

ery — unless it be, as in California, owned by the State, or, as in Philadelphia, by a private association of ladies interested in the work. Silk is like a diamond — worth money in every currency. If the culture is yet so young that its profitableness is in doubt, it has only to grow, and must of necessity command its market. American silk has been raised, reeled, dyed, spun, and woven into ribbons and fabrics. American women have worn these fabrics and pronounced them as good as foreign silks.

Charles Barnard.

Schools of Industry.

THERE is a growing demand for industrial schools in the United States. One would have the trades-unions or guilds of artisans take the matter in hand, and establish schools for the training of their own apprentices; another would have the experiment tried in certain schools which it is proposed that the Government shall establish; while a third would have a work-shop in every existing public school. Meantime more industrial schools are now in operation than people generally are aware of. There are a dozen in New York City, only one of which is widely known. The school of the Cooper Union is noted throughout the United States; and it is true that half the whole number of students in industrial art in the entire city are enrolled upon its books. But, notwithstanding its merited and undisputed preëminence, the others are growing, and they contain the "promise and potency" of much good. One of these smaller institutions, the Free Drawing School of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, is the oldest in the city. Its aims are intensely practical, and are not too high to be successfully realized. The object kept in view is to aid young men engaged in the trades by giving them some knowledge of drawing, both general and as applied to their several occupations. Another, the New York Trade School, provides instruction in plumbing, brick-laying, wood-carving, and fresco-painting. This school is maintained by a private gentleman of means, whose philanthropy takes this useful direction. The school of the Turnverein provides free instruction in drawing, and there are small classes in modeling and designing. Several private schools make a specialty of industrial features, of which the best known is that of the Society for Ethical Culture, whose merits Mr. Felix Adler has often set forth. The Society of Decorative Art has done much for art needlework, and has opened a new field for women. Classes in china-painting, and various kindred branches of decorative art, are found everywhere.

Perhaps the most ambitious attempt at the application of art to industry is made by the Technical School of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Its projected course of training goes even further than that of the Cooper Union school. It is as yet, however, in an inchoate state, and the number of its pupils is quite small. It is only fair to add that the authorities of the Museum are now taking steps to put the school on a better footing, and to push it with vigor and determination. It is in connection with this school that the attempt has been made to interest different trades-unions in establishing and maintaining classes of apprentices. So far, the matter has been taken up by

only one such society, the National Association of Carriage Builders, who have had a large class in successful operation during the past winter. Other trades have not taken up the idea, more, apparently, from apathy than from active hostility; although it may be said here that the rules adopted by many trades-unions limit strictly the number of apprentices allowed to each firm, the idea being to keep down the supply of competent laborers, in order to keep up the wages of those who are already masters of the trade.

In addition to the general and somewhat indefinite public demand noticed above, another, far more specific and practical, has given an impulse to art-work in almost every department of industry. People of culture, and that more numerous class of wealthy persons who take the symbol for the substance, and attempt to buy their culture as they do their lands, stocks, horses, wines, and sometimes their social position, are demanding artistic houses and furniture, new and better patterns in wall-papers, carpets, chandeliers, cornices, wall-decorations, gas-fixtures, fenders, and everything that goes to make up the general effect of "the house beautiful." All this implies skilled architects, builders, carpenters, stone-cutters, carvers, cabinet-makers, joiners, designers of all sorts, modelers, fresco-painters, upholsterers, and workers in various kinds of metal. The native supply of artisans capable of producing good work in these departments is too small, and the process of equalization between demand and supply is now taking place. It is no wonder, then, that all the industrial schools are full to overflowing, with long lists of applicants waiting for vacancies; nor that there should be an agitation of the question whether hand-work as well as head-work should not form part of the public-school course.

The first important endeavor to answer this question in the affirmative has just been made in Boston. Its results are not yet apparent, and the example may not be extensively followed. So far, the most successful form of industrial school in this country has been that of the Cooper Union — an institution founded by private liberality, and maintained, so far as the instruction is concerned, in the same way. A charge for materials used is found advisable, as it insures a steady interest and application that are wanting where the school is absolutely free of charge.

It has been said that one of the conditions necessary, or at least effectual, in developing skilled craftsmen in this country has been wanting hitherto, and it is not likely to be supplied. There is here no artisan class in which the pursuit of the father is handed down to the son, and generation after generation works with the accumulated knowledge and experience and inherited skill of a line of ancestry. It is not desirable, politically speaking, that our society should become stratified as fixedly as that of France, for instance; and even for the interests of art it may be as well that it should not. Perhaps the superior readiness of Americans to adopt and invent new and improved methods of work may counterbalance the disadvantage of a lack of such inherited skill as has been mentioned.

However that may be, it rests with the future to determine it. Up to the present time we have had in this country, speaking broadly, no native artisans capable of producing really artistic work. Such work has been brought from abroad, especially from France,

and even the establishments here that aim to produce fine work have nearly all imported their workmen.

But the training that is now given in such schools as these in New York must tell in a few years upon the quality of the work produced by native artisans; and as a sense of the value and the beauty of such

work increases, it may be thought better by parents to have their sons trained in a work-shop, where they can have a hand in creative, helpful labor, than to have them, "dressed like gentlemen," sit all day on a high stool adding columns of figures, or stand all day behind a counter selling goods.

W. A. Platt.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

A Love-letter from Dakota.

SHWEET Jinny, I write on me knee
Wid the shtump of a limitid pencil;
I would write on me disk, but you see
I'm widout that convainient utinsil.
I've a house of me own, but as yet
Me furniture's homely an' shlinder;
It's a wife I am afther, to let
Her consult *her* ideals of shplindor.
If I should buy tables an' chairs,
An' bureaus, an' carpets, an' vases,
An'— bother the lingo of wares!—
An' curtains wid camel-hair laces,
Perhaps whin I married a wife
She would turn up her nose at me choosin',
Or waysht the shweet bloom of her life
Wid pretinse of contint at their usin'.
So now, I've no carpets to shweep,
Nor tables nor chairs to tip o'er;
Whin night comes I roll up an' shleep
As contint as a pig on the floor.
But ah, the shweet dreams that I dream
Of Erin's most beautiful daughter!
Until in me visions you seem
On your way to me over the water!
(— Please pardon me method ungainly,
But, hopin' the future may yoke us,
I'll try to be bould an' speak plainly,
An' bring me note down to a focus:—)
Would you marry a man wid a farrum,
An' a house most ixquisitely warrum,
Wid walls so ixcaidin'ly thick, ma'am,
For they're built of a single big brick, ma'am,
Touchin' Mexico, Texas, Nebraska,—
The thickest walls iver you thought of,
Why, they cover the country we bought of
The sire of Alexis — Alaska!
For sure its great walls are the worruld,—
In fact it's a hole in the ground;
But oh, it's the place to be curruled
Whin the whirlwinds are twirlin' around!
It is ivery bit basemint ixcipt
The parlor, that lies out-of-doors,
Where the zephyr's pure fingers have swept
Its million-ply carpeted floors.
Forgive me intravigant speeches,
But it's fair as the dreams of a Hindoo,
Wid me parlor's unlimited reaches
An' the sky for a sunny bay-window.

Me darlint, Dakota is new,
Sod houses are here widout number,
But I'll build a board mansion for you—
Whin I'm able to purchase the lumber.
An' sure 'twill not take very long
Where the soil is so fertile, I'm tould;
Whin you tune up your plow for a song,
The earth hums a chorus of gould.

Thin come to your Dinnis O'Brion,
An' let his fidelity prove
That his heart is as strong as a lion,
Ixcipt that it's burstin' wid love.

W. W. Fink.

The Kitchen Clock.

KNITTING is the maid o' the kitchen, Milly,
Doing nothing, sits the chore-boy, Billy:
"Seconds reckoned,
Seconds reckoned;
Every minute,
Sixty in it.
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Tick-tock, tock-tick,
Nick-knock, knock-nick,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Closer to the fire is rosy Milly,
Every whit as close and cozy, Billy:
"Time's a-flying,
Worth your trying;
Pretty Milly—
Kiss her, Billy!
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Tick-tock, tock-tick,
Now— now, quick— quick!
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Something's happened; very red is Milly,
Billy boy is looking very silly:
"Pretty misses,
Plenty kisses;
Make it twenty,
Take a plenty.
Billy, Milly,
Milly, Billy,
Right-left, left-right,
That's right, all right,
Skippety-nick, rippety-knock,"—
Jumps the kitchen clock.

Night to night they're sitting, Milly, Billy;
Oh, the winter winds are wondrous chilly!
"Winter weather,
Close together;
Wouldn't tarry,
Better marry.
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Two-one, one-two,
Don't wait, 'twont do,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Winters two have gone, and where is Milly?
Spring has come again, and where is Billy?
"Give me credit,
For I did it;
Treat me kindly,
Mind you wind me.
Mr. Billy,
Mistress Milly,
My— Oh, Oh— my,
By-by, by-by,
Nickety-knock, cradle rock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

John Vance Cheney.