletes those men were.

The 20th century will also have its athletic souvenir to hand down to the years to come, but bronze, not marble, is the material in which this action will be shown.

All that is distinctively modern in sport, the football player, the baseball hero, the hunter, the golfer, the polo player, the boxer, figured in an exhibition of sporting bronzes recently shown at the Academy of Design in New York, and so much admired was the exhibition that it had to be repeated later at the National Art Club and the Macbeth Gallery.

The Greek statues are ranked among the priceless relics of the past, and it is interesting to note that some of them, found after centuries, resulted in the revival of games that had all but been forgotten.

For instance, the sport of discus throwing, now a great feature of the Olympic games, and an event in almost every big outdoor athletic meet, had passed into oblivion; many athletes had never heard of it. In fact, still some classical scholar, coming across the ancient statue, was

filled with curiosity to see what the modern athlete could do at this sport in comparison with his rival of old.

Hence, careful measurements were made of the discus in the hands of the well-known figure. A similar missile was produced, and weight throwers set to practice to master this new old sport.

The proper way to throw was quickly learned, for many statues of discus hurlers survive from ancient Greece, when that to the runner, and wrestler, the man who could send the bat missile furthest got the most coveted crown of laurel.

Among the first Americans to win special renown in this event was Johnny Garrela, Michigan's famous all around athlete, who was starred as a football player, runner, hurdler and weight thrower.

Next came Martin Sheridan, the wonderful New York policeman, who is master of every game, and is perhaps one of the greatest athletes this country has ever known.

Similarly, a new sport was added to those popular in this country when from ancient statues some one got the idea of hurling the javelin. This graceful form of exercise, which requires dexterity quite as much as strength, is coming into some popularity.

The United States would never have known these sports had not the Greek worker in marble, out of his admiration for the heroes of speed and muscle, turned

his genius to making memorials of the men who won in the annual revival of the Olympic games.

Will the athletes of some future age—perhaps a thousand years from now—equally get new ideas of forgotten games from the bronzes that are now to become a full-fledged fact?

It is more than a probability.

Some investigator will go delving amidst the ruins of one of our National galleries and come across the figure of a woman, straight, well built, with health and power showing in every line of her tall figure. In her arms she holds a stick, her beautiful head is uplifted to follow the flight of the ball the stroke of her club has just scored on its way.

His curiosity will be piqued. Anxious to find out what game this was, he will investigate. The chronicles of the past will have much to say about golf, a game that started in Scotland, made its way to England, and came to be played all over the world.

Then the sporting goods manufacturer of that day will set to work making golf clubs and an old sport will be launched on its way to a new epoch of popularity.

From the standpoint of vanity the present period of the world's history can ask nothing better than that the girl of today shall be judged on the standard of the tennis and golf devotee. While perhaps not so classic in outline as the famed

heroine of the Greek statue, the American girl in bronze, the woman athlete, presents a magnificent suggestion of health and power, and all that without sacrificing a tinge of her womanly charm.

The investigator of the thousand years hence will have to admit the man of today had much to live for.

The polo game is one of the most thrilling of the athletic scenes in bronze. The investigator of the thousand years hence will have to admit the man of today had much to live for.

The polo game is one of the most thrilling of the athletic scenes in bronze. The investigator of the thousand years hence will have to admit the man of today had much to live for.

equine participants seeming to enter into the spirit of the contest and lending their riders all the aid they can.

The action has been caught and held firmly for future ages by the art of the modeler. It is a fleeting instant that in an actual game would only be seen long enough to permit one second's thrill before it had been succeeded by a dozen other exciting pictures.

The rider on the left of the group has skillfully pushed his opponent out of the play, and the horse of the latter has reared high in the air in an effort to get on its feet.

There is also a figure of a mule guiter that is strikingly filled with action, the player being at the top of his swing and ready to drive the ball from the tee on which it is balanced. His sleeves are rolled up for freedom of swing, he wears no coat, and everything about him points to a carefully balanced and controlled power, with the climax ready for the instant when it will do the most good.

The artists of these memorials of modern sport have been denied one advantage that fell to those who pictured the athletic heroes of ancient Greece. There is little chance to picture muscles.

A large part of the wonderful strength of the ancient Grecian figures results from the bare torso and legs, with swelling masses of muscles driving home the impression of limitless physical equipment.

Sport of today runs less to the undress. Save in the case of the boxer, the wrestler and the track and field men, the athletic heroes all are well covered.

Football player, baseball player, golfer, tennis, star and cricketer have certain fixed fashion, but nothing more than the muscles of their arms ever show on the field of contest. Hence only these show in the bronzes, and the student of the future can only guess what kind of costumes they had.

"Headed for the goal" is the title of a bronze that shows a football incident, one

of those thrilling seconds in the great gridiron game when thousands take leave of sanity in the excitement of the contest. The man with the ball has just broken loose with an almost clear field. Only one barrier interposes between him and a sure touchdown. An opposing player, fallen to the ground, has just managed to catch the feet of the man with the ball as the latter leaped over him on his way to the white chalk line, the passage of which means five points—maybe six—and probably a victory. Whether the tackler will succeed in holding his man is left gravely in doubt, which adds to the charm of the picture, for it stands a fixed bronze question.

The hunter and his dog, the baseball pitcher about to hurl the ball, the tennis player with racket raised to make a stroke, the oarsman bending his big sweep oar, and the swimmer driving along at the top speed on his side, while a furrow of water shows the rapid progress he has been making, are other samples of the new art of arrested sporting action in bronze.

There is no doubt that barring accident these figures have many hundreds of years of life before them. Ancient bronzes have come down from the past in better condition than most of the marble statues, an ancient bronze chariot, covered with figures in bronze, now owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art being a notable example.

HOW WE SAVE THREE BILLION DOLLARS

Stewart Edward White Tells of Some of the Work of the Forestry Service.

STEWART EDWARD WHITE comes to the defense of the Government forest service in a characteristic article in the American Magazine. Mr. White never did particularly care whose head he cracked, and on this occasion his whacks are impartial and joyous.

"Everybody of my generation and before," says Mr. White, "remembers the old time forest fires. Now, even in the heavily wooded countries, such fires are exceedingly unusual, and when they do occur are almost always on private land.

"For instance, last year only one-eighth of 1 per cent of the National forests was burned over, and only three one-hundredths of 1 per cent actually destroyed. In all 100 separate fires were extinguished by the forest rangers.

"Any one of these, if left to burn itself out, as has been the National habit, would probably have developed into an old-fashioned conflagration such as we remember. And the total cost of prevention was \$9000.

"If the men of the Forest Service had nothing else than this their existence on the public pay rolls would have been more than justified. Last Summer the administrative and protective force of the forests numbered 1200.

"This means that each field man has charge on the average of 200 square miles of mountainous wilderness—that is to say an area greater than nine Manhattan Islands. He has to patrol his district, build his trails and keep them in order, police his territory, issue his permits, attend to the business interests and fight his fires, not to speak of cooking for himself, attending to his animals and

living as a man must live in the wilderness.

"An incidental and minor objection of the rapacious ones is that the Forest Service is an asylum for 'dudes and loungers.' I should like to take one of these gentlemen on a single day's round behind me, any one of our forest rangers. I should like to have him fight fire with them, as I have done 50 hours out of 52.

"Then I should like to hear his opinion of just what kind of a snap it is to take care of 200 square miles. It is interesting to reflect that for this area of 200 square miles Prussia maintains a force of 120 men—and finds it pays.

"Last Winter in Congress there arose a wild and clamorous howl against the forest policy of the Government. All sorts of epithets flew. Evidently somebody's toes had been trodden upon. The first shriek was to do with the misnomer reserves. Senators Heyburn, Clark, Fulton, Carter and a chorus of less vociferous voices mournfully called attention to the 'vast solitudes' withdrawn from settlement and from progress, forever to remain unproductive.

"They will come," said Heyburn, "and deliberately surround you with one of these beautiful estates—this waste of idleness—this game reserve. These 'empty solitudes' contain thousands of ranches, villages, towns, lumber camps and mines.

"To herd the seven million cattle that last season grazed in them was gathered a multitude of cowboys. In Southern California alone 60,000 campers enjoyed

the National forests in 1906. Every acre of agricultural land in the National forests is open for settlement under the homestead laws.

"But, persisted the astute one, gravely, 'it is not enough to set aside the agricultural land. Land that will sustain a man can maintain himself on a homestead by raising cattle.

"'But, was too late. Today she is spending \$4 an acre to reforest her watersheds. The same experience is costing Italy \$20 an acre.

"Italy is not a wealthy nation, yet she is appropriating cheerfully this enormous sum in the realization that on it depends the question as to whether or not she will have to strike a match.

"If we of the United States were called upon to replace at even Italy's figures the trees now growing on the watersheds protected by our reserves, we should have to spend about three billion dollars.

"The Forest Service, besides maintaining the forests and overseeing

their wise and productive use by the public, is also busily engaged in adding to the Nation's wealth in a dozen other ways.

"As an example, take the turpentine forests of the South. Turpentine is obtained by cutting a hole in one side of the tree, called 'boxing,' which in a few years kills the tree. The Forest Service has found a method of extracting turpentine by which the trees are far less injured and the yield is increased 30 per cent.

"The Western mountains above a certain elevation are covered with a tree called the lodgepole pine.

"The Forest Service has demonstrated that when treated in a certain inexpensive manner it makes first rate railroad ties. When you pause to reflect that to maintain one tie in a road-bed two trees must be kept growing you will begin to see the importance of this discovery.

"Another timber long considered useless but now raised to the dignity of value by intelligent experiment is the Western hemlock. Such experiments when successful are quite as effective as the discovery by exploration of vast new tracts of forest lands.

"At present the service is trying on various materials other than forest woods for the production of paper pulp. It has been stated that for a single Sunday issue of a certain paper 20 acres of forest land must be cut over. This thought, coupled with a memory of the Adirondacks, whence a great deal of the pulp wood comes, should cause each and every one of us to wish more power to the men engaged in the researches."

BUSINESS MORALS THAT DON'T PAY

Hard Times a Test That Many Men With a Little Money Can't Stand.

HERE are stories of three men who stand well, or did so stand for many years in the community in which they lived. An interesting question is, Do they deserve now to stand well, or are they enemies of the common welfare? asks the World's Work:

I.

Smith (so we will call him) is a prosperous man who kept an account in one of New York's substantial banks. During the panic it was hard even for prosperous men to get money for their payrolls and other legitimate purposes. So anxious were many concerns not to cause inconvenience to their employees that they paid as much as 5 per cent to turn their checks into cash.

Smith, knowing this and having \$10,000 in the bank (which, by the way, he had originally deposited in the form of checks and drafts), cast about for some way to make money at the expense of somebody else.

He asked the bank to cash his check for \$10,000.

To get it he said he had made a purchase and that the seller would not take even a certified check, but demanded cash, and the bargain being a good one, he did not wish to lose it.

He received the cash and straightway took it to a money broker's and got for it a check for \$10,000. This check he foolishly deposited to his own credit in the same bank from which he had drawn his money. The cashier recognized it as the check of a well-known firm of money brokers, and upon questioning the depositor forced him to admit the decep-

tion that he had practiced and requested him to take his deposit away.

"We will not knowingly have a customer of that kind in the bank," he said. Smith, after many protestations and pleadings, was forced to accept his dismissal, thereby illustrating the proverb that a good name is more to be chosen than \$300.

II.

Jones (or so we will call him) was discovered by a friend in the frenzied line of persons who were drawing money from a trust company which did not fail.

He was a man of property and of standing. The friend expostulated with him and tried to convince him, first, that the trust company was solvent; secondly, that it was his duty to set an example to the less intelligent and more timid; thirdly, that, even if there were real danger, he should take his chances with the rest and not help to bring on general disaster.

To this Jones replied that everybody must look out for himself, and the rest of the world might go hang.

His friend's arguments proved unconvincing, and the friend offered to bet him a hat that the trust company would stay everybody. He accepted the bet, and when last heard from had not even paid the wager—which seems to prove that some timid people are untrustworthy in more ways than one.

III.

Brown (or so we will call him) tried to do what Smith did, but his bank would pay only in silver coin.

Being greedy, he decided to accept the silver, and to hire a truck and men to guard it. But the money-brokers declined to buy this silver in such large quantities

unless the bags were left for several days to allow them to count it; and they would give him only a receipt for bags "said to contain \$10,000."

This receipt being of no use to Brown, he inquired where he could get the silver changed into bills, and he was told at the Subtreasury. But the Subtreasury, being bothered by several gentlemen of the same ilk, would give him only the same kind of a receipt—"said to contain," etc.

By this time he found his silver a burden and an expense, and he carried it back to the bank, where he was told that all dealings with him had ceased.

After paying his expenses for the bank and guards, and several days' delays on a falling premium, he came out barely whole on his venture and lost a reputation when a reputation was most valuable—which seems to prove that a man endowed by Providence with the intelligence of a truckman has no business to undertake large financial transactions.

When the Tariff is Settled.

Atlanta Constitution.

Prosperity'll come to this trust-ridden land when the tariff is settled—is settled! We'll pay up our debts and we'll drive four-in-hand!

When the terrible tariff is settled! That's just why we're settled! It's plain as the day, when the tariff is settled! We'll holler "Hoorsy!"

Prosperity'll come with a glare of the band! When the tortuous tariff is settled! We'll march to the music an' shout o'er the land!

When the wonderful tariff is settled! That's just why we're settled! It's as plain as the day, when the tariff is settled! The world will be great!