

Brown County Ind. May Not Have a Railroad, But It Holds Peculiar Charms for Chicago Artists.

CHICAGO, grown Imperial, has annexed to its domain Brown county, Indiana. This is artistically speaking.

Ho for the chorus: What is Brown county? Where is Brown county? When is Brown county?

Gangway for the answer: Brown county is about thirty miles south of Indianapolis and laterally in the center of Hoosierdom. It is an easy jog from blank oblivion and a lively rik trip from nowhere in particular. Nashville, its capital and metropolis, teems with 400 souls and 48 round dogs. Through its borders bubble these stately streams, Sul creek and Bean Blossom. It contains Weed Patch Knob, the loftiest hill in the state of Indiana. It has no railroads, save that an interurban nips one corner. Nearly all the dwellings are log cabins. An automobile is a demoniac curio. It has a history; once gun-shot rule prevailed and it was the "Dead Man's gulch" of peaceable Indiana.

That is Brown county, and you have a stereoscopic peek at Chicago's latest morsel of greedy annexation.

Evidences of Conquest Exhibited.

The Palette and Chisel club, that group of Chicago artists which makes its headquarters in Van Buren street, has accomplished the successful appending of Brown county to the city's list of trophies. Evidence of the conquest was found last week in the club's annual exhibit of oil paintings. On the walls of the gallery, commingled with studies of Venice and of English abbey, were ravishingly lovely depictions of Brown county. Here and there they glinted, seemingly installed to tempt the townsfolk visitor who could never hope to become a citizen of this new painter's Arcadia.

The invasion and capture of Brown county by Chicago artists was achieved on December 1st. So modest were these conquerors that not a whisper of the triumph reached the city. Only at the opening of the annual exhibit, when a paltry few of the countless thousands gathered last summer came to view, did the news of the "annexation" go forth.

Among the pictures on exhibition are "The Peach and the Sycamore," by H. L. Engle, and "Evening Glow," by R. F. Ingertie. Each of these painters and the rest of the artistic clan have in preparation dozens of velled pictures inspired by the scenes and natives of Brown county. All agree that it is one of America's dearest spots for the nourishing of true art, and the one most nearly approaching the ideal within reasonable distance of Chicago.

Heroes Who Carried Standard.

These are a few of the Palette and Chisel club members who descended on Brown county and planted their standard on the summit of Weed Patch knob:

Mr. Engle, president of the club; Mr. Ingertie, Albert Forster, Angus MacDonald, August Fetterly, M. and Mrs. William Riddell, Adam Emory Albright, George Schultz, Carl Mauch, Max Gundlach, and Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Schulz.

Over the knobs they drove into the valleys, through the rocky roads unsprung by automobiles, and across the fields, gorgeous in verdure, these Chicago artists tramped in search of the pastoral and the quaint. Places, the brush in abundance, and by the time the claws of late autumn menaced there was scarcely a man, woman, child, cow, fowl, tree, log cabin, fence rail, creek, stream, pump, smokehouse, or turkey buzzard in Brown county that had not been illumined for posterity on canvas.

Yes, there are turkey buzzards galore in Brown county.

"Ha, ha," chuckle the artists foregathered in the Van Buren street atelier. "Remember the time when old Van Shrook from down in the 'holier' was asked by an Indianapolis visitor for a pair of young turkeys? Rare old foker is Van. What did he do? Why, he gave that city dude a brace of baby turkey buzzards. Just imagine how they must have tasted with cranberries! Van's a regular case."

Pioneers a Picturesque Band

They were a picturesque band, those Chicago painters, as they roamed through "Peaceful Valley," which is a poetic and pleasing substitute for "No Man's Land." Each wore a spreading straw hat, from the top of which nodded a military feather. When the natives saw the painters hobnobbing in the distance, they obligingly fell into line. The girls became milkmaids and the hired men bonnie shepherd lads. The cows swayed into focus, the orchards grasped the proper lights and shadows, and even the bound dogs rolled over and played dead for the noons. That's how well Brown county has been trained to the needs of Chicago, the great central art market.

Do not swoop on a decision that the Palette and Chisel club has been selfish and taken away from Arcadia all the products of their brushes. No, for Brown county itself has benefited by their artistic touch.

The focus of metropolitan furor in Nashville is Pitman's Inn. This hostelry is managed by Bill Pitman, the leading benefactor of Brown county. Upon its spreading front stoop the wit and wisdom of Nashville gather and wattle away the hours on the fate of crops, the proper light and shadow, and in summer its guests are vegetarians, save for salt pork served variously, as ice is exalted beyond the term of luxury.

"Let's paint a road sign for Pitman's inn,"



"THE SYCAMORE" A Typical Brown County Scene by H. L. Engle

Bill His Own Ad.

The idea was carried out with a vim. An old barn door was secured, and from it was sawed a panel. Mine host Bill was induced to "sit" for his portrait, and reluctantly he endured a half dozen fly bitten sessions. The finished gem displayed on one side his expansive countenance. The other exposure of the uplifted barn door showed the back of his head, with a full set of ears complete. It was a mute appeal to meet Bill face to face and try the salt pork that made Nashville famous. This banner was set up in front of the Pitman Inn, and there it dwings to this day, gathering that weather beaten surface and rasping creakiness which is the noble touch to all tavern publicity.

Too bad that Bowser, the interchangeable calf, does not appear in any of the exhibit pictures. But in the dark corners of a dozen studios there are likenesses of Bowser in infinite poses. Sometimes the dear calf is painted ambulating into the sunset beside a sturdy barefoot lad. Again the bleating prodigy looks wisely over a green hedge at high noon. Here and there are speaking portraits of Bowser browsing in front of the old homestead. Bowser has been the centerpiece in landscapes of many a painter. Despite all this, the little calf is said to be in perfect health and at latest report its legs were longer than ever.

Rival to Brooklyn Bridge.

This is so, however, and as engineering triumphs they rank with the Brooklyn bridge we see on postcards. The Brown county pattern of suspension bridge has for its main support the sturdy trunk of trees on each side of the creek. Two parallel sets of telegraph wires are strung from tree to tree, and the flooring consists of rough hewn slats.

"To travel over these suspension bridges is a consummate feat," explained a member of the Palette and Chisel club. "You must start out fast, and you must keep going until safely across. To pause or slacken means disaster, for you launch a vibration which will detourne your balance and send you sprawling on the damp gravel. I use the expression 'damp gravel' by more than kind permission, as that is the extent of aquatic turbulence in the creeks of the county during warm weather. Why, most of us can sustain a load of twenty-five pounds. Some of these sweet stuff travels four and five thousand miles in foreign missions far remote from civilization and candy making facilities. The colleges and musical schools of many foreign countries get tons of candy during Christmas time. It is consumed not only by Chicago girls but by their chums of many other nations.

"Not all the candy that is sent across the ocean from Chicago is bought in the downtown stores. A great bulk of it is manufactured on the range at home. There are fudges, all kinds of fudges, from the divinity to the chocolate, concoctions into which chocolate may be poured.

Of course the charges on a box of such stuff often are more than it costs. But Chicago cuts no figure in the situation. It is Chicago candy that a few girls think, much less care, what it costs to buy, make, or send it.

Uncle Sam Takes New Task.

This year there will be a great increase in the number of smaller packages of Chicago candy. In other years the express people have had a monopoly in carrying it across salt water. But this year Uncle Sam has taken hold of the business. The restriction against putting "dry sweets" in the mails has been removed and it is predicted that tons of it will be dumped into the mail bags for both domestic and foreign transportation.

The money order division and registered letter department of the central and all of the branch offices are getting ready to transact a big pre-Christmas business. All of the department information is sought concerning the sailing of mail ships, for the reason that thousands of our adopted citizens remember the old folks at home by sending them a money order. Since Postal branches do an astonishing business in this line and all of the remitters want to be sure that the money will reach home before the dawn of the New Year, by Christmas if possible.

During the first three weeks of December Chicago money orders are sent to every land under the sun where mail may travel. In some years it requires seven figures to express the total of Chicago money sent across the oceans in money orders and registered letters. It is claimed that at one time the total money order business of the little branch office at Hegewisch ran over a quarter of a million dollars and there were other cutting branches that transacted an enormous business in the same line. Postal officials know that the postal order is the most popular Christmas gift sent out of Chicago, and the force commences for a big run days before the holiday season commences.

Cup of Excitement Runs Over.

"It never rains but it pours," bromidized the natives of Nashville as they surrendered, to the incoming, benevolent invader, scarcely after the ambers had cooled.

Here must be injected a splinter of ancient history, which will show that Brown county did not always bear a name for peace and solitude. "Way back in 1859, shortly after the state of Illinois was admitted to the union, a survey was made down in that district by the government. By an oversight a reference in position of what is now Brown county was left completely off the map. The section was forgotten by every one and it became a vegetable 'no man's land.' Bandits, blacklegs, counterfeitters, and et cetera criminals flocked to this snug harbor and here for years the spreading of buckshot was the only argument under the law.

Finally the legislature came to the rescue and officially incorporated 'no man's land' into Brown county proper. A hard fisted sheriff and a determined posse of farmers from Tennessee mountain stock quickly "cleaned out" the horde of refugees from noose and stone pile. Then 'no man's land' became 'peaceful valley' for all time. That is, unless a live wire interurban promoter visits the Palette and Chisel exhibit and considers how nice it would be to grade a double track across those lovely meadows.

"Color" Found by Pioneers.

But a whole volume, post propal, might be devoted to the experiences of Chicago's first pioneers in Brown county. For instance, during the native legend of Bear Wallow knob, once the only sizable mud hole in the county, where brown bears were wont to wallow in brutish exultation, and where ghostly growls and wraithlike snorings frighten the lone wayfarer even until this day. Then the host of funny anecdotes about Dick Moberly, retired barber and village wit, the life of every occasion and the Mommus of the tavern white-bund. And Daddy Neff, the old war veteran, who still shoulders his souvenir centennial cane and shows how fields were won. And Bert Frost, the traveling photographer, who resenteth not the strange artistic horde, and who tours the countryside branched like a sodak tree under four different cameras. And the old violin maker, who creates a Stradivarius only to have it addressed by the local music cult as a fiddle. And the gulps of native dialect, in which hospitality is voted by a plea to "come over and set a

"Color" Found by Pioneers.

spell." And the quaint masquerade surprise parties where no refreshments are served and illumination is furnished by barn lamps, and of a feminine mode: Plush cloak and sunbonnet. And of the dizzy whirl in which telegrams from Chicago sometimes consume a week in reaching their destination.

Such is Brown county, Chicago's latest principality.

"In the morning all of Brown county is enveloped by the most beautiful haze," said one enthusiast, expounding on its pictorial values. "In this charming vapor the hills become veritable mountains. And the fog! As they lie the sun paints them in every hue of the prism. The landscape is colored like a Paisley shawl. The autumn frosts are gorgeous."

Caution to next summer's tourists: Are you armored for salt pork?



"EVENING GLOW" A Brown County Homestead, Painted by R. F. Ingertie

Free Entertainment For the City Rubes.

Poor old East Madison street, after being torn up, ripped up and dug up in fifty different ways, is now in the throes of another stage of evolution. Just now workmen are finishing the job of laying concrete blocks along that tortured highway. But even in the final lap toward roadway perfection Madison street is a source of discomfort to the wayfarer. It seems that at least one-fourth of the busy, harassed downtown workers who pass that way are hypnotized by the overcast wizards who lay the concrete blocks.

They cluster and stand for many minutes absorbed in the pastime of watching laborers spread the contents of the tar wagon across the pavement. Strangers to the city, seeing these assemblies, imagine that a fight or a street car wreck is in progress until they have shouldered to the front. Then they become disinterested with the spectacle that spellbinds Chic'go's "rubes."

Still Pursuing.

Kindly old man on train to commuter—What is your pursuit, may I ask? Commuter—It's coming! It's the 6 o'clock! If I'm going back home it's the 7:30!

Talks on Teeth
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Sincerely,
Signed) MRS. F. C. HANNAHS,
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Chicago Girls in Foreign Lands Get Tons of Christmas Candy.

from five to twenty-five pounds. Some of this sweet stuff travels four and five thousand miles in foreign missions far remote from civilization and candy making facilities. The colleges and musical schools of many foreign countries get tons of candy during Christmas time. It is consumed not only by Chicago girls but by their chums of many other nations.

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Is It a Spook Coming Stealthily? No, It Is a Wilmette Milkman

somewhere in the backyard. I sat up in bed and strained my ears. The muttering continued.

"Burglars! I decided, and leaped from my couch.

"I peered through the dark, intending to measure the distance of the intruders in order that I might pour a half of shot into their vagie anatomies. Then I sighted a pair of objects in the alley which caused me to stagger. In that rear roadway stood two milk wagons. And I then recognized the whispering conspirators in the back yard as their drivers.

"Now what do you think of that? Milkmen actually going to the trouble of tiptoeing into one's yard without even banging the gate or crashing a can. Chicago milkmen never could have entered my domain without tearing up the maternal stillness at the threshold. Here these fellows had got clear to my door without jarring my sleep. And conversing in whispers! I couldn't understand it.

"Later I was told by old residents that this is the time honored method of the milkmen of Wilmette. Can you beat it?"

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Hall the rubber tired milkmen of the villages of Wilmette!

(But hush! This must be repeated pianissimo.)

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The thing that most impressed me during my first few weeks of residence in Wilmette was the habits of its milkmen, said a reformed Chicagoan who has settled down to suburban existence. "One morn I awoke before day had begun to silver the east. My window was raised high, as is the practice with us pneumatic. I heard these whispers

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CHICAGO CANDY FOR CHICAGO GIRLS

ONS of Chicago candy in a few days will be on the great oceans sailing for many distant ports. A great portion of it is consigned to Chicago girls who are away at school or for other reasons are turning away from home.

It is known that a Chicago girl never loses sight of the sweets made and sold at her home town. There are all kinds of candy made in foreign lands. It is put up in tempting morsels, whether it is made from sugar or thornless cactus, but the particular candy that a Chicago girl likes and loves is made in Chicago.

Long before Christmas inquiries at the express offices and the postoffice commence. People want to know the dates of sailings of ships. They calculate that a big box of candy will be shipped at a certain time before the mail will reach its destination on Christmas—maybe a day ahead, but not later.

Chicago parents are not permitted to forget that an absent girl wants Chicago candy during the holidays. The young women with the best tooth take occasion to write home before the last of the year cautioning their fathers of the house not under any circumstances to forget the box of good old Chicago candy.

Ports Often Destination.

Stationery is shipped to foreign countries containing all the way

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