

Albert Hubbard in

In Greeley they know all about Froebel, Pestalozzi, Ruskin, Morris and Tolstoy, and when you talk there you had better say something.

THE PHI-
LISTINE

One man I met at Greeley was worth going miles to see. Old Man Remenyi told me of him, years and years ago. "His name is George W. Fisk," said the Old Man, "and he makes violins to the glory of God, just as Stradivarius did. I used to play a 'Strad,' then a woman who loved me gave me a 'Joseph Guarnarius,' but now I play a 'Fisk.'"

So I went to see Fisk of Greeley. He has a little bit of a shop and works all alone by himself. He knows nothing but violins and the great men and women who played violins and loved them. Fisk plays, too, and when he sells a violin he always sheds tears at parting with it and tries to buy it back. He works just a month on each instrument, and never lets a violin leave the shop until it is at least a year old. To see Old George Fisk close his eyes and caress a violin makes you think of the times of long ago when all the days were May days and sorrow was unguessed. There is a man who has found his work; and his heart is as pure as the notes of his silver string when he plays Mendelssohn's Songs without Words.

Eaton, Colorado, is a town of just four hundred