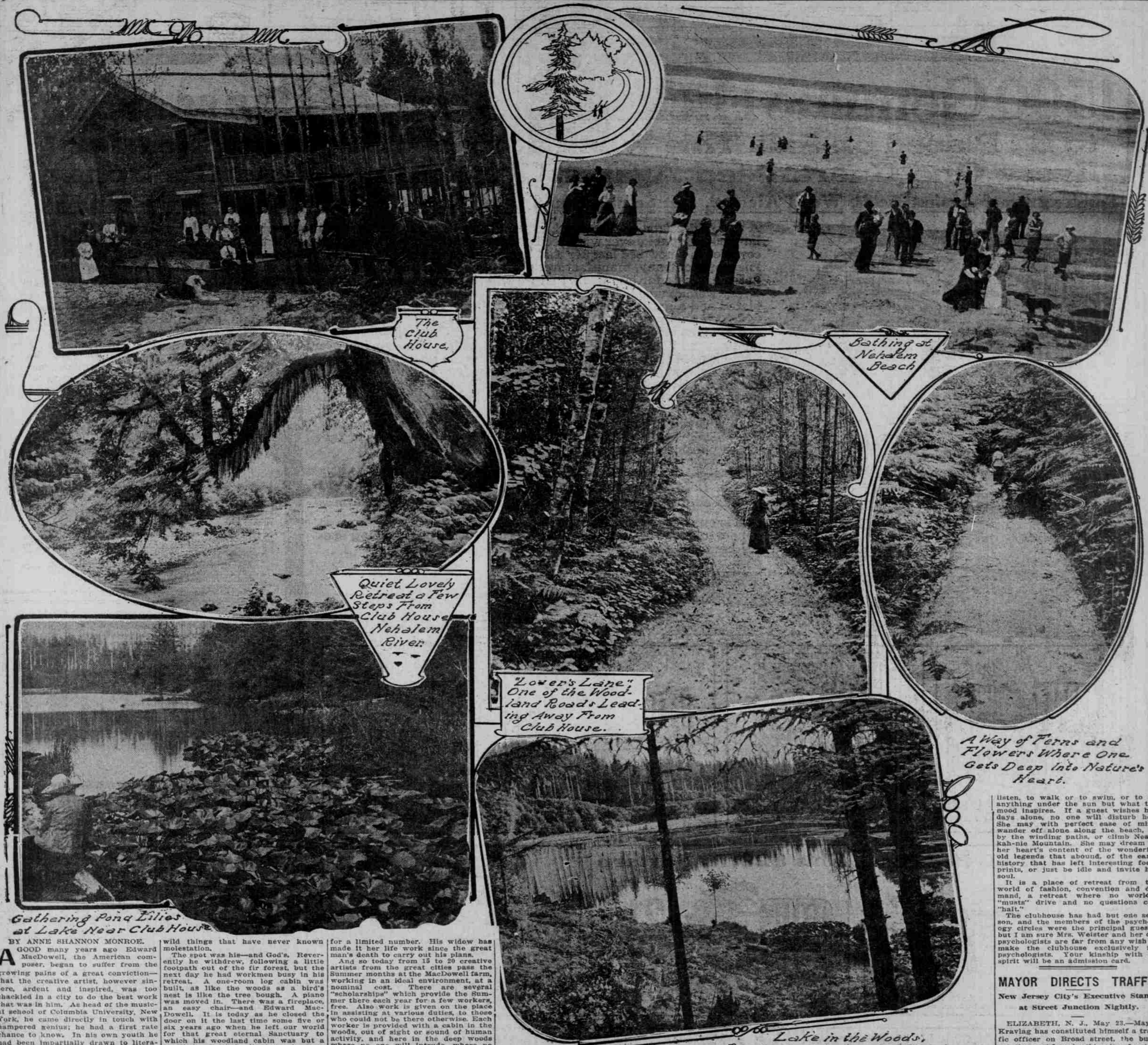


IN ONE OF OREGON'S DREAM-NOOKS IS THINKERS' RETREAT

Mrs. Alice Weister, Clubwoman, Builds Up Scenic, Unconventional Rendezvous for Creative Artists of Pen and Brush on Sea-Kissed Shores of Nehalem Bay.



The Club House.

Bathing at Nehalem Beach.

Quiet, Lovely Retreat a Few Steps From Club House, Nehalem River.

"Lower's Lane" One of the Woodland Roads Leading Away From Club House.

A Way of Ferns and Flowers Where One Gets Deep Into Nature's Heart.

Gathering Pond Lilies at Lake Near Club House.

Lake in the Woods, Boats Are There for Rowing and Huckleberries Grow All About it.

BY ANNE SHANNON MONROE.

GOOD many years ago Edward MacDowell, the American composer, began to suffer from the growing pains of a great conviction—that the creative artist, however sincere, ardent and inspired, was too shackled in a city to do the best work that was in him. As head of the music school at Columbia University, New York, he came directly in touch with hampered genius; he had a first rate chance to know. In his own youth he had been impartially drawn to literature, painting and music. His early expression in all three arts gave promise of rare high achievement. In later years, forced by the demands of practical life, he concentrated, finding his chief expression through music, both composition and interpretation.

But forever to him the arts were closely allied, and in his estimation the creative worker, whether employing clay, paint, words or music, had the one problem to face: How to get his time, undisturbed, for his work; how to escape for long periods from the prying torments of the material world when his inner self might be at peace and the divine fire have full possession.

Mr. MacDowell began to work out the problem for himself. He purchased, about 20 years ago, an abandoned farm in New Hampshire, near Peterborough, and with his own beautiful artist's hands, reconstructed for his own use the old farmhouse. He tramped over every foot of the place and revelled in the discovery of relics of first occupation. He listened to the voices of nature in the deep woods and got inspiration for his songs of New England.

As time went on and he improved the place, getting better buildings, a beautiful grassy lawn, a flower garden and a gardener to attend it, a stable, and so on, he began to feel again the encroachment of artificial life—he could hear the lawn mower. One day wandering dreamily through the fir woods, he came upon a lovely knoll hidden from sight or sound of man, and looking off on to Mount Monadnock. The moss all about was deep and there was no sound when he stepped. Birds twittered and hopped about in that happy freedom of young

wild things that have never known molestation.

The spot was his—and God's. Reverently he withdrew, following a little footpath out of the fir forest, but the next day he had workmen busy in his retreat. A one-room log cabin was built, as like the woods as a bird's nest is like the tree bough. A piano was moved in. There was a fireplace, an easy chair—and Edward MacDowell. It is today as he closed the door on it the last time some five or six years ago when he left our world for that great eternal Sanctuary to which his woodland cabin was but a vestibule. I think all of us who have been permitted to enter the little cabin feel that something of his beautiful personality still lingers in the lovely spot.

Problem Long Studied.

Long before his death he had worried over the problem of making such a retreat for others. With his matchless genius and his superb love of life, he still thought most keenly and constantly of this one problem of making similar retreats for men and women who could not make them for themselves; making them to meet the creative artist's needs early, before he is worn out and past his best possibilities with the struggle of life. While all the civilized world, it would seem, was engaged in trying to take care of the defective and the unfit, no one was endeavoring to foster the fit.

Every demand of modern life tends to smother genius. It has to prove itself, always, before it gets attention. No one seems concerned over giving this rarest and most delicate and most important of all the flowers in God's great human garden breathing space and room to grow till it shall become strong and sturdy. Should we seek a gardener to treat his real garden in this way we would speedily call the man insane—a gardener who would leave his choicest, rarest plants to weather the winds and the storms while he carefully tended the weeds and the culls. We would know that the result would be a garden, eventually, almost worthless, all weeds and culls. But with people we seem to miss this point. We can recognize a hungry body so much more quickly than a starved soul. And so Edward MacDowell, with small means, undertook to meet the problem

for a limited number. His widow has made it her life work since the great man's death to carry out his plans.

And so today from 15 to 20 creative artists from the great cities pass the Summer months at the MacDowell farm, working in an ideal environment, at a nominal cost. There are several "scholarships" which provide the Summer there each year for a few workers, free. Also work is given on the place in assisting at various duties, to those who could not be there otherwise. Each worker is provided with a cabin in the woods, out of sight or sound of human activity, and here in the deep woods where no one will intrude, where no voices will confuse the voice that speaks to the soul of man, each may follow out his dream to the end.

Workers' Hours Undisturbed.

I was a guest at the MacDowell farm one Summer, again in the Catskills. I was a Summer guest in another group of artists working on a similar basis, at Byrdcliffe. Mr. Whitehead, the owner and inspirer of Byrdcliffe, is an Englishman, an art patron, and possessed of immense wealth. It is his pleasure to use his money to prepare what he considers an ideal environment for the artist-worker of today. He has built the small cabins here and there over his mountain, and each worker has undisturbed hours from daylight till dark. All social activities take place at the library and big general living-room where every one is at home and welcome. There is no visiting at the cabins. Work is the idea.

This second experience but emphasized what was proved to me in the first: the absolute rightness of the principle back of the enterprises. The creative worker has the hardest problem, an earth to find a satisfactory place in which to do his work. If you pause to think about it, you will realize that there is no spot on earth that is open to people in general where one could be protected from distractions. At all "resorts" of Summer people, the motive is play and amusement, and the result is noise and confusion. If you lie away to where there are no people, you will not find desirable accommodations. If you attempt to work in your own home among your own people, your mind will be continually distracted by memories of family duties, with interruptions and demands that become positive torture when they drag

one from his work. The only practical answer to the creative worker's problem is a place of isolation far from town, away from the daily demands of present existence. A nook in a timeless world and a dateless fraternity.

Often when in the beautiful New England hills, so rounded and green and pretty, a vision would come to me of Oregon's vaster grandeur. Often when looking across their dimpling knolls, so finished and soft and tame and gentle, I would have a sudden vision of Oregon's rugged mountains and torrential streams and vast cathedral-like woods. Gathering dainty violets, I realized our ferns, waist high, our wealth of greenery. And often and over I thought, if Oregon were not so perfectly situated for a great commercial future, what an ideal dreamer's paradise! What a place for poets and singers! What a land for the painter! What subjects for the sculptor! What romance and beauty and fullness of life for the writer! A country that knows not anemia, with a past as heroic as anything New England can offer, but a past knitted fast into a stirring present and going on toward a more stirring future. A country where you have no application for the word "decadent," where everything is going onward and upward!

When you write a New England story, you must dip your brush into her quaint and heroic past; but when you write an Oregon story, you can take it raw from the Oregon of today, the Oregon of now with red blood in her veins and energy in her stride. Oregon, virile and young and at the beginning of great things. Oregon's song is a song of hope and opportunity for

men; it is no dying swan's song, which however lovely, is still dying.

And so, imagine my absolute surprise and delight to find, tucked away near one of Oregon's loveliest sea beaches, the germ of just such another working center as I found in New England and in the Catskills. Mrs. Alice Weister is the author of the Oregon idea, and, strange to say, she had known nothing of the work of Edward MacDowell in New Hampshire or of Mr. Whitehead in the Catskills. It had been her own idea, not so much to supply a retreat for creative artists, as for thinkers, for people who want to cut loose the bands that tie them to the world of material things, and be free for awhile. Undoubtedly her years of work as head of the psychology department of the Portland Woman's Club, and later as head of her own many psychology circles that cover the city and the suburbs, gave urge to her plan. One of the first things a psychology student learns—or any serious thinker, for that matter—is the vital importance of a season of all-aloneness for every individual. No nervous system was ever so constituted that it could stand the continual presence of people and either not wear out or become blunted. Women in homes have very little chance to slip away and be alone with their thoughts. And particularly is it difficult to go away from home and be alone and happily envied. When a woman leaves home she usually goes on a visit to friends or relatives, where she is entertained continually; or she

spends her time at Summer hotels or boarding-houses, where she finds the same round of life—cards, the need to dress conventionally, the daily meetings with people who would think it strange if she shunned them and sought solitude. She would be put down as "queer" at once.

Mrs. Weister has a wonderfully well-situated strip of woods convenient to Nehalem beach, but remote from the sound of revelers, should there be revelers. It is also convenient to the town of Nehalem, on the Tillamook line. The "Club House," as she calls the headquarters building, is right in the woods at the head of a lovely woodland road leading to the ocean. Everything is in the rough-and-ready, out-of-doors state so appreciated by real nature lovers. The clubhouse has a large general living-room, and the bedrooms are provided with sleeping porches, where all night long the sleeper is fanned by the sea breezes gloriously scented with fir.

Conventions' Call Forgotten.

There are a number of tents scattered through the woods, so that one may be absolutely alone, only coming to the clubhouse for meals. The cost is merely the actual estimated expense, or one may take her own provisions and do her own cooking if she likes. It is not a money-making venture. The ideal of the management is to provide the utmost freedom from restrictions that bind elsewhere. One is not expected to join a group, to talk, or to

listen, to walk or to swim, or to do anything under the sun but what the mood inspires. If a guest wishes her days alone, no one will disturb her. She may, with perfect ease of mind wander off alone along the beach, or by the winding paths, or climb Neah-kah-nie Mountain. She may dream to her heart's content of the wonderful old legends that abound of the early history that has left interesting footprints, or just be idle and invite her soul.

It is a place of retreat from the world of fashion, convention and demand, a retreat where no worldly "musts" drive and no questions call "halt."

The clubhouse has had but one season, and the members of the psychology circles were the principal guests; but I am sure Mrs. Weister and her co-psychologists are far from any wish to make the clubhouse exclusively for psychologists. Your kinship with its spirit will be an admission card.

MAYOR DIRECTS TRAFFIC

New Jersey City's Executive Stands at Street Junction Nightly.

ELIZABETH, N. J., May 29.—Mayor Kravag has constituted himself a traffic officer on Broad street, the busiest thoroughfare in this city, for two nights in response to many complaints he has received from citizens who have narrowly escaped being run down by motorists. He stands in the middle of the street when a trolley car comes to a stop, and, with uplifted hand, just like a traffic officer in New York, halts oncoming autos and sees that they do not pass the stalled trolley car.

The Mayor says there is no need for his services during the day, as the regular traffic men are on duty then. He will arrest the first autoist who fails to obey the traffic regulations and passes a standing trolley car.

FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With the Othine Prescription

This prescription for the removal of freckles was written by a prominent physician and is usually so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold by druggists under guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil, get an ounce of othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee. —Adv.