

# WOMAN CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONER TELLS OF SUCCESS

## Mrs. Helen H. Gardener, the First of Her Sex to Hold This High Federal Office, Says, "Do Whatever You're Most Interested in to the Limit of Your Capacity"—By Margaret Crahan Jones

BY MARGARET CRANHAN JONES.  
"DO WHATEVER you're most interested in to the limit of your capacity." This very pleasant formula for success sounds contrary to all the customary rules for hard work and no pay, but it has brought its exponent, Mrs. Helen H. Gardener, to the highest position in the United States government which has ever been held by a woman.

Mrs. Gardener recently was appointed to the United States civil service commission, the largest employer in the world. She is one of three on the commission and for the first time the gold letters over one of the doors, "Commissioner Gardener," trace the name of a woman.

When Mrs. Gardener is pointed out to people on the streets of Washington as the first woman civil service commissioner, the usual exclamation of the observer is, "What a little woman for such a big job." But that is because they are of the younger generation and are not familiar with a name which is recognized by the older medical men, literary lights and "just folks" everywhere.

To be sure, when one enters the room of Commissioner Gardener, one is greeted by a very tiny lady, who, when she sits at her desk, has to use a hassock because her feet won't touch the floor. It takes a very important little person to impress the interviewer with a great sense of casualness. Yet Mrs. Gardener gives that impression without any effort on her part.

She is a little pink apple blossom of a woman. Her cheeks are delicately flushed, but her finely-carved features have the stamp of character and determination which causes the casual passerby to mark her as a woman of achievement. Her hair is white and waves over her temples in charming little scallops. Her very steadfast brown eyes are remarkable not only for their expression, a seeming to see not only little things that most people overlook, but also very big things far off that most eyes would never search for, but for their coloring, which is in delightful contrast to her white hair and pink skin. She is just the type a miniature painter would select, only, perhaps, with an air of a little less genuine softness and a little more practicality.

Mrs. Gardener's axiom about doing what one likes best to do might lead to a life of achievement for every one who followed her instructions, because few, like Mrs. Gardener, prefer working for the advancement of the country to any other occupation in the world. Mrs. Gardener would not thus describe her life work, but the men and women who have read her books, those who have learned her eloquent pleas from the lecture platform and those who know of her sincere campaign to get governmental self-expression for women through suffrage work would approve of the term.

When Mrs. Gardener was quite a



This woman brings a woman's viewpoint to the problems of 300,000 women in the civil service.

young woman residing in New York City, where she spent 25 years of her life, she began her work for the general welfare.

At that time education for women was not generally believed in. Women were not admitted to the leading colleges of the country and most of them were not given even a high school education. When a few far-sighted per-

sons began discussing the matter of giving women the same educational opportunities as were offered men, many snug pedagogues declared that a higher education would be wasted on women because they were not ca-

stating that these were indispensable for the culture of the people. Emphasis was also laid on the need of construction, with government aid, of cheap and hygienic homes for laborers in industrial sections. The congress urged also that there should be established in each country a "national bank for the construction of economic houses" with funds contributed by employers and capitalists.

Few persons will read essays or abstract discussions. Later Mrs. Gardener wrote other novels and stories, each dealing with some problem she considered vital. Her works were not the sort with a moral. She told the story and let the reader draw his own conclusions.

At one time she was particularly interested in heredity, and again she took up study of the brain and hereditary traits. "I make no claim to being a person with a knowledge of science," Mrs. Gardener said, in speaking of her writing on scientific subjects, "but I never allowed a book to be published unless I was absolutely certain that it was scientifically correct, always submitting my books to experts before they went to press, just as I always submitted books containing legal references to lawyers."

Although Mrs. Gardener did not pose as an anthropologist or sociologist, she was hailed as such when she went abroad. Medical men and scientists everywhere in Europe then asked her to address their groups.

She spent six years abroad and lived in 13 different countries. "It was natural that my previous

interests should lead me to take up suffrage work," Mrs. Gardener said.

She became one of the leaders of the National Woman's Suffrage association and held the office of vice-president. She was known by the other officers of the association as the "diplomatic corps," because of her shrewd counsel and far-sightedness. Suffrage women say that she is still the adviser to whom presidents of the suffrage organization, now the National League of Women Voters, naturally turn.

"My appointment to the civil service commission was a great surprise," she said. "Of course, I had lived in Washington off and on for years, and because of my activities I had a fairly wide acquaintance up on the hill."

When she was asked why she thought a woman member of the civil service commission would be valuable she smiled broadly.

"Don't women have special problems in any line?" she asked. "Wouldn't a woman's viewpoint be valuable where approximately half of the civil service employes, almost 700,000 in all, are women?"

One recalls that the United States army, by comparison with the civil service, has only 286,000 personnel.

"It is proper that men and women should work together to make the laws and to carry out their provisions," Mrs. Gardener said. "The government is just housekeeping on a large scale. In the home it takes both the mother and the father to make laws for the household; the same is true in government."

Although she did not dream years ago what her work would be today, all her previous activities have been training for what is needed in her present position. She has to meet and judge numbers of persons every day, and thus her study of alienation is invaluable. She has to use diplomacy, as every person in a high government position does. Her contact with legislators has given her the tact she needs. She must impress groups of persons when she addresses them. Her training in giving university extension lecture courses on sociology, work which she engaged in upon her return from abroad, makes it easy for her to drive home a message from the platform.

"I love my present work and find it, oh, so interesting," she said. "I like it so much that I have given up virtually all recreation until I learn the ropes." I have declined all invitations to social affairs."

And perhaps the most significant fact that she is the right person for her responsible position is the attitude of Commissioner Wales, who has been a member of the commission 25 years.

"We have never been so happy in our work as since Mrs. Gardener has been with us. In the way he expresses his approval.

## PRESIDENT MASARYK AMONG FOREMOST FIGURES IN EUROPEAN AFFAIRS

### Ruler of Czecho-Slovak Republic Is Native of Moravia, Once Lived Among New York's Scenes and Married American Girl While Over Here.

WHEN Dr. Thomas Masaryk was dramatically elected first president of the Czecho-Slovak Republic at the first meeting of the first elected parliament of that country recently, there was brought to a culmination what is undoubtedly the most wonderful of all the romantic restructurings of the great war. Not alone because of the fact was the election of special interest to America, but because of the fact that Masaryk was once a New Yorker, one of the many who in the past few years have been shaping the destinies of the nations of Europe.

Several weeks before the election the parliament was set up and a cabinet was formed with a combination of moderate socialists and peasant representatives, the violent part of the opposition being provided by 70 Germans. The Czechs or Bohemians, as they were called, patriotically patriots had not retained the ancient country from the domination and tyrannic rule of the Germans and Austria. The day of the election, May 28, the streets of Prague, the ancient capital of the new republic, were thronged with cheering, demonstrative and patriotic Czechs in their resplendent tunics of scarlet.

### Crowds Surge in Square.

In the public square crowds surged back and forth awaiting the returns of the election. The enclosing galleries of the assembly house were crowded with well-dressed men and women, including diplomatic representatives from the allied nations and associated powers. On the floor were several women deputies and men in their national costume, including Slovaks in red and black waistcoats and white shirt sleeves. The Germans sat in one block. During the preliminary announcements by the speaker, individual Germans fiercely shouted protests because he spoke in Czech, not German. A further passionate interruption came during the roll call at the Czech pronunciation of German names. One or two angry shouts in response came from other members and the Germans stood up, raving and gesticulating.

Then, with the president bowing, the crowded assembly sprang to their feet and sang enthusiastically the national hymn. Thus ended a most dramatic historic event.

The man to whom is entrusted the task of molding and forging that which in 1914 constituted one of the least known, in America at any rate, of the world's oppressed nationalities at one time not so long ago claimed New York City as his home, although he originally hailed from Moravia. During his early stay in this country he married an American girl, Miss Charley Garrigue of Brooklyn.

Before coming to these shores he had worked for a while at a blacksmith's forge and had studied at the University of Vienna, developing into a scholar of the first magnitude. His daughter, Dr. Alice Masaryk, worked in the University of Chicago settlement house for two years and later lived in New York City for the purpose of studying methods in the Hen-

ry Street settlement. She was also associated with the workers in the Jan Hus neighborhood home. Dr. Masaryk played an important part in politics in Austria under the dual monarchy, but it was not one calculated to make him popular with the ruling faction. He was a spark of rebellion, and frequently his utterances occasioned flashes of fire. He shone brilliantly as a journalist, teacher, author and as a member of the Austrian parliament.

When the war broke in 1914 he was one of the leading Czech patriots who opposed the Austrian rule, and whose policy wish was that his people should be soon free from Hapsburg rule. Because of his liberal views and the daring manner in which he was wont to express himself, the imperial Austrian government concluded that he must be put out of the way. An order was issued for his arrest, but before it could be executed he had fled. His daughter, who had expected no harm, remained behind, but was promptly arrested because of the activities of her father.

### Americans Save Daughter.

Only the intervention of some wealthy American women saved Miss Masaryk from being accused of disloyalty, tried on some trumped-up charge and subjected to a fate similar to that which the Germans visited upon Miss Edith Cavell. Instead, Miss Masaryk was released.

In less than a year after the start of the world war Dr. Masaryk took his stand for absolute separation of the Czecho-Slovak people from Austria and the establishment of a government of their own. From that time he worked persistently to bring such a state of affairs about.

When the Czech regiments marched to the front to fight their Serbian and Russian brothers, they showed unmistakably where they stood in the great crisis. They sang Pan-Slavic hymns and deserted singly or in mass to the enemy. In reality, they began a new era for the "subject" nationalities of the world. They were the first to lead the oppressed races toward a new conception of resurgent nationalism. And at their head, leading them on, was the man who has now been honored and rewarded by them—Dr. Masaryk.

### Prague Ancient and Picturesque.

Prague, the picturesque and ancient capital of the new republic, is situated on the two banks of the Moldau river, and is about 150 miles north-west of Vienna. It is unique inasmuch as nine bridges span the river in different parts of the city. The city has been greatly improved in appearance during the past few years. It has been famous, however, as an educational center since the middle ages, when its university was one of the leading institutions of higher learning in Europe.

During the middle part of the 19th century a stimulus was given to the intellectual life of the city because of the struggle for supremacy between the Germans and Czechs. Prague soon became the center of Czech culture, and its university had an attendance almost treble that of the German uni-

versity in the same city. It was this stimulus, together with the patriotic efforts of Masaryk and other Czechs, which began the wonderful romance of this little country, which now takes a place beside its big brothers in Europe.

### CITY PLANS ARE DESIRE

#### World Legislation Advocated to Prevent "Hideous Deformity."

MONTEVIDEO.—World-wide legislation to stop the "hideous deformity" of streets, parks, gardens and plazas and to beautify all cities was advocated at the first congress of architects which has just closed its sessions here.

Representatives were present from all South American countries, as well as from the United States. The congress in proposing legislation for the adoption of regular plans and the location of public buildings and monuments, recommended the continuation of the system of uniform squares.

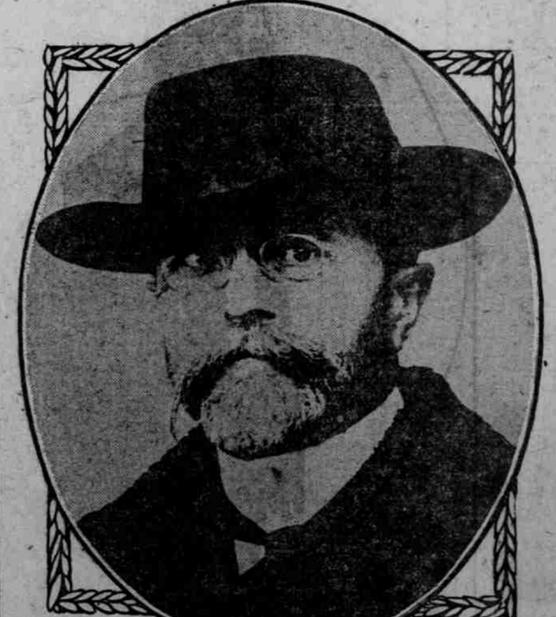
Classes in "urbanization" in universities and special schools of architecture were also proposed, a resolution

### AMERICA LOSES CONTRACT

#### English Firm Gets Belgian Order for Locomotives.

LONDON.—A British firm has just secured from the Belgian government the major portion of a contract for 300 locomotive engines which was on the point of being wholly placed in America, according to announcement in the press. An order has been placed here for 200 large locomotives, it is stated. The contract involves the sum of £3,000,000 and it is claimed that this is the largest for this type of engine ever placed in the history of engineering.

It was reported a few weeks ago that the Belgian government was in the market for 750 locomotives. Later it was announced that contracts for 150 of them had been obtained by two manufacturers, with an option for 50 more, at a total cost of \$11,600,000, or \$55,600 for each locomotive.



Thomas G. Masaryk, President of New Czecho-Slovak Republic. Photo Gillegans Service.

## GRACE BARSTOW IS "JAM GIRL" TO SOME, BUT ARTIST TO OTHERS

### Painter of California Landscapes First Becomes Famous Locally as Producer of Sweets From Fruits of Own Orchard at San Jose.

BY FAITH HUNTER DODGE.

THE "Jam Girl" is her nickname at home, because a girl at home and a prophet in his own country never receive all the homage due them; "Bouguereau" they called her at the College of the Pacific, because of her wonderful talent in painting; but some one, I think it was Leon-cavallo, gave her the title which has stuck when he dubbed her the "girl Stradivarius."

In her San Jose garden Grace Barstow earned all three titles. Her mother tells how twisted fig trees and sturdy apricots in that garden she gathered fruit which she converted into marmalade and jam, winning first prizes at county fairs. Then she sat before her easel and painted landscapes which breathe the breath of California—hillsides flaming with yellows and burnt blues, bricks and oranges; these alone would have given her fame. But visions of greater things came to Grace Barstow in her wonderful old garden.

When she was a very little girl, just learning to play the violin, she got the idea—"from where, I don't know," she says—that she could make violins herself. The beautiful wood of the great redwoods growing just outside the garden fascinated her always.

"It seemed to mesmerize me," she recalls with a far-off happy look in her eyes. "It seemed to want to make music like my violin. And often we would take turns, the redwoods with the wind playing through their leaves and branches and I with my little violin, singing the same songs. We had wonderful duets and splendid times together. Even the birds joined in and the early morning heard strange orchestral harmonies."

She was only eight when her brother had a complete work bench made for her and set it up in the corner of the garden. There were two strong vises on it—"for vises," she contends, "are virtues in violin making." Together brother and sister acquired the tools for tools and accumulated chisels, saws, mallets, planes, clamps, callipers, ebony keys, purfling and glue and varnish. There was even a very successful varnish made from the gum of the fig trees in the garden—for the trees, like Amati, tried everything in her little violin factory.

Her grandmother then saw that the project was a serious one, so she sent to Europe for pine and maple wood—enough for several violins. There were months of steady, grinding work with a very good teacher. Then the first violin was finished.

Out in the garden under the fig trees it sang its first sweet notes at dawn; and a nightingale came out and answered it.

But a little girl-neighbor borrowed it to practice on. And brought it home with a cracked back.

The girl violin-maker went to work again, this time alone; and progressed, she admits, "through many trials and tribulations."

"It seems that almost everyone who makes violins has to get a certain number of freak ideas about shapes, sizes and thicknesses of instruments out of their systems," says Miss Barstow. "I tried them all. But my chief obsession was to use the wood from

my own trees. With that exception I finally settled down to conventional lines, those established by Stradivarius and Amati, and did my best to make good-toned violins.

"But as Montaigne says of Aristotle, he will still have a hand in everything. I could not withstand the temptation to busy myself with the unconventional woods. I tried our California redwood. The first results were terrifying. 'What! Do those tones come blowing through the tiny pores of the redwood, down through the ages, from life beyond the glacial period, when human man was perhaps not yet developed from the ape? Is it the voice of nature speaking to us from the days of old? This, you can imagine, was my own secret question and my brother's open comment.

"The garden, at times, beside weird noises, would give a general appearance of awe-inspiring chaos the sort that causes a good housekeeper to decolor marmalade. Shavings, shavings everywhere, shavings which had a monster grip on the rug spread out under the work bench, shavings which could not be beguiled by a busy broom.

"In spite of which there is a great deal about violin making which is nice and poetic—every step of the glue pot. Somehow the odor of romance simply does not linger round pans and glue pots. And the clothespins which clamped on the purfling were more useful than ornaments!"

"Yes, and one day I remarked to my mother that I had to sandpaper my neck. She was quite aghast until I discovered the reason for her displeasure and explained that it was my violin neck which needed the operation."

And these prosaic hurdles back to earth notwithstanding, Grace Barstow went on dreaming of a redwood violin with low, vibrant, mellow tones and exquisite harmonies. "Redwood is too soft," was the verdict of every one who watched her brave attempts; and the redwood she was using was too soft. But out in her grandfather's fence-for her garden is a part of Judge Rhodes' estate and Judge Rhodes was her mother's father—she found a rough old slab of redwood which had been aging nearly 50 years in the California sunshine. She tested it and found it hard and ripe and beautifully grained. From the old slab she made the bass bar and sounding board of the violin she is holding in the photograph. This she calls her violin No. 6 and it is her favorite; she has played on it hundreds of times in public and before the "great" of the land.

But to this day the audience she loves best—though it never claps its hands—is the row of redwood trees and eucalyptus just outside the garden; the fig trees and the apricots in the orchestra seats and the birds which warble and trill their approval from the leafy galleries.

Other violins have followed this one, violins with redwood tops and deep voices like the voice of the cello, violins with entire sides of redwood and tops of maple with ingeniously fashioned inlays and scrolls. "Every one of them has its own personality,"

affirms their maker, "as plainly visible to me as the characteristics of human beings."

But its violins are all packed now in big cases. Grace Barstow and her mother are preparing to leave the fine old home and the historic garden. They are going south to live in a great, new home being built in Los Angeles next to the home of Grace's brother, now an attorney, whose avocation, by the way, is playing the cello in duets with his sister and her violin to piano accompaniments by their mother.

The trees seem to understand. The assembly sheds its perfume softly like a censor in a temple; the redwoods moan and the pepper trees bow their heads disconsolately; the wind sighs through the leaves and branches of the twisted fig trees. The bulfinch and the lark sing through the morning light; the swallows twitter disapprovingly in the starry hours of the night; the nightingales trill its saddest song in the old San Jose garden.

### CAR SYSTEM DISLIKED

#### Plan Outlined to Facilitate Commerce With Mexico.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Abolition of the present system whereby Americans shipping freight in through cars to Mexican points are required to put up a bond for the safe return of the cars and also pay 60 cents a day for the first 30 days the cars are in Mexico is being sought by the National Railways of Mexico, according to R. M. Campos, its western agent.

The National Railways proposes to facilitate commerce with Mexico by absorbing the per diem charge itself and having the Mexican government put up the bond for the safe return of the cars, Campos said. P. Pontes, general director of the lines, and L. Valdes, the general freight and passenger traffic manager, are in the United States now, he stated, attempting to adjust the matter with the various railroad companies.

The plan they are seeking to have adopted was in force in regard to interchanging of Mexican and American cars before the revolutions began in Mexico, according to Campos, and the Mexicana railways still offer this convenience to Mexican business men shipping into the United States.

### Woman Riveter Makes Record.

London Special.—Miss Annie Tobey, an operative in the electrical shop at the Portsmouth, England, navy yard, won a contest for women riveters recently when she drove 254 copper rivets into battery boxes in two hours. Machinery said this was a record for women.

### Novelists' Heart Is Touched.

London Sphere.—John Galsworthy, the famous English novelist and dramatist, was once a keen sportsman, but for many years he has never touched a gun. Watching a dying bird one day, he suddenly found sport ugly and gave it up forever.