

CENTENNIAL BOOKLET No. 1

FRANK STEPHENS'
SONGS

AND

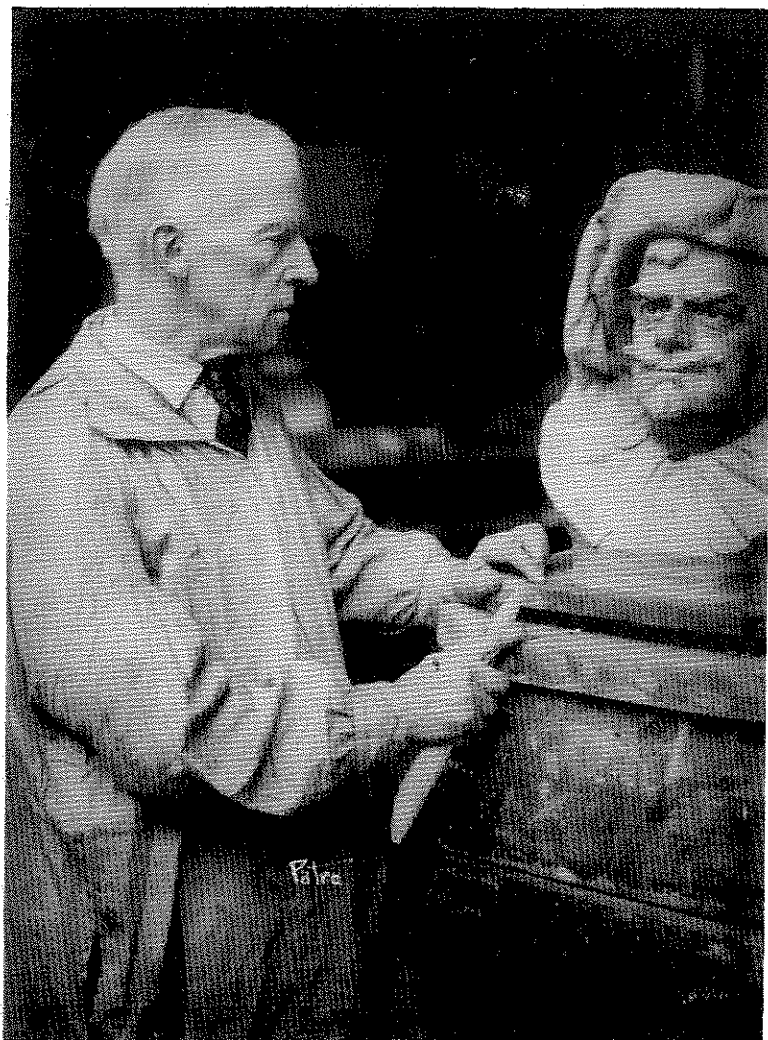
TRIBUTES

FROM OLD FRIENDS

1959

6-1330

Being excerpts from "Some Songs", his collected verses,
published after his death in 1935



FRANK STEPHENS

Dec. 28, 1859

June 16, 1935

FOREWORD

The year 1959, marking the one hundredth since Frank Stephens' birth, and the twenty-fourth since his death, seemed to many of his friends a fitting time for Arden to plan suitable memorials to its founder.

Consequently, on his birthday, last December 28th, some old friends of his gathered to discuss how best to create such memorials.

Of course, many suggestions were offered, and from these the following tentative program emerged:

- a. A fine portrait should be painted and hung in a suitable location in the Gild Hall.
- b. A plan should be developed for the construction of Frank Stephens' long-cherished dream of a Village Church. The Chapel Gild of The Arden Club has been formed to carry out this project.
- c. The hallowed Field Theatre, where Frank Stephens performed his Shakespearean roles so brilliantly, inspired countless Ardenites to love and perform Shakespeare — and where his ashes and the ashes of many other Arden pioneers rest — should be rehabilitated. So that young and old can again partake of the magical words of the Bard in surroundings that, too, will enchant their souls. The rehabilitation program would extend to the Moonlight Theatre at the Gild Hall. It is recommended that at least four Shakespearean plays should be produced annually at these two theatres.

The program calls for an effort to re-establish many of the colorful, creative activities started by Frank Stephens, and held dear by him, activities which contributed so much to the enrichment of the lives of those who participated in their doing. Among these are the Camp Fires, Vesper Music, Arden Day, Henry George Day, The Pageant of Robin Hood, Frank's own operetta "Grubb's Corner."

Finally it was suggested that a series of Centennial Booklets should be published about Arden, its reason for being, its way of life — its many interesting activities — and how it has survived for nearly three score years.

This Booklet No. 1, containing songs he composed for the Delaware Single Tax Campaign he lead in 1895-96, which inspired the creation of Arden — and the Arden songs he later composed. These were published after his death in a little volume entitled "Some Songs," along with scores of other poetical works of his facile pen. Each section was preceded by a tribute to the author by an old friend. These tributes are likewise included in this booklet. It is planned to follow this publication by others at suitable intervals.

continued on last page

"BEHOLD THIS DREAMER"

"... full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved."
—"As You Like It," (Act 1, Sc. 2).

DREAMER and poet,
Fighter and genius and friend—

And above the blow of the chisel, the flowering iron,
Ardent, untiring, he held to one high, great dream—
Beyond the dull covering veil and the clouded world,—
That should make all men free; sure-footed and free as gods.

Enduring scoffers and rude indifferent laughter
From all the fools who swear there are no dreams left,
Who swear there is no world else but the one we touch,
He held a dream. He made it a waking truth.

Men have known visions; snatched at flaming dreams
Scant long enough to paint them, write them, sing—
This builder made men live one, dwell in it;
He taught them how to shape it like a haven
Wide and tremendous, sheltering hope or fear.
For them he did "translate the stubbornness of fortune"
Sharing with those who had eyes quick to see,
And those who fired their torch from his own light,
And those who were purblind before they knew
Dreams could be caught, and held to the full sun!

Made it a part of life, the very whole
Full, common, blundering, stupid human life;
Broken, discouraged, growing, striving life
That common men know; those who fail
And try again, and fall, and struggle up.
Those who must get their dreams from other men,
Those who but follow, or but lift the stone
And hew the trees, and dig for springs, and watch
And hope with humbleness.

Until

Trees make their sacred home, and fountains give
Eternal water.

How shall he
Be now remembered, thanked; be loved or praised enough
Who made this Dream's high altar, struck its flame
Leaping, from his own body and his soul!

M. E. CROCKER.

June 16, 1935.

MY DELAWARE

How beautiful along thy shore,
Delaware, my Delaware,
Shall Freedom's word ring out once more,
Delaware, my Delaware.
We want the earth, we want the earth;
Our warrant is our manhood's worth.
Our title is our human birth.
Delaware, my Delaware.

We want the earth, we want it all;
We want the whole terrestrial ball.
Awake! Awake! 'Tis Freedom's call.
Delaware, my Delaware.

How beautiful for thy release,
Delaware, my Delaware,
The feet of them that bring thee peace.
Delaware, my Delaware.
Who bring the good that is to be,
Who make the way for Liberty,
Who bring the truth that makes thee free.
Delaware, my Delaware.

We want the earth, we want it all;
We want the whole terrestrial ball.
Awake! Awake! 'Tis Freedom's call.
Delaware, my Delaware.

(Air: "My Maryland.")

DOXOLOGY

Peace to thee, Delaware, abiding peace;
From foes within thy gates a swift release;
From lords of life and death who hold thy soil,
And for whose sport thy children captive toil.

Peace to thee, Delaware, abiding peace,
From those who spoil the fruits of thine increase.
O'er all thy land be peace all days to be,
The truth is come, the truth that makes thee free.

(Air: "Russian Hymn.")

DAT MORNIN'

O! I take ma banjo on ma knee—
Come along, little children, an' foller me—
Dere's a good time comin' to set you free—
O! Alle— Alle— Alle— Allelujah
In dat mornin' by de bright light—
O! Gabriel, blow you' trumpet for dat mornin'.

O! de way's been long and de night's been cold,
Come along, little children, an' foller me—
But we're gettin' back home to de Father's fold—
O! Alle— Alle— Alle— Allelujah—

O! de earth was made for de sons o' men
Come along, little children, an' foller me—
An' it's time dey was gettin' dere own again—
O! Alle— Alle— Alle— Allelujah—

O! de time draws nigh for de gettin' it back—
Come along, little children, an' foller me—
To de good an' de bad and de white and de black—
O! Alle— Alle— Alle— Allelujah—
(Air: "The Golden Slipper.")

A MARCHING SONG

We regret to have to mention
That our light deserves attention,
Tho' hid beneath a bushel in the past.
We're the army of salvation
For the rescue of the nation
And we may as well admit it first as last.

O! Swing ye golden gates, wide open, yes, wide open.
O! Swing, ye golden gates, ajar.
We're bound for Delaware and glory, yes, for glory,
We are martyrs just for fun, indeed we are.

We've a due appreciation
Of whate'er denunciation
You'll bestow on our attack on vested wrong.
If you'll only call us cranks
We'll acknowledge it with thanks,
We're afraid we've been respectable too long.

If we hear our brothers crying
From the hells in which they're dying,
In the prisons and the brothels and the slums,
And politely turn aside
While our faith is crucified,
Can we call it our millennium when it comes?

(Air: Stanzas—"Golden Stair.")
Chorus—"Golden Gates.")

THE BLUE HEN

O! The night is past, the day at last shall break with hope
for all;
The nations of the earth shall wake and rise at Freedom's call;
And thou, O little Delaware! art first to hear the word;
A little child shall lead them—and the Blue Hen is a bird.

O! The Blue Hen is a bird; O! The Blue Hen is a bird.
The Ostrich is a chucklehead, the Dodo is absurd.
O! The Blue Hen is a bird; O! The Blue Hen is a bird.
The glory gleams, the eagle screams— the Blue Hen is a bird.

When those shall be forever free for whom we live and die,
When every day in all the year shall be a Fourth July;
When all we've done and all we've won shall be a household
word;
The very babes shall love us—and the Blue Hen is a bird.

O! Always in thine eyes there shines that light, O! Liberty!
That saves the world, and tho' thou slay us, still we trust in
thee.

Amid the gloom thy morning song, the sweetest ever heard,
Awakes the world to Freedom's dawn—the Blue Hen is a bird.

(Air: "The Wearing of the Green.")

BY AND BY

O! We want the earth again,
For the landless sons of men;
We know how to get it back and keep it there.
Get the landlord off your backs
With our little Single Tax,
And there's lots of fun ahead for Delaware.

Tax! Tax! Tax!
We'll tax the landlords;
Cheer up, Comrades, tax them high,
Till at last they all disgorge,
Then hurrah for Henry George,
And we'll save the whole creation by and by.

O! The wage of them that toil
Shall not be the idlers' spoil.
Let the landlord hustle round and earn his share.
When you feel his grip relax,
That's our little Single Tax.
O! There's lots of fun ahead for Delaware.

O! We'll tramp the railroad ties
Till we see the wages rise,
And we'll whoop it up for freedom everywhere.
With our knapsacks on our backs,
With our little Single Tax.
O! There's lots of fun ahead for Delaware.

(Air: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.")

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(Air: "The Golden Slipper.")

THY WILL BE DONE

Adapted from John Hay

AIR—"The Marseillaise"

Not alone for our own salvation
We have raised our hands on high.
Not in dumb resignation
Have we seen our brothers die,
Have we seen our brothers die,
As soars the eagle toward the sun,
Our faith triumphant rises free,
And cries exulting unto thee,
O, Lord thy righteous will be done.

Where man oppresses man,
Where'er beneath the sun,
O, Lord, be there Thine arm made bare,
O, Lord! thy will be done.

Thy will—it bids the weak be strong,
Thy will—it bids the strong be just,
It bids us right the oppressors' wrong,
It bids us rise from out the dust,
It bids us rise from out the dust,
Thy will we speak with tongue and pen,
As did our fathers, undismayed,
Altho' the headsman's bloody blade
Flashed Freedom's message unto men.
Chorus:

O, Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeon bolts or bars confine thee,
Or whips Thy noble spirits tame?
Or whips Thy noble spirits tame?
Despite the crimes that went before,
Yet free shall be our common earth,
Our common heritage by birth,
For man is man and who is more.
Chorus:

SOME CAMPFIRE SONGS

In initiating community "fiestas" Frank had that rare directional ability which made everyone feel that his own participation was necessary to the success of the undertaking. Neither stranger nor resident was ever made to feel he need be on the outside looking in.

I remember the spectacular pageant of "Robin Hood" where, after only a few hours in Arden, several visitors found themselves members of the procession, as much a part of the pageant as any old resident. And who can forget how the whole town, strangers included, dressed in colorful costumes while young folk sang Italian songs and danced the Tarantella on that memorable night when the first "Carnival of Venice" was given on Naaman's Creek.

Frank's coöperation during the weeks of delightful rehearsals is one of our most cherished memories, for, with pageant or with carnival, Frank was always behind the scenes working unostentatiously, encouraging everyone, suggesting a costume or an artistic touch, often walking miles back and forth over the Arden roads to contact various members for rehearsals.

But the community gatherings that stand out most and for which the true Ardenite has the tenderest memories are the Sunday Night Camp Fires in the woods, where the reading of Uncle Remus by Frank became almost a classic and where everyone sang old songs together, and young folk and old folk, each did his part as the spirit moved him.

Surely this was what Frank loved most. For in the very earliest days, when Arden consisted of scarcely more than his own family, these Camp Fires were almost a ritual. Even the night before he passed away it was Uncle Remus he read to Don and Roger, and the Gilpin's Point folk, and it was around a camp fire that they sang old songs together at this third of the Single Tax Colonies he founded, on the Choptank River in Maryland.

And it is because of this that we have held on to our campfires in our woods as a true symbol of the Arden of which the moving spirit was and is Frank Stephens.

HERMAN P. HURLONG.

ARDEN TOWN

ARDEN'S "NATIONAL ANTHEM"

When crickets sing and kine are homing
And lanterned stars come seek the sun
The village lights aslant the gloaming
Come twinkling, twinkling, one by one,
O! Night and sunset glow and starry splendor
And cloud-wreathed eve, beneath thy silv'ry crown,
Ye give to me no guide so true and tender
As are the lights of Arden Town.

When wayward winds come back from straying
The wide world o'er, afar and long,
The woodland breezes cease from playing
To catch their rede and steal their song.
O! Winds that woo the flowers and roam at pleasure,
Though far ye fare by dale and grassy down,
Ye learn no song beside of that sweet measure
Ye taught the leaves by Arden Town.

When days are drear and ways are weary
And sad at heart we wanderers roam,
Light, tiny town, thy beacons cheery.
O! Whispering woodlands call us home.
For stars will shine again and days will brighten
And rough roads smooth that Love shall tread adown
And even-song ring brave and sad hearts lighten
As hope leads home to Arden Town.

(1909)

OVER THE HILLS

THE MARCHING SONG OF THE ARDEN PLAYERS

While foolish folk lie dreaming,
Dreaming happy hours away that were rightly meant for play,
See the night-star's signal gleaming
Over the hills and far away.
We have heard his pipes a-crying
As in Hamlin town of old,
Seen the vesture pied a-flying
Down the sunset's red and gold.
So we follow light and gay, follow bravely while we may,
Where we hear the piper play, over the hills and far away.

While stupid folk go splashing
Down the muddy ways they tread, with umbrellas overhead,
See the fairy beacons flashing
Where the painted rainbows spread.
We believe the good old story
By our fathers' fathers told,
That its arching, fleeting, glory
Springs from buried pots of gold.
So we follow light and gay, where the hidden treasures lay,
Where the rainbow signals play, over the hills and far away.

While silly folk sit purring,
Cook the meal and make the bed, rinse the pan and air the
spread,
Lo! the wise are up and stirring
Toward the Golden Goal ahead.
By the light that casts no shadow,
O'er the sea that has no strand,
Through thy streets, fair El Dorado,
Far away to No-Man's Land.
When we've stormed the Piper's hold, when we've found the
rainbow gold,
We'll come trooping home some day, over the hills and far
away.

(1910)

(Air: "The Young Recruit.")

(Foreword in "Arden Leaves"—"The consistent policy of this magazine since its inception has been to encourage advertisers and discourage poets. One of the latter class of 'undesirables' is by formal agreement limited to the production of one poem per year, which, after rigid censorship and blue-pencilling by the young people who do the singing, is added to the song collection. January 1st, 1909, it was the Arden song, 'Arden Town,' the following New Year the marching song, 'Over the Hills.' This year it is a simple half-translation of a song which gives its name to one of the sweetest of old German melodies."—By Fred Steinlein, that master printer and fine fellow who did so much in the pioneer days to help build the "Arden Spirit.")

SO FARE THEE WELL

So fare thee well, my woodland home,
Sad is my heart, afar to roam.
Dark is my way as forth I fare
Through the strange world, I know not where.

So fare thee well, thou dearest land,
Where love and hope go hand in hand.
Dark is the night by land and sea
Through which I wander, far from thee.

So fare thee well, dear heart of mine,
Through the dark night thy love shall shine,
On the dark way my guide shall be
Back to my land, my home and thee.

(1911)

(Air: "So Leb' Denn Wohl.")

BREAD AND ROSES

Maytime hope and yearning, Maytime sun and rain,
Brown furrows turning, wide falling grain,
Afield we fare together where the world is made anew,
For bread, Bread and Roses, and the Land of Dreams-
come-true.

Purple fields and golden, 'neath the harvest moon,
Brave songs and olden, rest cometh soon.
Still we toil together, through the mornmist and the dew,
For bread, Bread and Roses, and the Land of Dreams-
come-true.

Starlit winter o'er us, red-tiled roofs in snow,
Ring out the chorus by hearth fires aglow.
On we fare together, tried and proven, we and you,
For bread, Bread and Roses, and the Land of Dreams-
come-true.

(1912)

(Air: "Jolly Boating Weather.")

(Foreword in "Arden Leaves"—"Once a year, at the best of seasons, when the kindly spirit of Christmas puts the smile of forbearance even upon the wrinkled faces of critics, the Camp Fire poet takes courage to offer in exchange for what he most desires one more of his poor merchandise of songs. It is not for the critics, of course, but for all good children under eighty who love to sit together in the firelight and sing while the logs crackle on the hearth and the sparks go dancing up the smoky chimney. This time it has to do with the patriot peasant of the Tyrol, Andreas Hofer, and beginning with a line of translation of the brave German song called by his name it wanders on with the same purpose as the songs beginning with 'Arden Town,' that went before it, to give words that we may sing together to old-time melodies that will keep on singing themselves to us.")

ANDREAS HOFER

In Mantua, bound in tyrant's chain, Andreas Hofer stood.
In Mantua all for Freedom's gain was shed his dear heart's
blood.

As firm he stood for his fair land
Come doom, come death, so may we stand,
As he for Land Tyrol.

Not just for those he cherished, for fair Tyrol, his own,
Has Andreas Hofer perished, in shameful death alone.
He nobly fought and nobly fell
For us and all the world as well,
As he for Land Tyrol.

For some must die in Freedom's name, like Andreas brave
and pure,
And some through weary years of shame must manfully endure.
So serve we hard or serve we long
May love still hold us true and strong,
As he for Land Tyrol.

(1913)

(Air: "Andreas Hofer.")

JOHN BAPTIST

O! W'at kin' o' shoes is dem you wear,
Wid yer toes stuck fro' dem here an' dere,
Wid de heel run down an' de sole wo'n bare,
Say—w'at kin' o' shoes is dem you wear?

O! De shoes I w'ar is sore wid pains
W'ar de stones lie rough in de lon'ly lanes,
From de Mar'lan' line to de moanin' sea,
A-trudgin' to set my people free.

O! Whar did you git sich a funny ole hat
Wid de brim hangin' down an' de crown mash'd flat,
Don' it keep you a-won'erin' whar you's at
To look out on de worl' un'er any sich hat?

O! It's rough on de brim an' it's tough on de crown
W'en de rain beats in an' de sun bu'ns down.
But de hot an de cole's all one to me
A-trudgin' to set my people free.

O! Whar did yer fin' dem shabby ole clo'es
Dat look like dey come f'om nobody-knows?
Did you pick 'em in de fiel' w'har de rag-bag grows?
Was yer robbin' some scarecrow to get dem clo'es?

O! de clo'es I wear ain't much fer style
But dey'll do fer to keep de road aw'ile.
For dere's sumthin' ahead keeps a-callin' me,
A-trudgin' to set my people free.

(1914)

(Air: "Golden Slippers.")

UNTO THE JUDGE

O Master Fate that so relentlessly
Whips men adown the world, Thou, only known
By the twin burdens, ever wearier grown,
Life's certain woe and death's uncertainty—

Sender of life and death, hearken and give
As tyrant lord to wretch condemned to die
His last poor wish. Out of my chains I cry
For one sole boon to me condemned to live—

I will not waste that grace to beg long life
Nor sue that death come mercifully swift,
Not one of all the wealths within thy gift,
Not even rest from pain nor peace from strife—

But this alone, Master of Death, whose might
Rules him who rules the mightiest, hear and give—
That only so much life be mine to live
As I may live to fight my brother's fight.

Let not the soft winged days with drowsy songs
Smother my protest at the world's misrule,
Nor chill oncoming years avail to cool
Love for the poor and fury at their wrongs—

Because Thou madest manhood, answer yes—
Suffer me not to live to shame thy plan,
To traffic in the birthright of a man
As harlot to the public or the press.

The day that I would turn from common men
To those accounted great and set in power,
Granter of Death, though it should be this hour,
Let me be spared the shame to live till then.

Note: The above verse has recently been discovered in
"The Conservator" for July 1898 by Gertrude Traubel,
daughter of its distinguished editor Horace Traubel.

FRANK STEPHENS

A LIVING flame, smouldering always, then flashing out in bursts of brilliance . . . that was Frank Stephens.

As man . . . each day a new adventure for him. Nothing that had gone before could dull his zest for each new experience.

As thinker and fighter . . . enlisting heart and soul for a dozen reforms, but coming early to the final clear realization of what was greatest of all . . . willing to sacrifice all the others for what he felt was fundamental Truth.

The sort of man to whom no one could remain indifferent. Either one liked him whole-heartedly . . . or disliked him vehemently . . . sometimes both at one and the same time. There was no half-way with him, nor for him.

That was Frank Stephens.

And greatest of all was he as speaker . . . one of the very best. Unforgettable, once heard. Standing at first with eyes half-closed, the rich voice muted, apparently caring little for his audience, or even aware of them. Then, before they knew it themselves, he had gathered them up in a growing fervor, swept them away in a torrent of eloquence that held them spellbound, shaken, thrilled. He lifted them to the heights, flung them down to the depths, almost in one and the same instant. He played on them as an organist might play on his keyboard. That was Frank Stephens.

Memory brings up one experience of Frank as speaker.

An actor friend was my guest, a man of intelligence, himself a good speaker with a fine voice which he knew how to use. We sat facing the audience. Frank was at his best that night.

Once I glanced at my friend. He was studying the audience intently. When the applause died away I turned to get his reaction. It was enthusiastic. "I have never seen anyone, speaker or actor, hold an audience so completely in his power. It was magnificent."

But as for the actor, so does posterity weave no wreaths for the orator. Oratory is of all the arts the least acknowledged as an art, and yet the most intimately personal. More so even than acting. For behind the actor stands the poet, whose word on the printed page can keep alive, at least for those who heard him, the actor's interpretation. For the speaker few such memories can live.

Yet in these poems of this book, much of that living flame

that was Frank Stephens can carry on for us, his comrades in the Cause to which he gave his best power. We at least can remember the man for whose rich soul they were some faint expression.

Frank Stephens' best expression was in his speaking. He had supreme command of that art so little understood . . . merely having something of value to say does not mean that we can say it from the platform, any more than we can say it in good prose, in good verse, on canvas or in stone, without study, without development of the resources of voice, manner, personality. Frank Stephens had full command of his art, and through it poured, unhindered by any awkwardness or constraint, the full richness of his mind, heart, and soul.

Something of all this lives in these few verses.

And oddly, for one who knew him only in his maturity, one of the poems written in his youth seems most to express him. "WITH THE TIDE," in its last lines,

"And they are the brave and noble
Who will work *against* the tide."

Frank Stephens was indeed of the brave and noble, for all his life he worked against the tide . . . against the tide of easy-going conservatism and conventionality, against the tide of selfish clinging to Things as They Are, against the tide of reluctance to search for truth and justice for fear of where the search may lead us.

He had no fear. All his life he sought for, and fought for, Truth and Justice.

GRACE ISABEL COLBRON.

SOME WAR SONGS

Frank Stephens was against killers and killing. That meant that he opposed the slaughter of living creatures for food; the vivisection of animals, in the pursuit of scientific knowledge; the killing of wild life for sport; and the mass murder of war.

The anti-war record of Frank Stephens is impressive. He opposed the war with Spain in 1898 and the war of conquest waged against the Philippine people from 1899 to 1902. He helped to organize the Anti-Imperialist League against this aggression. Later he protested against the aggression of the United States Government in Latin America. He was active in denouncing the attack on the Boer Republics by the British Government in 1899.

When Europe went to war in 1914, Frank Stephens took his place once more in the anti-war ranks. As the war dragged on through years, and as it became more evident that the big business interests of the United States were intent on pushing the country into the conflict, Frank Stephens devoted himself untiringly to writing, speaking and organizing against United States participation in the war. When these efforts failed, on the eve of the United States entrance into the war, he joined such of the peace forces of the country as could be mobilized in a united front last minute demonstration in Washington.

When the United States had entered the war he took part in organizing the People's Council and the No-Conscription Fellowship. He refused to support the war by buying Liberty Bonds and was arrested and tried for this, which was termed an attempt to interfere with the prosecution of the war. Only the masterly court defense presented by Gilbert E. Roe enabled him to escape a long prison term.

Frank Stephens spent a long life-time of opposition to killers and killing. Few men of his generation have a more consistent record of devoted and wholehearted opposition to that hideous form of wholesale destruction, mass maiming and mass murder, called war.

SCOTT NEARING.

SOME PRISON SONGS

In writing of Frank Stephens, I naturally revert to the particular interest we held in common, and this leads me at once to speak of his love of justice. Whenever and wherever the effort was made in behalf of human freedom, there one would surely find him. In the long fight for suffrage for women we could always depend upon his unfailing interest and active support. He worked with us in all the phases of our fight—speaking, marching, organizing, presenting his lovely Shakespearean plays to relieve our financial distress, and even offering to go on our Picket Line at the White House, where only women stood. Human freedom and a keen sense of justice had his deep and genuine sympathy and devotion, and we knew that in him with these objects in view, we had the most faithful and trusty comrade. One on whom we could always depend.

Added to this he was an extremely gifted individual. He was an artist, a poet, a scholar, and an actor.

To have known him well for nigh twenty years, to have worked both with and for him, to have a knowledge of his life and strife, gives a deeper insight into the meaning of his verses. His spirit was ever free, no conventions nor iron bars impounded either his conscience or his courage; and so these lines, which he was fond of quoting, can in turn be quoted for him—

"We shall go down the road of unreturning
Broken and spent, but faithful to a star."

FLORENCE BAYARD HILLES.

SOME FAREWELL SONGS

"I will neither kill nor help kill." The man who wrote this defiance to President Wilson in the early war days of 1917, offered himself for arrest. He was one of the noblest and truest of Americans and one of the very few consistent Christians. No one could know that sweet and gentle spirit which was called Frank Stephens and not admire and love him. You could not be with him ten minutes without being aware of his utter sincerity, his complete intellectual truthfulness. His very simplicity went home, for it was the humility of a noble soul. This was one of the men that, had Jesus come to us in 1917, he would have sought out and cherished, and another would have been that other glorious jail-bird, Eugene V. Debs.

Perhaps they are all three together now. If they are they must be sitting in some quiet dell looking down upon the world's follies and sins with the completest courage, and the greatest of all qualities—unending patience plus comprehension. That must be a wonderful communion! There would be no need of introduction, no need of sounding out another's views, no clearing of the ground, no probing for horizons, for they would know in advance exactly where each stood. They would begin at once, as men do who have been soul-mates always and have just met again after years of separation. They must be, if they are talking now, speaking on the highest level with all the wisdom of the ages—the wisdom of men who have conquered their own souls and risen above themselves, the flesh, all earthly lures.

Yes, Frank Stephens was of the saints. He toiled, he labored, by his own choice far less conspicuous than those traitors to humanity who so often win the votes to betray themselves and their people. But always with love and good-will in his heart, and with no other aim than a bringing a bit nearer the kingdom which men call God's.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

SOME LOVE SONGS

"Goodness," said Olive Schreiner, "is to accept the common things of life and to walk truly among them: Happiness is a great love and much serving: Holiness is an infinite compassion for others."

"The Beauty of Holiness!" Well, since God is love, the beauty must be that of love, as it was shown in the "face that was more marred than any man's."

Not Love only, but love in freedom, was the religion that I learned from Frank. He saw clearly that men and women cannot have free love indeed, until they have freedom; and that the first condition of freedom is the right to live upon the earth without submitting to or paying anyone for the privilege.

"Faith," said Louis F. Post, "is belief in the possibility of righteousness here and now." It was such faith that established Arden, Delaware, and her daughter Free Acres, New Jersey, working models of Liberty applied to Land. Women, men and especially children loved Frank; he abhorred everything that was unnatural, restricted or coarse, and worked for conditions that would make Love and her daughter, Art, easy and spontaneous. He held that Art was the contagious expression of feeling which should enter into every life. One of his intimate friends, Ami Hicks, set forth the practice of this in "Every Day Art."

What inspirations do not we owe to him who being dead yet speaketh to us in these Songs of Love.

BOLTON HALL.

SOME HOMESICK SONGS

I first met Frank Stephens about thirty-five years ago, when he came to live in Arden. We were neighbors, my farm being nearly adjacent to the new Arden settlement (Arden-town). From that time until a little while before his death, I saw him frequently. There was, I believe, a real friendship between us. Certainly, I felt very warmly toward him, and he always manifested a regard for me.

In every contact and relationship, which I had with him, I was impressed by his personal charm, his transparent sincerity, his intellectual integrity, his moral courage, his altruism, his candor, his fairness and his willingness patiently to hear, carefully to consider and honestly to appraise the ideas and views of others.

While I often differed with him in the political views and beliefs held by him, I always recognized in him an honest, sincere and courageous opponent. What Frank Stephens believed to be true, he never hesitated to express and he never flinched from the consequences of such expression.

Outside of the field of economics, in which he was generally most evidently known, there was a field in which we met without conflict. In the domain of literature and art, he was a delightful companion and trustworthy guide. I have always felt it to be a pity that he could not have been secluded from the turmoil of political and economic strife and allowed to express himself solely in his art as a sculptor. And yet I know that in such seclusion only half of his nature would have been satisfied. It took both sides to make up the man, whom all his friends and associates loved and whose loss they mourn.

CHRISTOPHER L. WARD.

SOME BIRTHDAY SONGS

The fortunate few of us who were privileged to grow up with Shakespeare as part of our daily lives in Arden, have memories too priceless to value.

It was in the Field Theatre, where the children and older Arden folk played their many parts—and where those patient, but ever-entertained audiences, were introduced to, and became fast friends of, Shakespeare.

These audiences seemingly could not have enough of the plays. They even insisted on attending the rehearsals and were known to prompt on occasions when lines were haltingly given. The hundreds of plays we have produced since Frank Stephens started the Players' Guild some thirty or more years ago have had in their casts many of those who have achieved great prominence within their chosen callings.

Of course, many of us assert no claims to fame. However, through the vision, energy, and artistic sensibility of Frank Stephens, we have had the opportunity that all too few elsewhere have experienced—the opportunity to conspire in Rome against Cæsar—tread Verona's lanes and gardens—scoff at Shylock in Venice—sleep in the forest, "a mile without the town" of Athens—laugh with Sir Tobey at Malvolio—and on, and on to the Forest of Arden with weary Touchstone.

As we look back over those interesting evenings, we recall the friendships made, the coöperation, the fun, and the anxiety;—and, woven through every recollection like a theme, is the image of Frank Stephens.

His boundless energy, knowledge of the plays, ready wit, resourcefulness, and acting ability, were a constant source of amazement to those of us who had the great good fortune to play with him.

How fitting now that his ashes rest in the place that he made so vital in Arden—the place for which Arden is best and most widely known—the place to which Arden's most illustrious sons and daughters hark back to in their memories—the Field Theatre!

"BUZZ" AND "JIMMIE" WARE.

VIVISECTION VERSES

Frank Stephens was for thirty years a vice-president of the American Anti-Vivisection Society, the oldest in America, and for many years lectured and debated for it and for other anti-vivisection societies.

His trenchant wit and keen irony added to his very palpable sincerity and courage made him a formidable opponent on the platform and his careful and forceful presentation of facts always secured the respectful attention of legislators when he argued in favor of bills to abolish vivisection.

He was a true humanitarian who would not hunt, kill or eat animals himself and who felt that man's injustice and cruelty toward the animal kingdom was an indication that man was not the superior being he pretended to be. He felt very strongly that no good to mankind could come from the torture of animals in the name of science and that vivisection was a misleading and dangerous form of medical research, tending to the commercialization of a noble profession by placing the emphasis upon vaccines and serums in whose manufacture millions of dollars were invested.

In the humane field, as in so many others, he was both an idealist dreamer and a practical pioneer.

ROBERT R. LOGAN.

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It was Will who, when they had failed of their immediate objective there, said, to his friend, "Well, let's make a working model of the Single Tax, anyway." So Arden was born.

And being practical dreamers, they knew that although a firm economic foundation was essential to a healthy social life, more was needed. So upon the root of Henry George's economic truth they resolved to graft the tree of a beautiful communal life, such as that envisioned by William Morris, where the Arts should hold their rightful place, and the making, using and enjoying of beautiful things should be an essential part of the everyday life of everyone. Thus the building up of handicrafts and the encouragement of craftsmen and artists became a vital part of Frank's life. To the end he personally carried on the particular craft he himself developed, that of hand-wrought iron.

The distinctive, artistic character of Arden is due in large part to the love of truth and beauty of these two rare spirits.

DON STEPHENS.

SOME SONGS FOR ARDEN FOLK

There was once upon a time a boy, Aladdin, who need only rub his magic lamp, and a genie appeared who fulfilled every wish, however impossible.

That's the fairy story I read as a little girl—but most little girls grow up, and find that life is not like a fairy story; only, if you happened to have been one fortunate enough to live in Arden and know "Patro," you don't envy Aladdin his wonderful lamp.

At an orchestra rehearsal some one might remark,—“Look, I've found a viola part—wouldn't it be nice if we had one?” In less time than it takes to write it, Patro would be home and back with a viola. No genie could work quicker, no genie could sit down and play the viola.

It seems almost impossible to write of the things Patro accomplished or of his influence along musical lines. His personality was such that you cannot think of it as ended, but as still affecting your life. At Vespers, opera rehearsal, folk dancing, Patro, though keeping himself in the background, was always the guiding spirit, the genius who made commonplace happenings worth while—encouraging the young musicians, marvelling at the proficient.

Musician, actor, writer—all these was Patro; but above all the Single Taxer. He thought, talked and even sang Single Tax. In fact we all sang it—in the operetta, “GRUBB’S CORNER.” Well do I remember the evening Patro brought over “PETER GRUBB” in its infancy. Before long we were all singing—

“Here we are at last, thank gracious,
Far from kings and lords rapacious,
Seeking in these woodlands spacious
Room to use our fists.”

At each performance he added another song, and before the summer ended, an enthusiastic audience witnessed the final curtain, while sixty members of the Arden Chorus sang—

“This is landlord’s law we’re told,
That who grabs it first shall hold—”

And we’ve been singing it ever since, deeply thankful for all we have had from him, and cherishing it always.

ESTELLA HILLERSOHN.

SOME BOYHOOD SONGS

Often, even in his young days, Frank would fall to quiet thinking and wondering, perhaps being prepared for the deep, serious questions he was to meet later. But it is the merry heart, the quick, ready answer that I remember first, the gifts of memory and fancy of this merry child in a happy home. Up in the old apple tree, with an adoring audience of one, he would recite poetry and fairy tales, by him so easily remembered, and made so real to his listener.

Among his school fellows he was naturally popular, having always that kindly interest in the individual that made friends for him everywhere. His keen wit, his ready response, in prose or poetry—made him a great addition to school and social gatherings, and added zest to all our games. He was never at a loss. Asked, in that game of questions whose answer must include a given word;—“What time is it?—Umbrella,” instantly came the couplet—

“As I can’t see through your umbrella,
You’d better ask another fellow!”

Was an extra article needed for the school paper? “I’ll compose one,” said Frank. And immediately made “A Few Lines About a Sleighing Party”—the start, what we ate, how we danced—concluding,

“Then we sang quite every song
That everybody knows,
From ‘Rally ‘Round the Flag, Boys,’
Clear up to ‘Three Black Crows.’”

No, a party was never dull when Frank was one of the guests, for even as a child he possessed those unusual qualities that drew people to him. So were all animals fond of him, as he of them. Our beloved dogs, Rover and Merrylegs, the horses, Kate and Max, even Jennie, the little monkey, all found only kindness from him.

Loyal to his people and his friends—all my memories of him are golden.

EDITH STEPHENS EDDY.

SOME ODD SONGS

I will remember Frank Stephens, not as an economist, not as a fighter for economic justice, not as a writer, not as an orator, but as a fearless soul, a believer in liberty and an opponent to war who wrote a great letter that should be as famous as Nathan Hale’s “I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.”

Frank Stephens was a pacifist and opposed the World War. He walked into the White House the day after Mr. Wilson went before Congress and asked for a Declaration of War, and delivered the letter to Assistant-Secretary Foster to be delivered to the President.

The letter reads as follows:

“Washington, D. C.
“April 3, 1917.

“Mr. President:

“The bloodguilt of this war is upon you and neither you nor the law shall make me a sharer in it. I will neither kill nor help kill.

“When it seems expedient to you, as it soon must, to make an example by punishment of those who will not obey your war laws and who appeal to others not to obey them I offer myself for that service to my country.

FRANK STEPHENS”

Nathan Hale may have been sorry he had but one life to lose for his country. He had no choice but to lose it; but greater than that was the courageous act of Frank Stephens.

During the war he was indicted under the Espionage Act for giving reasons for refusing to buy liberty bonds, but after a trial was acquitted. He opposed war in the time of war when governments, the people and the press were insane on the subject. Frank Stephens never weighed his opinions by the time, or the opinions of friends. There was a man.

HARRY WEINBERGER.

CENTENNIAL PROGRESS REPORT

A gifted Arden artist, Charles Vinson, is at work on a fine portrait of Frank Stephens.

William W. Price, son of Arden's co-founder, William L. Price, and himself an architect of note, has made plans for, and a model of, the proposed Arden Chapel. He has also drawn a plan for the continuing rehabilitation of the Field Theatre, and the rebuilding of the Moonlight Theatre outside the Gild Hall.

A production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the first of those planned, has already been played this summer in the Field Theatre under the direction of William P. Frank.

YOUR COOPERATION WILL HELP

Many of the efforts already under way require money. Many friends of Frank Stephens and others who merely knew him by hearsay, have made voluntary contributions. If you want to be a part of this Frank Stephens Centennial program through the contribution of funds, you may send such contribution to

PHILIP COHEN, Chairman
Frank Stephens Centennial Committee
Grubb's Road, Wilmington 3
Delaware

continued

We believe this booklet will provide an appreciation of Frank Stephens and his many-talented character for those who did not have the privilege of knowing him in person, and with an understanding of why this little village of Arden retains such an artistic, creative atmosphere.

To those who did know him, this booklet should recall a warm, generous friend, a fighter for justice on many fronts, a brilliant wit, and one who was ever a leader in good works for the betterment of mankind.