


THE J. PAUL GETTY MUSEUM LIBRARY





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018 with funding from
Getty Research Institute

<https://archive.org/details/craftsman1219unse>

THE CRAFTSMAN
an Illustrated Monthly¹⁹ Magazine in the
interest of Better Art,
Better Work, and a
Better and More Reasonable Way of Living.
Volume Twelve, April,
1907-September, 1907



GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR
& PUBLISHER, 29 WEST 34TH
STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Index to Vol. XII of The Craftsman

TOPIC INDEX

- Als ik Kan—Thoughts occasioned by a letter from Paul M. on the policy of THE CRAFTSMAN, 110; Civic corruption and some proposed remedies, 230; Why does the manufacturer make Goods, good or bad? 348; Popular philanthropies, 458; Impressionism in photography, 564; Efficiency in Education, 704.
- Architecture, Costa Rica's Native; A Lesson in Simple Construction and Beautiful Effects—Campbell McLeod, 441; Simplicity and beauty of architecture in Costa Rica; characteristic features of dwellings; materials employed in building; gardens and hedges.
- Architecture, The Trail of Japanese Influence in Our Modern Domestic—Henrietta P. Keith, 446; The spirit of the Orient in America; houses planned by Green and Green, of Pasadena, Cal.
- Art, The Leaven of—Bliss Carman, 147; first concern of art will always be to satisfy the craving for beauty; a supreme artist is an artist in every act and undertaking; an artist one who glorifies his occupation; good art not an expensive thing, yet priceless, because some love must always go with the price.
- As a Bird in Springtime: A Poem—Elsa Barker, 496.
- Bear, The Taming of the: A Story—Paul Harboe, 34.
- Beauty in the City House, Possibilities of—335; Homes of Whistler, Turner, George Eliot, Dante Gabriel Rossetti; how a city home may have some of the charm of the country.
- Beauty, the Right to. See Home Department, Our, 127.
- Be Silent on Your Blind Side: Poem—Ernest Crosby, 440.
- Bird, The: A Poem—Elsa Barker, 628.
- Blount, Godfrey. See Home Department, Our.
- Book Reviews—"The History of Architecture," Russell Sturgis, 118; "The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn," Elizabeth Bisland; "Self-Propelled Vehicles," J. E. Homans, 242; "The Labor Movement in Australasia: A Study in Social Democracy," Victor S. Clark, 359; "The Working of the Railroads," Logan G. McPherson, 360; "Introduction to Business Organization," Samuel E. Sparling, 361; "The Italian Lakes," W. D. McCracken, 361; "A Glossary of Terms Used in English Architecture," Thomas Dinham Atkinson, 361; "Shakespeare," Walter Raleigh, 362; "Principles and Practice of Plumbing," J. J. Cosgrove, 362; "The House," Isabel Bevier, 362; "Newer Ideals of Peace," Jane Addams, 466; "The Kingdom of Man," E. Ray Lankester, 468; "The History of Socialism," Thomas Kirkup, 469; "The New Basis of Civilization," Simon N. Patten, 470; "Library of Home Economics," 576; "The Old Engravers of England in Relation to Contemporary Life and Art," Malcolm C. Salaman, 576; "The Spirit of American Government," J. Allen Smith, 577; "Fenwick's Career," Mrs. Humphry Ward, 578; "Bird Craft: A Field Book of Two Hundred Song, Game and Water Birds," Mabel Osgood Wright, 578; "Freedom in the Church," Alexander V. G. Allen, 579; "Van Dyck," Lionel Cust, 579; "The Port of Missing Men," Meredith Nicholson, 579; "The Warrior Spirit in the Republic of God," Anna Robertson Brown Lindsay, 580; "Correggio," T. Sturge Moore, 581; "Country Cottages and Week-End Homes," J. H. Elder-Duncan, 581; "The Works of James McNeil Whistler," Elizabeth Luther Cary, 711; "Rumford Fireplaces," G. Curtis Gillespie, 711; "The Limit of Wealth," Alfred L. Hutchinson, 712.
- Borglum, Solon H.: Sculptor of American Life; An Artist Who Knows the Value of Our Incomparable Materials—Selene Ayer Armstrong, 382; Mr. Borglum's high achievements; early life; travels; in the ranch; love of horses; dramatic treatment of the Indian; his greatness as an artist.
- Bourgeois Spirit in America, The—Grace Latimer Jones, 525; Our culture self-conscious; Americans lacking in true æsthetic appreciation; real mental growth

TOPIC INDEX

- not fostered in our schools; soul culture, its advantages, its dangers.
- Brain-Spinners, Prayer of the: A Poem—Helen M. Bullis, 300.
- Bread, The Conquest of: Prince Kropotkin's Views on the Relation of Art to Life, Science to Labor, and Machinery to the Domestic Problem—670.
- Brigman, Annie W., Camera Work of. See Studies, Some Symbolic Nature, from the Camera of Annie W. Brigman.
- Broadcast—Ernest Crosby, 327.
- Bronzes, Marvelous, Three Thousand Years Old, Found in Ancient Graves and among Family Treasures in China—Dr. Berthold Laufer, 3; Archaeological importance of Chinese bronzes; collection of bronzes in Natural History Museum of New York City; difficulties met by the student of archaeology in China; how some important bronzes were obtained; Hsi-an-fu an art center in China; methods of the Chinese art dealer; treasured heirlooms in China now in the New York Museum.
- Butte, Montana, The Regeneration of. See Redeeming the Ugliest Town on Earth.
- Cabinet Work, Home Training in: Practical Examples in Structural Woodworking. Twenty-fifth of the Series—Gustav Stickley, 104; Designs and directions for making CRAFTSMAN hall tree, hall settle, hall mirror.
Twenty-sixth of the series, 224: Designs and directions for making a hanging bookshelf, bookcase, woodbox.
Twenty-seventh of the series, 342: Designs and directions for making mug-rack, piano bench, small table.
Twenty-eighth of the series, 452; Leather-covered stool; library armchair; library table.
Twenty-ninth of the series, 558: Wall cabinet, folding card table, phonograph stand and record cabinet.
Thirtieth of the series, 698: Table desk, a simple screen, bookcase and cupboard.
- Carducci, Giosue, The Simplicity of: Italy's Greatest Modern Poet—Raffaelli Simboli, 608; Carducci the greatest poet of Italy; little known outside his own country; lived and died an enemy of injustice, display, and human vanity; early years and studies; an interesting interview; awarded the Nobel prize for literature.
- Child Life, Two Little Poems of—Isabelle Howe Fiske, 659.
- Children of Fairyland, The School—Henry C. Myers, Ph.D., 631; The Japanese in Hawaii; educational statistics; the Hawaiian race disappearing.
- Child Wage-Earners in England: Why the Half-time System Has Failed to Solve the Problem—Mary Rankin Cranston, 424; Effect upon parents of employment of children; child labor in early days; modern conditions; the half-time system, its advantages and disadvantages.
- Chimneypieces, Some CRAFTSMAN, Any One of Which Might Furnish the Key-note for an Entire Scheme of Decoration—39; The fireplace as a center of interest; the hopelessness of a commonplace chimneypiece; CRAFTSMAN chimneypieces and their possibilities; suggestions.
- Church, The Socialized, What It Is Doing for the Welfare, Comfort and Happiness of the People—Mary Rankin Cranston, 51; The effect of social conditions on the religious world; attitude of the workingman toward the church; the socialized church and its work; the modern Sunday school; how the socialized church is doing its work in some of the larger cities; church members becoming "doers of the Word, not hearers only."
- Coburn, Alvin Langdon. See Photography as One of the Fine Arts.
- Costa Rica, Architecture in. See Architecture, Costa Rica's Native.
- Dance, The Flute. See Hopi, Festivals of the.
- Dance, The Snake. See Hopi, Festivals of the.
- Decoration, Interior. See Home Department, Our.
- Deformed, Work for the: What Is Being Done to Give Crippled Children a Chance to Become Useful Members of Society—Mertice M'Crea Buck, 193; Care of Cripples in New York, in Scandinavia and Denmark; "The Settlement Lady" and her work; various guilds for crippled children described.

TOPIC INDEX

- Doukhobors of Canada, The: A Community of Siberian Exiles Which Is Being Brought to Great Financial Prosperity by a Captain of Industry—Katharine Louise Smith, 64; Coming of the Doukhobors to America; Peter Verigin their leader; their extreme poverty and previous oppression; their present modern methods and financial prosperity; the men plow and sow, the women reap; Doukhobor doctrines; community life and its problems.
- Dressmaking, Home, the Natural Outcome of Simple Living. See Home Department, Our.
- Dressmaking, Raising the Standard of. See Home Department, Our.
- Economy, Political, of Saving Babies' Lives: Practical Method of Improving Cities' Milk Supply—John Spargo, 301: The diminishing birth-rate and its significance discussed; death-rate among children and its causes; danger of infection from milk; pasteurization; Dr. Goler's campaign in securing clean milk.
- Festivals, Religious. See Hopi, Festivals of the.
- Festivals, School. See Lesson in the Association of Work and Play, A.
- Fireplaces. See Chimneypieces, Some CRAFTSMAN.
- Folk of the Desert, The Primitive: Splendid Physical Development that Yet Shows Many of the Characteristics of an Earlier Race than Our Own—Frederick Monsen, 164: Physical and mental development of the Hopi; their communal, family and personal life; the position of woman; their religion and code of laws worthy of preservation; work of the missionary among the Hopi.
- Furniture, CRAFTSMAN Willow—477: Its adaptability to country life; willow, a material beloved of the craftsman; some simple designs.
- Garden, in Kent, Rose, Mrs. Burnett's: Evolved from a Centuries-Old Orchard—Mary Fanton Roberts, 537: The rose garden a place to loaf and invite your soul; how the roses twine over the hoary apple trees of Maytham Hall; Mrs. Burnett's robin; the practical side of rose culture.
- Gardens, School. See Method for School Gardens, The Hartford.
- Greet, Ben, and His Merry Woodland Players, Under the Greenwood Tree with: Their Happiness in the Simple Things of Life a Lesson in the Joy of Living—Selene Ayer Armstrong, 620; The pastoral art of Ben Greet and his company of English players; their hours of work and play described.
- Haslemere, Peasant Industries at. See Home Department, Our, 589.
- Hawaii, Education in. See Children of Fairyland, The School.
- Herter, Albert. See Panels, Some Decorative.
- Higgins, Eugene: An American Artist Whose Work Upon Canvas Depicts the Derelicts of Civilization as Do the Tales of Maxim Gorky in Literature—John Spargo, 135: Higgins a painter of the doomed and the disinherited; his own estimate of his work; studied under Jean Paul Laurens and Benjamin Constant and later at the Beaux Arts under Gerome; in 1904 returned to America, where he is still unknown; an appreciation of his genius; attitude of critics toward his work.
- His Message. From "Plain Talk"—Ernest Crosby, 548.
- Home, A Fifteen-Hundred-Dollar, That Is Both Comfortable and Beautiful—E. Drusilla Ford, 552: The home of a bachelor maid described; floor plans; interior details; color schemes.
- Home Department, Our—The Technique of Simple Rug Weaving: Looms, materials, Martha Washington rug, John Alden rug, Waverly rug, Priscilla rug, 119. The Right to Beauty: How a girl may be trained to plan and make her own clothes, 124. Raising the Standard of Dressmaking: Women must learn to make their own clothes, as a part of the philosophy of life, as a means of general culture; suggestions for simple and sensible clothing for the younger folk, 245. Home Dressmaking the Natural Outcome of Simple Living: Happiness of a homemade trousseau; Some things a prospective wife may do; suggestions for making gowns of simple design; the opportunities offered in a simple home of

TOPIC INDEX

- development in various arts and crafts, 363.
- Godfrey Blount's Free Hand Plaster Work for Interior Decoration—Stewart Dick: "Impressionism in plaster"; designs and tools; how to go about the work; Mr. Blount's methods described, 472.
- CRAFTSMAN Willow Furniture: Adaptability of willow furniture to country life; willow chairs and settles in CRAFTSMAN designs, 477.
- A Lesson in Practical Leather Work: Materials; tools; things to make; how to go to work, 582.
- Handicrafts of English Peasants at Haslemere: The Peasants' Art Society; the work of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Blount in developing work of peasants in weaving embroideries, and wood carving, 589.
- Homes, American, Spontaneous Architectural Expression Shown in the Building of, 515: The skyscraper the most significant expression of American national spirit; suburban and country residences designed by David Knickerbacker Boyd; their characteristics described.
- Homes, Week-End. See Notes, 566.
- Hopi, Festivals of the: Religion the Inspiration, and Dancing an Expression in All their National Ceremonies—Frederick Monsen, 269: Mythology of the Hopitah; its outgrowth; religious ceremonies; the Snake Dance; the priests; Flute Dance.
- Hopi, The. See Pueblos of the Painted Desert. See Folk of the Desert, The Primitive. See Hopi, Festivals of the.
- House, A CRAFTSMAN. Series of 1907, No. IV, 94: Bungalow adapted from sketches made by Mr. George D. Rand; a house rich in fireplaces and chimneys; description; plans.
- Series of 1907, No. V, 216: Brick and plaster construction; floor plans; the woodwork and its possibilities.
- Housekeeping, A More Simple Way of—Laura Clarke Rockwood, 371; Co-operative food kitchens proposed; their possibilities in solving the food problem in the home.
- House of Dr. Albert Soiland at Los Angeles, 595.
- Houses, Four Country, Built in a Strip of Woodland, which, so far as Possible, Has Been Left Untouched, 690: Houses of Mr. Yeager, Mr. O. J. Victor, Mr. R. E. N. Besant, and Mr. H. W. Hamlyn, three of which were designed by Mr. William Dewsnap; house of Mr. Frank Knothe, by Mr. Raymond D. Weekes; floor plans and general details.
- House of Fine Detail That Conforms to the Hillside on Which It Is Built, A—Una Nixon Hopkins, 329: Description of a western house showing marked originality; its conformity to local surroundings; details of the structure and arrangement.
- House of Harmonies, A: The Effect of a Happy Combination of Personal Interest and Professional Skill, 678: Dwelling of Mr. Edwin H. Hewitt, of Minneapolis, an architect of finished professional skill; decoration by Mrs. Mary Linton Bookwalter; the house described in detail.
- House, The Deserted: A Poem—Agnes Lee, 445.
- How an Archæologist Became a Craftsman and Developed a New Art-Industry—Edward H. Hocker, 549: Moravian tiling seen in the capitol at Harrisburg, Pa.; experiments of Henry C. Mercer in reproducing a forgotten art; four hundred plaques in the floor of the capitol, representing incidents in the history of Pennsylvania; the Moravians and their pottery; Mr. Mercer's studio.
- Humphreys, Albert: American Painter and Sculptor—John Spargo, 416: A painter of distinction; later a sculptor of animals; Mr. Humphreys' attitude toward animals; freedom and calm strength characteristic of his work; his more important paintings.
- Impressionism in Photography. See Als ik Kan, 564.
- Ingratitude, The Friend's: A Story—Paul Harboe, 390.
- Kropotkin, Prince. See Bread, The Conquest of.
- Lace Workers of the Italian Quarter of New York. See Story of a Transplanted Industry, The.
- Leather Work. See Home Department, Our, 582.

TOPIC INDEX

- Libraries, Traveling: How Free Books Are Sent to Remote Country Districts: Their Significance in Our Civilization—Georgia H. Reynolds, 59: Modern philanthropy aims to popularize education; Mr. Melvil Dewey, of New York State Library, and his plan for sending reading matter into remote districts; success of his scheme; spread of the traveling library into other states; this work supplemented by the sending out of pictures to town and country schools; influence of the traveling library, and results obtained.
- Light, Diffused. The Charm of, 372: The difference between side lights and the old-time chandelier; how lights are placed in CRAFTSMAN rooms.
- Love and Labor: From "Swords and Plowshares"—Ernest Crosby, 548.
- Lover, A Little: Poem—Laura Campbell, 415.
- Love's Patriot—Ernest Crosby, 328.
- Luks, George. An American Painter of Great Originality and Force, Whose Art Relates to All the Experiences and Interests of Life—John Spargo, 599: Action of the Academy of Design in rejection of Luks' paintings; an estimate of the work of Luks; characteristic examples of his work.
- Marionettes. See Where the Players Are Marionettes.
- Mercer, Henry C. Experiments of. See How an Archaeologist Became a Craftsman and Developed a New Art-Industry.
- Method for School Gardens, The Hartford: Vacation Times Where Work and Play Are Happily Combined—Stanley Johnson, 657: The school garden and its value in the training of children; school gardens in Hartford, Conn.; experiments and results.
- Milk Supply of Cities. See Political Economy of Saving Babies' Lives.
- Mirabelle, The Light Feet of: A Story—Katharine Metcalf Roof, 505.
- Music from the Ojibway's Point of View: Art an Unknown Word to These Primitive People, and Song a Part of Everyday Living—Frederick Burton, 375: Folk-song of the Ojibway; music-poetry in daily life; some examples given.
- Notes—Paintings of O. H. von Gottschalk; unusual collection of landscapes at the Salmagundi Club; "Land of the Hopi Indians," by Albert Groll; Buffalo Fine Art Academy; meeting of Eastern and Western art associations; Louis Mora's work, 113: Madame Johanna Gadski and her interpretation of Wagnerian rôles; eighty-second exhibit of the National Academy of Design; an appreciation of Eugene Higgins by Edwin Markham; exhibit at the Montross Gallery; the Schaus Gallery; death of Paul Harboe, 237: Second annual dinner of the McDowell Association; Ernest Crosby, an appreciation; the artistic photograph as a mural decoration; dinner at the National Arts Club to J. Q. A. Ward, the sculptor; paintings of W. L. Lathrop at the Montross Gallery, 352: Andover Play School; the Woodland Farm camp of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Lanier, 461: "Country Cottages and Week-End Homes," by J. H. Elder-Duncan; purchase of the house in which Whistler was born, and its conversion into art headquarters; "Peer Gynt," 566: The Knoedler Gallery; exhibition at gallery of Fishel, Adler and Schwarz; forecast of exhibition of Pittsburg Architectural Club; eleventh annual exhibition of the Art Association of Richmond, Ind., 708.
- Panels, Some Decorative, by Albert Herter, Which Are a Biting Satire on Modern Hyper-Luxurious Society—Giles Edgerton, 294: Decorative studies of Painting, Architecture, Sculpture, Music, Poetry, as seen on the arches of Mr. Herter's studio; the panels as viewed from a decorative point of view; their sociological significance discussed.
- Peasant of Ollerup, The Old: A Story—Paul Harboe, 211.
- Perrine, Van Dearing: A New American Painter of Nature's Elemental Forces—John Spargo, 487: Perrine a poet and a mystic; his expression of the miracle of creation; his early years and their influence on his art; his place in American art defined.
- Photography as an Emotional Art: A Study of the Work of Gertrude Käsebier—Giles Edgerton, 80: Secession photography

TOPIC INDEX

- strongly creative; Gertrude Käsebier one of the original Secessionists; her choice of a medium for artistic expression; her desire to make likenesses that are biographies; her portraits ultimate studies of the real people; the motherhood pictures; some notable portraits.
- Photography as One of the Fine Arts: The Camera Pictures of Alvin Langdon Coburn a Vindication of This Statement—Giles Edgerton, 394: A Plea for the photograph as an art medium; the new art photography; Mr. Coburn's work discussed and some of the more notable of his pictures described.
- Photography, Impressionism in. See Alk Kan, 564.
- Picardy: A Quiet, Simple Land Where Artists Find Much to Paint—Jane Quigley, 255; the route to Picardy; Etaples, Trepied, Montreuil-sur-Mer, Abbeville and Longpré and their artist colonies.
- Plaster Work, Freehand, for Interior Decoration. See Home Department, Our.
- Portrait from Life, A: A Story—Susan Corey, 287.
- Present for Teacher, A: A Story—Grace L. Collin, 615.
- Pueblos of the Tainted Desert: How the Hopi Build Their Community Dwellings on the Cliffs—Frederic Monsen, 16: The Hopi cliff dwellers of Arizona; precipitous trails lead to fortress-like cities at the top of cliffs: the Hopi a perfect representation of the prehistoric American; home-building; religious rites; education; descent reckoned through female line; a friendly and hospitable people; a Hopi dinner.
- Raising the Standard of Efficiency in Work: Practical Training Given by the Manhattan Trade School for Girls—Clarence Osgood, 634: How the Trade School came into being; acknowledged inefficiency of the average worker the incentive; Manhattan Trade School for Girls; training of brain and hand; methods and results.
- Redeeming the Ugliest Town on Earth—Helen Fitzgerald Sanders, 315: The betterment of Butte and the moral effect upon its population; the CRAFTSMAN scheme as carried out in some of the later homes; manual training in Butte; house of Mr. Samuel Barker.
- Regeneration of Ikey, The: The Story of a School Where Dull or Vicious Little Brains Are Awakened by Training the Hands to Useful Work—John Spargo, 642: School No. 110 in New York; practical training as shown in the education of Ikey.
- Restoring His Self-Respect: A Story—Frank H. Sweet, 531.
- Roofs, Tiled; The Kind of Buildings to Which They Are Suited, and a Method of Construction that Makes Them Practical as Well as Picturesque—Arthur Jerome Eddy, 180: Aesthetic importance of the roof; the Gothic cathedral a perfect combination of roof and wall; roofings in common use; tile, where and how made; tiled roofs in California and Japan.
- Rug Weaving, Simple, The Technique of. See Home Department, Our.
- Saloon, British Substitutes for the: A Wise Method of Making the Sale of Liquor Undesirable—Mary Rankin Cranston, 497; Intemperance in the days of George III; drinking among our forefathers; temperance work in England; public-house companies; the Göthenburg system; People's Refreshment House Association and its work.
- Siegfried's Second Rhine Journey—Katharine Metcalf Roof, 155.
- Sign, The: A Poem—Agnes Lee, 619.
- Spirits, The Three: A Poem—Elsa Barker, 205.
- Spring, A Hint of: A Poem—Agnes Lee, 163.
- Springtime: A Poem—Jean Montgomery Martin, 146.
- Story of a Transplanted Industry, The: Lace Workers of the Italian Quarter of New York—Elizabeth A. Irwin, 404: The Italian colony in MacDougal street; embroidery and lace-making of the Italian women; the Scuola d'Industrie Italiane begun under Miss Carolina Amari; success of the school and demand for its products; sympathy of Queen Margherita of Italy in the work of the American lace school.

TOPIC INDEX

- Struggle, The—Valeria De Mude Kelsey, 179.
- Studies, Some Symbolic Nature, from the Camera of Annie W. Brigman—Emily J. Hamilton, 660: Mrs. Brigman a member of the more important Secession societies; work with her camera divided between portraits of people, old and young, and symbolic nature studies; important examples of her work to be seen in her studio.
- Sunday School, The Modern. See Church, The Socialized.
- Tiles. See Roofs, Tiled.
- Tiling, Moravian. See How an Archæologist Became a Craftsman and Developed a New Art.
- Trade Schools for Girls, The Manhattan. See Raising the Standard of Efficiency in Work.
- Vallotton, M. Felix, The Unusual Woodcuts of. See Woodcuts, The Unusual, of M. Felix Vallotton.
- Verigin, Peter, and His Work Among the Doukhobors. See Doukhobors of Canada, The.
- Watch in the Night, A: A Poem—Isabella Howe Fiske, 530.
- Where the Players Are Marionettes and the Age of Chivalry Is Born Again in a Little Italian Theater in Mulberry Street—Elizabeth Irwin, 667; Elizabeth street and its pleasure-seeking throng of Italians; the puppet theater and its joys in Little Italy.
- Whom the Gods Love: Story—Carolyn Sherwin Bailey, 410.
- Window, Romance of the: How It Can Be Used Practically to Redeem Modern City Dwellings from Monotonous Ugliness—Esther Matson, 431: The spiritual quality about a window; the window in sacred and profane literature; adaptation of the window to climate; grouping and its possibilities.
- Windows, Interesting, Importance of: How the grouping of windows may become the center of interest in a room; windows designed by the secessionists of Germany, 483.
- Woman, The Other: A Story—Paul Harboe, 265.
- Woodcuts, The Unusual, of M. Felix Vallotton—Gardner C. Teall, 160: Vallotton's work first recognized in the Salon of 1885; his woodcuts and the impression created by their tremendous originality; an acute psychologist, but possessed of a saving sense of humor.
- Work and Play, A Lesson in the Association of.
- World, My: A Poem—Eva L. Ogden, 215.

INDEX OF PERSONS

	PAGE		PAGE
Abbey, Edwin A.....	423	Butler	230
Addams, Jane	466	Campbell, Laura	415
Albee, John	292	Canova	566
Allen, Alexander V. G.....	579	Carman, Bliss	147
Allen, Dr. W. H.....	707	Carnegie, Mr.	459, 712
Amari, Carolina	406	Carpenter, Edward	353, 375, 402
Ames	230	Cary, Elizabeth Luther.....	710
Armstrong, Selene Ayer.....	382, 620	Cary, Henry	377
Atkinson, Thomas Dinham.....	361	Cazin	423
Bacon, Francis	469	Chamberlain, Joseph	502
Bacon, Francis, Jr.....	569	Chapin, Dr.	303
Bailey, Carolyn Sherwin.....	410	Chester, Bishop of.....	502
Barker, Elsa	205, 496, 628	Chesterton, Gilbert	402
Barker, Samuel	321	Childs, W. H. D.....	492
Barré, Madame	663	Clark, Dr. Victor S.....	359
Barrows, Anna	575	Clark, Walter	240
Bartlett, George H.....	114	Coburn, Alvin L..	375, 395 et seq., 566, 599
Barye	422	Cochrane, Mrs.	675
Beardsley, Aubrey	161	Colgate, Florence	409
Beaufort, Lady Jane.....	432	Collin, Grace L.....	615
Bénédite, M.	710	Constant, Benjamin	146
Benson, Frank W.....	241, 528	Cooper, A. M.	127, 247 et seq., 365 et seq.
Berthelot, M.	469	Corey, Susan	286
Besant, Sir Walter.....	54	Coronado, Francisco Vasquez.....	19
Bevier, Isabel	362, 575	Correggio	581
Bisland, Elizabeth	242	Cosgrove, J. J.....	362
Blount, Godfrey	472, 589	Cotton, Alfred Cleveland.....	576
Bogart, A. B.....	382 et seq.	Courbet	711
Bohm, Max	261	Couse, E. Irving.....	240, 708
Bookwalter, Mary Linton.....	678	Cox	230
Borglum, Gutzon	421	Cranston, Mary Rankin.....	51, 424, 497
Borglum, Solon H.....	382 et seq.	Craufurd, Major	502
Boyd, David Knickerbacker.....	575 et seq.	Croker	230
Brigman, Annie W.....	660 et seq.	Crone, D. A.....	709
Brown, Austin	262	Crosby, Ernest	327, 328, 353, 440, 548
Brown, George Elmer.....	708	Cust, Lionel	579
Browning	710	D'Annunzio, Miss	407, 614
Bryce, Mr.	230	Dante	315, 608
Buck, Mertice M'Crea.....	193, 588	De Chavannes, Puvis.....	259, 262
Bullis, Helen M.....	300	De Gourmont, Rémy.....	162
Bundy, J. E.....	710	Delaporte	261
Burnett, Mrs. Frances Hodgson.....	537 et seq.	Deming, E. W.....	240
Burr, Aaron	690	Dewey, George Melvil.....	59 et seq., 708
Burton, Frederick	375	Dewsnap, William	691

	PAGE		PAGE
Dickens	602	Hamlyn, Mr. and Mrs. H. W.....	691
Dick, Stewart	477, 595	Hankey, W. Lee.....	261
Dodd, Margaret E.....	575	Harboe, Paul	35, 211, 241, 265, 390
Du Mond, Frank Vincent.....	709	Hardwick, A. Jessop.....	567
Durham	230	Harrison, Alexander	423
Dykema, Peter W.....	647	Hassam, Childe	709
Eddy, Arthur Jerome.....	180	Hayden	566
Edgerton, Giles	294, 394, 564	Hearn, Lafcadio	242
Elder-Duncan, J. H.....	566, 581	Henley, William Ernest.....	663
Elizabeth, Princess	620	Henri, Robert	240, 599
Elliott, George	336	Herron, Thomas	709
Elliott, S. Maria.....	575	Herter, Albert	295 et seq.
Ellis, Florence E.....	114	Hewitt, Edwin H.....	678
Ely, Prof. E. T.....	361	Higgins, Eugene ..88,,135 et seq., 240, 607	607
Emanuele, Vittorio	608	Hillquit	470
Emerson	648	Hine, Lewis W.....	651
Fantin-Latour	710	Hocker, Edward W.....	549
Field, Marshall	370	Holt, Dr. L. Emmet.....	303
Fiske, Isabella Howe.....	530, 659	Homans, J. E.....	244
Ford, E. Drusille.....	557	Hopkins, Una Nixson.....	329
Forsythe, William	710	Howe, Frederic	232
Foulke, Mary R.....	710	Hughes, Tom	502
French, Herbert G.....	354 et seq.	Hugo, Victor	136
Gadski, Johanna	236	Humphreys, Albert	416 et seq.
Gadski, Frau Tauscher.....	235	Hunt, Leigh	439
Gann, Miss	610	Hutchinson, Alfred L.....	712
Garibaldi	608	Ibsen	242, 574
Gardner	230	Inness, George, Jr.....	708
Garrido, Mr.	261	Irving, Washington	335
Gaut, Helen Lukens.....	447	Irwin, Elizabeth A.....	404, 667
George the Third.....	497	James First of Scotland.....	432
Gerome	146	James, Henry	242
Ghent	231	Jaurés	470
Giddings, Franklin H.....	409	Johnson, Stanley	657
Gilder, Richard Watson.....	496	Johnston, Frances B.....	539 et seq.
Gillespie, G. Curtis.....	711	Johnston, Mrs. M. F.....	709
Gimson, Ernest	567, 570	Jolley, Gwilt	261
Goler, Dr. George W.....	311	Jones, Grace Latimer.....	525
Gordon, Gen. John B.....	389	Käsebier, Gertrude ..80 et seq., 397 et seq.	397 et seq.
Gorky, Maxim	110, 136, 607	Kautsky	470
Green, Romney	595	Keihnel, Richard	790
Greene, Charles Sumner.....	447	Keith, Henrietta P.....	446
Greet, Ben	620 et seq.	Kelsey, Valeria De Mude.....	179
Grieg, John R.....	261	Kimball, Mrs. D. P.....	491
Groll, Albert L.....	114, 240	Kingsley	63
Haag, Charles	88, 135	Kirkup, Thomas	469
Hamilton, Emily J.....	660	Knothe, Frank	692

	PAGE		PAGE
Knudsen, Rev. Hans.....	196	Mercer, Henry C.....	549
Koch, Dr.	306	Metcalf, Willard	241
Koopman, A.	262	Millet	136, 601
Krantz	230	Molony, Miss	261
Krehbiel, H. E.....	242	Mommsen	302
Kropotkin, Prince	670 et seq.	Monet	87
La Farge, John.....	241, 708	Monsen, Frederick,	
Lamb, Charles	357	16 et seq., 164, 269, 273 et seq.	
Lanier, Mr.	466	Montesquiou-Fezensac, Count Robert	
Lanier, Mrs.	466	de	161
Lankester, Prof. E. Ray.....	468	Moore, T. Sturge.....	581
Lathrop, W. L.....	357, 708	Mora, Louis	114
Laufer, Dr. Berthold.....	3	Morris, William	710
Laurens, Jean Paul.....	146	Morse, Prof. Edward F.....	190
Lea, Frances	156, 157	Munkácsy	423
Le Bosquet, Maurice.....	575	Murillo	671
Lee, Agnes	163, 445, 619	Murphy, J. Francis.....	230, 239
Leese, Gertrude	255, 261	Myers, Henry C., Ph.D.....	630
Lehman, Lilli	237	Nicholson, Meredith	579
Lincoln	230	Nicholson, William	163
Linde, Adolph	237, 261	Nordica, Mme.	237
Lindsay, Anna Robertson Brown.....	580	Norton, Alice Peloubet.....	575
Longley, Alfred	317	Noyes, William H.....	114
Lorenz, Dr.	202	Ogden, Eva L.....	215
Loti, Pierre	202	O'Neil, Captain	389
Low, Seth	409	Oscar, King	201
Luks, George B.....	599 et seq.	Osgood, Clarence	634
Macartney, Mervyn E.....	568	Patten, Prof.	471
Macaulay	230	Pelouse	423
Macqueen, James	709	Perrine, Van Dearing.....	399, 487 et seq.
MacLeod, Campbell	441	Pizarro	19
Magee	230	Planche, Gustave	422
Malthus	301	Poe, Edgar A.....	161
Manship, Paul H.....	240	Polybius	301
Margherita, Queen	408, 610	Pope, Elizabeth	576
Markham, Edwin	136, 240	Prellwitz, Edith Mitchell.....	239
Martin, Jean Montgomery.....	146, 230	Prevost, Widow	690
Marx	470	Priestman, Mabel Tuke.....	124
Massiglia, Count	409	Pryde, James	163
Massiglia, Countess	409	Quigley, Jane	255
Matson, Esther	431	Raleigh, Walter	362
May, Phil	262	Rand, George D.....	94
Mazzini	608	Raphael	671
McCracken, W. D.....	361	Ravenel, Dr.	306
McDowell, Edward	352	Reeves, Pember	359
McPherson, Logan G.....	360	Rembrandt	142
Menefee, Miss	653	Reynolds, Georgia H.....	59

	PAGE
Roberts, Mary Fanton.....	537
Robinson, William S.....	239
Roby, Dr. Joseph.....	314
Rodin	88, 93, 402, 566
Rogers, Professor	306
Roof, Katharine Metcalf.....	155, 505
Roosevelt, President	301, 712
Rosetti, Dante Gabriel.....	336, 710
Roush, Stanley	709
Ruef	230
Rumford, Count	711
Ruskin	369
Salaman, Malcolm C.....	576
Sanders, Helen Fitzgerald.....	315
Sargent	142
Schiff, Jacob H.....	15
Seeley	302
Shakespeare	362
Shaw, Bernard	401
Simboli, Raffaele	608
Simmons, Edward	241
Simons, Marcius	708
Simpson, Miss	644
Sims, Charles R.....	261
Smith, J. Allen.....	578
Smith, Katherine Louise.....	64
Smith, Prof. Goldwin.....	230
Smollet	308
Soiland, Dr. Albert.....	593
Spargo, John, 135, 240, 301, 416, 487, 599.	642
Sparling, Dr.	361
Speranza, Gino	409
Spooner, Charles	570
Steffens	232
Steinlein	162
Stieglitz, Albert	394
Straus, Nathan	397
Strauss, Richard	87, 566
Sturgis, Russell	117
Sweet, Frank H.....	531
Taft, Lorado	357
Teall, Gardner C.....	160
Tennyson	710

	PAGE
Ternina, Mme.	237
Terrell, Bertha M.....	575
Twachtman, John H.....	708
Tolstoy	353
Trask, Spencer	357
Turner, J. M. W.....	336
Twain, Mark	402
Tweed	230
Vallotton, M. Felix.....	160 et seq.
Van der Weyden, H.....	258 et seq.
Van Dyke, Anthony.....	579
Van Ingen, William B.....	708
Veregin, Peter	64 et seq.
Verlaine, Paul	161
Victor, O. J.....	691
Vivanti, Annie	610
Von Behring, Professor.....	306
Von Bunge, Professor.....	304
Von Gottschalk, O. H.....	113
Wagner	237, 566
Ward, J. Q. A.....	357
Ward, Mrs. Humphry.....	201, 578
Washington, Booker T.....	61
Washburne, Marion Foster.....	576
Watson, Kate Heintz.....	576
Weaver, Mr.	657
Weekes, Raymond D.....	697
Weir, J. Alden.....	241
Wells, H. G.....	301, 402
Went, William	710
Westminster, Duke of.....	502
Whistler	336, 422, 572, 710
White, William Henry.....	568
White, Stanford	91
Whitman, Walt	353, 389, 489, 648
Wieselgren, Herr	201
Williams, Elizabeth S.....	409
Woodruff, Major Charles E.....	301
Wright, Mabel Osgood.....	578
Yeager, Mr.	691
Yeto, Genjiro	114
Zanichelli	614
Zeublin, Professor	63



From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen.

A HAPPY LITTLE HOPI GIRL.



THE CRAFTSMAN



GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XII APRIL, 1907 NUMBER 1

MARVELOUS BRONZES THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD FOUND IN ANCIENT GRAVES AND AMONG FAMILY TREASURES IN CHINA: BY DR. BERTHOLD LAUFER



CHINESE bronzes have not yet found the recognition and appreciation due them both from their archæological importance and their value to our own art industries. That the latter could profit by a close study of those works and receive from them new inspiration and ideas in technique and forms of ornaments, is obvious, and has been fully acknowledged by the museums of Industrial Art of Vienna and Berlin, which have issued instructive publications about Chinese bronzes, particularly designed for the purposes of the craftsman. The bronze-workers of this country now have an opportunity of learning from the great examples of Chinese art by a study of the present collection at the Natural History Museum, from which our illustrations are drawn.

In China the archæologist does not share the happy fate of his colleague in Greece, Egypt and other lands, who enjoys the pleasure and privilege of personally bringing to light the costly treasures of bygone ages hidden away in the soil. The Chinese penal code makes special provision for any disturbance of graves, but it is not, as is generally believed, a deep-rooted feeling of reverence and awe for the burying-places of the dead which handicaps the attempts of the foreign investigator in trying his spade on promising spots. Neither ancestor-worship nor superstitious belief has ever deterred the enterprising Chinese treasure-seeker from opening tombs and delving deep in the ground. Ever since the early days of the Han period, this undaunted rifling of graves has been in unchecked operation, partly to satisfy the curiosity of real antiquarian interest, partly from motives of selfish gain. Hardly any people cherish and prize their antiquities more than the Chinese, and a collection of ancient art-trea-

BRONZES, THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD

asures becomes the unrivaled pride, nay, the highest valued property and inheritance of a family, and is handed down from father to son. It is not merely adoration or affection that prompts them to hoard these relics of the past, but also inquisitive and actually "scientific" interest, that love for research which dominates the tendency to store up large collections in the hands of an individual. Numerous are the books written by Chinese collectors on their bronzes and paintings, and many are the inscriptions accompanying them; these publications are usually adorned with fine wood-engravings unsurpassable in softness and delicacy of line. Particularly in their bronzes have Chinese scholars pursued most industrious and ingenious studies. As early as the eleventh century, an Imperial Museum was founded, in which the highest productions available at the time of the arts of casting, sculpturing and painting were hoarded—a collection which every modern art museum might look upon with justifiable envy. The descriptive catalogues then issued at the command of a broad-minded, art-loving monarch now form an indispensable source of information concerning the forms, significance, periods, and ornaments of bronzes and jades.

The uninterrupted demand in the native market for art works has created two unavoidable evils—the development of a special profession of art-dealers, and the wholesale manufacture of countless imitations to meet a demand often far exceeding the supply. Even family heirlooms which fell into the tradesman's greedy hands from time to time were not enough to fill the orders, so that nothing was left but to dig in the ground for the new and unexpected. Noted dealers still keep a host of employees running about the country, treasure-hunting, under cover of night. That their work is detrimental to scientific research is evident. No information can be obtained under such circumstances regarding the exact locality or the particular conditions under which the finds have been made. Neither do these adventurers care for all the treasures found in the grave. All minor and not marketable objects, which to the scientific mind would have great value as revealing former religious customs and worship, are carelessly thrown aside; only profitable pieces being selected from the plunder. As all trades in China are closely allied in guilds and unions, the professional spirit is developed to a marked degree. And it is exactly this commercial monopolization of the art-trade and the effective organization of the art-dealers which are the causes of the foreign



From Collection in Natural History Museum, N. Y.

"FLOWER VASE OF A HUNDRED RINGS."
BUT THREE OF THESE BRONZES ARE IN
EXISTENCE: SUNG DYNASTY 960-1126 A. D.



From Collection in Natural History Museum, N. Y.

CENSER: RATS STEALING GRAPES. MING DYNASTY 1368-1640 A. D.

LIBATION CUP FOR OFFERING WINE TO DECEASED ANCESTORS: SHANG DYNASTY 1766-1154 B. C.

MUSICAL RATTLE: HAN DYNASTY 200 B. C.-23 A. D.



From Collection in Natural History Museum, N. Y.

CENSER: MING DYNASTY 1368-1640 A. D.
CENSER: MING DYNASTY 1368-1640 A. D.

ORNAMENTAL VASE: HAN DYNASTY 200 B. C.-23 A. D.



From Collection in Natural History Museum, N. Y.

VESSEL FOR CARRYING WINE: CHOU DYNASTY.
BATTLE AXE: HAN DYNASTY.
LIBATION VESSEL: CHOU DYNASTY 1122-255 B. C.

BRONZES, THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD

student being hampered at the outset in any active exploring work. The fears and beliefs of the people with regard to tampering with graves might eventually be overcome by closer personal acquaintance with them, by winning their confidence and sympathy, by tactful procedure in handling coffins and skeletons which, after examination, would be reburied at the discretion and expense of the investigator; even the revengeful spirits of the dead and the raging ire of the offended local gods might be pacified by an equivalent sacrifice in cash value deposited in the *yamen* or with the temple's priesthood. But to oppose the sacred prerogatives of an established trade organization would mean a vain struggle against a superior force, with no possible hope of victory; from the view-point of these traders—exclusive trust magnates, as it were—they would not hesitate to brand all efforts as illegal competition, as a menace to their business, as an impudent encroachment upon their ancient and inherited rights, and to denounce the offender as a dangerous villain, guilty of high treason and sacrilege, who should be punished by the unrelenting hatred and persecution of the populace.

However discouraging and to some extent unfruitful it may be, the student of archæology has no other choice than to take what falls to his lot. But it must not therefore be presumed that his task is by any means easier than that of his fellow-worker who harvests the results of his own excavations. The intricate and mysterious ways of the Chinaman form a harder soil to work upon than that in which he plows. To him, it is comparatively easy to interpret the language of his spoils by a skilful combination of all circumstantial evidence brought out in the exploited field; while the collector of archæological specimens in China is confronted with the single piece only, just offered for sale, on which alone he must exercise all his wits to bring out its period or to judge its historical and artistic merits. His brain must always be vigilant and alert, and his knowledge extending over numerous historical and philological subjects. He must be able to decipher seals and inscriptions in the ancient style of character, which in itself is a complicated study, and he must be familiar with the language and terminology of the dealers, with their queer fashions and customs, with their hundredfold tricks and manipulations, against which he must keep a constant lookout. And no less important is the finding and seizing of the right opportunity and the managing to obtain the services of the proper men.

BRONZES, THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD

WHILE on my mission in China on behalf of the American Museum of Natural History, it became clear to me after careful consideration that the opening I desired was in the ancient capital of Hsi-an-fu, province of Shensi, whither, as is well known, the Empress Dowager and the Court had taken refuge in 1900. There, in the once flourishing center of Chinese civilization—the metropolis of the Han emperors under whom art had attained to a remarkable height, my hope of obtaining genuine material in bronze and clay from the early epochs of Chinese art was finally fulfilled. Nothing could be discovered in Peking or in the large treaty ports of a character to rival the venerable art-treasures of Hsi-an-fu. This city was, and still is, the distributing center of the whole trade in art objects which are shipped from there to the capital, to Hankow and Shanghai. I had the good fortune to meet there Mr. Su, an enlightened, well-educated Mohammedan, whose family had been in the antiquarian's business since the seventeenth century, and who enjoys a reputation all over the country for being an honest, straightforward connoisseur of antiquities.

The way in which the art-trade is carried on in Hsi-an-fu is a matter of curiosity in itself. The shops of the dealers are tiny rooms, dimly lightly and a never-failing source of wonder to the new arrival. Trifling bric-a-brac is heaped up in the front room, some crumpled paper paintings spread over the walls; not a sign that important art objects would ever be forthcoming. The foreigner whose eyes are accustomed to the magnificent, glaringly gilt stores of Shanghai and Peking has not yet learned that the true Chinese antiquarian never exposes his heart-loved treasures to the profane eye. What he displays openly is cheap trash to allure the innocent and ignorant. Woe to him who is trapped in this pitfall; he will never rise to see himself treated to a good genuine piece. It requires patience, proper introduction, personal acquaintance, and the power of wholly adapting one's self to Chinese usages, to be initiated into the sanctum where true art wields the scepter; it is not the possibility that the foreigner may be willing to pay the price—or any price, that induces the Chinese to lift the veil; but the certainty that he possesses a discriminating knowledge and judgment. Only this affords a passport to the hall of adepts and to fair treatment. The shrewd Chinaman is well aware of the fact that he can palm off on the inexperienced



From Collection in Natural History Museum, N. Y.

VESSEL IN ONE CASTING:
CHOU DYNASTY 1122-225 B. C.



From Collection in Natural History Museum, N. Y.

TEMPLE BELL. INLAID WITH GOLD AND SILVER. STRUCK
ON THE KNOBS, EACH PRODUCING A DIFFERENT
MUSICAL SOUND. CHOU DYNASTY 1123-255 B. C.

BRONZES, THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD

foreigner an imitation at the same price as an original. Why therefore should he let him have the genuine article of which he does not recognize the value? Another peculiarity of the art-dealer is that he does not talk about his objects; the buyer of ancient art is expected by him to know all about them as an expert and is responsible for his own failures. If he is disappointed, he must take the blame himself. It has also become an established rule that antiquities must be paid for, cash down, at the very moment of the sale; while on the other hand, there is hardly anything that a Chinaman can not obtain on credit. Another interesting point is that in Hsi-an-fu no discount is allowed on any great work of art, except by small houses which may be in immediate need of cash. All the world knows how dearly a Chinaman loves bargaining and haggling, and how he advances prices to a point he never dreams of realizing, just for the pleasure and excitement of a bargain. But for the real works of art such haggling is not permitted, and where the valuation is thought excessive, a piece may as well be given up at the start. How the prices are made is a mystery; there are no fixed rules and standards, everything depends on chance and circumstance, and on the rarity of a piece; a trade mark with date, or an inscription consisting of a few characters, always commands an additional sum; in lengthy inscriptions the number of characters is carefully counted, and a conscientious estimate is put upon each of them.

There are two sources of supply for the art-dealers of Hsi-an-fu—first, the numerous and practically inexhaustible ancient graves in Shensi Province, many of which belong to the Han period, and second, the transactions with distinguished families residing in the city. Of these, there is a goodly number and many of them are wealthy, as the place is a favorite resort of retired officials. Because of the difficulty people not engaged in actual business encounter in finding a good opening to invest their capital—great real estate openings are lacking in China—they buy up valuable antiquities as an investment on which no losses are liable to be incurred. Many families have a large proportion of their money in such property. If then, for a journey, a marriage, a funeral or other occasion some ready cash is required, an heirloom is disposed of through a middleman who acts as broker for the family. According to all precedent, to deal directly with the owner is impossible. A place and a time are appointed for

BRONZES, THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD

the examination of the piece in question. Wonderful in such cases is the completeness of their departure from the customary Chinese deliberateness; to effect a speedy transaction, the term for the exhibition is limited with rigorous sternness to a few hours, after which the piece is taken away and the meditative customer who could not make up his mind on the instant will never see it again. My own success in bargaining was fair, for the majority of the large pieces of bronze in my collection represent treasured heirlooms from the possession of noted families in old Hsi-an-fu.

LIKE the peoples of Northern and Central Europe, the Chinese passed through a genuine Bronze Age, during which only bronze and copper weapons, implements, and vessels were employed, and iron was entirely unknown. This period terminated at about 500 B. C. The art of casting bronze had reached its greatest perfection before that time, and was in a highly flourishing condition at the period of the earliest dynasties. The process followed was always that known as *à cire perdue*, of which Benvenuto Cellini has left us such a classical description. A great influence in the development of bronze vessels was the worship of ancestors, which culminated in a minutely ritualistic cult that created an epoch of artistic vases. The prescripts of the ancient rituals exactly determined the shape, alloys, measures, capacity, weight, and ornaments for each type of these vessels, and their forms were defined according to the nature of the offerings, which were wine, water, meat, grain, or fruit. The adjustment of the proportions of the single parts is most admirable in the majority of them. The libation cup from which wine was poured in worship of the spirits of the dead, and which, according to the explanation of the Chinese, has the shape of an inverted helmet, is a relic of the Shang dynasty (B. C. 1765-1145), and is the most ancient example of this art in our collection. The bell, the large bowl, the vase with handles formed into animals' heads, and the vessel for carrying wine come down from the time of the Chou dynasty (B. C. 1122-247). The bell is a masterpiece encrusted with gold and silver, proving that the art of inlaying was well understood at this early period. It is remarkable that all these ancient bronzes, despite their colossal dimensions, were executed in one and the same cast, bottom, handles, and decoration included, and rank, even from the view-point

BRONZES, THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD

of the modern bronze-caster, among the greatest works of art ever created in metal.

DURING the Middle Ages, a great renaissance of art arose under the Sung, when bronze vases of most artistic workmanship were turned out. While the deep religious spirit which inspired the creations of the early masters had gradually died away, the worldly element now came more and more to the front, and with it a more human touch. Greater stress was laid by the new artists on elegant forms, on pleasing and harmonious proportions, on delicate treatment of ornamental details. The "Vase with a Hundred Rings," which is actually adorned with that number of movable rings on its four sides, is a good example of the accomplishments of this period. In its shape, it imitates one of the honorific vases of the Chou, which at that time by imperial grace were devoted to the commemoration of exceptionally heroic deeds and bestowed upon worthy officials as a mark of distinction. During the Sung and the later Ming periods, such vases served decorative purposes in the way of flower-vases. The addition of the rings is likewise not an inheritance of the past, but an idea of the Sung artists. The traditions of the latter survived to the Ming dynasty and down to the end of the eighteenth century.

The Ming period excels in number and beauty of incense-burners. Incense proper came to China from India, and incense was burned in religious worship only after the introduction of Buddhism. The censer as a type of vessel is by no means of Indian origin, but is derived from the form of one of the sacred ancestral vessels of the Chou. In no other bronze work has the creative power of the artist shown such great variety of beauty.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The series of old Chinese bronzes here shown are the result of a recent expedition to China under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, made possible through the generosity of Jacob H. Schiff, Esq. As the collection is considered the largest and most representative ever brought out from the Chinese Empire to this country, the foregoing narrative by Dr. Berthold Laufer, Chinese scholar and Oriental explorer, setting forth the peculiar and little known methods of obtaining these ancient master-pieces, together with a general description of the specimens here reproduced, is of timely and instructive interest.

PUEBLOS OF THE PAINTED DESERT: HOW THE HOPI BUILD THEIR COMMUNITY DWELLINGS ON THE CLIFFS: BY FREDERICK MONSEN



IN SPITE of its isolated position in the heart of the desert, surrounded by unfriendly tribes and far away from civilization, the little commonwealth of the Hopi cliff-dwellers has of late years become fairly accessible to the traveler, who may well feel repaid for a journey across the desert by the interest to be found in the strange habitations, primitive customs, and barbaric art of this remnant of a prehistoric race. Two days on horseback, or three in a wagon, northward from any one of several Arizona stations on the transcontinental line of the Santa Fe Railway, carries one through a land of long desert slopes and sage covered valleys; past volcanic peaks and cinder cones, bad lands and alkali wastes, mesas covered with juniper, pinons and cedars, and finally into the real desert—the Painted Desert, that mysterious land, full of color and enchantment, which is the heritage of the gentle Hopitah.

From the top of the last divide that marks the boundary of the Hopi country, one sees on the horizon line the high mesas that project into the desert like the bows of great battleships. These mesas end very abruptly, giving a most precipitous look to the high cliffs on the top of which are located the seven Hopi pueblos. You strain your eyes to see the towns on the crest of these great cliffs, but so like are they in color and outline to the living rock, that it is impossible to distinguish them until you come within a couple of miles, when you suddenly realize that the mesas are crowned with human habitations. As you climb one of the precipitous trails leading to the villages, you wonder what overpowering motive could have forced these people to build their homes in such inaccessible places, but a closer look at their architecture reveals the fact that it was fear of man that must originally have caused them to build their fortress-like cities at the top of the cliffs. In fact, the very trail by which you climb could, in the days when bows and arrows and stone axes were the only weapons, have been easily held by one man against an army. From necessity the ancestors of the Hopi lived on the mesa tops in the immemorial past, and the same necessity for centuries compelled their descendants

PUEBLOS OF THE PAINTED DESERT

to follow their example. Now that all danger of invasion is past, the Hopi of the present day still live there by choice, and this in spite of the fact that all the water used in the villages, except such as is caught during rains in the basin-like depressions in the rocky surface of the mesa top, is laboriously brought up the steep trails in large pottery water bottles slung over the backs of the women. Not only water, but supplies of all kinds, harvested crops, provisions, fuel, etc., have to be brought up these steep trails, and often from a distance of many miles. Since the rediscovery of Hopi Land by the white man about twenty years ago, the government has attempted, by offers of building material, to induce the people to settle nearer to the springs and their farming lands, but the conservative people cling as tenaciously to the home sites selected by their ancestors as they do to the ancient architecture and the customs and traditions of their forefathers.

I SAY "rediscovery by the white man," for it was nearly four hundred years ago that the Hopi pueblos first became known to the white race. The contact between them and the outside world was but brief, for, although discovered by one of Coronado's expeditions, they soon settled back into their original peaceful seclusion. The story of how the pueblos were first found is the same as that of the discovery of many other ancient cities on the Pacific Coast. The sixteenth century was prolific in exploration and discoveries in the new world. The Spaniards had taken Mexico and were casting about for new worlds to conquer, when their adventurous spirit was fired afresh by fabulous tales of treasure to be found in great cities to the north. Report followed report, each more vivid than the last, until the viceroy of New Spain, inflamed by tales of Pizarro's bloody conquest of Peru, organized a great expedition and sent it out to find and conquer the Indian cities of the North, and to bring back the rich treasure which would surely be found there.

And so it came to pass that a splendid caravan of adventurers, led by armed cavaliers, and with one thousand Indian allies bringing up the rear, began the most remarkable journey of exploration ever taken in America. The commander-in-chief was Francisco Vasquez Coronado, and on Easter morning of the year 1540 the little army marched away with all the pomp and circumstance that attended the under-

PUEBLOS OF THE PAINTED DESERT

taking of such an enterprise. For months the adventurers traveled over deserts, mountains, and plains, meeting with every vicissitude and hardship to be encountered in an unknown country, until at last they reached the region now known as Arizona and New Mexico. Here, so the story goes, they found not only wild and warlike Indians, but a gentle race of aborigines, much farther advanced in the arts of civilization than any other they had seen since leaving Central Mexico. These people, although composed of many different tribes speaking distinct languages, were practically one in development and had reached a high degree of culture, compared with the nomadic, warlike tribes surrounding them. They formed a nation of agricultural people, dwelling in stone and adobe houses on the very sites occupied by their descendants to this day. In some instances, the identical buildings that were standing when Coronado's expedition first visited Hopi Land are occupied to-day. Coronado had hoped to discover the Seven Cities of Cibola, as the cupidity of the Spaniards had been excited to a frenzy by the mythical tales of rich treasure to be found there, but after conquering the finest of these cities, he found himself possessed of nothing more than a mud-built pueblo of New Mexican Zuni Indians. At this pueblo, Coronado heard of other towns toward the northwest, and dispatched one of his lieutenants with Indian guides to find them if possible. In this way the Seven Cities of Tusayan, in the northern part of the present Territory of Arizona, were first made known to the white race. These seven cities are now known as the seven pueblos of the Hopi Indians. After the Coronado expedition came the priests who followed always in the trail of the Spanish Conquistadores, endeavoring to graft the Christian religion upon each pagan cult they found. But the Hopi would have none of it. They disposed of Christianity by the simple but effective method of throwing the priests over the cliffs then and there, and for three hundred years they remained free from the yoke of foreign invasion.

From that time until about twenty years ago very few whites ever entered the country of the pueblos or came in contact with the Hopi Indians, partly for the reason that they were far from the beaten trail of travel from Old Mexico, but especially on account of their natural isolation. Surrounded on all sides by a great waterless desert and by warlike tribes of Indians, they escaped both the Spanish and Mexican influence, and not until they were taken in hand by the

PUEBLOS OF THE PAINTED DESERT

United States Government did the missionaries again begin to labor among them. This, so far as we know it, is the story of the Hopi as told by the white man of long ago, and so it happens that we have here in the heart of the youngest and most progressive of modern countries a primitive race of men who have escaped the blight of civilization, and who are to us a perfect exposition of the way the prehistoric American lived and died, ages before the paleface came to bring destruction.

IN THE seven villages which to-day constitute the little Hopi commonwealth live about two thousand home-loving, law-abiding Indians who have managed somehow to maintain an absolute independence for all these centuries. They are a people without jails, hospitals, asylums, or policemen, and crime is almost an unknown thing among them. They are entirely self-supporting and have never asked from the United States Government anything but to be left alone. The first mesa top contains three villages, Walpi, Shichunnovi, and Hano. Of these Walpi is by far the most picturesque as well as the most primitive. Situated on the extreme end of the mesa, where the long rock tongue gradually tapers to a point, its site is so narrow that nearly the whole top of the cliff is covered with buildings,—some, in fact, actually overhang the precipitous walls. Hopi villages are all built on the defensive plan. The house clusters are generally two stories in height, although at Walpi and Oraibi four are more often seen. The building material is stone laid in mortar and mud, and the fronts of the buildings have a general tendency to face eastward. In former times the back walls had neither doors nor windows, and the only entrance to the lower story was from above by means of ladders thrust through holes in the roof. Ladders or steps cut into the partition walls afforded access to the upper stories.

This necessity for being constantly on the defensive arose from the fact that the daily life of the Hopi was fraught with danger. In the old days they were the constant prey of the ferocious nomadic tribes around them, and unrelaxing vigilance was necessary to prevent extermination. In the present day this danger is past, but the Hopi still must struggle with natural forces that seem at times enough to overwhelm them. Their little farms have to be watched with the great-

PUEBLOS OF THE PAINTED DESERT

est care from the time that the corn kernels are planted in the damp sand of a dry stream bed until the tender plant sees the light of day. Then windbreaks must be erected to protect the growing corn from the ever shifting desert sand, which would bury it in a night; and shades must be built to keep the fierce sun from burning it up. Then come rabbits and other animal pests to devour all the little crop, and crows, black birds, and locusts drop from the sky to rob the poor Hopi of his food supply; lastly come the poaching horses, burros, and bands of sheep, to say nothing of thieving Navajos, and, as if this were not enough, at any time great floods may come down the natural water channels where the Hopi plant their corn, to destroy in a few minutes the labor of many months, or the burning sun of a rainless season may shrivel the growing crops.

IT IS this relentless domination of an austere environment that forms the keynote of the whole religious and social life of the Hopi, for the Indian is much more helpless in the presence of Nature than the civilized man. Where we may frequently offer successful resistance to natural forces, the primitive man has no recourse but to yield to circumstances that are due to his surroundings. The sincerity of their faith and their absolute belief in the Nature God is most interesting and wonderful to see. Every act of their life, be it great or little, is attended with prayer, and all important things, such as the planting of the seed, and the maturing of the crops, give occasion for elaborate and beautiful religious ceremonies. These ceremonies, with many praise-offerings and incantations to propitiate the gods, accompany every personal event, as well as those controlled by Nature. For instance, there are ceremonial observances at birth, marriage, and death, and also at the dedication of each new home.

The building of the Hopi house is most interesting, and is carried out according to certain prescribed rules, from the selection of the site to the feast that opens the house as a dwelling. After the site of the house has been determined and its dimensions roughly marked on the ground by placing stones where the corners are to be, the next step is the gathering of the building material. In this the communal idea of the Hopi with regard to work is strongly in evidence, as the prospective builder calls to his assistance all the friends who belong to his own clan. These helpers receive no compensation except their



From a Photograph by Frederick Mosen.

THE HOPI PUEBLO OF ORAIBI
IS FOUR STORIES HIGH.



From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen.

IN THE PUEBLO THERE IS NO PREARRANGED PLAN OF CONSTRUCTION, THE VILLAGE GROWS, ONE ROOM AT A TIME.



From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen.

THE HOPI CHILDREN ARE STRONG
AND ALERT, WITH HAPPY LITTLE
HEARTS AND AMICABLE WAYS.



From a Photograph by Frederick Mosen.

THERE ARE SIX GENERATIONS FROM GRANDMOTHER
TO BABY, YET THE OLD WOMAN IS STILL A
STRONG, USEFUL MEMBER OF HOPI SOCIETY.

PUEBLOS OF THE PAINTED DESERT

food, and, as is the case with all communal labor, the work is carried to its completion with a good will and spirit that has no parallel in civilization.

And the accumulation of building material is not an easy matter, notwithstanding that the Hopi town is built of stone quarried from the top and side of the mesa upon which it stands. This is a stratified sandstone which is easy to quarry, but the timbers for the roof must be brought from a great distance. Tradition says that before the period when the history of the Hopi became known to us, it was necessary to transport these great beams by human muscle alone, and to lift them sometimes for six hundred feet up the precipitous trails. The main beams of the roof are usually of pine or cottonwood, but all trees indigenous to the country are used in house construction.

So far as I have been able to observe, there is no prearranged plan for an entire house cluster of several stories, nor is there any consideration shown for future additions or contiguous dwellings. One room at a time is built, and additions are made as more room is required. Therefore the single room may be considered as the unit of the pueblo, and this is found to be true of the greater number of prehistoric ruins found in this region, as well as of the living villages, which are formed upon exactly the same architectural model.

AFTER the gathering of the building material has been accomplished, the builder goes to the chief of the pueblo, who gives him four small eagle feathers to which are tied short cotton strings. These feathers are sprinkled with sacred meal, and are placed one at each of the four corners of the house, where they are covered with the corner stones. The Hopi call these feathers *Nakwa Kwoci*, meaning a breath prayer, and the ceremony is addressed to *Masaureu*, the sun.

The next step is the location of the door, which is marked by the placing of food on either side of where it is to be. Also, particles of food, mixed with salt, are sprinkled along the lines upon which the walls are to stand. Then the building itself is begun. Among the pueblo people, the man is generally the mason and the woman the plasterer, but from my own observation I have found that the women often do the entire work of house construction, the material only being brought by the men, who sometimes assist in the heavy work of lifting

PUEBLOS OF THE PAINTED DESERT

the long beams for the roof. While the men are preparing the stones, the women bring water from the springs at the foot of the mesa, also clay and earth, and mix a mud plaster which is used very sparingly between the layers of stones. The walls thus made are irregular in thickness, varying from eight to eighteen inches, and are carried to a height of about seven or eight feet.

After the walls are raised to their full height, the rafters are carefully laid over them, about two feet apart, and above these are placed smaller poles running at right angles and about a foot apart. Across these again are laid willows or reeds as closely as they can be placed, and then comes a layer of reeds or grass, over which mud plaster is spread. When this is dry, it is covered with earth and thoroughly stamped down. All of this work is done by the women also the plastering of the inside walls and the making of the plaster floors.

When the house is completed thus far, the owner prepares four more eagle feathers, and ties them to a little stick of willow, the end of which is inserted in one of the central roof beams. No Hopi home is complete without this, as it is the soul of the house and the sign of its dedication. These feathers are renewed every year at the feast of *Soyalyina*, celebrated in December, when the sun begins to return northward. There is also an offering made to *Masawvu* in the form of particles of food placed in the rafters of the house, with prayers for good luck and prosperity to the new habitation.

These ceremonies completed, the interior of the house is plastered by the women, who spread on the plaster smoothly with their hands. The surface thus given is exceedingly interesting, as the hand strokes show all over the walls and the corners have no sharp angles, only soft irregular curves where the plaster has been stroked down and patted with the fingers. After the plastering a coat of white clayey gypsum is applied, making the room look very bright, clean and sunny. Unlike most Indian habitations, the interior of a Hopi house is always clean and fresh-looking. It is generally bare of furniture, although during the last few years, tables, chairs, and iron cook stoves have been introduced by the Government, and have been accepted by some of the more progressive. These modern improvements, however, are much frowned upon by the conservative Hopi, and are by no means an advantage from the view-point of one who enjoys the artistic effect of their primitive customs.

PUEBLOS OF THE PAINTED DESERT

In one corner of the room is built a fireplace and chimney, and the top of the latter is usually extended by piling bottomless jars one upon the other. These chimneys draw very well and their odd construction adds much to the quaint archaic character of the house. The roof is finished flat and is a foot lower than the top of the walls, so that the earth covering is in no danger of being washed or blown away. Drains are inserted in the copings to carry off storm water and so prevent leakage from the roof.

After the house is completely finished and dedicated, the owner gives a feast to all the members of his clan who helped him in the building, and each one of these in turn brings some small gift to help along the housekeeping of the new home.

HOPI LAND comes very close to being a woman-governed country, for the status of woman in this little republic has as much freedom and dignity as it possessed ages ago in other tribes governed as communes. Hopi society is based upon the *gens*; that is, upon the tie of blood relationship. It is a society of equals where help is extended and received in the true communal spirit. How long this will last now that the touch of civilization threatens to fall upon them, can easily be guessed. Among the Hopi the women are excellent specimens of primitive humanity. The young women are well-formed and strong, and of irreproachable character. They own the houses as well as build them, and all family property belongs to the woman, who is acknowledged as the head of the household. Inheritance, therefore, is always through the mother, and descent is reckoned through the female line. In spite of the liberty and importance enjoyed by the Hopi women, their reserve and modesty is surprising. They are as quiet and shy as if their lives had been passed in the utmost seclusion and subjection to the dominance of man. Their whole lives are devoted to the care of their children, and the matrimonial customs of the Hopi are of a grade, which, if generally understood, might make civilized law-makers and writers of civilized customs stop and think. It is marriage from the view-point of the woman, not of the man. It is a striking example of the principal effect of woman rule, and it must be admitted that it is dominated by the highest order of purity as well as of common sense.

The education of the children is very carefully considered. The

PUEBLOS OF THE PAINTED DESERT

Hopi have no written literature, but an almost boundless store of oral traditions, which are handed down unimpaired to each generation in turn and which form the guiding principle of their religious belief and of their whole life. Every clan, and there are a number of family clans making up the various Hopi towns, has its own *kiva* or underground ceremonial chamber, entered by a ladder through a square opening in the roof, which is but a foot or two above the general level of the ground. Here the education of the boys is carried on, beginning at the age of seven or eight years. They are instructed day by day in the literature, history, and myths of the tribes, the priests being the teachers. Without writing and without books the Hopi have an extensive literature, and that the utmost accuracy is observed in its oral transmission from generation to generation is revealed by certain comparisons with the records made by the Spanish explorers in the sixteenth century.

IT IS an interesting thing to visit a Hopi home, for they are a friendly and hospitable people, and until they feel that they have reason to distrust a white man, their attitude toward him when he presents himself as a guest at their door is actuated by the most cordial spirit of hospitality. I well remember a visit I once made, many years ago, to the home of the Governor of the pueblo of Walpi, in order to secure his permission to make photographs within the limits of his jurisdiction. His home was on the third floor of the great irregular pyramid which forms this pueblo, and I had to climb up rude ladders and ascend many steps cut in the partition walls before I reached it. My approach had been announced by numbers of children playing around the street, who, with shrill cries of "*Bahana, Bahana*" (white man), brought many of the Hopi to their doorways to look upon me with good natured curiosity. When I reached the door of the Governor's home, two women bending over their mealing stones looked up at me with smiles of welcome, while on the floor three naked brown babies were playing with a kitten, which they abandoned to stare at me mutely with preposterously black eyes, as if they had been hypnotized and were bent on hypnotizing me in turn. The women were cordial and laughed freely. One of them went for the Governor while the other handed me a drink of water in a bowl of their interesting native pottery. When the Governor came from an inner room,



From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen.

A PRECIPITOUS TRAIL LEADING
UP A MESA TO A HOPI VILLAGE.



From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen.

HOPi TOWNS IN COLOR AND OUTLINE ARE SO LIKE THE CRESTS OF THE MESAS THAT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO DISTINGUISH THEM A FEW MILES AWAY.



From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen.

THE HOPI WOMEN ARE WELL FORMED, STRONG
AND INTELLIGENT, AND MUCH OF THE
GOVERNMENT IS IN THEIR HANDS



From a Photograph by Frederick Mousen.

THE HOPI MEN ARE THE SPINNERS
AND WEAVERS OF THE NATION.

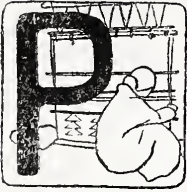
PUEBLOS OF THE PAINTED DESERT

I found him to be a man of about sixty, of medium height, but magnificently built. As a race, the Hopi are models of form, the pure air, simple food, and constant exercise giving them perfect physical development. The Governor was dressed in the typical modern Hopi costume of white cotton trousers, slit up at the sides, and a loose shirt drawn in at the waist by a splendid belt of silver disks. His long hair was held in place by a narrow band of red wool, and brown, silver-buttoned leggings and moccasins completed his costume.

I told him I wished to secure a room to live in, to arrange for Hopi servants, and to make pictures. He answered courteously that I was welcome to stay in the pueblo and might remain as long as I choose; that he would find me a house and arrange for his people to bring me wood and water, and for a woman to do my cooking, but I must not take photographs, that he could not allow. This was a great disappointment, as work among the Indians was then comparatively new to me, and I had much difficulty in overcoming his prejudice. Just at this time dinner was announced and I was invited to partake of it. It was my first Hopi meal and I shall never forget it, for it was a liberal education in many things, including the evolution of cookery. We were eight all together. The three grandchildren, the two women I had seen, the Governor and the grandmother. The menu consisted of mutton stew, sweet corn on the cob, *piki* bread and corn pudding. The mutton had been cooked in an iron kettle over an open fire on the roof outside. It was mutton stew without the vegetables, but it was properly salted. The Hopi use salt and native peppers, but no other condiments. We sat on the floor and had no knives or forks. Doing as my Indian friends did, I seized in my turn a chunk of mutton from the kettle and proceeded to eat it. How I was to get my share of the stew, however, I could not conceive, as licking one's fingers is a slow process and inadequately nourishing. On the floor table, however, was a pile of what looked like dark blue lead pencils. The Governor took one, stuck it into the kettle and peacefully sucked until he was satisfied. It was simply sucking—not lemonade—but mutton stew, through a straw. Then he carefully proceeded to eat the straw. Sucking the stew through it had softened and flavored it for eating. I mastered the game at the first trial, and from that time was a devoted adherent to *piki* bread, as well as to many other dishes and customs of my good friends the Hopi.

(*To be continued*)

THE TAMING OF THE BEAR: BY PAUL HARBOE



PAGE had tried harder than ever that day to win. There had been the usual, the almost daily wrangle. He had brought his every weapon into service, but was overwhelmingly outclassed. His wife now leaned back upon the couch, dramatically, and sighed. The wild gesticulation, the fierce foot-stamping on the uncarpeted floor, the mixed noises—in short all that din of words clashing with words and miscellaneous sounds had wearied her. Victory was no longer a glorious prize; it was of too common occurrence; it was growing stale.

And Page—Page took his hat, and left the room. He felt like an unwelcome guest in his own house.

They had been married for seven years. They were a childless couple. It was well thus, her mother held. Oh, her mother was a sage. Nothing lay beyond her reach; everything was easy, so very easy! When she relinquished her daughter—her only child—she knew that he drank. She knew he was a bear, and accordingly it was incumbent upon her to tame and to train him. However, she had handled men, her late husband, for instance. Her late husband was a bear, too; not, verily, a big, strong, burly grizzly like Page, for he had been a small slim person of no physical power and gentle as a lamb. All the same, from Mrs. Marston's point of view, he *was* a bear, being of the masculine sex.

So, on his wedding day, the experiment with Page began. He was tamed and trained by his mother-in-law, who found this occupation a fascinating pastime, a kind of sport difficult to leave. For a while, her daughter was a spectator only. But the game wearied her, it dragged like certain novels, she thought. It lacked "ginger." Hence, at length, she herself took hold of the reins. Her mother, of course, continued to flourish the whip. But two drivers to a single steed are sometimes worse than none.

Page had cared a little for his wife the spectator, believing when he married her that she loved him. He respected and listened attentively to the counsel of his mother-in-law. In Mrs. Marston's way of approaching him there was, now and then, a note of solemn politeness that left him with a delicate sense of awe. He saw that it was wrong in him to drink. But if he should stop taking strong liquor alto-

THE TAMING OF THE BEAR

gether, he would lose many friends, and, really, he was not yet ready to enter a new world. He liked his home immensely, in the beginning; it was cosy, cheerful, elegant. Page regarded it as a magnificent gift, paid for by himself, while selected by more competent hands.

PAGE could not give up drinking. While his home fairly sang with all its beauty, the song somehow did not seem to come from the heart. It was devoid of the emotional essence that might have wrought inseparable ties. In the grog shops near his great ship-building works, where dirt-spotted, ragged men drank and laughed—men who were under his charge—he found human values in the light of which he discovered, strangely, some of the vital needs of his own being; bare places within his soul, gulfs of nothingness. He liked to frequent those noisy taverns, not so much to drink as to hear the men's stories, feel their interests, catch intimate glimpses of their ways. Page knew their language, their crude, unpolished manner of saying things, and thoroughly understood them. They all had something to tell; they were delightfully articulate. Page marvelled at this; he had nothing to relate, he thought, nothing worth a story.

Certainly, he might have talked about his great success in life. He might have described his sure gradual rise from obscurity. He might have spoken of certain sacrifices the cost of which haunted him now. But he questioned the quality of his success, the longer he stared at it the cheaper it looked. Perhaps those hoary fellows who came too often to the grog-shops and stayed too long, perhaps their success was of a finer clay than his. Perhaps they could have been rich, had they desired wealth, and in the pursuit thereof followed other paths. He did not know; money was a subject they never discussed. Some of the men who came less frequently to the grog shops, spoke tenderly of their wives and of their children with enthusiasm. In Page they found an eager listener; it was all so romantically fresh to him. Had he ever felt a desire to speak of his wife with anyone?

As for the children—he had observed them too—those little careless grotesque figures that tumbled about in the gutters in summer half-naked, and in winter, painstakingly huddled up in bundles of cloth, ran to school mornings, and at noon carried dinner-baskets to their fathers. It was a long, long time since Page had carried a dinner-basket.

THE TAMING OF THE BEAR

And he had been a child, too! This consideration comforted him now. But to-day he was a man. They called him "prominent," "efficient," "far-seeing," they praised him enthusiastically—other men. They talked so much about him and his achievements, but never about his wife, never about his home.

Why should they? After all it was of no concern to them. Yet their wives, their homes, their children were circles in which they moved with naive joyousness. It was the very spirit of this interest that led him to their haunts. He was in truth, at times, but a child in the group of childish workers; he was only the leader of the game. And the playground was his great ship-building works on the shore.

All this his mother-in-law knew. Herein lay the root of the evil for which there must be some remedy. Page was uncouth, eccentric, and he drank. If he would but give up that habit and put an end to his familiar contact with the men! How could he find happiness in the dirty grog-shops and not in his elegant home? It was ingratitude; it could be nothing else.

They had played for him, and sung for hours and hours, but Page could not appreciate the music. It floated away from his ear and sounded like dim echoes. On watching his wife's fingers trip across the keyboard he did, on rare occasions, take a certain sort of pride in her accomplishments, but he could never quite dismiss the feeling that they, the entertainers, were patronizing him.

The trivial misunderstandings, the little difficulties and the restrained quarrels all expanded in the course of time, grew more ominous of aspect. After a while the common wrangle came into use at Page's home.

And Page would take his hat and go out, feeling like an unwelcome guest in his own house.

IT WAS his birthday; he was forty years old. He had just suggested to his wife the plan of inviting a number of his friends to spend the evening with them. His wife, half laughing, responded that she had already perfected arrangements for a more or less formal reception. Page wanted to know who had been invited. Well, five or six of Mrs. Marston's friends, seven or eight of her own, and a few of Page's: a wealthy lumber dealer, a railroad president, and a certain prominent manufacturer.

THE TAMING OF THE BEAR

But hadn't she invited Ritchie, and Collins, and Masterson, and—? Of course not! No! No! the idea! Who was Ritchie anyway? Who was Collins? She did not wish to know. A tired smile of faint scorn overspread her face. Page said something in a low voice, a few words uttered hopelessly in suppressed bitterness. She did not hear, she was thinking of her superior breeding. She remained standing, not listening, not even expecting any word of reply.

"Well, entertain *your* guests as you please," he cried. "If I can't have the people here that I want, I'll go to them."

He started to go, but stopped short to gaze with a kind of admiration about the room, at the rich lace, the priceless vases, the paintings, and, finally, at his wife. It was all very much like a quick comparison of things. She had been watching him not without interest, and as he moved across the floor she smiled encouragingly. At the door he paused.

"You might, I think you might, have consulted me, Helena. But words—words between us are pretty useless. You've got the stronger will, I suppose, and the straighter way. You didn't know it was my birthday until I told you this morning. But, never mind, though a word of congratulation from you—"

She had paled a little and drew back from the fear of him, as he surmised. What, could he have frightened her? She had often reproached him for *glaring* at her in a weird way. He turned suddenly, and before she could express a polite thought that had come to her mind, he was gone.

In due course, the guests began to arrive; the wealthy lumber dealer, the railroad president, the prominent manufacturer, and the friends of Mrs. Marston's. Page passed their carriages in the street.

"Have a good time, honored guests," he smiled, turning into the alley that led to the most popular of the grog-shops.

HERE in the gloom of the narrow passage, the real dismal sadness of his condition came full upon him. He had a home, but he was homeless. He was rich, but he felt like a penniless vagrant. He was a man of vast resources, and yet it was beyond his power to harness the littlest ray of happiness. With every step he was drawing farther away from the spot that had been, imaginatively, the goal of all his endeavor.

THE TAMING OF THE BEAR

Suddenly Page thought of Masterson, the reticent, hermit-like Masterson, a foreman in the works. Undecided, he turned, quickening his pace, and made for Masterson's lodgings.

The foreman was at home, and a curly-haired little child lay asleep on his knee. That is why Masterson did not rise to open the door, at Page's knock. The ship-builder, pleasantly surprised, smiled, but made no sound. For five minutes the two men sat perfectly quiet. Then Masterson carried the little girl into an adjoining room. When he returned, Page averted his face for a moment, before he found the courage to ask:

"Whose is the little girl, Dick?"

"Don't you know? Tom Miles'. You remember him, don't you, a particular friend of mine, he was. Killed in the works last year. Accident, some people said, I say suicide, for I happen to know what a miserable family life the poor fellow was up against. Misery, misery, and nothing but misery at home. So I took the kid, and I'm mighty glad. Excuse me a moment."

Masterson again got up and entered the bedroom. While he was gone, Page did not stir. But in his heart many things leaped and weltered. What did it mean, all this strange feeling, for the flow of which the pulses of his being were so utterly unprepared? He looked up, startled, Masterson had returned.

"Most beautiful sight I ever saw, Mr. Page; Nancy's face in sleep. Nothing like it this side of heaven, and nothing finer there, I guess. Have a look at her?"

The two big men moved stealthily over the floor, Masterson first, and carrying the lamp. At the side of the cot Page bent down and kissed the warm white forehead of the sleeping child. To his bewilderment she opened, very slowly, almost painfully, her eyes and looked with full security into his. Then her lips moved, and she uttered with the faintest note of joy: "Father," and the next instant she was sleeping as peacefully as before.

"She's the sort of kid you ought to have, Mr. Page," Masterson ventured to remark.

But Page only stared; plunged his hands into his pockets, cleared his throat, frowned almost imperceptibly, bit his lip, and stared again, straight ahead, seeing nothing.

SOME CRAFTSMAN CHIMNEYPICES, ANY ONE OF WHICH MIGHT FURNISH THE KEY-NOTE FOR AN ENTIRE SCHEME OF DECORATION



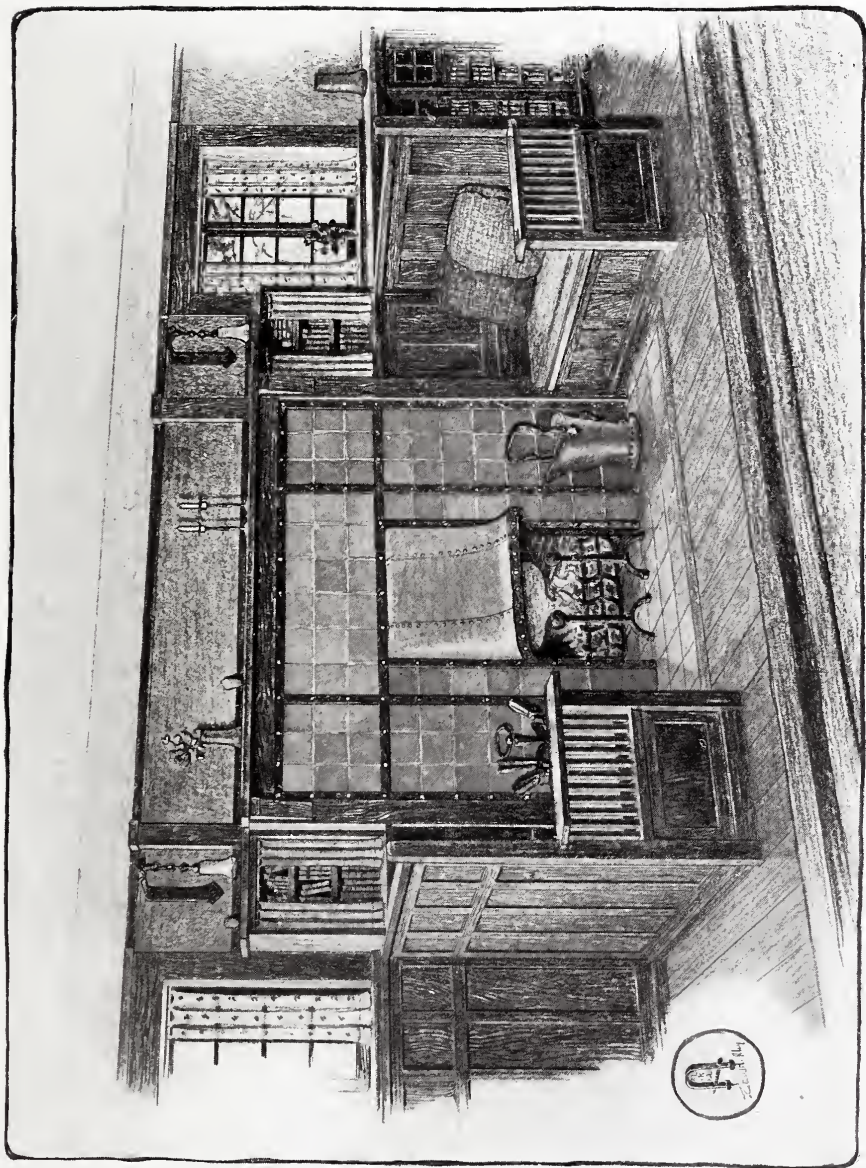
IN MOST well planned rooms, the main feature of structural interest is the fireplace, which, by reason of being the natural center of comfort and good cheer, not only dominates the construction of the room, but gives the keynote for the entire scheme of decoration and furnishing. Everything should lead up to the fireplace as the principal attraction in the room, and, naturally, the fireplace should be worthy of its pre-eminence. Yet in many houses which have been planned without thought and built in a commonplace way, the chimneypiece, with its showy, flimsy mantel and miserly little fireplace opening, is anything but a feature of structural interest, and fails to an equal degree to convey any suggestion of welcome and home comfort. Rooms may easily be redecorated, but in many cases the hopelessly commonplace chimneypiece seems to stand as a permanent obstacle in the path of any effective effort at sufficient remodeling to change the character of the room.

It is because so many rooms fail of interest and any permanently satisfying quality,—for the reason that they lack a sufficiently strong starting point from which to carry out a well balanced scheme of decoration,—and also because so many plans for remodeling commonplace rooms fail for lack of suggestion as to practicable ways of bringing them into more satisfying shape, that the designs here given for eight CRAFTSMAN fireplaces are so carefully illustrated and described. Each chimneypiece as shown has a distinctive character of its own. Some are meant for large rooms, some for small, some for the big geniality and homeliness of the living-room, and others for the dainty finish of a woman's bedroom or small sitting-room. Some are of tiles in the soft dull reds and milky greens and biscuit color that form such charming notes in the decorative scheme of a room, and others are of the dark red hard burned brick that seems, after all, more structural than any other material that can be used for a chimneypiece. Not only are the fireplaces carefully shown in detail, but with each one is given enough of the woodwork, wall spaces and structural features surrounding it, to convey a tolerably clear idea of the scheme of deco-

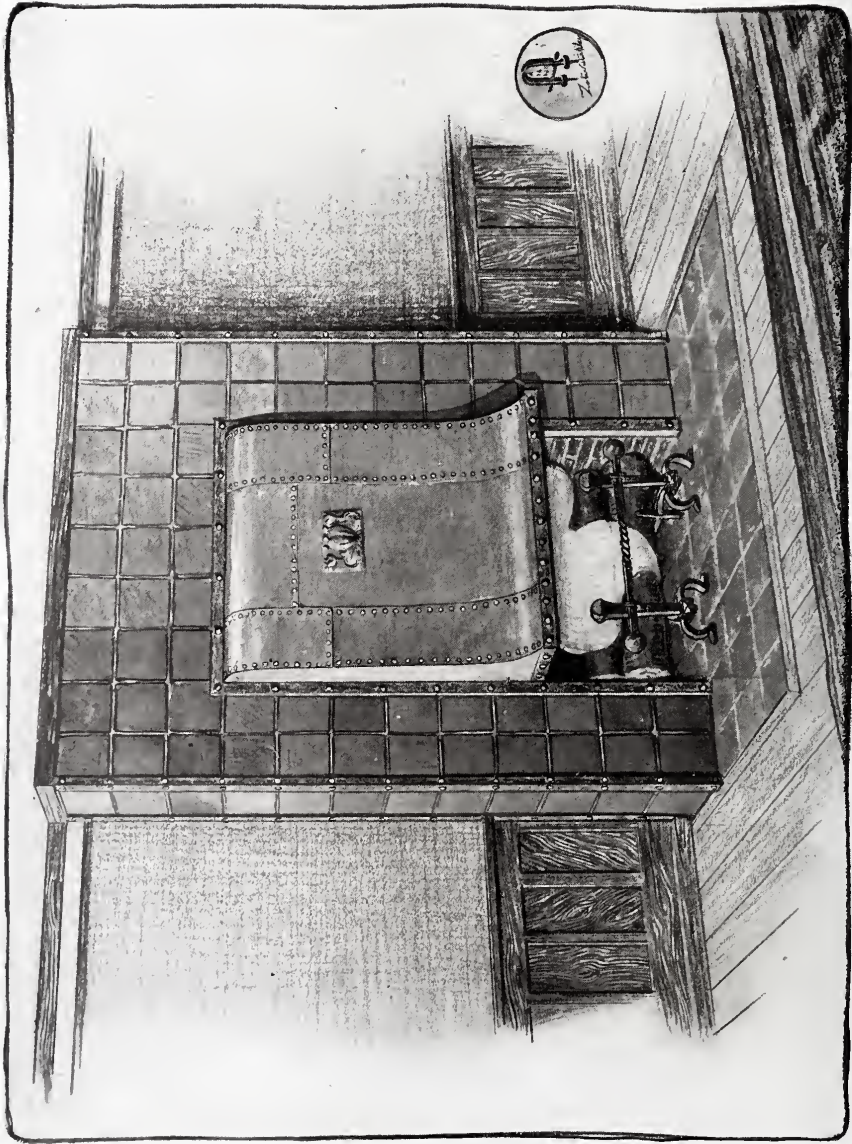
CRAFTSMAN CHIMNEYPICES

ration most in harmony with the particular form of chimneypiece with which it is associated. As will be seen by studying the illustrations, the height of wainscot, the depth of frieze, the placing of seats, and nearly all other characteristics of construction are dictated by the height, form, and general character of the chimneypiece. Given this, and it is easy to evolve an entire scheme of decoration that will be satisfying. Of course, these fireplaces are not intended to be used only in remodeling rooms. Their first and principal use would be in a new building whose entire construction would be in harmony with the sort of chimneypiece shown here, but, failing that, any room can be remodeled at a cost by no means prohibitive to a moderate income, if the right idea can be given and consistently carried out.

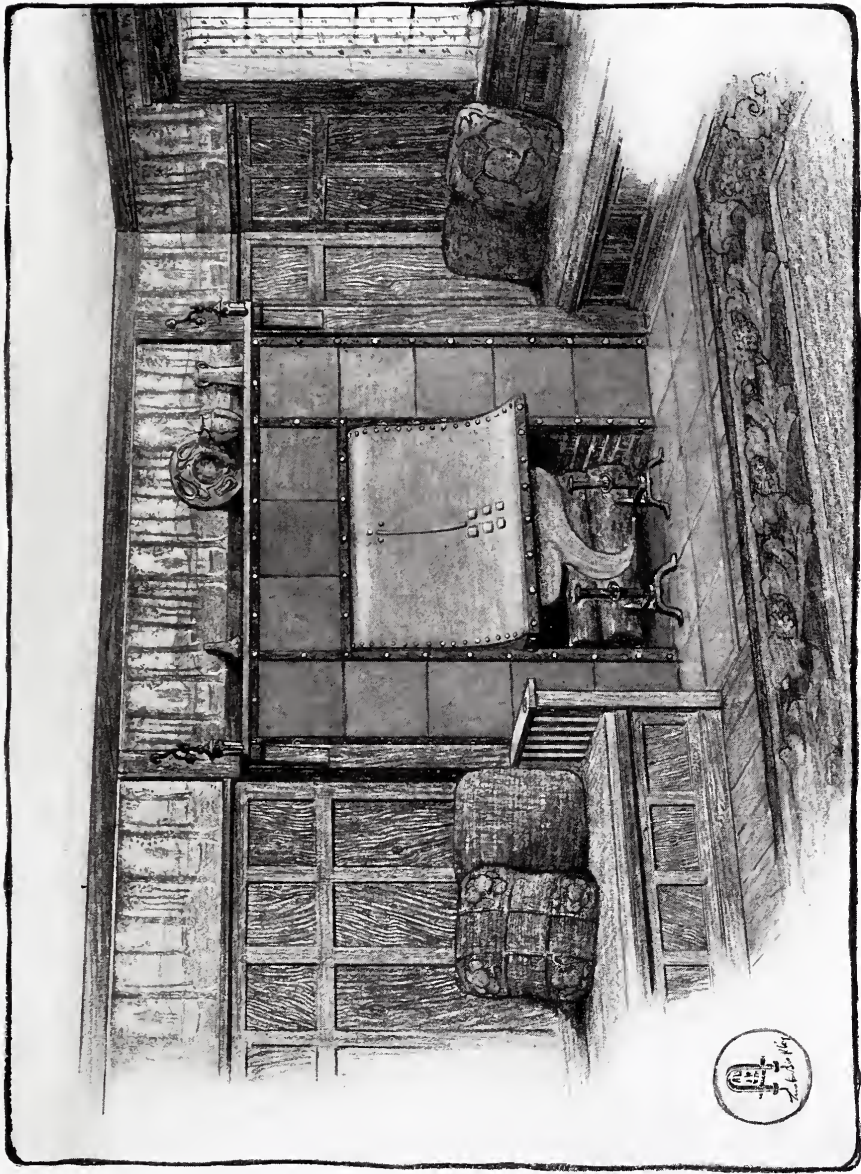
THE first chimneypiece shown would be best suited to a large living-room or library. It is made of Welsh tiles in the natural dull red, and these tiles are framed into panels by bands of wrought iron, which not only define the outer edge and the fireplace opening, but also divide the tiles with one crosspiece and two uprights. The fireplace, as illustrated, shows a basket grate supported on andirons, but the grate might easily be omitted and the andirons used for logs as in the other fireplaces. The hood is especially graceful in shape, having a bold outward spring at the bottom that brings it almost into a bell shape. It is rimmed with a broad hoop of wrought iron, and the only decoration is furnished by this band and two lines of copper rivets. The mantel-shelf is placed high and is made of a heavy oak plank which extends to the casement window on either side, forming a top to the small bookshelves, which are built in and slightly recessed. The mantel-breast projects twelve inches from the wall, and the little bookshelves only nine, but below, on a level with the sill of the casement window seen on either side of the fireplace, is another shelf, which is of the same depth as the mantel-breast. This shelf forms the top of the two small cupboards that appear at the wall end of the seats, and is extended over the bookcase built in on the right side. The wainscot shows on the left, where a writing-desk might be placed. The fireside seats are just large enough to afford a comfortable lounging place for any one who wishes to sit by the fire and read, and the whole effect of fireplace seats, casements and bookcases, gives a homelike and inviting character to the entire room.



CHIMNEYPIECE OF WELSH TILES, WITH
FIRESIDE SEATS AND SMALL BOOK CUP-
BOARDS AS A PART OF THE STRUCTURE.

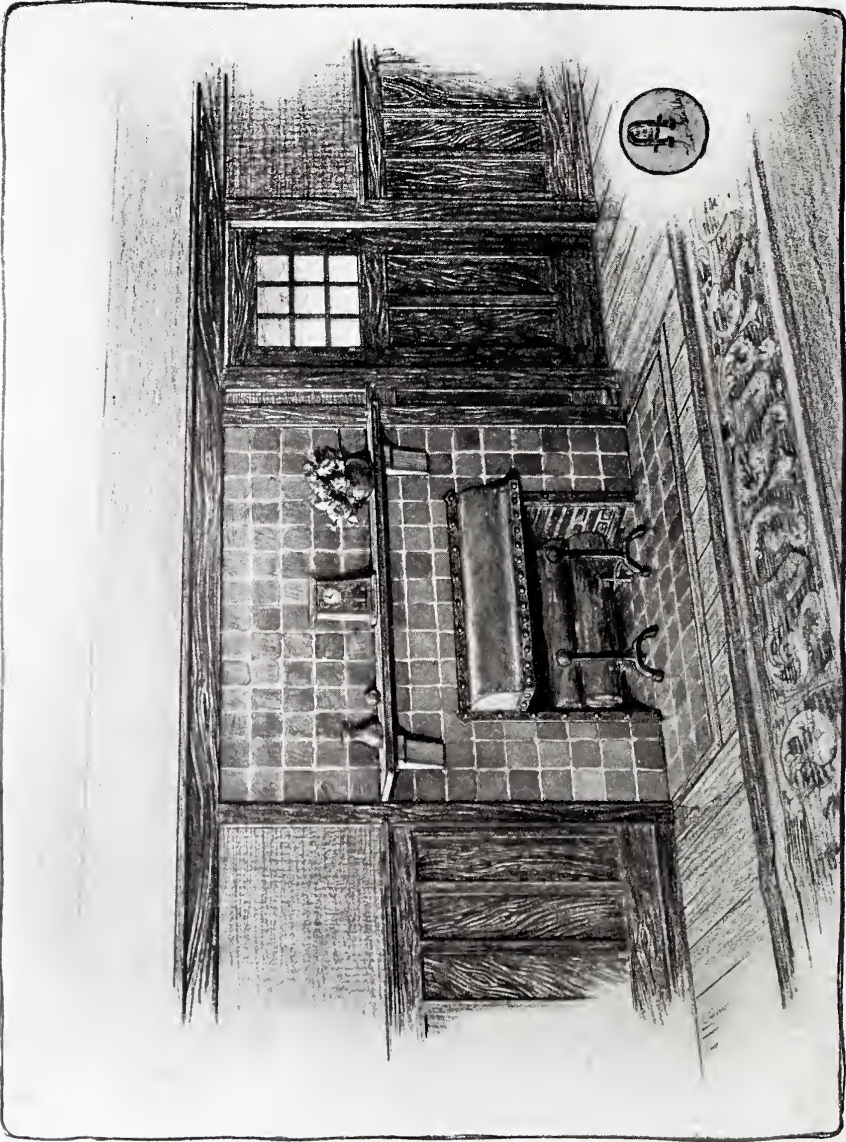


TILE CHIMNEYPiece WITH COPPER HOOD,
FINISHED WITH IRON BANDS.

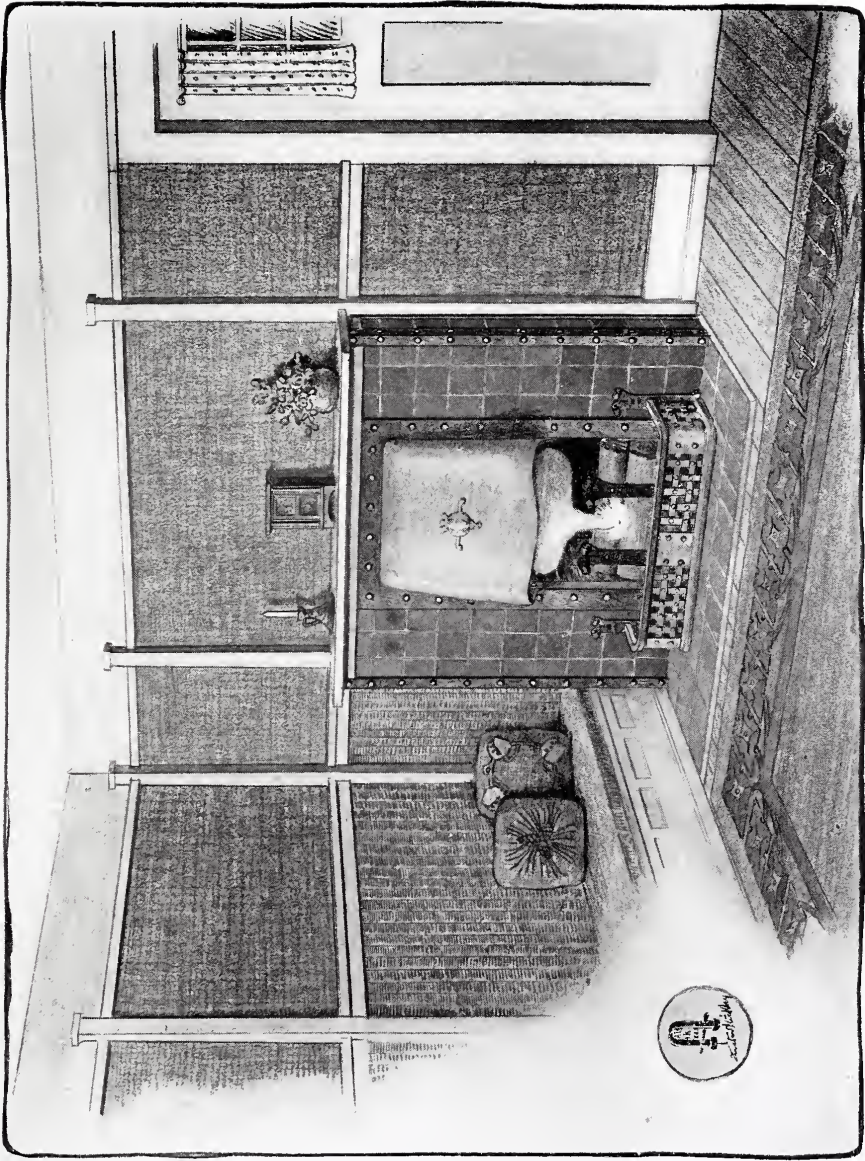


CHIMNEYPIECE OF GRAYISH-GREEN TILES, MATT
FINISH AND BANDED WITH WROUGHT IRON.

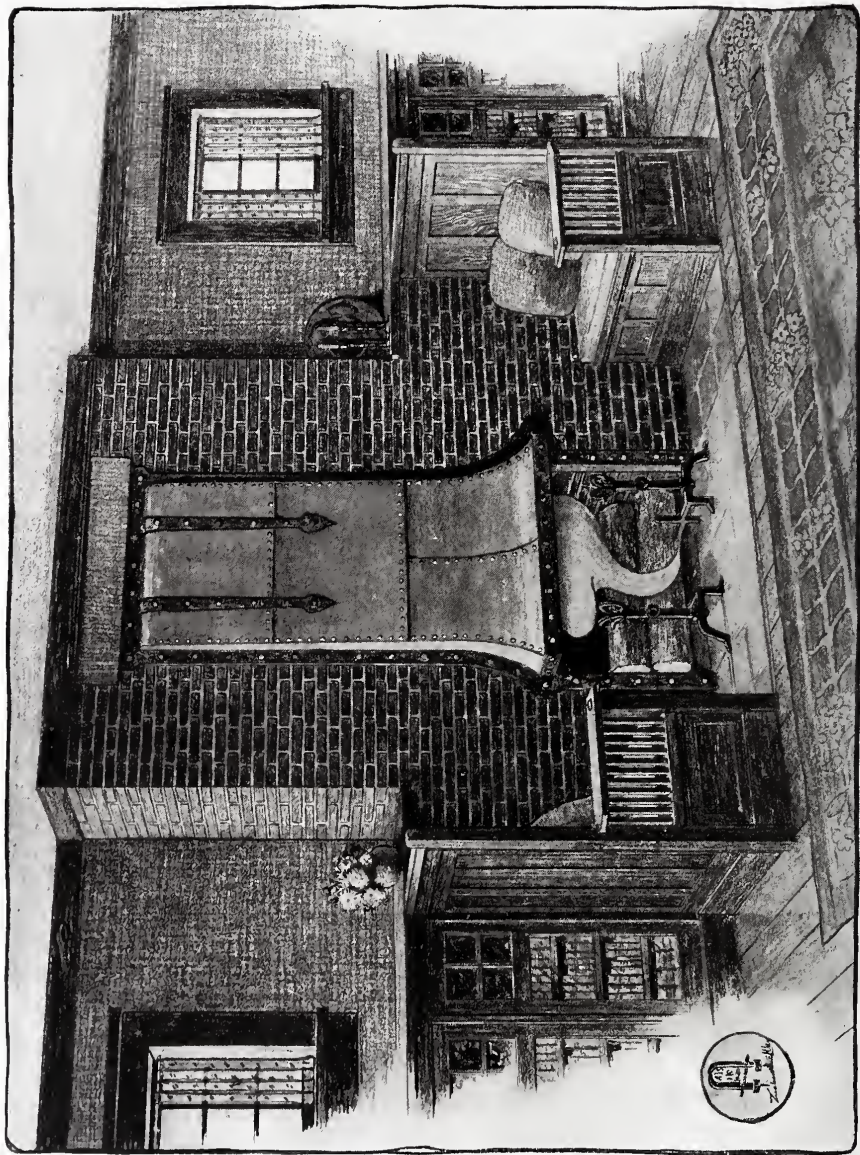




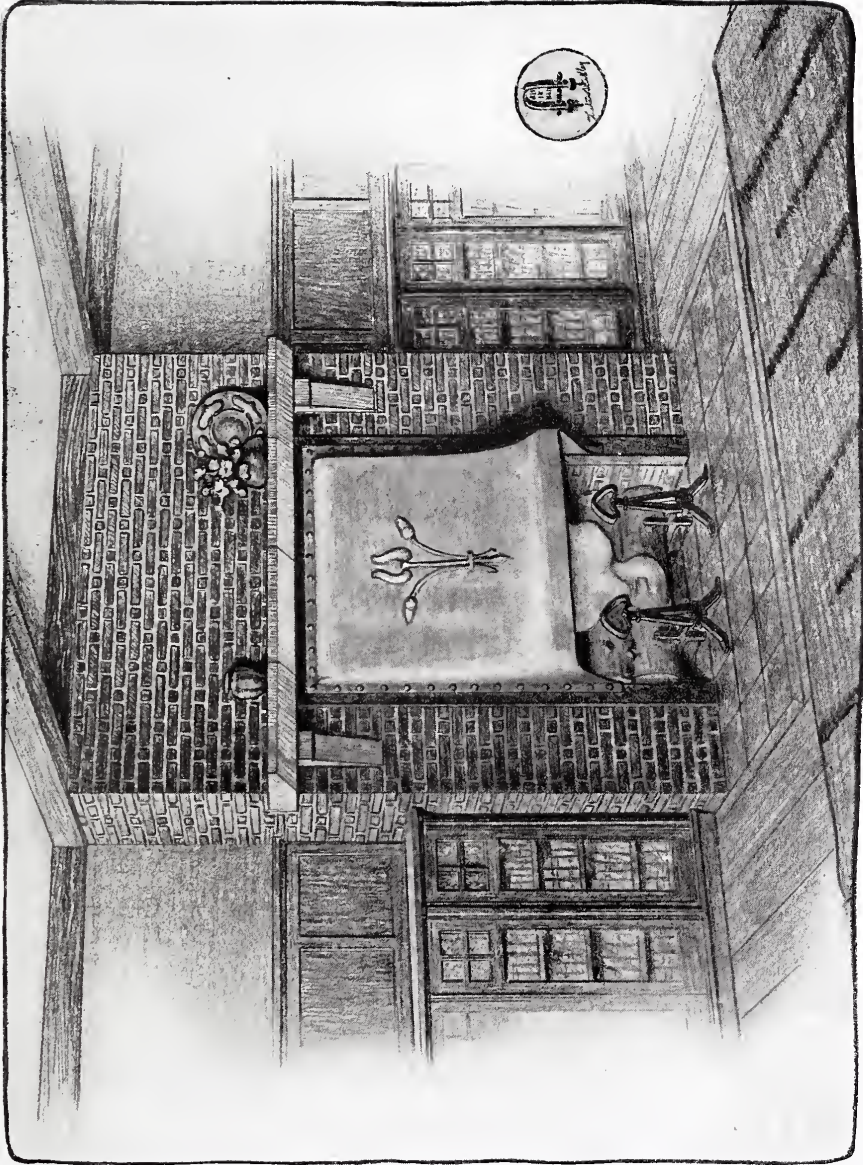
BISCUIT-COLORED WELSH TILES ARE USED
IN THIS CHIMNEYPiece, WHICH IS SET
FLUSH WITH THE WALL.



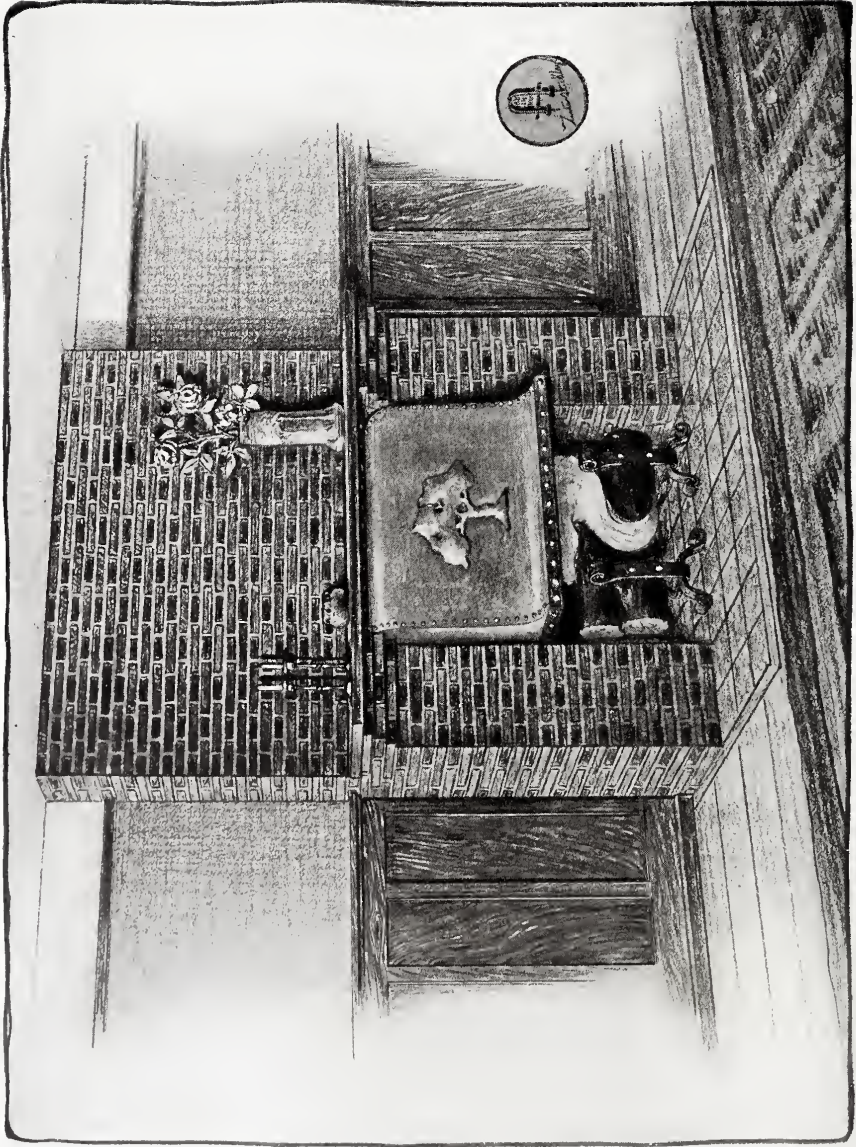
BEDROOM CHIMNEYPIECE OF GREEN TILES,
COPPER HOOD, THE TILES IRON BOUND.



CHIMNEYPIECE OF RED BRICK, SEATS AND BOOKCASES A PART OF THE CONSTRUCTION.



CHIMNEYPIECE OF BRICK, VERY PLAIN AND MASSIVE,
STONE LINTEL, BRACKETS AND HOOD OF BEATEN COPPER.



BRICK CHIMNEYPIECE FOR A SMALL ROOM, WITH
WAINSCOT CARRYING THE LINE OF THE SHELF.

CRAFTSMAN CHIMNEYPIECES

Another mantel-breast of tiles is seen in the second illustration, and, while simpler in design than the first, it is equally effective for use in a large room. Here the bands of iron are heavier and appear only around the fireplace opening and at the corners. They are fastened with very heavy copper rivets, and these form the principal decoration of the hood, which is made up of separate sheets of copper frankly riveted together. A band of wrought iron gives strength to the hood where it flares at the bottom, and the andirons, of course, are wrought iron. The treatment of the walls on either side is as simple as that of the fireplace, with a low wainscot of oak and wall spaces either of rough plaster or covered with canvas or burlap.

The third fireplace would be more suitable for a smaller room, such as a small library or den. The room is wainscoted to the height of the frieze, and, owing to the fact that this wainscoting can now be obtained in any height desired at a reasonable price by the running foot, it is no longer an almost unattainable luxury to one of moderate means who wishes either to build or remodel a room after this design. The charm and comfort of a room that is all in wood is hard to equal, especially if the wood be so finished that the friendly quality of the oak is fully revealed and the soft ripened color which is a blending of gray, green and brown is made the ground-work for the whole color-scheme of the room. In this case, the space above the paneling is decorated with one of the English landscape friezes, a shadowy woodland seen just at twilight, the whole being a study in soft dim greens and browns. The chimneypiece, as will be seen, is exceedingly simple, and is made of large square tiles of dull, grayish green, matt finish, and banded with wrought iron. The simple hood, iron banded and riveted with copper, harmonizes exactly with the unpretentious construction of the mantel, and the shelf above is merely a plank of oak.

In the fourth picture, oak wainscoting for the walls appears again, with rough plaster on the ceiling and frieze, and Japanese grass cloth in a silvery burnt straw color in the wall spaces. The mantel is set flush with the wall, and is of Welsh tiles in varying shades of biscuit-color. The brackets holding the oaken shelf are of cement in the same shade, and the hood shown here is very shallow, as suits the wide, low proportions of the mantel. This should be most effective in a large reception hall.

CRAFTSMAN CHIMNEYPIECES

The fifth and last of the tile mantels shown here is meant for a bedroom. The woodwork of this room is either enameled an ivory white, or shows the natural color of one of the lighter, finer grained woods that look best in a room of this character. The tiles of the mantel are of a soft, milky green, supported with very broad bands of wrought iron, riveted with copper. The low fender is also of wrought iron, riveted with copper, and the hood is of copper.

WHILE tile mantels are very interesting and beautiful, for the characteristic CRAFTSMAN house we lean rather toward the rugged and simple brick, laid in black cement with the joints well raked out. The chimneypiece shown in the sixth plate is typically CRAFTSMAN. It extends to the ceiling, with a stone lintel just under the beam at the top of the great copper hood that runs from the fireplace opening up to this lintel. This hood is perhaps the most decorative of all the group shown here, as, in addition to the framing and banding of wrought iron and the riveting of the separate sheets of copper, it is supported at the top by two large straps of the copper riveted iron. In design this chimneypiece seems at first glance not unlike those shown in the first plate—with the fireplace seats, casement windows and flanking bookcases, but the details are very different and the construction here is much simpler. This is one of the best fireplaces for a large living-room, where warmth of color and a certain massive generosity of form is required.

The square, straight brick chimneypiece used in so many of the CRAFTSMAN houses appears on the seventh plate. Here the mantel-shelf and brackets are made of cement and are very massive, and the hood, like the others, is of copper framed in wrought iron. The built-in bookcases appear again as flanking this mantel, and the line of the mantel-shelf is carried around the room by the top panel of the wainscot.

The last plate is another brick chimneypiece quite as simple, but a little less severe in form. Here the top part of the mantel-breast is only about half the width of the lower part, and the heavy oak plank that forms the mantel-shelf is supported upon corbels that extend the full width of the mantel on either side of the hood. This hood shows the decoration of a conventionalized tree hammered in low relief in copper, but otherwise it is very simple.

THE SOCIALIZED CHURCH, WHAT IT IS DOING FOR THE WELFARE, COMFORT AND HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE: BY MARY RANKIN CRANSTON



NOT even the religious world has escaped the effect of changed social conditions. The separation of the masses and the church is a significant development of our time. This is partly the fault of the church which has hitherto expended her best energies in splitting hairs over useless things—she has been so busily engaged in following the time honored counsels of her human advisers that she has wandered far away from her Divine Teacher whose message is social as well as spiritual. It is due partly to a social situation unlike any the world has ever seen, conditions which have become the touchstone for religion, politics, education, economic questions, to test them for enduring good, to search out weak spots, to devise new methods to meet present day needs.

Because religious denominations as a whole have feared the slightest deviation from antiquated methods, some of the churches have solidified. Their congregations have dwindled to a mere handful of women and children, men have almost ceased attending religious services, particularly young men and workingmen; the latter not only stay away, but withhold their reverence. During the teamsters' strike in Chicago, the pastor of a Methodist church needed a man to haul some lumber. Wishing to give employment to an out-of-work man he sent to the union officials asking for a union teamster. The request was courteously made, but the reply was "the church be d——" and this attitude may be taken as fairly typical of the working man's relation to the church everywhere.

When labor is speeded up to the point that a man is exhausted and laid upon the shelf by the time he is forty years old, when new inventions and combinations of capital force the cost of living up and the chances for employment down, what earthly good does it do the workingman to tell him of the glories or the pains of the world to come? He is now in this world, his pressing need is peace in it, the chance for decent, upright living in it, protection for his wife and children, reasonable opportunities for earning a wage sufficient for their support.

THE SOCIALIZED CHURCH

Of course it is not the business of the church to see that every man has a job; but it unquestionably is the church's affair to do its part to suppress social and civic evils in order that people may be able during the week to live up to the advice given them on Sunday.

While church membership has but held its own during the past thirty or forty years and population has vastly increased, it is a great mistake to conclude that the world is growing irreligious, for such is not the case. On the contrary, the world is more religious than it ever was, but it needs, wants, and will have a living gospel and refuses to be content with its husk and shell. The trouble lies in the way religion is taught, not at all with the gospel itself, for that is just as true, as vital, as spiritual, as it ever has been, and where Christ's message is given in its purity and simplicity the question of how to fill empty benches does not exist.

RIGHT now the churches have an opportunity for evangelization such as they never had before. Some of them are taking advantage of it, and are doing a tremendous spiritual work through social forces. Such churches are called socialized or institutional because they have adopted, in their religious life, institutions and methods hitherto considered secular. To begin with, instead of holding services a few hours on Sunday and a prayer meeting or two during the week, the doors of the socialized church are rarely closed. The church proper is always open for prayer and meditation, the parish house is a center of constant activity, the members, imbued with the Christlike spirit of fellowship and helpfulness, are impelled to become "doers of the Word, not hearers only," intent upon bringing the kingdom of God on earth by putting into practise the teachings of the risen Lord.

The socialized church is essentially the product of the city, but there is no reason why such methods would not prove valuable in rural districts as well. The percentage of insanity is very high among farmers' wives, due in great measure to the monotony of the country, coupled with the constant drudgery of farm life. Young people either go into the city as soon as possible or drift into mischief for want of amusement. A socialized church in charge of the right leader would work a miracle in such places.

Because the fearful congestion of population in cities makes decent

THE SOCIALIZED CHURCH

living difficult, it is there that the socialized church has advanced most rapidly. The kind of work undertaken is determined by its environment. If situated in a neighborhood of fairly well-to-do wage earners, its opportunity lies in the provision of amusement for those who have a little money to spend for pleasure, but not enough for the better kind of theaters and concerts. It is too often the case that only undesirable vaudevilles and dance halls are cheap enough for the patronage of this class. The church fills a necessary and very human need by affording facilities for pure recreation under proper auspices. If in a very poor neighborhood, whose people are ever face to face with abject poverty, the greatest need is for industrial training and employment for the unskilled. In the midst of an immigrant population, education is clearly the need, for if foreigners are to be assimilated in a way beneficial to the state, the children must learn the English language and certainly should be taught the principles of good citizenship.

The socialized church goes into a crowded locality and finds the people with no social life beyond door-step gossip among the women; it organizes all sorts of clubs, and places at the disposal of the general public a room for neighborhood meetings. The corner saloon is the only place where men may have a chat in the evening; men's clubs are formed in rooms where they may read, talk, smoke, play billiards, dominoes, checkers, and, in some cases, cards, find an outlet for natural inclinations in a healthy atmosphere. Women know little of house-keeping, and the proper care of children, for the tenement house baby's greatest danger is the ignorance of its mother; in mothers' clubs advice is given upon all matters connected with home-making, sanitation and hygiene. It finds boys and girls loitering in the streets; musical, dramatic and dancing clubs are formed. By thus adapting herself to present day needs, the socialized church enters intimately into the lives of the people, she reaches and spiritualizes them, for the every-day institutions are only a means to an end and are never permitted to obscure the real purpose of the church, which is to point the way to heaven through a better life on earth.

IN NOTHING does the modern church show more progress than in the Sunday-school. Fifty years ago anybody was thought good enough to teach a few cut and dried precepts to inquiring young minds. To-day the progressive Sunday school is graded, the primary,

THE SOCIALIZED CHURCH

intermediate, junior, and senior grades taught by trained instructors, some of whom serve voluntarily, others paid regular salaries. The management is business-like and yields far better results than the old time plan both in attendance and interest.

Socialized churches ordinarily have kindergartens and day nurseries for small children; cooking, sewing, manual training and educational classes for boys and girls; a variety of clubs for both old and young. Usually there is an employment bureau, sometimes there is a dispensary with a competent doctor who may be consulted for a nominal fee or none at all if the patient is unable to pay. One New York church has a loan bureau where a person may borrow tide-over money at a reasonable rate of interest instead of the exorbitant charges of money lenders. Frequent stereopticon lectures are given by good speakers upon topics of popular interest.

Certain churches specialize in various ways according to local demands. The First Congregational Church of Jersey City does effective religious work through recreation. The parish house, called the People's Palace because it was inspired by Sir Walter Besant's book "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," is a new five story and basement building. It contains a good library, club rooms, parlors, an assembly hall where weekly dances are given, and which is sometimes used as a banquet hall, a well appointed kitchen adjoining, a theater fitted with scenery and modern appliances, even thunder, lightning, and wind storms, a bowling alley, billiard room, rifle range, and, best of all, a fine gymnasium larger than any other in the State except the one at Princeton University. An efficient director is in charge of the physical training which serves as a safety valve for much of the growing boy's surplus energy, and has been found an excellent antidote for cigarettes, the dime novel, and general mischief. There is a summer camp at Lake Hopatcong, but in going there the physical director and the boys scorn civilization's conveniences, for instead of taking the train, the entire distance is traversed on foot, modern Don Quixotes in search of nothing more formidable than the peace and contentment which may be had from a simple life in God's pure air.

The Morgan Memorial in Boston is in the heart of a cosmopolitan neighborhood where Jews and Gentiles are crowded in with Catholics and Protestants of all nationalities, Irish, German, Italian, American, English, Chinese, and Scandinavian. It is undenominational, which

THE SOCIALIZED CHURCH

is both its strength and its weakness; its strength, because believers in all creeds, and those who believe in none, may find there a church home; its weakness, because it does not appeal to the loyalty of any denomination and hence receives little financial support except from Methodists and Unitarians, although it enjoys the good will of all. Its highest endorsement lies in the fact that two denominations so diverse in their beliefs can unite so cordially in its work. Moreover, Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Jews and Catholics co-operate with Methodists and Unitarians assisting the pastor as city missionaries. All seats are free, no distinction is made as to "color, clothes, cash or character," the only condition for admission is good behavior. For the sick, aged, or infirm, who can not go to church there is a band of volunteers who go into tenement homes, read the Bible, sing and conduct simple services.

The co-operative industrial work enables the stranger or very poor to obtain the absolute necessities of life through employment which does not pauperize. An applicant is never turned away, but relief is given, sometimes by outside work, more often through some one of the church institutions, where the endeavor is made to train the recipient's brain and hand so that he may become permanently self-supporting, if possible.

MUTUAL aid is the underlying principle of the industrial department. For instance, one day four persons applied for assistance, two men in dire distress, one of them an unskilled worker in need of a coat to replace the ragged one on his back, the other a shoemaker, convalescing from a long illness; a woman asked for fuel, another for shoes for her small son in order that he might go to school. The unskilled worker sawed wood for the woman who wanted it, who in turn mended a coat from the clothing bureau for him; the shoemaker repaired shoes for the small son, for which he received meals and a night's lodging, and the woman paid for his work for her, by doing scrubbing for another who was ill and could not do it for herself.

A great quantity of cast-off clothing is sent to the church in the Relief Bags. A well known Boston merchant gave a number of coffee bags which are placed with people of means who return them filled with old shoes and clothes. All garments are first sterilized, then cleaned and repaired by poor men and women, to be either sold to the

THE SOCIALIZED CHURCH

needy or given in payment for work done. Garments past mending are ripped up, sorted and sold to woolen or paper mills, or woven into rugs in the arts and crafts department. There are now five hand looms in operation, making a good beginning in a movement which may do as much for the seventh and ninth wards of Boston as for the towns of Deerfield and Hingham.

The object of the Real Estate Department is to attract good tenants, to improve housing and sanitation in the neighborhood, and to afford property owners a reliable agency to look after their interests, particularly in preventing the use of houses for immoral purposes.

A temperance saloon, if such a term may be used, is conducted, called the Men's Spa and Amusement Room, filled every evening with men who would otherwise drift into saloons or walk the streets. Here a light, low-priced lunch, tea, coffee, and temperance drinks, may be had, games are provided and a piano for frequent concerts. Every Sunday morning a Bible class of the habitués is held in the Spa, a room where they feel at home and very likely the only place where they could be induced to listen to religious teaching.

Undoubtedly picturesque, probably considered sensational by the ultra conservative, the Morgan Memorial's industrial features are a potent factor for good. They are an incentive to church attendance and serve as a gateway through which a glimpse may be had of the straight and narrow path for eyes otherwise blind to spiritual things. Industrial work is done upon upright business principles, not for profit or for the sake of doing business, but in order to demonstrate that co-operative philanthropy interprets the gospel.

The Morgan Memorial has more than a thousand children connected with it, the same number of men and women who neither need, ask, nor receive aid of any kind, but who are affiliated with it just as the membership of other churches, and an annual average of over a thousand human derelicts through misfortune, incapacity, or weakness, who are lead through industrial work or training, to become self-respecting men and women.

THE Halsted Street Institutional Church in Chicago is situated in a densely populated district. Within a radius of half a mile there are fifty thousand people, only one in twenty-six of them American. There are one hundred and fifty saloons within four blocks

THE SOCIALIZED CHURCH

of the church. There are sixteen thousand children less than fifteen years old with no park or playground within two and a half miles of them. Absolutely the only safe place for these children is in the one gymnasium at the Halsted Street Church.

While much of its social and athletic work is among the young it is by no means confined to them. A large class of tenement house mothers, under the guidance of a physical directress, regularly enjoy systematic exercise in the gymnasium which puts new life into tired, overworked bodies, and minds sluggish with the constant strain of the struggle for existence.

A working girls' lunch room and noon-day rest serves a plain but substantial meal for fifteen cents, or, if a girl prefers to bring her lunch from home, she is welcome to the use of the tables, magazines, games, and gymnasium.

The most painful thing about social work among people of this type is its failure to reach so many of them, a failure clearly brought out in "The Jungle" and Owen Kildare's "My Mamie Rose." The question recurs to the mind again and again, "Why did these people in such sore straits not go to the well-known settlements and churches whose very existence depends upon their needs?" Undoubtedly it was because they did not know that aid, which they might have had for the asking, was so near at hand. There is so much misery in the world, comparatively so few agencies for its scientific relief and those which are at work so heavily burdened by the pressure of life around them, that it is all they can do to relieve the wants of the people who seek them without going out into the highways and byways to hunt up others. The Halsted Street Church widely and wisely advertises its social features by distributing circulars setting forth its advantages in several of the twenty-two languages spoken in the neighborhood.

The Church of the Holy Communion, one of the oldest in New York, has impressed its stamp upon both the civic and religious life of the city. Years ago a tiny library was formed which has become the Muhlenberg branch of the New York Free Public Library system; the infirmary, whose modest beginning consisted of a few cots in the care of the church sisters, was the foundation of St. Luke's hospital; the boys' choir, organized in 1846, and the Sisterhood, formed in 1852, were the first institutions of the kind in the United States.

A workingmen's club, twenty-seven years old, having for its object

THE SOCIALIZED CHURCH

mutual aid, furnishes medical advice to members free of charge, to their wives and children for fifty cents a visit. Sick benefits are paid; at death a member's nearest relative receives as many dollars as there are club members. If his wife dies, he receives as many half dollars. Since its foundation the club has disbursed more than thirty-three thousand dollars.

As a religious body the Church of the Holy Communion is unique in that the best of its social work is done all the year round in a village community, comprising five hundred acres, on Long Island, called St. Johnland. There the two extremes of life are cared for, babies and the aged. By removing the helpless from the city, from a harsh to a sympathetic environment, the church corporation is doing this part of its work in a particularly effective manner, for St. Johnland is a place whose restful quiet becomes a beautiful memory to the young, after they leave it for the workaday world

The babies have a new, modern house especially adapted to their use, another building houses forty aged men, eighteen aged women occupy a cottage built for the purpose and Sunset Cottage is a home for twelve aged couples.

Other churches in New York engaged in social work are St. George's, St. Bartholomew's, Grace, Church of the Incarnation, the People's Home Church, Spring Street Presbyterian Church and the Metropolitan Temple. The two denominations having the greatest number of socialized churches are the Episcopalian and the Presbyterian, but many Congregational, Methodist and Baptist churches are engaged in multiform social activities.

The conventional urban church has become subservient, to put it mildly, to the moribund fortunes of this generation, and is in danger of permitting a golden muzzle to impede the fearless utterance of the word of God. The socialized church, by bringing religious leaders face to face with life's stern verities, by disclosing purity amid foul surroundings, strength in temptation, generosity in poverty, unselfishness in an age of greed, is brushing aside false standards, breaking down the barrier of worldliness and restoring to religion its former influence.

When Christ walked on earth He gave His message into the keeping of the lowly. It may be that He is again speaking to the world through them.

TRAVELING LIBRARIES: HOW FREE BOOKS ARE SENT TO REMOTE COUNTRY DISTRICTS: THEIR SIGNIFICANCE IN OUR CIVILIZATION: BY GEORGIA H. REYNOLDS



THE underlying principle of the present day philanthropic movements in all of their varying phases, is that of popularizing education and bringing it within reach of every person.

Free scholarships, lecturers sent from universities, improvement of town schools, consolidation of country schools, and rural wagons for the transportation of pupils, all tend to bring education to every one capable of taking it, not even poverty being allowed to interfere. In this broad scheme of altruistic endeavor books for the home become a feature of widest importance.

Mr. Melvil, the State librarian of New York, was the first in the United States to effect a systematic method of getting reading matter directly into farm homes and those of small towns. He realized that a part of the people were abundantly supplied with literature, while others living in villages and rural communities had for various reasons few books and were unable to procure more. These men and women, "just off the main line," with as many questions to decide, problems to solve, and children to rear, needed vigorous, life-giving books even more than those of the cities. In 1892, Mr. Dewey received an appropriation from the legislature for traveling libraries; a new department of extension work. He began at once sending out boxes containing fifty, seventy-five, and one hundred volumes to any locality where the people were willing to form associations by filling out a blank form of application carrying the signatures of twenty-five taxpayers. They were called upon to care for the books and return them at the expiration of six months, and pay a small fee to cover the express. The work was an immediate and assured success. Requests were received from all parts of the state. In three years, forty thousand books had circulated and six permanent little libraries were established.

In 1895, Michigan received an appropriation for traveling libraries. The following year, Iowa and Ohio were given state aid. Appropriations were granted in 1899, to New Jersey, Minnesota, Maine, Pennsylvania, and Indiana, for the establishment of similar systems. Since then, Vermont, Oregon, Nebraska, Maryland, and California

TRAVELING LIBRARIES

have entered the field. In many of the states, Public Library Commissions were created for the purpose of giving advice on all matters of organization, maintenance, or administration of the local public libraries, and these commissions were also authorized to send out traveling libraries.

Previous to legislative action, the Federation of Women's Clubs fitted out cases and attended to the circulation of the books in several of the states. In Kansas, the women were untiring in their efforts to secure the libraries, and as soon as the bill was passed authorizing them, the Federation donated three thousand books to be used in the department. In Colorado and Utah, the women's clubs maintained traveling libraries for a long time, sending the books out to the ranches and into mining and lumber camps away from the railroads. The system was started in Washington and Idaho through the same source, and women's clubs have carried on the work almost exclusively in the Southern States. In Georgia, the patrons of the books are required to form village improvement associations, by which they endeavor to improve the roads and lawns, keep up the fences and sidewalks, plant trees and flowers, and in every way beautify the locality in which they live. Ten years ago, the president of the Atlantic Seaboard line offered to carry the books free of charge. Since then, they have been sent through North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Florida, and Georgia. The railroad also offered prizes of libraries to the best kept up schoolhouses. The books have visited hundreds of little towns and struggling communities, where they have proved a benefit and a joy.

TRAVELING libraries were started in Washington, D. C., by putting the books on the canal boats. The students of Hampton Institute carry them to their own people, and the women's clubs of Kentucky have sent them through very isolated portions of the mountains, to the "poor whites." Books in the traveling libraries shorten many a solitary hour for the keeper and his family in the lonely lighthouse, and carry cheer and encouragement to the weary workers in the rice fields of Louisiana and the cotton fields of Tennessee. Traveling libraries are stationed in engine houses where the men are required to be constantly on duty, yet with many leisure hours at their disposal, and are also placed in factories and jails. A young

TRAVELING LIBRARIES

man in one of the reformatories said to the librarian, as he returned the book he had been reading, "If we'd had some like that in our house, I wouldn't be here now." After circulating for six months in a village or farming community where there is a scarcity of books, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Rebecca of Sunny-brook Farm," "Little Women," and volumes of St. Nicholas have been returned "read to pieces;" while the man who judges and condemns the entire negro race by the one or two persons he has known in his locality, will write for the sequel to Booker T. Washington's "Up from Slavery."

New York State has long since been sending out pictures to the town and country schools—large reproductions of the famous masterpieces, giving the children, situated miles from museums and studios an opportunity to become acquainted with the best in art. Many of the other states now furnish schools with pictures and photographs for use in the history and literary work.

Wisconsin deserves special mention for its traveling library department. The first books were sent out by Senator Stout to the people of his own county. He contributed five hundred volumes. Later, county systems were established with a Library Commission at the head. The state is sparsely settled in parts, and yet books have been sent to the remotest districts. Foreign books have also been furnished in localities settled by Swedes, Norwegians, Germans, and others. The state libraries have proved so successful that several little public libraries have been established as an outgrowth. In many instances the furnishing of traveling libraries has led to the establishment of town reading rooms and libraries in the community. An instance of this occurred in Indiana, recently: A women's club, in a town of six hundred inhabitants, was using one of the collections; another club sent for one; arrangements were made for half a dozen, by as many associations, a men's club came to the front and offered to pay for a reading-room and meet other incidental expenses for a three months' trial. If this proves a success, steps will be taken to establish a permanent library, with traveling libraries as an aid. In another instance in the same state, a bright, interesting woman, the mother of two boys, hearing of the traveling libraries, wrote for information concerning them. She met all requirements and within a week a collection of good, fresh, readable books was shipped to her,

TRAVELING LIBRARIES

the entire cost being seventy-five cents, the round trip express rate. She placed the books in one of the rooms of her home, made as attractive as possible with chairs and a large table in the center, over which was suspended a hanging lamp. The boys of the neighborhood were invited in. At first, they were inclined to view the surroundings suspiciously, but one after another drew near and indifferently thumbed the books. Within four months, a second library was asked for, as the one collection was not enough, the report recorded that each place about the table was occupied during the evenings, and often two boys would be crowded on the same chair.

Much depends on the interest the local librarian himself takes in the books. A librarian on a rural route in Indiana reported that when he found something in the collection likely to prove interesting to a neighbor, even though not a member of the association, he would put it in his carriage and drive around to said neighbor with it, or take it to the village post office to be called for.

INDIANA is mainly an agricultural state and the greater proportion of her books are loaned directly to the farming districts. Seven hundred and sixteen libraries, averaging forty books each, have been sent over the state in the past two years, visiting from two hundred and fifty to three hundred localities, with an estimated circulation of twenty-five thousand. In a certain locality of forty-five inhabitants, nine libraries, or three hundred and sixty books have been in use in the past three years. One library is held until another is received and ready to use in its place.

The questions are often asked as to whether the libraries are returned promptly and what the people in the country and villages like best to read. The books are, for the most part, well read and carefully handled, and always returned when due. If a volume is lost or damaged the local librarian invariably asks to have it made good. The circulation proves in all states that the readers of traveling libraries are interested largely in the same books and subjects that are in demand in our city libraries.

The system of loaning libraries is much the same in all of the states. The majority of the commissions require the signature of from two to five taxpayers, with three or four others acting as officers. In some states the books are loaned free of expense to the associations.

TRAVELING LIBRARIES

They are sent out for three months, with the privilege of retaining for a longer time, and are loaned to small libraries, reading-rooms, women's clubs, town and country schools, Sunday-schools, lodges, granges, country clubs, and to homes.

An added feature in the extension of traveling libraries is the book-wagon. Books have been carried directly to homes, off the railroads or inter-urban lines by this means. The book-wagon of Hagerstown, Maryland, is a significant instance. A varied assortment is stowed in a wagon made especially for this purpose, then with a driver who knows the country and is a member of the library staff, knowing the books and capable of assisting the readers in selection, an inestimable amount of good is accomplished. The books loaned in a locality are passed from one to another; the wagon revisits the community at the expiration of two months and gathers up the stock, leaving a fresh supply.

Aside from the effective work carried on by the states, the railroads have played a part in traveling libraries. Several years ago, the New York and Albany road, also the Baltimore and Ohio and others, established reading-rooms and sent out books along the road for the benefit of their employes and families. Through a lack of systematic administration they were often lost and stolen. Many of them have been turned over to the railroad branches of the Young Men's Christian Associations, of which there are two hundred and twelve in the United States, who are now loaning them to points along the various roads, the companies carrying them free of charge.

Thus the effort to get reading into the farthest corners and poorest hamlets is being extended and furthered by the states and corporations and individuals. Professor Zeublin, of Chicago University, has said that the traveling library is an ideal form of philanthropy, because "it's not carried on by the rich for the sake of the poor, nor by the educated for the uneducated, but by the people for the sake of the people."

Can we who are surrounded with our books, "messages," as Kingsley wrote, "that speak to us, arouse us, terrify us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers," estimate what rays of sunshine or happiness a paltry few may have carried to the man and woman by the lonely fireside, in the lumber camps or on the distant prairies, and caused them to rise up with new hopes and ambitions.

THE DOUKHOBORS OF CANADA—A COMMUNITY OF SIBERIAN EXILES WHICH IS BEING BROUGHT TO GREAT FINANCIAL PROSPERITY BY A RUSSIAN CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY: BY KATHERINE LOUISE SMITH



THE Doukhobors in Canada, or Universal Community of Christian Brotherhood—as their leader, Peter Verigin, while still in Siberia, suggested that they be called—have now forty-four separate villages, with one to two hundred people in a village, and represent a prosperous form of community life. When they came to America they had nothing. To-day, they have land, horses, food laid up for emergencies, twenty threshing outfits, six flour mills and five lumber mills. They also have a blacksmith and carpenter shop in every village, and run a large brick yard. Fifteen steam plows break up the land quickly. The possession of these labor saving devices is said by those who know Peter Verigin, to be an example of his adroitness. One of the tenets of the Doukhobors is to care for animals, and when they suggested it was wrong to work horses in this way, their leader instantly improved the opportunity by advising the use of steam plows. These people are natural tillers of the soil. They like village life, have been for centuries accustomed to agricultural pursuits, and are indefatigable workers. Their only holidays are the Sabbath and Christmas. Easter Day is not observed, “for Christ is ever resurrected in every man’s heart.”

The growth of the Canadian Doukhobors is amazing to any one who has known their history from the start. Five years ago six thousand of these people came to this country with nothing but strong hearts and willing hands. They were poor, not one in five hundred could speak English; they knew nothing of Canadian customs, and for two centuries had been oppressed; their property had been repeatedly confiscated, their women ill-treated and their leaders condemned to Siberian mines. To-day they are one of the most interesting communities existing in the world. They do business on modern and approved methods, they issue financial statements, have co-operative stores, buy necessities at wholesale, and are rapidly taking advantage of those usages and customs of civilization which do not conflict with their religious belief.



THE OLD WOMEN AMONG THE DOUKHOBORS
SPIN THE YARN FOR THEIR OWN LOOMS.



LOOKING DOWN A PEACEFUL
DOUKHOBOR VILLAGE STREET.

SIFTING GRAIN IN THE OLD-FASH-
IONED WAY: WOMEN, THE WORKERS.



DOUKHOBOR WEAVING IS DONE ON A HAND
LOOM OF MOST PRIMITIVE CONSTRUCTION.



IN HARVEST TIME THE WOMEN GLEANERS
TAKE THEIR NOONDAY MEAL IN A
FRIENDLY GROUP IN THE FIELDS.

A DOUKHOBOR GARDEN, WITH THEIR
FAVORITE THATCHED GATEWAY.



THE MEN PLOUGH AND SOW:
BUT THE WOMEN REAP.



BEATING FLAX BY HAND
AT THE HARVEST SEASON.

BREAKFAST TIME IN A DOUKHOBOR HOME. THE
RUSSIAN COSTUME LENDS A PICTURESQUE NOTE.



THEY WORK ALWAYS—THESE PEASANT WOMEN,
EVEN WHEN VILLAGE GOSSIP LURES THEM.



THESE EXILED RUSSIAN PEASANTS DO BEAUTIFUL EMBROIDERY. IT IS A RECREATION TO THEM AFTER A MORNING AT WORK IN THE FIELDS.

PROSPEROUS SIBERIAN EXILES

Without doubt this change of attitude is largely due to Verigin, who is a veritable captain of industry, well calculated to be a leader, and tactful in persuading his people to adopt new labor saving devices and progressive measures. No one can see Verigin without being impressed by the man's capabilities and the conviction that he is a remarkable character. He is an active manager, a worker as well as director, and though it is impossible outside the sect to discover his tribal or hereditary right to lead, or to understand their belief in his divine origin—which many of his followers affirm—every one who sees Verigin is convinced of his power and his influence among the Doukhobors.

Whatever his life may have been in youth, or however he obtained his present position as head of this sect, to-day he is physically and mentally well equipped to be a leader of men. He is fully six feet in height, broad shouldered, deep chested, well built. He has a swarthy complexion, a strong but kind face, wears a moustache and his hair is growing thin. His personal appearance is pleasing, but it is his mentality and ability to guide the ignorant Doukhobors that arouses admiration. He came to Canada when they were in the midst of confusion, with their new life hardly started, their settlements scarcely formed, and disintegration imminent. With triumphant bugle call he rallied his army and led it to victory. Verigin reveals in his conversation a bright, keen, active mind, fully competent to deal with the problems of his people. Though he talks frankly, one is conscious that he speaks with discretion, and keeps in reserve what he may think it unwise to impart. He is well read, masterful without being arrogant, and, most important of all, tactful. After meeting him one does not wonder at his power and influence, nor at its lasting through the years that he was in captivity.

In fact, many of the Doukhobor doctrines are the result of the influence of this young man, who managed to keep in touch with his people while in Siberia. Possessing some education when he was banished, he met followers of Tolstoi early in his prison life, and from them, from reading the philosopher's works, and from direct communication with the Russian sage, he became imbued with Tolstoi's ideas and the doctrine of non-resistance. As a result he sent messages by Doukhobors who managed to keep in communication with him, and advised his followers not to carry arms, to give up meat,

PROSPEROUS SIBERIAN EXILES

not to use intoxicants or tobacco, and to live a community life. As most of these precepts were in accord with the former teachings of the sect, his suggestions were readily accepted by his devoted people.

VERIGIN reached Canada, after his release from Siberia, at a critical time. It was just after "The Pilgrimage," when the Doukhobors had left home, stock, and all belongings behind and started toward Winnipeg. The results of this, to others, crazy movement are well known. The Canadian government was obliged to interfere, the mounted police saved the horses and cattle from starvation, and by persuasion and force the deluded people were sent back to their villages. At the time, they accounted for the hegrira by saying they took the Bible literally, and "did not Christ say to take no thought for the morrow and that material things were of no account?" Whatever the cause of this peculiar psychic-religious mania, whether it was sincere, or, as some affirm, an effort to meet Verigin, who they had heard would reach them about that time, the fact remains that since the advent of their leader these Russian peasants have made only one similar attempt at a pilgrimage, and that was promptly stopped by Verigin.

On reaching Canada, Verigin organized the disrupted communities, put them on a paying basis, acting with promptness and decision. The Doukhobors, perhaps from long persecution, are a silent people and reluctant to tell how they are governed; but it is well known that Verigin has an immense power over them, that they expect to do as he suggests, and that they recognize that it is to their interest to follow his advice. There is no doubt but his task in Canada has been a hard one, and it is fortunate that he has approached it tactfully. Canadian lands are rich, well adapted to agriculture, and the Doukhobors own fine tracts. Since their leader has succeeded in centralizing their labor and holding the men together, their lands have become some of the most productive in the Northwest. That he is capable of handling the six thousand peasants, many of whom do not read or write, is shown by the fact that, in spite of the confusion and waste that greeted him on his arrival in the face of discouragements, such as neglected cattle and the destruction of food and clothing, in one year after assuming the helm he was able to present a report far from discouraging, and systematic in every detail.

PROSPEROUS SIBERIAN EXILES

When Verigin reached his fanatical countrymen, he persuaded them to choose capable men for a community council, to continue their self-government, and to select a certain number of men besides himself to be head of affairs. In this way he obtained the advice of those familiar with conditions, and was able to appoint a competent corps of assistants. Each man does his share toward the property getting, and even the children earn money by digging roots and herbs, and turn it into the exchequer. Verigin is custodian of the public trust, and by his practical methods, high ideals and understanding of his people's peculiarities, has so far proven himself more than worthy. As there are so many Doukhobors, it is evident they can provide largely for themselves without outside help. They buy at wholesale, grind their own flour, and in every possible way conduct business so that financial returns will come back to them instead of to other parties. In this way, and with a committee attending to the community funds, they have developed the largest experiment in pure communism that has ever been attempted.

NOTHING can be more convincing of the present success of this community life than a glance at one of the reports handed in at the general meeting. Two men and one woman delegate are always sent from each village, as well as the men who hold offices in the settlement. The meeting is opened with the Lord's Prayer, and ends with the singing of psalms, but the business questions are discussed thoroughly, and all items of expenditure, from small incidentals up, are accounted for. The reports of these meetings, which are in quaint, archaic English, would make a modern bookkeeper wonder at their accuracy. For instance, at the last meeting, held in February, 1906, at the village of Nadeshda, the account shows that the Doukhobors purchased over six hundred thousand dollars worth of goods, but by buying at wholesale effected a saving of two hundred thousand dollars. The report then goes on to state that sauce pans that retailed for one dollar were obtained for sixty cents, twelve cent prints were bought for eight cents, etc. The cash account is interesting as showing a satisfactory statement, for the income of the community for the past year amounted to one hundred and ninety thousand dollars, and their expenditures to half a million. The sundries account shows modern up-to-date methods, and among other

PROSPEROUS SIBERIAN EXILES

things, the repayment of a loan by the Bank of British North America, amounting to fifty thousand dollars.

The meeting ended with an appeal to the women present to tell the women in the villages, "to be imbued with the sentiment of high duties as mothers of manhood; to commence in future to ennoble man, as by nature itself women in character are much softer than men. They, men, in daily life are moving amid rougher surroundings, doing hard work, hauling timber, and suffering from winter cold, and there is no wonder that the character of men is much ruder than that of women. It is very desirable that when men will return from their outdoor work, women should give them solace and good comfort in their homes." This, after the meaning of community life had been expressed as first, "spiritual fellowship and meekness between men, in which people are understanding great gentleness," and second, "material profit."

Truly an odd business meeting in the year of grace, 1906. And held by a body of people who only a few years ago conducted a "nudity parade," and abandoned all they possessed in a fit of religious frenzy. Nothing shows more plainly the power Verigin has over them. The working day of the Doukhobors is from five in the morning until eight in the evening, but this is divided into three shifts of five hours each. One set of men and horses go to work at five, stopping at ten for five hours rest, while another shift continues the work. At three in the afternoon the first shift resumes work and continues until eight in the evening. This makes one shift do ten hours' work, while the other does five hours, but the heavy and light shares are taken alternatively every other day.

Many Doukhobors are employed in building railroads, and the recent impetus in railroad construction throughout Canada has afforded favorable opportunities. Every summer they take large railroad contracts and the executive committee provides scrapers, wheel-barrows, shovels, and other equipment for the purpose. In working on railroads the men live in camps, and are accompanied by enough women to do the sewing and washing. The camps are pitched in a convenient spot and are well equipped with sleeping tents, store tents, kitchens, blacksmith shops and stables. All cooking is done by men in primitive brick ovens after the fire has been removed. Coke is largely used and is made by burning Balm of Gilead poles in holes dug in the ground.

PROSPEROUS SIBERIAN EXILES

As a matter of fact, the Doukhobor's domestic methods are crude, but they serve the purpose as well as more modern appliances. Their method of community life makes work on the railroads comparatively easy. This was especially true when they first arrived in Canada. They were without means, and it was necessary that the men should leave their land and earn enough money to purchase the necessities of life. It was difficult for one man to go any distance and leave an unprotected family in an unsettled country. In a large community, a division could be made whereby a thousand men or so could be away on railroad construction and as large a number stay at home to work the land, put in the crops, and build houses. Those who were away earned money for communal supplies and eatables, and the work and profits were thus about equally divided.

THE Doukhobors built their own mud or log houses, and the communal stables, of which there are one or more in each village for the horses, cattle, and hens. Early in their Canadian life, they were joined by the wives and children of two hundred men who had been exiled in Siberia. These were taken care of by the community until the men were liberated, when they at once came to Canada. If individualism had been practised, it is difficult to say what might have become of these fugitives. So far, this religious sect has not made much advance in education. Verigin gives as a reason that "the first duty of the Doukhobors when they arrived was not to teach their children to read, but to get food for them." Money has been offered them to assist in this work, and the Quakers of Pennsylvania, who have been attracted toward them by many similarities in their beliefs, have several times suggested sending teachers. Such proffers have been refused on the ground that, "It is against our principles to accept charity, and we do not wish to accept a sum for the purpose of building schools without seeing our way clear to repay it." Quaker nurses have been among these people for some time, and recently Verigin has announced that he thought they were in a financial condition where it would be best to start buildings which could be used either for school or church, and to engage teachers.

Growing out of the religious tenet that they must not eat flesh, is the desire to care well for animals. The horses used in connection with railroad construction are kept in the best of condition. Their

PROSPEROUS SIBERIAN EXILES

coats are glossy, and one man is constantly employed to chop and prepare their food. One of the topics discussed at a recent business meeting was the care of animals, and it was unanimously decided that as they did not kill animals for food, they should treat them as well as possible. Cows should have light, dry quarters; work horses should not draw heavy loads, and should not be taken out of the stables in winter if it was colder than thirteen degrees Fahrenheit.

Altogether, these Doukhobors are a strange people; a sect dating from the early part of the eighteenth century, and holding religious views which at one time set them in a frenzy, and at another tend to set them apart and to make them appear as the most Christ-like people in the world. It is difficult for an outsider to define their religious belief, for they are illiterate peasants, have no creed or writings, and their unwritten belief is handed down much like the Sagas. Orest Novitsky, who made a careful study of their religion, divides it into twelve essential tenets, the purport of which is that they are "led by the Spirit," and "that the kingdom of God is within you." It can be said that without priests they have a religion, with no police they have little crime, without lawyers they settle disputes, and without "frenzied financiers" they have thriven as regards this world's goods.

As the Doukhobors wait until the spirit moves them before they speak in church, the service is usually long, and frequently lasts from four A. M. to eight A. M. The ceremony is very interesting to strangers, and consists largely of recitations given by the men, who are prompted by the women. Before they close, the men bow to the women, kiss each other, and then turn around and bow to the women again. Then the women do the same to each other and bow to the men. It seems an interminable process, this round of kissing and bowing, but that they look upon a kiss as a bond of amity is shown by their kissing each other before meals instead of saying grace. The opinion of the old men in the community is much valued, and after church it is their custom to congregate to discuss affairs and to read aloud letters from relatives who are exiled in Siberia. The life of the Doukhobors is of the simplest. When they work on the railroad they have no "boss" or section man, and they work so incessantly that they resemble a hive of bees. They show great capacity for road building, bridge making, and handling large cuts and grades so that their railroad work is accurate and lasting. This, with the wonder-

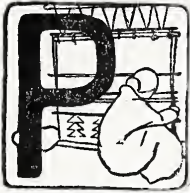
PROSPEROUS SIBERIAN EXILES

ful fertility of Canadian soil, has enabled them to pay off loans and to get a good start. Some of the sect are separated from the main colony and are living in Prince Albert district, but Verigin hopes to obtain land so that all the Doukhobors in Canada will be in one section.

One thing is obvious, and that is that they look to a leader, and according to whether that leader is capable or incapable, good or bad, they will flourish. They are fortunate in possessing a head who has so far been able to cope with the problems presented by these erratic people in a strange land. There are those who assert that the Doukhobors are clannish, that years of persecution have made them deceitful, and that they frequently do what they affirm they will not do. Whether this is so or not, it will be interesting to watch the changes that years in a new country will make. Verigin, during the time he spent in Siberia, where he was thrown in with men of liberal views and education, developed remarkably; yet it is apparent that many of his Tolstoi views have proved impracticable since he has taken the reins of the community. Again, he shows an inclination to like and accept modern ideas, many of which would conflict with the preconceived notions of his people; but it is an open question if he will allow any changes which will affect his position as leader, and whether he will not insist that they shall always be a people apart. In a recent interview he stated that though a Doukhobor might marry an outsider, he would, in doing so, be virtually giving up his religion, for, according to fundamental principles of the sect, a Doukhobor might not destroy life, and no true Doukhobor could live in a home where meat was cooked or tobacco used.

There is no question but that Verigin has a hard task before him, for in many ways the community religion does not conform to the laws and customs of a country. Take, for instance, the question of marriage and divorce. There is almost no prostitution among them, yet they feel reluctant about registering marriages. When they first came to Canada, they objected to making entry for their homesteads, in accordance with Canadian laws, and protested against registering births and deaths. They are sincere, but ignorant. They have faced complex problems, and are liable to come in contact with others, from their peculiar views and attempt at community life.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS AN EMOTIONAL ART: A STUDY OF THE WORK OF GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER: BY GILES EDGERTON



PHOTOGRAPHY as an emotional art is one of the interesting discoveries that the twentieth century has forced upon us, for the Secession photographers here in America have made the phrase "mechanical process," as applied to the camera, show ignorance in the critic rather than limitation of the instrument. It is now acknowledged that Secession photography is in its way strongly creative, inasmuch as it reproduces conditions mellowed by the imagination and saturated with the quality of the artist, just as a Chase portrait is a creation, or a Tryon landscape is a work of individuality. Gertrude Käsebier, who is one of the original secessionists from conventional methods of photography, distinctly belongs to this class of emotional artists, because, in every photograph which she takes, she is expressing her own temperament and life as it has reached her through her imagination and through her growing understanding of humanity.

Creative art demands that the artist should know life, either by experience or by inspiration, and this knowledge of life must develop a profound sympathy with humanity. The technical method of expression may be whatever the artist wishes, whatever seems the simplest process. There is not a variety of creative arts; there is imagination and impulse to create and a variety of methods. The past few years have proved that photography is one of these methods, and Mrs. Käsebier has done much to establish this method on a basis with the older and more significant arts. She began doing this by living, in a largely comprehensive way, life as it came to her; by having the temperament that felt all its joys and its agonies; that was attuned to the utmost subtilty and resented equally all banality. Later was born in her the great need of expressing what had been experienced; then technique was acquired and the creative impulse found its channel. That this channel proved to be the camera rather than the palette or a musical instrument or a bit of wax, did not change the quality of the imagination which moved through it. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Käsebier first painted portraits, but felt it to be for her talent a less significant medium than photography and has actually



From a Photograph by Gertrude Käsebier.

"REAL MOTHERHOOD." FROM THE
SERIES OF MOTHERHOOD PICTURES.



From a Photograph by Gertrude Käsebier.

"THE MANGER." FROM THE SERIES
OF MOTHERHOOD PICTURES.



From a Photograph by Gertrude Küsebier.

"BLESSED ART THOU AMONG WOMEN."
FROM THE SERIES OF MOTHERHOOD
PICTURES.



From a Photograph by Gertrude Käsebier.

"THE HERITAGE OF MOTHERHOOD." FROM
THE SERIES OF MOTHERHOOD PICTURES.



From a Photograph by Gertrude Käsebier.

STANFORD WHITE. "THE MAN OF
FUNDAMENTAL KINDNESS AND
GREAT ACHIEVEMENT."



From a Photograph by Gertrude Käsebier.

AN INDIAN PORTRAIT.

PHOTOGRAPHY AN EMOTIONAL ART

done greater work with her camera than she ever did with her brush. She lived, and then studied, and then achieved, which is the natural process for the development of creative art, and of these three stages of growth the method of expression is the least significant. Possibly the greatest joy for an artist is to be found where the method is more or less undeveloped, where it can be enlarged, and where something of creation goes into the mechanical side of expression. It would seem that there was but little further opportunity for variation in painting or music, although in recent years Monet has enlarged our field in one direction and Richard Strauss in another; but the people who have dealt with the camera during the last few years have all but originated a new method of expression. It is an interesting experience in life to an artist when the medium and the art have grown side by side.

Yet the medium ever remains but a necessary detail which should never be confused with art itself; for art must come out of nature. And the price exacted from life for admitting workers into an intimacy is that they express her vividly, emotionally, heart-breakingly, perhaps, but truly at any cost. Thus is art created. To be an artist is to suffer through nature, and to think suffering a little price for great emotional opportunity. Each man makes good according to his own method. He expresses his interest in life, in what he has experienced, in the way which best suits him personally.

AFTER studying six years to become a portrait painter, overcoming almost unsurmountable difficulties to adjust her work to her home duties, and at last arranging matters so that she could see what Paris had to give her, just by chance Mrs. Käsebier discovered that the camera afforded her the widest field of expression for what she had found in life, and without any hesitation she promptly relinquished the "north light" for the "dark room." The point of view of the world at that time toward photography as a mechanical process without relationship to great art held no significance for her. She knew that when she was taking a photograph she was realizing an opportunity for big expression, for getting the utmost from her sitter, for accomplishing the utmost that she could in life, and so she devoted her time to making portraits in this way rather than in any other, regardless of the work she had done to perfect herself in portrait painting.

PHOTOGRAPHY AN EMOTIONAL ART

To quote Mrs. Käsebier's own words, "I am now a mother and a grandmother, and I do not recall that I have ever ignored the claims of the nomadic button and the ceaseless call for sympathy, and the greatest demand on time and patience. My children, and their children, have been my closest thought, but from the first days of dawning individuality, I have longed unceasingly to make pictures of people, not maps of faces, but pictures of real men and women as they know themselves, to make likenesses that are biographies, to bring out in each photograph the essential personality that is variously called temperament, soul, humanity.

"Now, from my point of view, it is impossible to understand people unless you understand life. You see through experience. You can not read faces, the joy and sorrow in them, unless you have suffered and enjoyed; we do not see far beyond our own development; at least we see better through our own development, and my development came slowly through much suffering, much disappointment and much renunciation. I have learned to know the world because of what the world has exacted of me.

"First I gave my life to my children, then I gave years of it to the conventional study of portrait painting, and so it has come about that the quality in my portraits that is hardest to describe, for which the public has placed them in the realm of art, which has seemed to touch the heart of the world, I have achieved by getting at humanity, down in the deep sad places of humanity. I have learned most from the simple people, from their primitive qualities, and among these simple people are some of the greatest I have ever known—Rodin is one of them, my frontier grandmother was another. My people were all simple frontier people, out in the beginning of things in the West. My grandmother was of the splendid, strong, pioneer type of women. She was an artist with her loom. She made her own designs, and weaved the most beautiful fancies into her fabrics. She knew life from living, and was great through her knowledge. She was a model to me in many ways, and the beginning of what I have accomplished in art came to me through her."

In speaking of her need to express a certain creative impulse in art, Mrs. Käsebier used almost the identical words in which Eugene Higgins, the "painter of poverty," recently expressed his attitude toward his art.

PHOTOGRAPHY AN EMOTIONAL ART

“Certain conditions in life,” said Mr. Higgins, “certain qualities of people seem to me so overwhelmingly significant that I must express them in some way. I have often felt that I could not live without expressing them. There is a terrible picturesqueness and almost frightful beauty in the masses of color and outline that go with the last stages of poverty. These are the things that I want to speak of—not from the sentimental interest in poverty, but from the paintable quality of it, though that may sound very cruel and heartless.” The one medium that appeals strongest to Mr. Higgins is painting. The urge of expressing himself would be no greater and no less, if it were plaster or music. Charles Haag, the sculptor, who has the same point of view about the picturesqueness of misery, does not wish to say it in color, but in plaster and bronze, and Rodin can see things best in stone. Mrs. Käsebier creates her most mysterious and beautiful effects in technical expression when seeking to realize the quality of her sitter, while studying every light and shade that will express the soul of the person before her; and with the work of adjustment and arrangement often is born a rare subtilty of atmosphere and of wonder that no striving for mechanical perfection would produce. It is the creative urge, not the machine, that develops the photographs which have made Mrs. Käsebier the subject of comment among artists all over the world.

It is a matter of fact that this photographer never approaches the sitter without a feeling that is a combination of excitement and stage fright. Each picture is a fresh experience to her, just as each painting must be a new phase of life to the artist, and each composition a fresh development to the musician. Every man and woman, old or young, who comes to Mrs. Käsebier, becomes for the time a part of her life. She is reading their biographies and studying into their lives, while she is posing them and moving her camera about. She has grown to understand people from this short reading of faces and expression as a blind man grows to see faces by touching them; the appealing glance of a plain woman, the patience on the face of the mother, the hope and inexperience in the young girl, are all twice told tales to this student of humanity; the man who has lived through imagination to indifference, the woman who has gone through joy to boredom, they all find a genuine sympathy, and their development, through success or failure, is what Mrs. Käsebier is photographing to the amazement of sitter

PHOTOGRAPHY AN EMOTIONAL ART

and friend. These portraits are ultimate studies of the real people; they are human documents of permanent significance.

"It is not just that I am anxious to make these photographs for the sake of people," is Mrs. Käsebier's expression, "I am thirsty to do it for my own sake, to express what there is in me. I want to re-live life in this way. I want to see what life is doing to other people. I want to acquire the widest possible outlook on life. It is my way of living to the utmost to see other people live, and to prove that I have seen it in my pictures. I do not think of my work as photography, but as opportunity." And this is surely the profoundest craving to express the creative impulse which, when born of inspiration, becomes that strange thing we know as genius, and, when born of experience, follows in the footsteps of genius, and often fits into them very perfectly. Of course, apart from the emotional side of Mrs. Käsebier's art, there is a most careful study of mechanical detail, and the sincerest effort to perfect the means so that it may most completely express the end. Her knowledge of painting she has found invaluable in giving her a wide mastery of posing. She also has an understanding of color and form, and has learned to translate color into black and white at a glance, and to get effects from masses without being troubled by detail. Of the usual expressions of technical methods and the usual studio talk Mrs. Käsebier cares nothing, and knows but little. Her interest is not centered in the mechanical end. She knows it, and uses it with supreme skill, but with that unconscious skill with which a musician plays or a great painter wields the brush.

HER real work is done with the sitter—not in the dark room, and even here it is again not detail that interests her, not the actual question of dress and form; to her, photography is the essence of the individual, not the external. It is very difficult to express in words what this artist wishes to achieve in her photographs. She is trying to gather up the illusive mystery of character, of life itself, and hold it on paper in black and white. Rodin recognized this when he signed a letter to Mrs. Käsebier—"From one artist to another." The great Frenchman felt in her work what he had achieved in his own. And this quality of world sympathy it would be hard to express more sincerely and convincingly than Mrs. Käsebier has done in a series of photographs of Motherhood (which are shown in this article): "The

PHOTOGRAPHY AN EMOTIONAL ART

Manger," or "Ideal Motherhood," "The Real Mother," "Blessed Art Thou among Women," and "The Heritage of Motherhood." To those having still in mind the old attitude toward photography, "that the camera does it," "The Manger" seems little short of a miracle. There is first of all a Corot quality of atmosphere, of light and shade through spaces of interior; and there is supreme management of composition and draperies, the effect of color and radiance, and withal the most exquisite tenderness and feeling, the most complete expression of maternity and motherhood. Prints of this subject are sold at one hundred dollars, and are now difficult to secure even at that price, for Mrs. Käsebier does the printing of each proof herself and discards many as unsatisfactory for one that is expressive of her ideal of the subject.

The photograph of Stanford White, which is shown here, was laboriously achieved by printing and reprinting during a period of two years. "I could not seem to get into the print," Mrs. Käsebier explained, "what I had seen through the camera. White was to me one of the best of men, but the camera would not say so, and then suddenly, at a last trial, I realized that the real person, the man of fundamental kindness, of great achievement, had found his way into the picture. For a long time Stanford White would not come and see the photograph. He said it would be too ugly, and that he did not like looking at pictures of himself, but at last he came one day, and then begged for it, but I had worked so long over it that I could not sell it, or give it up, so I used to loan it to him at intervals. And at the time of his death, I had just borrowed it back again. He once said to a friend that he thought it was the greatest portrait through any medium that he had ever seen."

But to return to the Motherhood pictures, which Mrs. Käsebier feels expresses more completely than all the rest of her work the greatness of artistic opportunity possible in photography. The second in the series, "Real Motherhood," is the portrait of her daughter and granddaughter. In speaking of this photograph she said quite frankly; "While posing my daughter there suddenly seemed to develop between us a greater intimacy than I had ever known before. Every barrier was down. We were not two women, mother and daughter, old and young, but *two mothers* with one feeling; all I had experienced in life that had opened my eyes and brought me in close touch with

PHOTOGRAPHY AN EMOTIONAL ART

humanity seemed to well up and meet an instant response in her, and the tremendous import of motherhood which we had both realized seemed to find its expression in this photograph."

The third of the series is called "Blessed Art Thou among Women." It is the photograph of a plainly clad, strongly alert little girl standing in a doorway, with a slender woman bending near and suggesting in gesture and pose the utmost reach of tender maternity, the affection that is of renunciation and self-control rather than demonstration. It is a picture of great beauty and peace achieved in a chance moment as a "study in white" at a friend's home. The camera had touched upon a great spiritual moment, and Mrs. Käsebier realized it in taking and printing the picture.

"The Heritage of Motherhood" is the fourth, and perhaps the greatest, of this group. This particular subject Mrs. Käsebier had been waiting for fifteen years to secure. She did not wish to pose a model for it, but to gain her inspiration from some unconscious sitter posing for a portrait. What wild wastes of desolation, what barren paths of mental agony must a woman have trod to reveal to the camera this ghost of radiant motherhood! Ibsen would have written a four act tragedy from this picture.

A point to be made in this group of pictures is that in every instance there was no posing for these particular effects, no special arrangement. They were simply photographs taken for portraits of the people as well as photographs could be taken, the spiritual side developing during the sitting and being accentuated in the printing—in other words, coming through the temperament of the photographer, for Mrs. Käsebier ranks herself first of all a photographer; her profession in life is to make professional portraits—a great many of them, and within the reach of the mass of the people. She has on hand, since the beginning of her work, at least twenty thousand registered negatives, which shows that her interest in the camera is not that of the dilettante. The reason that her portraits are greater than the usual photograph is because she herself is greater than the usual photographer. She finds a way to express personality in her picture because she has it herself. Her great achievements in portraits have not been planned—are not studied arrangements, but the results of her emotional experience at the time, which gives her greater insight and greater power of expression. She does not seek to compose

PHOTOGRAPHY AN EMOTIONAL ART

pictures of artistic merit in cold blood; her enthusiasm comes at the time of the sitting. People are an inspiration to her, she longs to understand them; she wishes to show what she has understood, to prove all that there is in each person, and incidentally in doing this, she achieves what the world has acclaimed as great photographs. In making a picture of Rodin, she sought to understand him, to make the portrait show his greatness as a sculptor and an artist, and out of this has grown a picture unique in composition, and a portrait that shows the depth of a marvelous nature—a genius among France's greatest men. Thus through the simplest methods, through feeling and insight, and real humanity, Gertrude Käsebier has become a pioneer in creating what the world must agree to recognize as a new art.

*De tout mon cœur
D'artiste à un autre artiste*

*affectionnément Jay Rodin
6 avril 1906*

FAC-SIMILE OF SIGNATURE IN
RODIN'S LETTER TO MRS. KÄSEBIER.

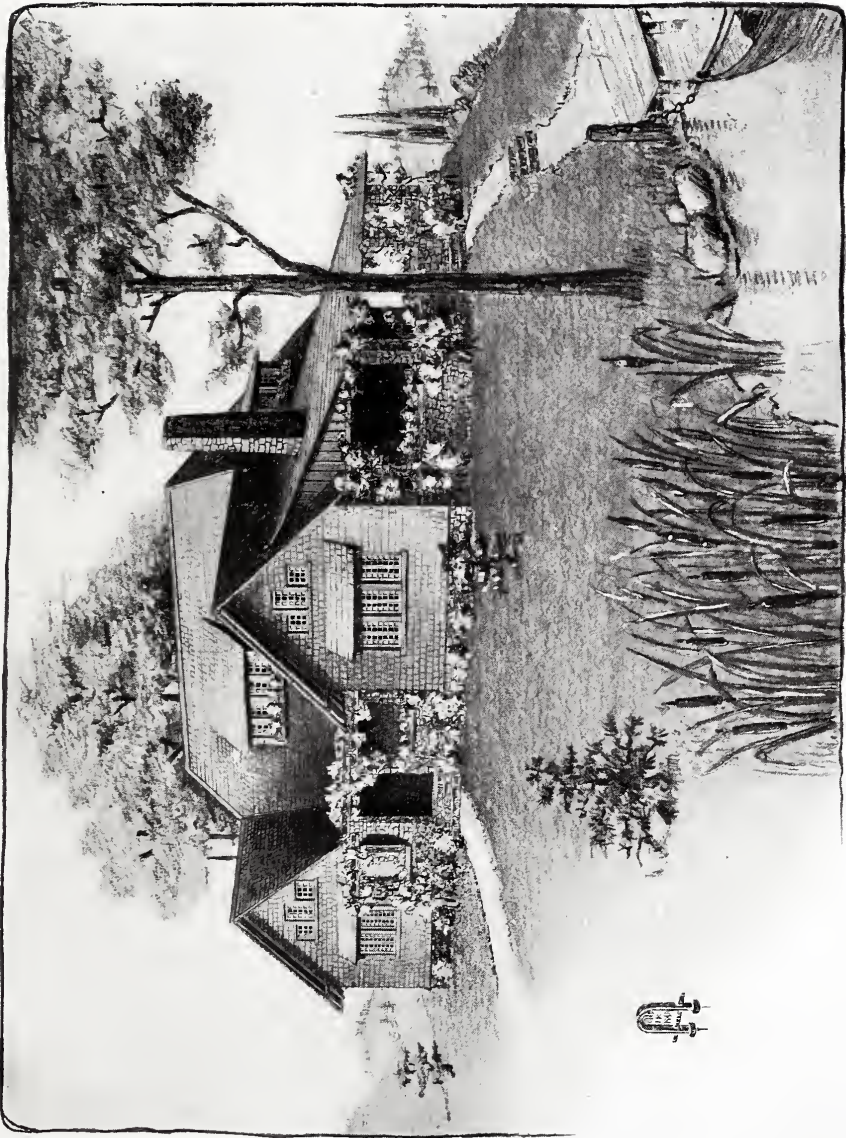
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, SERIES OF 1907: NUMBER IV

THE plans and drawings of the bungalow published this month in THE CRAFTSMAN House series are adapted from rough sketches sent us by one of our subscribers, Mr. George D. Rand, of Auburndale, Mass. Mr. Rand is an architect who has retired from active work, and these sketches are some he has made recently of a bungalow which he purposes to build this spring in the mountain region of New Hampshire. The sketches were sent to THE CRAFTSMAN for the reason that they seemed to Mr. Rand and his friends to be a good solution of the problem which is just now interesting a number of people, and which has been taken up so frequently in THE CRAFTSMAN House series. The idea of this bungalow appealed to us very strongly, both on account of its convenience and practicability for all the purposes of a summer home, and because of its unusual beauty of line and proportion. Mr. Rand has kindly given us permission to use the idea as suggested by him with such alterations as seemed best to us, and in accordance with this permission, there have been quite a number of minor modifications made in the original design, and many of the suggestions for construction are our own.

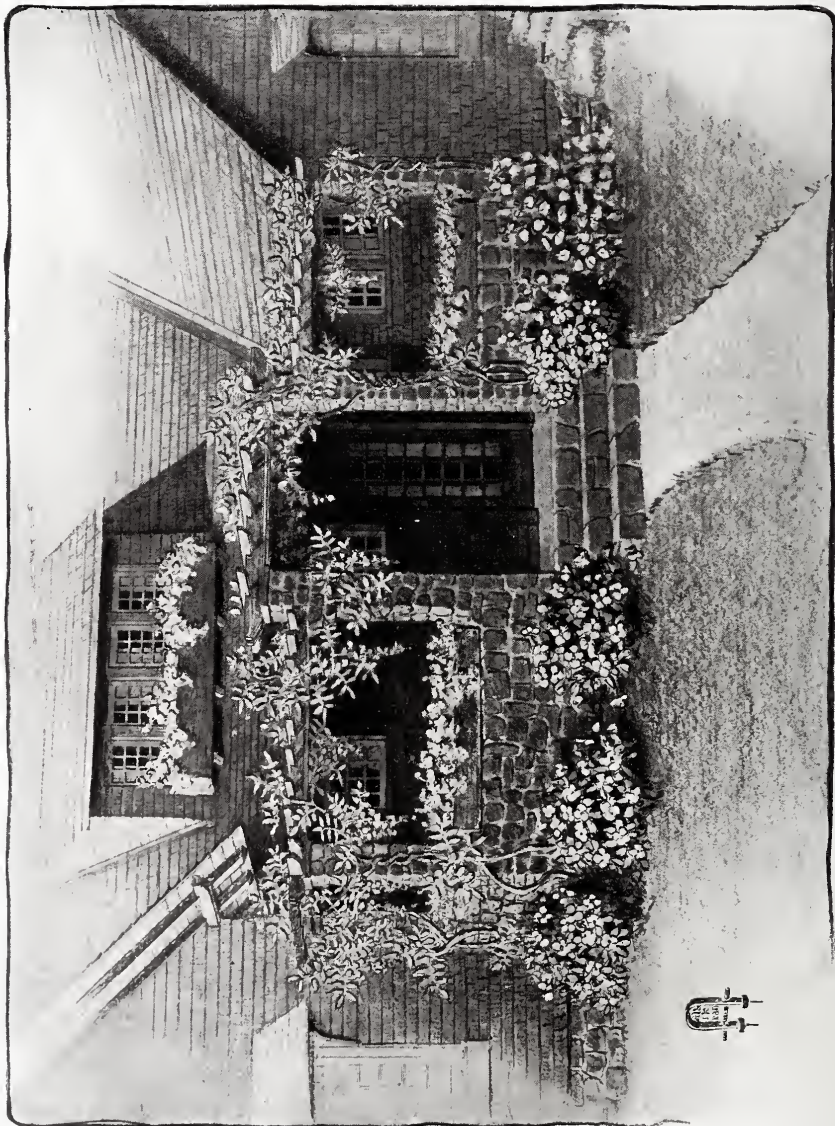
As is plainly shown by the perspective drawings and the elevations, the house is somewhat irregular in design, but so admirably proportioned and planned that the broken lines impress one as they do when seen in some old English house that has grown into its present shape through centuries of alteration in re-

sponse to changing needs. It seems, above all things, to be a house fitted to crown a hilltop in the open country, especially where the slope is something the same as indicated in the site here shown. The line from the back of the roof down to the boat-landing comes as near to being a perfect relation of house and ground as is often seen, and this relation is of the first importance in the attempt to suit a house to its environment.

The exterior walls and the roof are of shingles, and the foundations, parapets, columns, and chimneys are of split stone laid up in black cement. The construction of the roof is admirable, as with all the irregularity there is a certain ample graciousness and dignity in line and proportion. It is a very unusual roof, and the construction will repay close study, especially where it is shown in outline on the plan of the second floor and roof. At the front of the house between the two gables is a recessed court, paved with red cement cut into squares like tiles, roofed over with a pergola, of which the beautiful construction is shown in the detail given of this court. The central columns are higher than those at the corners, so that the sides of the pergola are quite a bit lower than the center. The copings support flower boxes, and vines clamber over the pergola, so that, with the window box in the dormer above, the whole recess would be filled in summer with verdure and color. The construction of the pergola is very interesting in relation to that revealed under the wide eaves of

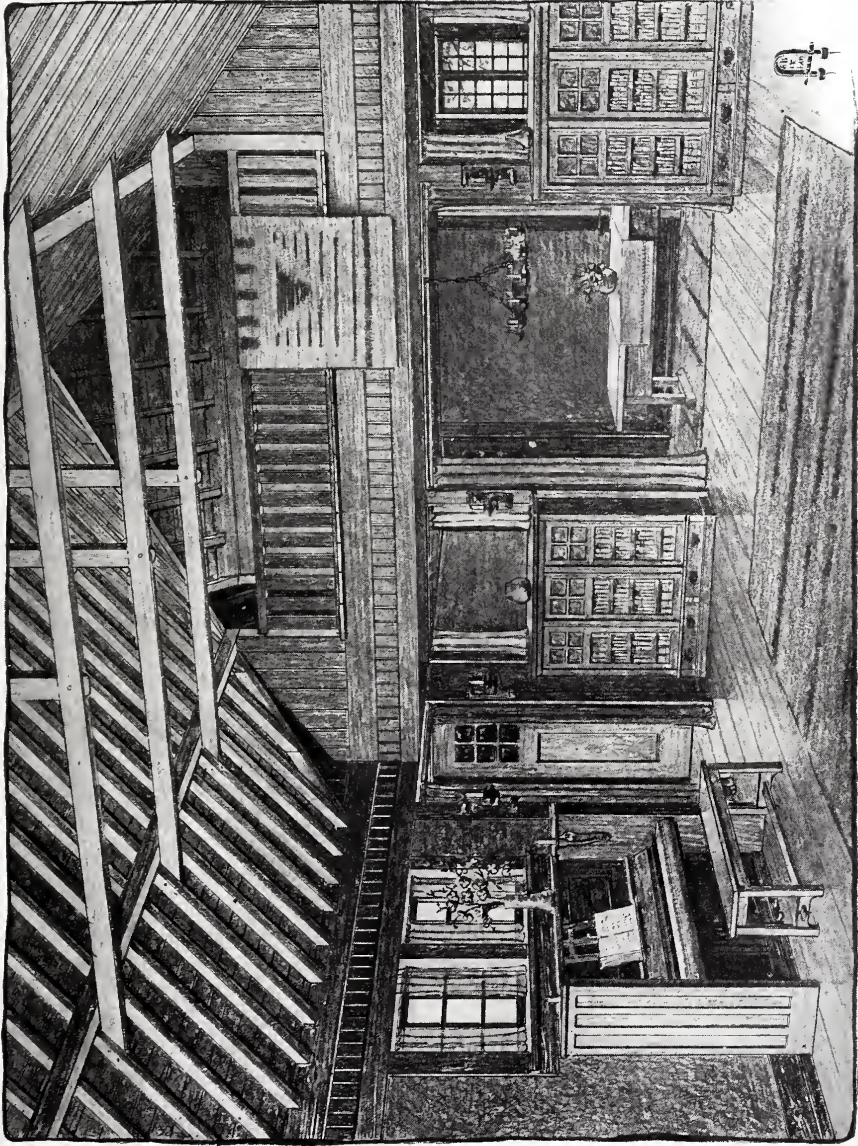


CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW: SERIES
OF 1907: NUMBER FOUR

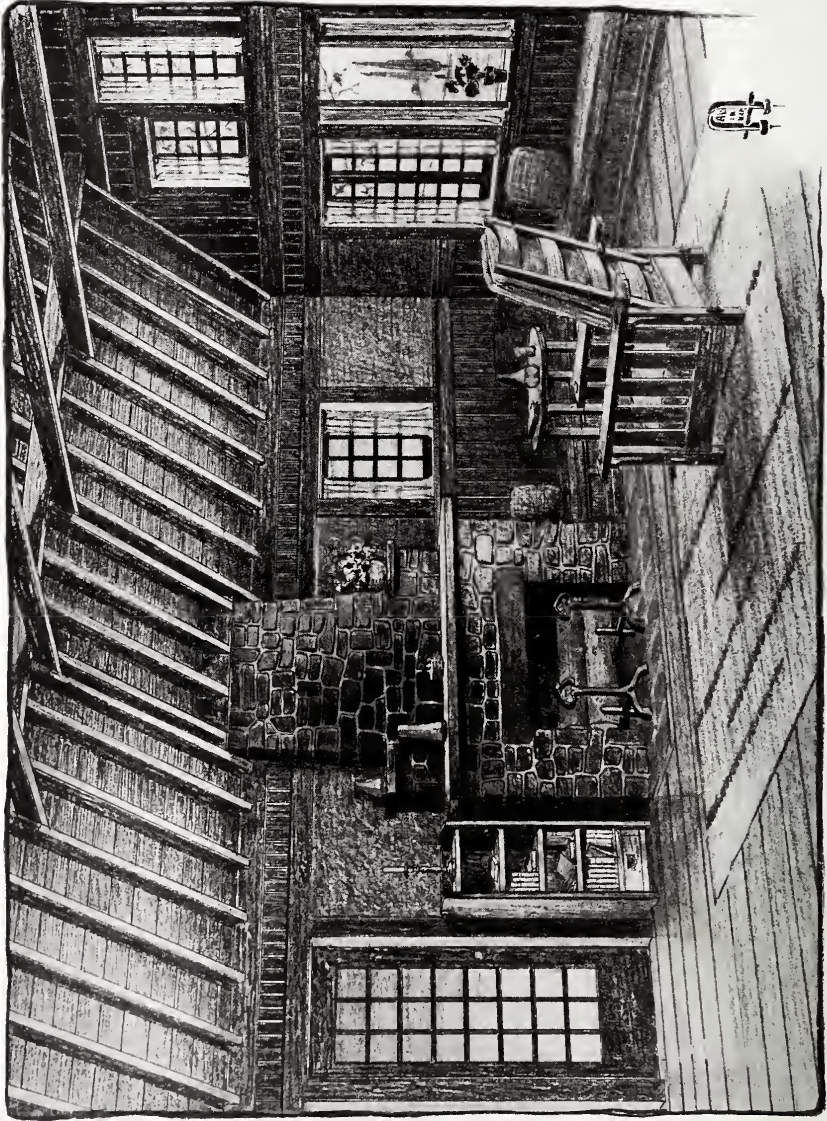


DETAIL OF COURT AND PERGOLA :
SHOWING USE OF VINES.





BALCONY END OF LIVING ROOM OPEN-
ING INTO RECESSED DINING-ROOM



FRONT OF LIVING ROOM SHOWING RAFTERED
CEILING AND PLACING OF WINDOWS

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: NUMBER FOUR

the gable roof, as the timbers in each case show the tapering ends and careful mortising that take away all appearance of clumsiness.

The large porch at the side of the house is intended for an outdoor living and dining-room, and corresponds closely in arrangement to the rooms which open upon it. Its construction is the same as that of the court, except that it is sheltered by a wide-eaved roof instead of a pergola, and is so arranged that it can be easily closed in for cold or stormy weather. One suggestion that we would make would be the desirability of putting permanent casements in the dining-room end of this porch, if that is the direction from which the prevailing storms blow, so that the doors could be open or shut at will in any weather. At the end corresponding to the living room there is a large fireplace, built of split stone, which exactly corresponds with the fireplace in the indoor living-room. This gives just the touch of comfort that is so appreciated when one wishes to remain outdoors in the spring or early fall, and the weather is cool enough to make a fire very comfortable. It has the same effect of warmth and cheer as a camp fire and is just as distinctly an outdoor thing. If casements were placed all around the porch so that it could be entirely closed in in time of storm, it might be an excellent idea to floor it smoothly with wood for dancing, but if it is to be exposed to the weather the cement floor would be more durable, as sun and wind soon roughen a wood floor.

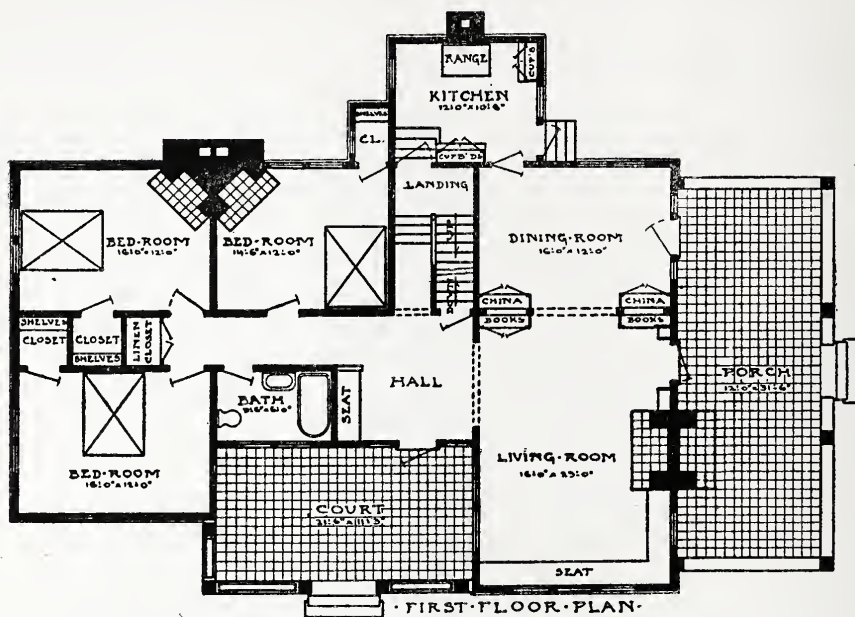
This house is rich in fireplaces and chimneys, as will be seen by a look at

the floor plans. Not only are there large fireplaces in the living-room and on the porch adjoining, but two of the bedrooms on the lower floor have corner fireplaces. As the kitchen is so placed as to be practically detached from the remainder of the house, another flue is necessary for the kitchen range.

From the court a door opens into the small, square hall, which is practically an alcove from the living-room, and which connects by a narrow passage with the bedrooms at the opposite side of the house. This door is unusual for an entrance, as it is mullioned with small square panes of glass that reach from top to bottom. The reason for this is that the outlook upon the vine-covered court is so pleasant that it would be a pity not to make it, as far as possible, a part of the room. This effect of bringing the greenery into the room is made even greater by the casements set high in the wall on either side of the door. Two small casement windows also serve to admit light to the bathroom from the court. The bathroom is placed almost in the center of the house, which might be undesirable if it were not completely shut off from the living-rooms by the plan of the hall and by the same plan rendered easily accessible to the three bedrooms. A built-in seat is placed across the end partition of the bathroom at right angles to the entrance door and opposite to the broad opening which connects the hall with the living-room.

The construction of the living-room is very interesting, as everything is revealed up to the ridge pole and rafters of the roof. The roof itself has such a

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: NUMBER FOUR



long sweep that there would be danger of its sagging were it not for the trusses that brace it in the center. These trusses, in addition to their use, add much to the decorative effect of the structure. Across the front and down the side of the living-room to the fireplace is a built-in seat, paneled below and backed with a wainscot of V-jointed boards. If desired, the top of this seat can be hinged in sections, making the lower part a place for storing things. Loose seat cushions could be fitted to these lids, or, as might seem more in keeping with the character of the house, the boards could be left uncovered and plenty of pillows thrown about. The window above this seat in front gives an unusually interesting effect, as there is a triple group of casements on what would in an ordinary house be the lower floor,

and another group of single casements, the center one higher than the sides, just above the frieze and beam. Another casement set high in the wall is placed beside the fireplace, corresponding in position to the door which opens upon the porch.

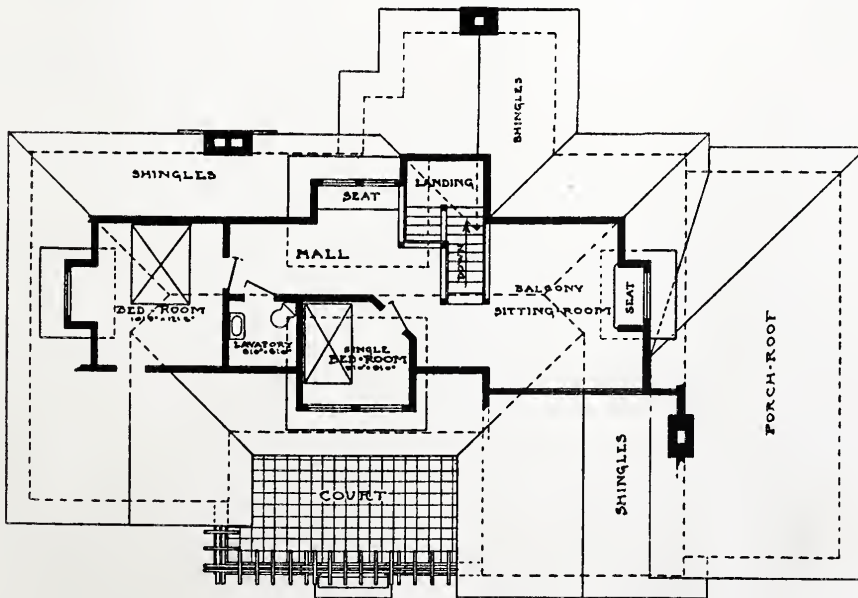
The chimneypiece is exactly suited to a house of this character, as it is built of split stone, with a stone lintel over the fireplace and plain shelves made of thick oak planks. The lower part of the chimneypiece projects about eighteen inches, with the shelf two or three inches wider. The upper part recedes to about eight inches in depth and tapers toward the top into the chimney proper, which goes up through the roof. Two small shelves at the sides break the line of this upper part very pleasantly, and the line of the broad shelf is carried on by the sill of

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: NUMBER FOUR

the window just beside it. Extending to a point half way across the opening into the hall, is the balcony, which forms the upstairs sitting-room. This is divided from the living-room only by a railing. The roof construction over this balcony is very interesting, as a sharp bend in the ridgepole gives an irregular line, which can be best understood by referring to the roof plan shown in connection with that of the second floor. The floor of this balcony forms the ceiling of the dining-room, which is separated from the living room only by double cupboards, made to be used as bookcases on one side and china closets on the other. These cupboards extend to the same height as the window sills and mantel, carrying this line around the room. The space above is open and hung with small curtains. This effect of a

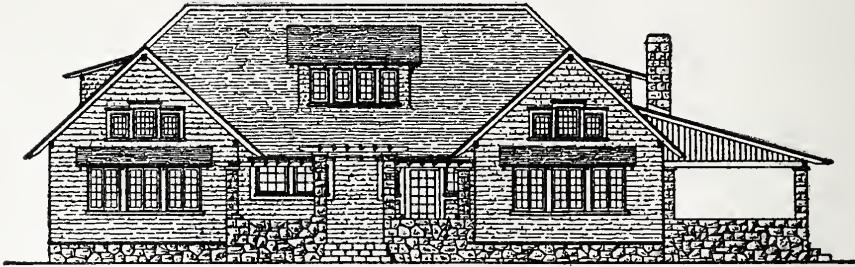
small, low dining-room recessed from the living-room that runs clear to the roof, is delightful in its sense of homelike comfort. As the house, being designed for the country, is not likely to be within reach of gas or electricity, candelabra and sconces for candles take the place of other lights, and make a virtue of necessity by giving the pleasantest possible light in the room. One feature of the construction at the junction of walls and roof is given by the two beams that run around the larger portion of the living-room, with a small frieze between of V-jointed boards, finished like the remainder of the woodwork in the room. In the alcove there is simply one beam in the angle of the low ceiling.

An ingenious feature is the separation of the kitchen from the rest of the house by the same design which renders it per-



•SECOND FLOOR AND ROOF PLAN•

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: NUMBER FOUR



• FRONT ELEVATION •

fectly easy of access from the front door. As will be seen by a look at the floor plan, a narrow passage from the hall ends in three steps going up to a landing, from which the staircase turns and goes on upstairs, giving access to the upper hall and the balcony sitting-room. At the back of this landing a flight of three steps runs down into the kitchen, so that one summoned to the front door has simply to cross this landing and go through the hall, instead of going around through the dining-room and living-room. The stairs to the basement go down under the main staircase, and are separated from the hall by a door. Ample closet room is provided in the three bedrooms on the lower floor, and the linen closet is at the end of the passage leading to them. Upstairs there is room under the roof for one bedroom with a dormer window, and for a small bedroom, which would do for a boy's room or maid's room. At the back of the upper hall and in the balcony sitting-room, window seats are built into the dormers, giving pleasant lounging nooks.

As to the color scheme, the treatment of the outside of the bungalow would naturally be very simple. The walls of cedar shingles, oiled and left to weather,

would take on a silvery gray tone, harmonizing admirably with the stone of the foundation and parapets. The roof could be treated with a mossy green shingle stain. The whole color scheme of the interior would depend upon the treatment of the woodwork. For the ceiling construction of rafters, trusses and boards, the best wood to use would be Carolina pine. This should be given a soft grayish brown finish, which has in it a suggestion of green. In the softer parts of the wood this takes on a mossy look, against which the grain shows in colors almost like the yellow and russet of autumn leaves. The figure in this wood is very prominent, but, used in this way, is not too pronounced. If the pine were oiled and left in its natural color, the ceiling construction would be so prominent as to overpower everything else in the room, and the suggestion of a barn would be hard to get away from. By giving boards, rafters and trusses the treatment suggested, the subdued color and soft mossy surface of the wood brings the whole upper part of the room into its natural relation with the rest by making it soft and shadowy, instead of light and glaring.

For the frieze, built-in feature such

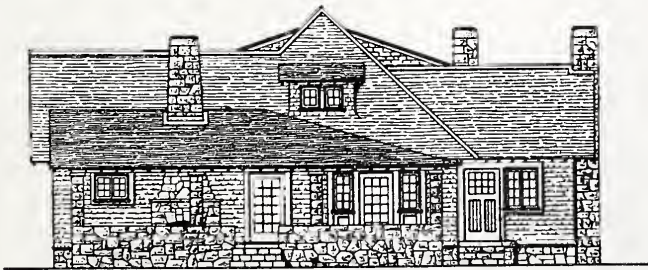
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: NUMBER FOUR

as bookcases, china closets, window seats and the like, wainscots and window and door framing, the best wood to use would be the grade of chestnut technically known as "sound wormy." This wood is exceedingly inexpensive, as it is chiefly used for boxes and other articles that do not usually call for fine grades of wood, but it is quite as good for interior woodwork as any other chestnut, if the lumber is carefully selected, as the tiny worm holes do not interfere at all with the strength of the wood and do not show enough to harm the general effect. If this wood is given a delicate tone of gray-brown that takes on a silvery sheen in the lighter part of the grain, and shadows that are almost black in the soft parts, it will not only be most interesting in itself as forming the chief interior decoration of a room of this description, but will harmonize beautifully with the warmer tones of the pine above. The sand finished plaster walls should be given a very light tone

of yellowish olive to bring them into harmony with the wood, and at the same time obtain a little warmer color as a contrast to the cool tones of the wood.

The floor should be of the same grade of chestnut as the woodwork, but with wide boards laid in irregular lengths with butt joints, and should be stained to a darker brown than the woodwork. The best rug to use in this living-room would be one that showed a greenish gray tone in the body, with dashes of black or dark green. The walls and railing of the balcony sitting-room would be in the same chestnut as the walls of the living-room.

With all these greens and grays and browns in the room, the best color for the window curtains would be a bright golden yellow, to give the effect of sunlight among the shadowy forest tones. The little curtains above the bookcases could be of rough silk in a warm golden bronze color, with a figure in dull leaf greens.



• SIDE ELEVATION •

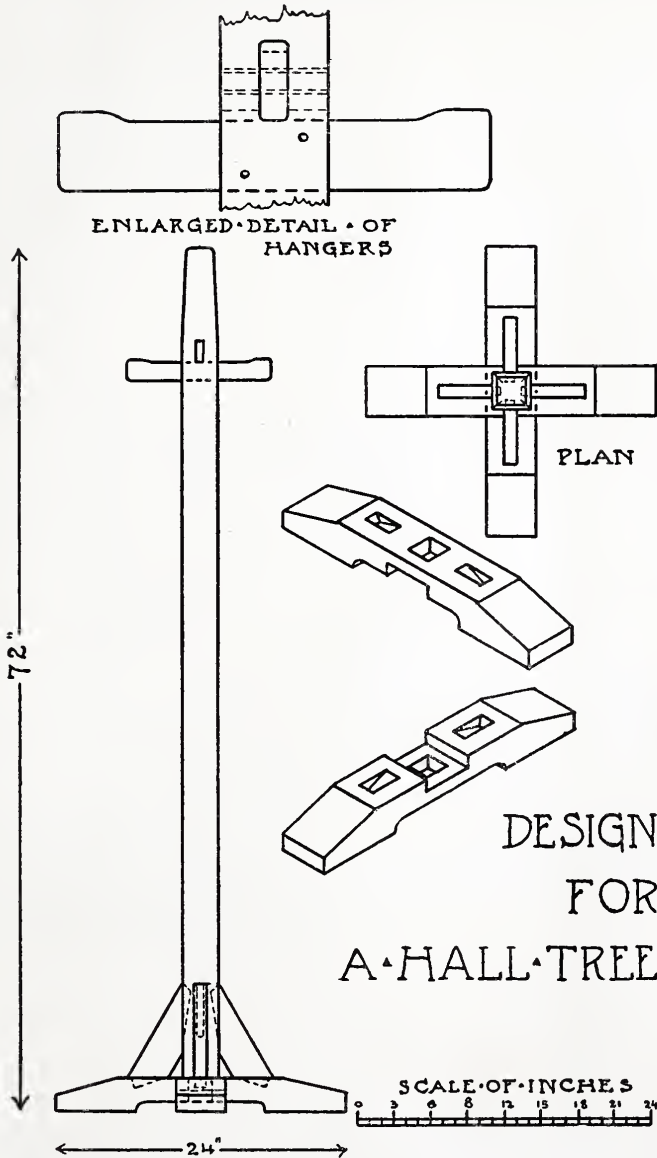
HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK: PRACTICAL EXAMPLES IN STRUCTURAL WOOD WORKING: TWENTY-FIFTH OF THE SERIES

CRAFTSMAN HALL TREE



HALL furniture has been selected for this number of the cabinet work series for the reason that it seems harder to procure really simple and satisfactory furnishings for the hall than for any other part of the house. The model shown here can easily be made at home by anyone at all skilled in the use of tools. The convenience of a simple hall tree of this design is that it takes up so little room, and yet affords accommodation for a good many coats. It will stand in any nook or corner out of the way, which is more than can be said of the larger and more elaborate trees that sometimes appear to take up nearly all the room there is in the hall. This design is simple to a degree, but must be very carefully made and finished in order to produce the best effect. As will be seen by careful study of the details, crudity is not sought, either in shape or workmanship. The pole must be very delicately tapered at the top in order to avoid clumsiness, and the mortising must be very carefully done, if the piece is to have the craftsman-like appearance that constitutes its chief claim to beauty.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



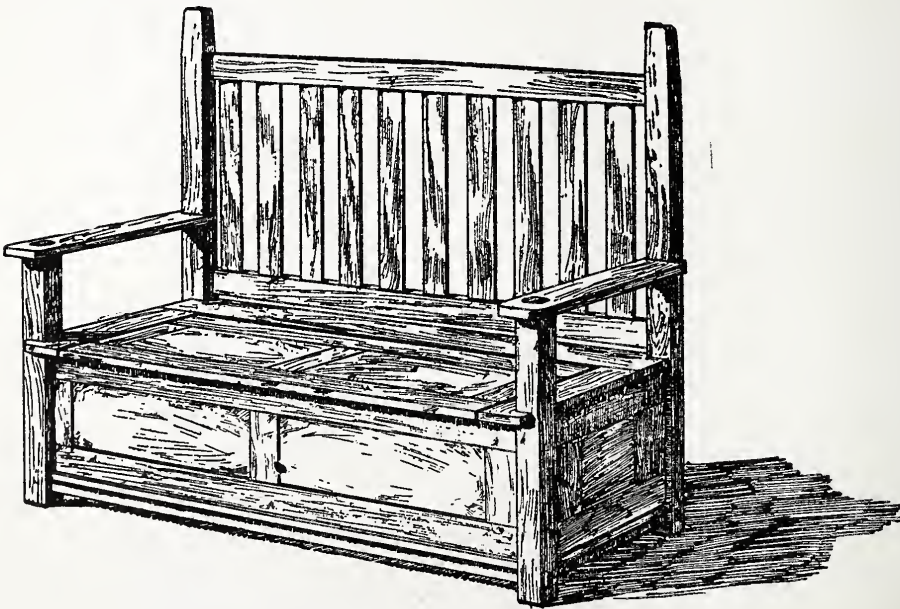
MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR HALL TREE

Pieces.	No.	ROUGH.			FINISHED.	
		Long.	Wide.	Thick.	Wide.	Thick.
Post	1	72 in.	4 in.	4 in.	3 in.	3 in.
Feet	2	24 in.	4½ in.	3 in.	4 in.	2¾ in.
Braces	4	10 in.	4 in.	1¼ in.	3 in.	1⅛ in.
Hangers	2	12 in.	2 in.	7⁄8 in.	1¾ in.	¾ in.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

A PRACTICAL HALL SETTLE

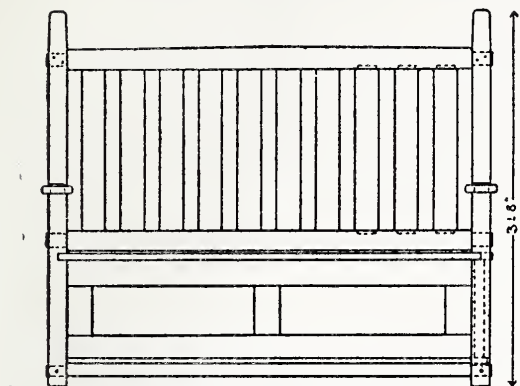
THIS roomy and comfortable settle will be found the best kind of a seat in the hall, as, like the hall tree, it occupies but little room and accommodates many things that naturally accumulate in a hall and must be disposed of. The seat is hinged and lifts like a lid, and the lower part of the settle is a chest made to hold all sorts of things that are wanted every day. This settle has the same structural characteristics as the tree, as will be seen by a careful study of the detail drawing. The posts are tapered slightly, and the mortise and tenon construction, which should add a decorative touch to the severe lines of the piece, should be most carefully done.



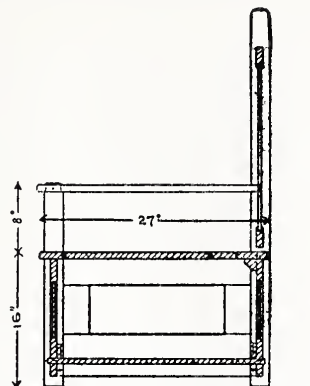
MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR HALL SETTLE

Pieces.	No.	ROUGH.			FINISHED.		
		Long.	Wide.	Thick.	Wide.	Thick.	
Back posts.....	2	44 in.	2½ in.	2½ in.	2¼ in.	2¼ in.	
Front posts.....	2	24½ in.	2½ in.	2½ in.	2¼ in.	2¼ in.	
Arms	2	27 in.	4 in.	1 in.	3¾ in.	7⁄8 in.	
Center of lid...	1	20 in.	4 in.	1 in.	3½ in.	7⁄8 in.	
Ends of lid....	2	20 in.	4 in.	1 in.	3 in.	7⁄8 in.	
Panels of lid...	2	18 in.	20 in.	1 in.	18 in.	7⁄8 in.	
Bottom	1	52 in.	26 in.	¾ in.	25½ in.	5⁄8 in.	
Center stiles....	2	7 in.	4 in.	1½ in.	3½ in.	1 in.	

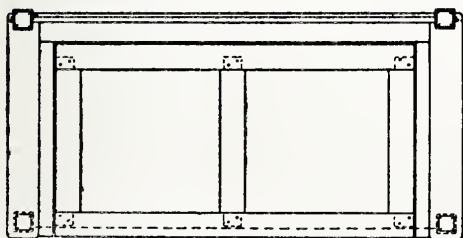
HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



FRONT ELEVATION



SECTION



PLAN

DESIGN FOR A HALL SETTEE

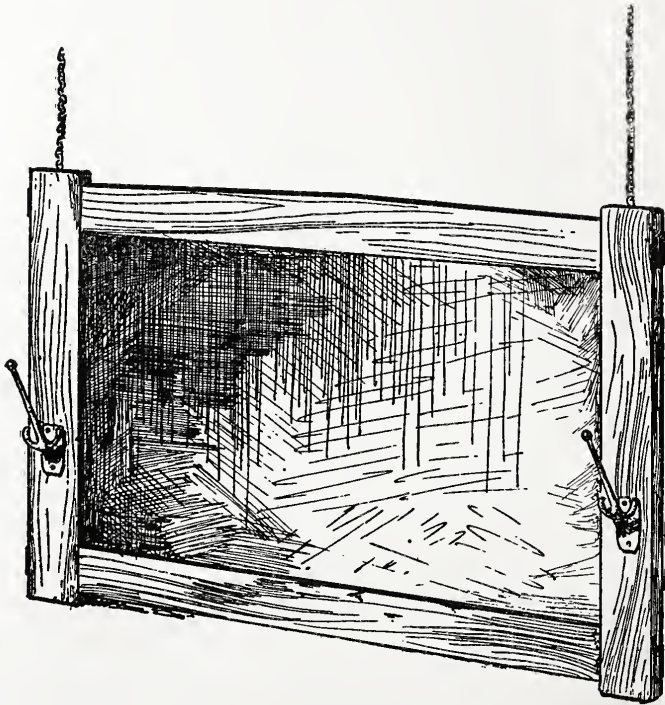
SCALE OF INCHES

End stiles.....	8	8 in.	4 in.	1 1/8 in.	3 in.	1 in.
Panels of front and back.....	4	21 in.	8 in.	3/4 in.	7 in.	1/2 in.
Panels of ends..	2	17 in.	8 in.	3/4 in.	7 in.	1/2 in.
Top and bottom rails	4	49 in.	4 in.	1 1/8 in.	3 in.	1 in.
Top and bottom rails	4	23 in.	4 in.	1 1/8 in.	3 in.	1 in.
Bottom stretcher	2	53 in.	2 in.	1 1/8 in.	1 3/4 in.	1 in.
Bottom stretcher	2	24 in.	2 in.	1 1/8 in.	1 3/4 in.	1 in.
Back slats.....	10	20 in.	3 in.	3/4 in.	2 3/4 in.	1/2 in.
Back rail, top..	1	53 in.	3 in.	1 1/8 in.	2 3/4 in.	1 in.
Back rail, bottom	1	53 in.	3 in.	1 1/8 in.	2 1/2 in.	1 in.
Ends of seat...	2	24 in.	5 1/2 in.	1 in.	5 1/4 in.	7/8 in.
Back of seat...	1	53 in.	4 in.	1 in.	3 3/4 in.	7/8 in.
Lineal feet of strips		12 ft.	2 in.	3/4 in.	1 3/4 in.	1/2 in.
Lineal feet of braces		5 ft.	2 in.	2 in.	1 3/4 in.	1 3/4 in.
3 pair of hinges						

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

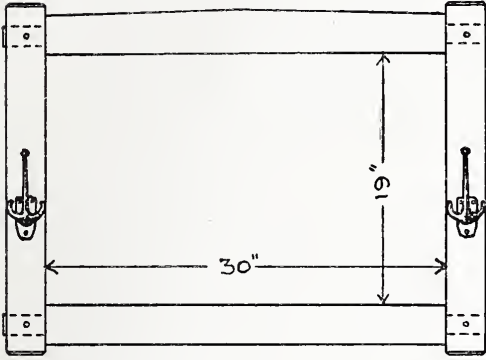
A HALL MIRROR

ONE piece of furniture that is well-nigh indispensable in a hall is the mirror. The model shown here, like the rest of the hall furniture, is plain to severity in design, all its charm depending on the nicety of proportion and workmanship. The corners show the same mortise and tenon construction, with the tenons projecting slightly and very carefully finished. The top of the frame



shows a very slight curve,—so slight that it is hardly perceptible, yet it makes all the difference between an effect of crudity and one of carefully designed proportions. The chains from which the mirror hangs should be of wrought iron, with fairly heavy links. The hat hooks on the sides of the mirror may be of iron, brass or copper, according to the tone of the wood and the general color scheme of the room.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



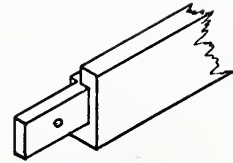
FRONT ELEVATION



SECTION



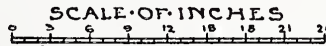
HORIZONTAL SECTION



DETAIL OF TENON

DESIGN

FOR A HALL MIRROR



MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR HALL MIRROR

Pieces.	No.	ROUGH.			FINISHED.	
		Long.	Wide.	Thick.	Wide.	Thick.
Top rail.....	1	37 in.	4 in.	1 1/4 in.	3 1/2 in.	1 1/8 in.
Lower rail.....	1	37 in.	3 1/2 in.	1 1/4 in.	3 in.	1 1/8 in.
Stiles	2	27 in.	3 1/2 in.	1 1/4 in.	3 in.	1 1/8 in.
Back	1	34 in.	23 in.	1/4 in.		

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

A SHORT time ago, in answer to the usual formal inquiry concerning renewal of subscription, we received from one of our subscribers the following letter:

THE CRAFTSMAN, New York, N. Y.

DEAR SIR: Answering your letter of inquiry enclosed, our draftsmen complain that THE CRAFTSMAN is giving too much attention to politics and Maxim Gorky. As architects, we are not interested in politics, and as men and citizens we are not interested in Gorky, and, therefore, your publication does not meet the wants of this office.

Yours very truly,

P—— & M——

P. S.—Our Mr. M—— says that the architectural part of your magazine is very interesting, and therefore we will add that if you can get rid of Gorky and give the magazine a thorough disinfection, we might be induced later to subscribe for the same.

P. & M.

We publish this letter for the reason that it is the most complete illustration that has yet come to our notice of the mental outlook which is the almost certain result of over-specialization in any art or profession. The human mind, as the medium through which the immortal spirit lays hold on life and uses all knowledge and all experience to aid in its development, is necessarily the most active force known to our plane of existence, and when it is given free play it is also the strongest. But for its best service it must be free,—free from the limitations imposed by a too rigid adherence to custom or tradition in any

line of thought or work, and free to know and be keenly interested in all phases of life. Only through such freedom is development possible, and without the mental poise and the comprehensive grasp on life that is the result of all-around development, no man can do work that is vital in itself and significant to his nation and his age. In some ways, the habit of closing the mind to everything save one special line of study or work is temporarily a good thing for the profession, as it naturally gives great technical dexterity and a fairly large amount of book-knowledge on the subject chosen by the specialist, but it is death to individuality and creative power, and so in the long run has the effect of fossilizing that particular line of achievement, instead of widening its scope by bringing to it an ever-renewed vitality.

The worst of it is that the specialist appears to take such honest pride in his own limitations, that in nine cases out of ten he seems to be so sincere in his belief that it is a hallmark of culture or of intellectuality to display ignorance of, or indifference to, the problems that affect all humanity. The complacent superiority with which the writer of this letter affirms that "as architects, we are not interested in politics, and as men and citizens, we are not interested in Gorky," tells the whole story. It is a naive revelation of the attitude of mind that has come to be characteristic of a certain type of American,—that of closing the mind to topics of broad and vital interest as related to the general development of the nation and the race,

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

in order to devote it exclusively to the study of what other men have thought about some one subject, and of feeling most self-righteous and superior because it is closed.

Why, in the name of all human interest in right living, should architects be supposed to be above an interest in politics? Why should an American citizen, who is honored with the immense and hard-won privilege of the franchise, pride himself on his neglect to take an interest in the way in which his country is governed? It is such men as these, more than any other class, who are responsible for bad government and for the legislative corruption which exists. The unscrupulous politician who fattens at the public crib lives and thrives because of the indifference of men whose influence, did they see fit to exert it, would unquestionably be used in favor of decent government. To admit an intelligent interest in politics by no means implies the necessity of descending from the heights of artistic and intellectual pursuits to follow the gossip and tittle-tattle over every fresh scandal in legislative centers or every shrewd move in the political game, but it does imply that a man's mind is broad and virile enough to allow him to rejoice over every chance to do his share in grappling with the problems that affect the welfare of his country and of the society to which he owes all that he is and every opportunity that life has brought him.

And the man who does this as a matter of course, regarding it as one of the big ways in which he may touch and take part in the life of his age, is not

likely to confine his interest to his own country any more than to his own little personal or professional affairs. Why should not men and citizens of all countries take an interest in Maxim Gorky?—not so much in the man, as in the life-work to which he is devoting all the power of a wonderful brain, of a strong, though naturally warped and somewhat embittered, nature, and every penny he and his family possess? As a man, Gorky is well worth the keenest interest, if only on account of what he has done with a life that started from the very dregs of humanity, and with a brain that no hardship, suffering or oppression could dwarf or keep from bold utterance of what he felt and saw while in the depths,—but as a Russian, he is one of the significant figures of the world to-day, in that he is the concrete expression of the suffering, the rebellion against overwhelming oppression and the frantic straining toward better things, that has come to be the mental attitude of all Russians of his class who have the power to think and feel. Men and citizens of all countries are now watching the savage throes of Russia, as she struggles like a blind giant to realize her vague dream of freedom, even as men and citizens of another age watched the lesser struggle of America for independent national existence. The outcome of that fight for liberty made possible the greater part of the achievements of the nineteenth century; what the outcome of the struggle that seems about to begin will mean to the twentieth century is a matter of the greatest interest to the whole world to-day.

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

Our correspondent closes his criticism by admitting that the architectural part of *THE CRAFTSMAN* is found to be "very interesting" to his associates in the office, and graciously adds that if we "can get rid of Gorky and give the magazine a thorough disinfection" they may be induced later to subscribe for the same.

It looks to us as if this much to be desired subscription might be very long in coming,—in fact, as if it might never come. If *THE CRAFTSMAN* were given the "thorough disinfection" so virtuously recommended, and were henceforth to confine its efforts to the straight and narrow path of architecture, it would have nothing to offer to any architect that is not already a matter of record. The only reason that the architectural part of this magazine is found to be of any value in the way of suggestion, is because the views it advances on the subject of architecture are direct, and the power of direct thought comes only when precedent and tradition are cast aside, and every lesson that life has to offer is eagerly welcomed and assimilated. The bigger the grasp on every phase of existence, whether it be personal, national, or world-wide,—the greater vitality in every achievement of the creative spirit, no matter what form it may take. The keener the interest in all affairs of the life that presses close around us,—the more instant the understanding and appreciation of that fundamental need which lies at the basis of everything that is significant in art.

In this matter of architecture,—especially of the home architecture that has so much to do with shaping the life of

the individual through the force of environment,—the thing that lives must express the needs and the character of this age and this people, and to do that, it must be worked out from the viewpoint of intimate understanding of those needs and that character. And that intimacy comes, not from confining one's reading to architectural books and periodicals in order to find out what other architects have done and are doing, but only through vivid personal interest in people,—in the nation,—in the world. Once get a glimpse of the fact that the building of life is greater than the building of houses,—and the house will follow as a matter of course if a man's inclination and his technical training happen to lie in that direction. The individual comes first and all that he is able to achieve depend upon the breadth and vigor of the thought he is able to bring to bear upon any problem which confronts him; his training as an architect is only a means to an end, an equipment which may increase his power to produce something in which his whole interest is concerned. If his interest never travels beyond the realm of architecture it is limited by the fact that he knows too much in one direction and not enough in others. His mind is cramped by the pressure of borrowed thought until he fears—and actually prides himself on fearing—to think for himself.

To such a man *THE CRAFTSMAN* has nothing to offer,—for he shuts himself away from all that we are struggling to express. The part of this magazine that is devoted to architecture is of no

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

more significance to us than any other part,—and of no less. We are just as much interested in sociology, in politics, in education, in healthy outdoor living, in revolutions and in dress reform. All are parts of the general business of life, and all the significance that attaches to anything that we or others have to say about any or all of them lies in the honesty and directness of our point of view concerning them, and the power of that viewpoint to stand the test of practical application to the most practical affairs of life. Life itself is our only concern, and art is only one way of getting at and expressing life.

NOTES:

“**T**ONE paintings,” O. H. von Gottschalk calls the very unusual collection of landscapes which he exhibited the first week in March at the Salmagundi Club.

“But they’re all just black and white,” was the comment of the first art student who went in “to study something new.” And at first glance there is an effect of absence of color, of delicate grayness and gray whiteness. This is of the exhibit as a whole; but select some one picture, perhaps “The Nocturne,” which is a small ocean canvas, and as you watch the water undulating softly from frame to frame, it grows green and translucent, the green of the deep sea and the depth and thick clearness of mid-ocean. The gray sky lifts high from the water, and a certain radiance escapes the clouds and touches the wave crests; and then you drift away to sea and the lure of the ocean creeps into your heart.

There is a “Second Nocturne,” which is an expanse of quiet ocean drenched in moonlight. The moon is rising, and a long pathway of pearl light lies across the waves. The water quivers in it, and the low waves melt into each other.

In “After the Storm,” a small picture shows the aftermath of a tremendous storm. The water is still tumbling about, black and fierce from the wind, the wild clouds are cut apart with glittering steel light. Through the gloom and dire disturbance there is a sense of disaster, of malign rage that is but part spent.

“The River Bend” is just as full of peace as the storm-ocean scene is of dread. There is a wide silver river that flows serenely away to a far distance, a bend in the stream, and then the imagination travels away down the current into quiet pastoral living.

The winter scenes are full of the ineffable quality, the pang that remote, snow-covered country brings to the sensitive. “A Winter Morning” is a vivid scene, suffused with the translucent glow of a windless sunrise. No one is yet abroad. There is a sense of sleep about the houses. Nature is having a radiant moment unseen—a picture that stirs the emotions as the Walkyr cry or the song of a Syrian lover.

And so, one could catalogue picture after picture, each with its individual appeal, each so full of color, so truly and significantly nature, yet nature through the mind trained to know all her reserves, her illusiveness. And the color that seems absent at a first glance slowly fills each canvas with beauty as the mind is attuned to its subtilities.

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

THE William Schaus Art Gallery announces the sale to the Corcoran Art Gallery, of Washington, D. C., of a painting by Albert L. Groll, "The Land of the Hopi Indians." All lovers of paintings of the Western country will recall the article published in *THE CRAFTSMAN* in May, 1906, about the work of Groll and fully illustrated by reproductions from his paintings.

THE Buffalo Fine Art Academy is just closing a most complete and interesting exhibit of the water colors of Genjiro Yeto, with a brief biographical note at the head of the catalogue, as follows:

"Genjiro Yeto was born in Japan in 1867. He came to America sixteen years ago and became a pupil of the Art Students' League and of John H. Twachtman, New York. He is a member of the New York Water Color Club. (For further biographical data see "Academy Notes" for February, 1907.)"

The list of Mr. Yeto's pictures reads like a romance of Lafcadio Hearn. There are "A Rainy Day, Nikko," "Fuji from Iwabuchi," "The Ni-o Gate, Nikko," "Blossoming Plum Trees, Tokio," and so on through cherry gardens and misty twilights and sunrise views of far mountains, past plum trees in bloom, and across bridges of infinite beauty. Mr. Yeto has acquired a technique distinctly modern, but holds to his nation's preference for putting simple things on an uncrowded canvas.

CLEVELAND, from May seventh to tenth, will be the seat of the first joint meeting of Eastern and Western

associations. Among the associations that have decided to get together and talk it over are: The Eastern Art Association, of which George H. Bartlett, of the Boston Normal Art School, is President; the Eastern Manual Training Association, William H. Noyes, of the Teachers College (Columbia College), President; the Western Drawing and Manual Training Association, Miss Florence E. Ellis, President. Pratt Institute will send a large exhibit, as will the Boston Normal Art School, the Art Institute of Chicago, and other important associations.

LOUIS Mora's work has been seen very often this winter, at the New York exhibits, at Pittsburg, and recently a special exhibit at the New York Art School,—a new gallery, well lighted and delightful in tone. With each fresh glimpse of any number of his pictures you feel more and more certain that his metier is portrait painting, in spite of his vivid, realistic Spanish people, his sympathetically, brilliantly painted small interiors, his picturesque peasant folk in well-related surroundings, and his monotypes of most convincing technique and suggestions of strength and space.

Always in each exhibition you return to the portrait, and feel there the potentiality in this young man for great painting. As yet, Mr. Mora has developed absolutely no fads, no artistic whimsicalities. He seems to regard good painting as more essential to art than the repetition of some eccentric personality or point of view. And so, the inevitable thing in his work is not a trade mark in the way of a figure or patch



"THE SUN SCREEN":
BY LOUIS MORA.



"DON DIEGO," MADRID, 1905:
BY LOUIS MORA.

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

of blue or a bit of drapery, but just a fine mastery in the handling of his brush and a technique that is as conscientious (if he will pardon the word) as it is brilliant.

At the New York Gallery exhibit, the most inescapable pictures were "The Black Shawl," a portrait of his wife; "The Sun Screen," a portrait of his wife's sister, and a "Portrait of My Father." Next to these ranked "Don Diego," which is essentially a portrait of a fine devil-may-care Spanish tramp. "The Black Shawl" is a tall figure in a clinging light dress with a Spanish shawl falling loosely from bare shoulders. The one touch of actual color is a blue shoulder knot—a picture in which composition, technique, color, grace, and portraiture divide your interest and hold your attention. "The Sun Screen" is a painting in which many difficulties have been overcome in the doing. It is full of sunlight drifting through the lattice of a screen. Vines trail on the edge of the screen, and they are dappled with sun spots. The girl in blue is illuminated with sunlight, and all so brilliantly done that the illusion of a burning day without is perfect. A second sun picture is the "Spanish Café." Two figures are sitting at a table. They are smoking and drinking. A blazing light drifts in the open slats of the window, and in the glow of light the man and girl are living out some phase of a love tragedy.

The artist world looks to Louis Mora for great and greater achievement. There is trust in his integrity as a worker and belief in his power as a creator.

ANOTHER scholarly and authoritative book on architecture has been written by Mr. Russell Sturgis, who has contributed so much that is valuable to the artistic and architectural lore of this century.

This "History of Architecture" is in three large volumes, exhaustive in the information they convey, yet condensed and very clear in style. They are amply illustrated with engravings and line drawings, showing the best examples of architecture obtainable from each country and each period. The first volume is devoted entirely to the buildings of antiquity, so that it is very nearly a history "from the monuments," and it shows the research of the scholar combined with the feeling of the artist and the knowledge of the practical builder in recreating the form of ancient buildings, so that some idea may be had in our own times of the principles upon which they were constructed, the need which lay behind these principles, and the method of construction employed.

The first book, in Volume I, is devoted to the architecture of ancient Egypt, beginning with the prehistoric buildings of sun-dried brick, wood, reeds, and rushes, and going down to stone buildings, the pyramids, and the tombs. The second chapter is devoted to columnar architecture in Egypt, and is most interesting in the account it gives of Egyptian methods of construction, with illustrations showing numerous examples of massive pylons, propylons, sculptured walls, colonnades, and the details of sculptured, fluted, and reeded columns and lotus capitals.

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

The second book takes up the art and architecture of Western Asia up to 300 B. C., showing the characteristic buildings, sculptures, and decorations of Chaldea and Assyria, with their temples and palaces of unbaked brick; of Persia, with its more elaborate structures of stone, wood, and hard brick, and of Syria and Phoenicia, with their tombs hewn out of the living rock or built of massive blocks of stone, ending with a brief account of the uncertainties and difficulties of archæological exploration in these countries.

The third book deals with the art of Greece from the pre-classic ages and the ruins of unknown date; the earlier temple buildings of sun-dried brick, wood, and stone, especially the earlier Doric temples from which the great impulse of Greek architecture was derived. Coming down to classic times, there is a scholarly analysis of the perfected Doric temples and buildings, with much technical information as to methods of construction and ample illustrations by half-tones or pen drawings of each point as it is brought up. From the Doric the natural course of the story of Greek architecture goes on to the Ionic, and then to the more florid Corinthian, and this division closes with a most interesting account of the architecture, sculpture, and painting of the Greeks, and the arrangement and grouping of their buildings to produce the broadly artistic effect of perfect harmony with their environment.

The fourth book has only one chapter, giving a general account of the architecture of the Italian peoples before

Roman control, and the fifth and last book of this volume contains a very clear and understandable review of Roman Imperial architecture; the different systems of building which were its component parts, the expression of the Roman spirit in their building art, and the tendency of the whole Mediterranean world under Roman control to follow the Imperial Roman style. Following the style of the emperors comes the expression of the Italian spirit in the arcuated buildings, such as the amphitheaters, memorial arches, and architectural gateways, many fine examples of which are shown in the illustrations; then an account of the columnar buildings and the effect of Grecian influence, with separate chapters on the massive construction that prevailed in Roman buildings; the plan and disposition of large buildings, with their effect of grandeur and large utility and their indifference to small refinement; the plan and disposition of smaller and private buildings, and the question of surface decoration.

Like all of Mr. Sturgis' books on art and architecture, this one is admirable for purposes of reference when a technical or historical question is to be decided, as well as most interesting for the layman who feels some interest in knowing of the arts and industries of ancient times. The succeeding volumes will be reviewed in *THE CRAFTSMAN* as they are published. ("The History of Architecture," by Russell Sturgis, A.M., Ph.D. Volume I—Antiquity. 425 pages. Octavo. Illustrated. Price, \$5.00. Published by The Baker & Taylor Company, New York.)

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

THE TECHNIQUE OF SIMPLE RUG WEAVING

THE newest and best of the modern home-made rugs bear little resemblance to the "hit and miss" rag carpets which have been woven in country places for many years past, and which, though durable, are usually ragged in appearance and uncouth in coloring. A few women who care about these things have decided that there is no reason why a home-made rug should not be as beautiful in color and texture as it is durable, and this desire for beauty in the simple things which are a part of every-day life, seems to have brought about a revival of old time industries, particularly of weaving. Old hand looms of Colonial days are being widely sought after, and are generally preferred, at least by the amateur, to the more profitable efforts of the steel looms.

Not only is there a desire among country women to know how to make home products beautiful, but there is a commercial demand for these home-made rugs, and women who want to make extra money, and who usually need to make it, are finding a ready sale for these new designs of simple rugs and hangings, which can be seen to-day at all the best of the arts and crafts exhibits.

THERE are several varieties of good steel looms on the market, which cost anywhere from thirty to one hundred and twenty dollars. This, however, is a large outlay for the woman who wishes to supplement her income with a few dollars

a week, and this expense is not necessary to the woman with any ingenuity. All over the continent there are old hand looms to be found, which, for the beginner at least, will answer every purpose. They are stored away in the attics and barns of farm houses, and almost without exception the farmer's wife, unless she is a weaver herself, is glad to dispose of them. Often they can be picked up at junk shops in country places. And it is rare to find an auction in the country town without a loom or two for sale. If one does not know just the barn or attic to invade, or if there is no auction "on," then a sure way to find a loom is to advertise in one or two papers of remote, old-fashioned villages. As a rule, these old looms can be purchased for five dollars or less, and it usually requires a dollar or two outlay to put them in order.

It is best, if possible, to have the loom put up by a practical weaver, as a modern carpenter is not often familiar with loom building, and certain essential parts could be missing without his realizing it. An old loom consists of a frame of four square timber posts about seven feet high. They are connected at the top and bottom by frame work. At the back of the loom a yarn-beam is placed, about six inches in diameter. Upon this beam are wound warp threads which are stretched over it to the cloth beam at the front of the loom, which is about ten inches in diameter. In addition to the yarn-beam and cloth beam, a loom

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

is fitted up with heddles, a lay or batten, a reed and shuttles, and a wheel for winding the materials; the wheel for winding the strips usually goes with the loom. The placing of the warp-beam is not often nowadays done by the weaver herself, as it is a complicated process and difficult to describe. The amateur weaver usually sends the warp-beam to a beamer to be fitted up. This costs but very little and enables the beginner to start in the right direction. Usually people who sell the warp can tell the weaver where a beamer is to be found and what to pay.

As the commercial warps are rarely fast color, unless dyed to order, white warp is the most practical for almost all kinds of weaving, and if a light weight is chosen, the warp threads are almost concealed by the weft. When the beam is placed in the loom, the warp threads are carried across the beam, over the back cross-bars and threaded through the two sets of heddles, then through the reed and over the front cross-bar of the loom, where they are attached by an iron bar which is connected with the cloth beam. The heddles consist of two frames containing looped wires for the warp threads, which are on different horizontal planes when the shuttle is thrown through the warp. It is almost impossible for a beginner to realize how the heddles should be threaded without first watching a weaver, so that it is decidedly best to engage for a day or two a weaver who can erect the old loom, and adjust the beam containing the warp, show how the heddles should be threaded, and spend the rest of the time in teaching the process of weaving.

A rag carpet weaver's knowledge does not often go beyond the making of rag carpet; but the fundamental principles are the same here as in weaving a better grade of rugs. Of course, the village rug-maker will say that white warp must not be used, that it should have been made in groups of all the gorgeous colors that rag carpet weavers love, as they rely entirely upon the colored warps to brighten their dingy rags. If the craftsman is far removed from a town, warps can always be purchased at the village store, where also one can usually get in touch with a weaver.

RAGS have long been discarded for weaving, and new materials are used, cretonnes, ducks, denims, Canton flannels, ticking, unbleached muslin, prints, and roving yarns. Care should be taken to select fabrics that have been carefully dyed, so that when the rugs are washed there will be no danger of colors running. The "oil dyed" turkey twills in red and blue can be relied on. For plain border making, the cream of unbleached muslin is much prettier than white muslin. It is not so conspicuous, and does not soil so readily. Materials at fifteen cents are often not as expensive as those at seven cents, as a material that crushes up into a small space will use more yards than a bulky material, like denim or Canton flannel. In many towns there are shops that buy "seconds" from the mills, and these can be made use of for individual work, as a piece of material which has a blemish in the weaving is just as good for weaving as a perfect piece. Sometimes a bolt of

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

denim is badly marked by the dyer, and is condemned as a "second," but the variations in color would in nowise detract from its value for weaving. As these odd lengths cannot be matched, they can only be used for individual pieces.

Having decided upon the color-scheme and bought the material, it must be cut or torn into strips. If a smooth finished rug is required, cut the material, if a rough surface, it must be torn. The tearing is a simple process. If materials like duck, denim or Canton flannel have been selected, divide the width of the material into inch strips, cutting these about two inches deep, to insure the goods being torn perfectly straight. Then cut off about twenty yards and tear it quickly. By nailing the width to wood-work and running quickly from it, it will be well and rapidly torn. The material should be wound into balls immediately to keep it from tangling. The cutting can be done by winding the material into a tight roll, and tying it with string; then taking a sharp carving knife or butcher's knife and slicing it like a loaf of bread. If a piece of paper has been laid on the table, with the inches indicated, it will serve to guide the eye.

The beginner usually finds considerable difficulty in estimating how much material to prepare for a given length of weaving, and this cannot be ascertained without some little trouble. Every piece of material should be weighed and measured, and the amount jotted down in a book. Afterward, it can be ascertained how far it went. Good, firm weaving should weigh not less than two

and one-half pounds a square yard, which would mean that from five to seven yards of heavy material, like denim, will be required to make one yard of weaving. If turkey red twill is used, it would take ten yards to make the weaving firm enough.

HAVING put the loom in order and prepared the fabric for weaving, the ball of material must be wound onto an iron rod which is turned by the winding wheel. It is then placed in the shuttle, the rod first being removed. The end of material is threaded through a hole at the end of the shuttle and pulled through about half a yard. Before beginning to weave the material, six or eight inches of warp must be left for the knotting of the fringe. A heading of warp must also first be woven for an inch and a half, to keep the fabric from fraying. The seat must be adjusted to a comfortable height in order that the worker may have full control over the loom. Then push the left treadle down with the left foot, which will cause a gap in the two layers of warp, take the shuttle in the right hand and throw it to the other side of the loom, between the warps, holding with the left hand that part of the loom which contains the reed. This is called the lay. Leave a couple of inches of material at the edge of the rug. After the shot has been thrown, pull the lay or batten forward, and press the right foot down, releasing the left, which will make a reversed gap between the two lays of warp. The shuttle is then placed in the left hand and is thrown from right to left, between the

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

warps, the lay being pulled forward between each throw. This is the simple process of weaving, repeated over and over again until the shuttle is empty. When the new shuttleful is added, do not sew two strips together, but cut each into a tapered point and overlap them. The join will then be invisible, which is not always the case in amateur work.

Having woven the heading, the material is then woven for five or six inches. A beginner must first learn to make three plain borders of contrasting colors before beginning the more intricate patterns. Supposing blue denim, with plain unbleached muslin for the borders, is selected for the first set of rugs. Weave about five inches of denim, and then two inches of unbleached muslin. The blue is then woven for three inches, followed by another two inch border of cream muslin. Repeat, making three bars at each end of a five by six foot rug. If the rugs are longer, five bars would look better.

Many of the old-fashioned looms have templets for stretching the fabric while it is being woven. They have little teeth at the ends, but as these are apt to make holes in the material, the modern substitute is a simple arrangement of hooks and string on either side of the rug, supported by the frame of the loom and weighed at the ends of the string. These, however, have to be moved forward as the weaving proceeds.

It is a great waste of time to cut the rugs out of the loom until all the warp is used up, but, of course, it can be done. The cloth beam will hold over fifty yards

of weaving, and a very usual length of warp to order is enough to make fifty yards of weaving. In weaving a rug a certain length, it will be found that there will be twenty-five per cent of shrinkage, or "take up," as the weavers call it. This means that when the rug is in the loom it is tightly stretched. This shrinkage must be allowed for, and the rug in the loom not measured by actual inches. For instance, to make a three by six rug, take a length of tape and pin it firmly to the heading. Then indicate on it the length of forty-five inches. As the rug is woven, the tape is visible, and when the mark of forty-five inches is reached, pin the tape securely to this spot, which should be the center of the rug. Then weave the other forty-five inches, placing the borders in the same places as in the first half of the rug, which should have been indicated on the tape. This will enable the weaver to make the rug the desired length and to make the borders match.

IN looking at the detail illustration of a Martha Washington rug, it will be noticed that white stripes have a blurred effect of color introduced. This is formed by using a broad striped material with the bars of color running horizontally. When this is cut lengthways, the patches of color come at regular intervals, so that the color-scheme consists of two shots of this material woven into each of the four white borders. In examining the borders it will be seen that the first shot consists of a twist, followed by one shot of the strongest color in the rug. Then follow

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

two white shots and two of the striped material; two more white shots and one of the strongest color are then woven. Next a medium shade is introduced, with the dark color in the following shot. After this the white border with the stripes is repeated, and a wide green border is woven, outlined on either side with a dark red. The center of the green border has a crow's-foot of red and white. Then follow two more white borders, which are woven the same as the two white borders on the other side of the green center border, forming a mass of beautiful coloring, easy to copy, but not particularly easy to evolve.

A detailed illustration of a John Alden rug shows one of the modern loosely woven styles. When threading the loom for this weave, instead of putting the warp through each heddle, two warps are threaded through one heddle, and the next one is skipped; two warps go in the third heddle hole, the fourth one being skipped and so on across the loom. This is called "double warping." This border is exceedingly simple, and is made by first weaving twelve shots of white, and then a shot of color; one of white, another of color, alternately for three inches. Twelve more shots of white complete the border. This forms a checkerboard pattern, which is very effective, and yet easy for the beginner. This open weave is well suited for a bath mat, as it is soft to stand on, especially when made of Canton flannel; this weave is also recommended for draperies.

Another form of simple pattern making is to weave an entirely plain rug, and afterward to add designs by strips

of material threaded through a bodkin. This is advisable when a series of arrows and Indian designs are wanted. These rugs do not wear quite as well as the woven ones, so that it is better to make use of this kind of design formation when weaving curtains or pillows. Sometimes the ends are left sticking up, which is suitable in a hanging and entirely out of place in a rug. This kind of pattern making gives opportunity for all sorts of individual designs; they can be worked out on paper first and the sketch followed when the rug is on the cutting table.

The most intricate style of border making is shown in the Waverly rug, which is attractive in the sitting room where a pile rug seems more in keeping than an ordinary woven rug. The material used for making this rug, unlike the denims and cretonnes, is especially woven on a finely threaded loom into what is known as "weft cloth." This cloth is made from cotton yarns, which can be procured from a yarn merchant. The yarn is dyed the desired colors before being woven into a weft. The pattern having been decided upon for the border, the yarn is then woven in plain bars of different colors at varying distances apart. In the border shown in our illustration, seventy-two inches of black were first woven, then thirty-six inches of cream, seventy-two more of black, and fifty-two inches of cream, two inches of red, twenty inches of cream, six inches of tan, two of red, two of red and five inches of cream, two inches of tan and three of tan, two of tan and five of cream, three of red and two of

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

cream, six of tan and five of cream. This description has only specified enough for one-sixth of the border, which is repeated in the same manner. When the weft is made as above directed, it is cut into inch strips, when it will be found that each strip makes a complete border. An eight-inch border will take thirty-two shots in the rug, so that the "weft cloth" would have to be woven thirty-eight yards long before the border could be made, but if the cloth is thirty-six inches wide, thirty-six borders could be made, so that it will be seen that this form of rug necessitates a great many rugs being woven at the same time, and only a weaver who is making rugs in large quantities could afford to have so many yards of material on hand, yet it is one of the most interesting forms of hand weaving.

WHEN the rugs are woven, the length must be cut out of the loom and laid on the cutting table. The fringe is cut across, and each rug is gone care-

fully over with shears to remove any irregularities in the weave that would look untidy. They are then ready to be knotted, which is the last process in weaving rugs.

The knotting of a rug gives it a finish, and must be done carefully. Simple, straight knotting of every six threads will insure the rug from raveling, but decorative fringes of all kinds add no little to the beauty of the rug. They can be knotted with a double or triple knotting, or straight, or worked into points. They can also be braided like some of the Oriental rugs. Portieres, curtains, and table covers require less bulky knotting than do rugs.

Our illustration of a group of fabric rugs shows several kinds of knotting. The two Martha Washington rugs in the center are more elaborately knotted than the Priscilla rug at the righthand corner, which has simply a group of warp tied in a single knot at the heading. The Waverly rug is knotted like the Priscilla.

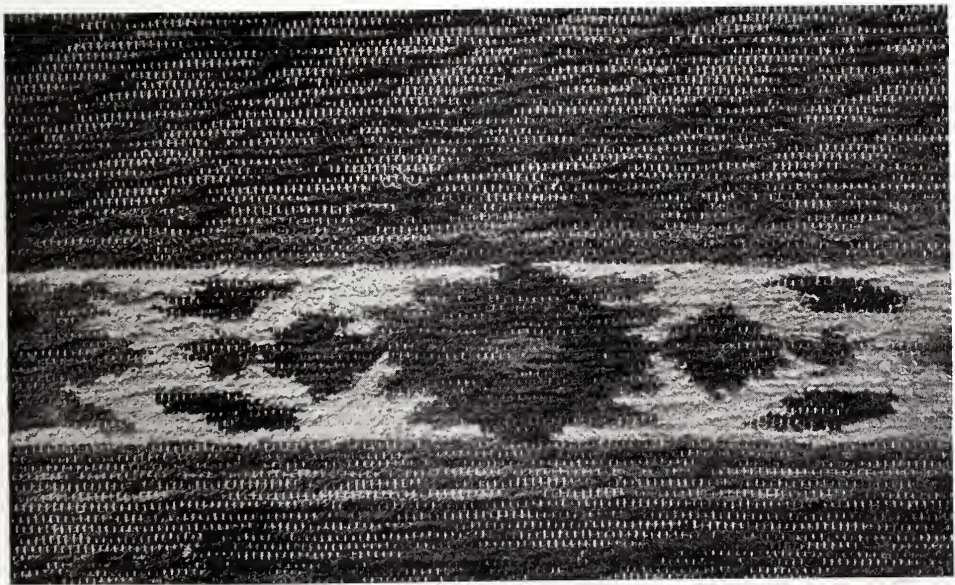
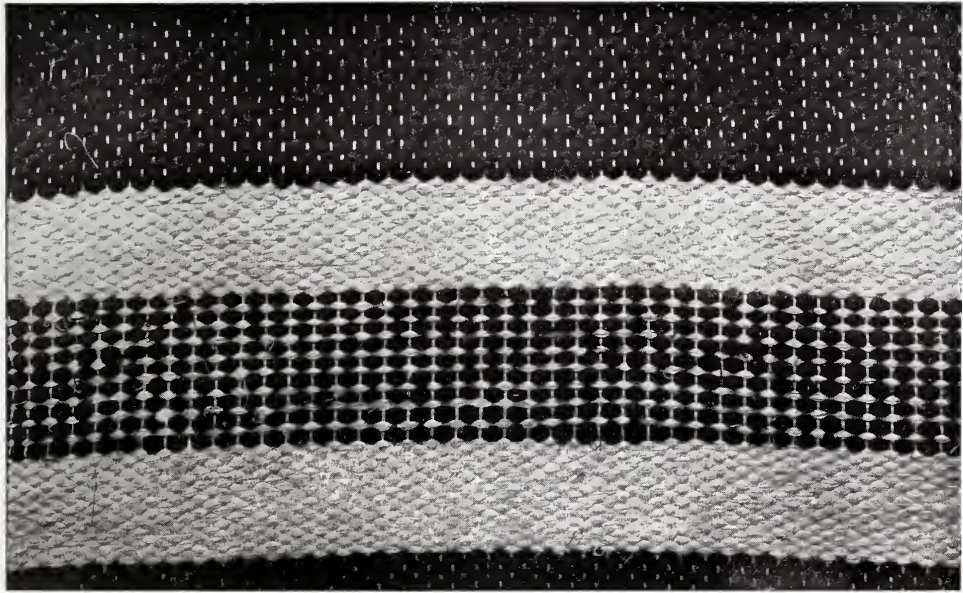
MABEL TUKE PRIESTMAN.

THE RIGHT TO BEAUTY

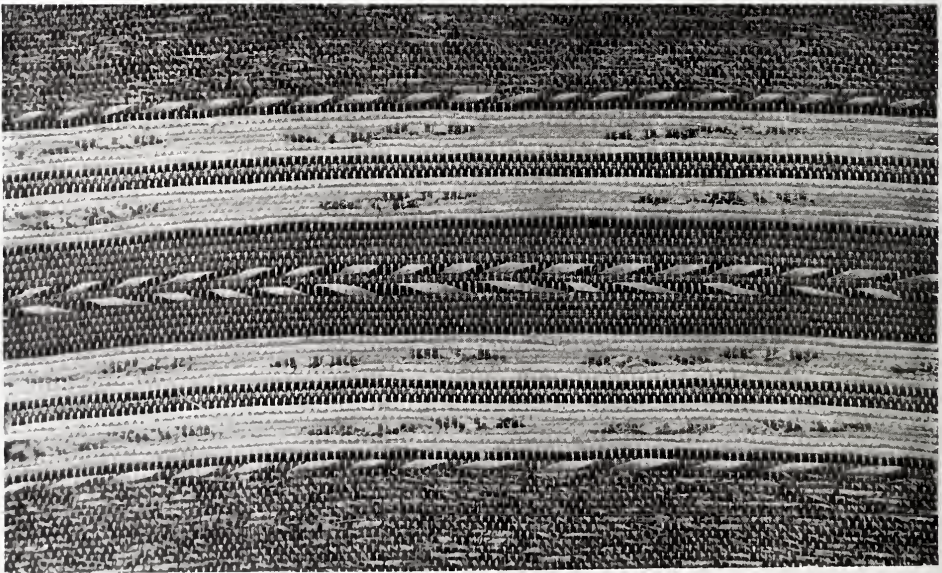
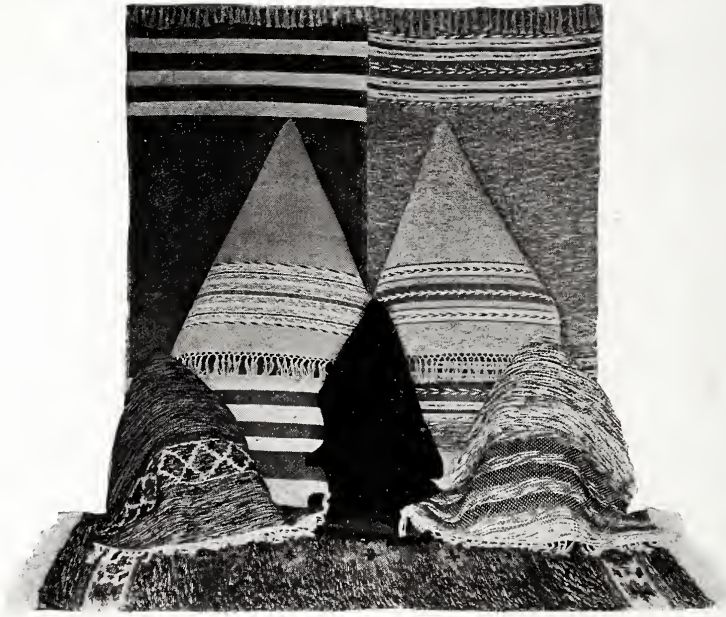
THE one way to bring about a more sensible style of dressing, is to train girls to think more about their clothes. This suggestion will bring a shock to the puritan American, who feels that there is a certain relation between holiness and bad taste—and there is still much unregenerate puritanism in this country. But, in truth, wearing unbecoming, badly made clothes is no more spiritual than to wear ultra-fashionable clothes; both indicate lack

of thought, both are the product of mental laziness, and both are equally unproductive of growth for the girlish mind and of beauty of expression in material things.

The "puritan" in her ill-fitting, dowdy, ready-made cheap serge is no nearer a wise ideal of clothes than is the social beauty, with her silly, over-ornamental, over-fitted, sparkling useless dress, for which someone, somewhere in the scheme of her home life, has paid count-



DETAIL OF A "JOHN ALDEN RUG"
BORDER OF A WAVERLY RUG.



A GROUP OF SIMPLE HOME-MADE RUGS.
A KNOTTED MARTHA WASHINGTON RUG.



HOME-MADE COMMENCEMENT
FROCKS FOR GIRLS OF EIGHTEEN.



GRADUATING FROCKS FOR YOUNG
GIRLS: MODELS FOR HOME SEWING.

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

less dollars; neither is appropriately, becomingly, wisely nor comfortably dressed; neither has ever stopped to realize that her personal interest in her own clothes could be a part of a general reform in dress, a necessary detail in the changing of the absurdity of modern sartorial conditions, and a frank proof that she as a woman had begun to use her mind to some purpose.

Girls should be trained to the philosophy of dress. Talk more to them about their clothes, but for the sake of the nerves of all the race, talk differently; train girls from the time they can begin to think, to think infinitely more about dressing, but to actually *think*, to understand the principles of dress, and not merely to talk mere twaddle, to grow more vain, and to spend more money for fewer results.

A girl has a right to know that she looks better in one color than in another, and why she does; she is entitled to a clear explanation (possibly many of them) as to what materials suit her best, as to what lines are best related to the structure of her body; and above all she must know by heart the injury to her beauty (for, of course, she expects to be beautiful) and health the wrong sort of dressing can do—whether it be fashionable or just careless—whether it be slovenly, tawdry, badly cut, or over-accented dress.

Every girl should be taught the simple and praiseworthy philosophy of dress, just as she should be taught how to arrange and furnish her house in the simplest, most beautiful and least difficult way. So long as the average Amer-

ican girl is likely to be called upon to develop into a home-maker, and often a dressmaker, she should be trained for these professions from childhood up; and the training should not be of a nature just to make her contented with housework, with her kitchen and needle; but by teaching her to think, to so train her mind that she grows up knowing how to manage her home—in fact, how to create a home—in the wisest, most practical and beautiful way.

By thinking, she lessens labor, both in kitchen and dress, and by thinking she renders the result of all her labor interesting and harmonious to herself. She, in fact, expresses herself in her work, and so her work is related intimately to her life, the way she has decided that she wishes to live.

This is absolutely as true of clothes as of housekeeping or handicraft work or of painting. If a girl is trained to use her brain in planning and making her clothes, her dresses and hats and scarfs and belts will all relate to her personality and express the degree and kind of cultivation her mind has absorbed. This is as inevitable as the fact that a flower proves the kind of soil it has grown out of, or that the hue of a frock tells the vegetable or mineral dyes that went into the vat.

For generations it has been considered quite wise and reasonable to let a child grow up absorbed in the novelty of fashions, well posted about styles, with a wide reach of knowledge about what the latest thing from Paris or London is. Money, time, strength have all gone into the effort to keep children "in style,"

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

and they have been taught, or allowed to absorb unconsciously, the impression that there was a certain fineness of quality in being "in style," that fashionable clothing render them superior to the unfashionable girl, that the latest Easter hat endowed the possessor with virtues quite apart from her character, that fashion was a talisman in fact; and little girls wearing "out of date" clothes have been made to suffer many a pang at schools and parties, and have grown to associate nice dressing with happiness and admiration and even appreciation—all of this has seemed legitimate to mothers, wise and loving in most matters of rearing their children, and sincerely anxious that their little daughters should be sweet and wholesome.

The same mothers would hesitate, nay, think it almost criminal, to teach a child the good points of herself instead of her clothes; to train her to understand that it is natural and right and worth striving for to be beautiful; that she is intended by nature to have rosy cheeks, a straight back, strong, little legs, a stout chest and radiance of body and mind. And even having survived the shock of the wisdom of teaching her child that beauty and health and strength were normal, what fashion-loving mother would further dare to open the child's mind to the relation of clothes to personal beauty and charm, making clear to her that certain types demand certain colors, that lines should be adapted to figure, that real beauty of dress consists in appropriateness all along the line,—to climate, to occupation, to individuality, to physique, to personal taste.

Why, in truly teaching a child all the philosophy of clothes, a mother is teaching the best philosophy of life. She is developing taste, cultivating sensibilities, making clear the value of economy of strength and money and is contributing widely to the increase of real beauty in the world, a beauty that is associated with health and sanity, not a striving for effects which are subversive to the essentials of happiness.

The first response coming from modern mothers is, "but I do not want my child vain; if she thinks herself pretty, she will be vain." Exactly, under present utterly false conditions, she will grow vain if told out of a clear sky that she is pretty. And what a perverted state of affairs it is—that for a child to discover that she belongs to a normal right state of existence is to make her silly! It is all because the mother's point of view is wrong. She is not *thinking*, and so she teaches the child a totally wrong estimate of beauty in relation to life: Namely, that it is vain to think about being pretty, but right, even necessary, to seek beauty in clothes, or rather not beauty, even here, but a general standard of novelty and variety.

Poor little maids, who may not know that it is as natural for them to be lovely as for the roses to smell sweet or birds to sing in scented apple boughs! It is indeed so right and normal for children to be beautiful and strong that it should be taken for granted. There is no vanity about normal conditions. A child is not vain of having two hands or ten fingers or an ear on each side of its curly head. It should be the same with beauty.

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

And the girl who has grown up, expecting all these gifts of the gods, and has also been taught the real significance of clothes, their relation to her beauty and to her usefulness in life, will enjoy making her own clothes, will make them so that they are becoming, graceful and economical, and will think it as interesting as to display her skill at the piano or in cooking or writing a story—just one way of contributing to the pleasure and charm in life.

But what about the girl who has been trained to regard style as the great essential, rather than beauty? It is a greater task to begin to teach a girl the philosophy of dress, but not an insurmountable one. At sixteen a girl is still impressionable, she is vastly interested in herself, and much absorbed in the idea that she is a separate individual, not merely a daughter, but a woman. You can not teach her as you would a child, but there is plastic material at hand and interest in life.

If a girl is about to graduate, begin instruction with her graduating dress. Let her select it, but guide her in the matter; ask her to make it, but help her at each step, and have the making a lesson about the relation of her clothes to herself. Help her above all things to see the importance of simplicity in dressing, that beauty is in the color, the grace, the becomingness, not in the exaggerated mode. Create so much interest in the planning and making of a really pretty frock that the mere question of stylishness is snowed under. But do not yourself wholly ignore the prevailing style, adapt it to the girl, modify it and

adjust it to your own ideas of what is suitable and becoming.

For nothing would so completely antagonize a girl at the start as to send her out among her fellow girls looking eccentric and conspicuous. She must have admiration for her home-made graduating frock. She must look so pretty and attractive that the other girls will envy her taste and skill, or the philosophy of dress will cease to awaken her enthusiasm.

The sketches of graduating frocks shown in this department have been especially designed to carry out the CRAFTSMAN idea of home dressing for girls. They are simple dresses of inexpensive materials. Any girl who cares to prove herself capable of making her own Commencement Day frock can select the one of these four designs which suits best her style, and make it with her mother's aid and advice in a few days. The only lining used is from the shoulders to four inches below the waist line. The sleeves and skirt are left without the bulk of a lining, to show the pretty softness of fabric. Any fitted waist pattern will serve for all four models, and the outside can be fulled on the lining after it is fitted. The skirts are all a full circular model, gathered or puffed as the young dressmaker may prefer. The princess design may require a princess pattern, unless mother is a rather accomplished worker. But work everything out without any pattern beyond the lining when it is possible. You will find that this method cultivates the eye as well as doubles the pleasure by developing a sense of creative ability.

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

The princess dress, which is designed for a girl of eighteen, is made in a fashion so simple, and yet so artistically complete, that any ornament would be wholly superfluous. The material is India silk, ivory white, fine in texture, and very soft.

The yoke dress is almost as simple in construction. The skirt is an extra full circular model, with ruffles of the same material (a pale silvery blue silk muslin); across the wide front gore where the skirt joins the belt, the fulness is tucked down a few inches. This design is particularly good for a girl inclined to stoutness.

This design would be lovely in jonquil yellows (for a graduating gown need not of necessity be white), or in many primrose shades. And if a girl can not find netting in pale tints, let her dye some.

For a girl of sixteen, the simplest model is given, to be made of mull, white or any tinted silk mull at a dollar a yard or of the lovely cotton mull at twenty cents a yard, and wide, too. The circular skirt flares gaily about the white slippers, and at the waist the fulness is gathered into puffs, giving a suggestion of a princess model.

The embroidered gown, for an older graduate, is of a pinky-white Liberty silk, and the scheme throughout its making is a variation of delicate pink tones. This sounds a bit elaborate, but is really not in the least difficult, and an excellent opportunity for a lesson in developing color harmonies. Embroidery, merely to embroider as a pastime, is a most pathetic waste of time, but embroidery as

an opportunity to secure interesting variety of color and as a means of making a girl use her eyes, her fingers, her taste harmoniously is a very important part of her dressmaking training—and this apple-blossom frock is shown with the purpose of making it a part of a valuable lesson in dressmaking.

The Liberty silk is in the most delicate hue, the petticoat a shade deeper, and the Japanese branches in all the natural variety of tones of the apple-blossom. The petals and leaves should be marked out in the most impressionistic manner, with the longest stitches, and flat surfaces, no shading. Grayish shadows in very loose embroidery will add to the effect. The scattered petals should be faded, as fallen petals are.

If apple-blossoms are not a favorite with your daughter, let her select her own flower, or use the college flower. At an embroidery shop a Japanese design could be worked out, or she could achieve one herself with a little study and thought. And the delight of a gown so created is limitless. It is an object lesson in "dress reform," which no lectures nor sermons could equal.

Looking into the detail of the designs given in this magazine, you will notice that they are all designed for the healthy athletic figure; for the girl who means to go on growing in her clothes, whose shoulders are wide, whose chest is full and who isn't afraid of a waist-line in proportion to height and health. Healthy girls are happy girls, and healthy, happy women are the trademark of a wholesome nation.



From a Painting by Eugene Higgins.

“POWERFUL PICTURES OF OUTCAST, BROKEN
AND DESOLATE HUMAN BEINGS.”



THE CRAFTSMAN



GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XII MAY, 1907 NUMBER 2

EUGENE HIGGINS: AN AMERICAN ARTIST WHOSE WORK UPON CANVAS DEPICTS THE DERELICTS OF CIVILIZATION AS DO THE TALES OF MAXIM GORKY IN LITERATURE: BY JOHN SPARGO



IT WAS the Sunday evening before Christmas when the trail ended and my eyes rested upon the gloomy soul-haunting pictures of the social abyss, and upon their artist-creator, Eugene Higgins. The pictures were not new to me, for some vision of them had haunted me for months in a strange, uncanny sort of way. One night last winter as I sat in a New York café with a group of friends, one of them pulled from his pocket some worn and tattered pages of a French magazine, *L'Assiette de Beurre*, containing several poor reproductions of some powerful pictures of out-cast, broken and desolate human beings, which exercised a wonderful fascination over our little group. All that we could learn about them was that the pages we saw were part of an entire issue of the magazine devoted to the work of the artist, an unknown, mysterious painter named Higgins—Eugene Higgins. The pictures took irresistible hold of my thoughts and fancy; their greatness manifested itself despite the poor paper and engraving, dominating everything.

After that everywhere I went among artists and students of art I made vain attempts to learn something about the pictures and the man who painted them. Eugene Higgins became a Man of Mystery and his work something belonging to the world of legend and romance.

Then I heard of my mysterious unknown in various places and strange ways. A poet-painter friend at the shrine of whose genius I have sought and found inspiration for the life-struggle, spoke of the painter of the weirdly great "Les Miserables" as "a Charles Haag in paint," and confirmed my own judgment thereby, for I had already associated the two names in my thoughts. So he was in New York! But, alas! New York is a great wilderness of humanity and no one has blazed the trails. There is no place in our great

POVERTY AS AN ART INSPIRATION

metropolis where the dreamers, doers and thinkers meet in common social union—where, sooner or later, one is certain to meet everybody. Then, on the Twentieth Century Limited, journeying from Chicago, I heard of Higgins again from one who had known his work in the *Quartier Latin* of Paris. He was an artist and spoke with an artist's enthusiasm: "Higgins paints wonderful things—figures of the driven and damned—in the spirit of Victor Hugo," he said.

Again and again I heard of the man and his work, but not until I appealed to one whose glory is that he personifies the Genius of Friendship, whose ways seem to lead him into association with everybody worth knowing, did I come into welcome touch with both. "I am Eugene Higgins," I heard a deep, powerful voice say over the telephone, and, a few hours later, in the teeth of a furious gale which mocked with screeching bitterness the Christmas song floating from some unseen place of mirth, I turned into familiar old Washington Square, the haunt of artist-ghosts corporeal and ethereal, and stood in the presence of the man—at the end of the trail.

Somehow, I expected to be disappointed by the pictures I had longed so earnestly to see, but I was not. Even in the poor lamp-light of the studio, the power of these portrayals of the pathetic, the helpless, the ruined, the despised and rejected of humanity, was incontestable. Since then I have grown to know the artist and his work more familiarly, and I *know* that this painter of Rembrandtesque pictures of the victims of the human struggle is a genius of the first order, worthy to be ranked with Millet. As Edwin Markham wrote me lately, "Mr. Higgins stands in America as the one powerful painter of the tragic lacks and losses, of the doomed and the disinherited—the painter who gives us the pathos of street and hovel and morgue, as Millet gave us the pathos of the fields."

WHAT Gorky has done in literature for the underworld, Eugene Higgins has done upon canvas; he is a Gorky in paint. I remember saying to the Russian writer something to the effect that he had portrayed in fiction the outcast, not of Russia alone but of the whole world, and his replying with a smile of unutterable sadness, "Ah, I *am* the Outcast of the World!" When Higgins was living in the *Quartier Latin*, he was known by his fellow artists as the "poor beggar in a garret who paints beggars and *miserables* because he is one of them"—and he frankly admits nowadays that he took some secret delight in his "martyrdom," being young. At



From a Painting by Eugene Higgins.

"A PAINTER WHO GIVES US THE PATHOS
OF STREET AND HOVEL AND MORGUE."



From a Painting by Eugene Higgins.

"VICTIMS OF THE HUMAN STRUGGLE."



From a Painting by Eugene Higgins.

"PORTRAYALS OF THE PATHETIC, THE
HELPLESS, THE RUINED, THE DE-
SPISED AND REJECTED OF HUMANITY."



From a Painting by Eugene Higgins.

"THIS OLD MAN BY THE WALL, SURROUNDED BY SHADOWS—BECAUSE HE WAS PICTURESQUE, I PAINTED HIM, BUT I HAD FIRST TO KNOW HIS KIND."

POVERTY AS AN ART INSPIRATION

the same time, he chafed under, and resented with all the passion of an ardently independent spirit, the sympathy which offered cast-off clothes and invitations to dinner. Once, when the papers were filled with long accounts of Maxim Gorky, some friends of the painter, in St. Louis, were earnestly advising him to give up painting the types of failure and misery and turn to "more cheerful and pleasing" subjects. Wrathfully he snatched away the canvas he was showing and exclaimed, "I am not painting for you! You do not understand. I am painting for men like Gorky, men who can feel and know!" It is a matter for deep regret that the painter and the writer did not meet during the latter's stay in America last year.

There is nothing of the lachrymose about Higgins's art; no sickly sentimentality. Perhaps that is why the effect of his pictures is much less depressing than might be supposed on account of their subjects. Countless painters have depicted forlorn beggars and waifs and strays with a dominating note of appeal compelling tears to flow like rain. We have wept—and quickly forgotten. But these pictures produce an impression not to be obliterated by easily shed tears. They move to a pity too deep for tears, and force us to *think*. The difference in result is the difference between cleverness and genius.

The question has been raised whether such subjects as Mr. Higgins chooses are suited to the medium of canvas and paint, or whether they do not belong rather to literature. It is an old and interesting question, one that has confronted every artist who has chosen unusual themes or treated old themes in an unusual way. Michael Angelo answered it in his own way, in our own time have Millet and Meunier answered it each in his own way. So Higgins answers the question for himself: "They who say that these gloomy pictures of mine do not please the eye, but hurt by their realistic representations of misery and woe, and are not beautiful, missing thereby the two chief functions of art," said the artist, "are correct enough from one point of view. They would limit the sphere of art to the things which minister to selfish desires and to things which are pretty merely, having no real concept of the beautiful. Take this old man by the wall, surrounded by shadows; because he was picturesque I painted him, but I had to first know and understand his kind. Many a man whose cleverness I highly respect would have painted him as a man in rags, moving along by a wall—that and nothing more. And the colored result, an exercise in technique, would be put forth as the picture of an outcast without a hint of the very definite form

POVERTY AS AN ART INSPIRATION

and movements of the real outcast. To me, it is a simple matter to see that the fault of most modern painting and sculpture is that it shows a lack of thinking and feeling; that the artists themselves are merely clever workmen—in spite of all the nonsense one hears and reads about their artistic abilities, written by critics as superficial as themselves.

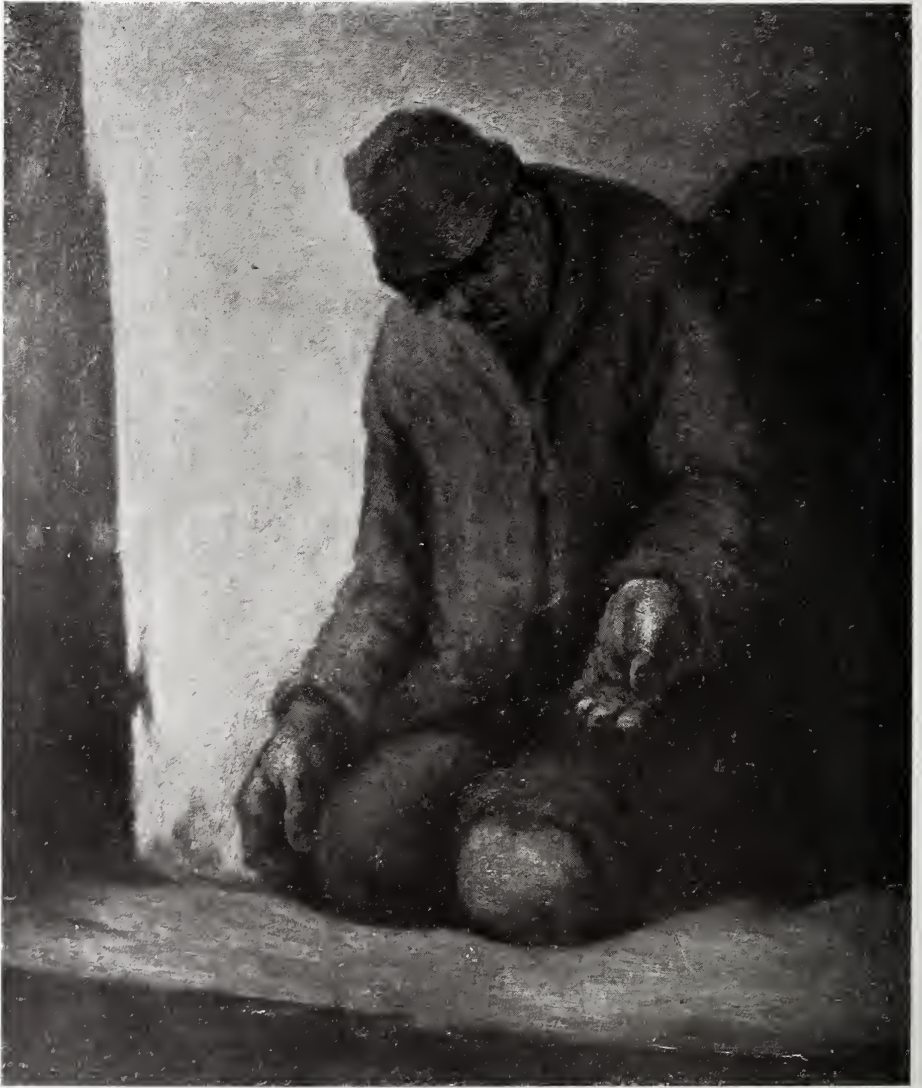
“**W**HEN you look at one of Rembrandt’s great pictures, you not only feel that you are looking at a masterpiece of technique; that you feel, of course, but you feel even more strongly that you are looking at the work of a painter who was also a great thinker. Or take Sargent: I confess I never cared for his work until I saw his portrait of an English nobleman in hunting costume, exhibited in the Salon some three or four years ago. Sargent impressed me then for the first time as a great painter, because he painted the whole man, not merely his external appearance, but, so to speak, his blood and his soul. Long generations of aristocracy were sticking out all over him. I don’t know whether I like aristocrats or not, but certainly I like the portrait of an aristocrat to show unmistakably that he is an aristocrat. This, Sargent accomplished and the picture stood out above all others in the Salon. It crowned Sargent in the minds of the best critics of France as a master. That illustrates my own attitude perhaps as well as anything I can think of. If I prefer to paint outcasts rather than dandies in drawing-rooms, simply because they interest me greatly while the dandies interest me not at all, that is of no concern to anyone but myself so long as I do not throw mud at the outcasts as so many have done. It is of no more concern than Sargent’s painting aristocratic types. It is, however, a matter which concerns everybody, who chooses to make it matter for concern, whether I succeed in painting real outcasts or sham ones; whether the figures obviously *are* the figures of outcasts, or made to appear *like* outcasts by the skillful use of accessories and tricks of technique.”

I have thought it best to reproduce the substance of a long conversation with the artist, as nearly in his own words as possible, to accompany these reproductions of some of his pictures, in the hope that I may thus be able to place the pictures in a setting where they can speak for themselves. Of course, the pictures lose something of their power when reproduced in black and white, the coloring of the originals being no small element of their strength. Doubtless the tragic nature of most of them, the intensity with which they



From a Painting by Eugene Higgins.

"GLOOMY, SOUL-HAUNTING PICTURES
OF THE SOCIAL ABYSS."



From a Painting by Eugene Higgins.

"I PREFER TO PAINT OUTCASTS RATHER THAN
DANDIES, BECAUSE THEY INTEREST ME
GREATLY, AND THE DANDIES, NOT AT ALL."

POVERTY AS AN ART INSPIRATION

reveal those awful social facts which lacerate the soul, make them undesirable for the constant associations of home decoration in the minds of many who will readily admit their greatness. They are, many of them, better fitted for public exhibitions and galleries, and the pity of it is that in this country as yet there is little or no evidence of an inclination on the part of the custodians of our public art to seek out struggling genius and to encourage it. There are some few of the artist's pictures, however, which do not suffer from this limitation—scenes of lowly domestic life full of sympathy and appealing tenderness.

Mr. Higgins is an Irish-American and was born in Kansas City thirty-three years ago. When he was four years old his mother died, and thenceforth he lived with his father, who was a stone-cutter by trade, in cheap boarding houses, coming often in these early years into close contact with types of dissolute and luckless humanity such as he now loves to paint. When he was a lad of twelve or thereabouts an article on Millet, illustrated by sketches which the great artist used to draw for his children with a burnt match, gave him his first impulse to be a painter. The influence of Millet upon his work has been profound and far-reaching—indeed, Millet and Victor Hugo have largely moulded his entire life. So great was the influence of "Les Misérables" upon him that for years he was accustomed to regard himself as the actual personification of *Jean Valjean*.

At sixteen years of age he entered the Art School in St. Louis, remaining only one season. He says that he could learn nothing there, but in the light of his experience in Paris later on it may be conjectured that he was too impatient to submit to the long and hard drudgery of learning the elements of drawing. Be that as it may, he left the school and started to paint on his own account, his first painting being, characteristically, a picture called "The Tramp." Big canvases he painted—and still bigger themes. He tells with a good deal of gusto of an immense canvas devoted to the theme of "Human Evolution"—a foreground of low marshland with stones fantastically shaped into a gradual likeness of strange animals and these in their turn grotesquely shaped to suggest the evolution of human beings, into the perfected type of whom a wonderfully weird Divinity breathed the breath of life. Struggling alone, outside the pale of art influences, with no training or guidance, he grew to regard himself as a great genius working for posterity—a conceit to be indulgently regarded under the circumstances.

POVERTY AS AN ART INSPIRATION

AT TWENTY-THREE years of age he entered the *École Julien*, and studied under Jean Paul Laurens and Benjamin Constant. At his very first lesson he discovered to his dismay that he could not draw and his fancied greatness melted away in an outburst of mortification. "My attempt to draw from a living model resulted in a thing which looked like a keg of nails," he says. The teacher at once set the crestfallen student to the humbler exercise of copying a metal bowl. When Constant saw him struggling, he said, "You are awfully serious but hard as iron; you will make a good draughtsman some time, but you haven't got it yet"—and the student fulfilled the prediction. He was "hard as iron," he struggled hard and in a few months was taking the honors of the school for his fine academic drawing. As one looks at his pictures nowadays, it is not easy at first to realise that at this school under Laurens and Constant, and later, at the *Beaux Arts* under Gerome, his fine academic work was his chief distinction.

That he endured the usual hardships of struggling genius while in Paris we have already seen. He had more than the usual amount of reward, however, his work attracting the attention of a group of influential artists and critics. He regularly exhibited at the exhibitions of the American Art Association in Paris and half a dozen of his pictures were well hung in the New Salon. In 1904 he returned to this country to begin the struggle anew. Some of his canvases have been exhibited in Philadelphia and at the St. Louis Exposition, but he remains practically unknown, a prophet without honor in his own country, still compelled to struggle. But he is young and has abundant courage and faith in himself. By the sale of tiny etchings which he makes for a living he keeps the hunger-wolf from the door and the fire of inspiration burning within himself.

SPRINGTIME

A PURPLE mist on the distant hills,
A swift wind-driven shower of rain,
A burst of sunshine, warm and glad,
All tell that the spring is here again.

—JEAN MONTGOMERY MARTIN.

THE LEAVEN OF ART: BY BLISS CARMAN



WE TALK so much about art nowadays. The average man in an average mood is apt to be betrayed into some disgust with the topic. "In the name of common sense, what is all this pother about. Our grandparents didn't talk about art, and they got along very well. Isn't there a lot of feeble cant regarding the whole subject? Shouldn't we be just as well off, if no one ever heard of art, but went about the wholesome tasks of every day in the good old cheerful, thoughtless fashion, without any doubts or discussions of the matter?"

Unfortunately we cannot do that, if we would. We are born into a time of unrest and agitation, when all matters are under trial to be sifted for their worth. We must be sceptics and experimenters without stability of creed or certainty of procedure. The complexity of life has begotten a perplexity of thought, and the older ways of another century are no longer possible. However weary we may grow of argument and analysis, of canvassing new projects in religion, in sociology, in education, in science, in philosophy, or in art, the burden of quest is upon us. Without recreancy to an inherited trust, we cannot abandon the search for truth. What the nineteenth century began in its splendid work in science, we must push to symmetrical proportions in religion and art, that is to say, in sentiment and in life, if we can.

Art is a great pleasure. It may have whatever other obligations you will; it may be asked to edify and instruct and ennoble, to espouse great causes, to decorate proud and barbarous civilizations, to express premonitions of the divine, or to serve the humblest craftsman in his need; but still its first concern will always be to render satisfaction to inarticulate but imperious cravings for beauty. The longing for æsthetic fitness and the enjoyment of it are instincts as deep and primitive as hunger itself, and they have been no less real in their effect upon life. To secure for them their due satisfaction is not only a legitimate aim, but one of the most delightful activities to which we can turn our eager energy. One who is a lover of art in any form is a devotee of a pure and ancient cult, which superstition and bigotry and the pedantic wrangling of the schools have not been able to annihilate. He is partaker in an immemorial universal religion, whose doctrines are renewed by every breath of the sweet wind of heaven, whose traditions are drawn from the twelve corners of the world, and whose invisible altars are fed by the fires of an eternal ardor.

THE LEAVEN OF ART

Ah, no, we are wrong, if we grow impatient over a continued discussion of so great a theme! There are sober considerations which must appeal to any sane being and which lead to the belief that a just understanding of all that art implies would do more than any one thing to increase the happiness of men. Not a knowledge of the fine arts merely, but the knowledge and practice of art in every province of daily living; not only a cultivation of one or more of the arts, whether fine or industrial, but the habitual use of art in affairs everywhere at all hours. A rational art of life is the consummate flowering of human endeavor. To cultivate it may be well our persistent care, since it will make, to any personality, so rich and incomparable a return.

AN ART of living, however, is as it were a generalization of art, and calls into execution, through conduct, those qualities of mind and temper and equipment which any good artist must possess. A supreme artist is an artist not alone in his painting or his music, but in his every act and undertaking. He will have learned from the pursuit of his chosen calling such a love of perfection, such a sense of order, such an appreciation of aptness and proportion, that he will wish his life to be made as harmonious and lovely as his work. Some persons, indeed, have this passion for perfection in the conduct of daily life, this genius for the art of living, so fully developed that they are not impelled to find a vent for their creative talents in any of the stereotyped arts. But whether one be an artist in conduct or in clay, the characteristics required and fostered and the principles materialized by the artistry are much the same. It is a matter of spirit and outlook, of inspiration and aspiration. The born artist delights in perfect execution and finds a happy satisfaction in adjusting means to ends, in finding adequate expression through any medium, and is never satisfied when a thing is ill done. "Only the best is good enough," is his distinctive motto.

Do you think it would be an exaggeration to say that many of the faults of modern civilization spring from our lack of artistic appreciation? Why this endless strife between those who have and those who have not? Why, but for the fact that we all make mistakes about happiness, supposing that it must reside in possessions, whereas it lies much more in individual ability to discriminate wisely and to live selectively. Our incorrigible pursuit of wealth comes from this misapprehension. The most inveterate and typical money-getter is notoriously a man of few resources within himself

THE LEAVEN OF ART

and of little culture. Why shouldn't he chase his golden prize? He has nothing better to do with his time. Poor fellow, he is often enough desperately in need of a little real happiness, for some touch of ecstasy which he cannot buy. He is often enough as simple and kindly as he is capable, and his only error is pure ignorance. He has the crude idea, common to uncultivated minds, that in order to enjoy life one only need own the earth and have all its pleasures at command. He does not find out until too late that to own is not inevitably to command. He has not discovered that enjoyment does not depend wholly upon good fortune, but is equally a matter of temperament and character. He does not know what the artist in life could tell him, that happiness, while it is naturally evoked by pleasure, is essentially the product of personality, and results only from any fortunate adjustment between the soul and its surroundings.

This being so, it is the part of simple wisdom to take care of that adjustment. Such a task is eminently a matter requiring the most comprehensive and subtle art; and when once this possibility is realized, it will no longer seem sensible to give one's days to the accumulation of means and possessions. It will come to the mind like a breath of inspiration, that every moment of activity, every hour of effort, may be caused to yield an adequate gladness without anxiety, and that conduct from day to day may be made a fine art which shall dignify and ennoble life under whatever circumstances. The inward triumph of the spirit, its native delight in all simple unextravagant beauty, will begin to make itself felt,—the elation of the artist, an uplifting of the heart in joyousness such as Wordsworth meant, when he wrote in his poem about daffodils,

“For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude:
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.”

THERE would come to anyone who honestly tried to master the haphazard trend of events by confronting them with a rational skill the same satisfaction which an artist must experience in seeing his work grow from chaos to ordered and meaningful loveliness beneath his hand. And, conversely, there would come to anyone who diligently cultivated an appreciation of the fine

THE LEAVEN OF ART

arts an informing sense of purpose and proportion and a love of perfection which could not but make themselves felt in every undertaking of that sentient personality.

This is no more than the object at which all culture aims,—the imparting to personality of a power to deal with life on even terms. To be wholly without culture, is to be wholly at the mercy of circumstances, incapable of securing happiness by any wise means, incapable even of making a creditable livelihood. For culture must be considered a wide term, applicable to our most elementary capacities as to those most refined. To be cultivated is, not to possess extraordinary learning, but to possess a personality adequately equipped to appreciate and meet the demands of life successfully,—not only with the primitive success which means a comfortable or luxurious living, but with the higher success which implies a sanity and joyousness in life. Through the higher culture we attain the point of view of the happiest and wisest ones of the earth, wherever they have left record of their gladness or wisdom. Through a cultivated acquaintance with art in all its works of beauty we come to be infused with the enthusiasm, the insight, the sincerity, the glad and prospering spirit of the masters great and goodly, who saw what was best in life and had the incomparable gift of making that boon apparent to others. So the beautiful products of art, pictures, statues, operas, dramas, poems, churches and houses, old rugs and furniture, silverware, jewels, carvings, tapestries, and costumes, when they are eminently excellent, become so many foci for the spread of that happy state of being which the original artists experienced in creating them. All who encourage and educate themselves to become appreciators of such things, to know their value and feel their influence, undergo a change and refinement of character which crude living alone can never exert. They are able to add to the physical and fundamental power, with which primitive life endows us, the loftier and rarer attributes of a culture both intellectual and moral, which it is the chief aim of any civilization to bestow. In so doing they become initiates, or at least novices, in the joyous cult of creative art; they come to understand the satisfaction which artists take in perfection, and to attempt the development of it through daily affairs.

Artists are not as a class the happiest of mortals. But that is rather because they fail to relate the ideal rationally to life, rather than because they are vowed to standards of perfection. Unhappiness comes upon them, as it would upon anyone else, in consequence

THE LEAVEN OF ART

of folly and indifference and wilfulness; and their devotion to art, which is often held to be the cause of their misfortunes, is in reality the only mitigating factor in their lives. When an artist makes a ruin of his career, it is not art that is to blame, but his own bungling irrationality. It would be truer to say that he missed happiness, because his art was too partial and wayward and shortsighted. For a great art, such indeed as does not often make itself manifest, if it should take possession of a man, would not waste itself in unreasonable creations of an empty and fantastic beauty, but would permeate the man's whole nature, touching his mind as well as his spirit and his senses, and making him sane and happy as well as inspired, helpful and healthful as well as delightful.

WE NEED not look on the artistic temperament, therefore, with Philistine superciliousness. For in itself it is a wholly excellent quality, needing only to be balanced by some sober traits of common sense of which the practical man claims the monopoly. Practical common sense avoids much disaster and insures useful creature comforts. By itself, however, unmixed with warmer and more spirited characteristics, it may be a very bleak and joyless equipment. It needs, for its perfecting, the complementary strength of ardor, the touch of fearless elation, unspoiled faith and imagination, a sensitiveness to beauty and an aspiring loving kindness, that are perennial. To be effective for happiness, the strength of all common sense must be winged with a touch of the artist temperament. When once this truth is realized it will never be undervalued or discarded.

The leaven of art in life glorifies human effort and achievement by infusing beauty through every undertaking, by instilling candor in the mind, and by filling the heart with a gladness that could not have been foretold. Art is a paper lantern, perishable but indispensable, whose flame is goodness, whose light is truth, whose sides are patterned with shapes of beauty, and whose office is to illumine for us the rough and devious road to perfection. Without it we must remain somber dispirited wanderers, distracted amid the mazes of a meaningless and hostile world. With it we may do much to unravel a significance from the dark oracles of fate, and render existence not only bearable, but biddable, glad, and fair. Art in its widest sense covers all provinces of life, and with religion and science forms a sort of philosophic trinity representing all that man may do or feel or know. But just as many men's emotions and

THE LEAVEN OF ART

thoughts never rise to the level of religion and science, so most men's acts and work rarely rise to the level of art. In achievement art gives the final hint of magic which differentiates a man from a machine—that evidence of variable human mind which no automaton can ever reproduce. The glory of art is only that it makes earth more habitable and humanity more divine.

The business of art is to afford joyance. When it fails of this it is bankrupt altogether, being unable to meet its legitimate obligations. Since few can live as joyously as they would, what a shame it is that great gifts of expression should ever be wasted on heinous and joyless subjects! Think of the hideous and revolting plays with which an impoverished dramatic art overloads our stage in an attempt to stimulate sensation, regardless of beauty, regardless of the whole truth, and more than all regardless of that inward core of human love which is only goodness under another name! Good art is not an expensive thing, weighed in the scales of the counting house. Yet it is priceless in that it cannot be bought with money alone. There must always some love go with the price. And while it becomes one of the chief requisites of a happy life to surround ourselves with art, that does not mean that we must have costly trappings and outfit and expensive homes. A modest apartment on which thought and care and taste have been lavished with loving generosity may be a beautiful home where one is thankful to be made welcome; while across the park some monstrous pile of stone may lift itself against the sky, a monument of pathetic ambition, an offence to taste and an affront to moderation.

GOOD taste is no respecter of prices; it knows values, appreciates worth, and reveres beauty wherever it finds it. Nor does it ever grudge to pay the utmost cost for beauty in patience, toil, painstaking, and devotion. It will gladly lavish a whole day in rearranging a room, matching a tint, or finding an inevitable cadence. He is but a slovenly artist in letters who will not wait a week for the irresistible word, if need be, though knowing all the while that genius would have found it on the instant. Taste, which plays our good angel in matters of beauty, is as scrupulous as conscience, as unerring as reason, and guides our senses in the disputable ways between the unlovely and the desirable, just as those sensitive incorruptible monitors of the soul and mind guide us in the regions of conduct and of thought.

It is no sign of good taste, however, to pursue some petty art

THE LEAVEN OF ART

to the exclusion of all other obligations, but indicates the old false notion that art is something elegant and genteel conferring a superiority on those who follow it. Whereas the truth is we should all be artists, artists in our own life and artists in our own work, however inconspicuous that work may be. An artist is any one who glorifies his occupation. It is no evidence of artistic aptitude to spend days and years in playing the ineffectual amateur, while all personal affairs are allowed to run as they will; it is rather an indication of a self-indulgent, irrational nature. An instinct for the art of life is greater than any single talent or personal preference, and its obligations are more primary, more important, and more closely bound up with the problem of happiness. Art can have no character, nor value, nor beauty, if life itself has not first its due order and significance and seamliness. The tent must be pitched and the fire lighted before we can expect the goddess. To neglect the plain duties of life is fundamentally and to the highest degree inartistic, since it throws us back into a chaos from which neither beauty nor joyance can spring, and where the creative impulse, however genuine, must eventually perish of morbid sickness.

It is a mistake that many persons make in their enthusiastic rapture over some particular art for which they may have an inclination. Literary and artistic folk are almost proverbial for carelessness in dress and demeanor and the small yet essential amenities of life, and think it a mark of distinction to be so. Magnifying their own art, often with a praiseworthy singleness of devotion, they forget that the art of life is a larger matter, including their own especial craft, and imposing its beautiful limits and reservations upon all alike. Painters often dress very unbecomingly, though their taste is fully trained to befitting appropriateness of color and costume. Poets and writers, whose chief concern is wisdom, are often among the most unwise of men in the conduct of their own lives. While women, whom one would suppose might always be accredited with personal nicety and loveliness, often seem to fancy that to be absorbed in music or letters or art, gives one the liberty to be disorderly, *distracte*, untidy, and irresponsible.

It is such false ideals and thoughtless errors that brings art into disrepute and cause havoc in the lives of so many artists. A sober realization of the necessity and desirableness of an art of individual living would make such mistaken over-emphasis impossible. The great thing is to keep one's mettle from becoming distempered, and this is not to be done by evading and ignoring the requirements

THE LEAVEN OF ART

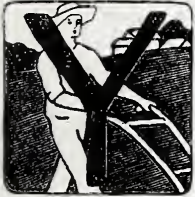
of life, but by meeting and mastering them. To overindulge an artistic bent to the limit of its capacity is much more likely to induce a self-dissatisfaction, a mordant distemper of the spirit, than to modify and regulate that special capability through the handling of practical concerns. If we chafe at the limitations which daily life imposes upon the artistic life, let us recall that our artistic life will become all the more human and beautiful, the finer and stronger, if we can bring into it a rational and brave temper gained through harmony with the broader life of the world.

Art as a revivifying element in life plays a part similar to Nature's in her tonic influence. We must dwell in the sun and open air, within sound of the trees and beneath the touch of the sweet wind and the rain, shunning too much of the sedentary effeminizing life of houses, if we would remain sound and glad and sane. But just as truly, we cannot be wholly given over to out-of-doors, nor be satisfied in maintaining a primitive animal wholesomeness. Life for the modern is not so simple as that. There are the ineradicable hungers of the mind to be satisfied, the passionate desires of the soul for legitimate satisfactions in creative art, the unconquerable and goodly æsthetic impulses which must not be thwarted of their development. A life in the open, to keep us sane and strong and sweet; but a life of art also, to keep us interested, growing, civilized, and humane. Only between the two influences, tending to cultivate equally the body and the intelligence, can the spirit be fostered and happiness emerge.



SIEGFRIED'S SECOND RHINE JOURNEY: BY KATHARINE METCALF ROOF

Scene—*The Lorelei's rock toward sunset. The gold light in the sky is reflected in the still waters of the Rhine. A youth clad in skins, with a hunter's horn hanging from his belt, appears on the summit of the rock. He pauses, glances about, then throws himself down to rest.*



ES, 'tis the very spot where they made sport of me,—the naughty water witches! So changed that scarce I knew it for the same, yet the waters shine to-night as if they held again the gold. But all else is changed. Many men have I seen where once the woods were still, and strange huts and houses. They are of a green that is not like the grass, and of a yellow that is not like the gold. Men's garments, too, are hideous and strange. Yet the faces are not changed. On them I see that old desire and greed. So looked Alberich and Mime; so looked also the great god Wotan and Fricka his spouse. Still it lives, then, after all the years, that greed of gold.

Just now I came upon a maiden resting by the way. She was reading from a book bound all in red, and she spoke a strange tongue. She laughed and tried to play with me as did the water witches. But though her face was beautiful and her light garments fair, her laugh was loud and I liked her not, so went my way. (*He discovers the form of a small man in black coming up over the rocks.*) Someone comes to break my solitude.

(*As the man approaches, the youth rises upon his elbow and blows a salute upon his horn. The man is dressed in short black knickerbockers with large silver knee buckles, and wears a cocked hat. He returns the greeting gravely.*)

The Youth:—Thrice welcome, friend. I see by thy garments that thou art also a stranger to these parts; and I, who knew it once so well, am, for that reason, all the more a stranger now. What is thy name and whence comest thou?

The Stranger:—They call me Hendrik Hudson. I have been a sailor of the deep seas, an adventurer if you will.

The Youth (thoughtfully):—I know not thy name; and yet, although thy speech is strange, I understand thee. Let us talk, for I am lonely in this place.

Hendrik Hudson:—Thy name I know not yet.

The Youth:—My mother called me Siegfried. She who died

SIEGFRIED'S SECOND RHINE JOURNEY

ere my eyes knew what they looked upon. And she, that other, called me Siegfried,—Brünhilde, fairest of women.

Hendrik Hudson:—I do not know the lady.

Siegfried:—All men know her by whatever name. Some call her Woman and some call her Love and others call her Life.

Hendrik Hudson:—Hast thou journeyed far?

Siegfried:—I know not what thou callest far. The Rhine I know or used to know . . . and a deep wood and a high mountain ringed about with fire.

Hendrik Hudson (shaking his head):—The mountain I know not. Of deep woods the world holds many, and for thy Rhine it is not so great a river, although fair. Methinks thou hast seen little of the world.

Siegfried (astonished):—The Rhine . . . not a great river!

Hendrik Hudson:—In the vast country to which I traveled in my youth are many rivers, wider, deeper and longer.

Siegfried:—But not so beautiful.

Hendrik Hudson:—One I saw fresh from the hand of God. There the foot of man had not trod, nor the hand of man destroyed. That surely was more beautiful.

Siegfried:—But this seems not the Rhine I knew. On the banks are strange huts, and upon the water, strange craft, constantly passing.

Hendrik Hudson (laughing grimly):—An you think its beauty despoiled, you should see my river . . . my beautiful river! its banks broken and scarred, everywhere blank walls, black smoke, discordant sounds. Its banks are covered with the homes of men and scarcely one is beautiful. To see it you would reckon beauty dead forever in the world.

Siegfried (astonished):—Homes of men more unlovely than these we see about us?

Hendrik Hudson:—Far more unlovely. For here there are some gray old castle walls that might have grown upon the summit of the hills. But there, beside that river which I found, all is sharp, new, bright and ugly.

Siegfried:—And the men . . . are they the same? Bear they also in their faces that greed of gold—like Alberich and Mime?

Hendrik Hudson:—Thy friends I know not, but of that greed of gold of which thou speakest, much have I seen. This great river of which I speak is but one in a great country, but everywhere in that land may one perceive that greed of gold.



From a Drawing by Frances Lea.

SIEGFRIED STARTING UPON HIS
SECOND RHINE JOURNEY.



From a Drawing by Frances Lea.

SIEGFRIED BESET BY RHINE GUIDES,
OFFERING TO CONDUCT HIM TO THE
DRAGON'S CAVE.



From a Drawing by Frances Lea.

SIEGFRIED FINDS HIMSELF SUR-
ROUNDED BY RHINE TOURISTS.



From a Drawing by Frances Lea.

SIEGFRIED AND HENDRIK HUDSON COMPARE
NOTES UPON THE RHINE AND THE HUDSON.

SIEGFRIED'S SECOND RHINE JOURNEY

Siegfried:—I have seen men kill one another the gold to possess.

Hendrik Hudson:—For that, men kill each other still without blood. In that far country men starve other men to death, the gold to possess. For many men have crossed the water to that land, the gold to possess. Yet after they are there, hate those that have already gained it. For there dwell men who have gathered great wealth of gold—

Siegfried:—And beat and starve those that helped them to amass it—so did black Alberich.

Hendrik Hudson:—No, not so in this great country. For there the man working with his hands need never starve, neither those who work with their brains for gold. For there is gold enough for all . . . yet there are those who starve.

Siegfried:—Then who may those be?

Hendrik Hudson:—They are those who will not sell their dream for gold . . . For in this country gold comes to those who make light music, and write simple words that the vulgar understand; for the love of gold makes all vulgar, be they high or low.

Siegfried:—And here in my country is that also true?

Hendrik Hudson:—Not yet. Here in this land men may have still their dream. For yet a little while . . . But the change comes here also. I see it gather like a small cloud upon the horizon.

Siegfried:—Yes, I know now of what thou speak'st. For only this morning I went to the Drachenfels, that cave where dwelt Fafner, the dragon, he whom I slew with this sword. And there many men beset me, offering to show the way. They demanded of me my gold, and when I refused, laughed with one another about me, and said scornful words. And to large houses have I gone for meat and drink and bed to sleep upon; there, too, they laughed at me because of my strange dress, and whispered of me before my face, yet grasped my gold. Then when I gave it to them, they frowned, and muttered, and turned it over in their hands.

Hendrik Hudson:—That is true here on thy Rhine. Elsewhere in thy country have I not found it so. They are a kind people and would be honest. And yet, here too, I see it come, this curse of gold.

Siegfried:—Alas, the curse of Alberich!

Hendrik Hudson:—I know not this Alberich of whom thou speak'st, but of the curse I know somewhat, and its cause, methinks, is love of self and discontent.

Siegfried:—The discontent comes with the sight of the gold. So I have ever seen.

SIEGFRIED'S SECOND RHINE JOURNEY

Hendrik Hudson:—It comes both first and after. In that land where gold is loved above all else the discontent must come. In that new land of which I speak, men went first for freedom and recked not of gold. But it was a great country and many went from over seas and still they go. The change came when those that landed were no longer men of gentle blood, nor strong and sturdy peasants of the soil, but criminals, law breakers, and malcontents, the rough, the rude, the ignorant. Still they are flocking there in hordes and call the country theirs; and some grow rich and others paupers, and some are thieves that break, and steal, and kill. So now it is a country filled with folk that speak strange tongues, all seeking to tear from the land its gold, yet loving not the land. They break down its forests and deface its fair green fields. For they care for one thing only,—to grasp in their own hands the gold.

Siegfried:—What an unhappy country! And are all its people so?

Hendrik Hudson:—Not all are so. But those who have come last are so. Yet the land itself is beautiful and rich. Beautiful, God hath made it, and men have made it rich; yet few are well content. Each hewer of stone and cutter of wood who in some lands has not gold enough, has in this country more than he needs or knows well how to use, and yet he strives for more and kills other men, more to possess. And when he knows well how to cut the wood or hew the stone, then he would no longer hew the stone or cut the wood, but would become a ruler of the nation. For that reason are all men discontent, for no workman is content to do that thing which he can do well, but rather wishes to attempt that which he is not fit to do. And the class below hates always the class above. For it is the cry of this great land that all men are free and equal, yet they are not and seem never like to be.

Siegfried:—And thinkest thou that such things will come to pass here in this land?

Hendrik Hudson:—Not quite the same. For here each man is content to do that which he can do well, and what his father and grandfather did before him. Here the danger comes also, through the gold, but more slowly.

Siegfried:—And are none in that great country happy?

Hendrik Hudson:—Yes, truly; the worker who loves his work and the man and woman who love each other, their children and their home; the artist who loves his dream and cares not to possess the lands because he owns the beauty of them; and cares not to possess the picture in its frame, because the picture that he loves hangs

SIEGFRIED'S SECOND RHINE JOURNEY

ever upon the walls of his own mind. This great gold-loving country may keep such workers poor and so hold from them the sights and sounds they love, or it may drive them to other lands, but although it starve them it cannot deprive them of their happiness. And yet, since life itself must be bought with gold, some gold all must have, and so the curse of gold may reach even those who have no greed.

Siegfried:—I had thought all this over when the gold was buried in the waters of the Rhine. Surely someone has stolen it again!

Hendrik Hudson:—There is other gold than the Rhine gold. The world is large. And man can see so far and no farther.

Siegfried:—It was ever so with the gods. Thinkest thou that again the end will come with fire?

Hendrik Hudson:—Fire purifies they say, and fire comes in many forms; and men devise many ways to purify the world, but what is best one cannot know until the time is past, and not always then, for whither we travel we know not, and we are but weavers who work in the dark and cannot see the pattern that we weave until it is complete. But this thing I see clearly; that man must love to do that which he can do well, and that if he love gold better than all else he will surely lose his soul.

Siegfried: (*rising*)—I see a maiden coming o'er the rocks. She is beautiful but she is not alone, a youth is with her.

Hendrik Hudson:—They are happy by their faces. The greed of gold has not touched them yet. Come let us go through the vineyards to the forester's lodge behind the hill and drink to a new world free from the curse of gold.

Siegfried (*as they walk*):—Love it was that once redeemed the world. I called her name Brünhilde!

THE UNUSUAL WOODCUTS OF M. FELIX VALLOTTON: BY GARDNER C. TEALL



JUST at a time when we were forgetting that some of the most interesting examples of the art of the little school of Pre-Raphaelites were to be found in their designs for woodcuts,—designs which, in their way, speak quite as much for the spirit of art-rebellion that stood forth in the hearts of Watts, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Madox-Brown, Hunt, and the rest of them, there appeared on the Parisian horizon a young Swiss, Felix Vallotton, who had been born at Lausanne in eighteen hundred and sixty-five, Christmas Day. He had struggled along in various *ateliers* under French masters almost without success, and had become so discouraged that even the good luck prophesied to all Christmas children seemed a thing no longer worth hoping for, when, and quite to his amazement, one of his portraits received an honorable mention from the Salon of eighteen hundred and eighty-five.

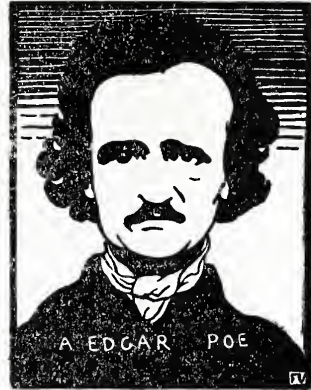
Doubtless he looked upon this somewhat unsubstantial honor as a rare piece of good fortune. It was as if that restored optimism to him, but in the work itself there was no luck; the blunderers of the Salon simply again had honored a mediocre picture. The canvas scarcely deserved attention, and it may be said to the credit of this bodyguard of French painting, that the succeeding committees of eighteen hundred and eighty-six, eighteen hundred and eighty-seven, and of eighteen hundred and eighty-nine promptly declined Vallotton's paintings. They were, without doubt, crude and somewhat violent in color; surely anything but indicative of their painter's really remarkable abilities in other art-directions. His first success in the Salon had raised him to that seventh heaven of paint and turpentine whence now he fell with a thud that set him thinking.

Vallotton had been what most young artists are either too listless or too lazy to be, a student of many things. He found himself interested in Dürer's prints, in Cranach, in the early Italian designers of woodcuts, and, not least of all, in the woodcuts after the designs of the little group of Englishmen first mentioned. Mechanical processes had come to crowd out the graver and his block of pear-wood, and Vierge was being shown up in zinc. To Vallotton there was a significance in all this, and he decided to have a little renaissance all his own, one which, curiously enough, came close upon the heels of the English æsthetic movement in which the journals both at home and on the continent were finding vast amusement.

THE WOODCUTS OF M. FELIX VALLOTTON



COUNT ROBERT DE MONTES-
QUIOU-FEZENSAC.
By Felix Vallotton.



IN eighteen hundred and ninety-one, Vallotton, having got to work, produced a portrait of his friend Paul Verlaine, the poet, curious phenomenon of French letters. Although this portrait exhibited plainly Vallotton's experimental handling, the whole conception was assuredly somewhat of a new note everywhere. Now we are used to the products of Aubrey Beardsley, and of his apostles, their disciples and all followers of the bizarre in black and white, but at the time Vallotton began putting forth his woodcuts, nothing of the sort had been seen in France.

Ever eager to welcome a novelty and to approve of the unusual, the French public began to make three meals a day, or perhaps it would be more properly continental to say five, possible. At any rate, publishers waited on him at every turn, and he found his hands full. Fortunately, his ideas always kept pace with his diligence, and it must be admitted that he became master of his peculiar technique in a surprisingly short time. While he resurrected the methods of the old wood-engravers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, he invested them with his own originality. You might choose to call

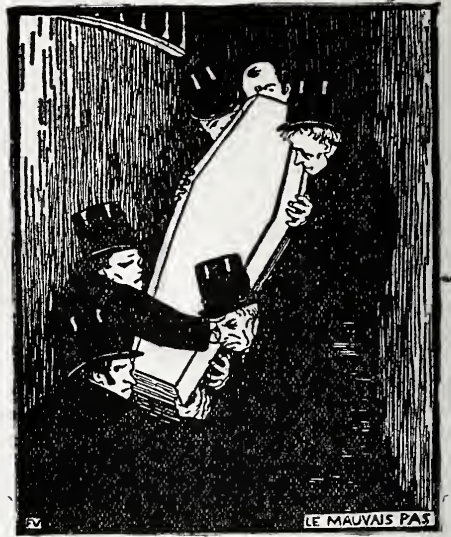


THE DEMONSTRATION.
By Felix Vallotton.

be admitted that he became master of his peculiar technique in a surprisingly short time. While he resurrected the methods of the old wood-engravers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, he invested them with his own originality. You might choose to call

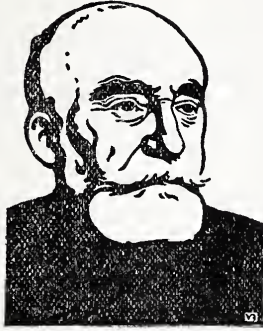
THE WOODCUTS OF M. FELIX VALLOTTON

now and then, but never in his ideas, nor does he try to get out of the wood the artificial qualities that are produced naturally by copper. Whether in the series of sixty portraits to illustrate Rémy de Gourmont's "Livre des Marques," or in later things, every one of his woodcuts bears the unmistakable imprint of Vallotton's personality. He shows himself to be an acute psychologist, but his sense of humor, almost always present, prevents him from falling into the slough of *macabre*, in which, too often, a native Frenchman loves to tramp about, imagining he treads in a wine-press. This quality of humorous insight has made "The Bad Step" anything but gloomy, although a coffin occupies the important part of the picture. Again in "The Demonstration" Vallotton has caught a Paris mob in a manner only approached by Steinlein, and there is a delightful feeling of "before and after" in the series of portraits of Nietzsche. His portraits invariably are likenesses, and nothing human is discarded by him as being uninteresting, though he shows remarkable reticence in the matter he introduces in his compositions. It is not without interest to note that when "The Bath" was printed in a little American magazine, "The Chap Book," some years ago, quite a little storm of journalistic protest came out of the west, and into it from the east, for that matter, the critics considering it productive of an undue tax upon the blushing capacities of the pure in heart and in Kankakee. However, art has progressed over here, and one never needs to hold hand before face, peeking through finger chinks at M. Vallotton. In the little picture entitled "The Execution" note that, tiny though they be, each of the faces of the



THE WOODCUTS OF M. FELIX VALLOTTON

guards has a distinct clothed with apparent would have drawn in a mies. Indeed, Vallot artist, and he com serious attention as do or men like William Pryde in England, the junction, gave us the de with the name of the Felix Vallotton's art is never runs itself dry a stupid subject. In



PUVVIS DE CHEVANNES.
By Felix Vallotton.

expression, and each is individuality. Another row of identical dumton is a remarkable mands quite as much any of our own men, Nicholson and James two artists who, in conlightful posters signed "Beggarstaff Brothers." a prolific one, but it and he never produced deed, his work is thoroughtly worth our study, not as something to be imitated, but as an inspirational quarry from which may be hewn out those solid blocks of the understanding that thoroughness in anything is the foundation on which to build enduring edifices.

A HINT OF SPRING

DROPS of rain and drops of sun,
And the air is amber spun.
From the winter's coma pass
Golden tremors o'er the grass.
Little sparks of memory
Flash upon the soul and die.
While a child amid the way
Thrusts arbutus, hithered gay.
From a somewhere full of bloom
Earth's exultant hope finds room,
And the poorest, in the shower,
Longs to buy a little flower.

—AGNES LEE.

THE PRIMITIVE FOLK OF THE DESERT: SPLENDID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT THAT YET SHOWS MANY OF THE CHARACTERIS- TICS OF AN EARLIER RACE THAN OUR OWN: BY FREDERICK MONSEN.



GIVEN some general knowledge of the Hopi, such as I have tried to convey in the two articles preceding this, it is very much easier to understand this strange, gentle race that for centuries has been preserved almost untouched by the influences of civilization, if we can gain some knowledge of their physical and mental characteristics. The pictures that I have selected to illustrate this article are of types pure and simple, and in most cases I have chosen photographs taken of nude boys, girls and little children, in order to prove two points: one, that the race is primitive physically as well as mentally; and the other, that the hardy life, vigorous exercise and freedom from all physical restraint has developed beautiful, strong bodies that are as absolutely natural and as suited to the circumstances of their lives and environment as is that of the tiger, with all its sinuous strength, or of the mountain goat with its swiftness and sureness of foot.

When living by themselves under perfectly natural conditions, as I found them fifteen years ago, nearly all the Hopi children ran about entirely nude, and the adults were as unconscious of the need of clothing or of the lack of it as were Adam and Eve prior to the apple episode. The presence and teachings of the white man have of late years induced a certain measure of self-consciousness, so that all except the very little children are chary of allowing themselves to be seen unclothed by strange eyes, but I lived so long among them and gained their confidence to such an extent that I was able to photograph them as if from the viewpoint of one of themselves and so to gain a record, which to anthropologists should prove very interesting, of the fact that these people are physically at an earlier stage of development than the white race.

The men, owing to their outdoor life, constant exercise, and the pure air of the desert, are splendidly developed, but not according to the conventional civilized idea of muscular development. Many of them are strong almost beyond belief, but it is the strength of sinew, rather than that of muscle. The adult Indian is formed



From a Photograph by Frederick Mosen.

"THE HARDY LIFE OF THE HOPI, VIGOROUS EXERCISE, FREEDOM FROM ALL RESTRAINT, HAS DEVELOPED BEAUTIFUL STRONG BODIES."



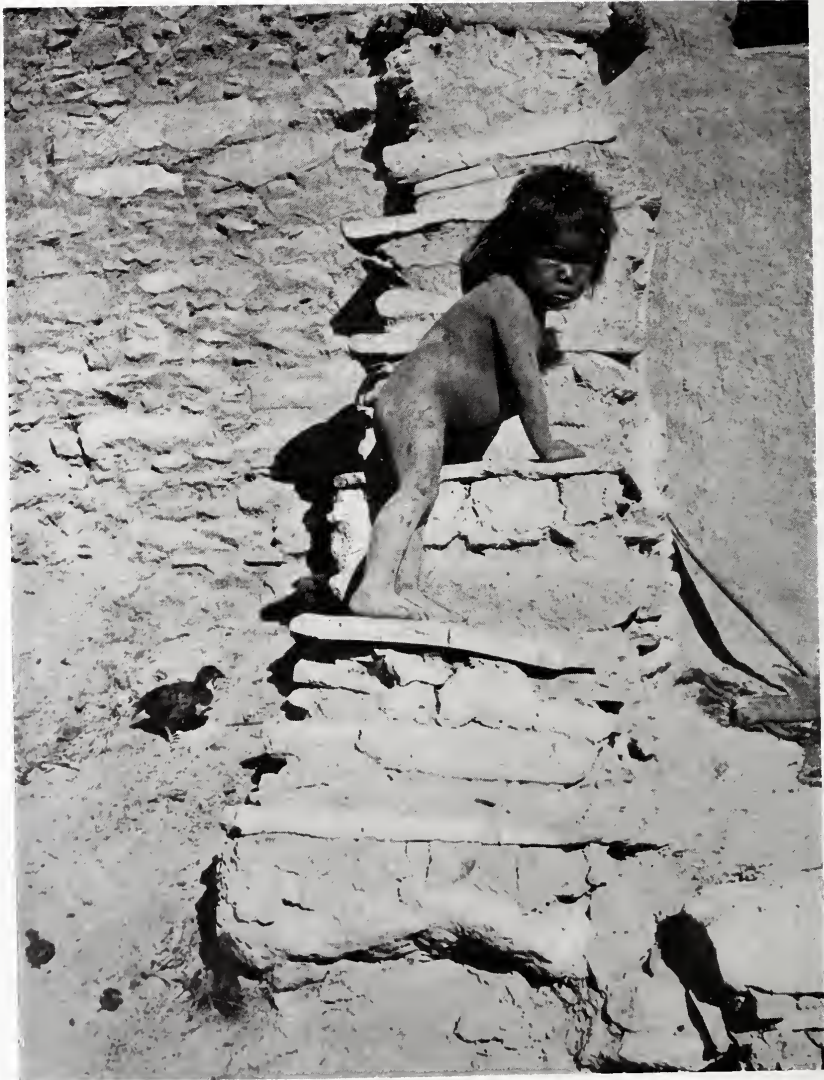
From a Photograph by Frederick Mousen.

"FIFTEEN YEARS AGO NEARLY ALL THE HOPI CHILDREN RAN ABOUT ENTIRELY NUDE."



From a Photograph by Frederick Mosen.

"THE CHILDREN HAVE BEAUTIFUL, LITHE LITTLE BODIES, VELVETY BRONZE SKIN, AND ABSOLUTE FREEDOM OF MOVEMENT AND POISE."



From a Photograph by Frederick Mosen.

"A WHITE CHILD HERE WOULD ALMOST INEVITABLY ROLL DOWN AND BREAK HIS NECK, BUT THIS PLACID, FEARLESS, SURE-FOOTED INDIAN BABY IS AS SECURE IN HIS DIZZY POSITION AS THE RAGGED LITTLE INDIAN CHICKEN FOLLOWING HIM HOME TO ROOST."



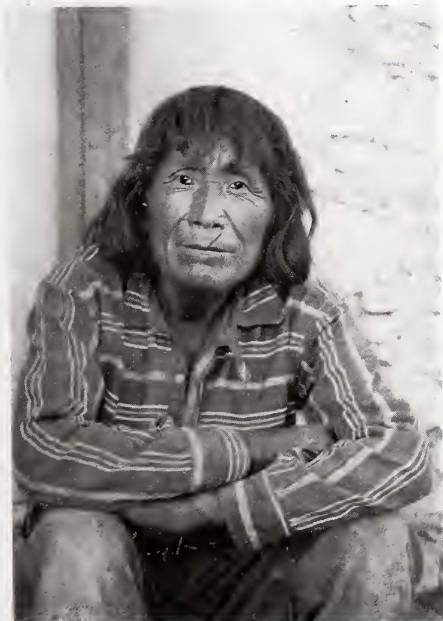
From a Photograph by Frederick Mosen.

"IF YOU HAVE LIVED LONG ENOUGH AMONG THE HOPI FOR THEM TO FEEL THOROUGHLY ACQUAINTED AND AT HOME WITH YOU, THEY MAY SOMETIMES GO AROUND WITHOUT CLOTHING AS COMFORTABLY AND UNCONSCIOUSLY AS WITH IT."



From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen.

HARDY YOUNGSTERS ARE BORN AND BRED
ON THE CRESTS OF THE ROCKY MESAS.



From a Photograph by Frederick Mosen.

**ALERT, INTELLIGENT FACES OF
HOPI PEOPLE: OLD AND YOUNG.**



From a Photograph by Frederick Mosen.

A "WAR PARTY" GAME
IN A HOPI "NURSERY."

PRIMITIVE FOLK OF THE DESERT

more like one of our boys with undeveloped muscles, and, however strong he may be, there is no sign under his smooth skin and in the graceful lines of his slim body of what usually makes for the appearance of strength with us. He has exceedingly narrow hips, no waist line to speak of, no apparent deltoid, little evidence of biceps or triceps and no protruding muscles showing upon any part of his body. These are distinctly the characteristics of a race that is physically at an earlier stage in its development than our own. The children, with their beautiful, lithe little bodies, velvety bronze skin, ruddy with the underglow of healthy red blood, and absolute freedom of movement and poise, show these characteristics even more strongly than do the adults. It is interesting to note that the movements of all are centripetal. No Indian strikes out from the body or makes outward movements like the white man, but, for example, will whittle a piece of wood toward his body instead of away from it as we do. Another significant characteristic is that these people still use their toes with considerable facility and power, and much work is done by the aid of these members—so useless in the case of civilized man—especially when it comes to assisting the hands in carrying on such occupations as spinning, weaving and the like.

Although, if you have lived long enough among the Hopi for them to feel thoroughly acquainted and at home with you, they may sometimes go around without clothing as comfortably and unconsciously as with it—you feel no sense of shock as at the sight of nakedness, for your experience is precisely like that recorded by the explorers and travelers in Africa and among all dark-skinned races;—it is not the lack of clothing but the sight of the white skin that is startling. A brown skin seems in a way to be a sort of clothing like the fur of an animal and excites no more attention after once you are used to seeing it undraped. You note only the extreme beauty of color, form and movement, and after a while, begin to realize something of the innocence, freedom and childlike joy of living that we like to think prevailed among all men in the morning of the world.

As babies and little children are so seldom troubled with garments of any description, they are early inured to all changes of temperature and remain unaffected by chill winds, soaking rain and the scorching desert sun. Also, they have the same freedom in the use of every muscle as little animals, and they can climb almost anywhere and balance themselves in most precarious positions with no more

PRIMITIVE FOLK OF THE DESERT

danger than as if they were panther kittens. Look at the picture of the baby climbing up the almost perpendicular flight of rough steps that lead to his home above. A white child would almost inevitably roll down and break his neck, but this placid, fearless, sure-footed Indian baby is as secure in his dizzy position as the ragged little Indian chicken following him home to roost.

UNTIL I became so well acquainted with the Hopi that they regarded me almost as one of themselves, I had great difficulty in obtaining any pictures of them in the nude. So shy were they of the white man that no such photograph had ever been possible, and I wished especially to get some snapshots of their beautiful brown bodies as they splashed about in the bathing pool or lay sunning themselves on the rocks after leaving the water. It took a great deal of patience and perseverance to get near enough to them to get a photograph of them at their bathing places, but I finally achieved the studies I wanted by very much the same methods that one employs in taming birds or animals. At one of the Rio Grande pueblos there was a small swimming pool not far from the village. This was much frequented by the Indians, especially by the youth and children. I tried on several occasions to approach the pool, but the moment I was seen the bathers took alarm and fled in such haste that they did not even stop to put on their clothing, but gathered it up hastily and ran until they could hide behind the rocks and dress themselves. That was always the end of the bathing for that day. One morning, long before the Indians went down to bathe, I seated myself on the top of a little hill about a thousand feet from the pool and commanding a good view of it, set my easel up before me and applied myself assiduously to sketching. The Indians, in passing me on the way to the pool, all stopped for a few minutes to inspect my work. I talked with them and gave the children bits of candy. This was enough for that day. Next morning I changed my position to one at half the distance from the swimming pool, and, with my back to it, began to sketch. This resulted in the same tactics on the part of the Indians, who, after a short consultation, decided that I was quite evidently an uninterested party, pulled off their clothes and jumped cheerfully into the water. I did not move, for I had no wish to spoil the impression that I was entirely unobservant of their movements, especially as they evidently were becoming used to seeing me around and regarded me as they might one of themselves. On the third day I determined to try for results.

PRIMITIVE FOLK OF THE DESERT

so, early in the morning before the bathers appeared, I set my easel right beside the pool and had a sketch well under way when they came down. Two girls came first, but they hesitated about getting into the water; then others came until perhaps a dozen were grouped around the pool, holding a whispered conversation. Suddenly one of them slipped off her dress and sprang into the water; the others soon followed, and in a moment they were playing about like a flock of ducks. Now was my opportunity, but my heart was in my throat lest my carefully laid plan fail at the last moment. Arranging my easel so it would partly shield me from the sight of the bathers, I cautiously slipped my small camera out of its case, and, watching my chance when the children were out of the water and sunning themselves on the rocks, I snapped them whenever they assumed positions I liked. Finally, I openly began to make pictures, not particularly of them, but of anything in the vicinity, and soon they ceased to pay any attention to me. The next day I succeeded in securing a number of excellent studies, some of which are reproduced in this article.

THE graceful childlike bodies of these simple folk are but the physical expression of their mental development. The mentality of the Hopi is that of a people of the Stone Age. Like all primitive people, they are fixed in their ways and consider it a religious duty as well as their manifest destiny to follow as closely as possible in the footsteps of their ancestors. They are so essentially beings of tradition and children of Nature that any attempt on the part of the white race to destroy their ideals, or to change materially their mode of life, is apt to result disastrously. Left to themselves, the Hopi are a happy, sweet tempered, contented folk, and their communal life and personal and family associations are delightful. Like children, they are full of the joy of life, which cannot be quenched even by droughts, famine and hardship. Kindness is one of their ruling characteristics and is manifested to everyone. The mothers are devoted to their children and the older children in turn assume their share of responsibility in caring for the smaller ones. As among all the higher orders of primitive people, the women have a position of freedom and dignity that in some respects is superior to that which women occupy in the most advanced stage of civilization. As stated in the last article, the woman owns and rules the home. Descent is reckoned from the mother's side and she is recognized without question as head of the household and owner of her children.

PRIMITIVE FOLK OF THE DESERT

The conservatism of these Indians is a part of their primitiveness and also the natural result of their environment. Isolated from all the life that surrounds them, and from the influences of our modern civilization, it is natural that they should have preserved unaltered the traditions handed down to them by their forefathers. It is the failure of our well-meaning missionaries to recognize and respect this conservatism and the resulting fixity of viewpoint that accounts for the little good that the white people have been able to do them. Their own religion is entirely satisfying, so far as their experience and outlook goes. They live in such close and constant communion with Nature that their pantheism is inevitable; and people who are not only attuned to this close communion with Nature, but are also intensely devout, like all child races, naturally fail to grasp the intricacies of the white man's religion, even as they fail to comprehend or desire the complexities of modern civilization.

For these reasons it would seem wise to take into consideration the Indian's point of view, and to work tactfully and gradually in the effort to induce him to accept, if he must, our standards and modes of living, rather than to force them upon him against his will, to the annihilation of all life as he has known it. Anyone who would take the trouble to become acquainted at first hand with these people, and so put himself in the way of acquiring some real understanding of their character, life and religion, would, I think, admit that the experiment might at least be worth trying to preserve, in its natural and unspoiled state, this remnant of a most interesting aboriginal race. What a study in anthropology! What a wonderful thing it would be to hand down to future generations this relic of prehistoric American life; this small remainder of the once great race of the first American home builders! Their religion and code of laws, unwritten as they are, constitute social development of a very high order, from the primitive point of view, and, at all events, are immensely interesting and worthy of preservation as a living example of the communal life of a peaceful tribe.

THE difficulty is that there is such a wide tendency to lump all Indians in one general class. It is asserted, and as a rule rightly, that the Indian must be civilized, for the reason that his natural life, as well as his religion, laws and arts are dependent on the preservation of his former and natural environment; that in the onward march of civilization these must inevitably perish and he must swim with the tide or be overwhelmed; that there is

PRIMITIVE FOLK OF THE DESERT

no use in making an effort to preserve his beliefs, his arts, his handicrafts and his modes of life, because modern conditions would not allow him to exist were this the case. There is no question but what these objections apply with absolute truth to the nomadic tribes, but it must be remembered that the Hopi are a nation apart, with a fixed habitation, a compact, communal system of government and a very well defined art and literature—if oral tradition may be so called—which has been handed down to them by their forefathers. Even the Navajos, whose reservation entirely encompasses the little Hopi country, are as widely separated from the Hopi in speech, manners and customs as the Norwegians are from the Turks. Separated from these in turn are the Sioux, Crows, Cheyennes, Blackfeet and others of the plains Indians. A nomadic tribe gathers few traditions, and its very mode of life prevents a continuance of the elaborate and often beautiful religious observances which form so large a part of the life of the Hopi. In other words, with the plains Indians there is no fixed home, little social organization upon which to build a well-defined pagan cult, and consequently no abiding national existence when once their environment has been changed. Nothing can be done to bring back to these wandering tribes their old-time freedom and supremacy. In the majority of instances this already has ceased. The primitive life is doomed, and this for the reason that the roving tribes have been impounded by their white conquerors in open-air prisons called reservations, where all hunting has ceased because there is no more game. Their buffalo has passed together with their former freedom; their hunting grounds are gone and their liberty has been taken away; their entire environment is changed, and in consequence they have lost all the individuality which made vital their art and customs and so made them worth preserving. But with the Hopi all this is different. Their isolation and conservative habits of mind have prevented the possibility of the white man's civilization taking any real root among them, and they have so far escaped "development" along civilized lines. Their environment remains the same as it was hundreds of years ago, and it is only the force of a stronger race that is beginning to bring about a change in their daily life. This process of civilization is like to rob the whole country of something that it can ill afford to lose, and the hopeless part of it is that the work of destruction is being accomplished with the very best intentions. It is a case of misdirected charity. We white people, who are so sure of ourselves, want to do good, but we are not always

PRIMITIVE FOLK OF THE DESERT

sufficiently wise to do it in the right way, and what seems good to us in many instances proves fatal to the recipient of our charity.

If it were possible to send among the Hopi missionaries who would be men of wide learning and of genuine love for the work of recording and preserving their significant customs and ceremonies and their strange and beautiful beliefs, it might be possible to bring them gradually into harmony with the modern world, and yet not destroy them. Any efforts at quick reform and high-handed methods are fatal, both to the Indians and to any success in the work so conscientiously, but, alas, so indiscreetly, carried on. Infinite patience and perseverance, and an absolutely sympathetic understanding of their point of view, are required of anyone who expects to work among these people and so succeed in what he is trying to do. In this respect we might well take a lesson from the old *padres* who followed the *Conquistadores*, and whom we owe their way for thousands of miles over unknown and waterless deserts, under burning sun and in constant danger from savage tribes, to leave an indelible stamp upon the entire southwest of this country. They "converted" the Indians to their own religion, it is true, but they did not destroy them in the process. Priests and people came into such close touch that it was hard to tell at times that they belonged to alien races, and many of the good *padres* are to-day revered almost as saints by the descendants of their Indians. The results have shown the efficiency of the method employed. In fifteen hundred and forty the Catholic Church brought its influence to bear with the pueblo Indians of New Mexico, and since that time the work of the mission priests has gone steadily on. Over three and a half centuries of proselytizing, and every man engaged in it devoting his entire life to the work of teaching the Indians by practical example to live in the white man's way. If it has required centuries for the Catholic Church to make its impression on these people, does it seem unreasonable to feel that it might be well for us to go about it with equal tact and deliberation? Our missionaries unquestionably are equally zealous and mean equally well, but my experience of the result of their efforts to Christianize and civilize the Indians of the present day leads me to believe that their canonizing at the hands of the grateful aborigines may perhaps be small, and that future centuries will see no evidence of their work beyond a brief record of the annihilation of a race.

THE STRUGGLE

ONCE more the morning comes and I am here
Still struggling with my problems. Dark and drear
The sky hangs over me. A sharp wind wails,
And boats go scudding with inflated sails;
While from my window all the tired land
Cowers as if it feared the tempest's hand.
How like to life it is, the hard bleak day!
For we in sullen discontent grow gray
Starving on barrenness and dreading yet
The tempest's coming. All our useless fret
Enveils us so that when the clouds have fled
We scarce can see the sunshine overhead.
What tho' the tempest come in furious power?
The sun still shines and in some quiet hour
All heavenly blue the arching sky shall be.
We should not dread the storm. Heroic, we
Should front its peril. Courage wrung from pain
Is most of worth. 'Tis thus the soul has gain;
And thus the spirit in its loneliness
Knows God the better for the time of stress.

—VALERIA DEMUDE KELSEY.

TILED ROOFS; THE KIND OF BUILDINGS TO WHICH THEY ARE SUITED AND A METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION THAT MAKES THEM PRACTICAL AS WELL AS PICTURESQUE: BY ARTHUR JEROME EDDY



THE art of building began with the roof. The first rude shelter was all roof and no walls; the modern "skyscraper" is all walls with a minimum of roof. With the development of higher and higher structures, the æsthetic importance of the roof becomes of less and less importance, until on the twenty-story building it is often practically flat and entirely hidden from observation below, therefore it is treated in the most practical and prosaic manner.

Where, however, the buildings are low, the roof expanse is of the very first importance; the most conspicuous feature, which, if visible from afar long before the walls are distinguishable, either adds to or detracts from the landscape and may be harmonious with its surroundings and beautiful, or utterly incongruous and ugly, quite irrespective of the manner in which the walls are treated. On approaching, the walls loom up as the roof disappears from the line of vision. Theoretically, a perfect building ought to appear at its best from a point where the eye can take in both roof and walls in something like equal proportions; if to enjoy the roof in its construction, lines and color, it is necessary to remain so far away that the walls are indistinguishable, the building, as an entirety, is æsthetically imperfect.

In happy combination of roof and wall, of sky and earth line, the genius of man has never wrought anything more perfect than the Gothic cathedral; notwithstanding its great height, the roof is visible both far and near; to the distant wayfarer it is the most impressive feature of the landscape, to the close observer it is a source of endless delight. For in its day and generation and to meet the needs and aspirations of its builders, nothing finer or more perfect could be devised or imagined,—but its reproduction at the present time is an anachronism and a confession of weakness. A temple or a cathedral which is beautiful in its surroundings and for its own purpose, may be very incongruous and ugly in ours.

To secure this fine proportion between roof and wall, it is obvious that with every increase in the height of the building there must be an even greater increase in the pitch of the roof. To make the

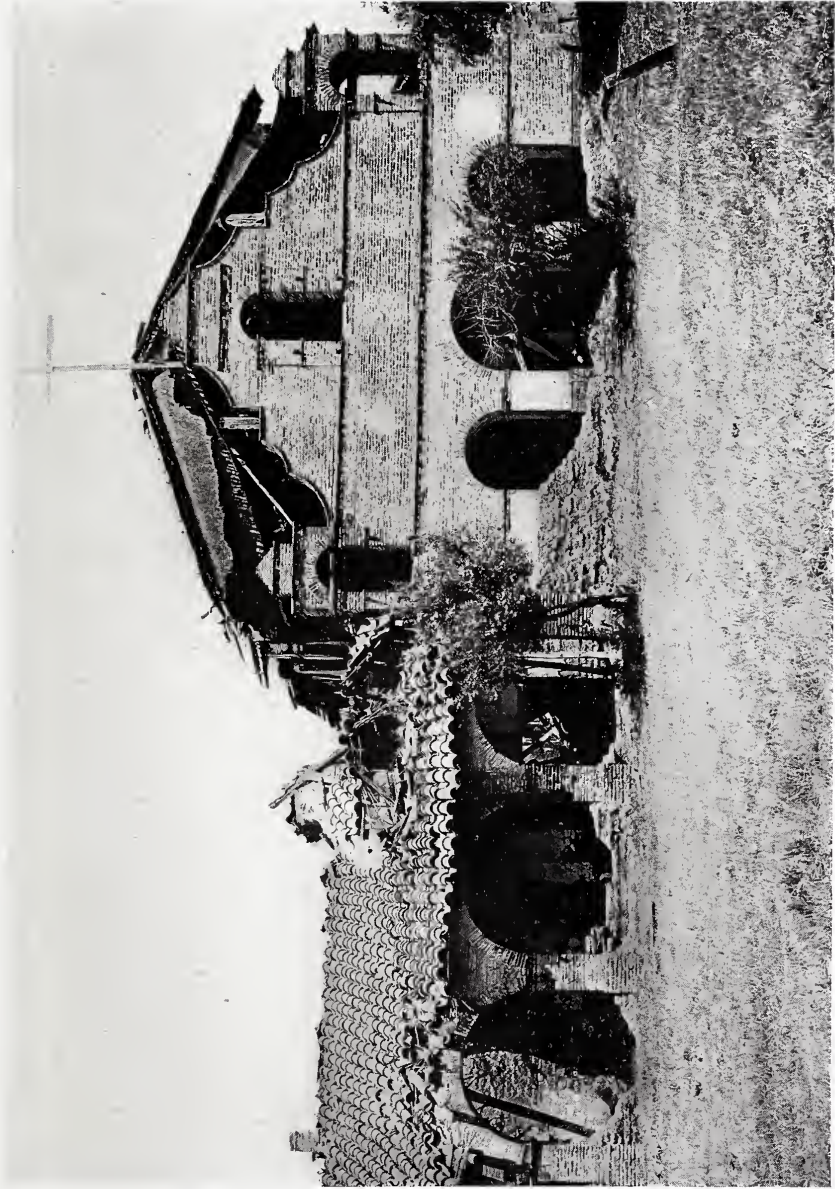


METHOD OF LAYING A ROOF
WITH SMALL MISSION TILES.

AN ADOBE BUILDING RE-
QUIRES A MASSIVE ROOF.



A WELL-LAID ROOF OF MODERN
TILES: WATERTIGHT AND IM-
PERVIOUS TO HEAT AND COLD.



THE HEAVY OLD MISSION TILES
WERE DESIGNED FOR BUILDINGS
THAT WERE STRUCTURALLY MASSIVE.



AN OLD MISSION TILED ROOF LEFT
TO THE DESTRUCTION OF TIME.
THE OLD TILES ARE ILL AT EASE
NEAR A SMOOTH MODERN ROOF.
SHOWING THE IRREGULARITY OF
THE OLD HAND-MADE TILES.

TILED ROOFS FOR MODERN BUILDINGS

roof of the modern steel office building visible from the narrow surrounding streets is practically an impossibility, the æsthetic problem presented is fundamentally different from anything heretofore attempted and therefore all the more worthy of solution, for there are great possibilities of perfection and beauty inherent in steel construction. These possibilities do not, however, lie along the lines of superficial imitation, but in a frank recognition of and submission to twentieth century needs and conditions. However, these considerations are aside from the present discussion, which has to do with the roofs of low buildings, with roofs which are and must be visible, and which should be the most beautiful wherever they are the most conspicuous features of the structures.

The lower the building, the more important the covering,—a proposition so true and trite that it is habitually ignored in practice. Architects exhaust their ingenuity—and their libraries—in designing buildings more or less attractive in every detail except the roof, *that* is treated as immaterial; it is left to the client to say whether he will cover with shingles, slate, tile, or tin, the decision nine times out of ten turning on the sole consideration of economy. No one is expected to look at the roof, if people do, it is an impertinence; yet the roof is to a low building what a very large hat is to a very short woman,—it makes all the difference in the world whether or no it is becoming.

EVERY variety of architecture has its appropriate roof; in fact, architectural varieties may, very likely should, be differentiated by their roofs;—arch and lintel, those two fundamental variations in structure, are but roof or covering variations. The first problem in building is how to cover space—shelter; the second is how to enclose space—protection; the latter tends to assume more massive and permanent proportions wherever the assaults of man are more destructive than the ravages of the weather.

In Oriental countries and in all portions of Europe where native architecture prevails, the roofs, whether of thatch, shingles or tile, first attract the attention of the traveler. One has but to pause a little way off, to realize how much of the charm of the distant hamlet, with church or temple in its midst, is due to the roofs, and how little, comparatively speaking, is due to the walls which are scarce visible.

The modern city may be judged, and judged very correctly, by its conglomeration of heterogeneous roofs. In the selection of a

TILED ROOFS FOR MODERN BUILDINGS

roof for his house a man should display some of the taste he exhibits in the choice of a hat; he would not make the mistake of wearing a "tile" with a white duck suit, or a straw hat with a fur coat, so no one with any sense of the eternal fitness of things would mount a heavy Mission tile on walls of shingles or clap-boards; per contra, while it is only too commonly done for sake of economy, no one who is striving to do a good thing would think of covering with light, machine-cut shingles a low house of massive proportions, the walls of which are of adobe, concrete or plaster.

Shingles on top of brick are so common that they pass unnoticed, but they make a rather airy covering for heavy walls; gray slate is much more appropriate, and tile goes well with certain shades of brick, providing the walls give the impression of solidity and strength.

In Southern California all sorts and kinds of architecture are to be seen. This is due partly to the climate, which not merely permits, but invites, experiments in every direction, and poor building is not punished by severe cold and snow. It is also due to the in-rush of people from every quarter of the globe who have their own notions regarding the houses they want.

Each style of building brings along its own roof, with a stranger or two for the sake of company. No sooner located—never really acclimated—these various styles of architecture, instead of keeping each its own appropriate covering, begin to exchange roofs, with results which are startling.

OF THE roofings in use those most commonly seen are: Fibre—Water-proofed paper, and tarred or asphalted felt of many makes and varying thicknesses. These materials, when well made and well laid, make cheap, serviceable roofs for sheds, warehouses, factories, etc., buildings which conform frankly to their uses and wherein no attempt is made to secure æsthetic results. Curious effects are secured by shaping the heavy asphalted felt in large rolls over wood along the ridges, ends and eaves, and on first impression when the paper is new and gray in tone, the eye is made to believe the covering is of lead or other metal, but these more or less fantastic experiments serve in the long run to direct the attention to the fact that the roofing is, after all, only paper. As the sun brings the tar or asphalt to the surface, the true character is evident.

Metal—Tin and galvanized iron pressed into various and more or less fantastic shapes. These roofs are also serviceable for the same class of buildings, and they possess the advantage of resisting

TILED ROOFS FOR MODERN BUILDINGS

fire. But when the metal is pressed into the shape of tile and painted a dull, dirty red, the roof is ugly; it is neither good tile nor honest metal, but a hybrid of no parentage. A tile roof speaks for itself, but for the metal imitation of tile no good word can be said.

Wood—Shingles, the ordinary machine-made, excellent in their place on houses of which the construction is such as to permit of nothing heavier. As dwellings of this class are in the great majority, shingles are in common use. "Shakes," the long, split, red-wood "shakes" which warp and curl more or less to the weather are exceedingly effective; incomparably more effective than shingles wherever the balance of the construction is in keeping. They are thirty-six inches long by six inches wide, about a quarter of an inch thick, and are commonly laid sixteen inches to the weather. "Shakes" may even be used in place of tiles where shingles would look too light and cheap. The great length of the "shake" together with its warp and curl to the weather, produce delightful lines and shadows. The sawed "shake" is inferior in every way.

Mineral—Slates are used, but not to any great extent on dwellings. A gray-blue slate is not cheerful, but in a gray northern climate it goes well with the common red brick; it has no place on the adobe or plaster walls of California buildings which demand color. The red slate is low in color value, flat and stiff in effect; in short, it is neutral where tile is positive. There is little that is attractive in a broad expanse of slate roof under California sunshine, while if laid in patterns of red and gray it is positively ugly.

TILE, when properly formed, baked and laid on any structure rightly designed to carry it, is the most beautiful roof covering yet devised, but when not properly formed, baked and laid, or laid on buildings for which it is not rightly intended, tile may be not only the ugliest, but the least serviceable of coverings.

Four hundred and thirty years ago it was provided by law in England that for the making of tiles "clay should be dug before November, and be stirred and turned before March," and to-day the very old tile is considered much better than the new. The same care is not taken in turning out the commercial tile in use at the present time. A good, hard-burnt tile lasts indefinitely; a thing of beauty, it comes very near being a joy forever; it is delightful in color, charming in form, and useful in service. A poor tile has little to recommend it. The hard-burned tile is, comparatively speaking, impervious to moisture, while those half baked, out of poor clay, not

TILED ROOFS FOR MODERN BUILDINGS

only absorb moisture, but in a damp climate grow a luxuriant crop of vegetation, which may be very picturesque on out-buildings where dryness is not a prime essential, but not altogether desirable on a dwelling.

The Mission fathers no doubt followed the ancient custom of kneading or working the clay in pits under the hoofs of animals, then giving it time to ferment properly. The tiles were probably made by spreading the right quantity of clay on a board or flat surface, patting it to a cake of the right thickness and size, then deftly flopping it over a half-round piece of wood which was first well sanded so the clay would not adhere. The clay was pressed and shaped to the form by hand, trimmed about the edges, dried in the sun, and fired more or less perfectly in small kilns. The pressure of the hand gave the tile a consistency and a surface which machine-made tiles lacked. The latter are more or less porous.

The quality of the tile differed with the clay of different localities, and with the care and skill of the makers. Some are soft and very irregular, others are comparatively hard and true. Throughout the Southwest a great variety of clay is found, from the sticky *adobe*, which is little more than a tenacious mud in places, to fine potter's clay. The Mission builders took their clay as they found it and made the best of it. Transportation was too difficult in those days for them to seek and develop the finer deposits.

The thickness, size and irregularities of these old tiles and the marks of the hand which shaped them are fairly well indicated in the different illustrations. The dimensions of those shown are: length, twenty-three inches; width of broad end, twelve inches; width of narrow end, eight inches; depth, four and one-half at end, diminishing to three and one-half at narrow; thickness varied from three-eighths to three-fourths of an inch. There are no holes for nails or other fastenings. Neither are the corners clipped to economize in laying. It is a delight to caress these old tiles just as it is a delight to pass one's hand over a piece of fine pottery, for, after all, the fingers appreciate good modeling better than the eyes. No one cares to handle machine-made tiles; they are lacking in interest because devoid of character; they have never associated with human beings on terms of intimate and friendly companionship.

The manner of laying these old tiles is well shown in several of the illustrations. The bed of mud or *adobe* over the thick matting of brush on the irregular round rafters made a soft and yielding foundation for the tile. The unequal sag relieved the roof of all flat and hard lines. No attempt was made to secure perfect regu-

TILED ROOFS FOR MODERN BUILDINGS

larity in the "lining up" of the tiles,—that was impossible, they were far too irregular in shape and thickness to permit of mechanical perfection in the alignment. The modern commercial tiles are laid to a chalk line with great precision, the result is an effect which is, comparatively speaking, monotonous in the extreme.

ONE of the illustrations shows the roof of a large bungalow laid with small Mission tiles, and incidentally the roof-line of houses beyond with the mountains in the distance. The small Mission tiles are only sixteen inches long, with a spread of eight inches at the wide end, as compared with thirty-four by twelve. They are machine-made and devoid of the human interest which attaches to the old, but otherwise they are fairly good in shape and color, and make a beautiful roof. It is not every building that will carry the old tile, but they would be exceedingly handsome on the large roof of this particular bungalow. The commercial reproductions of the large Mission tiles are not very successful. They are ugly in their proportions, thin, and, for the most part, more or less porous and defective.

This particular roof was laid twice. The tiles first used were poorly made, poorly baked and poorly laid; they absorbed water like a sponge, and dripped like an *olla*, with the result that, after four or five hours of heavy rain, countless small leaks would develop. As the tiles rested in flimsy building paper, and this on ordinary sheathing laid lengthwise of the roof instead of from ridge to eaves, there was nothing in the foundation to turn the water which the tiles failed to keep out; each tile was nailed so the paper was filled with holes to begin with.

The roof as relaid was first made tight underneath. A specially cut sheathing, the joints of which would turn water, was used; on this was laid an asphalted felt of almost the thickness and toughness of sole leather; the strips ran lengthwise, and the over-lap of four inches, though quite sufficient without cement, was thoroughly cemented; on this heavy felt the tiles were laid without nailing, as the pitch of the roof was so low that nails were not necessary; as a final precaution, the over-laps of all the lower tiles were joined with an oil cement, fifty pounds to the square being used. As the tiles were specially burned and selected, it is believed that the roof is trebly tight, that the tile, the asphalted felt, the sheathing—each independently of the other—will turn water, while the three are quite impervious to heat and cold.

TILED ROOFS FOR MODERN BUILDINGS

AT PRESENT there is a slight revival of interest in the use of the old tiles, they are being carefully preserved, but, unhappily, the new buildings on which they are used seldom conform in design and construction to the massive irregularities of the tiles and the results are not satisfactory. For instance, they are exceedingly ill-at-ease in their painful regularity on a lightly built building, and the very modern red brick chimney worries them.

Tile is the normal covering for the adobe, cement or plaster house, providing, of course, the construction of the walls is sufficiently massive to carry the heavy roof,—to carry it to the eye as well as in fact. A heavy tile roof on light walls, or on walls of the proportions of which are only too apparently false and artificial, produces a sense of discomfort, the roof sinks in the estimation in more senses than one.

Very little pains have been taken to save the roofs of the California Missions, though not a little has been done to preserve some of the walls and interiors. In many instances the roofs have been sheathed and shingled, a very matter-of-fact and inappropriate covering for walls so substantial. In some places the tiles and shingles appear side by side; in others the old tiles have been relaid loosely over shingles.

While the old Mission tiles make picturesque and serviceable roofs in Southern California, they would not serve so well in the colder climates of the north and east, as they are a poor protection against snow. From time immemorial the ingenuity of builders has been exercised in the endeavor to lay a weather-proof tile roof in a cold climate. In England an ancient custom prevailed to bed the tiles in hay or moss, "when the roof is of full pitch this suffices without mortar, they may even be laid dry. But with any less pitch, some precaution must be used to keep out drifting snow, and such wet as may be blown up between the tiles lifted by the force of the wind. In lieu of oak pegs, extra large flat-headed wrought nails, made of pure zinc or of zinc and copper have been used."

The Japanese method of laying a tiled roof is described by Prof. Edward F. Morse as follows "The boarded roof is first roughly and thinly shingled, and upon this surface is then spread a thick layer of mud into which the tiles are firmly bedded. The mud is scooped up from some ditch or moat, and is also got from the canals. In the city one often sees the men getting the mud for this purpose from the deep gutters which border many of the streets. This is kneaded and worked with hoe and spade till it acquires the con-

TILED ROOFS FOR MODERN BUILDINGS

sistency of thick dough. In conveying this mess to the roof no hod is used. The material is worked into large lumps by the laborer, and these are tossed one after another to a man who stands on a staging or ladder, who in turn pitches it to the man on the roof, or, if the roof be high, to another man on a still higher staging. The mud, having been got to the roof, is then spread over it in a thick and even layer. Into this the tiles are then bedded, row after row. There seems to be no special adhesion of the tiles to this substratum of mud, and high gales often cause great havoc to a roof of this nature. In the case of a conflagration, when it becomes necessary to tear down buildings in its path, the firemen appear to have no difficulty in shovelling the tiles off a roof with ease and rapidity.

“The older a tile is the better it is considered for roofing purposes . . . Second-hand tiles, therefore, are always in greater demand. A new tile, being very porous and absorbent, is not considered so good as one in which time has allowed the dust and dirt to fill the minute interstices, thus rendering it a better material for shedding water.”

IN THE effort to produce tiles which will “lay tight” and in themselves be rain and snow proof, all sorts of queer and ugly patterns are turned out. Most of these “patented” tiles are half baked and soft; were they baked properly their joints and laps would not meet, as their inventors intend. They depend for their color upon “slipping” or glazing. Tiles which are bold and beautiful in form, well vitrified and fine in color cannot be laid tight. Dust, rain and snow proof joints are impossible. The finer and handsomer the tile, the greater the necessity of making a perfect foundation.

The almost endless varieties of flat, “pan,” inter-locking, and “patented” tiles may give the effect of color at a distance, but color is not the only effect to be sought in a roof, shape is equally important. The roof is the hat of the house, and the shape of a man’s hat is quite as important as its color.

Whether tile can be used, and the pattern, depends a good deal upon the pitch, and the pitch to be given a roof depends upon three considerations, climate, materials used, and effect desired. Generally speaking, the warmer the climate, the flatter the roof. In a southern climate, a steep roof is simply a device for catching and holding heat,—like the sloping sides of a hot-house.

TILED ROOFS FOR MODERN BUILDINGS

A number of years ago an effort was made by a French publication to arrive at a rule for the pitch of roofs based upon climatic conditions. The globe between the equator and the polar circle was divided into twenty-four belts or bands parallel to the equator, but of unequal size, depending upon the length of the longest day. Allowances were made for dryer and damper climates, and for the shape of the tiles; "in the roofs of the continent covered with the hollow tile (like Mission tile), as in the south of France, for instance, less slope is required than with the Roman tiles which are in sections alternately flat and circular, and these again require less slope than the common plain tile or slate." A table constructed in accordance with the theory gives the following variations in pitch for the countries, localities and materials named

LOCALITY	HOLLOW TILES	PLAIN TILES
Southern Spain—pitch.....	16 deg. 12 min.	24 deg. 12 min.
" Italy.....	18 " 12 "	26 " 12 "
" France.....	21 " "	29 " "
Northern "	24 " 36 "	32 " 36 "
" Germany.....	28 " 36 "	36 " 36 "
England (London).....	27 " 24 "	35 " 24 "
Scotland.....	33 " 12 "	42 " 12 "
Sweden, Russia and Norway (average).....	30 " "	49 " "
According to above table South- ern California would require about.....	17 " "	26 " "

In pitch, the Mission roofs varied greatly. The variations are as numerous as the structures themselves. No rule of construction can be laid down which would not be compelled to admit brilliant and successful exceptions. The good builder is not restricted by arbitrary considerations, he meets conditions as he finds them and builds as he pleases; if he consider only the needs of the people and the exigencies of environment, and if he uses only the materials of the vicinity, he cannot go far astray.

WORK FOR THE DEFORMED: WHAT IS BEING DONE TO GIVE CRIPPLED CHILDREN A CHANCE TO BECOME USEFUL MEMBERS OF SOCIETY: BY MERTICE M'CREA BUCK



WITH the growth of kindly feelings toward our afflicted neighbors of the tenements, the deaf and dumb, the blind and those crippled by disease or deformity, investigations have been made which show that in all the great cities there is an appalling number of little crippled children who have never had proper medical care nor any kind of schooling. In Greater

New York there are estimated to be over three thousand cripples under sixteen years of age who have never had the chance for recovery which comes through proper surgical care, cleanliness, good food, pure air, and happiness. Some of them have never had even the privilege of studying in that doubtful school, the street, but have lived mewed up in dark tenement bedrooms, like poor little stunted plants, shut away from the light and air.

Fortunately our Tenement House Laws are gradually remedying this evil of darkness, and the doctrine of the "open window" is being preached by physicians and nurses all through the Ghetto and the crowded Italian quarters. The poor are learning to "let the sunshine in" and those great enemies of childhood, infantile paralysis, hip disease and spinal tuberculosis, which thrive in darkness and impure air, are being fought in their strongholds. A few years will see a great change, as more parks are given to the dwellers in the tenements, more light and air in their dwellings, and pure food laws are enforced.

Surgical care for cripples has always been generously provided in New York, and a surprisingly large proportion of the inmates of the schools and hospitals are every year sent cured into the ranks of workers and go on their way rejoicing, after perhaps five or six years of untiring effort on the part of the physician. But unfortunately none of the institutions are as yet rich enough to provide for a tenth of those who need physical help and education. Every city school needs a country home, where an active outdoor life counteracts the too sedentary habits of the city. Then, too, animals and plants open new sources of interest to little cripples, who have for the most part very vague ideas of anything outside their own tenement homes and the routine life of the hospital and school. Many

WORK FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN

a crippled child is classed as mentally deficient who is merely backward from lack of opportunities for getting knowledge.

To all those who are old enough to realize their own afflictions the desire to work, to be on a par with their fellows in this one respect, becomes an absorbing passion. Generally speaking, cripples are deft, with perhaps more than the usual ability to do good hand work, and the hope of happiness of many thousands who must always remain deformed lies in the training which will enable them to rise, in viewing their own excellent handiwork, above the circumstances of their maimed bodies.

Even among those who can never grow old enough to take their place among the wage-earners the desire to do something with the ever-restless fingers is one which ought to be gratified. As an art-student I had an experience with a helpless little boy which taught me a never-to-be-forgotten lesson. A Settlement worker asked me to go with her to a Brooklyn tenement to take some modeling wax to a little boy named Freddie, a victim of Pott's disease (spinal tuberculosis) so far developed that blindness had set in. The street was a wretched one of rickety wooden tenements, where it seemed as if nothing inspiring could ever happen, but to Freddie it had been a school of rich and varied experiences. All day he sat in his little go-cart on the door-step, and watched the games of the children on the street, the proud strut of the "copper" on his rounds, and, better than all, the glittering, clanging fire-engines. The ambulance and police-patrol, splendid in shining paint, were watched with bated breath to see where they would stop. Such was Freddie's life, diversified by the representation on paper of all the characters of this little theatre, in which "Little Humpy" was always an on-looker, never an actor. Yet, his talent for drawing made him the admiration of "all the fellers on the block" until the sad time came when he could no longer see the street. Then he lay all day on a cot between the hot kitchen stove and the window, immersed in a cloud of soap-suds—for his mother was a "washer-lady"—his restless fingers aching for something to do. In vain the "Settlement Lady" tried to cheer him with stories;—even the "Ugly Duckling," beloved of kindergarten children, was beyond his experience and incomprehensible to him. But at last the "Settlement Lady" was struck with the idea of asking me to take him some modeling wax. His fingers no sooner touched the plastic substance than he called out "Now I can have fun, now I'm as good as the other fellers," and set to work to model "Officer Doyle on our block." Soon there he was, helmet and

WORK FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN

night stick complete, even to brass buttons as large proportionately as saucers, so that when Freddie's brother came from school he at once exclaimed, "Sure, any bloke would know 'twas Officer Doyle," and called in an admiring audience to view the "cleverness of our Freddie." From that day until his little fingers grew too feeble for even that light task, he lay daily propped on his elbow and spent hours working with the wax, forgetful of everything but his own creations. Such easily procured happiness, at an outlay of a little time and a quarter of a dollar!

EACH crippled child is unlike every other, not only in physical disability but in mental attainment, and the teacher who has fifteen cripples in her charge has a task equal to the public-school teacher who has a class of fifty sound children. Some are so delicate that they must lie down and rest in the morning and again in the afternoon, and all must stop twice a day in the best schools for a few minutes' recess and a glass of milk; each child must be excused twice a week for a bath and clean clothes, and a certain time must be allowed for the inspection of the doctor every few days. In every way the training of the child must be regulated by his physical condition. The too active brain must be watched lest it burn out the frail body, the sluggish intellect must be set working, and the lazy one kept from stopping, for some crippled children have a good healthy degree of naughtiness and know very well how to "fake" the illness of their delicate schoolmates. They are as full of fun as any children, and during recess and the noon-hour the rooms resound with merriment. Any one who goes to visit a school for cripples expecting to find an assembly of sad-visaged little invalids is soon disabused of that idea, when he is greeted by sparkling eyes and smiling faces. In the country homes, especially, happiness reigns.

The old idea that the cripple is of a malicious, unkindly nature, is an utterly mistaken one. Generally speaking, he is ready to climb any number of stairs for his bed-ridden neighbor, or to use his nimble wits for his stupid friend. There is a kind of *camaraderie* which shows in crippled children that is probably the result of common suffering, as among healthy people it is usually developed only in maturity. This shows itself especially in the basketry, chair-caning, or whatever industrial work the children may do, for of necessity hand training forms a large part of the curriculum and the deft-fingered child is always ready to help his clumsy neighbor.

WORK FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN

The physical energy which other children express in running and boisterous out-door games finds vent in these little unfortunates in manual training, of which various forms have been tried with success in this country. Sewing and embroidery for the girls, basketry, chair-caning, decorative wood and leather work, etc., for the boys have thus far been attempted, but for our own inspiration we must still look to the older and longer tried occupations of Europe.

In Scandinavia the work has been particularly fine, and little Denmark still takes the lead. In eighteen hundred and seventy-two an old clergyman, Reverend Hans Knudsen, opened a clinic and school, with the aim of "ameliorating the corporal deformity of the cripple, and afterward, by means of an industrial school, teaching him how to work, so that he might contribute to his own subsistence." Almost from the first Pastor Knudsen was given financial aid by the Government, so the bugbear of a future deficit in the treasury, which harasses so many managers in this country, troubled this good old man only during the first few years of his work. His aim was great, for he resolved almost from the outset that he would help every cripple within the confines of Denmark, and this literally has been done.

A recent report of the work says: "The cause of the deformed is taken up all over Denmark with the greatest sympathy, which finds expression in many ways. Most daily papers insert advertisements free of charge. The annual report is printed for nothing, nor is any charge made for telephone, paper, medicine, hospital treatment, etc. A dentist gives his services free of charge, liberal gifts of food are supplied to the country home as well as to the town housekeeping. Another proof of the great interest taken by the public in this institution is the fact that large orders are constantly given to it both by private people and public institutions. The railway, for instance, gives all its orders for the necessary equipment in linen and cotton goods, (weaving is taught in the Danish schools) furniture, brushes, etc. The public sewage department, too, gets all its brushes from the school.

FOR several years after the founding of these schools in Denmark no effort was made in this direction in Norway or Sweden—although Pastor Knudsen, finding his own work successful, longed to arouse interest in other countries. At last, in eighteen hundred and eighty-four, an International Congress of Physicans held

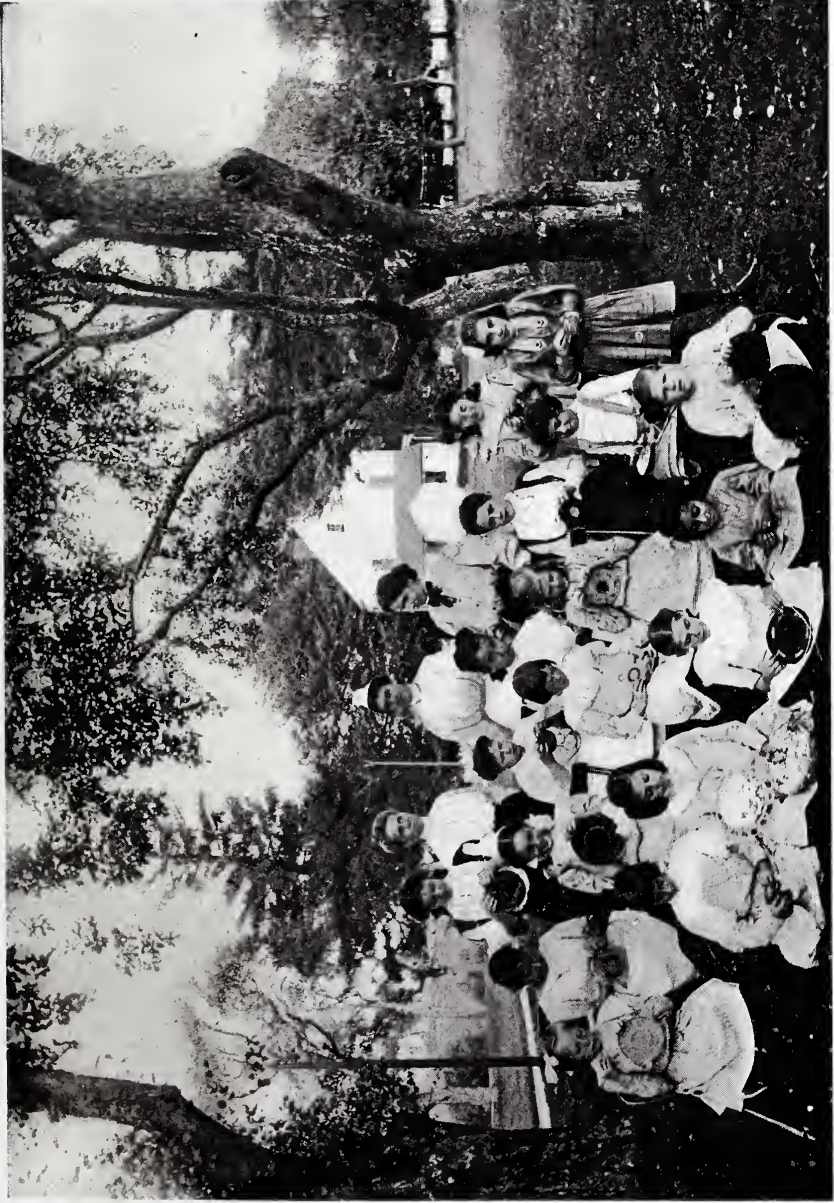


"CRIPPLES ARE DEFT, WITH MORE THAN USUAL ABILITY TO DO GOOD HAND-WORK."

"FOR EVERY PIECE OF WORK WHICH THE GOTHENBURG (SWEDEN) PUPIL ACCOMPLISHES, HE RECEIVES PAYMENT."



CRIPPLED BOYS TAKING OUTDOOR LESSONS IN
HANDICRAFT WORK AT THE ORTHOPAEDIC HOS-
PITAL, COUNTRY BRANCH, WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.



WORKING OUT UNDER THE TREES SEEMS TO
MAKE CHEERFUL LITTLE CRAFTSWOMEN.



THE HAPPINESS OF THE CHILDREN IS ONE OF THE MOST MARKED CHARACTERISTICS OF THESE SCHOOLS.

BOYS ARE TAUGHT TO MAKE PRACTICAL ARTICLES FOR THEIR OWN USE.

WORK FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN

in Copenhagen provided this opportunity. Some Swedish surgeons, especially, went to their homes in Gothenburg full of enthusiasm, and succeeded almost from the outset. The General Director of Prisons in Sweden, Herr Wieselgren, made a speech which brought in thirteen thousand kroner in less than a week, as a nest-egg for the Gothenburg School—I wish there were space here to quote his address, but suffice it to say that the subject was “A New Phase in the History of the Love of Mankind,” and that it aroused the whole country, so that shortly afterward schools were started in all the large cities of the (then) United Kingdom of Norway and Sweden.

For every piece of work which the Gothenburg pupil accomplishes he receives payment, the cost of material only being deducted. The making of hospital appliances, weaving, printing and book-binding are among the industries taught. Pupils who have been sufficiently helped physically to be able to work in their own homes are provided with tools for all sorts of trades, even those requiring such delicate and expensive apparatus as watch-making. These tools are returned to the school in case of the pupil's death.

The Government has aided the school in Gothenburg by allowing so much per pupil for expenses. In reality this money comes back to the Government by means of the ability to be self-supporting of those who would otherwise be partly, at least, public charges. Christiania, Norway, has also a very successful school to which was given the entire donation presented to King Oscar in the Jubilee Year.

The department for making orthopædic appliances is important, as it takes away from each school one of its greatest sources of expense. Great skill is required in making orthopædic boots, for if they do not fit exactly they are liable to prove a detriment rather than an aid. Leather, artificially stiffened, is largely used instead of plaster for bandages.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward was the pioneer in advocating the education of cripples in England and is known and loved by many hundreds who never heard of “Robert Elsmere” or “The Marriage of William Ashe.” It was through her influence that the London School Board decided to give financial aid, in an experimental way, to a few children who met in eighteen hundred and ninety-eight in the Passmore-Edwards Settlement in Tavistock Place. Here they led happy lives, ate a dinner paid for by themselves at the rate of three and half pence, and returned to their tenement homes at night with a new outlook on life. Mrs. Ward advised the forming of local committees, and also leagues for sending flowers to the school. She writes:

WORK FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN

“As the movement spreads from town to town we may certainly hope to see a diminution in our crippled population. The skilled intelligence of the community will be brought to bear upon them, in addition to that parental affection which, as a rule, they get largely, although ignorantly. The schools will arrest and prevent disease, will protect the latter stages of convalescence,—one of their most valuable uses,—and strengthen weakness.” Speaking of the effect of the schools on the children, she says—“The happiness of the new schools is one of their most delightful characteristics. Freed from the dread of being jostled by chairs, or knocked down by the crowd in the playground, with hours, food and rest portioned to their needs, these maimed and fragile creatures begin to expand and unfold like leaves in the sun.”

Children are kept up to only sixteen years of age, but the elements of trades are taught, harness making being one of the best. Jewelry seems to be very successful, also tailoring and gardening.

THE other countries of Europe have not carried this work so far. And prominent surgeons, like Dr. Lorenz of Vienna, admit that they can learn much from our hospitals. Mention ought to be made of the famous French Sea-Side Hospital at Pen-Bron near Nantes, as it was one of the first places in which the value of the salt air and sea baths for scrofulous children was practically demonstrated.

The sea air sweeps all day and all night through windows never closed, just as it does at our own Sea-Breeze, but at the time when Pen-Bron Hospital was first occupied, about twenty years ago, this plan of treatment was regarded as next to heathenish. Even yet there are those in this country who shudder at the thought of open windows. Marvelous cures were worked at Pen-Bron, and the hundred children were held up as examples to the medical world. Pierre Loti went there once, at the request of a good admiral who had become convinced that many scrofulous children were curable. The French writer became interested to a degree in what he had at first called a “museum of wretchedness.” He tells how the boys and girls are all day in the sea-wind, “always breathing that breeze which leaves a taste of salt on the lips,” and how the little children have, to his surprise, “faces like anybody else, round, full, sunburned till they are scorched, having on their faces the mark of the sea just like fishermen.” Then he describes the scars of terrible tubercular abscesses, the crutches, the crooked spines, and the

WORK FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN

miracle that had been wrought on a little victim of Pott's disease, who had just spent four years in a hospital bed, stretched in a kind of box. "This disease attacks the spinal cord, so that the rings are not perfectly attached to each other, and the ligatures are weakened so that the child cannot stand. This child, who had this disease, stands erect before me, he has no need of even a strait-jacket."

At Pen-Bron they had even raft beds, which carried the children out over the salt water, towed by a barge in which rode the Chaplain, who read to the little invalids to amuse them during the long day.

Pierre Loti's description was written fifteen years ago, and I am glad to say that in this country the same kind of treatment is being carried on with equal success at Sea-Breeze, Coney Island. This has become so famous that recently money has been given generously for fine buildings, to accommodate more children; but if there were such a hospital at every sea-port town in the United States they would not be able to take in all the children suffering from infantile paralysis and bone tuberculosis.

The two oldest institutions in New York for the surgical care of cripples are the Hospital for the Ruptured and Crippled and the Orthopædic Hospital—both in existence for about forty years. It would be impossible to estimate the far-reaching good accomplished by these two hospitals, in both of which patients may remain for months, or even years, if necessary. The great idea in the work for cripples is to have it as little institutional as possible. A patient in the "outdoor relief department" reports to the hospital as often as the surgeon in charge of the case requires, once a week, once a fortnight, or once a month, as the case may be. If possible he should purchase his own orthopædic braces or other necessary appliances, and what tonics or special foods he may need. Generally these may be obtained at the hospital at nominal rates. The ideal plan is that each child should live in his own home, and visit the hospital only when necessary, but like many ideals it is hard of attainment. Some parents never take a crippled child to a doctor, regarding deformity as a disposition of Providence, others are too indifferent to go regularly; others, and by far the larger part, say they cannot afford to leave their work and lose the earnings for the time spent. The treatment must be given from the outside, a census must be taken of every house, and the patient must be called for by stage, or if necessary, be taken away for weeks or months, or even years.

As may well be imagined, this work is very expensive, and more schools are needed in all our large cities, Boston, Philadelphia,

WORK FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN

Chicago and New York. Just at present, the Public School System of Manhattan is taking charge of the educational department of a few schools for cripples, in an experimental way, leaving the physical department to the managers who have hitherto had charge.

One of the greatest problems of these schools is that of transportation. Very few of the children are able to walk, and a stage must be sent to their homes to bring them to school. Dinner is furnished them, and at the close of the afternoon the stage takes them home, from fifteen to twenty-five at a time. Now this stage alone is a great expense,—a good one costs about fifteen hundred dollars and is even then unheated. Every school ought to have a rubber-tired, heated stage, as in going on the long drive from door to door the children often get very tired. In the winter it is long after dark when the last ones get home. With the financial prosperity of the schools these conditions will be improved.

It would be interesting to compare our schools with those of Europe, but the limits of this article forbid more than a mention of the work done by the Guild for the Crippled Children of the Poor of New York City,—of which the Davis School, described in a former issue of *THE CRAFTSMEN*, was auxiliary number one,—and those of the Children's Aid Society, and various other organizations. One of the most interesting phases of work with cripples is that of giving them amusement, and the Crippled Children's Driving Association does this by taking a group to the park once a week in a big 'bus, a different group going each day from several centers. I should like to suggest to the reader, whether he lives in Greater New York or some far corner of Australia, to consider whether he is doing his own individual duty to any crippled children that there may be in his community. Wherever poverty and crowded quarters exist, there are cripples. Wherever there are any number of them there should be a school, a home, or some sort of organization in which they may have a chance to recover their health and learn a trade. If any one of *THE CRAFTSMAN* readers is so fortunate as to live where there are no crippled children he must, indeed, be from a city of the rich, and can well afford to help the work in one of the great cities of the poor.



The Three Spirits

Out of the dark three little spirits came
Together, for they feared to go alone
The long uncharted way to the earth-zone,
Feared the cold space, the vapor and the flame.

Where in the storied mazes of the past
Learned they to trust each other? In what strange
Shadowy council did they seek the change
That brought them to our alien shores at last?

Maybe the stars then mirrored in the sea
Know of their quest, their union and their goal;
Know the sweet purpose of each pilgrim soul--
Why, being one, they face the world as three.

Elsa Barker



Suggestions for the Simple Garden.

PAIN T A TREL L IS WH I T E , A N D H A L F CO V E R
IT W I T H G R A P E V I N E S , A N D Y O U H A V E A
M O S T A L L U R I N G A N D P I C T U R E S Q U E P E R G O L A .



Suggestions for the Simple Garden.

MORNING GLORIES OVER A HIGH TRELLIS-
FENCE WILL HIDE THE MONDAY WORK
AND ADD BEAUTY TO THE GARDEN.



Suggestions for the Simple Garden.

GRAPE VINES ARE THE BEST DECORATION FOR CITY BACK YARD FENCES. THEY GIVE PERFUME IN SPRING, COLOR IN AUGUST AND FRUIT IN FALL.



Suggestions for the Simple Garden.

THIS IS JUST AN ENTRANCE TO A
BACK DOOR. AN ARBOR HIDDEN
BY THE COMMONEST VINES.



Suggestions for the Simple Garden.

AN EASY WAY TO SHIELD A KITCHEN DOOR.
IVY AND MORNING GLORIES, AND WOOD FERNS
TO GATHER THE HOUSE TO THE GROUND.

THE OLD PEASANT OF OLLERUP: BY PAUL HARBOE



HE LIVED in his own thatched house, half brick and half timber, which stood by itself at the foot of the long hill, a little way west of Ollerup. Scarcely ever did anyone come to see him, and rarely indeed did he himself venture out beyond his gate. There was a flourishing fresh-looking garden within the fence, on either side of the narrow gravel path that led to the porch. The house lay perhaps a hundred feet back. Most of his time, I was informed, was spent in keeping the garden absolutely weedless, and otherwise in perfect order.

All Ollerup knew his life-story like a well-studied lesson. Already I had heard it from many mouths, in almost as many accents; one would tell it with some faint display of sympathy, another with loud laughter, yet another with sneers.

"He's a simpleton," they said to me. "He could have married as fine a girl as ever was seen in Ollerup. He thought he was too poor. Fixed idea with him, you know. He wasn't poor, at all, and as for the girl,—she had a nice little lump of money laid by, and owned land besides. But the old crank wouldn't listen to reason. He had a mortal horror of debt."

One Sunday morning (I had been a week at Ollerup) I strolled down the *Landevej* toward his home. As I drew near, I caught sight of the old peasant, and I paused, involuntarily struck by the way, the very careful and yet tenderly nervous way, in which he fussed about his flowers and plants. Now he would stoop down, crush a lump of earth between his hands and sprinkle the powdered soil close around the stem of a sprouting shrub; or pull up a stray unwelcome weed. To me he gave no notice till he heard the click of the gate as it closed. Then he stopped his work suddenly and looked at me with a surprised, half-startled gaze.

"Oh," he cried, somewhat flustered, "I took you for the clog-maker. I owe him for my last pair, you see. I meant to have paid him yesterday," he went on convincingly, "but it was Katherina's birthday and—" He paused, as if there was nothing more to tell, as if he expected I should understand. In the moment of silence, he had turned away.

"Katherina was your old friend?"

He faced me quickly and with eagerness.

"Has she told you? Do you know her?"

"They told me in the village," I replied quietly.

THE OLD PEASANT OF OLLERUP

"Tell me," he cried almost harshly, "did they blame me? Did they say it was my fault?"

"They said Katherina loved you dearly."

His features lighted up for an instant, and then faded into a sad dreamy smile. And when he spoke again his voice was strangely mellow, pleasanter to my ear than the music of the ringing church-bells.

"We might go in, if you like?"

We followed the gravel path around the house and entered a bare but very clean-kept kitchen. Indeed it might have been a woman's hand that had put it in order. There was an oblong table at the window; and one chair; beside the old-fashioned stove, which was polished to a glitter, stood a square box filled with peat. I further noticed on the lowest shelf of a white-painted closet a row of crockery. The floor bore evidence of having been scrubbed that very morning.

"I WAS born in this house," the old peasant began when I was seated in the rocker he had brought in from the parlor. "My father died before I was able to walk. My mother—poor, dear woman—guarded me only too well. As I grew up, I felt that I was fitted for the trade of watchmaker, and I told her so. But she would not give her consent; she thought my mingling with rough journeymen would make a wayward youth of me. Nor would she let me go to school with other boys."

He drew in a deep breath; I tried to catch his eye, but in vain. It was an awkward interval for me. I felt the need of saying something that might convince the old man that he had before him at least a sympathetic listener. Certain words hung on my lips, but there was in his manner an air of aloofness that swept them away unspoken.

"Where was I?" he asked absently.

"Your mother would not——"

"Oh, yes, I remember. Our pastor gave me lessons in religion. I had no friends in the world—no friends save Katherina. My mother wanted me to be a child all my life—her child only."

He paused.

"You call Katherina a friend," I said as gently as possible, "but wasn't she your sweetheart, didn't you love her?"

"Love her!" he retorted sternly. "How could I think of love? I had my mother then—a mother who wanted me all for herself. I was kept away from everybody, away from Katherina."

THE OLD PEASANT OF OLLERUP

He stopped again, as if the whole story had been recited. We sat in silence for a little while. At length he leaned forward, so far that his hand outstretched would have touched my face.

“And then she died, my mother, in her seventieth year. Oh, what despair, what grief, what agony! I stood there at her deathbed, the bewildered, helpless child she had fashioned. What did I know of the ways of the great world? These rooms and the garden were my world. I couldn't eat, nor sleep, nor think. A neighbor came and asked me when I should bury her; the minister came, too. I answered them that I didn't know. “She isn't in my way here,” I told them. But then—then Katherina came.”

THIS time the silence was long, but not oppressive. Indeed, it seemed quite natural that he should hesitate at this point. “My mother was buried. She lies near the tall oaks, just within the cemetery gate.”

We heard quick steps on the path, and then, a moment later, a sharp, loud knock.

“The clog-maker, and I owe him for my last pair,” cried the old peasant leaping up. “Oh, I'm so sorry I didn't pay him yesterday,” he went on nervously, in great confusion. I opened the door and found the butcher there with a slice of meat already paid for. The old peasant had hurried into the parlor for money.

When he returned, he recounted a number of silver coins, and laid them carefully, one upon the other, on the table.

“I'm somewhat better off than I used to be. But it's so easy to fall into debt.” The mere thought of this made him shudder. “I wish the clog-maker would come, so that I might get rid of that burden.”

“So, after all, you didn't love Katherina,” I urged, trying to get the truth out of the man.

His childish, kindly face beamed and his tender blue eyes looked as though they saw straight before them some happy scene of the far dead past.

“Oh, yes,” he spoke slowly and distinctly, “I did love her,—when my mother was gone. We were to have been married. Katherina set the day. She was in Svenborg then. As often as she could, she came here to see me, and when we were together I had plenty of courage to face the future—but none at all when alone. I brooded over my meager income. I couldn't see any light ahead. Some time passed. I was very unhappy, and always restless and

THE OLD PEASANT OF OLLERUP

conscience-stricken. I wrote to her again. I told her I was ready. I told her I could not live away from her. And yet, on Thursday, when my heart ached most terribly, I wrote again, a very long letter, in which I said that I could not marry now. I could not drag her into my miserable life. Poverty, debt, stared at me wherever I turned my gaze. 'Don't come,' I wrote. But in a postscript I added, 'Come anyway.' She sent back this message, 'If you dare not, I dare not.' Nothing more.

"Sunday morning, awaking early, I hurriedly put on my new black suit, which I had placed the night before carefully on a chair beside my bed. For some time I stood before the mirror admiring myself. How handsome I looked. Ha, ha! I would not wear the suit to the church, I would carry it upon my arm—ha, ha!—upon my arm.

"I made no breakfast. Of course, Katherina would prepare an excellent dinner. At the commencement of the chimes I started out. It was raining lightly. I hurried onward—onward, with my new black suit, but Katherina was not at the church. Then I remembered her note—'If you dare not, I dare not,' and slowly came home."

He had grown pale and seemed very tired. I noticed that his hands, clasped across his breast, trembled a little.

"Have you ever seen Katherina since that day?"

He started queerly at the sound of my voice.

"Seen her?" he asked in a dry whisper, "Why yes,—I have, indeed." He fell forward across the table, quite exhausted. There he lay for some moments, perfectly still. At length when he rose to his feet and turned his eyes upon mine, there were no tears in them.

"I'm very tired," he said, with a childish appeal, "I'm going in for a rest. But you need not go. You might stay and give this money to the clog-maker when he comes."

I tarried for five or six minutes, then I stole softly out of the cool, quiet room. On the *Landevej* I met an old woman, very neatly dressed. She was carrying a big basket. To my "good morning!" she smiled, and quickened her step a little.

At the gate she stopped as if to view the garden. I knew her then, and went on up the hill. But its steepness and length were both diminished, I thought. And what a beautiful Sunday morning it was!

MY WORLD

WITHIN an attic cell
I dwell,
Close underneath the sky;
Where from a window's nook
I look,
And watch my world go by.

Great loads of straw creep down
To town
Through the short Winter day;
Schoolboys, with sleds, run to
And fro
Along the old highway.

'Twi'x road and ridge the stream,
With gleam
Of diamond chains, runs on;
Beyond, the swift trains dash
And flash
Like shuttles in the sun.

Day dies and on the snow
Below
The gray fence lines show clear;
No sound of beast or bird
Is heard,
A white silence is here.

A pale translucent green
Is seen
Across the Western sky;
Look! Dian's horn drops slow,
And so,
My world is all gone by.

—EVA L. OGDEN.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, SERIES OF 1907: NUMBER V: BRICK AND PLASTER CONSTRUCTION

THE CRAFTSMAN house design offered to our readers this month is for a country house of ample dimensions and built on straight and simple lines. The proportions of the house, the interest to be found in the character of the construction, and the contrasting color of bricks, plaster and timber, take away all suggestion of severity, although its form is straight and square. It needs ample surroundings and plenty of shrubbery to produce the best effect when viewed from the exterior, as the building is too massive to be cramped within the confines of a small lot.

The walls of the lower story and the chimneys are of hard burned red brick. The upper walls are of Portland cement plaster with half-timber construction, the foundation, steps and porch parapets are



FRONT ELEVATION

of split stone laid up in black cement and the roof is tiled. This gives unusual variety and interest, both in the materials used and in the color, which can be made rich and warm or cool and subdued, according to the coloring demanded



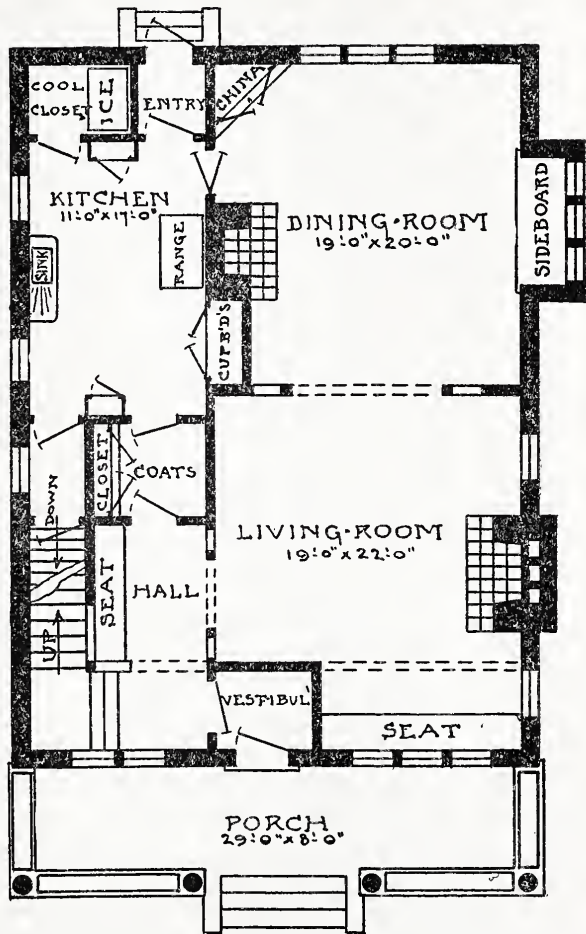
SIDE ELEVATION

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: NUMBER FIVE

by the surroundings. Naturally, the predominating color is dull red, which appears in the brick in its darker tones and is repeated in higher key by the main roof and the smaller porch roof and window hoods. The plaster would better be left in its natural gray, darkened a little by an admixture of lamp black, and the timbers stained to a mossy green tone. If a softer and darker color effect is desired, it can be produced by a little dull green pigment stippled on unevenly with a rough, stiff brush. This secures the same variation in color that appears in stained wood. The round porch columns are also of plaster, and should be given a tone to harmonize with the walls. The floor of the porch would be of cement in the natural gray tone, to afford the necessary contrast with the brick, and the varied hues in the stone of the foundation serve to bring together all the colors shown in the building materials.

It will be noted that the half-timber construction on the upper story is entirely "probable," the timbers being so placed that they might easily belong to the real construction of the house. Windows, where exposed, are double-hung, with small panes in the top sash, and all casements are either hooded or otherwise sheltered, as by the roof of the porch.

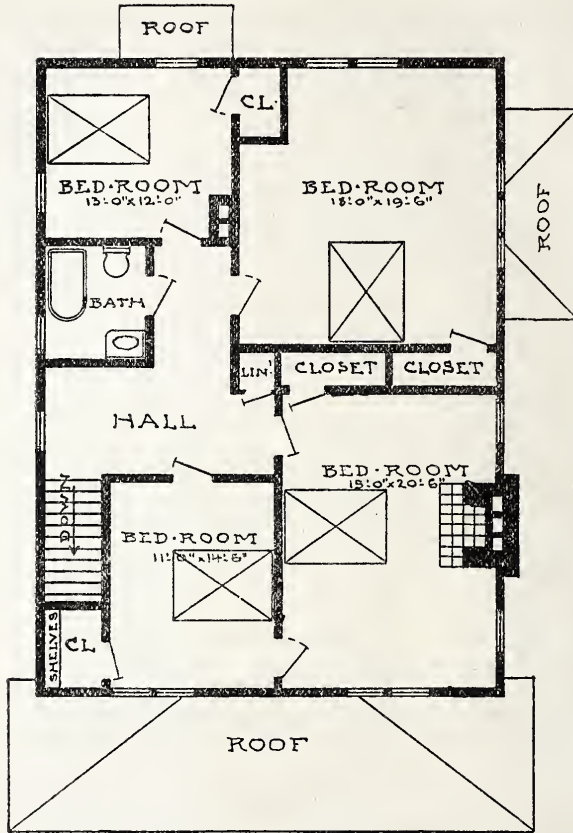
Where the windows are double-hung,



• FIRST FLOOR PLAN •

the most interesting effect is produced by making the small square lights in the upper sash of antique glass that shows a faint greenish or yellowish shade, according to the exposure of the room and the desired effect of light. This antique glass is not generally known to builders, and has none of the characteristics of the commercial "art glass" in general use.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: NUMBER FIVE



• SECOND FLOOR PLAN •

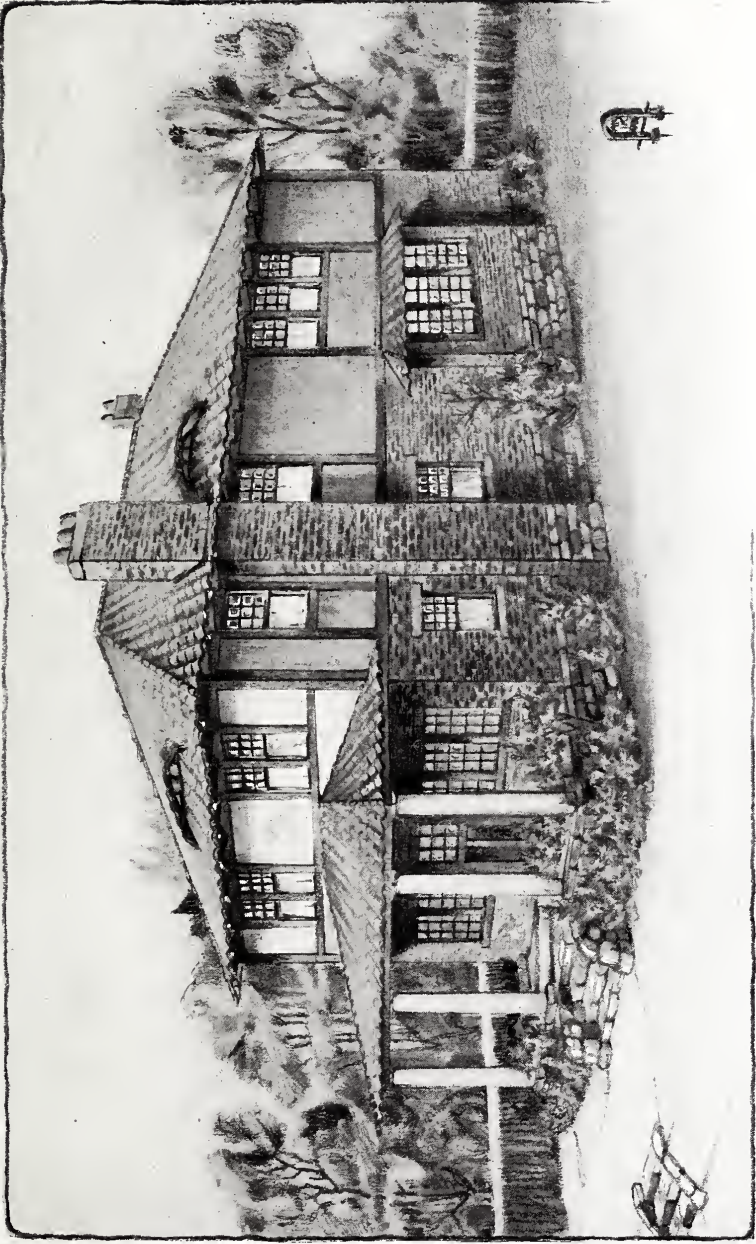
It is more like an early type of glass dating from the period of primitive methods of glass-making, when the glass had either a decided tinge of color, or the effect of iridescence, and a great many surface irregularities that made a window difficult to see through from any distance, although it was quite clear. If glass of this character be used in the upper sash, and sash-curtains over the single large pane of plate-glass in the

lower sash, the effect is full of interest and charm.

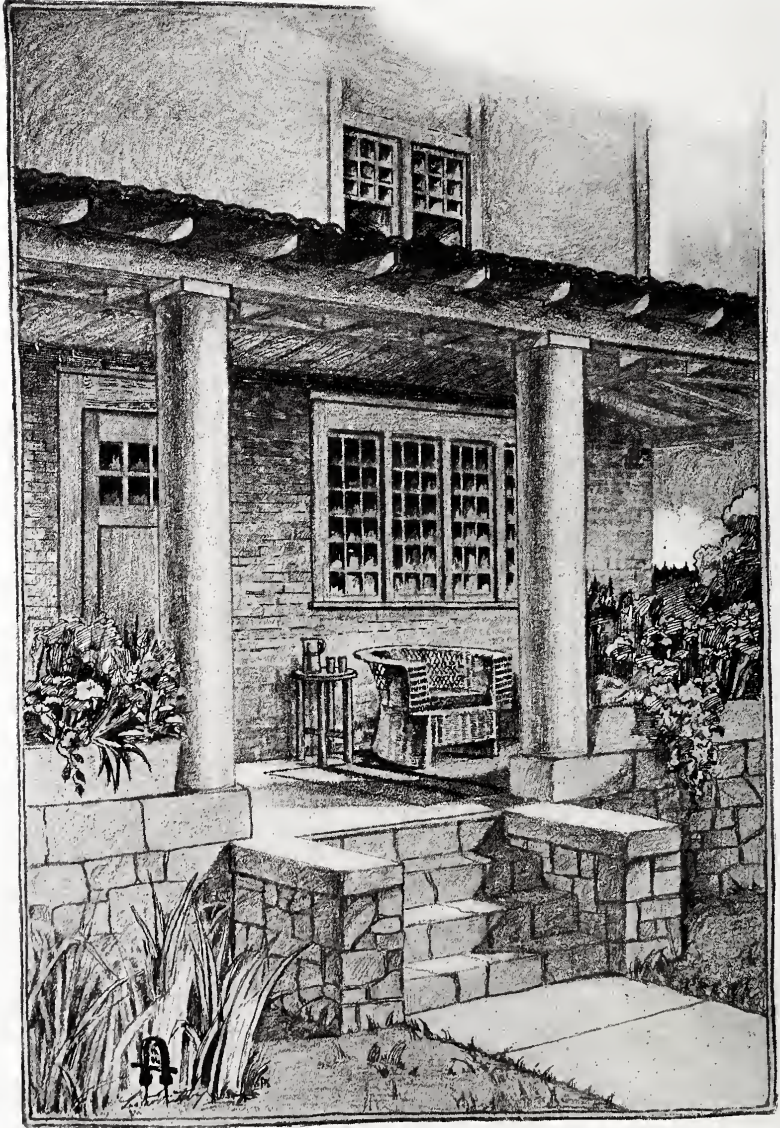
The arrangement of the interior of this house is very simple, as the living-room and dining-room occupy the whole of one side, with no more than a suggestion of a dividing partition, and the arrangement of kitchen, hall and staircase on the other side is equally direct and convenient. The only room closed off is the kitchen.

The entrance door opens into a small vestibule that serves to shut off draughts from the hall, which is little more than a recess of the living-room. The entrance from the vestibule to the hall is at right angles to the front door instead of opposite, so that the danger from draughts is made so small that the opening might easily be curtained off and a second door dispensed with. The broad landing of the staircase is directly opposite this opening from the vestibule,

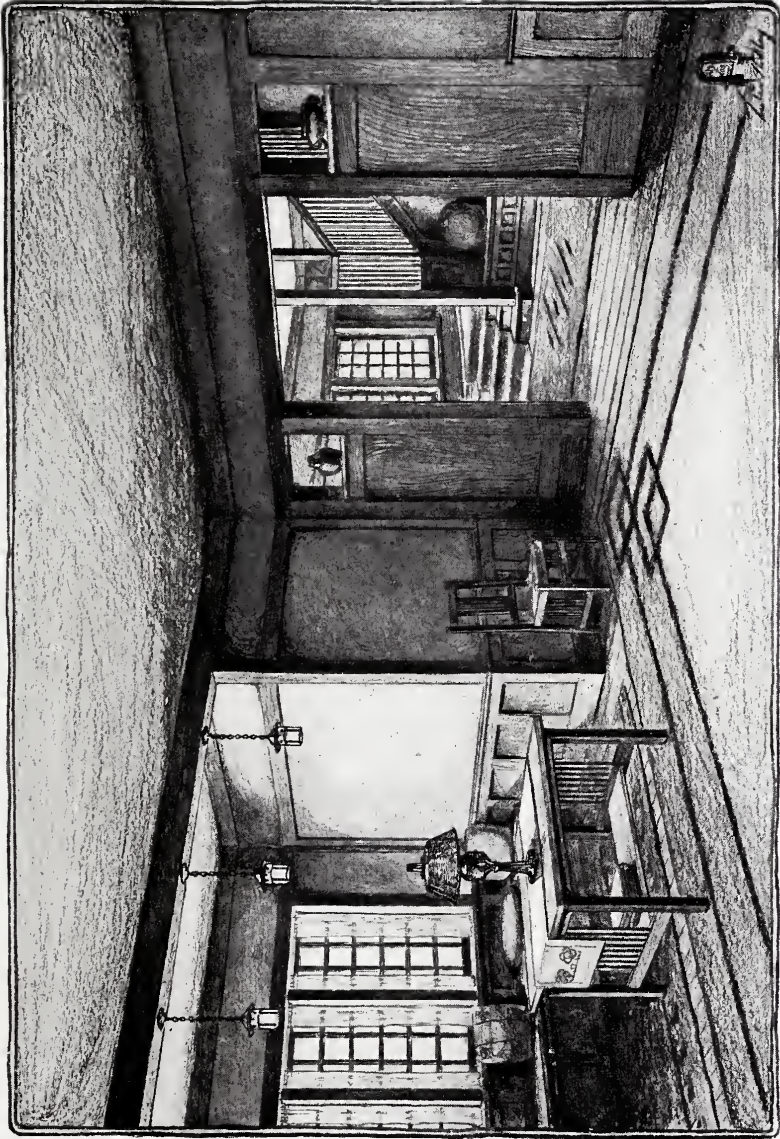
and in the angle where the stair runs up a large hall seat is built. Two casement windows serve to light the hall and landing and a wide opening makes it practically a part of the living room. The vestibule jutting into the living room leaves a deep recess at the front, in which is built a long window seat, below the triple group of casements. The fireplace is in the center of the room, opposite the hall, and another fireplace in the



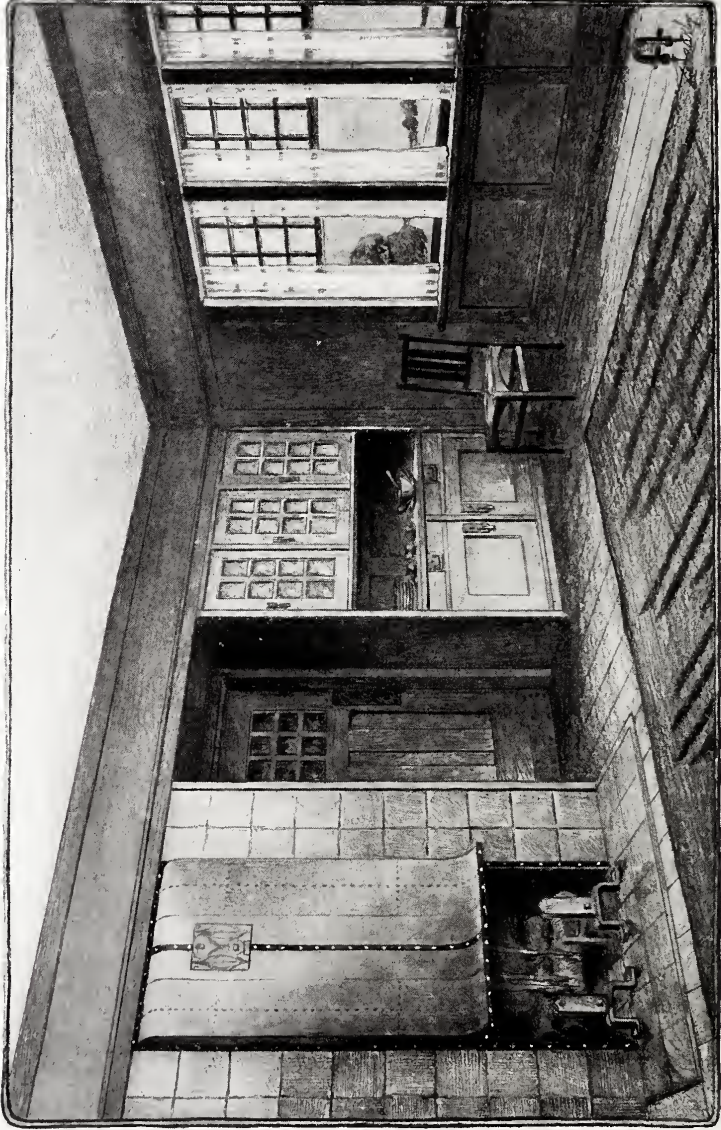
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE : SERIES
OF 1907, NUMBER FIVE.



ENTRANCE PORCH, SHOWING CONSTRUCTION.



LIVING ROOM, WITH GLIMPSE
OF HALL AND STAIRCASE.



CORNER OF DINING ROOM SHOW-
ING CUPBOARD AND FIREPLACE.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: NUMBER FIVE

dining room utilizes the same flue as the kitchen range. The partitions between the living room and dining room are merely suggested by a post and panel construction, open at the top, such as may be seen in the illustration of the opening between the living room and hall. The sideboard is built in a recess, and has above it a group of three casements. On the side next to the kitchen a cupboard for china is built in the corner. This is shown in two ways and may be shown in the illustration of the dining room, the cupboard is built straight with the wall, putting the swing door that leads to the kitchen into a recess that is made by this cupboard and the fireplace. In the floor plan, the cupboard is represented as built across the corner of the room. Either way would be effective, and the choice depends simply upon the matter of personal preference and convenience. On the other side of the fireplace, a cupboard opening into the kitchen projects into the dining room to the level of the chimneypiece. The kitchen is conveniently arranged and well equipped. A small entry leads to the outside door and the corner of the room is occupied by a refrigerator and cool closet. Another entry with double doors affords communication with the hall, and also a recess which is intended for a coat closet.

So much of the beauty of this house depends upon the woodwork that too much attention can hardly be given to the selection of the wood and the finish. The tone of the woodwork would depend

largely upon the position of the house and consequent exposure of the rooms. If they are bright and sunny, nothing could be better than the dark gray-brown of oak or chestnut, with its strong suggestion of green, as this gives a somewhat grave and subdued effect that yet wakes into life in a sunshiny room and shows the play of the double tones of green and brown with the sheen of gray over them that is most fascinating, both in itself and as a foundation for the general color scheme of the room. If a cool effect is desired, nothing could be better than the walls left in the natural gray tint of the rough sand-finished plaster, perhaps darkened a little by the addition of lamp black; the ceiling would be left in the natural light gray tone. Or both walls and ceiling could be stippled with a pigment that would give them an uneven tone of soft gray-green, care always being taken, of course, to have the ceiling considerably lighter than the walls.

If the rooms are fairly well shaded, so that the effect of warmth would be desirable in the color, the woodwork might be of cypress, with its strong markings, which take on deep shadows in the softer parts and beautiful autumn tints in the grain when treated with a surface tone of rich brown. If this were done, the walls would be best in a warm yellowish tone if left in the plaster, or covered with Japanese grass cloth in a dull greenish straw color that is made light and luminous by the silvery sheen that is characteristic of this material.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK: PRACTICAL EXAMPLES IN STRUCTURAL WOOD WORKING: TWENTY-SIXTH OF THE SERIES

A HANGING BOOKSHELF

THE design for a hanging bookshelf given here is so planned that the convenience afforded by the shelves in graded widths also adds much to the quaintness and decorative quality of the piece. As will be noted, two bookshelves are for books of different sizes, and the top shelf with a railing in front of it serves as a rack for magazines. The sides are absolutely plain, except for the

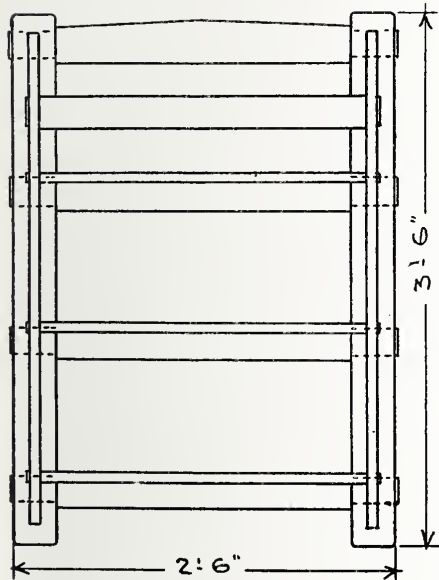


little decorative touch given by the projecting ends of the tenons, but the back is divided into three panels set in the frame of the bookcase and the two cross pieces just back of the shelves. The grooves in the framework should be cut rather deeper than the exact size of the panels, to allow for any slight shrinking and swelling of the wood.

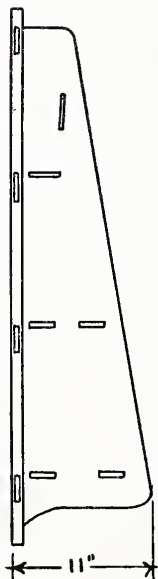
MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR HANGING BOOK SHELF

Pieces	No.	Long	Rough			Finished	
			Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick	
Sides	2	39 in.	11 in.	1 in.	10 $\frac{5}{8}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	
Back posts	2	42 in.	4 in.	1 in.	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	
Top of back	1	30 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	4 in.	1 in.	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	
Lower rail back	1	30 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	3 in.	1 in.	2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	

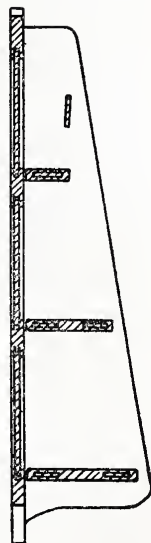
HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



FRONT-ELEVATION



SIDE
ELEVATION



SECTION

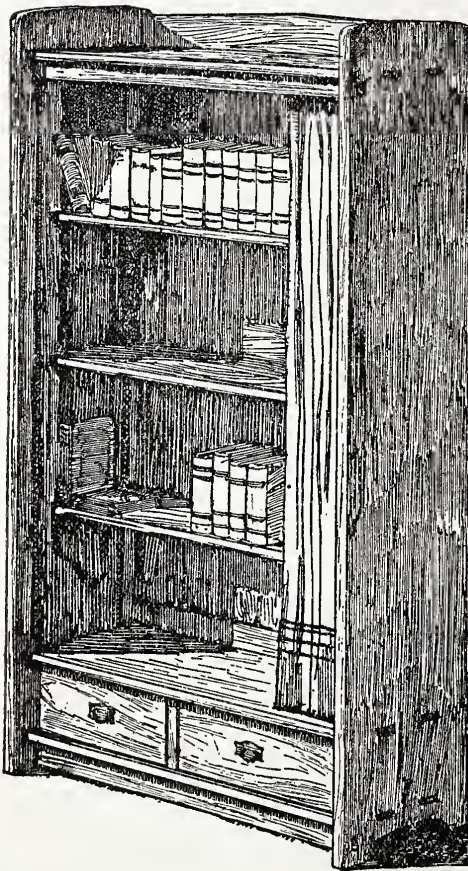
DESIGN OF A HANGING BOOK-SHELF

SCALE OF INCHES : 

Center rails	2	30 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	3 in.	1 in.	2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Back panels	2	24 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	10 in.	$\frac{1}{2}$ in.	9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Back top panel	1	24 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	12 in.	$\frac{1}{2}$ in.	11 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Bottom shelf	1	30 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	10 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	9 in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Center shelf	1	30 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	8 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	7 in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Top shelf	1	30 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	4 in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Slat	1	30 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	3 in.	$\frac{1}{2}$ in.	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{8}$ in.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

A CRAFTSMAN BOOKCASE

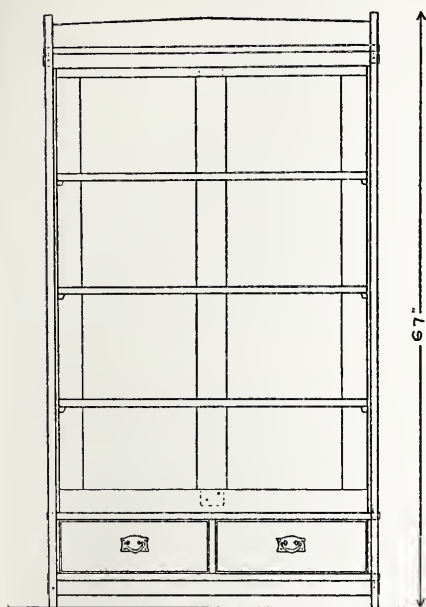


THIS model for a bookcase has two drawers below for papers or magazines, and three adjustable shelves that can be moved to any height desired, simply by changing the position of the pegs that support the shelves. If the books are small, an additional shelf might be put in if required. The frame of the bookcase is perfectly plain, the smooth surface of the sides being broken only by the tenons of the top and bottom. The general effect is straight and square, but the very slight curve at the top of both back and sides takes away any appearance of crudity.

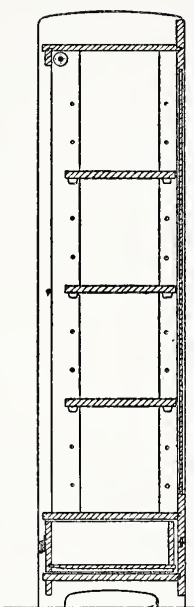
MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR BOOKCASE

Pieces	No.	Long	Rough		Finished	
			Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick
Sides	2	67 in.	17 in.	1 in.	16½ in.	¾ in.
Top and shelves	3	38½ in.	16 in.	1 in.	15⅜ in.	⅞ in.
Top of back	1	37 in.	7 in.	1 in.	6 in.	⅞ in.
Bottom of back	1	37 in.	12 in.	1 in.	11½ in.	⅞ in.
Back side stiles	2	50¼ in.	4 in.	1 in.	3½ in.	⅞ in.
Back center stile . . .	1	50¼ in.	4 in.	1 in.	3½ in.	⅞ in.

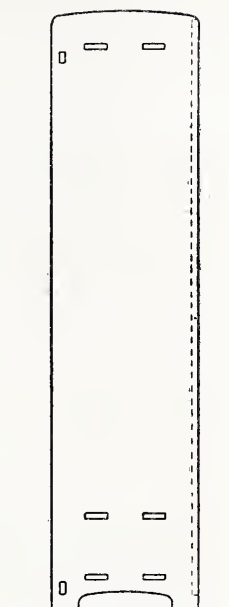
HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



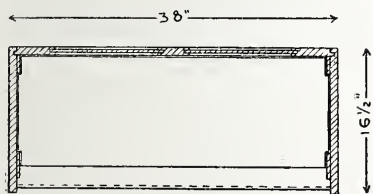
FRONT ELEVATION



CROSS SECTION

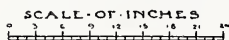


SIDE ELEVATION



HORIZONTAL SECTION

DESIGN FOR A BOOKCASE

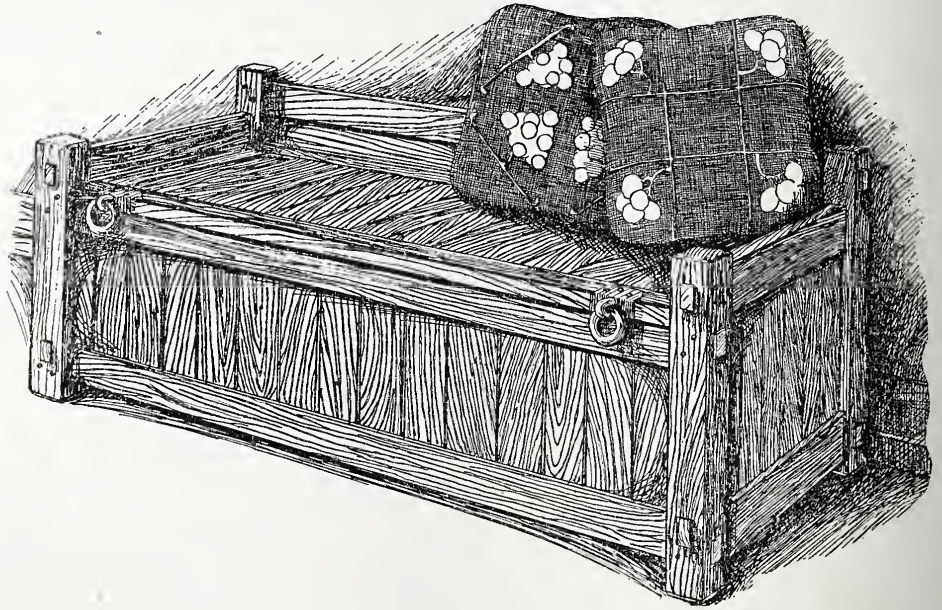


Back panels	2	48 in.	15 in.	1/2 in.	14 in.	3/8 in.
Top stretcher	1	38 1/2 in.	3 in.	7/8 in.	2 1/4 in.	3/4 in.
Bottom stretcher . . .	1	38 1/2 in.	2 in.	7/8 in.	1 5/8 in.	3/4 in.
Side braces, front . . .	2	59 in.	4 in.	1/2 in.	3 in.	3/8 in.
Side braces, back . . .	2	52 in.	3 in.	1/2 in.	2 1/2 in.	3/8 in.
Center between drawers	1	14 3/4 in.	7 in.	7/8 in.	6 in.	3/4 in.
Adjustable shelves . . .	3	36 1/4 in.	13 in.	1 in.	12 1/2 in.	7/8 in.
Drawer fronts	2	17 1/4 in.	7 in.	5/8 in.	6 in.	1/2 in.
Drawer sides	4	14 in.	7 in.	1/2 in.	6 in.	3/8 in.
Drawer backs	2	17 in.	6 in.	1/2 in.	5 in.	3/8 in.
Drawer bottoms	2	17 in.	15 in.	1/2 in.	14 in.	3/8 in.
Shelf rests	12					
Curtain rod	1	35 1/2 in. long.				
Drawer pulls	2	No. 266.				

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

A CRAFTSMAN WOOD-BOX

THIS heavily constructed wood-box is designed to serve for a seat as well. The framework is solid and massive, with square corner posts, into which the side and end pieces are mortised. The boards, of which the sides, top and ends are made, are V-jointed and spliced together to prevent spreading in case the heat of the fire should cause them to shrink. The back is rather higher than the sides, and affords a support for pillows, while the front is carefully leveled off, so that no ridge of framework interferes with the comfort of the seat.

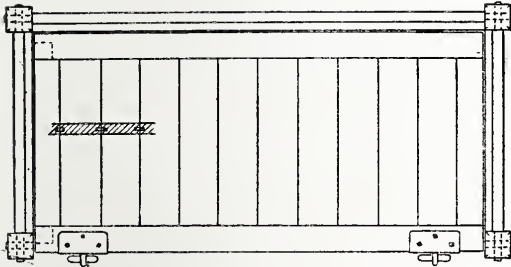


MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR WOOD BOX

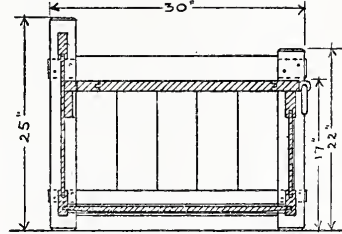
Pieces	No.	Long	Rough			Finished	
			Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick	
Posts, front	2	22 in.	4 in.	4 in.	3 in.	3 in.	
Posts, back	2	25 in.	4 in.	4 in.	3 in.	3 in.	
Front and back stretchers	4	60½ in.	4 in.	1¼ in.	3½ in.	1⅛ in.	
Side stretchers	4	30½ in.	3½ in.	1¼ in.	3 in.	1⅛ in.	
*Back panel	1	55½ in.	18 in.	7⁄8 in.	17 in.	¾ in.	

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

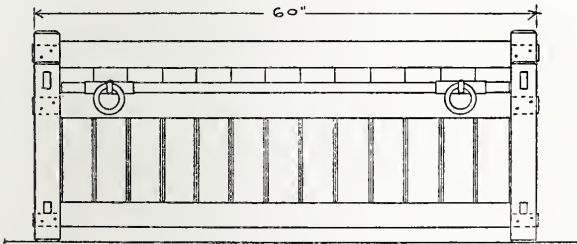
DESIGN FOR A WOOD BOX.



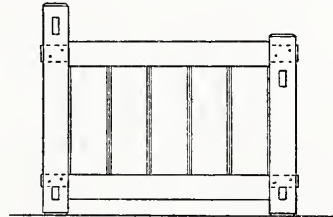
PLAN



SECTION



FRONT ELEVATION



SIDE ELEVATION

*Front panel	1	55½ in.	12 in.	7/8 in.	10 in.	¾ in.
*Side panels	2	25½ in.	15 in.	7/8 in.	14½ in.	¾ in.
Side rails	2	24 in.	1 in.	1 in.	15/16 in.	7/8 in.
Back rails	1	54 in.	1 in.	1 in.	15/16 in.	7/8 in.
Support	1	55½ in.	3 in.	1 in.	21½ in.	7/8 in.
Bottom	1	56½ in.	28 in.	1 in.	27 in.	7/8 in.
Bottom support	2	27 in.	4 in.	1¼ in.	3½ in.	1 1/8 in.
Top stiles	2	54 in.	4 in.	1 in.	3 in.	7/8 in.
Top rails	2	24 in.	4 in.	1 in.	3 in.	7/8 in.
Top panel	1	48 in.	20 in.	1 in.	18 in.	7/8 in.
Strips		70 feet.				
Hinges	2 pairs.					
Lifting handles	2					
*V-jointed.						

ALS IK KAN

THE pride of Americans, inspired by the greatness and glory of the country, and its marvellous resources of human genius and natural endowments, is humbled and shamed by the spectacle of civic corruption and political failure. The magnificent business acumen and courage which have made the word "American" synonymous with success, and wrought splendid achievements in industry, commerce, science, invention, art, literature and philosophy, have failed to make our political life a matter for pride. The same word "American" which in so many other departments of life is a synonym for glorious achievement, is in politics and statecraft synonymous with shameful corruption and abject inefficiency.

The greatest republic in history is not a conspicuous example of the success of political democracy. Under it we have evolved a "boss" rule as despotic as Russia's Grand Ducal oligarchy and quite as corrupt. As Professor Goldwin Smith justly observed in a recent issue of the *North American Review*, our political system "breaks down" in municipal government. Mr. Bryce, the British Ambassador, long ago remarked the same fact, and there is no lack of corroborative testimony. Democracy, the sworn foe of despotism, creates despots in the shape of political bosses like Tweed, Croker and Murphy, of New York; Krantz and Butler, of St. Louis; Ames and Gardiner, of Minneapolis; Magee and Flint, of Pittsburg; Martin and Durham, of Philadelphia; Cox, of Cin-

cinnati; Ruef, of San Francisco, and many others equally malodorous and dangerous.

Revolts against this rule of the boss are common. Everywhere the worm turns and there are intermittent "reform" risings. Tweed is broken and disgraced, but Croker comes after a brief interval. Croker goes, but Murphy comes to take his place. Weaver wins in Philadelphia, but after a brief and barren term of office the "machine" he thought he had completely wrecked comes back to its old powers of graft and corruption.

As a result of the cynicism and pessimism which this experience engenders, there is a good deal of discussion of the "incapacity of democratic government." A few ardent believers in the simple principles of democracy adhere to the conviction so eloquently expressed by Macaulay in his fine essay on Milton, that "There is only one cure for the evils which newly acquired freedom produces; and that cure is freedom." Likewise, say these believers in democracy, the only cure for the evils of democracy is more democracy. This is, of course, the American idea. It is the essence of the political and social faith of Lincoln. But against this faith in the people comes the demand to lessen their powers. Proposals are made that a larger part of the functions of government should be taken out of the hands of the people and entrusted to boards of "experts" or civil service commissioners. Even such a democratic thinker as Professor Goldwin Smith proposes that municipal government should be taken out of the hands of

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

the citizens; that our cities shall be "run" by persons appointed by some outside authority, who shall owe no responsibility to the citizens they govern. In a word, it is proposed in all seriousness that there is no way to root out the corruption which despoils our cities except by destroying the right of self-government.

True, one American city, Galveston, has voluntarily given up its right of self-government and consents to be governed from the outside. But this is not in accord with the American ideal. It is the plan of Prussian bureaucracy rather than of American democracy. To get rid of the political boss we are familiar with, we are asked to create a Frankenstein in the shape of a boss far more powerful and practically invulnerable. If such measures are necessary to put an end to graft and corruption in our cities, why may they not be resorted to in order to end the graft and corruption in our state governments? Everybody knows that there is as much graft in the various halls of state legislature as in the halls of city government. Shall we, therefore, do away with representative government in our states and be governed by commissioners chosen by a select few? And if we consented to the change, does any sane person believe that there would be less exploitation of public services and needs for private gain? Would the preying powers who now contrive to fill our representative positions with corrupt tools fail to achieve the same result with fewer places to be filled, less opportunities for exposure and punitive action, and far greater powers of doing wrong?

Why, again, may we not apply the same principle to our national government, do away with elected representatives, and call upon the Supreme Court, or some other small body, to appoint a hierarchy of superior persons, political supermen, to govern us and establish a sort of "benevolent feudalism," to use Mr. Ghent's convenient and expressive phrase?

It is true that Washington, the nation's capital city, has no self-government, being governed in an autocratic way by three commissions appointed by the President, while Congress discharges the functions usually discharged by aldermanic boards. It is true, also, that for many years there has been no very serious scandal connected with the government of the city, that its government has been as efficient and honest as that of the European cities we Americans have grown accustomed to envy. But it is equally true that Washington is not a typical city, that its conditions are so wholly exceptional as to almost exclude it from the category of cities. We do not fear that its form of government will soon supplant the "government of the people, by the people, for the people" upon which, theoretically at least, our cities are established. Even if it can be shown that there are fewer chances of corruption where the government is alienated from the mass of the citizenry, a proposition not to be lightly accepted, it yet remains to be considered and weighed against the advantage the fact that, as all political philosophy from Aristotle's day to our own shows, no community is really ever safe or great until it has learned to govern itself. The craftsman-

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

ship of the State should be learned and shared by every citizen.

If we do not expect to find relief from the shame and humiliation which as citizens we suffer on account of the failure to govern ourselves with honesty and efficiency, still more impressed are we by the futility of that kind of "reform," so common and so impotent, which consists in "turning rascals out and putting good men in their places." Not only are the "good men" themselves often disappointingly inefficient and weak, and easily made the tools of the same forces which lie back of the bosses and their corrupt sway, but, what is far more important, they never win except upon a basis of appeal far too narrow to include the real issue, and by allying themselves with forces so conservative and vested interests so strong as to effectually forbid vital and fundamental reform. No municipal reformer expects to win unless he can obtain the support of the "respectable element" and the "business interests" of the city, and these are the very elements whose influence and interests are used to prevent the adoption of the simple principles of remedial action to which experience points. Mr. Steffens, Mr. Frederic Howe, and other able investigators, have shown this most clearly.

The principles which must be accepted as the basis of effective remedial action are very simple and need no subtle systems of economic or political philosophy to explain them. Most emphatically we believe that there is no need for presuming that in order to get good government we must undergo another revolution involving the destruction of representative

government and the devolution of the sovereignty of the people to a few, a reaction from democracy to bureaucracy as the theory of government. We do need such a change as might well be called a revolution, but its full scope, both theoretic and practical, can be summed up in the phrase, "We need sound common sense." This holds true, of course, for the individual as well as for society. A few simple principles are all comprehensive, and there is little need of the elaborate and complex systems of ethics and philosophy by means of which we vainly strive to solve the problem of right living for the individual and the community. Just as we need simple honesty and faith in the work of the world, so we need little more in its government. Simple, fundamental thinking, and faith in the fundamental principles which such thinking inevitably reveals, is the mental and moral revolution for which the world is yearning and blindly groping.

The problem of the modern household with its worries, its waste of vital energies, its servitude to multifarious and complex details, and to custom, fashion and false standards of wealth and pleasure; is simply a microcosm of the problem of the city or state. And just as the application of sound common sense and honesty, demanding that everything in the home shall have an intelligent reason for being there, that there shall be no needless complexity or false ornament, would go far to effect the solution of the domestic problem, so their application to political and social problems would be productive of like results.

Why can we not reason with simple

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

directness and honesty from cause to result? Upon no other basis than such reasoning may we expect to build effective and lasting reforms. Why not go back of the boss to the cause of his existence; back of the corruption which shames us to the source of corruption? When the streams from which the water supply of the city is drawn are polluted by sewers which germinate deadly typhoid, why rest content with experimental filtering and sterilizing the water; why not go further back and stop the pollution at its source? The business man who saw his business melting away, his hired servants fast becoming richer than himself, and dishonesty rampant throughout all his business, would not rest satisfied with a mere change of servants and the hope that the new ones would prove more honest than the old ones. He would doubtless go to the roots of the evil and make the continuance of such conditions impossible.

What is the source of the corruption and inefficiency in our municipal governments, and, for that matter, in our states and the national government? Surely, the answer is clear and well-known! It is simply this: The things which should be regarded as so many public assets are regarded as the legitimate assets of private business, so that we have an interested class in every city and state whose efforts are frankly directed to the task of making profits for themselves out of the things which the public has not learned to look upon as its own natural assets. Incidentally, the private interests very naturally come to regard it as a legitimate feature of their enterprise to keep the public in that attitude.

Take St. Louis. In its public services, St. Louis ranks among the worst cases of incompetence and neglect in the United States. And why not? At the behest of its "best citizens" thieves have literally sold the city. Its streets, wharves, markets, and all else of value that it had, have been sold by the thieves to the most respectable citizens for millions of dollars, but many millions less than their worth. The thieves have divided the millions and respectable citizens the many millions more. The Grand Jury was told by a member of the Common Council, testifying under oath, that he received as much as \$50,000 for a single vote. Public franchises have been sold for \$500,000, which were worth ten times that amount. Can we wonder that for such prizes men will devote themselves to the profession of political plunder, that every city should have its political plunderbund? Can we wonder if this soil of gigantic graft proves favorable to the growth of an immense harvest of petty graft pervading all the noisome ways of the underworld of crime and vice? Suppose that the public franchises in question had been frankly regarded as so many public assets and either used by the city, or leased upon honest and open terms: does anybody pretend to believe that the results would have been less than immeasurably better from the point of view of the city?

Or take New York City. What is the incentive which inspires the long succession of bosses and grafters, the Tweeds, Crokers and Murphys? The answer is not difficult. One has only to contemplate the enormous value of its great public service franchises to find the an-

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

swer. Take the surface-railroads, the telephone companies and the lighting corporations, and we have a total value of \$400,000,000—not more than \$125,000,000 of which represents physical property. The rest is the value of franchises for which the city received nothing worth mentioning; the millions paid for them were paid in bribes. And the list of the principal shareholders in these concerns includes the names of the most prominent citizens of the city. The total value of the great public service franchises of New York City at the present time exceeds \$450,000,000, upwards of fifty millions in excess of the total indebtedness of the city. To obtain and preserve such enormously valuable privileges combinations are formed in all our cities to wreck the democracy of the Fathers of the Republic. Mr. Frederic Howe has shown in his book, "The City the Hope of Democracy," that Privilege is the force back of the boss, the source of corruption, the peril menacing free government. It is at work everywhere, even in the small cities and towns. Mr. Howe is probably well within the limits of truth when he says that there is scarcely a city in the United States with a population of twenty-five thousand or over in which the value of the public franchises is not greater than the total indebtedness of the city.

These franchises have been given away by officials, sometimes through ignorance, but generally as a result of bribery and deliberate corruption. And to this wanton and terrible debauching of our sys-

tem of government the people have been partners. Back of their acquiescence in the wrong is probably a feeling that, in a measure, the "ends justify the means." They shrug their shoulders at the evidences of bribery and political jobbery, ignore the civic disgrace and peril and point out that "transit facilities are better than in the old days." This is, of course, true. There is no good reason for supposing, however, that the advances would not have been made if honest and open business methods had been adopted, the city either building its own system of public utilities or selling or leasing its franchises in open and fair market.

Whatever the facts which lie at the root of the prevailing controversy over the profitableness or otherwise of municipal ownership and operation may prove to be, and we have something more definite than a suspicion that the real issues have been obscured in the war of words and a feeling that the balance of the argument is in favor of the public enterprise, it is quite certain that the most effective way to remove graft is to remove the temptation to graft. Like all our CRAFTSMAN gospel, this is constructive and very simple. Deny privileges to any class of citizens, abide loyally by the simple democracy upon which our political institutions are founded, preserve the public interests from private exploitation, and there will cease to be any need for considering the establishment of bureaucratic government in these United States.



FRAU TAUSCHER-GADSKI.



JOHANNA GADSKI, WHO HAS SUNG *Isolde* FOR
THE FIRST TIME IN NEW YORK THIS SPRING.

NOTES

WHAT is known as the interpretation or impersonation of an operatic role is, as we all know, a development of modern opera. The Pattis and Jenny Linds of Donizetti, Bellini and early Verdi days were not concerned with such questions, neither are the *Lucias*, *Lucretias* and *Gildas* of those operas characters susceptible of any logical interpretation. The most that the singer with dramatic training can bring to bear upon such intermittent personalities is the delicate perfumed suggestion of an emotion. The Wagnerian roles, however, and those of some later operas constructed according to Wagner's ideals, have a more or less consistent characterization. Yet, even in the greatest of these roles, *Brünhilde* and *Isolde*, there have been few examples of the interpretation that creates illusion, for the simple reason that the possession of a voice is not necessarily accompanied by a dramatic sense.

The opera-going public here has still but a limited understanding of operatic interpretation in its entirety, involving as it does the drama of music and of action. Singers like Melba, Sembrich and Caruso have many appreciators. Admirers of the acting of Bressler-Gianoli, Calvé and Lina Cavalieri—unconscious of the vocal shortcomings of these ladies—are many, but adequate appreciation of the interpretive possibilities of *Brünhilde* and *Isolde* is confined to a comparatively small class. A proof of this lies in the fact that admirers of Mme. Nordica will seriously discuss her Wagnerian "inter-

pretations." Mme. Nordica is a respected artist. It is pleasant to have had an American achieve success in the great Wagnerian roles, but in this singer's philosophy a stamp of the foot, an upward gesture of the arm, a twirl of the train and a vigorous declamatory style of singing are the requisites of interpretation.

It is probable that the first really great dramatic interpreter of these roles was Milka Ternina. Yet the drama of opera is principally conveyed through the vehicle of musical expression and is, therefore, like all other arts, dependent upon its specific technique; and in the purely musical phase of her art Mme. Ternina was somewhat defective, so that her performances, in spite of their fine dramatic quality, were vocally uneven and undependable. Lili Lehman, on the other hand, with her beautiful voice and vocal art, her majestic presence and serious sense of the significance of her roles, was conventional on the histrionic side of her interpretation.

Mme. Johanna Gadski, the most recent of the *Isoldes*, has revealed in her first performances an interpretation of great beauty and truth. And as she learned the part in four weeks with most insufficient rehearsal, it is a truly remarkable achievement.

Mme. Gadski brings to her task a voice of great range and tonal warmth, a beautiful vocal art and, through that art and a naturally sympathetic personality, unusual power of emotional expression. It is a voice that might be said to run the gamut of color from the pale cool blues and greens of her piano head tones to the warm red and violet of the lowest tones.

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

The resonant contralto quality of her chest tones—one of the unusual natural advantages of her vocal instrument—is peculiarly telling in certain passages of “Tristan.” In the first act, with its sustained pitch of stormy intensity and its repeated climaxes, she gives a remarkable demonstration of her ability to create musical climax. Her art of tone coloring and phrasing, and the variety of expression which she is therefore able to infuse into her singing—the vocal counterpart of what is known in the theatre as the “reading” of the lines—is something that only the musician will appreciate at its full worth, although the beauty of the result must reach the merest layman. By means of her mastery of these elements of her art Mme. Gadski avoids the pitfalls of anti-climax which the first act of “Tristan” presents to the incomplete artist. The subdued intensity of the second act she held without break and the final heart-break of the *Liebsteod* was never more poignantly expressed. It is diffused throughout with the very essence of womanhood, a quality discernible in all of this singer’s interpretations. In it, most strongly accented, is the sense of the appeal that *Tristan* made to *Isolde* through the fact that she had held his life in her hands when, forgetting vengeance, she had nursed him back to life and so had grown to love him. The deep underlying maternal sense that is an inevitable element of great love in a woman breathes from every expression of Gadski’s *Isolde*. It is in the very enveloping fold of her white draperies as, at the last, she bends over the dying *Tristan*.

Some critics and listeners, while ap-

preciating the musical pre-eminence of Mme. Gadski’s *Isolde*, have objected that her interpretation is not sufficiently “heroic.” Have these commentators ever contemplated the character of *Isolde* dissociated from the conception of her interpreters? Lili Lehmann, who set the standard for us, interpreted *Isolde* exactly as she did *Brünhilde*, hence, no doubt, the tradition of the heroic conception of *Isolde*. Yet *Isolde*, although a queen with a queen’s sense of personal dignity outraged by *Tristan*’s apparently inexplicable avoidance of her, is not essentially a heroic personage. She is first and last and foremost a woman. Therefore Mme. Gadski’s interpretation is not only moving but truthful.

It is a fact much to be regretted that the present conductor of the opera is so markedly unsensitive to the orchestral significance of the voice. It is little short of agonizing to have the delicate shades and colors of vocal expression drowned in a noisy blare of brass. But this is a disability under which all the Metropolitan artists suffer, and not even Mr. Hertz’s passion for sounding brass can blot out the beauties of Mme. Gadski’s *Isolde*.
K. M. R.

THE National Academy of Design has exhibited for the eighty-second time—an exhibit with no new note, with no great presentation of traditional note, and with some amazingly bad work. There are a great many familiar names of men we respect and in some instances thrill to, but the work even of these men, with but few exceptions, sagged, and you were surprised at a glimpse of a significant canvas.

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

Oddly enough the most significant work was very distinctly American in technique, feeling and subject. This at least is worthy of notice, and a far more generally noteworthy exhibit might have failed utterly in this respect. There are, of course, the necessary number of French scenes and Seines, and Versailles in winter and Fontainebleau, and the Luxembourg Gardens was there to bring to us a surety that it was an Academy exhibit; but what peaceful New England streets, and restful old Colonial churches, what misty marshes about the Sound and hazy October New York days, what splendor of Catskill woods and dreamy green Jersey hillsides were there, though in small measure, to remind one that America was growing an insular art—which is practically all the art a country has.

A picture that holds one's interest most vividly in memory is "The Golden Wood"—a sunlight day, late in October, painted by J. Francis Murphy, who lives out in the Catskill woods from the first breath of anemones to the last glimmer of yellow and red in the forest. "The Golden Wood" is a small patch of autumn trees and underbrush, and earth hidden with leaves. The sun is soaking through the branches, drifting down in a shimmering glow until the picture radiates light. The dusky autumn smell of crisp leaves is there, and the warmth of the slanting afternoon sun. And with all its marvel of technical execution the picture is ours. It belongs to our land, our tender autumn days and the great radiance of tone with which our mild summer says farewell.

A second canvas almost, if not equally,

significant is the wide reach of soft, low green hills rolling back to the horizon through a delicate intangible mist, gray and violet; fruitful hills they must be, with crests for simple homes, and fertile sloping meadow land, and in the foreground a brook babbling by, with the blue of a summer day on its surface. It is called, as I remember, "The Babbling Brook." A second landscape by this most poetic and distinctively American painter, Charlotte Coman, is "The Fall of the Year"—a picture full of sweetness and sadness and retrospect for the American who has wandered about much in fall days, kicking through leaves and inhaling the aromatic tang of autumn earth.

"The Pool," by Edith Mitchell Prellwitz, is a fine bit of vivid landscape, a blue pool in the last sun rays and some shadowy youngster reluctantly leaving its coolness and beauty to seek civilized garb and hurry home late for supper.

"The Village at Center Bridge" is just a nice broad old street of a sleepy old town where perhaps your grandmother was born and where you like to spend long August days, full of charm and serenity.

Wm. S. Robinson, who likes New England, has painted some "New England Pastures" on a dreamy day—a "perfect day on which shall no man work, but play." And Childe Hassam shows "The Church at Old Lyme," a haunt dear to American artists, and "Spring" with much quivering light in an atmosphere that suggests apple blossom odors, and "Winter—New York," which is most characteristic both of the Metropolis and Hassam.

Wonderful "Morning Mists" have gathered in a frame for W. Granville Smith, and mellow "Spring Twilight" drifts over a canvas of Walter Clark.

Of the many who are turning their faces to the West, Albert L. Groll appears, and E. W. Deming and E. Irving Couse. Groll has a vivid landscape, "Laguna, New Mexico," beautiful without *nuance*, "Rain Clouds, Arizona," and "A Breezy Day on the Desert," all full of the space, the almost harsh splendor and brilliant light of the great Southwest. In "The Spirit of Famine" E. W. Deming tells an Indian ghost story with much feeling.

Some interesting portraits were shown by Sargent, Louis Mora, Irving Wiles, C. Y. Turner, and Adelaide Cole Chase; and a surprisingly bad one by Robert Henri of Colonel David Perry.

In the sculptors' exhibit there were many names of interest, but less good work than usual. It is easy, however, to remember some very cleverly done horses by Paul H. Manship.

EDWIN MARKHAM is one of Eugene Higgins' most enthusiastic admirers. He visited the studio of this painter of poverty with Mr. Spargo and afterward wrote to the latter the following letter of praise and understanding:

"There are painters who paint the poor with insolence or with amusement. We resent their unfeeling exposure of sorrow or want or pain, as we resent a blow to a cripple or an oath to a child.

"But Eugene Higgins is not of this order. He paints the poor and the sad with a divine tenderness, with a

brother's understanding and compassion. He trails the herds of the Miserable to their last lair, and reveals them broken and beaten, desolate and degraded; his heart all the while crying: 'The pity of it, the pity of it!'

"The beggar, the scavenger, the sweeper, the rag-picker, the witless, the wasted, the starved, the lost, the desperate—all the litany of the hapless and hopeless and homeless—the appalling and appealing procession of those who have gone down under Life's iron wheel—these are painted in the very aspect and gesture of their misery.

"Mr. Higgins stands in America as the one powerful painter of the tragic lacks and losses of the doomed and the disinherited—the painter who gives us the pathos of street and hovel and morgue, as Millet gave us the pathos of the fields. With noble pity he portrays the Irreparable, the Nevermore down in the alleys and gullies of our existence—the poor humanity flung out to the waste-heaps of progress.

"If his work were a mere transcript of human failure, it would not be worth our attention. But it is more, much more than this. In the vacuity that he portrays, we see hints of the worth that has been lost. There is upon these hulks and wrecks of man a somber something that hushes the soul. The dignity of humanity is made to appear even in its ruins."

[In this issue of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, page 135, John Spargo tells how he found Eugene Higgins in New York, and gives a critical review of his work, illustrated with a number of reproductions from Mr. Higgins' paintings.]

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

THE Ten American Painters are exhibiting this year at the Montross Gallery. Perhaps not the best exhibit the ten American Painters have ever offered the public, but full of interest in technique and subject. The three canvases of Frank W. Bensen are all individual, brilliant work. "Against the Sky" is a delightfully painted portrait in light tones. Chase shows a portrait, a still life and a Shinnicock landscape "Flying Clouds"—a landscape that makes you jealous of all the time Chase has spent on portraits; but then an exhibit of his portrait work makes you feel the same way about the landscapes. He seems so perfect a master in each expression. Willard Metcalf's "May Night" and "Partridge Woods" are full of light and life and freshness, though a trifle too suggestive of the influence of one of the other Ten. The biggest, not in size, but beauty, of the Childe Hassams is called "Dawn." A wonderful light quivers over the water and rocks; the first breathless moment of day is there, and also a stiff, uninteresting nude young woman, who is neither symbolic nor lovely. She just seems to have butted into the landscape. Hassam's "Nasturtiums" are a marvel and ecstasy of color.

J. Alden Weir has a charmingly fresh bit of painting, "Head of a Young Girl," also some extremely nice outdoor pictures. Robert Reid's three paintings all seem mannered in color and technique. And the canvases of Edward Simmons are singularly far away from the really big work one associates with Simmons' name. Dewing's small "enamelled" interiors are about the same as usual, thank you.

AMONG the most interesting and significant exhibits at the New York galleries during the past month have been: Landscapes and marines by Arthur Hoeber at the Schaus Gallery; a collection of medals and plaques by Victor D. Brenner at the Grolier Club; proofs engraved in mezzotints by Samuel Cousins, R.A., also the Schaus Gallery; the Society of American Miniature Painters at Knoedler & Co.; paintings by T. T. Shannon, A.R.A., at the Knoedler Gallery; paintings by Jules Guerin at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn; paintings and drawings by the late Walter Appleton Clark at the Knoedler Gallery; paintings by Maxime Maufra at the Durand-Ruel Gallery, and a special exhibit of John La Farge's most remarkable painting, "The Wolf Charmer," at the Montross Gallery.

THE CRAFTSMAN published in September, 1906, an article called "Some Queer Laborers." Through a misunderstanding certain credit and copyright notices were omitted from photographs used for illustrations. Mr. Chas. F. Holder, the author, was given permission by the photographers to reproduce the pictures, and it seems that he was also asked to give credit in their publication, but no request for such credit came to this magazine. If asked for, it would have been given gladly, as follows, "Copyright, 1901, James and Pierce."

JUST before going to press THE CRAFTSMAN received word of the sudden death of Paul Harboe, a series of whose short stories we are using at present from month to month. Mr. Harboe,

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

was born in Denmark and lived his life in America, yet the people of Denmark figure most often in the best of his fiction. Such men as Ibsen and Henry James regarded Mr. Harboe's work as of national importance to Danish people. As a writer of critical essays this young man was ranked as significant among men of judgment and widely cultivated point of view.

REVIEWS

IT IS usually with a feeling of doubt amounting almost to apprehension that one approaches a biography or a collection of letters that purport to give the intimate personal characteristics of some great men. It is hard for the biographer to preserve the focus that will harmonize the man as his friends know him with the artist as the world knows him, and too often the publication of personal letters is a crime for which a literary executor should be prosecuted.

But to anyone who, through bitter experience, may have learned to approach a book of this nature with both doubt and fear, "The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn," by Elizabeth Bisland, will come as one of the most delightful surprises in one's literary experience. As a thinker and a writer, Lafcadio Hearn is *sui generis*, and so delicate and evanescent are the finest expressions of his genius that it would seem almost impossible not to spoil by the almost inevitable comment and analysis of a biography the exquisiteness of the impression gained of the man's personality through a knowledge of what he himself has chosen to give to the world. But Miss

Bisland has not spoiled it. Moreover, she has written very sparingly of her own impressions and of the impressions of others regarding Lafcadio Hearn; she has neither analyzed nor gushed over him, nor tried to account for him. She has simply shown you the man, with his strange, mixed inheritance from the Greek and the Celt, and the fate that drew him in the latter years of his life to become Japanese.

The first half of the first volume is devoted to the brief biographical sketch which Miss Bisland regards as sufficient to explain the letters that follow later. It is simply an introduction, but it introduces you to the real Lafcadio Hearn, who was, after all, the Lafcadio Hearn of your imagination, fired by such perception as might have been granted you of the superhuman insight of a chapter from "Kokoro," or the faint, fine ghostliness of a tale from "Kwaidan." You see Hearn in every stage of his development; you are given mere fascinating glimpses of struggles and poverty and aspirations, of wide researches carried on under overwhelming difficulties; of the steady growth of creative power and the polishing of his medium as a lapidary polishes his jewels, but these glimpses give you wonderful understanding of what he tells you later of himself in his letters.

The research of the man along strange untrodden paths of mystic lore was stupendous. When writing to H. E. Krehbiel, who was one of his dearest friends, his theme was generally the unusual or archaic forms of music. While in Louisiana he made a close study of negro and

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

Creole music, the results of which were poured out freely in his letters to Mr. Krehbiel, and through it all there was always the imagination and expression that was Hearn. For instance, he says:

"By the bye, did you ever hear a *real* Chinese gong? I don't mean a d——d hotel gong, but one of those great moon disks of yellow metal which have so terrible a power of utterance. A gentleman in Bangor, North Wales, who had a private museum of South Pacific and Chinese curiosities, exhibited one to me. It was hanging amidst Fiji spears beautifully barbed with sharks' teeth, which, together with grotesque New Zealand clubs of green stone and Sandwich Island paddles wrought with baroque visages of the Shark-God, were depending from the walls. Also there were Indian elephants in ivory, carrying balls in their carven bellies, each ball containing many other balls inside it. The gong glimmered pale and huge and yellow, like the moon rising over a Southern swamp. My friend touched its ancient face with a covered drum stick and it commenced to speak like waves upon a low beach. He touched it again, and it moaned like the wind in a mighty forest of pines; again and it commenced to roar. With each touch the roar grew deeper and deeper till it seemed like thunder rolling over an abyss in the Cordilleras, or the crashing of Thor's chariot wheels. It was awful, and astonishing as awful. I assure you I did not laugh at it at all. It impressed me as something terrible and mysterious. I vainly sought to understand how that thin, thin disk of metal could produce so frightful a vibration. He informed me

that it was very expensive, being chiefly made of the most precious metals—silver and gold."

It is dangerous to begin quoting from these letters, for the temptation is so great to go on and one would never know where to stop. The scraps and ends of strange tales that peep out here and there; the rich, sensuous descriptions of the tropical countries that he loved; glimpses of learning that he so eagerly pursued. It is almost impossible to put the book down when once it is taken up. Here is one, though, that is irresistible, where he speaks of his home in New Orleans. He says:

"I enter by a huge archway about a hundred feet long—full of rolling echoes and commencing to become verdant with a thin growth of moss. At the end the archway opens into a court. There are a few graceful bananas here, with their giant leaves splitting in ribbons in the summer sun, so that they look like young palms. Lord! How carriages must have thundered under that archway and through the broad-paved court in the old days! The stables are here still, but the blooded horses are gone, and the family carriage, with its French coat of arms, has disappeared. There is only a huge wagon left to crumble to pieces. A hoary dog sleeps like a stone Sphinx at a corner of the broad stairway, and I fancy that in his still slumbers he might be dreaming of a Creole master who went out with Beauregard or Lee and never came back again. Wonder if the great gray hound is waiting for him. The dog never notices me. I am not of his generation, and I creep quietly by lest I may disturb his

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

dreams of the dead South. I go up the huge stairway. At every landing a vista of broad archways reëchoes my steps—archways that once led to rooms worthy of a prince. But the rooms are now cold and cheerless and vast with emptiness."

The second volume, which is devoted entirely to letters relating to his life in Japan, gives the history of the philosophical development which found such wonderful expression in his later works. His attitude toward Japan is voiced in his very first letter, one written to the biographer herself, where he says:

"I feel indescribably towards Japan. Of course, Nature here is not the Nature of the tropics, which is so splendid and savage and omnipotently beautiful that I feel in this very moment of writing the same pain in my heart I felt when leaving Martinique. This is a domesticated Nature which loves man and makes itself beautiful for him in a quiet, gray and blue way like the Japanese women, and the trees seem to know what the people say about them; seem to have little human souls. What I love in Japan is the Japanese—the poor, simple humanity of the country. It is divine. There is nothing in this world approaching the naïve natural charm of them. No book ever written has reflected it, and I love their gods, their customs, their dress, their birdlike quavering songs, their houses, their superstitions, their faults."

It is hard to refrain from speaking more of Hearn's life and work in Japan, and of the way he so identified himself with the best in the Japanese nation that no Japanese lives who does not love and venerate his name, but the subject is too

large. This is only a glimpse of the possibilities of delight that lie hidden in one of the most charming and truthful biographies that has been written for many a year. ("The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn," by Elizabeth Bisland. Two volumes. Illustrated. Price, \$6.00, net. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston and New York.)

ENTHUSIASTS for motor vehicles will be glad to know of the publication of a revised, enlarged edition of a valuable text-book on motoring. This volume, which is of convenient size, gives a short history of the evolution of the motor car, a comprehensive study of its construction and operation; a convenient guidebook to the intricacies that must inevitably be encountered, and a summary of the facts and principles that it is necessary for both owner and mechanic to understand. The presentation of all branches of the subject has been determined by consideration of the needs of the man behind the wheel. This book is designed to take the place of a whole library of books of reference and instruction, and so specific is it concerning vexed questions of operation, that a close study of it by either the professional or amateur motorist should tend to lessen the frequent breakdowns that put so many motors temporarily out of commission. ("Self-Propelled Vehicles," by J. E. Homans. A practical illustrated treatise on the automobile. 598 pages. Published by Theo. Audel & Company, New York.)

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

RAISING THE STANDARD OF DRESSMAKING: LET THE THINKERS
BE WORKERS.

IT HAS wisely been said that the world is rapidly dividing itself into two social groups, "the people who think and the people who work." And the thinkers have grown to feel that in order to "think" enough in one life-time they cannot work; and the workers—usually the overworked because of this distinction—have given up the idea of thought, as not related to work.

Stop for a moment and trace this separation to its legitimate end, along the line it is now moving. And what do you see? The remote, didactic, pedantic "thinker," a futile product unrelated to life; and handicraft grown vulgar, commercial, and without art impulse;—a civilization where the useful is not beautiful and the remote beautiful is not practical.

For every phase of life, for the sculptor, for the house-worker equally, it is essential that the workers think, that understanding should be the foundation of effort, that assimilation should precede expression. It is a truth so fundamental that it touches every part of civilized existence. There is no bettering of modern inartistic, complex, unbeautiful ways unless the worker *think*, unless there be so great an appreciation of the value of every sort of right labor that the laborer takes up the tasks enthusiastically, builds with thought,—whether the building be done with brick or with a needle, and so becomes a part of real progress.

The low standard of excellence shown in almost every department of labor in

this country is the result of mechanical work, of doing a task with dexterous fingers and a sleeping brain, of progressing by the tick of the clock, of work toward cheques, not perfection. Not but that the cheque is a necessary detail of life, the burden of which is felt in inverse ratio to the cheque; but the money end of it cannot come first where work is valued as an expression of the development of the worker.

Now in the effort to raise the standard of work in life the betterment cannot come from the outside, the thinker cannot do the lifting for the worker. Each workman must furnish his own lever, and it has to come from his own understanding of all that may be achieved along the line of his own endeavor. He may receive inspiration and profitable instruction from a more advanced worker, but not from the thinker of egoistic dreams.

Thus it comes about that the woman who would like to better conditions in her own home, who is not satisfied with her household economics, who recognizes clearly the absurdity of the way she is living, eating, dressing, cannot set about readjusting the problems because she does not understand the practical side of life. She cannot teach a practical economy of housework, a saner method of kitchen ethics, a simpler, more wholesome manner of dress, because she doesn't know a solitary thing about any of it.

Sometimes she holds a diploma for a scientific course in health cooking, but

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

she has found by experience that the sure way to get discharged as a mistress is to use a dozen "college words" to her cook. She may even have theories about dress reform which are but meat for her dressmaker's scorn. She is a pretty craft without a rudder, and she cannot sail the course of progress; however high and white her mental sails.

It is not enough to think about clothes, to realize that the average fashion is an impertinence, to have the courage of a fresh standard. The woman who eventually raises the standard in clothes-making will be able to prove her theories with her needle. There have been many theories of dress reform in this century; but very few women, however, of culture and wisdom who were actually able to make their own clothes. And to say "I would like to dress differently," no longer means anything to a weary world; but if a woman should say, "I have a wise plan for dressing, and the plan is wise because it enables me to make my clothes more artistic, simpler, less expensive and far more comfortable," and then *makes* clothes which prove her point, she has gained an audience, and can dictate to her dressmaker instead of being dictated to; for she is *working* and *thinking*.

No woman can force a higher standard in clothes unless she can sew so well that the modiste of her town who wishes to do her work will be compelled to become a thinker as well as a worker and to enlarge her outlook until she is capable of and interested in making gowns that intelligent women are willing to wear.

As already reiterated, this change will not come about through the dressmakers:

they are busy as it is and satisfied with tradition; the woman who desires the change must bring it about by her own combined effort of brain and hands.

Women must learn to make their own clothes and must teach their daughters to make theirs. Not as a grind, as one of the dull necessities of life, but as a part of the philosophy of life, as a means of general culture; for surely it is genuine spiritual experience for a girl to begin to understand how to make the useful side of her life beautiful, how to use work as a means toward the development of her character, and dress an expression of character through work—surely there is nothing dull about work from this point of view. Do not teach your daughter to substitute work for thought, but that thinking is essential to right work. She will grow to enjoy dressmaking for herself, just as she used to dressmaking for her dollies, when it came to her with an appeal to her imagination.

For instance, who could know much less about the essentials of a dress for sports than the ultra chic, most extravagant *couturière*? But the golf girl knows that her suit should be short, light weight, broad on the shoulders, short in the sleeves, loose in the armhole, elastic at the belt. She knows the stuff that will stand sun and rain, the colors that belong to her "Course," the sort of cape that is comfortable. If she can cut and fit a simple frock, what possible help could any dressmaker give her, and what countless blunders could the average conventional seamstress achieve if left to her own devices?



A GIRL MAY LOOK HER PRETTIEST IN THE KITCHEN IF SHE HAS TASTE IN CHOOSING AND MAKING HER WORK FROCKS.



THE OUTDOOR GIRL KNOWS MORE ABOUT WHAT AN OUTING DRESS SHOULD BE THAN THE MOST EXPENSIVE AND EXPERIENCED MODISTE.



THE GOLF GIRL WHO HAS DESIGNED AND MADE
HER OWN SUIT WILL MAKE SURE THAT
IT IS BOTH BECOMING AND APPROPRIATE.



"ALL THE CLOTHES THEY NEED FOR MANY
A DAY ARE ROMPERS OR ONE-PIECE APRONS
OVER SOFT, FINE, PLAIN UNDER-THINGS."

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

And with knowledge of the technique, and experience with the practical side, what could be more profitable in developing common sense and mental keenness and some craftsmanship than for the golf girl to make her golf dress? It will also develop patience in herself and consideration for others.

These same facts hold good for any sort of clothes that girls wear—their dancing frocks, their simple, dainty afternoon muslins, or the dresses in which housework is done, and done quietly, neatly, effectually and with enthusiasm if the girl has been taught aright. When housework is properly taught and houses have been arranged so that all parts are attractive, and girls are helped to understand that such work not only contributes to happiness, but to strength and beauty, they will begin to estimate justly the labor of keeping a house beautiful, will find enjoyment in making pretty work frocks, and in looking charming for every home duty.

We have grown to separate beauty from utility in our homes as we have in our educational systems. All the money must be spent in the "parlor," the sunlight is captured for the "front of the house," the worn out, threadbare, colorless things are relegated to the kitchen, which is usually the forlornest corner of the building, and in some houses it is even the scrap basket for the other rooms. No wonder light-hearted youth does not sigh for its seclusion, and that it is not customary to plan very pretty garments for its occupancy.

But with the kitchen commodious and bright and filled with a blue and white

cleanness, what unusually pretty, even picturesque, costumes belong to it. Prints and gingham in the nicest blues, greens and browns can be bought for a few cents, and these stuffs, selected with a becoming color note and made well fitting, low about the throat, ending at the elbow and worn with a white ruffled cap and plain long white apron, will give a girl, with only the average prettiness of youth, the chance of her life to look piquant and winning.

And if a girl stands and sits erect when she is working, and takes full deep breaths and keeps the room sweet with oxygen, she is going to discount the average gymnasium in the health and beauty acquired in "helping about the house."

Not that a girl would like too much of this sort of "enjoyment," nor should she have it, the house should not be permitted to demand over-hours. A woman should fit up her house so simply, so permanently, so wholly without labor-provoking frills and fashions that it is not difficult to keep it in order. Without buttoned furniture and carpets and white curtains and elaborate napery and meaningless bric-a-brac, a house is not a burden to the house-workers.

All the home duties, the making of clothes as well, should be kept subservient to the actual joy of living, outdoor life, music, mental intercourse, and the developing of friendship at home and abroad.

You can get all the beauty there is in simple things, all the color and line and texture, and you can also much more easily get durability and freedom from

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

care. Forget other people's houses, other people's traditions about education and culture. Teach your daughters the secret of finding beauty in daily living, and give them the surroundings that illustrate your teachings. You will be giving them a chance to grow up into very charming, happy, useful women.

You may begin the training by even letting your babies be comfortable. It is never necessary to *try* to make babies look pretty. If they start with a heritage of wholesome blood and stout little nerves, they will attend to the beauty question themselves; and if not, cream lace and pink rosettes and tucks and feather-stitching won't do it. Feed them simply, dress them simply and leave them to investigate within safe limits, and your babies will be happy and a pleasant enough picture. All the clothes they need for many a day are rompers, or a one-piece apron, over and above soft, fine, plain under things. What could be more cunning than a tumbling bit of flesh and curls and roses in a one-piece blue denim apron? What if it (the apron) tears or soils or shrinks, in a morning's work there are enough more to last a season. And the child is not less, but much more winning in its Delft denim or brown holland slip, and happier and stronger, because no reasonable rolling about is denied its tendencies as an explorer. If only babies could plan their own frocks,

what cunning, wise, adorable little garments we should see. What tiny jeers we should hear at tucks and ruffles, what brave waving aside of suggestions for sashes and jewelry, and what biting wee sarcasm for "best frocks" and "picture hats."

But if we cannot secure the wisdom of infantile advice, we can at least get at and understand the babies' point of view, and not only study their comfort, but our own time and purse in giving them plain, becoming little coverings. What a martyr a helpless baby can be made by a vain, unthinking, fashion-loving mother!

In a recent letter to *THE CRAFTSMAN* a valued subscriber wrote, "tell us of the philosophy of life, cut out fashions." And truly enough fresh styles, new modes, the usual whimsicality designated as fashion has no place in *THE CRAFTSMAN*; but dress as an expression of character, as related to daily living, as a part of personality like one's home and friends, is very closely and inevitably woven in the woof of life. It is the new Philosophy of Dress, not a contribution to the utterly silly, unworthy subject characterized as "Fashions," which this magazine desires to present, believing that women who *think* will be glad to do their share in reorganizing the present scheme of dressing, both for their own comfort and happiness and to contribute to a "better and more reasonable way of living."



Owned by the Christiania Museum.

"THE END OF THE DAY."
BY GERTRUDE LEESE.



THE CRAFTSMAN



GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XII JUNE, 1907 NUMBER 3

PICARDY: A QUIET, SIMPLE LAND OF DREAMY BEAUTY, WHERE ARTISTS FIND MUCH TO PAINT: BY JANE QUIGLEY



JUST across the channel from Folkestone lies Picardy, with many delightful spots for the painter. This part of northern France is somewhat flat and monotonous in some districts, but the artist's eye finds beauty in the subtle tones of sand dunes as well as in the more obvious beauty of opalescent sea and shimmering meadows. Most people cross to Picardy by

the mail route of Folkestone and Boulogne, but a more novel way is to go by steamer from London Docks to Boulogne, and those who love the sea, and are willing to sacrifice comfort for the sake of novelty, find a great charm in the night passage from London Docks. Even Londoners know but little of this part of the Thames given up to commerce, yet it has a beauty of its own, especially by moonlight, when the sordid quays and factories are obscured from view.

At Boulogne the painter finds delightful marine subjects, and nothing could be more paintable in its way than the harbor and shipping viewed against the mellow background of the old town, the ships and buildings reflected in the water of the harbor. One can work from a boat or steamer, and thus escape the children and loafers who so often spoil the pleasure of outdoor work. Boulogne is too popular in the season for work, and the hotels and pensions put up their prices in summer, but the Hotel Bourgoyne and Hotel Derveaux are fairly reasonable and well managed.

Better suited to the needs of artists are the little towns of Etaples and Montreuil and the villages of that district. The express trains from Boulogne to Paris stop at Etaples, and after about twenty minutes through green fields and past poplar-bordered rivers one arrives at this quaint place so well known to artists. It has a group of resident workers, and others come and go, working independently or under a master. Many well-known men and women have worked at Etaples, including Dudley Hardy, Ludivico, Garrido, Mr. and

PICARDY: A QUIET, SIMPLE LAND

Mrs. C. Eastlake, and others; and it attracts a sprinkling of representative American artists as well as students. The usual plan is to live in rooms or studios, and go for meals to the Hotel des Voyageurs or Hotel Joos—unpretentious hostelries with fairly good meals, served in an atmosphere of friendliness and stimulating talk. In winter the place is deserted, except by a group of serious workers who make it their home. Artists pay about twenty-five or thirty francs a week for board, and rooms and studios are cheap. Anyone who is lucky enough to find a place at the Villa Riant Séjour, facing the river, will find a Parisian landlady—the embodiment of *joie de vivre* and good sense, who keeps her house in spotless order.

ETAPLES has been called—and not without reason—a dirty little town, but it is healthy for all that, and endears itself to many who work there. The artistic sense finds pleasure in its winding cobbled streets, and mellow old houses, and in the dark-complexioned southern looking people. Models are plentiful, and pose well for a small payment either in the studio, or in the picturesque gardens that lie hidden behind the street doors.

A great source of interest is the fishing fleet that comes up the estuary of the Cauche to the quays where the fisher people and shrimpers live in a colony of their own. There is constant work for the sketch book, especially on Monday, when the boats go off for several days, the whole family helping the men and boys to start. All one can do amid this bewildering movement of boats putting up sail, and people bustling about with provisions, is to make hurried notes and sketches. Near Etaples is the lovely forest of Le Tonquet, where one can work in absolute quiet, with vistas of the river, the sandy coast and the sea beyond.

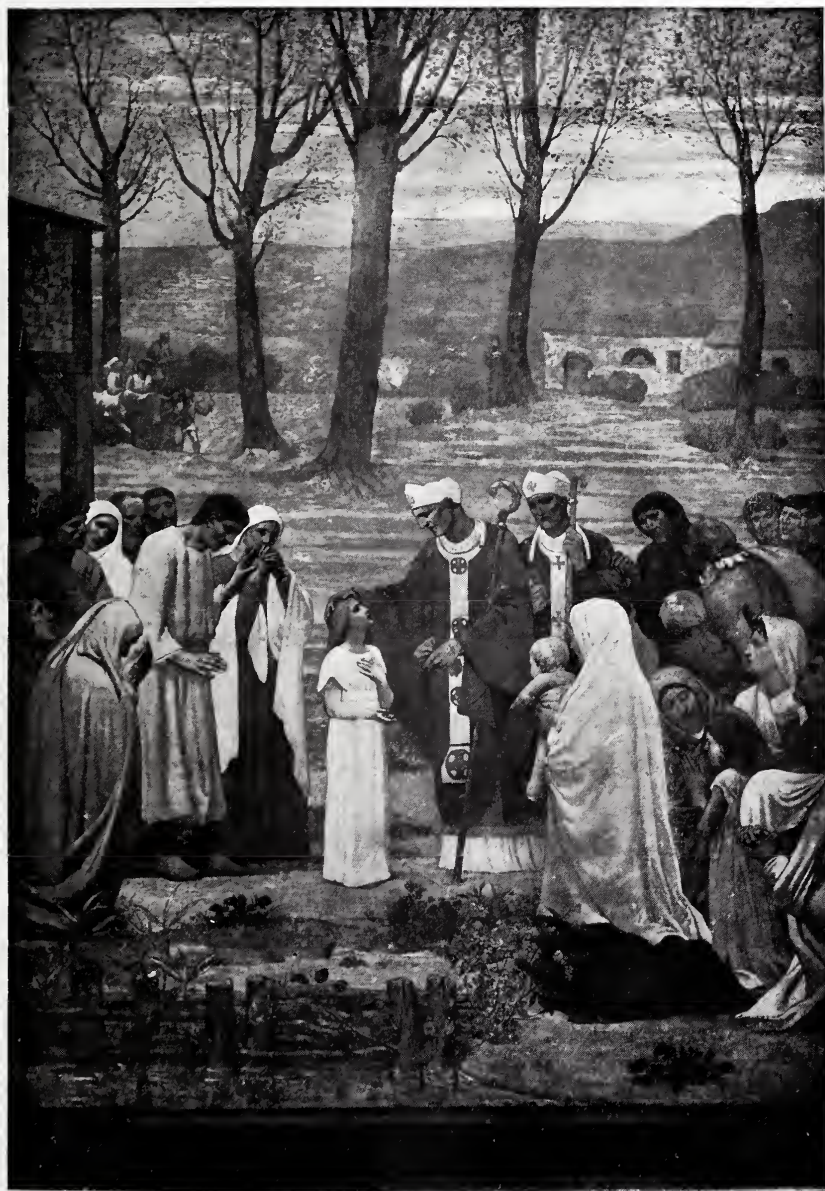
And this forest at Le Tonquet has a splendid character of its own. Many of the trees being young, the effect is light and fairy-like compared with older forests where giant trees shut out the sky. The soil is sandy and the ground undulating, so high in parts that one can look down upon Etaples and the sea coast as it stretches far away toward the horizon. Great variety characterizes the trees—dark pines are relieved by light poplars and willows and silver birches, so that the general effect is that of tender green, touched with gold and silver. Here and there the carpet of moss and pine needles is overgrown by gorse and brambles, and there are long avenues and open spaces, peculiarly beautiful in spring and autumn.



A REVERENT HOUR IN PICARDY.
BY ADOLF L. LINDE.



"LA CAUCHE."
BY H. VAN DER WEYDEN.



A DETAIL OF THE DECORATION IN THE
SORBONNE, PARIS. BY PUVIS DE
CHAVANNES. THE BACKGROUND A
MEMORY OF A PICARDY LANDSCAPE.



L'EGLISE ST. SAULVE, MONTREUIL-SUR-MER.
BY H. VAN DER WEYDEN.

PICARDY: A QUIET, SIMPLE LAND

Etaples is said to have been discovered as a place for artists by a French engineer, Monsieur Delaporte, who was commissioned to build the first railway bridge across the river Cauche. He was himself a very good amateur artist and found the fishing village of Etaples and its neighborhood full of subjects for artists. He was contemporary with Millet and Corot and intimate with them and others of the Barbizon School, who came at his invitation to work in Picardy. Among the well known men who have worked there are J. C. Cazin, A. Besnard, Fritz Thaulow, Le Sidaner, Alfred East, Dudley Hardy and Rupert Bunny.

The habitués of Etaples during recent years include Mr. W. Lee Hankey, whose delightful work, broad in treatment and full of poetic insight, is too well known to need comment here. Many of his best pictures have been painted in France and he has recently been elected to the Société Internationaliste des Aquarellistes, Paris. Mr. Charles R. Sims, whose picture, "The Land of Nod," attracted much attention at this year's Academy, also works at, or near, Etaples. The colony also includes Mr. Garrido, noted for his individual and brilliant technique, and Mr. Gwilt Jolley, who studied in Paris under Benjamin Constant and J. Lefebvre, and worked at Capri and St. Ives before he discovered Etaples. He exhibits in London, Paris and elsewhere, and has made a special study of sunlight effects. John R. Greig, an Aberdeen painter of promise who formerly worked in Holland, has come to Etaples for subjects, and among many other promising additions to the colony is Adolf C. Linde, an American citizen of Russian parentage. His painting of "A Quaint Bit of Montreuil" was hung on the line at the Salon 1906.

Etaples attracts many women artists, foremost among them being Miss Gertrude Leese, Miss Lily Defries, Miss Molony and Miss W. Chambers, all of whom exhibit at the Royal Academy and other exhibitions. A picture by Miss Leese, "The End of the Day," in the Salon of last year was bought for the Art Gallery at Christiania, and Miss Molony's work has had much success.

NEAR Etaples is the village of Trépiéd, an exclusive nook for painters, where several well-known Americans make their home, Mr. Max Bohm notably. He attracts a following of students by his power as a teacher and the vigorous and sincere personality which exacts good work from all who come under his influence. Mr. Bohm exhibits at the Salon and at Burlington House, and was well hung at the recent St. Louis Exhibition. Mr.

PICARDY: A QUIET, SIMPLE LAND

A. Koopman, an American, is well known in this country and in America by landscape and genre pictures as well as by the many excellent portraits he has executed. The accommodation at Trépié is decidedly limited; the inn is small and there are no apartments, but a furnished cottage may be hired occasionally. Near Etaples, too, is the village of Dame-Camier, where Mr. Austin Brown lives and has painted some of his best landscapes.

Montreuil-sur-Mer—an old walled town—is not far distant, and offers plenty of material to artists. The winding uphill streets and old gateways are picturesque and from the ramparts one gets a panoramic view. Models are plentiful and there is ample inspiration in the neighborhood for the landscape painter. Mr. Van der Weyden, an American, lives at Montreuil and produces delightful work which is better known in France than in England.

The people of Montreuil are accustomed to artists and their erratic ways, and good board and lodging is provided at the Hotel de France. There are some very interesting churches which attract lovers of architecture, so in spite of its deserted look and reputation for not being healthy, Montreuil has a distinct vogue among artists, one of the many who have worked there being Phil May.

Another delightful French town is Abbeville, at its best on a market day, with a typical crowd of country folk shopping at the booths. The town has some quaint houses and a river flowing through its midst, but its crowning feature is the Gothic Church, the joy of artists.

About half an hour by train from Abbeville is the village of Longpré, noted for the charm of its surroundings. It has a fine but badly restored church, and some quaint houses, but artists come there for the landscapes which inspired the great painter, Puvis de Chavannes. The scenery is flat and the land swampy, with beautiful ponds and water-lilies, and numbers of silvery poplars. It is a place suggestive of nymphs and fairies where the great god Pan might discourse sweet music. Steamers go from Longpré up the river Somme to Amiens, the town which all tourists visit on account of its beautiful cathedral.

All this part of northern France, in common with many other parts of that delightful country, is an ideal land for artists. One can get about so easily by train, bicycle or on foot, and live a simple outdoor life of perfect freedom, with nothing except the inevitable small worries to disturb the condition necessary to good work.



THIS PICTURE IS SHOWN AS A MOST PERFECT EXAMPLE OF THAT STRUCTURAL BEAUTY IN JAPANESE BUILDING WHICH IS PROVING SUCH AN INSPIRATION IN THE BEST OF OUR NEW AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE.



A VERDANT BACKYARD: ALL ITS
BEAUTY GAINED FROM VINES PLANT-
ED BY THE TWO LITTLE PLAYMATES.

THE OTHER WOMAN: BY PAUL HARBOE



TO THE soulful music of the great organ they went arm in arm out of the church and entered a waiting carriage. Immediately, at his order, they drove off, and swinging around the corner at brisk speed, rolled on toward their new home. The congregation tarried for a moment on the street, then scattered slowly. The minister removed his cassock in the anteroom, and the music having ceased he started slowly down the aisle.

Suddenly he heard a childish sob and was startled; for the church appeared to be empty. He looked about him. In the last pew, in a crouching position, he found a young girl weeping. The minister laid his hand gently on her thick brown hair. She raised her head and her look was the look of a child to a parent.

"You must not stay here," he said kindly, helping her up. "The others have all gone."

Without a word she put on her hat and started for the door, but he called her back.

"Wait, my child," he said. "Was it," he pointed to the altar, "was it anything to you?"

She turned her eyes in the direction which the carriage, a few minutes before, had taken.

"It was everything," she cried brokenly, and hurried down the steps.

The minister stood and watched her till she had disappeared.

"Her heart is broken," he said softly, "and their hopes fulfilled at my hand, God help me!"

* * * * *

Knud Bertelsen had loved both of them. But the woman he married had made more of him. She could wheedle and flatter, which the other woman could not, and Knud, vain like most men of unsettled minds and flexible temperaments, had led her to the altar, believing in his heart that her love was a deeper, and hence a better, love than that of the girl who wept in the church when it was all over. Of course he found out the truth after a year or so.

His wife was a good-natured woman, easy to please and easy to get along with, as Bertelsen's friends said. In her younger years she had been rather pretty. Her smile was pleasing; her eyes playful; her laugh was music. But, it must be remembered, there was a gap of six years between them, and this gap seemed to lengthen as the years passed. The wrinkles came early in her matrimonial

THE OTHER WOMAN

life. Bertelsen, who was on this side of the gap, hated the sight of wrinkles; he considered them as artificial blemishes, and he cruelly told her so. It was his first offense. More wrinkles came, then fewer smiles, and even a frown. Bertelsen began to feel genuinely sorry over his bargain. And as he thought of the other woman, he forgot his wife; not all at once, but slowly, as one forgets a friend who has died.

They had one child, a daughter. She had her mother's eyes, her smile, and her laugh. Bertelsen saw but little of her; at eight she had been sent away to a girls' school, and was not to come home before her sixteenth birthday. Bertelsen took his wife to the school once a year regularly; he was interested in the girl's education, and held long interviews with the teachers while his wife petted her daughter and told her how good and kind her father was; which the child, being precocious and sensible, did not believe. So she cared little for Bertelsen. There was a sea of space between them which neither tried to bridge. He took it all as a thing to be expected, as a story with real trouble in it, as a matter of course, and sat down patiently to wait for the climax; for climax there must be, he thought. And the climax came with his wife's death, three years later.

Matilda, of course, came home from the girls' school, but she did not go back. Bertelsen urged, entreated, even begged her and reasoned with her; all to no purpose. She would stay. The girl was fifteen years old. He was forty, and there were gray hairs in his head and nervousness in his body. But he was happy, quite happy, for he was free.

HE MET the other woman, now and then, at out of the way places, and they reopened the old book of love. She had not married; there was no one else she cared for. Of course she could forgive him. There was nothing to forgive! It was all a mistake! It was her fault in part; she should have told him of her undying affection! Of course! Of course!

But he loved her—loved her enough to tell his daughter the smoothest lies; he loved her enough to fret and worry over the future. He was beginning to feel Matilda's influence over him. It was feeble at first, but it grew stronger as Matilda grew older. Another climax to another story was coming.

Bertelsen had worried and fretted himself sick. His daughter's smile was pain, her look a command, and her laugh cut his nerves—

THE OTHER WOMAN

they were high strung, Bertelsen's nerves. He was kept to his bed, well guarded, but well nursed by Matilda. There were many times when he nearly broke down and almost confessed his double life. Then it happened one day that the other woman came. She came again and again, and had long talks with Matilda; but she never saw the despondent, the crippled Bertelsen. Finally, when Bertelsen was nearly well, Matilda told the other woman to stay away. Before that she had told her many other things—about her mother, of course. The other woman did stay away.

Bertelsen recovered and left his bed. He wanted to go out on the first day; but his daughter very kindly, but very firmly, said no.

"You are not strong, father," She smiled.

He realized the truth.

"In a few days," she went on, still with the undefinable smile, "we, you and I, will go to see mother's grave."

His head moved up and down mechanically.

"No one has been here, while I have been ill; no one except those I have seen?" he asked finally, and closed his eyes. Bertelsen's nerves had suffered during the last few weeks. She waited and he opened his eyes.

"Did you—did you expect any one?"

"No, no, Matilda, no, no," he hastened to say.

"Well," she said thoughtfully, "some one was here—an old woman, poorly clad, with a woollen hood. She spoke faulty grammar and appeared to be ill-fed." The girl stopped short and began to laugh. Bertelsen did not hear her laugh this time. "And," there was a look of triumph in her eyes, "she said she had cried in the church at your wedding, and that she loves you, and would die for you; and all such silly stuff. But she will never come again, I told her to stay away."

Bertelsen got up from his chair quickly, like a man suddenly made powerful. He hurried into the hallway, took his hat—and hesitated.

"You are not strong enough to go out get," cried the girl; but her voice had lost its music.

He laughed bitterly. He had waited to hear her say that.

"Not strong!" he shouted, throwing the heavy door wide open, "I am as strong as the mighty Hercules you have read about at the school. So she was poorly dressed, and spoke a faulty language! She cried in the church, and said such silly things. Silly to you they may be," he went on, pointing his finger at her and advancing

THE OTHER WOMAN

a step, "but sacred to me. Ha! Ha! She will never come again! Yes, she will, she will!"

He dashed down the steps and was gone in an instant.

"My poor foolish father," Matilda meditated. "All this excitement may kill him."

* * * * *

He came back quite late, but his daughter had not retired.

"To-morrow," he began abruptly, "to-morrow she will come, and her home for the future will be here. She will have your mother's room. And I ask you, Matilda," he continued with just a bit of severity, "to treat her as you would treat your mother, were she alive."

"Father!" she cried, "mother has not been dead a year—you will not marry again!"

He forced a laugh and it hurt his nerves—his heart maybe. "No, Matilda, have no fear," he said sadly. His daughter looked pleased.

"I knew you did not care for her!"

He laughed again very bitterly, and moved slowly to the door. On the threshold he stopped and looked around. She was watching him with vague curiosity. He was about to say something, but instead laughed again, and closed the door behind him. She remembered that laugh for many years.



FESTIVALS OF THE HOPI: RELIGION THE INSPIRATION, AND DANCING AN EXPRESSION IN ALL THEIR NATIONAL CEREMONIES: BY FREDERICK MONSEN.



IN THE three articles preceding this I have endeavored to give some idea of the character and customs of the gentle people who inhabit the strange little desert republic known as Hopi Land, but so far have but touched upon the question of their religion, which is, in much greater degree than with any civilized race that I know of, the foundation and inspiration both of their social organization and of their personal point of view.

As would naturally be the case with a simple people living very close to Nature, the mythology of the Hopitah is poetic and imaginative, and their ceremonials are entirely symbolic. The Hopi are in no sense idolators and do not worship inanimate objects such as the *katchinas* and other images, but the spirits represented by them. In the same way, it is not the sun itself that the Hopi reveres, but the spiritual being or force residing in it. This Sun Spirit is held to be the great creative power in Nature, and is therefore male, while the earth is, of course, the female element, as in all primitive beliefs. The origin of the Hopi mythology lies in a past so remote that, even with the wonderfully accurate system of oral tradition that is handed down from generation to generation, the source of it is lost. Some of their songs and incantations are expressed in archaic language that is now no longer understood, and the meaning of many of their ceremonial forms has been forgotten even by the priests. The division between the esoteric and exoteric forms of this primitive pantheism is not so sharply defined as in many other beliefs. While there are a number of sacred and symbolic festivals and ceremonials and many secret ceremonies at which the priests alone officiate, the understanding of all the people as to their real meaning is much clearer than is the case with people whose inability to comprehend the spirit behind the symbol has earned for them the name of idolators. The Hopi religion has grown out of an exceedingly austere environment, and it is but natural that the mind of the people, from constant dwelling on the forces of Nature that give and sustain life, should attribute godlike powers to natural phenomena. Consequently, the greater number of their religious ceremonials are for the propagation of the crops, and, expressing the greatest need of dwellers in the desert, they generally take the form of incantations or

RELIGIOUS DANCES OF THE HOPI

prayers for rain. As is the case with all primitive people, the religious philosophy of the Hopi is full of inconsistencies, but there is no question as to their sincerity and devotion to the broad principles of their own belief, nor of the reverent earnestness which lends such extraordinary interest to their ceremonies and festivals.

The Hopi believe in a future life in an Underworld where their spirits go after death, but they do not believe in future punishment. I have not yet been able to find among them any myth touching the creation of the world. Creation myths begin with the origin of the human species, but they believe that the earth as it is now was already in existence when the first human beings emerged from an opening in it called *Si-pa-pu*, which they conceive to have been the gorge of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Of course, being Nature worshippers, their belief is not monotheistic; they deify the great powers of Nature as the Father Sun and the Mother Earth, and the other forces are known by such names as the Fire God and the Rain God, the Germ God, etc.

It is but natural that people whose whole life and environment tend to confirm their belief in the Nature forces to which they are so close and which alone affect their existence, should be but little affected by the efforts of Christian missionaries. Great energy has been displayed in the attempts to convert the Hopi, but they maintain almost untouched not only their primitive mode of life and government, but their religious beliefs and the strange ceremonies that with them are acts of worship.

I well remember a conversation that once took place between Pú-hu-nöm-tiwa, one of the head snake priests, a missionary and myself. The missionary was, of course, doing his best to convert the Snake Priest and was enthusiastically telling him of the follies of the Hopi belief, when the Snake Priest answered quietly: "We may be foolish in the eyes of the white man, for we are a very simple people. We live close to our great mother, the Earth. We believe in our God as you believe in your God, but we believe that our God is best for us. Our God talks to us and tells us what to do. Our God gives us the rain cloud and the sunshine, the corn and all things to sustain life, and our God gave us all these things before we ever heard of your God. If your God is so great, let him speak to me as my God speaks to me, in my heart and not from a white man's mouth. Your God is a cruel God and not all-powerful, for you always talk about a devil and a hell where people go after they die. Our God is all-powerful and all-good, and there is no devil and

RELIGIOUS DANCES OF THE HOPI

there is no hell in our Underworld where we go after we die. No, I would rather stick to my God and my religion than to change to yours, for there is more happiness in my religion than there is in yours."

DURING the year the Hopi have many festivals, most of them of nine days' duration, and a number of these are attended with elaborate secret rites in *kivas* or underground ceremonial chambers, and terminate with the spectacular public performance designated by the white people as the "dance." Of the many important ceremonies, none is so well known as is the so-called Snake Dance, which, on account of its spectacular character and the time of its performance,—late in August,—has been most often visited by the whites, but so far, I believe, the Snake Dance has been usually written about from the viewpoint of an alien, rather than that arising from an intimate understanding of and sympathy with the Hopi and their beliefs, and so the meaning of it has been almost lost in the accounts given of the spectacle itself. The Snake Dance is a prayer to the spirits of the clouds, the thunder and the lightning, that the rain may fall on the growing crops, so that they may reach maturity and the people may not suffer from starvation.

The date of the Snake Dance is always decided by the head Snake Priest, who is guided by certain phases of the harvest moon, or, more probably, by the condition of the crops. Sixteen days in advance of this date the first announcement is made by the town crier, who ascends to the highest housetop and there proclaims in a loud voice to the people of the pueblo that the great festival is about to be celebrated. Eight days afterward, or on the first day of the nine days' ceremony, the Snake Priests retire to their underground *kiva* and begin the preparation of *pahos* or prayer sticks, also making the sand paintings on the floor of the *kiva* and erecting the sacred altar, before which the sacred and secret ceremonial of snake washing and blessing will take place. The sand painting is a piece of strange and very interesting symbolism. It is in four colors, yellow, blue, red and white, which denote the world directions, North, West, South and East. A square bowl decorated with cloud terraces and pollywogs, bird tracks and rain symbols, is placed to hold the sacred water. Surrounding it, and describing a complete circle are six ears of corn, four of which are of the colors that indicate clouds from the North, West, South and East, while the fifth indicates the thunder cloud, and the sixth the clouds from the Underworld.

RELIGIOUS DANCES OF THE HOPI

At noon on the second day the priests begin their hunt for snakes, traveling out over the desert toward the north and scattering widely during the hunt. Their first effort is to capture such snakes as are found wandering about on the sand, but they dig into holes for the shyer reptiles which have sought cover. All kinds of snakes are captured, but rattlers are supposed to be the most efficacious as rain bringers, and therefore are the most eagerly sought. At sunset the priests reassemble at some place previously agreed upon, and march in single file back to the village. The next day the hunt is toward the west, the next day toward the south, and the last day toward the east. When the snakes are captured they are doubled up and tucked in small buckskin bags carried for the purpose by the priests who upon arriving at the *kiva* transfer them to a large bottomless jar standing upon a stone bench.

On the ninth day at high noon and when the sun is shining through the opening on the roof of the *kiva*, the jar is carefully lifted from the bench, allowing one snake at a time to emerge; when it is taken by a priest who sprinkles it with sacred corn meal and then carefully washes it in a bowl of yucca suds. After this washing, the snakes are thrown upon the sand painting in the middle of the *kiva*, where they are carefully guarded by the priests. Strangely enough, the snakes do not show resentment, but rather seem to be in a more or less contented frame of mind, which continues even when carried about in the teeth of the priests during the public dance later in the day.

Co-operating with the Snake Clan in this, its most important festival, are the Antelope men, whose *kiva* is also the scene of elaborate ritual, and from which can be heard the constant chanting of secular songs. The Antelope *kiva* also contains an altar ornamented with paintings of cloud and rain symbols, and with a sand painting like that already described in front of it. The *kisi* in the plaza where the Snake Dance is to take place has already been constructed, these preparations taking place on the eighth day. The *kisi* is in the form of a conical hut built of cottonwood boughs and cornstalks. In front of it is a small hole made in the ground and covered with an old plank. This hole represents the *Si-pa-pu*, or entrance to the Underworld, where reside the spirits of their ancestors.

THE Snake Dance takes place late in the afternoon of the ninth and last day of the festival and begins when the Antelope Priests leave their *kiva* and rapidly circle four times in front of the *kisi*, each time stamping heavily on the *Si-pa-pu* plank with the right



From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen.

"AT NOON ON THE SECOND DAY THE PRIESTS
BEGIN THEIR HUNT FOR SNAKES: TRAVEL-
ING OVER THE DESERT SINGLE FILE."



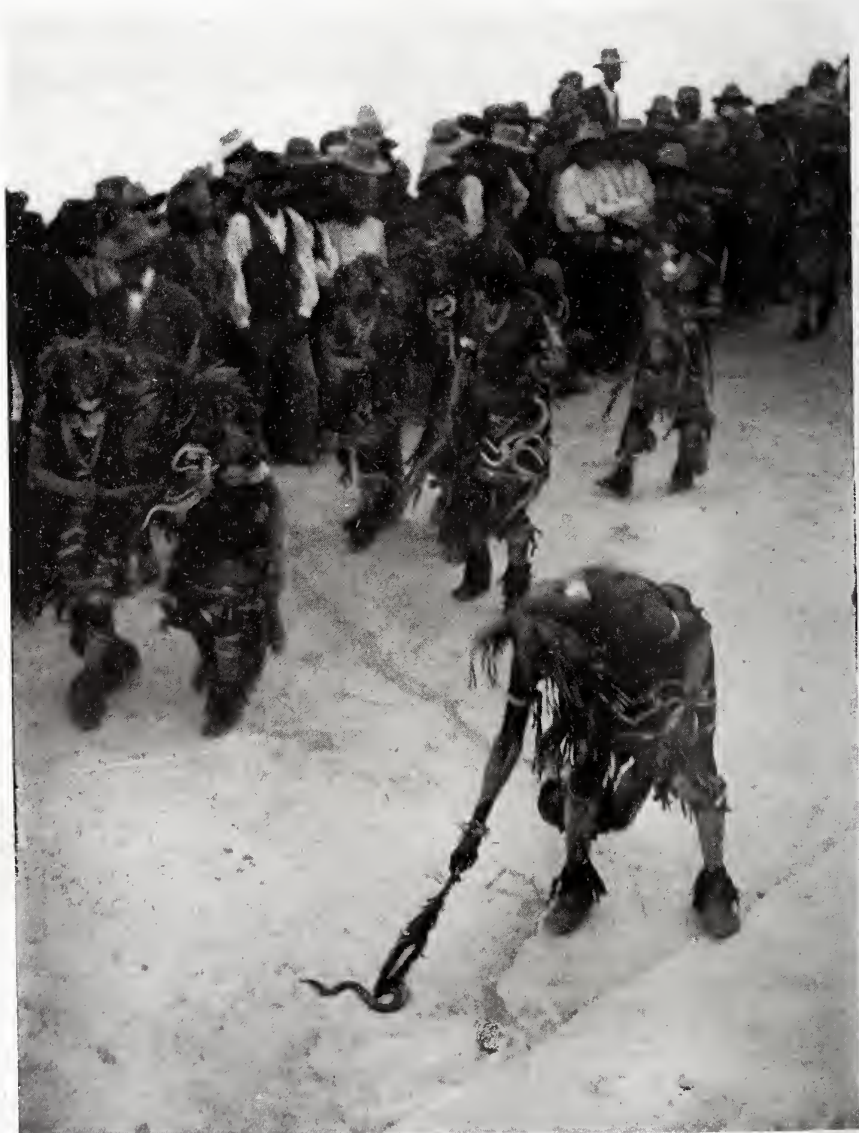
From a Photograph by Frederick Mosen.

“THE SNAKE DANCE BEGINS WHEN THE ANTELOPE
PRIESTS LEAVE THEIR KIVA AND CIRCLE FOUR
TIMES IN FRONT OF THE KISL.”



From a Photograph by Frederick Mousen.

“GROUPS OF THREE ARE FORMED BY THE SNAKE
MEN; EACH GROUP CONSISTING OF A CARRIER,
PRIEST, AN ATTENDANT AND A GATHERER.”



From a Photograph by Frederick Mosen.

“THE GATHERER WITH A FEW STROKES OF HIS FEATHER WHIP REDUCES THE SNAKE TO SUBMISSION.”



From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen.

"AFTER THE SNAKE DANCE THERE
IS A CEREMONY OF PURIFICATION,
FOLLOWED BY A GREAT FEAST."



From a Photograph by Frederick Mosen.

"THE PROCESSION IS HEADED BY A YOUNG BOY WHO BEARS THE TI-PO-NI, THE SACRED BADGE OF OFFICE, THE RIGHT TO CARRY WHICH IS HEREDITARY."



From a Photograph by Frederick Mosen.

“WHEN THE PRIESTS ARE SEATED ON THE LOWER
TERRACE, THEY BEGAN TO PLAY UPON THEIR
FLUTES A STRANGE AND MELANCHOLY AIR.”



From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen.

"THE PRIESTS ROSE, AND FELL
SILENTLY INTO LINE, WITH THE
TWO MARTENS IN ADVANCE."

RELIGIOUS DANCES OF THE HOPI

foot, as a signal to the spirits of the Underworld that they are about to begin an important ceremony. After the Antelopes have lined up in front of the *kisi*, the Snake Priests leave their *kiva* and, walking rapidly with majestic strides, they repeat the performance of the Antelope men and then line up in front of them and begin the dance by swaying backward and forward all together and in strict time to the chanting of the Antelope Priests. The dancers keep up a peculiar shuffling motion of the feet and a rhythmic movement of the hands, and the Antelope men do the chanting for all the rest of the ceremony while the Snake men are dancing with the snakes.

Groups of three are now formed by the Snake men, each group consisting of a carrier priest, an attendant and a gatherer, and these wait their turn in front of the *kisi*, where the snakes are handed to the carrier priest. Soon all the dancers are furnished with reptiles, and, holding the squirming snakes in their teeth, they dance slowly and with closed eyes around the plaza. The carrier priest is followed by the attendant, who holds a snake-whip with which he distracts the snake and so diverts its attention from the man who carries it, and the gatherer is always ready to snatch up the snakes when they are dropped to the ground. I have often noticed rattlesnakes held closer to the rattles than to the head, so they could easily run their heads into the eyes and hair of the carrier priest. It was nervous work watching them, for it often appeared as if nothing could prevent a fatal stroke, but the priests never seemed to be unnerved or disconcerted in the least, and the programme is never changed. After the plaza has been circled twice with each snake, it is dropped to the ground, the shock of the fall being violent enough usually to cause the rattler to coil and shake its rattles. Then the gatherer with a few strokes of his feather whip reduces it to submission, picks it up and hands it to one of the Antelope men to hold. When all the snakes have been danced with, each one receiving the same treatment, the head Snake Priest strews meal in a circle at one side of the floor and the Snake Priests all gather around it. Then, at a given signal all the snakes are thrown within the circle, where they are sprinkled with sacred meal by numbers of Hopi maidens. Then another signal is given, and the Snake Priests swoop down, grab up as many snakes as they can carry and rush down the sides of the steep mesa to the plains below to release the snakes in certain sacred places, so that they may carry the prayers from the living to the dead, and the ancestors of the Hopi may intercede for them with the Nature Gods, that there may be plenty of rain.

RELIGIOUS DANCES OF THE HOPI

Meanwhile, the Antelope men march back to the *kiva*, after stamping once more upon the *Si-pa-pu* plank in front of the *kisi*. Later, the Snake Priests return from the fields to their *kiva* and strip off their regalia. After this they go to the edge of the mesa where the women are stationed with great bowls of dark-colored liquid, prepared with many mystic rites and in great secrecy. This is a strong emetic and is absorbed in large quantities by the priests, and the resultant effect is known as the purification ceremony. Immediately after it the priests relax and are their sociable selves again. Now they are ready to feast, for they have fasted during much of the time given to the ceremony. Vast quantities of food are brought to the *kiva* and left on the roof by the wives and sisters of the Snake Priests. There is general rejoicing in the village and everyone keeps open house.

THE Snake Festival is celebrated in five of the seven Hopi villages; on the even years at Oraibi, Shipaulovi and Shimopovi, and on odd years at Walpi and Michongnovi. Alternating biennially with each of the five Snake ceremonies are five Flute ceremonies. The Flute Dance, as it is called, is also a festival of nine days' duration and is quite as interesting in every way as is the Snake Dance. Preceding each one of these festivals are foot races and other sports meant to be tests of agility and endurance, and processions of interest and often of great beauty. The festival culminates in receptions and general feasting.

These feasts are never marred by drunkenness, because the vices of the white man's civilization have not yet corrupted the Hopi festivals. So far as I know, this is the only aboriginal race that has never invented an intoxicating drink, and even to this day the better element refuses the white man's whiskey, because it "takes away their brains."

While I have seen the secret and sacred *kiva* ceremonies of the Snake Dance and other religious festivals of the Hopi, it has so happened that my experience with the Flute Dance has been almost wholly confined to the public ceremonial, so that I have only a general knowledge of the meaning of much of the elaborate symbolism employed. Like the Snake Dance, the Flute Dance is a prayer for rain, and the one of which illustrations are given here was unusually protracted and elaborate because of the suffering occasioned by the terrible and long-continued drought which destroyed crops and herds throughout the whole western country, ten or a dozen years ago.

RELIGIOUS DANCES OF THE HOPI

I CAN give but a fragmentary description of the Flute Dance, as I was only a spectator with all the people, and could not follow, step by step, the complex symbolism of the appeal to the Cloud Spirits. This much I do know, that the Flute Dance is a poetic, pastoral festival, in which the weird and,—to a white man,—revolting features of the Snake Dance are entirely wanting, and the gentler side alone of the Hopi nature is brought out. The meaning of it, of course, is an act of worship of the great forces of Nature upon which depend the life and death of the Indian. As in the case of the Snake Dance, the announcement that the festival is to take place is made sixteen days before the public ceremonies, and eight of these days are passed in the intricate and complex ritual and elaborate secret ceremonies before the Flute altars. These altars are not unlike the Snake altars. They are adorned with symbolic paintings and before each one is the sand painting on the floor, already described in connection with the Snake Dance. In the particular Flute Dance to which I refer, which took place at Michongnovi in the year of the great drought, thirty priests officiated. In addition to these, two Hopi maidens and a number of small boys took part in a procession that was genuinely imposing in its dignity, from an altar in the pueblo proper, down the precipitous trail and through the side of the mesa to the large spring at Toreva. The procession was headed by a young boy who bore the *Ti-po-ni* or standard, the sacred badge of office, the right to carry which descends from father to son.

At the spring a number of intricate rites took place. At the close of these preliminary rites, all the priests sat down around the spring, which may be likened to an amphitheater sunk into the sand, which is held back by rocky terraces that go down step by step. In the center of the last depression is the basin of water, which measures perhaps twelve by fifteen feet across. When the priests were seated on this last terrace, with the maidens standing like bronze statues in the background, they began to play upon their flutes a strange and melancholy air, which was more like a dirge than anything I have ever heard in any country, savage or civilized. These Hopi flutes are not properly flutes, but a species of flageolet, played at the end instead of at the side. The tone is very soft and strange, and this effect is intensified by the fact that they all played in unison. They were not always all on the key, but the effect of weirdness was rather heightened than marred by a slight dissonance.

As they played, the aged priest rose and began to go slowly down

RELIGIOUS DANCES OF THE HOPI

into the water. He stepped carefully and shudderingly because the water was very cold and he was very old, but he resolutely knelt in the water where it was shallow at the edge of the spring, then rose again and slowly made his way, getting always deeper under the water, into the center, where he disappeared entirely and remained under for what seemed like several minutes to me, but in reality must have been no more than a few seconds. Then he emerged with both upraised hands full of corn and vegetables of all kinds, melons, and all the things given by the kindly Earth that the people may live. These he brought up one by one and handed to the priests seated around the spring who blessed each article of food as it came out of the water and laid it aside. After all had been taken out of the spring the aged priest, shivering piteously but hopeful and serene, came up from the water. The other priests rose, and fell silently into line, forming a procession, with the two maidens in advance, which slowly took its way back to the village on the top of the mesa. The march was slow and frequently halted, for the reason that the rites and observances connected with it were many and elaborate, the priests and their attendants pausing every few steps to mark strange, symbolic figures on the sand by strewing the sacred corn meal. Special prayers were also uttered and the strange minor chant formed an undertone to the entire ceremony, until finally the procession reached the public plaza on top of the mesa. By this time it was nearly dark, but the ceremony went on in the center of the plaza where other mysterious symbols were outlined on the rocky floor with the strewn corn meal, and numbers of supplementary chants were sung until night closed down entirely and the moon appeared, when some of the Indians came out, holding torches high above their heads to illuminate the scene. There are no words for all the ghostly beauty of that scene, the silver moonlight, the sharp ink-black shadows, through which the torches show like smoky yellow points of flame, the white night, the wide silence, and the creeping chill in the air!

THEN came something so extraordinary that I am aware that it will sound as if I were drawing on the rich stores of my imagination for the coincidence which closed the festival. But all I can say is that to my unutterable astonishment, it happened exactly as I tell it. At a certain stage in this part of the ceremony there was a pause. No one left the plaza, but everyone stood as still as a graven image, and not a sound broke the hush, apparently

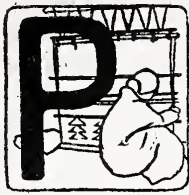
RELIGIOUS DANCES OF THE HOPI

of breathless expectancy. The stillness was so unearthly that it became oppressive, and a few white friends who were with me began to urge in whispers that we leave the plaza as all was evidently at an end, and go back to our camp below the mesa, when suddenly there rang out such a wild exultant shout of unrestrained, unmeasured rejoicing as only Indians can give in moments of supreme religious exaltation—rain-drops had splashed on devout, upturned faces.

Their prayers had been answered. The spell of the drought-evil had been broken, and the long strain of the solemn ceremonial gave place to such a carnival of rejoicing as it seldom falls to the lot of civilized man to see. The older Flute Priests retired; their work was done; and the mothers hastened swiftly and silently about, hiding away their little ones under husks and corn shucks, branches and blankets, until the children were stowed away out of sight as snugly and safely as squirrels in their nests. The flutes gave way to the tomtom, and in a few minutes the plaza was filled with numbers of the younger men dressed in most fantastic and grotesque costumes. These represented the *Katcinas*, spirits who are regarded as intermediaries between men and the Gods of Nature. These Nature Spirits are supposed to be very peculiar, grotesque beings, with enormous heads and very long beaks. Tiny images of the *Katcinas* are given to the children as dolls in order to familiarize them from babyhood with the useful or dangerous beings that inhabit the Hopi pantheon, and the only punishment as well as the only inducement to good behavior ever offered to a Hopi child is the admonition that if they are not good, kindly and obedient, the *Katcinas* will catch them. That was why the children were all safely hidden away before the young men, masked and attired as *Katcinas* appeared, and the carnival began. With brief intermissions it was kept up all night, and within a few hours the clouds had rolled from the western horizon over the entire sky, and a gentle, steady rain was falling. To add to the strangeness of the whole thing, the drought over Kansas, Missouri and other parts of the West did not break for some time after.

From the white man's point of view, this answer to prayer was, of course, the merest coincidence, but not all the power of church and government combined could convince the Hopi that their God had not heard them when the Christian God was deaf to the prayers of churches and missionaries, and that their devotion to the ancient faith had brought relief from famine and life to themselves and their flocks and herds.

A PORTRAIT FROM LIFE: BY SUSAN COREY



ORTRAITS, portraits everywhere in Hawkins' studio—portraits on the walls, portraits in the corners, portraits on easels. Unfinished portraits with vague shadowy outlines hanging side by side with finished portraits, so lifelike that they almost walked out of the canvas at you.

Here hung the first portrait that Hawkins ever painted—little Annie Murray, the singer—though you would never recognize her with that unreal posture and smirk; and there on the easel, with the paint still fresh, stood Hawkins' latest portrait—old Scripps the broker, so like him that you would have hesitated to mention any values in stocks for fear he would stretch out a grasping hand and clutch the information.

It was this wonderful air of reality that marked Hawkins' style. He painted what he saw in people and if he did not see what was handsome—so much the worse for the people. Many of the portraits now in the studio testified to this love for the truth at all costs, for they had been left on his hands by clients who refused to pay for such outrageous likenesses of themselves.

There was Mrs. Van Dyke, the beauty, for instance, pictured with every line and wrinkle of her carefully concealed age (Hawkins liked lines and wrinkles), and, worse still, there was young Owen, whom his family regarded as the type of all manly beauty, showing under Hawkins' brush the bulldog visage of a prize-fighter. Hawkins enjoyed these two specimens of his work hugely and had hung them in a good light where he could keep an admiring eye on them.

. . . the fact is, truth was his fetish—his whole artistic creed—criticism and contumely glanced harmless off the shining armor in which truth encased him and to reach Hawkins you would have to find some lack of truth in his work, through which you could strike home.

Some vision of this had indeed come unaided to Hawkins on the dull November day of which I write. It was one of the strange ironies of fate that he should feel with every finishing touch which he put to the most successful portrait he had ever painted that he had somehow fallen short of the mark. The ruthless realism of the picture struck suddenly some hidden chord of sensibility never sounded before and it reverberated loudly through his artistic consciousness.

Had anyone a right to paint a face as he had painted Scripps' ? Was there not a finer, an altogether different art of portrait paint-

A PORTRAIT FROM LIFE

ing which, penetrating farther into the reality of things, would have revealed, in spite of the opacity of Scripps' business look, an even more real Scripps who was somewhat human? Had he always failed of going deep enough? Had his success lain only in his true eye and his patient power over details?

Hawkins faced squarely on this possibility and began as he walked about the room to examine the different portraits in this new light.

HE PAUSED before the window at the sight of old Scripps on the other side of the street. In his state of awakened conscience, his latest model appeared much in the light of a victim, but Scripps had such a characteristically ugly look as he picked his way along that the artist in Hawkins looked at him with fascinated interest. "Fully as ugly as I painted him!" he exclaimed with satisfaction, but at that instant a mite of a baby who was trotting along the pavement was jostled and thrown by the crowd—and could that be old Scripps who sprang with such energy to the rescue and set her so carefully on her feet? It surely was, and now he was crossing the street toward the studio. He was coming to see his portrait, of which Hawkins had never given him a sight.

For a long time he stood before it silently, while the artist glanced with keen interest from him to the portrait, comparing the original in his remarkable rainy-day garb with the portrait Scripps, so tidy and arranged.

But he did not linger long over the difference in attire when he noticed the look which came into Scripps' face—a look he had never seen there during the sittings.

"It's wonderful, Mr. Hawkins," he said slowly, with an appreciation of its power which almost brought the tears to Hawkins' eyes. "Wonderful—but—horrible!" he added in a changed voice. "It's a day of judgment to see yourself in paint, isn't it?" he said solemnly. "I look as if I'd made my pile, don't I? and not much of anything else, either . . . bargains—bargains—bargains! written all over my face—and I got the best of the people, too, didn't I?"

Hawkins was speechless.

"See here, Mr. Hawkins," Scripps said appealingly. "You're a great artist, but do I always look like that?"

"No, Mr. Scripps, no!" said Hawkins hastily, "but I chose that as a characteristic expression."

A PORTRAIT FROM LIFE

“Quite so!” said Scripps. “I thank you for telling me the truth. I like the truth better than anything else.”

Hawkins gave a start to find another enthusiast for truth in the old man.

“I don’t deny the genuineness of the picture,” continued Scripps. “It’s a splendid piece of work, but I don’t want my wife and the girls to see it—they have a good opinion of me somehow and I don’t want they should see it.”

He took his hat and started for the door. Hawkins would have liked to detain him, but Scripps was gone before he could collect his wits.

“‘Art for art’s sake’ isn’t all it’s cracked up to be,” said Hawkins to himself, as he surveyed the ugly portrait again and almost winced himself at the sight of it. “I don’t mind so much when people don’t look as handsome as they would like, but this stirring up their consciences isn’t at all in my line—not at all—especially if they’re going to turn out better than I’ve made them look.”

SCRIPPS meantime had left the studio more upset than he had been for many years, and pondering, perhaps for the first time, the mysteries of his own nature. He had ordered his portrait painted much as he had ordered his big, substantial house built, as one of the customary accessories of wealth—and now the magic wand of art was making it a revelation to him of what he himself really was.

“What is the matter, John?” asked Mrs. Scripps, noticing at once the difference in his manner. “Lost some money?”

“Can’t anything happen to a body except to win or lose money?” asked Scripps.

“That’s usually what you’re up or down about,” said Mrs. Scripps innocently.

“Things go wrong down town, father?” asked his eldest daughter, entering the room.

“No!” said Scripps, fairly snapping at her. “I have other troubles,” he added mournfully. Scripps was lost in thought during the noonday meal, and did not return to his office afterward.

“I’d like to see you in the library a few moments, Maria,” he said to his wife.

“Whatever can he want?” she said in a frightened whisper to her daughter as she passed her.

Once in the library, Scripps seemed to have considerable

A PORTRAIT FROM LIFE

difficulty in opening the conversation. He hemmed and hawed and walked up and down nervously while Mrs. Scripps sat on the edge of her chair in anxious anticipation.

At last, however, he seemed to come to some decision, and, stopping in front of her, he said "I suppose I've always scrimped you as to money and made you uncomfortable, haven't I, Maria?"

"It's only right to be economical," said Mrs. Scripps with prim virtuousness.

"It's not right, though, to think of nothing but the almighty dollar," said Scripps grimly, "and I reckon that's about what I've made you do."

His wife stared at him in undisguised amazement. "You've never been and gone over to the revival meetings at the Methodist Church, have you, John?"

Scripps chuckled in spite of himself at this. "No, Maria, I haven't experienced religion, but I've experienced something worse. I've seen how I really look!"

"Oh," said Mrs. Scripps, much relieved. "You've been to see your picture. Well, well, I wouldn't care much if it wasn't a real good likeness. You can buy a handsome gilt frame for it and when you see it hung up in the parlor and remember how we started twenty years ago, you and I, you'll feel mighty proud of it, and no wonder.

Scripps stared at her. "But I tell you, Maria, the portrait's all right. It's the way *I look* that's wrong."

"How look?" said Mrs. Scripps. "Didn't you have on your best coat and everything to match? Come, John!" she said soothingly. "You're just out of sorts."

"Best coat!" cried Scripps, "gilt frame!" Can't I make you understand, woman, that I myself, John Scripps, looked a mean skulking beast, a low-lived usurer, with greed written on every line of my face. And it's so real," he added, "that if it went down-town to-morrow instead of me it would fool everyone into transacting business with it."

"Why, John!" said his wife, overcome with surprise.

"And all the while I was thinking I had climbed the ladder of respectability so high," continued Scripps, "I was going down it—step by step."

Mrs. Scripps began to cry quietly.

"For every dollar I've put into my purse, I've written two on my face. Every time I've squeezed a poor person for a debt, I've

A PORTRAIT FROM LIFE

drawn the furrow of avarice about my mouth. Don't ever mention money to me again, Maria," he said, turning on her. "There will be no more doling out small sums to you and asking what you did with the last. You'll have your own account from now on and all I ask of you is to spend it—spend it on yourself, spend it on other people, spend it on good works—set it afloat, pass it on—and see that you look generous and happy. Anyway," he added, with a touch of his old dryness, "don't you have your picture painted until you're fifty!"

"Oh, John!" said Mrs. Scripps tearfully.

"We'll go to the theatre to-night," he said. "You send a messenger for the tickets."

"But, John," said his wife, forgetting, "it will cost."

"Cost be damned!" he yelled. "Send at once and do anything else expensive you can think of."

With that he rushed from the room and Mrs. Scripps, left unnerved and hysterical, could hear him still saying, as he bundled into his overcoat and out of the front door and down the street, "spend—spend—spend."

IT WAS on another dull day some two months later that Hawkins, working in his studio, heard a familiar rap on the door, followed by the entrance of a dingy figure, which, coming forward into the light, revealed itself as Scripps.

He was surprised at Hawkins' hearty welcome.

"You're just the man I wanted to see, Mr. Scripps," he said.

Scripps looked weary and worn, but he responded to this welcome with a bright glance.

"You see, Mr. Hawkins," he said, "I never paid you for that portrait."

"Oh, that's all right!" said Hawkins heartily. "You didn't like it, you know. You mustn't feel obliged to take it."

"It's been worth a great deal to me," said the old man, slowly. "In fact, Mr. Hawkins, what I'm here for to-day is that I want to pay double for it. If you don't want the money yourself, you can give it to some young artist. It may help him to paint portraits that show people up as they really are."

Hawkins flushed. "See here, Mr. Scripps, we won't say anything more about that, for of course I wouldn't take it." He hesitated a moment and then went on. "I may as well tell you that I was much troubled when I saw how you felt about your picture,

A PORTRAIT FROM LIFE

so troubled, in fact, that I've looked you up a good many times when you didn't know it."

"You have!" said Scripps surprised.

"Yes! I found you were not at your office as usual, and then, as I'm a curious person by nature, and felt besides in this case responsible for the change in you, I set out to discover where you did spend your time."

Scripps looked as embarrassed as a schoolboy caught playing truant.

"It's a wonderful work you've been doing these months, Mr. Scripps. I've watched you at it. I've known of the people you've helped."

Scripps protested huskily.

"I've seen you pass along those remote streets of New York," continued Hawkins, without heeding his remonstrance; "the people all know you now. You are probably not even aware how many of them stop and look after you."

Scripps could not say anything.

"You've worn yourself out for them, Mr. Scripps."

"I'm not tired," said Scripps enthusiastically and truly, worn to a mere shadow of his former self though he was, a spirit looked out of Scripps' face and eyes, that spoke of an indefatigable and undying ardor for life.

Hawkins looked at him admiringly. "You say my portrait has meant a great deal to you, Mr. Scripps," he said slowly. "I think, to be entirely frank with you, I shall have to confess that it has meant a great deal to me, too."

Scripps turned in astonishment.

"I had always been so confident," went on Hawkins, "that I could see things as they were. Just because I had a true eye and a keen power of observation, I thought I could paint people. I did not go deep enough, Mr. Scripps. *I did not go deep enough!* It came to me on the day I finished your portrait, and the impression was confirmed when I saw your dismay at it. I want to tell you I shall never do that style of work again. It's brutal,—it's materialistic—it ignores the real personality. If I have altered your code, Mr. Scripps, you have altered mine, and here's my hand on it."

Scripps gripped his hand heartily. "I thank you, Mr. Hawkins," he said.

"I suppose you don't want to take another look at the portrait

SUCCESS

which has taught us both so many lessons?" asked Hawkins smiling.

"Why, yes," said Scripps nervously. "Why, certainly, Mr. Hawkins."

Hawkins flooded the darkening studio with light.

"I've kept it on the same easel, on the same spot—you see?"

Scripps looked at the portrait one long moment and then at the artist. He could not find any words, then he reached for a chair which Hawkins quickly held out to him.

"It's another portrait!" he finally gasped.

"A better likeness, Mr. Scripps," said Hawkins, almost tenderly.

The face on the canvas was even more real and lifelike than the first face had been. It was Scripps in every line of it. There was no softening of the grim contours, no glossing over the wrinkles, no flattering the undoubted ugliness, and yet, indefinable and elusive—mysterious as life itself—you felt the humanity of the man. It lay concealed in the hard lines of the mouth—it looked out at you from the eyes—it shone wonderfully from the whole countenance.

Hawkins himself felt humble as he gazed at it. It was some divine spark of genius that had taught him how to paint the portrait of the real Scripps.

SUCCESS

O H, to be rich, the young man boldly prayed!
And set his firm foot on the crowded stair,
Now swiftly climbing, then again delayed,
But never resting in an easy chair;
At length he reached that dizzy, breathless air
We call success, where never mortal stayed
Content, but higher yet must do and dare,
Or else must lose the stake for which he played.

Onward he pushed and scorning as he passed
Every ideal and aim except his own,
As with an iron will and brutal stress
All weak competitors aside he cast,
He touched his sordid goal with wreckage strown
Lost, and defeated by his own success.

JOHN ALBEE.

WOMEN SWEEP THE STREETS IN MUNICH, AND SEEM TO ENJOY OUTDOOR WORK



WOMEN sweep the streets in Munich. They do it well. They are conscientious workers, cheerful and alert, and they seem to enjoy it. A young American woman who was there last summer was horrified at the sight of women busy in the streets all day, broom in hand from sunrise to sunset. "The idea of women doing men's rough work," was her sympathetic wail. Now as a matter of fact the idea was a very pleasant one. I have never seen more wholesome, robust, contented working women than the street-sweepers of Munich. Cheeks as red as August roses in the *Hof Garten*; skin a rich lustrous brown, hands capable, muscles flexible, a clear eye and clean smile—how often can one schedule such a list of physical perfections in a New England kitchen.

And such nice, stout, pleasant colored, homespun clothes. Such blues as you see in the Bavarian fields harvest days (where women also help), such reds as belong to warm Bavarian landscapes, the same rich vegetable hue that is in the red-tiled houses and capped stone fences, the red of the earth. A soft blue petticoat, a red sacque, a white kerchief, and a jaunty green Tyrolean hat with a gay little feather, bespeaking an interest in decoration and adornment, is indeed a costume for White Wings to envy. There is a pleasant *guten Tag* with a fine cordiality of intonation to every passer-by. A glad *danke schön* for unexpected *Pfennige*, good cheer for every swing of the broom, and a housewifely pride in the well-garnished *Strasse*.

And, when you stop to think of it, why should women be debarred from wholesome outdoor occupation? What false standards of social conditions have been accepted that it has become a degradation for women to work out of doors, in the fields, in gardens, in town streets?

Not that harvesting and street sweeping are always desirable, or good for all women—but if any one prefers the open, sunlight to shadow, fresh air to cooking smells, why must any one else shudder to see such a one rosy and cheerful and enjoying life? And why must there be an arbitrary dividing line of social sentiment that makes it good form for men to earn a living out of doors and grow stalwart and cheerful so doing, and degrading for women to do it?

SOME DECORATIVE PANELS BY ALBERT HERTER, WHICH ARE A BITING SATIRE ON MODERN HYPER-LUXURIOUS SOCIETY: BY GILES EDGERTON



THE unusual and beautiful room which Albert Herter calls his studio is built with an open court extending from skylight to entrance floor. One side of this court is the hallway with the wall of brick divided off into arches. It was as mural decorations for these arches that Mr. Herter designed the panels shown with this article—panels at once finely decorative from an artist's point of view, and keenly satirical to the student of modern society.

There are five arches to carry decorative studies of Painting, Architecture, Sculpture, Music and Poetry. Of these only the three here presented are completed and in place. Mr. Herter will not talk of these panels as studies of modern social conditions, he seems interested only in their decorative suitability to the spaces for which they were designed. And, after all, what more is there for him to say? What word or gesture or uplift of brow could more effectually lay bare the selfish, self-centered, blasé, degenerate condition of the hyper-luxurious, upper class society of either America or Europe? And egotism; one should not forget the biting incisiveness with which the egotism of the woman dilettante in life is shown: not without charm, not without picturesqueness, never without the quality of physical attraction; but entirely without heart—according to the Anglo-Saxon definition; without soul—as one thinks of spirituality severed from religion; and wholly, tragically, without kindness, in the biggest sense of the word, where it stands for tenderness, sympathy, gentleness.

Not one of the women has the slightest consciousness of any lack whatsoever. Each one is insolently sure of life's humble attitude toward her—her money, her position, her birth, What else has Life to give a woman, except poverty and misery—these she scorns. Even her interest in the five great arts is subjective. What can they contribute to her pleasure, her beauty? Well? What is art for—what is anything for? And the Frenchwoman in the arch shrugs, and the American looks a shade more coldly imperious.

Indeed, so far has the egotism and insolence of the twentieth century luxurious woman gone, so remote is she from the big tumultuous, vibrating thing known as humanity, that mere beauty, the



DECORATIVE PANEL.
BY ALBERT HERTER.



SCULPTURE

DECORATIVE PANEL.
BY ALBERT HERTER.



DECORATIVE PANEL.
BY ALBERT HERTER.



From a Photograph by Hollinger & Co.

MR. ALBERT HERTER.

A DECORATIVE SATIRE

beauty that Nature gives, no longer satisfies her. Any one may have this beauty, her maid, the woman who serves her in the shops; and so her life study is not the great lovely radiance of beauty that is in color and line and expression and *esprit*; she seeks the unusual, the eccentric, the trick that may differentiate her. She cultivates pallor with morbidly red lips. She stains her ears red; or tints her eyelids and upper face a strange yellow that is esoteric and bewildering. Her hair is just a part of the color scheme she desires in her make-up, red or gold or dead black or straw or white.

She calls this strange confusion of nature, her temperament. I have seen in Paris on the Boulevard des Italiens in a single afternoon a dozen women with their faces painted a queer mauve, their lips purple, and all draped in pale red or purple veils. I have not yet found out what phase of mysterious charm it was intended to express. But the Frenchmen at the cafés knew. They peered up over the pale green drink and wagged studio beards appreciatively.

In America the purple complexion has not yet arrived; but among the newly rich insolence has taken possession of the younger generation, and egotism with it, and the morbid desire for a personal picturesque eccentricity, and the need to express a full understanding that the world is largely peopled with "mere masses,"—and above all there is the desire to seem artificial.

Mr. Herter does not, however, say any of these things. He tells you how he found the lovely strange green and peach tints in the brick wall by scraping off an ugly red paint, how half-way down to the brick surface the workmen came upon these delicate mixed hues due to a former painting. And so the wall was left, to the workmen's horror, a mixture of rarely lovely tints, and glazed. Mr. Herter explains that the color scheme of the panels was worked out to harmonize with the wall tints, and furnished with an accent of black, which culminates in the center arch, to avoid an attenuated delicacy of tone.

The inscriptions under each panel, in dead black with letters of gold, form a part of the general color-scheme, and here and there throughout the panels the gold reappears on cushion or embroidery or furniture, a vivifying sharp accent in the exquisite variations of pale greens and mellow peach bloom. Not for an instant does the palette lose its head, nowhere does the artist forget the wall which is the inspiration—women, children, men and interiors, all are made to conform to the tones of the old painted bricks.

PRAYER OF THE BRAIN-SPINNERS

From a decorative point of view the arched panels are an unusual and convincing achievement; they are equally so when studied thoughtfully and regretfully from a sociological viewpoint. They are a searching and pitiless satire on modern luxurious existence, presented in tints of a misty May sunrise,—the cruelest truth told with a brush dipped in the calyx of a peach blossom. And, as Mr. Herter contends, “the decorative effect in relation to the wall is all right.”

PRAYER OF THE BRAIN-SPINNERS

GIVE us a work for our hands, O Master of Toil;
Weary are we of the din and shifting strife,
Endlessly waged in the endless fields of the air,
Weary of searching in vain for the clues of life.

Strong is the pull of the rock, the clay and the tool,
Quick in our blood is the yearning to carve us a sign,
Tangible, real, to stand in the eye of the sun,
Shapeless howe'er, yet by joy of creation, divine!

Give and withhold not, O Master of Toil and of Life!
Sweet will the rest be at nightfall, but sweeter to say
Words not, but works I leave, and the work is good,—
Even as God, on the eve of the seventh day!

—HELEN M. BULLIS.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF SAVING BABIES' LIVES: PRACTICAL METHOD OF IMPROVING CITIES' MILK SUPPLY: BY JOHN SPARGO



FROM the "over population" cry of Malthus to the "race suicide" cry of President Roosevelt is an astounding transition. Throughout a large part of the nineteenth century the influence of the Malthusian dread of an increase of population beyond the limits of the means of sustenance dominated the political economy of the English-speaking world—and most of the rest of the world included in the category of civilization. The idea was not restricted to the economists, but obsessed the popular mind in a most remarkable manner. Whenever it was proposed to do anything for the improvement of the conditions of the masses, the cry was raised that nothing could be done until means were found to check "the devastating torrent of babies."

Now, the pendulum has swung to the other extreme. There is universal concern and fear because of a rapidly diminishing birth-rate, and a cry of "race suicide" is the terror of the nations. Of the facts there can be no question: the decline in fertility of the human species in highly civilized countries ranks among the most interesting phenomena which sociologists are endeavoring to explain. There is an increasing tendency to sterility in modern life, but whether we should regard the fact pessimistically, as President Roosevelt does, or optimistically, as Mr. H. G. Wells does, is too big a question for discussion here. It may be that, as Major Charles E. Woodruff and other scientists contend, this is but the beneficent working of a great natural law, universally operative in all species, tending to keep population within the limits of subsistence. The birth-rate diminishes, but so does the death-rate. An increased or even stationary birth-rate with a decreasing death-rate would inevitably lead to over-population. Formerly in civilized countries, the birth-rate was high because the rate of extermination was also high—conditions which obtain still in backward countries. To the holders of this view, the decreased birth-rate is only Nature's mysterious and wonderful automatic adjustment to conditions.

Whatever the explanation may be, the facts remain. Unquestionably, sterility is almost universally the accompaniment of intellectual and material advance. Polybius attributed the decay of Greece to depopulation by this means, and says, "In our times all

POLITICAL ECONOMY OF SAVING BABIES' LIVES

Greece has been afflicted with a failure of offspring, in a word with a scarcity of men . . . though we have not been visited either with a series of wars or with epidemic diseases . . . For when men gave themselves up to ease and comfort, and indolence, and would neither marry, nor rear children born out of marriage, or at most only one or two, in order to leave these rich, and to bring them up in luxury, the evil soon spread imperceptibly, but with rapid growth." He urged the people of Greece to change their habits, "or at all events to enact laws compelling parents to rear their children." Mommsen and Seeley among modern historians attribute the decay of Rome largely to the same cause.

Something of fear lest the experience of these great civilizations of antiquity be ours, whether justly founded or not, has had the effect of awakening attention to the importance of keeping alive the babies that are born. While the decline in the birth-rate is probably not due in any measurable degree to choice and is a socio-biologic question, rather than a moral one as Mr. Roosevelt, like Polybius, believes, there can be no question as to the possibility of largely reducing the infant death-rate, and, consequently, of our collective moral responsibility for the excessive infantile mortality of the present. When England was confronted by a dearth of soldiers, her statesmen turned their attention to the sources of the problem, how to save the children. Because of the narrow margin of births over deaths, France values her babies more highly than ever, more highly than any other country in the world. In the great Australian Commonwealths, the decline in the birth-rate in recent years has caused great anxiety and forced statesmen and men of science to seek ways and means of preventing needless infantile mortality. In this country, our alarm at "race suicide" has given a very noticeable impetus to child study, and especially to the important subject of saving as many as possible of the tens of thousands of babies now needlessly, ignorantly sacrificed every year. Never before in the history of the world, probably—certainly not in modern times—was so much intelligent, serious effort devoted to this important task.

MANY factors enter into the stream of causes which make up the great ocean of needlessly sacrificed baby lives, of which the chief are perhaps ignorance and poverty. The ignorance of many mothers—I am almost tempted to say the *average* mother!—is most appalling. To hear a group of Settlement workers,

POLITICAL ECONOMY OF SAVING BABIES' LIVES

visiting nurses and physicians relating their experiences and enumerating the many deleterious things given to young babies, is a tragic experience. Babies a few weeks old given tea, beer, vegetables, bread, fish, candy, ice cream, pickles—the awful list might be extended almost indefinitely. Undoubtedly, ignorant feeding is a prime factor in the problem of infantile mortality.

And here a strange, almost frightful development of the nature of the human mother enters, a truly wonderful phenomenon. The best, indeed, almost the only safe, food for a baby is the milk of its mother. Anything but maternal milk is foreign to the digestive tract of the infant, as Dr. Chapin, one of our most distinguished authorities upon infant feeding, points out. While physical separation takes place at birth, there is a very real *physiological* connection between mother and infant, under normal conditions, for many months afterward, until the child is weaned. It depends upon the mother for life just as directly as it depended in the womb. Dr. Chapin states the matter clearly when he says, "From a physiological standpoint, the artificially-fed baby is a premature child." And the modern mother is growing more and more unable to nurse her child at her breast. For some subtle reason, this function of maternity is being atrophied in civilized women; and the higher their civilization, the less able are they to nurse their own offspring.

There is not in existence, so far as I am aware, any considerable body of statistical testimony which can be cited in support of this assertion. The fact is admitted, however, by most of the leading medical authorities. Hundreds of physicians of large experience have assured me that they have found it to be so in their practice. It is not, as is very generally supposed, that modern mothers are unwilling to nurse their offspring, setting social pleasures above maternal duties. This may be true of a very small number of women, abnormal types. With the vast majority of women the trouble is *physiological*, nothing less than an absolute decay of the function. While among savages and primitive people the inability of mothers to suckle their offspring is rarely or never encountered, among the well-to-do classes in the most progressive countries it is so common as to almost become the rule. In this country, Dr. L. Emmet Holt, a well-known authority upon all that relates to infant feeding, finds this incapacity to nurse infants at the breast to be increasing, mainly among the well-to-do classes, but also among the poorest. Of the former, he tells us, not more than twenty-five per cent. of those who have earnestly and intelligently attempted

to nurse have succeeded in doing so satisfactorily for as long as three months. "An intellectual city mother who is able to nurse her child successfully for the entire first year is almost a phenomenon," he says.

Professor von Bunge, a famous German authority, with the assistance of over a hundred German, Austrian and Swiss physicians, who had been his pupils, and were selected because of their reliability as observers, gathered particulars concerning two thousand families in those countries. His researches have convinced him that by far the largest number of mothers who do not nurse their offspring are physiologically unable to do so. He believes that more than half of the mothers in the cities of central Europe are physically unable to suckle their infants. A famous Japanese physician wrote me from Tokyo that breast-feeding tends to become more and more difficult among well-to-do Japanese women. In the language of an eminent English physician, "The human infant tends more and more to become a parasite of the milch-cow."

IN CONSEQUENCE of this critical failure of the maternal function, artificial feeding for infants is on the increase and becomes more and more important. It is not impossible, nor even very unlikely, that in the course of a few generations artificial feeding will be the rule in civilized countries and breast-feeding practically unknown. What the causes of this strange phenomenon are no one as yet knows. It appears likely that the complexity of life in our modern cities has something to do with it, though it exists in rural communities also, its prevalence in Ireland, for instance, being the matter of much comment. Is there some connection between the development of woman's intellect and her failure as a mother? Why is it that the domestic animals, living under much the same conditions, do not appear to be affected in this way? Why is it that the Jewish mother succeeds in nursing her infant while the Gentile mother fails? These are questions which science is not yet able to answer.

A bewildering array of artificial foods, most of them cunningly advertised, tempt the mother who is unable to nurse her own baby as Nature intended. Of the great majority of these foods it is safe to say that they are little better than poisons whose sale should be forbidden. Of the remaining minority, few can be given with perfect safety to every child, or with the expectancy of good results. In Germany there is a law which provides that whenever a child

POLITICAL ECONOMY OF SAVING BABIES' LIVES

dies in the first year of life the death certificate must state not only the cause of death, but the mode of feeding adopted from birth. The records show that of children fed upon artificial food fifty-one per cent. die in the first year, while only eight per cent. of those fed naturally, at their mothers' breasts, die in the same period. In attempting to secure a satisfactory substitute for mother's milk the aim should be, it is universally agreed by the medical profession, to secure a food as closely resembling human milk as can be devised. But, while milk is an animal substance, most of the patent infant foods are composed wholly or in large part of vegetable matter, such as wheat flour. Many of them contain a large percentage of starch, a substance which is indigestible by the infant and highly injurious. Moreover, milk, especially as it comes to the child from the mother's breast, is a living biological fluid, while the prepared foods consist of inert matter.

The best substitute for human milk is without question the milk of the cow. Upon that there is an overwhelming consensus of medical opinion. It much more nearly resembles human milk than do any of the artificial foods containing vegetable matter, and is for that reason desirable. Cow's milk therefore becomes the staple diet of a large proportion of the world's babies—the infant human animal becomes a parasite upon the cow. But while cow's milk is the one substitute which resembles human milk in so many ways as to lead to its general adoption, it differs from the human lacteal fluid in many important particulars. It is, through much handling and almost inevitable exposure, more liable to bacterial contamination. More important even than this, is the fact that it has a hard curd, difficult for the single infantile human stomach to digest, which is not to be wondered at when one remembers that Nature intended it for an animal with four stomachs, while for the human infant with its single stomach a soft-curded milk was Nature's wise provision.

IN A SENSE, the milk of one species is poison to any other species. When an animal is attacked by poisonous bacteria, they seem of themselves to form in the blood certain protective, neutralizing qualities, called in the technology of the laboratory "anti-bodies." It is contended by many experts that mother's milk contains these useful anti-bodies and carries them into the infant's body. They point to the immunity of breast nurslings from infectious diseases. Mothers with typhoid suckle their offspring

POLITICAL ECONOMY OF SAVING BABIES' LIVES

without infecting them. Professor Rogers, an eminent French authority, has published a list of forty-nine cases of nursing mothers admitted with their infants to an isolation hospital. Fifteen had measles, nineteen scarlet fever, eight tonsillitis, one diphtheria, five erysipelas and one mumps. With the exception of one debilitated infant who contracted erysipelas, no child contracted disease, notwithstanding that all were suckled by their mothers.

Whether bovine diseases can be transmitted to the human infant through the milk of the cow is a question which the foremost medical and bacteriological experts of the world have affirmed and denied with equal emphasis. Dr. Koch, the discoverer of the tubercular bacillus, asserted with striking emphasis in London, six years ago, that bovine and human tuberculosis were essentially different and that it was impossible to transmit human tuberculosis to cattle by inoculation. Therefore, said he, we have no need to fear infection from cattle by ingestion. He pointed out the fact that infants, who depend in an increasing proportion wholly upon cow's milk, do not suffer as much as might be expected from intestinal tuberculosis. As against this sweeping assertion of Koch, there is the undoubted fact that many experiments in this country and Europe have beyond doubt accomplished the transmission of human tuberculosis to cattle, and that bovine tuberculosis has been accidentally contracted by human beings. The evidence adduced by Dr. Ravenel, of the Pennsylvania State Live-Stock Sanitary Board, upon these two points seems to be fairly conclusive. There is a celebrated case, familiar to most physicians, placed upon record by Gosse, a famous physician of Geneva. His own daughter was infected by drinking the milk of a cow upon his own farm which, unknown to him, suffered with tuberculosis of the udder. That she died of tuberculosis of the bovine variety, and that inoculation was by ingestion, was abundantly shown by the post-mortem examination which, with rare courage, he performed himself. Professor von Behring, after the most careful investigation, has announced positively that bovine tuberculosis is transmissible to human beings and is even more dangerous than the human variety. This is the opinion, too, of the British Royal Commission appointed to investigate the subject.

When it is remembered that a very large percentage of cattle—even in the most select herds—suffer from tuberculosis, the udders and milk ducts being often diseased, the important relation of this subject of bovine diseases to infant feeding will be readily apparent.

POLITICAL ECONOMY OF SAVING BABIES' LIVES

Not long ago, a wealthy New Yorker, hoping to secure a safe and pure milk supply for his child, had a new cow barn built at his country place. He secured eight fine young Alderney cows, all registered animals. Soon afterward one of the cows became very sick and died; and a post-mortem revealed the fact that the disease was tuberculosis. Of the remaining seven cows, five were pronounced to be tubercular by a representative of the State Agricultural Department. It was an experience similar to this which led Mr. Nathan Straus, the man to whom the mothers of America will some day erect a monument when they realize what he has done, to enter upon the work which has resulted in saving thousands of baby lives. He was living in the Adirondacks, about fifteen years ago, and to insure a pure milk supply for his family kept a cow. One day the cow died suddenly and Mr. Straus thought she had been poisoned. He sent for a veterinary surgeon who found that the animal's lungs had been eaten away by consumption. From that time, no more raw milk was used by the Straus family.

THE danger of infection by tuberculosis or other bovine diseases is, however, not the only one attendant upon the consumption of milk. As a culture medium for bacterial life, milk is hardly surpassed by any substance, and the result of carelessness in the various processes of milk production and distribution, from the milking stool in the cow barn to the pail in the grocery store or the can on the vendor's wagon, and thence to the consumer's table, means contamination and the supply of milk to infants containing a dangerously high percentage of bacterial life. While Professor von Behring, arguing from the frequency of gastro-intestinal diseases in young children, has proclaimed that milk containing more than one thousand bacteria per cubic centimeter, or about sixteen drops, should never on any account be given to an infant, it is generally regarded as reasonably clean and pure milk which does not contain more than from twenty thousand to thirty thousand bacteria per c.c. But in most of our cities there is no bacterial standard at all, while in the great majority of cases where there is such a standard it is absurdly and awfully high. Thus, in Milwaukee the standard of "purity" is two hundred and fifty thousand bacteria per cubic centimeter! In Boston it is five hundred thousand—a standard worse, in many ways, than none at all! In many of our cities the average bacterial counts run well into the millions. Five millions, or about twice as many as average sewage, is not

POLITICAL ECONOMY OF SAVING BABIES' LIVES

uncommon. In one New York store samples of milk bought on thirteen successive days, by members of the British Health Committee appointed to investigate the milk conditions in various large cities throughout the world, an average of more than one hundred and thirty-three million bacteria per cubic centimeter was discovered! Of course, such milk is poison to infant life.

To many persons the word bacteria calls up visions of terrible unseen dangers. It may be well, therefore, to explain that relatively few of these bacteria are harmful in any sense, and fewer still dangerous. Were it otherwise, we should, of course, be poisoned in very short order. The *kind* of bacteria in the milk is thus quite as important as the number. Milk having relatively few bacteria may have more dangerous ones than milk having an enormous number. That is, however, not common. The larger the number of bacteria in the milk, the greater the possibility of there being dangerous ones among them. How real this danger is we may see in the recent experience of Chicago and its suburbs. Many thousands of cases of diphtheria and scarlet fever occurred, being directly traceable to the milk supplied by one of the greatest milk companies in the United States, the source of infection being some Wisconsin dairies. Chicago, like a good many other American cities, has had no adequate inspection of its milk supply and no bacterial standard. It has paid the penalty in an awful epidemic.

A hundred and fifty years ago, Smollet, the English novelist, wrote a terrible description of the milk supply of his time. It is too disgusting to be printed here, but it is valuable to students of the subject because of the vivid picture it gives of the almost unbelievably foul conditions that prevailed in the distribution of milk. Fortunately, things are not so bad to-day, but there is still much carelessness and neglect of ordinary hygienic precautions in milking and vending the milk. To see cows with filthy udders, milked in still filthier barns, by men and women with dirty hands and clothing; to see lumps of manure drop into the milk pail, often followed by a dirty hand, and to see in the retail store the open milk can exposed to all the dust, or the germ-covered dipper thrust into the milk and then allowed to lie upon the counter collecting more germs while it awaits the next customer—these are not unusual sights to-day. Even the staid, conservative old *British Medical Journal* in an article describing the condition of the milk supply a century and a half after Smollet's terrific arraignment, uses the awful caption, "Pus as a Beverage." And when, last November, I attended the Milk

POLITICAL ECONOMY OF SAVING BABIES' LIVES

Conference in the New York Academy of Medicine, and listened to the reports of sanitary inspectors and others, I could not but feel the appropriateness of this description to much of the milk which is placed upon the market in many of our cities and towns to-day. No one at all familiar with the subject doubts for an instant that a frank description of the milk supply in many of our cities would far outdo "The Jungle" in horror.

In New York City the whole subject of the milk supply is at present receiving a great deal of attention. While conditions are bad, awfully bad, there has been much improvement during the past few years. And this result is attained in spite of great obstacles. The great city needs for each day's supply one million six hundred thousand quarts of milk. This immense sea of milk comes from over thirty thousand dairies, some of them four hundred miles away. From remote corners of Pennsylvania and from Ohio milk is sent into New York. Much of the milk is from twenty-four to forty-eight hours old on arrival in the city, offering numerous inducements for the use of "preservatives." It is sold from about twelve thousand places, offering many inducements for the use of water or baser adulterants, and unlimited facilities for contamination. The fact is that the science of milk production and distribution is as yet in its infancy. We are beginning to learn.

WHEN Mr. Nathan Straus was brought to such a dramatic realization of the perils of an infected milk supply, he determined to pasteurize his family milk supply. Later, oppressed by the awful infantile mortality rate, he decided to establish an Infants' Milk Depot as an experiment. After a most painstaking study of the subject, and conference with scores of physicians in this country and Europe upon the respective merits of "raw," "sterilized," "pasteurized," "whole," and "modified" milks, he decided upon pasteurization and modification. The highest standard of milk obtainable was procured, a little depot set up on a pier at the foot of East Third Street, and pasteurized milk in sealed bottles, both full strength and modified, sold at a very low price. The results were unquestionably beneficial, both directly and indirectly. Not only were the lives of many sick babies preserved by its direct use, but the depot became at once an educative factor and spread, through its appeal to maternal curiosity, a wonderful amount of information about infant hygiene and feeding. This experiment has grown into a world-famous philanthropy. At the

POLITICAL ECONOMY OF SAVING BABIES' LIVES

present time there are about twenty Straus depots in the city of New York, supplying nearly two million bottles of milk. Mr. Straus himself says that the movement has outgrown the limits of private philanthropy and should now be undertaken by the community. It would be impossible to even guess at the number of baby lives saved by the Straus depots, but the number certainly runs into several thousands—a glorious record for any citizen!

Perhaps no better concrete example of the influence of the Straus depots in lowering the infant death-rate can be cited than the following, given in the philanthropist's own modest words

“I will cite the case of a public institution where the death-rate of the children was so high that it became a public scandal. This was on Randall's Island. Though the city had their own herd of cows, which were kept on the Island, carefully tended and apparently in perfect health, they did not succeed in reducing the death-rate below forty-four per cent. At that time I was President of the Health Board, and the institution came under my direct charge. I had a chance to study the appalling conditions that still prevailed there. After I had resigned from this office, encouraged by the results I had already obtained in the city, I installed on the Island a complete plant for the pasteurization of milk. In the very first year of its operation, the death-rate of the children made the astonishing drop of from forty-four per cent to twenty per cent. Remember, there was no other change made either in diet, hygiene or management of the institution. The rate was later reduced to the still lower figure of sixteen and five-tenths per cent.

“Just think of the enormous saving of lives if pasteurization were generally adopted.

“I have done as much as one man could to establish and promote the use of pasteurized milk everywhere, but all that has been accomplished is merely a fraction of the good that could be done were the supply of pure milk made a municipal function as much as the supply of pure water. There can be no question but that the supply of milk everywhere should be pasteurized, not only that intended for infants, since the use of raw milk for adults is almost equally fraught with danger.”

Pasteurization, which is heating to a temperature of one hundred and sixty-five degrees Fahr. for twenty minutes and the French method of sterilization, which is heating to a temperature of two hundred and twelve degrees Fahr. for one hour or one hour and thirty minutes, are both strongly objected to by many physicians.

POLITICAL ECONOMY OF SAVING BABIES' LIVES

American physicians almost unanimously reject the French method on the ground that "it cooks the curd with the germs," makes the milk hard to digest, destroys some of its nutritive qualities, and specifically causes constipation and scurvy. Most of these same objections are urged, with less force, against pasteurization. It is further urged that neither method is necessary; that if care is taken to secure clean milk it can be kept so clean as to require no "cooking." All the opponents of pasteurization concede that if milk is contaminated it should be pasteurized, while all the advocates of pasteurization admit that if pure milk, free from disease, could be secured, there would not be the slightest need of pasteurizing it. The issue, then, is simply, "can means be devised whereby the milk supply of the average American city can be brought up to this high level of cleanliness"? Mr. Straus regretfully answers this question in the negative and goes on his way pasteurizing and advocating the universal pasteurization of all milk, pointing to wonderful results in support of his claims.

IN ROCHESTER, N. Y., there is a man who takes a much more hopeful view. He believes in the practicability of securing a clean milk supply for our cities as thoroughly as he believes in America, or in himself. He is no visionary, this man who affirms that "the pasteurization of milk is a grave error," whose name is synonymous with clean milk. If he were not a successful physician and public official, this shrewd, practical American would be a successful man of business. The work of George W. Goler, Health Officer of Rochester, is perhaps even better known to the leaders of the medical profession in Europe than in this country—to the great mass of his fellow-countrymen he is unknown. Yet, he has been doing wonderful things, revolutionizing the methods of dealing with the milk problem of cities, and, incidentally, saving priceless baby lives.

Rochester is a city of about one hundred and eighty-five thousand inhabitants. There is something of the free dom and progressiveness of the West about it, shot through with the conservatism of New England. With about five thousand births per annum there must be at all times nearly twenty thousand children under five years of age in the city. Its daily milk supply of seventy-five thousand quarts is drawn from something like seven hundred farms, all lying within a radius of fifty or sixty miles. It is distributed by two hundred and twenty-five retailers, each of whom is licensed and

POLITICAL ECONOMY OF SAVING BABIES' LIVES

pays an annual fee of two dollars. Its milk problem, therefore, is radically different from that of our greatest cities, like New York or Chicago, and is much more typical of the average American city. The lessons drawn from its experience, therefore, are lessons for the average city.

Prior to eighteen hundred and ninety-seven the infantile death-rate in Rochester was, as in most cities, very heavy, notwithstanding the many physical advantages of the city. In the nine years, eighteen hundred and eighty-eight to eighteen hundred ninety-six, inclusive, there were six thousand six hundred and twenty-nine deaths among children under the age of five years. There was a system of milk inspection, it is true, but it was woefully inadequate and inefficient. There were one or two inspectors with whom sobriety was not a strong point, and they were known to "borrow" money from milkmen. That they should protect the milkmen in return for these favors was a natural result. Just ten years ago Dr. Goler established an Infants' Milk Depot for two months, July and August, in which the tide of infant mortality always rises. The work began in a very primitive way, and the total cost to the city was three hundred dollars. A store was rented in a thickly populated district and fitted with running water, gas stoves, counters and shelves. Two nurses were placed at the disposal of Dr. Goler by two of the hospitals of the city, and they pasteurized and cooled the milk and sold it at cost to the mothers who came for it. A little pamphlet, a model of wisdom, brevity and lucidity, entitled "How to Take Care of Babies," was printed in four languages and freely distributed. We know now how the three hundred dollars was expended; the results are roughly indicated, but not scientifically measured, by figures which point out that the infantile death-rate in the worst period of the year has been reduced to nearly one-half. Lest it be thought that the basis of comparison is an unfair one, a comparison of the figures for eighteen hundred and ninety-seven with the average death-rate for a period of nine years shows just about the same percentage of decrease in the annual death-rate.

It is not likely that this result was entirely due to the milk actually distributed. Possibly, that was of less importance than the education indirectly accomplished through the interest roused in the city by the establishment of the milk station. That this was so seems to be the natural inference from the fact that during the next two summers, though there were four stations in place of one, and the quantity of milk distributed was vastly increased, the re-

POLITICAL ECONOMY OF SAVING BABIES' LIVES

sults were practically the same. Some wiseacres made the prediction that Dr. Goler had reached the irreducible minimum of infant mortality and that further progress could not be expected. Perhaps most men would have been satisfied with such an accomplishment, but not so Dr. Goler. While satisfied with the return made for the ridiculously small amount of money invested, he would not, could not, believe that the limit had been reached.

THEN came the thought, "pasteurization is good for dirty milk—dead disease germs are less harmful than living ones; but why have filthy milk at all—why not aim at clean milk which needs no pasteurization?" That simple idea of cleanliness has made Rochester famous wherever men and women are seriously trying to keep the babies alive. It is the essence of the political economy of saving babies.

So, in nineteen hundred, instead of pasteurized milk for the infants Dr. Goler tried clean raw milk. A contract was made with a farmer for all his milk at so much per quart, upon condition that he would observe the hygienic directions of Dr. Goler and his assistants. A portable laboratory, consisting of a discarded election booth, was set up on the farm selected. Outside the house, under canvas, a sink and running water were set up where the bottles were washed. Then there was a tent with sterilizers, each sterilizer holding two gross of nursing bottles—for here instead of sterilizing the milk, they sterilize the bottles and cans. Another tent was provided for the nurse in charge to sleep in—the entire "plant" costing between five and six hundred dollars. With the introduction of new methods of simple cleanliness, the infantile death-rate began to decline again, though the decline was not as great as before. In spite of the rapidly increasing population of Rochester a careful comparison of the infantile death-rate shows a decrease of more than fifty per cent. in spite of the great increase of population in a comparative estimate covering the whole period of nine years, eighteen hundred and eighty-eight to eighteen hundred and ninety-six, when there were no Infants' Milk Depots as against the succeeding nine years after the establishment of the Infants' Milk Depots and the insuring of a better supply. Not only have the good results obtained by pasteurization been maintained, through taking care to obtain clean milk and then doing away with the pasteurizing process, but actually improved upon. And, as we shall see, the latter method is more economical.

When it was demonstrated that practically pure milk could be

POLITICAL ECONOMY OF SAVING BABIES' LIVES

had if proper care were taken to keep it clean at all stages, Dr. Goler and his assistants began a campaign of education among the farmers and a more rigid system of inspection. Thus they attacked the general milk supply of the city. In their inspections and tests they very wisely paid more attention to the percentage of dirt and bacteria than to the percentage of fats—a reversal of the usual custom. The farmers at first were accustomed to sneer at the “fads” of this man who pooh-poohed their silver-plated centrifugal machines, which gathered balls of dung and hair from the milk; who said that pasteurizing killed the good germs as well as the bad—and a little more effectively. They were not impressed when he said that it was better to keep the cow barns clean, to cleanse the cows' udders and their own hands and clothing; that sterilizing the cans was better than tampering with the milk and making it harder for babies to digest. But persistence wins, and Rochester to-day has the purest milk supply in America. Dr. Joseph Roby, one of Dr. Goler's assistants, says that before this campaign it was practically impossible to find a dealer whose milk could be depended upon to contain less than one hundred thousand bacteria per c.c. A great many dealers would have samples containing seventy-five thousand, fifty thousand, or even ten thousand one month only to jump to five hundred thousand, or higher, the next month. The average monthly counts for the city ranged from one hundred thousand per c.c. in winter to five hundred thousand per c.c. in summer. But the milk produced under the supervision of the city—and a different farm has been chosen each year as an educational feature of the campaign—gives an average count of three thousand eight hundred and fifty-three bacteria per cubic centimeter, or quarter teaspoonful. Only one sample has gone above twenty thousand (twenty-nine thousand), twenty-one have been below one thousand—an almost unprecedented thing. One sample gave only two hundred and forty, establishing a record for purity. Under this system there is practically no chance whatever for the spread of infectious diseases through an infected milk supply.

And this work costs the city of Rochester less than one thousand dollars a year! Dr. Goler says, and points to the actual experience of several years to prove it, that for a trifle over one thousand dollars a year the system can be carried out in any city of two hundred thousand inhabitants, and in larger cities at a proportionate cost.

REDEEMING THE UGLIEST TOWN ON EARTH: BY HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS



IX years ago Butte, Montana, bore the undisputed title of the ugliest town on earth. Following the logic of the excellent Vicar of Wakefield, whose philosophy saw hope in the very fact that he had reached the ultimate limit of misfortune, Butte, having attained the maximum of ugliness, had at least gained a point from which to start. Towns, and more especially western towns, do not stand still, and since Butte could not move downward, it must of necessity climb up.

The ugliness of Butte was the direct result of artificial conditions. Nature had clad the mountains upon which the city rests with pine grove and thicket of fern; she had erected about it noble peaks, robed royally in purple haze and shining with the perennial benediction of the snow. Within the memory of living men the site of Butte had borne the columned canopy of the forest, the rush of clear streams, the gay patchwork of grass, bitter-root and the myriad mountain flowers. But the hand of man had turned vandal here, and in ruthless quest of copper, shafts were sunk, smelters arose, clouds of sulphur smoke killed the last bud and sprig, and the hills stood naked, lean and stripped. The approach to the city from the East bore a startling likeness to Dante's description of the outlying regions of Purgatory. The huge boulders thrown from their native pedestals by pre-historic convulsions lay scattered in grotesque heaps, and on the desolate cairns and wastes was the ever-present stain of the smoke. If, perchance, a traveller entered the town in the shades of evening over the Continental Divide, the similarity to the scenes of Dante need not end with the approach to Purgatory, for beneath, swimming in a palpitating sea of smoke which filled the bowl of the valley with opal waves, lay the likeness of the Inferno itself. There tall chimneys were capped with points of flame; long, lurid, crawling streams of molten slag burned the heavy darkness into a crimson glow, and, occasionally, a bright flare of red light, when the slag was dumped, completed a scene of picturesque horror.

The town itself, in the impartial light of day, presented a less diabolical but more monotonous appearance. Row upon row of ugly little houses and a few even uglier large ones told eloquently of the status of the place. Had a stranger, ignorant of his environment, been set down in Butte, he would have known at a glance toward the long, low hill bristling with shaft-houses and smoke-

REDEEMING THE UGLIEST TOWN,

stacks, and the multitude of cheap, unlovely houses that crouched beneath, just the character of the town in which he stood; he would have seen in the shaft-houses the reason for its being and the mastering idea of its people; in the rows of cottages and tenements indifference to comfort and beauty. These were not homes; they were the capital of the landlord. If architecture, or the lack of architecture, ever spoke, it was here, and its language was unmistakable.

IN THIS prevailing ugliness the story of Butte was told. The fame of the copper mines spread across the seas, around the world, and poor and adventurous fortune-seekers of all lands flocked here as had the earlier Argonauts to the golden shores of California. They came, lured hither by the hope of wealth, to stay a little while, then pass on to pleasanter pastures. No one cared to make this temporary abiding-place more lovely; anything would do for the few months or years and then,—there was the cherished vision of a far-away Elysium called Home. First the log cabin sheltered the prospector from the cold, then, as the camp grew, this crude form was supplanted by the tenements and cottages built to rent, and in a few cases, by gaudily expensive mansions of mushroom millionaires. There was a certain rugged picturesqueness in the log cabin which these later dwellings lacked, for in their unsymmetrical and unreasonable forms were seen the worst of many styles and the best of none. Every square foot within the walls of a house was crowded with people. The custom of renting rooms was general and the town supported a surprising number of small boarding-houses. A homely sage has said, with keen wisdom, that no man ever died fighting for his boarding-house; one might go farther and say that where rented houses prevail over homes, civic improvement will decline if it has ever existed, for the hearthstone of the home is the foundation stone of democracy. At this time, Butte was virtually a city of rented dwellings, and these poor places, where people wasted the greatest hour of their lives,—the Present, for the will-o'-the-wisp of the Future—were unredeemed by a glimpse of green, a single flower or the shielding charity of a vine.

The moral effect was self-evident. What wonder that the children of Butte, especially the boys, were notoriously bad? What wonder that their starved little hearts, with never a flower nor a spear of grass to look upon, should be turned from the beautiful and good, blighted and stained as the place in which they lived? God pity the little children whose playground is the barren street:



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE IN BUTTE, MONTANA. OWNED BY ALFRED LONGLEY.
SAME HOUSE: FRONT AND SIDE VIEWS.



LIVING ROOM IN MR. LONGLEY'S HOUSE,
OPENING IN FURNISHED HALL: DE-
SIGNÉD FROM CRAFTSMAN INTERIORS.



DINING ROOM IN MR. LONGLEY'S HOUSE
IN BUTTE: FURNISHED WITH CRAFTS-
MAN FURNITURE AND FITTINGS.



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE IN BUTTE, MONTANA.
OWNED BY MR. SAMUEL BARKER.

REDEEMING THE UGLIEST TOWN

who do not know the joy of growing things and the ever wonderful growing of the seed into the plant! Not only the children felt the contamination of perverted environment. The treasure was too vast to be undisputed, and from greed, the mastering evil,—greed of the same type that would rob us of Niagara Falls and our greatest natural possessions,—corruption, bribery and political debauchery soiled the name of the state. It was as if the hungry throats of the dark shafts were never satisfied; that they were usurers of the most relentless sort, demanding compound interest for the wealth they yielded. The forests were stripped to be consumed by their tunnels and drifts; the honor of men sank in their depths and not infrequently a human life was offered up under crashing rocks, an awful sacrifice on the altar of Mammon. And over all, the cloud of smoke hung heavily, hiding the blue sky, the mountain heights and the sun, until men forgot to turn their eyes above. While the pall drifted thick and dark overhead, the bell of the cathedral tolled with appalling frequency and victim after victim of pneumonia was taken down the winding way to the barren graveyard in the "flat." It is of record that one of these grim processions of death was lost in the smoke which seemed maliciously to deny the dead a couch of earth on which to rest.

IN SPITE of such disadvantages the camp grew into a city, and as thousands of people flocked to its mines, these conditions became unbearable. First, the old practice of roasting ore in heaps upon the ground was prohibited, then one by one the smelters were shut down and the output of the mines sent to the great Washoe Smelter at Anaconda, a town twenty-five miles distant. Thus the smoke drifted away forever and left the air pure to breathe, the sun clear to warm the blood and made possible the existence of a city worthy of the name. Little by little, people came to understand that vegetation could be a concrete reality and not a tradition. The discovery of enormous ore bodies extending for miles across the "flat" up the scarred sides of the Rocky Mountains assured the future of Butte's resources past the life of the present generation, and somehow those poor toilers, who had come to stay a while and then pass on, found themselves at the end of years, still toiling with the dream of home farther away, and a yearning instead for something better here and now. They had forgotten to live during that period of oblivion, and they were waking, as after a long, long sleep. The impulse was general. Money was plentiful enough

REDEEMING THE UGLIEST TOWN

and people began to build homes,—homes with tentative little gardens which flourished and grew. The earth was ready for seeds; men's minds were ready for new ideas.

And as the seeds were dropped into the soil which gave them forth again in diverse forms of plant life, so the germ of a new idea planted in the public mind took root and grew, and the fruit of it was the CRAFTSMAN movement. It could not have come to Butte at a more opportune time. People were reaching out for some tangible way to redeem the barren ugliness and the wasted years. Men and women long exiled from the beautiful took it up with the vigor of enthusiasm and it was not long before its results were seen in material form. The first definite move was up out of the gulches to the slopes commanding a sweeping view of the undulating hills that rise into the lofty heights of the Highlands to the south, the huge, beetling and bearded Main Range of the Rocky Mountains to the east, and the abrupt cone of the Big Butte to westward, with a glimpse of the noble peak of Mount Flieser in the distance. It would be hard to find a more beautiful or varied panorama of mountain scenery than this, and the sparkling clearness of the rarefied air takes the vision through miles of atmosphere and reveals the minutest detail on the silvered steeps. Here numbers of pleasant homes have been built, and grass, flowers and young trees deck the yards. Conspicuous among these places are the CRAFTSMAN houses, which are well suited to the austere landscape. The warm shades of russet brown and soft green on the shingles of the houses, shown in the accompanying pictures, are a restful and harmonious contrast to the wide vistas of dull earth color. These homes are very new and the yards are not yet planted, but when the spring is farther advanced and a carpet of green is spread around them; when they are hung with the deep green garlands of Virginia creeper and woodbine, mellowing in the autumn into yellow, brown and red; when the tulips put forth their ringed cups of gold and scarlet geraniums flame in the flower beds, then they will be complete and not until then. On one block three CRAFTSMAN houses stand side by side, looking northward, so that the view of the mountains is from their back windows. Never could the idea of the CRAFTSMAN rear porch be more happily illustrated than here. In the long summer twilight when the sunset lingers in the west and the mountains draw about themselves such mysteries of purple and rose, it is a never-ceasing joy to sit and watch the peaks grow dim in the sanctuary of the night.

REDEEMING THE UGLIEST TOWN

The interiors of these houses carry out the CRAFTSMAN scheme and those who enjoy the broad hearths, the easy chairs and pleasant rooms forget that they are in Butte and remember only that they are in a home. This goes to show that wherever we are, in the most favored or unfavored regions, it still remains for us to create our environment and to make it what we will.

Thus far the betterment of Butte has been a matter of individual rather than organized effort; the private garden rather than the public square has reclaimed the wastes. One park, Columbia Gardens, is the public's sole recreation ground. It is situated at the base of the main range and extends up a canyon or cleft in the mountains. Groves of trees give shelter and shade, and beds of pansies, tulips and other garden flowers grow to perfection of size and color. These gardens are good so far as they go, but eighty thousand people who work need plenty of room to play. At an altitude of six thousand feet above sea level, the blood flows fast, men live at a high pressure of nervous tension, and for these reasons it is necessary that they rest and seek the peace that is of the open. One has only to watch the overladen cars going to and from the Gardens on a holiday or Sunday during summer, and to see the congestion of that pleasure ground itself, to realize how the toilers in the mines long for the healthy recreation of the great out-of-doors. There is space enough around Butte to give all enough room and air. The mountains seem to be forever calling men forth to receive the gift of repose and joy that lies within their sheltering fastnesses.

WHILE the CRAFTSMAN movement has wrought this material change, it has also been a factor in moral and educational advancement. It came as a blessing to the idle hands of children who, hitherto, had used their energy mischievously, knowing no better vent for their native endowment of animal spirits. These were the children of the streets whom we saw awhile ago the objects of the truant officer's vigilance, who commonly landed in jail, there to learn by association the final lesson of crime. As a rule these children were bright and there was a way to their better natures, if only that way could be found. So manual training was introduced in the schools with success that its fondest advocates had scarcely dared to hope for. To make a good student the first essential is to create in the child a desire to study. A direct appeal to his interest will do more to keep him in school than a regiment of truant officers. Manual training furnished this impetus of in-

REDEEMING THE UGLIEST TOWN

terest to children who did not care for books. In the high school there is a room fitted with benches and tools, where large classes are instructed in manual training after CRAFTSMAN models. The good which has been accomplished through this instruction cannot be too strongly emphasized, nor can it be fully reckoned until these young workers go out into the world. It has taught them the dignity of honest labor; the value of thrift; and it has equalized and balanced theory and fact, book and tool. It has showed them that the keynote of useful citizenship is individual striving toward a chosen end, and the reward of a task, in the doing it well. Work and pleasure should never be separated; in the doing of one we should achieve the other. Only in this way can we hope for the best results. The teachers who know the boys have been surprised to find that through some constructive process the worst truants and delinquents have been controlled by manual training; that the law of development extends from the hands to the head; that as the boy builds things of wood he builds the subtler structure of character. It is much the same with the young body politic as with the individual youth; there is always a way to healthy growth, and in Butte that way has been largely through the CRAFTSMAN movement.

BUTTE is just beginning its better existence; it is just coming to realize that it has a heart as well as a purse, an æsthetic as well as a commercial existence. Looking into the future the work of improvement seems an enormous undertaking, but we have only to look back six years at what has been done in the immediate past to be sanguine of the fruit of the days to come. We must earn the beautiful by the toil of our hands and the love of our hearts, but if we must labor for that which is freely given as earth's offering in fairer lands, we appreciate the hard-earned reward even more. Nature, once cast out and spurned, does not easily return, still, as time passes, over the dun sweep of the hills a faint, yellow-green may be seen, the footfall of the spring, elusive and fleeting, born of the shower and blighted by the wind. It is scarcely more than a promise that in the days to come if we keep striving there may be a greater heritage for us than the little patch of garden at our door. Even now, the seeker, who strikes out on the long road past the Big Butte where the distant peaks loom up silver-white to meet the brooding clouds, may find the ever-changing pageant of the wild flowers, threads of crystal streams fringed with tall, purple iris and willows, and, as the summer warms into maturity, the royal



THE LIVING ROOM IN MR. BARKER'S HOUSE SHOWS A MOST ATTRACTIVE CRAFTSMAN FIREPLACE WITH WINDOW INGLENOOKS AND LONG, BUILT-IN WINDOW SEAT; THE SENSE OF EQUAL SPACE AND COZINESS IS CHARMING.



DINING ROOM IN MR. BARKER'S HOUSE,
SHOWING BUILT-IN CRAFTSMAN SIDE-
BOARD AND FURNITURE.

“ BROADCAST ”

robes of haze will deck the hills even as the snow shall be their ermine.

In the redemption of the ugliest town on earth the philosophy of the whole CRAFTSMAN idea, material and spiritual, is embodied. Having passed through different stages from the crude camp of log cabins to the cheaply built city of rented houses and showy mansions, it has awakened to the desire for something better, and, through that desire, is becoming simplified, which is its salvation. Simplicity is selection; it is the rejection of useless and encumbering fallacies in order that we may retain only the best. One by one these fallacies have fallen away like autumn leaves, bringing us nearer to first principles and leading us, through the sufficient doctrine of “better work, better art and a better and more reasonable way of living,” out of the smoke into the sunshine, out of the gulches to the hills, out of earth’s depths upward toward Heaven. . . .

Yesterday there came a bluebird perching on the window sill, twig in beak, calling loudly to his mate. Strange little feathered householder seeking a place for his nest! The omen was a happy one, for

Blessed is the city when the birds come back to build!

“ BROADCAST ”

I PLAYED my lute to the world, but the world danced not and went on its way unheeding.

Only here and there I saw a solitary dancer, unnoticed of the rest, in an obscure corner.

And I grieved at the world, for I loved my music.

But when I looked again and discovered who they were that danced to my lute, forsooth I sorrowed no longer;

For they were the children of the new day.

ERNEST CROSBY.

LOVE'S PATRIOT

I SAW a lad, a beautiful lad,
With a far-off look in his eye,
Who smiled not on the battle flag
When the cavalry troop marched by.

And, sorely vexed, I asked the lad
Where might his country be,
Who cared not for our country's flag
And the brave from over sea?

“Oh, my country is the Land of Love,”
Thus did the lad reply;
“My country is the Land of Love,
And a patriot there am I.”

And who is your king, my patriot boy,
Whose loyalty you obey?
“My king is Freedom,” quoth the lad,
“And he never says me nay.”

Then you do as you like in your Land of Love,
Where every man is free?
“Nay, we do as we love,” replied the lad,
And his smile fell full on me.

From “Swords and Plowshares.”—Ernest Crosby.

A HOUSE OF FINE DETAIL THAT CONFORMS TO THE HILLSIDE ON WHICH IT IS BUILT: BY UNA NIXSON HOPKINS

THE house shows marked originality, toward which all western architecture is tending. It faces northward and is fashioned on a hill side, built "up and down and carved like an apple tart." There is a veritable congress of roof lines and they seem to respond as subtly to the angles of the house as do the pines behind to the winds that blow. Neither is the general outline of the house against the trees unlike that made by the trees against the sky. Not so much as a mole hill on the lot was smoothed down; the house simply accommodated itself to the lot without protest. At the rear, two steps are all that is necessary to bring the house to the ground while the front has the picturesque elevation of a Swiss *châlet*, with Japanese detail showing in the finish.

Japanese influence is becoming very marked in the domestic architecture of the Pacific Coast, which exhibits a cosmopolitanism not to be found in any other part of the country. This is fortunate, since the simplicity of detail makes it so adaptable to houses of moderate cost—or to more expensive ones for that matter, but elaborate detail has ever been the *bête noire* of the smaller dwellings. The Japanese characteristics in the case of this house are, perhaps, more evident in the interior, which is entirely of wood; but it carries with it everywhere a hundred and one little suggestions that would add charm to any home, whether situated on the Pacific or on the Atlantic Coast.

The foundation of the house is seen as a high wall on the east—or along the road—and practically constitutes the basement story on the northeast, seeking a lower level on the north to keep in unison with the irregularities of the

ground, rising again, and merging into a garden wall that extends some distance, though it is interrupted once by steps at the corner of the house, leading to the rear and thence to the kitchen. The wall along the garden is a series of stone posts, connected by two heavy timbers running horizontally. This combination of wall and foundation is of cobblestone, very large ones being used at the base and on the corners, put together with a sand cement that in some places shows in large patches, practically covering some of the small stones and giving them a mossy, lichened appearance.

The upper part of the house and the roof are of split shakes, which have a rough, rustic effect, and are perfectly practicable, while the ventilators in the peaks of the roof are of inch and a half boards, running up and down and across, so that they give a basket-like detail. The wall spaces are broken effectively by well-placed casement windows, opening out, and on windows where it is desirable to exclude the sun in summer are heavy blinds, cleverly designed.

The huge chimney at the back is a striking example of the originality of design everywhere evident; it is of sand cement, virtually thrown on, with a few small cobblestones here and there that look as if they might accidentally have been dropped into the mortar, and the top is capped by a row of brick, put on endwise. The walks are of dark red brick, the same as are used in constructing the entrance steps that appear to have forced their way through the eastern wall. The wall here takes on the same gradation as the steps, affording a resting place for some interesting Mexican jars, made in the vicinity a

A HOUSE OF FINE DETAIL

few years ago, and some miniature trees of Monterey cypress. The steps lead to a little corner porch, also paved with brick, from which you enter the door into the reception hall. Brick, too, finishes the top of the wall and it is further used, laid flat, for the sills of the basement windows, as it wears better than wood so near the ground, and does not show the dust. The eaves are very wide, projecting far enough to hide deep shadows, and are supported on the corners by heavy timbers.

Plain redwood boards, arranged perpendicularly about two inches apart and finished at the top and bottom with a heavy horizontal line of wood, constitute the porch railing and that of the third story balcony—a very good, simple bit of detail.

Entering the basement, you go through the north door standing flush with the ground, and may go into the laundry or mount the staircase leading to the first story proper; its terminus is the sun parlor in the center of the house, which is a point from which you may radiate in any direction. It may be that you will continue into a long hall, out of which opens four bedrooms and a bath; or discover a door from this same hall, opening on a stairway that takes you to an immense room above with four French windows along the front, through which you enter the wide balcony. This is a boy's room and the most delightful one in the house. There is a pantry and kitchen in this same wing. The hall leads also into the reception hall which runs through from east to west. The living room to the left of the reception hall is large, low, beamed and paneled with wood, and the dining room to the right is also finished in wood, and is of Japanese execution. The living room is fortunate in having three exposures—east, south and west. With so many windows it gives a pleasant out-of-door

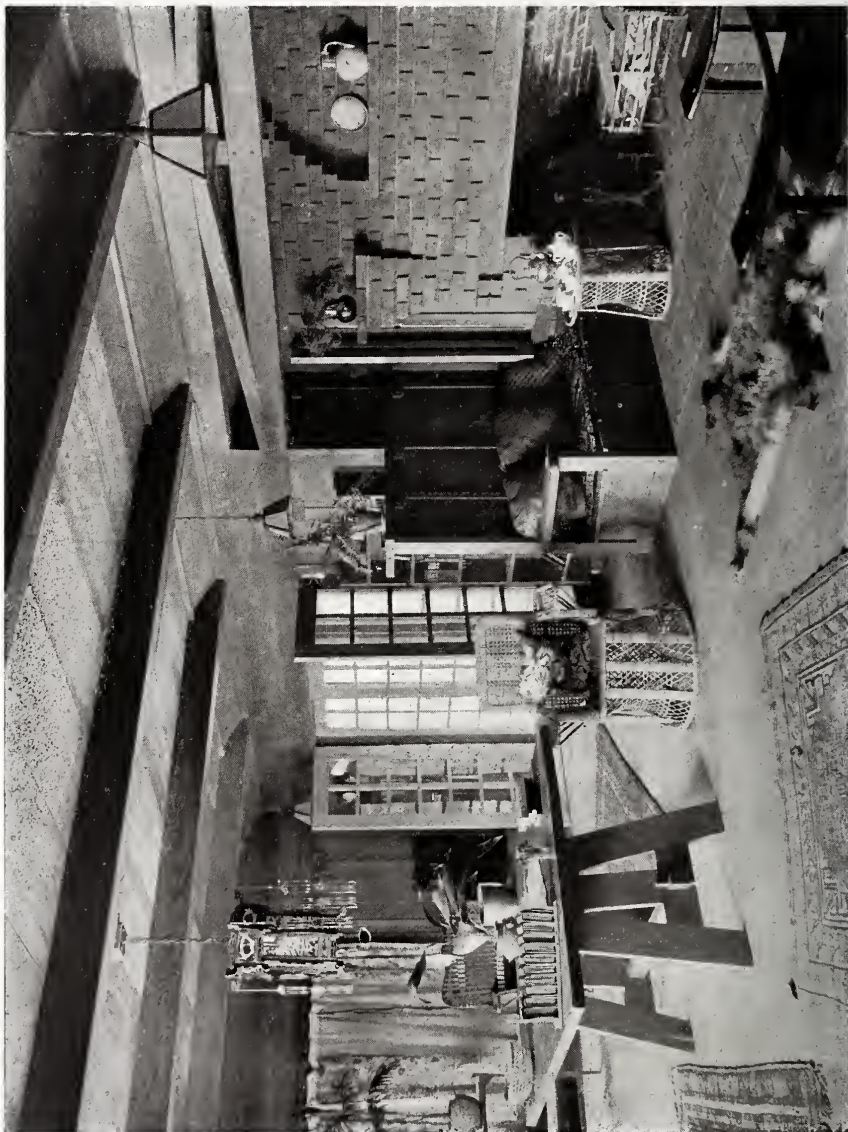
feeling to the room, and relieves any sense of oppressiveness that might come from the use of so much wood. Looking from the windows of this lofty station to the east, a landscape of delight meets the eye, and to the south and west are the majestic pine trees, throwing a "tangle of light and shade below, on roof and doors and window sills."

The paneling of the living room is unique, as shown in the illustration. Above the very narrow strips of wood that cover the edges of the wide boards where they come together is a strap of wood, fastened with small wooden pegs. The beams over the fireplace, too, give an effect of strong individuality. The wood of the room is stained a tone not unlike that of new fresh-sawed mahogany, and the chimneypiece is of dark brick, with a very wide opening for the fire. A projection of bricks on either side above forms a shelf for flower jugs, and the hearth is of large square brick of the same color. On either side are tiny windows, not more than four inches wide, swinging in to admit a breath of fresh air, and on the outside are screens that serve to bar intruding gnats or flies. These little windows are quite an innovation and fill a long-felt need, that of admitting a little fresh air near the fire, without a draught.

The built-in bookcases do not extend quite to the door, thereby saving the books from dirt, especially on sweeping day; this, too, is quite a new idea and might be copied to advantage in almost any house. The electric lights here hang pendant from the ceiling, the center fixture being a Japanese lantern. The curtain poles are of wood and the hangings are a light buff East Indian cotton, showing a pattern in dull, old pink. The coloring of the Oriental rugs is primarily old rose, and this color is



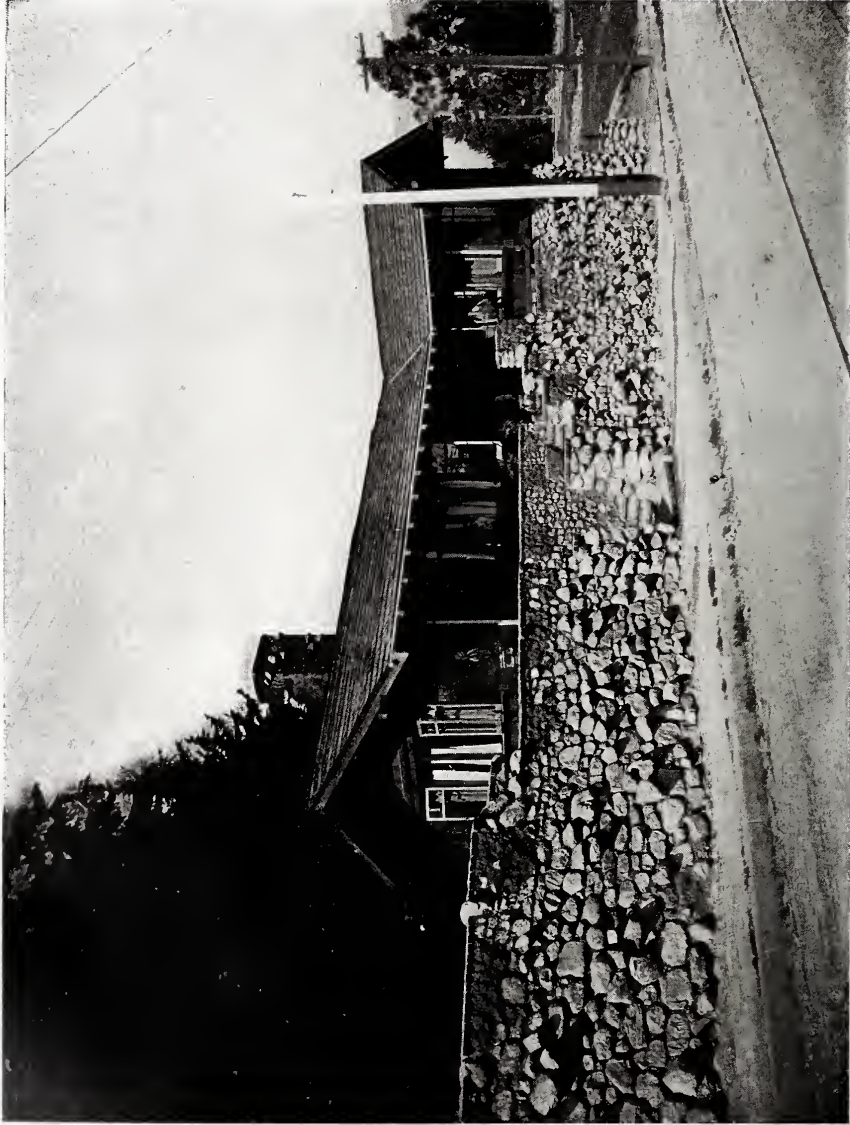
"THE HOUSE SHOWS MARKED ORIGINALITY, TOWARD WHICH ALL WESTERN ARCHITECTURE IS TENDING."



"THE LIVING ROOM IS LARGE, LOW-
BEAMED AND PANELED WITH WOOD,
AND IS OF JAPANESE EXECUTION."



"THE DINING-ROOM IS ENTIRELY FINISHED IN PINE, STAINED GRAY; THE MANTEL IS OF DULL PINK ROUGH TILING; IN THE RUG, GRAY, PINK AND DULL BLUE PREDOMINATE."



"THE STONE FOUNDATION OF THE HOUSE IS SEEN AS A HIGH WALL TO THE EAST: MERGING INTO A GARDEN WALL AT THE NORTH."

BEAUTY FOR THE CITY HOUSE

pre-eminent in pillows in the seat flanking the fire and in one or two chair cushions. The library table was made for the room and most of the chairs are East Indian, fitting admirably into the general scheme.

The woodwork of the dining room is pine stained gray and is quite differently designed from the living room. Where the wide boards of the paneling meet in the upper half of the room a small design has been cut out, showing lighter wood behind with a wooden strap at the top and bottom. Above this is a shelf that extends along the four sides of the room, on which are a few pieces of blue china, and there is blue ware on the sideboard. The sideboard, stained like the room, was designed by the architect, as were a pretty seat and a linen cabinet on the opposite side of the room. The mantel is of dull pink rough tiling that looks almost like glazed brick, and the hangings at the windows are of a loosely woven gray linen. A rug of the same color with a little old pink and a trifle of blue in the pattern completes this simple but delightful room.

No charge of monotony could be laid to the doors of this house, for there are

three or four different kinds. The front door is of eight-inch panes of glass—to make the hall as light as possible—those of the west side of living room and hall are of French extraction, and the one opening into the dining room is of wood panels, while those in the bedrooms are of wood and glass. The latter are designed very much after the manner of the dining room wall, only the cut-out design is wider and more elaborate, and where wood shows in the wall, yellow opaque glass has been inserted in the doors, giving a glint of sunshine to the bedrooms that does not come from the sun. In the doors of the pantry and kitchen, which are fashioned likewise, green opaque glass has been used, suggesting cleanliness and freshness.

There has been but little attempt at ornamentation anywhere. Some potted plants and a few plain vases for flowers are about all. The charm of the house is that everything is in keeping. No dark corners allure dust, any more than unnecessary trifles make blemishes in this restful interior. It is homelike without being "cluttered," and simple without being bare.

POSSIBILITIES OF BEAUTY IN THE CITY HOUSE

WRITING with delightful whimsicality of the impressions made on him abroad by the buildings, Washington Irving said that the characteristics of a people are apparent in their houses. Arguing from such premises, one wonders what the logical conclusion might be to one who, for the first time, beholds examples of our city domestic architecture. While he would probably not exclaim before them as did the fox before the mask in Æsop's fable "It is a pity you have not got any brains," he

would more likely declare, "What a pity you do not use your brains."

The fact that a city house must occupy an exact area of ground of very small proportions, usually no more than twenty-five feet front, is discouraging at the outset, and demands a greater amount of thought, twice over than the country house, that may ramble at will, and need in no wise conform to its neighbors' opinions or rights.

Great improvement has been made in the city apartment house during the past few years, but this has little to do

BEAUTY FOR THE CITY HOUSE

with individual city homes. In their building we have had but little experience and we still turn to the parent country for aid and suggestions in the way of beautiful architecture. The Chelsea home of our own great Whistler is an apt illustration of the possibilities of a city house. As everyone knows, Chelsea is only a district of London, and a home there must conform with city requirements, yet the Whistler house, though doing this, is not only most pleasing to look upon, but unlike anything along the Cheyne Walk, where so many great and distinguished people have lived. The first story of the house is of that natural soft-toned pinkish brick, such as one sees everywhere in England; the story above is of a very rough gray plaster unmolested by paint or stain, and the third is of the brick again, which runs up to the roof line. A part only of the first story sets out flush with the street, and that of the studio over it, the remainder of the house retreating, forming a miniature roof garden on the very front; this is best described by the photograph. The windows are all casements and the sashes are painted white. They are curtained with simple little dotted Swiss curtains tied back at just the right angle. The door, with the exception of the windows in the top of it, is of copper—a strong, conventional design having been hammered out before the copper was fastened to the original door. Altogether it is easy to see what a color effect has been achieved. The place is known as the House of the Copper Door, and when you are searching after the Whistler House, along that misleading Cheyne Walk—misleading because it goes in so many directions—you are charged by the passerby to keep on until you reach the house with the copper door.

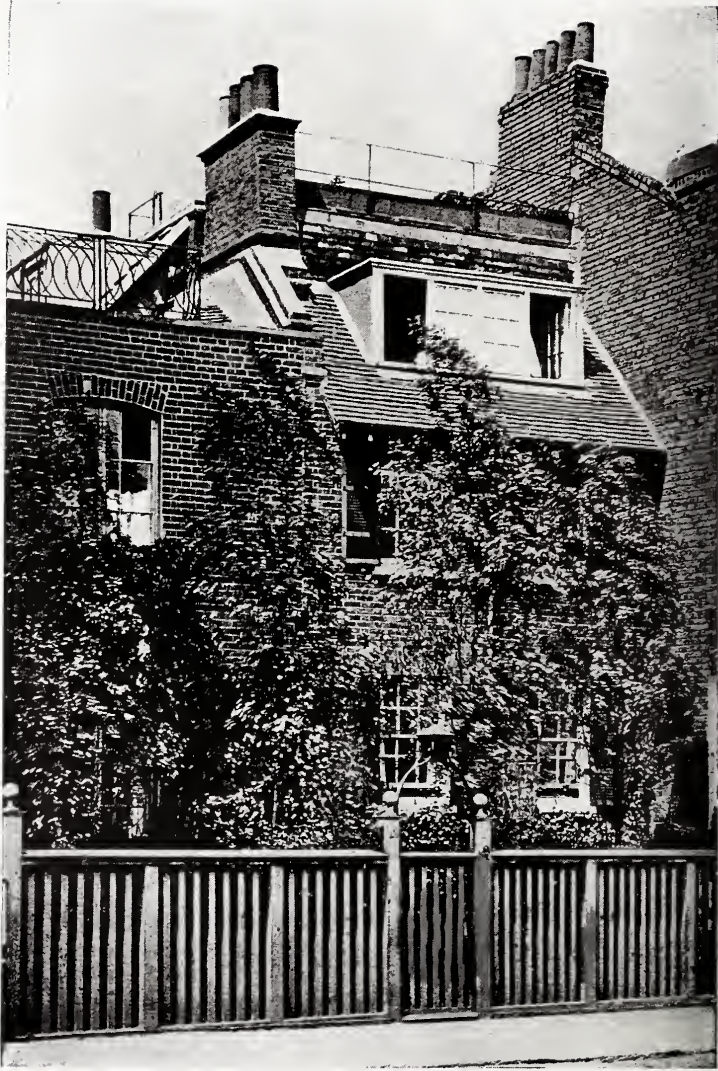
Farther on up the street, overlooking the Thames, as does the Whistler home,

is a house that was occupied by another great painter during many years of his life—that of J. M. W. Turner. It, too, offers suggestions for the city house. It sets back from the street several feet, unmindful of city military orders, which insists on all houses showing an even face to the front walk, and this permits of a very small garden in front and affords enough space for a few trees to gain foothold and flourish. This way of locating houses back from the street is an alternative, if one is willing to sacrifice a little of the depth of the house. And if several houses would join hands, as it were, and retire from the very edge of the pavement a great deal in effect would be gained. While the Turner home has nothing remarkable about it, the fact that it is not situated in the usual manner and that there is a certain homely beauty about it makes it seem worth mentioning. The house where George Eliot lived and died and that of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, next door to it, both of which are on Cheyne Walk, stand modestly back from the street as does the Turner house, and the trees in front of them have grown so large as to relieve all the bold harshness of the ordinary city house.

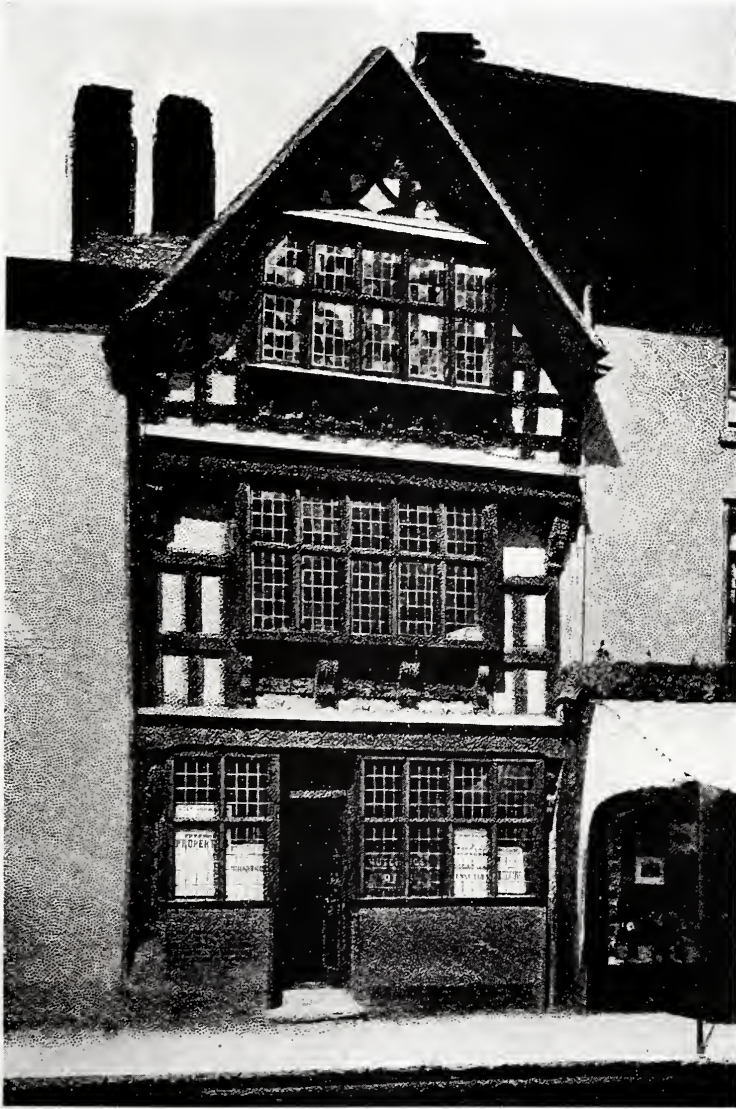
Among the items to be carefully enumerated for beautifying city homes, window boxes should not be overlooked. When they are carefully tended they are a constant source of delight in relieving the city house façade. These, with the roof garden, may be productive of a surprisingly large number of flowers. The city house cannot cheat one of all the delights of the country unless one is of mind to let it. There is a hotel in the heart of Paris that has such well-cared-for window boxes that it looks through the spring, summer and early fall like a wonderful garden set on end. Spring flowers give place to carefully transplanted and hardier



"THE HOUSE WITH THE TWO GABLES IS GOODLY TO LOOK UPON:" THE PLACEMENT OF WINDOWS IS A FINE ARCHITECTURAL STUDY FOR A CITY HOUSE.



THE HOUSE OF C. Y. TURNER, SITUATED IN THE HEART OF CHELSEA, HAS A CERTAIN HOMELY BEAUTY FROM ITS TREES AND VINES AND ITS MODEST PLACING BACK FROM THE STREET.



THE CASEMENTS OF THE HARVARD HOUSE—
THROUGH WHICH THE MOTHER OF THE FOUNDER
OF HARVARD COLLEGE OFTTIMES LOOKED—SUGGEST
A DETAIL OF GREAT BEAUTY FOR A CITY HOUSE.



NOTE THE REMARKABLE EFFECT GAINED BY AN INTERESTING PLACING OF WINDOWS IN WHISTLER'S HOUSE IN OLD CHELSEA.

DETAIL OF ENTRANCE TO WHISTLER'S HOUSE.

BEAUTY FOR THE CITY HOUSE

ones of summer, and they in turn to robust chrysanthemums of early fall.

The courtyard is another means resorted to in foreign cities of relieving the ordinary commonplace arrangement of the city house. They are to be found in the most unexpected places. The writer rang the door bell of an old house in Chelsea one morning to inquire a direction and was surprised, when the door opened, to look from a short, tile-paved hall into a brick-paved courtyard at the end of it—the location given to a room generally—where vines were climbing over the walls that encompassed it, and palms set in tubs shaded easy chairs and cushions. Frequently one enters the courtyard through gates on the front, and rooms radiate in three directions—in front of you and to the left and right. Sometimes this inner court is actually part of the house, having a floor and covered at the top entirely with glass, the rooms opening into it, as they might into a large conservatory. Again the courtyard is paved with brick and open to sky—in either instance it makes an excuse for reversing the usual order of things and puts a little more of the outdoors inside. Then the small plot of ground that in most instances is only an ugly back-yard in this country, becomes a delightful enclosed court or *petit jardin*. This frequently is accomplished by enclosing it with glass and by the liberal distribution of potted plants, or by the planting of carefully tended vines.

But if asked the most vital characteristic of a city home after the arrangement of rooms and general contour have been settled upon, the writer would say the windows. And if asked the second most important, would answer—windows, and further questioned as to the third vital characteristic of a city house, would repeat—windows. On the windows the city house must depend very

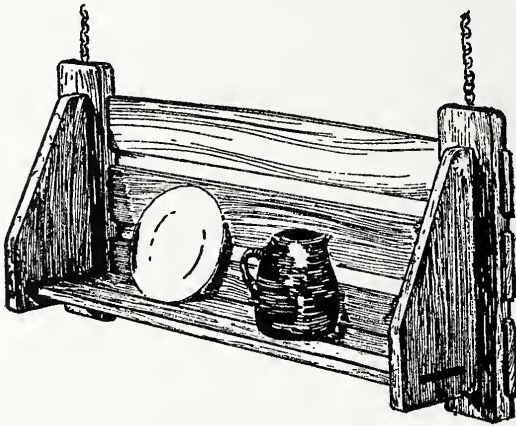
largely for effect. A scrutiny of the Whistler house will show that the size, proportion, and arrangement of the windows are its salient point. Not only is there the standpoint of beauty from which to judge them but that of sun and air, so important in every home, and particularly matters of great concern in city houses where only one exposure is to be had, as is usually the case. By setting the windows out, or by projecting one whole story of windows beyond another, far enough, let us say, to admit of a window in each end of the bay, a better circulation of air may be gained, and if the house should face south, for instance, there would be gained a glimpse of the rising and setting sun, assuring sunshine practically all day. Our city houses are built for the most part with windows large enough in themselves, but they do not take in the whole face of the house.

In selecting illustrations, an attempt has been made to show a diversity of facades and windows as well as gables. The house with two gables is goodly to look upon, and the dispersion of windows is excellent. But note the number! And those of the second floor, which show as if they were on the first in the picture, can be opened in two sections. The casements of the Harvard house are the ones through which the mother of the founder of our Harvard College looked in her lifetime—beautifully fine leaded ones they are and can be seen to-day in picturesque old Stratford-on-Avon, which was her home. This for a verity, while tradition has it that the last illustration had to do with the house of Oliver Twist and his outlook on London when he first arrived there.

However, with thought, not a little but a great deal, we can at least construct our city houses so as not to merit an expression such as the fox gave before the mask in the fable.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK: PRACTICAL EXAMPLES IN STRUCTURAL WOODWORKING: TWENTY-SEVENTH OF THE SERIES

CRAFTSMAN MUG RACK



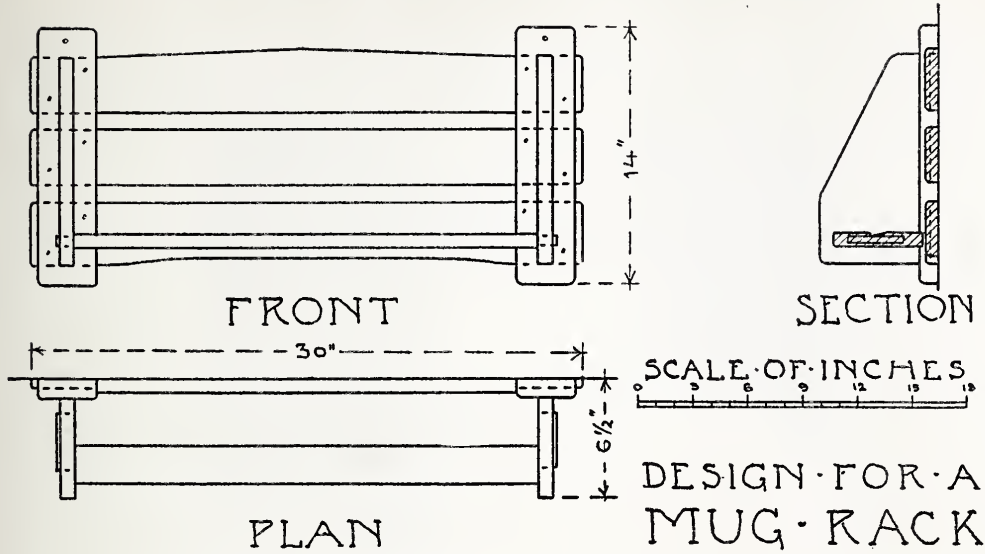
A LETTER recently received by THE CRAFTSMAN from a subscriber who finds in woodworking his recreation from business cares, contains the following request:

“Can you give me a suggestion as to how I can get the ‘gray maple’ effect on oak, as I am going to begin making a set of bedroom furniture and would like to finish it in ‘gray maple,’ if that effect can be obtained in oak. Your representatives in this city had

some ‘gray maple’ furniture on exhibition here which was exquisite and which they said was ‘CRAFTSMAN.’ If that effect can be had in oak, I will be glad to get it; if not, then I would like to get the Circassian walnut effect.”

As this question touches upon a point of general interest to woodworkers, and one upon which THE CRAFTSMAN lays special stress, and also as it is one of a number of questions of the same tenor that have come to us lately, we have decided to answer it in our Cabinet Work Department of the magazine. Aside from the impracticability of finishing any dark, strong-fibered wood so that it will bear a resemblance that is in any way satisfactory as compared to the effects to be obtained on a wood of lighter color and finer grain, THE CRAFTSMAN deprecates any attempt to finish one wood so that it is merely an imitation of another. Although woods differ widely as to beauty and interest, each has its own individual character of grain and texture, and its own peculiar color quality. If these are preserved and brought out so that the characteristics of the wood used are given their true value, the maker of a piece of furniture has at least, by the finish, gained an effect that is honest and belongs to that wood, and is left perfectly free in the matter of bringing out a color that will best serve his decorative scheme.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



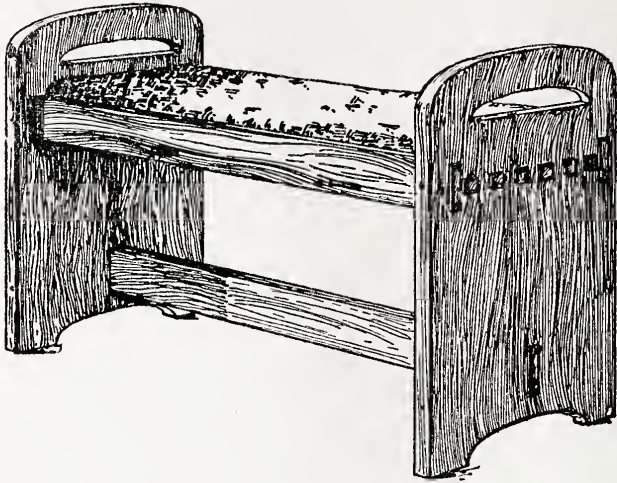
MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR MUG RACK.

Pieces	No.	ROUGH			FINISHED		
		Long	Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick	
Back stretchers..	2	30 in.	4 in.	7/8 in.	3 1/2 in.	3/4 in.	
Back stretcher...	1	30 in.	3 in.	7/8 in.	2 3/4 in.	3/4 in.	
Back stiles.....	2	14 in.	4 in.	1 1/4 in.	3 1/4 in.	1 in.	
Side	2	11 1/2 in.	6 in.	1 in.	Pattern	7/8 in.	
Shelves	1	27 1/4 in.	6 in.	7/8 in.	5 in.	3/4 in.	

Even if it were practicable to finish oak so that it would convey the impression that it is either maple finished in silvery gray tones or Circassian walnut, to do so would be to court dissatisfaction. It is impossible because the strong undertone of brown that is the result of the natural development of the oak would kill any delicate gray stain that could be used upon it. The only way to obtain a light silvery gray effect on oak would be to bleach it with acids and so destroy all the natural color of the wood. Our own plan of finishing wood is never to conceal the color quality inherent in the wood, but to apply a very thin delicate surface tone that blends with the natural color of the wood and emphasizes one or the other of the elements that may exist in it. We have found in our own experience that really good results can never be obtained by disguising one wood to make it resemble another, because the whole principle is so wrong that the maker has not the best results in mind. Unconsciously, he is trying to produce

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

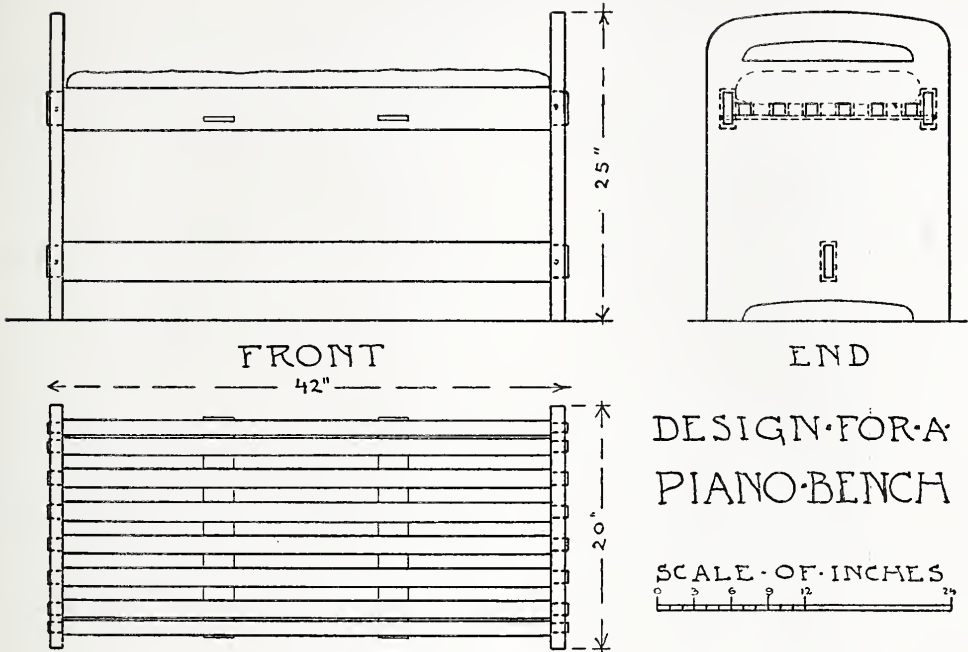
DESIGN FOR PIANO BENCH



a sham, and a sham never satisfies any man who really finds rest and delight in doing creative work.

It takes only a little study and observation to realize and appreciate the beauty and individuality of many of our native woods, and when that realization is once gained, it brings with it never ending interest and delight in experimenting with finishes to gain effects that shall develop to the utmost the latent possibilities of color in each wood. For instance, few people realize that in many woods lurk all the subtle tones of green, brown, copper, russet, yellow and even red that find their expression in the yearly pageant of the autumn leaves. It is as if the soul of color lay dormant in the wood of the parent tree, and under certain conditions could be brought to shadowy life. Most beautiful effects can be gained by using a very delicate surface tone that blends perfectly with the undertone given by the dominating color quality of the wood, and both develops and harmonizes all the varying tints that play through it. A slight variation of the applied surface tone will produce a different play of color over the wood, but if the applied color be carefully chosen to harmonize with the natural wood color, the change will be merely an emphasis of one or the other of the tones inherent in the wood and not an actual change of color. Take oak as an example. The natural color of this wood when aged is brown, with a latent yellow that it is usually best to keep in the background. The ideal color for a piece of oak, mellowed and ripened by age and exposure, is a soft gray-brown that in certain lights has a slightly greenish cast, made

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR PIANO BENCH.

Pieces	No.	ROUGH			FINISHED		
		Long	Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick	
Sides	2	25 in.	21 in.	1¼ in.	20 in.	1⅛ in.	
Top stretchers...	2	42½ in.	3 in.	1½ in.	2¼ in.	1¼ in.	
Lower stretcher..	1	42½ in.	3 in.	1½ in.	2¼ in.	1¼ in.	
Slats	6	42½ in.	1½ in.	1¼ in.	1¼ in.	1 in.	
Braces	2	17½ in.	3 in.	¾ in.	2¾ in.	⅝ in.	
Sheepskin cushion	1	39½ in.	15 in.				

delicate luminous by the yellow tint that is held in strict subordination to the other tones. If the wood be finished so that this yellow becomes the predominating color, all the dull grays and greens and browns are lost, and it becomes the commonplace "golden oak." If, on the contrary, the method employed in finishing be such as to develop to its utmost the true color quality of the oak, it may be any one of many variations of the oaken brown, light or dark, luminous or somber,—sometimes with the gray and green tones very evident; sometimes with rich nut-brown in which the related tones sink into the merest suggestion, but always it

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

SMALL CRAFTSMAN TABLE



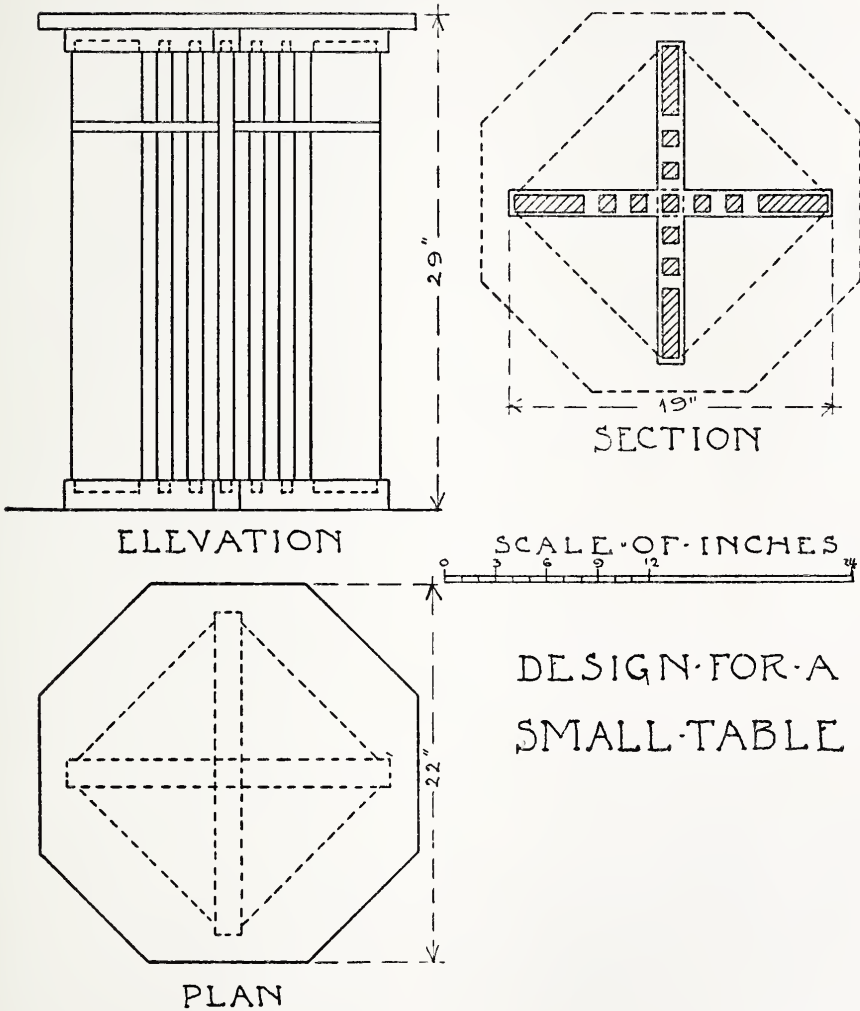
is the true color quality of the wood and is most unmistakably oak. The gray may be emphasized so that it is a decided gray-brown, but the light gray-brown that so admirably suits the fine, white maple, would not only be impossible to obtain, but even if it could be obtained, would be utterly out of harmony with the character of the wood.

White maple is given the soft, pale gray shades and silvery lights that one sees in a hornet's nest, by treating it with a weak solution of vinegar and iron rust. This is made by steeping iron filings or cut nails in vinegar, and then reducing it with water until the bits of wood upon which the color is tried show exactly the right tone. This will not appear until the wood has been allowed

to dry and then has been given a thin coat of shellac, when the gray tones will take their true value. As can be easily understood, this process throws merely the thinnest surface tone that shows to advantage only upon a very fine white wood. If used on oak, the undertone of brown would so overpower it that the gray would be hardly perceptible.

The "Circassian walnut effect" would be equally difficult to produce upon oak, as it is no more suited to that wood than is the delicate silvery gray of "gray maple." If qu't'd gumwood be treated by the same method that we have just described for the maple, it will bear a close natural resemblance to Circassian walnut, as it is a fine-grained, satiny wood with dark streaks and interesting markings that are emphasized by the action of the iron rust solution. This is permissible because it is the natural treatment of gumwood when the best effects are wanted, and the resemblance to Circassian walnut is an accident that is characteristic of the wood, not an intentional imitation. We would advise our correspondent, who seems to take such real delight in making beautiful things, to give up the idea of using oak for his furniture, unless he intends frankly to make oak furniture and nothing else. If he will use maple, the silvery gray tone can be easily obtained. The designs given this month were made in response to requests from subscribers.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR SMALL TABLE.

Pieces	No.	ROUGH			FINISHED	
		Long	Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick
Top	1	22 in.	24 in.	1 in.	22 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Top braces.....	2	19 in.	$1\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$1\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Bottom braces...	2	19 in.	$1\frac{3}{4}$ in.	2 in.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$1\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Shelves	4	$12\frac{1}{2}$ in.	8 in.	$\frac{5}{8}$ in.	$6\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Legs	4	27 in.	5 in.	1 in.	4 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Spindles	9	27 in.	1 in.	1 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.

ALS IK KAN

THE following letter came to THE CRAFTSMAN office a few days ago. Because, in the simplest and most unostentatious way, it touches upon so significant a fact in the development of civilization in this country, and because the question it asks must arise again and again in the minds of the thoughtful and sincere, I have decided to answer it in the pages of the magazine, and, in answering it, to express my own point of view as to the relation of art to life and incidentally make clear my position in the making and selling of CRAFTSMAN furnishings.

The letter is given here in full, for there is no part of it that is not written with a genuine desire for understanding, and in the kindest as well as in the most intelligent spirit. And the question which has puzzled this correspondent is not the simple detail she has imagined it, but a part of one of the biggest problems of this thoughtless, easily-influenced, over-commercialized age. The letter is written from a prosperous Southern city, as follows:

"Dear Sir.—I am much interested in your work, which (if I understand correctly) is the teaching of a more restful, quiet life and the getting away from overcivilization and its burdens.

"I have thought much about it, and it is from the belief that it is no mere money making plan of yours but that you are carrying on the work begun by William Morris, and that you would like to leave your influence in every American home, that I write you. So I have asked myself this question, 'Is this man's message only to the well-to-do; must the wage-earner be left out of this

when he is the one who needs it most?' And I wanted to ask you if there was not some way in which you could benefit them? As it is, the prices of your beautiful furniture are prohibitive, though well worth the first cost.

"I am employed in a real estate office, and we build houses for people, according to their plans, which they pay for a little at a time. The prospective mistress invariably holds out for a cabinet mantel; the man wants a few frills in woodwork on the outside, to be as good as his neighbors. The class I allude to are railroad engineers and other employees, who get good wages but spend it all. It is my duty to visit these homes to make collections and they are most depressing in the useless waste of money; that the owners are not satisfied is apparent from their continual buying of showy furniture, until there is hardly a pathway through the rooms. That they are easily taught is also true. An instance: One of these women was buying lace curtains at a counter where I happened to be; I asked the clerk to show her some madras curtains; she immediately bought them in preference to the scrolly lace affairs; she had never seen them before, as the clerks show what they think the women of that class ought to buy. The next visit to this woman's house, I found one of your tables; the next, an absence of hitherto much prized bric-a-brac, which she said she was tired of. She is what one would call a woman without refinement, but the curtains began the reform. These people do not read your beautiful magazine, and would probably not appreciate it, for they are much lower in intelligence than the same class in the North. But this same woman who

took up her bright Brussels carpet and painted her floor a sickly yellow, is, in a blind way, on the right road.

"If there were only some way to reach the great lower middle class, it seems to me, it would be a great work, one worth far more to humanity than all Carnegie's millions, for few indeed are the great spirits that can rise above environment, but given the silent but powerful influence of right surroundings, where there is no pretense and all is honest, a big step is taken along the right road.

"Yours very truly,
"MRS. F—— C——."

It is considered fair to begin an answer with a question, and so, first of all: Just why does a manufacturer make goods, good or bad? An artist may paint a picture solely because he loves to paint, without regard to sales—in fact, it is one proof of an artist's sincerity that he should so feel; but the dealer, the maker of quantities of useful commodities, however fine his designs, however sincere his love of the good, the true and the beautiful, manufactures to sell. Otherwise he would not produce in quantities.

Granting this, any manufacturer doing things on a large scale and who has a large payroll to meet regularly, besides the making of a livelihood for his family, inevitably works along the line of least resistance; that is, he advertises and sells his goods to those who are most apt to want them. A man does not so much *create* a market for his goods, as he meets and extends the market existing.

Now let us stop a minute and consider the exact class of people who would naturally grow to care for the simpler and more structurally beautiful forms of house furnishing

and decoration. Are they not bound to be those who have gone through and beyond the "varnished wood" and "red plush" periods, until they have come to realize a little of how we have encumbered ourselves with useless, unlovely things that have no health in them; those who have found the incessant purchase of meaningless novelty a mere vexation of spirit, and who have finally realized that surroundings which are not an expression of the needs of the owners are unsatisfactory, unrestful, and, in the end, positively injurious.

It is quite true that our homes are as important to our growth as are our friends; that they may irritate and antagonize us, giving unrest for endless purchase, or may by their honesty, true beauty and close harmony with the way we think prove actually an aid in building up the spiritual side of life for us, and in leading us away from the heartbreak of futile unworthy possessions.

But to return to the manufacturer—how many people are there as yet who have grown up to this attitude toward house furnishings, who select their chairs, as their friends, for their beauty of expression, their power to wear well, their permanent charm, their honesty. There are some such, and they are in sympathy with the CRAFTSMAN movement, they form the market in which the CRAFTSMAN furnishings naturally find purchasers. They desire in their houses the things which belong to their way of thinking, which are an expression of what life has grown to mean without machine-made silly ornament, without a clutter of meaningless bric-a-brac, without any thought of fashion or style or novelty. They wish simple surroundings because they have traveled through

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

complexity to elimination; they desire that the *useful* things shall be *beautiful*, and that there shall be *no* useless things. To these people, CRAFTSMAN furniture is no whim. It is an essential part of the thing life has grown to mean to them.

So much in answer to the question, "Is the message only to the well-to-do?" In fact, it is not a message to either rich or poor, but to the *thinker*, to those who *desire* to hear it, as though a lecturer were to say, "I do not lecture to rich or poor, but to those who are not deaf."

People who are ready for the beauty that grows out of honesty and simplicity will reach out for it; those who are not, will not be grateful to have it thrust upon them. It is hard to make people regard unwelcome information as a benefit. I remember when I was a young boy, out on a farm, my joyous anticipation of my first suit of "store clothes," ungainly, stiff, ill-fitting—what matter, they had that one priceless quality, "store-made," and I had learned to accept that as a standard of excellence, *without thinking*.

And there is the rub. The great mass of us to-day accept our standards *without thinking*. We used to think, but we do not now. We have let our commercial prosperity establish for us a set of machine-made standards for decorations, clothes, furnishings. The manufacturers decide, without the slightest relation to any individual need or taste, what will be the next novelty, the advertiser tells us how fine it is, and the dealer sells it to us. And we buy, because we have let ourselves be hypnotized by custom, by the habit and excitement of novelty.

We do not think. Modern commercial life is like "The House that

Jack Built"—this is the manufacturer who supplies the advertiser, who instructs the public to buy of the dealer the novelty of the season. There is no more thought than this season after season and year after year in the bulk of purchases made in this country. We have, by our machine-made processes, robbed our people of the power to think.

Not but what machinery is necessary enough and a great asset in our vast, cumbersome, powerful civilization. The big output of the machine-run factory is an essential to meet the need and difficulties incidental to our over-rapid growth and extension; but the need of machinery to meet sociological and political conditions does not rob it of its power to work injury, to take from man that growth which comes from the making of useful things with his own hands, that physical development and mental training which comes from creating beauty in meeting the demands of utility, that thrill of achievement through manual dexterity, that finer education which is the discovery by one's own efforts that art is the doing beautifully of homely things. The value of art is the education of the worker. Not in the thing made, but in the making. And, to-day, art has so grown away from its original purpose as to have become a cant phrase, a catch-penny advertising medium.

Our machines have taken away art from the workers. And the man who does not *develop* his work ceases to think. Machines think for him. Until at last they think for him not only in his daily work, but in his clothes, his house, his furniture. He has ceased to create, he obeys instead of thinking, and his home is full of unrelated furniture that is inartistic, uncomfortable, extravagant;

of ornaments that are without beauty or place; of a crowd of flimsy, tawdry *things* that he has bought *without thinking*, hypnotized by the words of someone who did not think.

Now the question of supplanting these standards by the conditions which belong to a higher stage of development, in other words, of proving to any number of people that their lives and surroundings and aspirations are artificial, is neither simple nor practicable, if, indeed, even possible. The existence of an artificial, imitative state of affairs in household fittings is brought about, as already explained, by certain economic conditions—whether desirable or not is not the question—conditions which must work out their own salvation, and which will, while they exist, bring about certain results that cannot be effaced without first getting at and changing causes.

There is, apparently, but one actual and very slow way of modifying the standards, however false, that are the outcome of certain phases of national growth, and *that* is from the thinkers back and down to the thoughtless, by the influence of those who have struggled through the complex out to the simple, those who have grown to understand the value of real beauty, serenity and joy of living. For even those who do not think are often alert and curious as to the movements of the thinkers. The question *why?* has more than once led to thought, and from thought to desire for reform. But the *why* must spring out of natural curiosity toward the unknown. It seldom follows a lecture or pamphlet or an effort to work reformation. Your own method of curtain reform mentioned in your letter is an example of what I mean.

And so back to our letter and the sale of CRAFTSMAN furnishings. The latter is not placed upon the market with a desire to limit it to the exclusive few; but to be sold to all those who wish it, who find it congenial to their mode of living. And the "average wage-earner" does not buy it because he does not wish it, or, even as yet, find it interesting. It doesn't conform to his machine-made standards. The manufacturer would be glad to offer a new standard, to establish a new theory of home comfort, but standards are born, not made, and their growth is, up or down, from generation to generation.

A novelty is born of the hour, but not so an ideal. And so if a manufacturer happens also to be an idealist, and yet a man made practical by a fair battle with circumstances, he must needs accept the market the gods give. If his goods appeal to the intelligent and thinking, there his sales will be. As there are more thinkers in the world, and more followers of the leaders of thought, the greater his sales will become. A little leaven often leavens the whole lump, and the leaven in this case is the man or woman who finds individuality through thought, and who demands surroundings in harmony with advancement.

And, after all, the burdens of existence are not from "overcivilization," but from the commercialization of life, the getting away from self-development through work, to the self-effacement through unthinking labor. Civilization, rightly understood, should lead to the most complete opportunity according to the highest standard of real beauty and serenity. The highest ideal of civilization should not separate work from thought, and deafen labor with

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

the roar of machines, but so open up life that every man would grow through his work, and desire that the surroundings of his life should be an expression of what he had gained in his own development.

But such growth, except in the one channel named, must be a national impulse. The manufacturer may only work up to his ideal and be ready to meet each step that is made toward a more reasonable way of living.

NOTES

THE second annual dinner of the MacDowell Association of New York City was given at the Fine Arts Building on March 24th. If Edward MacDowell, through the black veil which Fate has thrown about him, could have seen this gathering of the most important men and women representing the art of this country in its most varied expression, he would realize that the dream of his fine, unselfish, beautiful life had come true and that at last America, through the club organized in his name, had begun to carry out his purpose which was (in the official language of the club) to emphasize the correlation of the drama, literature, music, architecture, sculpture and other fine arts, and to aid in the extension of the knowledge of æsthetic principles, and to bring into prominence special works of art that are deserving of broader recognition.

In other words, it was MacDowell's idea that musicians, writers, artists, etc., should awaken to mutual interest, to appreciation and understanding of their fellows, and that an association of the working artists would afford the unknown among them an opportunity to broaden their thinking and to prove their worth before a cultivated,

sympathetic group of fellow craftsmen and critics.

Up to the time of his withdrawal from public life this great man, among America's greatest, had done but little to advance his plan beyond the promulgating of the idea, and to indicate his wish to dedicate his house at Peterboro, N. H., to the benefit of art workers, if an organization could be formed to take it in charge.

At the dinner on this March Sunday, among the speakers of the occasion were F. D. Millet, Richard Watson Gilder, Wasilly Safonoff, Henry Miller and Hamlin Garland, a warm friend and ardent admirer of MacDowell, who has given liberally of time, interest and enthusiasm to further the cause so dear to the musician's heart; thus at the one table were the arts of letters, drama, painting and music represented. Among the many guests were William Chase, Gari Melchers, Daniel C. French, Alla Nazimova, R. W. Gilder, John Alexander Tezla, Lhevinne, Sir Edward Elgar and many others famous in the arts which MacDowell wished to bring into a more complete sympathy and understanding.

Already the Association includes among its members some of the best-known artists, writers, sculptors, musicians and actors from abroad as well as in America. To become an active member it is essential that one should have done creative work in some art; but the associate membership includes art lovers, art patrons and others interested in the practical side of the club's plans. The usefulness of the Club primarily lies in the meetings of the active members, where the work of the members—artists, musicians or dramatists—is presented from time to time. Programs for lectures, exhibitions and concerts are already being perfected by committees and the next year's work will be most vital to the life of American art.

The Association as it stands is the outgrowth of Mr. MacDowell's "artist class" which he organized for his own pupils, and was later discontinued, yet has proved the nucleus of a movement that is already international in membership and purpose. As was stated at the dinner, the Association is now an incorporated institution, including under its present title the various auxiliary movements, all working toward the same end. A board of trustees has been appointed to accept and hold the deed of the MacDowell Home which is to be used ultimately as a center for creative art, a quiet working place for the men and women who need leisure and peace for a few months to complete some work in hand, where companionship with other congenial personalities will furnish stimulus for more original conceptions. Although at first no teaching will be done at Peterboro, it may in time develop into a summer school of original composition.

Meanwhile, the house remains the home of Mr. and Mrs. MacDowell during their lifetime, but already Mrs. MacDowell is planning to make such use of the extra buildings on the grounds as will further the purpose to which it will ultimately be entirely dedicated.

It is the hope of the Club to erect in the near future its own club house in New York, as an important significant background for the work it aims to achieve in America, and to form a permanent and beautiful memorial to Edward MacDowell.

THE late Ernest Howard Crosby, a selection from whose verse we publish on another page, was a remarkable American whose breezy personality and wholesome influence will long be missed. Born to leisure and culture, entering with zest upon a political career, a visit to that most remark-

able man, Leo Tolstoy, converted him to the principle of Non-Resistance and altered the whole course of his career. It is probable that no man in America has done more in our generation to further peace and to combat imperialistic tendencies than the vigorous and intrepid thinker who died so suddenly at Baltimore a few months ago, aged only fifty-one. Cut off in the very ripeness of his vigorous manhood, he nevertheless left behind him a far-expanding circle of friends who will honor his memory and continually feel his inspiration.

To the influence of Tolstoy, those of Whitman and that most wonderful Englishman—in many respects the most penetrating of the three—Edward Carpenter, must be added if we would comprehend the forces which made Ernest Howard Crosby what he was. Less of a word artist than Tolstoy, his criticisms of life and literature were not less keen, while a well-developed sense of humor kept him from many of the pitfalls which have beset the great Russian. A follower of Whitman's literary method, he avoided the Good Gray Poet's uncouthness, and, without touching the loftiest heights of the older bard, delivered a more consistent and systematic message to his age. Rivaling Carpenter in his critical powers, he lacked the constructive mind and vision which have made the latter one of the most inspiring of present day leaders of thought.

Mr. Crosby was from the very first a friend of *THE CRAFTSMAN* and a believer in its gospel. Upon several occasions he contributed to its pages, his last contribution being the now famous criticism of Shakespeare as the servile flatterer of wealth and power, which won the enthusiastic praise of Tolstoy and induced him to write a companion essay attacking Shakespeare's merits as a literary artist. Only a short time

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

before his death he discussed with the writer of these lines the policy of *THE CRAFTSMAN* in the intimate and affectionate tones of one who regarded it as having a personal relation to himself.

It was significant of much, and a splendid tribute to the man, that, notwithstanding the fact that he was continually engaged in controversies, and that he was constantly throwing the weight of his keen and often satirical mind against things he believed to be wrong, he never caused a wound which rankled. He went through the strife without making an enemy—indeed it was impossible to make an enemy of him. His personality inspired respect and esteem, his keenest and most earnest blows were somehow accompanied by a grace and geniality which forbade ill-feeling to linger where they fell. Taken for all he was, Mr. Crosby was an altogether remarkable and noble man of a type all too rare. He had genius, he had courage, he had the sweet reasonableness which so rarely accompanies them.

It is the purpose of *THE CRAFTSMAN*—beginning with this issue—to publish from time to time poems and short prose essays of Ernest Crosby's, which are so essentially in harmony with the magazine's policy.

IN whatever direction one thinks—really thinks—along the lines of arts and handicrafts, sooner or later one reaches Japan. In building, the man who achieves the final beauty of space and harmony and simplicity and exquisite color relation will find perhaps his closest prototype in Japanese architecture; in interior decoration, after one has worked through and beyond modern incongruity and crowded waste to useful beauty, to the elimination that means rest, to a fine relation of surroundings to life, an ex-

pression of personal quality in environment, again Japan has gone a step further in the same direction; in dress that is comfortable and beautiful, the Japanese women lead the "fashions" of all times, with the exception possibly of the old Greek dress and the *zenana* drapery of the hidden East Indian women.

In modern mural decoration, which has to so great an extent lost its significance, its relation to building and original purpose, again an effort to bring out some meaning in mural art, to have the decorations on one's walls expressive of an interest in life, constantly enjoyable because varied, and we come to the *kakemono*, the Japanese scroll which is unframed and sometimes changed from day to day.

A suggestion has occurred to *THE CRAFTSMAN*, not consciously taken from Japanese inspiration—yet, as inevitably suggesting Japanese perfection as do all our best efforts for a return to beautiful simplicity—which relates to the mural decoration of certain rooms of simple American homes. At the same time it opens up a field of usefulness for some of the finest developments in Secession Photography—the photograph as a movable feast of artistic and intimate joy.

Place against plain wall surfaces in soft or dull tints the artistic photograph with its suggested likeness, its shadowy lines and background, its illusive beauty of subject, mounted with careful realization of the value of color to subject, and you have a bit of mural decoration that can not be easily excelled, a modern *kakemono* that may be left in place a day or a week, with position shifted to suit the tone of the day; near the window on a gray day; over the bookcase where an angle of sunlight will strike on the face if a portrait, on the brook if a landscape; by the fireplace, catching



*From a Photograph by Herbert G. French.
See Note on Page 354.*

"THREE PORTRAITS."



*From a Photograph by Herbert G. French.
See Note on Page 354.*

“CHILD STUDY.”

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

the glow from the orange fire in twilight—a decoration that can be adjusted to one's moods, to the weather, to the need of rest or stimulus.

And one photograph may follow another, or one group another group. There may be landscapes for a spring week, water scenes for drowsy August noons, high mountains for days of depression, and, best of all, one's friends and family for homesick days. What could be a more ideal mural decoration than a group, such as is shown in one of the illustrations for these notes—a mother and dear babies. What a sense of peace with every fresh glimpse of it, what inspiration and stirring at the heart as a ray of light drifts across the faces, what consolation as through a twilight hour the faces glimmer out of deepening shadows. For every hour, every change of weather a fresh response, and always the contribution to art, to a simple quiet expression of art that Americans most need and which is best adapted to American life.

There are but few homes built by people of moderate means, where permanent mural decoration can be afforded, or where there is space for a proper setting of anything beyond a frieze or panel; and panel and frieze where there is scope, and where the subjects are simple enough not to weary and are a natural expression of an art springing up out of our own soil, a genuine growth not a grafting, are important and gratifying; but for the small homes, where walls are paper or plaster, where the ornament is temporary and shifting, there surely is a new field of decorative interest to be found in the right use of the truly artistic photograph as a decorative study. So much thought and understanding of art is now put into the mounting of these pictures that often they suggest beau-

tiful color-schemes that could be carried out with advantage in fitting up a room. But it is not necessary that an interior should be built to fit the decorations; the browns and grays, and dull strange blues of delicate Japanese parchment and rice paper mountings, livened by a thread of red or lapis lazuli, or orange or copper or daffodil are noticeably harmonious with any room fitted up with nature hues, with the blendings of browns and greens and shadowy grays of spring and autumn tones.

It is quite wonderful the sense of realness and aliveness that deepens in one of these portraits when resting unframed against a background in harmony with the mountings and tones of the printing. There is the value and mystery of a "tone-painting;" an illusion of color, of personality, of greater nearness to the "original" than is often gained in painting, even by such men as Chase and Mora.

Rare beauties of photograph landscapes can also be captured; mists and twilights, and shadowy crowded harbors and Oriental streets splashed in sunlight, gay children fluttering to music, interesting composition, grace of uncertain lines, subtlety of weather variations, endless photographic *kake-monos* for simple modern houses—and the Secession photographer finds another reason why he has gone on perfecting an art; or rather creating a new art.

AT the New York National Arts Club a dinner was given the evening of the twenty-second of April to J. Q. A. Ward, the sculptor, whom America has been justly proud of for many years. There were present many notable people representing all the arts, and there were speeches by Lorado Taft, toastmaster; Hopkinson Smith, Spencer Trask, and Charles Lamb, who

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

spoke eloquently as a friend as well as artist. The significance of sculpture in the world's development and its relation to all phases of cultivated life were dwelt upon with enthusiasm.

In his response, Mr. Ward spoke slowly and with some hesitation from notes. There was no sparkle, no oratory, just a few plain words from an essentially simple man, as the greatest often are simple, yet what he said made clear his own title to rank among the first of American artists. He made no plea for the special development of a national art, just quietly remarked that "after all Greek *art* was achieved by Greek *artists*." The inevitable conclusion being that American artists who are painting Dutch scenes with a French technique in a Munich studio were not materially advancing American art from a national point of view.

At the close of his speech—a speech full of the wisdom, sincerity and kindness of a big and gentle soul—Mr. Ward summed up his attitude toward his art by saying, "And now at the farther side of life I feel that the most important thing in art for me is what it has taught me." And so the greatness of all art lies in what it teaches the worker.

THE CRAFTSMAN house in the regular series of nineteen hundred and seven has been omitted in this issue of the magazine. So many interesting suggestions for practical home building have come in that it has seemed of distinct value to THE CRAFTSMAN subscribers to have them published. It was impossible to do this without using the space usually given to our own house; but so wide is the variety in the material substituted, including the CRAFTSMAN improvements in Butte, Mont., that it was thought advisable, for this issue at least, to present these interest-

ing creative ideas in house building which are essentially along the line of the CRAFTSMAN movement, and which are equally essentially ideas for American houses and American people who wish to live in a simple but beautiful way.

A list of W. L. Lathrop's pictures recently exhibited at the Montross Gallery is like a romance of Springtime, a poem of out-of-doors:—"A Pasture Land in Summer," "A Little Valley," "Early Spring," "April in an Orchard," "Hillside Pasture," "Evening on a Hilltop." And each picture, as each title, has the very breath of pastoral lands, of simple living, of perfume from old gardens and the scent of pink orchards.

And best of all, the gardens and hillsides, the sleepy canals and meadows, the old farm houses and the twilights are American, full of memories for American men and women of days at country houses, of long vacations and summer's never-ending marvel of joy and beauty.

Mr. Lathrop is not one of the artists who cavil at American lands, who finds us without charm and poetry in our own outdoors. He has been able to grasp great beauty in our hills and valleys, through spring and winter, and he paints with a broad, simple, loose technique, that has no more self-consciousness than has his choice of subjects. In fact he does not seem to *choose* subjects, each outdoor scene has its value to him, from the fragrant, green "Little Valley" that stirs the memory and affection to the "Neglected Farm" with its melancholy meadows, empty gray house and wistful flower patch that radiates desolation and sorrow.

REVIEWS

STUDENTS of the great socio-economic questions of the present day are watching with keen interest the various and far-reaching experiments in industrial democracy in those great English-speaking Commonwealths, Australia and New Zealand, and will welcome such a popular treatise as Victor S. Clark, Ph.D., gives us in his recent volume, "The Labour Movement in Australasia." Dr. Clark is well known to all American students of economic and sociological questions as a careful and reliable observer. Much of his work as an agent of the Department of Commerce and Labor at Washington has been issued by the Bureau of Labor, and favorably received by specialists. The present work is based upon an extensive study of conditions made during two visits in nineteen hundred and three and nineteen hundred and four under a commission from the Government. The substance of the work appeared some time ago in one of the bulletins of the Bureau of Labor, but it is good to have it in this more permanent, amplified and revised form.

Australasia is the name given to the Commonwealth of Australia and the Colony of New Zealand, which, separated as they are by twelve hundred miles of ocean, are intimately connected by historical and industrial as well as racial ties. There is good reason for associating the two countries in one general term, and for discussing their affairs as an organic whole, yet the method has, especially for the student, its disadvantages. It is not always easy, since there are no references to authorities, to tell just how far the conditions described apply to one or the other country. Compared with such a work as Pember Reeves' "State Experiments in New Zealand," for the student at any rate,

Dr Clark's book leaves much to be desired.

Still, for all that, it is a useful book—and as interesting as it is useful. Its usefulness lies not merely, nor even mainly, in the fact that it is a descriptive guide-book to the political and social development of a group of countries very similar to our own. Even more important is the light which the experience so described sheds upon our own problems. Many persons in this country have been alarmed, perhaps unduly so, at the decision of the great labor organizations to adopt political action. What are we to expect if this policy is generally adopted? Dr. Clark shows the development of the unions in Australasia, and their adoption of political action; we see the labor programme in its development and in the process of realization. It is not a static thing, this labor programme, but a growing movement, one thing leading to another as in all growth. Beginning with adult suffrage, extending democracy to women, on through a graduated income tax, the nationalization of land and other monopolies, pensions for the aged and outworn workers, general accident insurance, industrial arbitration, and the like, Australasia seems destined to reach by natural evolution and without Marxian or other theories, a socialism as comprehensive as the German thinker theoretically postulated.

Labor in Australasia appears to be, on the whole, better off than in the United States. There is more regard for personal safety. The domination of the Government by a small privileged class is an evil which has not developed to any extent. Where the women are allowed to vote, as in New Zealand, the results appear to be not very revolutionary—neither as good as its advocates predicted, nor as bad as its foes predicted. Curiously, working women take a much keener and more intelligent interest in politics than do their

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

sisters of the leisure class. This is rather the reverse of English and American experience. It is worth noting, that while in the United States one railway employee out of every three hundred and fifty-seven was killed in the last year reported, in New South Wales one out of every nine hundred and forty-nine was killed, while in South Australia there was not a single fatal accident among three thousand five hundred and nineteen employees.

One of the most interesting features of the book is the chapter entitled "A White Australia." Here we have a race transplanted from the temperate to the torrid zone, determined to keep out the colored laborer, content if need be to let great natural resources lie undeveloped rather than consent to the introduction of colored labor, and the possible eventual development of a race problem similar to that which has resulted in the United States from the importation of negro laborers. It is impossible to do full justice to such a book in the brief compass of a review, but we can cordially recommend it to our readers as an interesting and valuable study of an important subject. ("The Labour Movement in Australasia: A Study in Social Democracy." By Victor S. Clark, Ph.D., 327 pages. Price, \$1.50, net. Published by Henry Holt & Company, New York.)

MR. Logan G. McPherson, lecturer on the subject of transportation at Johns Hopkins University, has issued a book from his lectures on the organization, work and inter-relation of the different departments of a railway company. The hope is expressed that the volume will aid in giving an accurate conception of the underlying principles of railroad practice to voters—those who ultimately control legislation on railway matters; those engaged in the railway service

who seek a more extended view of its different phases than is afforded by contact with their own immediate duties; and young men whose studies include the transportation industry, many of whom desire to make it their vocation in life.

The utility of the book to the first of these three classes—in their special relations as voters—may well be doubted. As a popular description of the manner in which the work of a railway company is divided among various departments it is not without the value which attaches to every addition to the amount of information which one possesses, but hardly likely to prove influential upon railway legislation, any more than a manual on the construction of locomotives would be. To the other two classes named the book will doubtless prove of considerable value as a primer—it is fair to add that it is not intended to be more than that—affording an admirable elementary introduction to a more thorough study of the question. But for the ordinary reader the book will be found interesting on account of the many little bits of curious information scattered through its pages, and by reason of the larger interest in the subject treated in the last chapter, which deals with the relations of the railways to the public and the state. The whole chapter is given up, with the exception of a few unimportant paragraphs, to a discussion of the burning question of railroad rates. As might be expected in a primer of this sort, the arguments used are very elementary; and they are, moreover, stated with a bias in favor of the railroads rather than the public or the state. The book is interesting and neither better nor worse than any average collection of college lectures would make. ("The Working of the Railroads." By Logan G. McPherson; 273 pages. Price, \$1.50, net. Published by Henry Holt & Company, New York.)

INDICATIVE of a growing interest in the systematic study of business institutions and methods is Dr. Sparling's little manual, "Introduction to Business Organization," a volume in the useful Citizen's Library, edited by Professor R. T. Ely. It is somewhat remarkable, when our attention has been directed to it, that no work aiming to make business a matter of scientific study and explanation existed until Dr. Sparling undertook to bring together the substance of his lessons on Commerce in the University of Wisconsin. In view of the widespread interest in the subject of which it treats the demand for such a volume ought to be quite extensive.

Passing over the introductory arguments on the necessity of organization, the chapter on legal aspects of business organization begins the practical part of the volume. There are other chapters on such topics as, Business Aspects of Farming, Factory Organization, Commercial Organization, Factory Cost Keeping, Exchanges, Credits and Collections, Salesmanship, Advertising and so through a minute dissection of business life. Many who are not engaged in business will find in this admirable treatise explanations of some of those features of modern business mechanism frequently mentioned in the press, but rarely understood by the ordinary reader. Young men and women contemplating a business career ought to find it extremely suggestive. ("Introduction to Business Organization." By Samuel E. Sparling, Ph.D.; 374 pages. Price, \$1.25, net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

IT seems rather curious that so little of the vividness of foreign places is conveyed in the majority of the books that describe them. Most books of travel are either accurately dull or diffusely descriptive. Of the

two types the frankly guide-book type is preferable, for after glancing through the pages of one of these works of the gushing variety one feels a strong impulse to call the writer's attention to the admonitions of a certain popular magazine against "attempted fine writing." In looking through Mr. McCracken's book on "The Italian Lakes" one is discouraged by the inexpressive effusiveness of its style and its curiously colorless manner of imparting the impressions which the writer apparently received intensely. Such expressions as, "their never waning winsomeness" (referring to the lakes in question), "up in the heights whence the view is so noble," and "the Italian lakes are bordered by the pick of Italian gardens," are certainly neither felicitous nor elegant. Nevertheless, the book contains the essential facts. And if undue space seems given to inadequate descriptions of the landscape, at least the available material of the neighborhood appears to have been carefully collected. The book does not enter into the comparative merits of hotels, and evidently does not aim to be a guide-book. ("The Italian Lakes," by W. D. McCracken. Illustrated. Price, \$2.00. Published by L. C. Page & Company, Boston.)

EVERY body who has occasion to use architectural terms, and not a few others who would like to understand them, will welcome a most useful little book entitled, "A Glossary of Terms Used in English Architecture," by Thomas Dinham Atkinson, who has also written a history of English Architecture. The Glossary is limited to the historical aspect of architecture, and only deals incidentally with words used in art and art criticism and in building. At the same time many

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

technical terms are to be found, and constructional terms in particular, for the author holds that construction lies at the very root of the matter. Definitions he regards in most cases as unnecessary, but sometimes they are given, because it is interesting to work out a definition. Derivations are given where they are illuminating or curious, and many terms used in Greek and Roman architecture are included because they are necessary to a proper understanding of Renaissance architecture and church building. The book is illustrated with two hundred and sixty-five drawings of architectural details. ("A Glossary of Terms Used in English Architecture," by Thomas Dinham Atkinson, Architect. Illustrated; 320 pages. Published by William T. Comstock, New York.)

WALTER Raleigh's little book on Shakespeare does not lay claim to the publication of any newly discovered facts or the exploitation of new theories. It is a careful, competent collection of the authentic facts and the most generally accepted theories. It contains also a brief critical study and classification of the plays. It has the character, if not the intention, of a text book and is clearly expressed. ("Shakespeare," by Walter Raleigh. English Men of Letters Series. Price, 75 cents, net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

THE necessity of issuing a thoroughly practical handbook on plumbing, so written that the householder can understand it as well as the plumber, has induced a prominent manufacturing company to become a publisher to the extent of getting out a book entitled "Principles and Practice of Plumbing." This book is made up of

articles printed in the trade magazine owned by these manufacturers, for the reason that the articles were found to be so practical that architectural plumbers and sanitary engineers requested its publication in book form, for purposes of reference. Any householder with this book in his library need not depend entirely upon the plumber to test the condition of the plumbing in his house, and will be able to form some idea on his own account of the best method of drainage. In short, the principles that underlie the practice of plumbing have been here systematized and reduced to an exact basis, and many useful rules, formulas and data are offered for the first time to the public in this book. ("Principles and Practice of Plumbing," by J. J. Cosgrove; 267 pages. Published by Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Pittsburg.)

A book of lessons in the planning, decoration and care of a house, is by Isabel Bevier, head of the Department of Social Science in the University of Illinois. The book is comprehensive, and would be very useful to anyone making a study of household science for personal use, but it contains nothing regarding the development of architecture, sanitation or interior decoration, more than could be found in any good book on the subject. The first chapter is devoted to the evolution of the house, the second to the development of the American house, and the remaining chapters are given to the practical details of planning, decoration and housekeeping. The book is chiefly useful as a digest of larger works, to be used for quick reference, and as an outline of general information. ("The House," by Isabel Bevier, Ph.M.; 164 pages. Published by The American School of Home Economics, Chicago.)

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

HOME DRESSMAKING THE NATURAL OUTCOME OF SIMPLE LIVING: HAPPINESS OF A "HOME-MADE TROUSSEAU"

WIDE-REACHING as is the significance of a knowledge of home dressmaking for the American girl, it is but one phase, one detail of a vast movement toward simpler living in America, which in time must be recognized as essential to the right development of our country.

The time has come to this great nation for a parting of the ways. If we will be really great among nations, we must become genuine; we must create and cease to imitate; we must express ourselves, such as we are, whatever we may be, in our fine arts, our houses, our handicrafts, our politics, our every detail of living. We must live in houses that belong to our manner of life as working Americans; we must paint, and model and compose to express our national art impulse, and the inside of our homes must be suited to the ideal American life—cheerful, beautiful, durable, comfortable, and yet, with all these characteristics, simple, as the most beautiful and complete surroundings may always be.

With the great expense of living in America and the equally great difficulty of securing servants that are capable, reasonable and in any way permanent, the average intelligent—often intellectual—woman of wide interests is compelled to do much of her own work, or to understand it so thoroughly that she can direct without difficulty even incompetent help. This condition will increase, not lessen, as time goes on, and the tide of immigration lessens.

There is apparently but one way to meet the problem, that is from the inside. The woman herself must plan her house, arrange the interior, furnish

and adjust furnishings, and so live that home cares will be reduced to a minimum. With a simply beautiful house, done inside with an equal purpose of beauty, durability and simplicity; with room space planned for economy of time and steps; with kitchen planned to be an attractive work room—and the servant problem is met, without lectures, books, clubs, legislation or worry. And on this basis simple living becomes a permanent possibility instead of a misunderstood, impracticable theory.

To put life on a simple, wholly practical basis, you have to start back at the very foundation of domestic existence—the house, which is the opportunity afforded by civilization for close permanent family relationship. You may talk of simple conditions and design simple frocks and discard some worthless bric-a-brac, but you will not achieve thereby an existence that is simple from the most beautiful and worth-while point of view, because you can't put simplicity on and off as a fad. You can drape your mind with the idea for a little while if you like, as you follow any fashion whim, but you are not truly going to get out of life all it has to give in the way of sensible and comfortable living unless you build from the heart out on simple lines; unless you *know what you are talking about*; until you have proved to your own satisfaction the inherent value for all time of an existence that is simple because it is genuine, wholesome, truly in harmony with the ideals of your own country, and which is absolutely without relation to foreign conditions or achievements or standard.

In order to appreciate this point of view it is necessary that one should

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

never for a minute confuse simplicity with crudeness, with lack of creative impulse, with the somber or incomplete. There are no colors or gradations or combinations of tones denied you; no lines of construction which are essentially good that simplicity may not claim; no expression of joy in the utmost nature can achieve in grace and tone; no real richness; no perfection of peace; no last detail of comfort that is not compatible with simplicity, rightly understood and employed.

And so while we have said so much about clothes in this department, and have urged upon women the necessity of a knowledge of the practice as well as the theory of dressmaking and also the teaching of their daughters how to make satisfactory clothes for themselves, we have not done this without realizing how essential for the success of this one detail of simpler, better living is the background of general living along lines suited to American homes; the need of houses and interiors and home making that expressed the American man and woman of today, that showed the best they were capable of creating in the way of an environment for themselves and their children.

From this point of view what could promise greater happiness to people about to live together for the rest of their lives than to plan their home along these lines; to decide to live in a beautiful simple way, to establish a home that will be a joy, a comfort, a permanent expression of their point of view about work. If a girl plans her home so that a reasonable, wholesome amount of work may be done in it, she is making herself independent of troublous economic conditions. If she has a servant, she can direct her intelligently; if she cannot have a servant she can direct herself, and do it happily and enjoyably. And after planning a sane, whole-

some, pleasurable home, what could be more sensible, more reasonable than for a girl to make her own wedding clothes? Surely the girl who has decided about the house she wants to live in, will know well what she wants to wear in it. She will know what is pretty as well as sensible, in fact, how to make the sensible things most pretty, as they should be, and she will design all her clothes so that they are appropriate to each purpose for which they are intended. Her negligée gown is delightfully fluffy and graceful, but not ornate; her kitchen frock is plain, but lovely in color and adjustment to her pretty form; her wedding dress is full of her own grace and charm, because it suits her in color, outline and sensibleness; her afternoon frock is easy to make, is without effort at eccentricity, suits exactly her way of spending time, and is most carefully selected to bring out all her beauty of feature and color and expression.

And thus, in her own home, there is developed by her thought the most exquisite harmony; you feel that the girl belongs to her environment, that the whole is perfect, that it is original and creative and yet typical of what has grown to be an American standard of excellence in life. You believe in the girl, you like her home, and recognize what simplicity can be made to accomplish when understood and rightly employed.

And what truly greater enjoyment could a girl find, who is really happy, really in love, and also somewhat of an artist about herself, as so many girls are who are not root-bound with stupid worn-out traditions, than the planning and making of a trousseau that is an expression of all she cares for most in herself, in life? What is finer than for a girl to design the clothes she is to wear during the happiest days of her life? Surely there is poetry in the thought, and many sweet dreams and



“WHAT IS FINER THAN FOR A GIRL TO DESIGN THE CLOTHES WHICH SHE IS TO WEAR DURING THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF HER LIFE?”



"AFTER PLANNING A SANE, WHOLESOME HOUSE,
WHAT COULD BE MORE REASONABLE THAN FOR A
GIRL TO MAKE HER OWN WEDDING CLOTHES?"



"HER KITCHEN FROCK IS PLAIN,
BUT LOVELY IN COLOR AND AD-
JUSTMENT TO HER PRETTY FORM."



"HER AFTERNOON GOWN IS SELECTED
TO BRING OUT ALL HER BEAUTY OF
FEATURE, COLOR AND EXPRESSION."

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

blissful aspirations to make up with the lovely colors and fabrics which become a part of herself in all the long dear honeymoon time. Why, a girl who does not grow an artist in the making of her wedding clothes does not deserve the supreme happiness of marriage. For there is no last detail of furnishing the beautiful, simple home and making the exquisitely lovely but simple clothes for bridal days that should not stir a girl's heart, stimulate her brain and develop her in mind and soul.

What insight will develop in all this love-work; what greater knowledge of

beauty, if all detail of it is made harmonious with work and an expression of real need; what right understanding of all life offers in a home, if it has grown out of interest and love! Why, the girl who will give up to others the creation of her home and the expression of herself that she can achieve in her own clothes-making is shutting her eyes to one of the supreme experiences of life, and also relinquishing the opportunity of cultivating every fineness within her, and of developing herself both as artist and craftswoman.

A MORE SIMPLE WAY OF HOUSEKEEPING

THE CRAFTSMAN has done much during the last few years in pointing out a better way of homemakers in the matter of home furnishings and structural simplicity. But lately it has entered upon a far more helpful and wider crusade in turning its attention to the fundamental principles of home administration and in seeking to make plain the archaic and unessential conditions which now prevail.

Not only is it pointing out the outworn customs still in use, it is also substituting for them plans for better work so that the day may come when the test of happy labor given by Ruskin can be applied to housework as well as to that outside the home.

Ruskin says that the essential of happy labor is that "we must be fit for it, not do too much of it, and have a sense of success in it." Let any housewife apply this standard to any one of her home duties and she will soon see why in the majority of instances housework as now carried on is unhappy labor.

Consider the food question. Thrice or more daily it confronts each housewife. Is she fit for it? No. Her

studies have prepared her for almost everything but that. Does she have too much cooking to do? Yes, because she is so overcrowded with the other complex demands of the home that the cooking is an additional burden. The last test of happy labor is that we must have a sense of success in it, but we all know that we can never have a sense of success in any task for which we are unfit and in which we are overworked.

Thus we see that the food department is one part of our homes wherein, under present conditions, happy labor can not exist. Yet when rightly undertaken there is no more interesting occupation to many people than the preparation and serving of food.

The conscientious housewife of to-day who tries to do well her everyday routine finds herself between two opposing influences which make simplicity impossible for her; one, the wide opportunities and complex demands of the present age, and the other a conservatism which resents any change in the domestic methods of our grandmothers.

The kitchen used to be the center of home life. The mother rocked the

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

cradle with one hand and stirred the cauldron with the other and taught eternal verities to the children gathered around her knee at the same time.

But the home life of to-day does not center around the kitchen fire. The kitchen has become a place chiefly for cooking, and the mother as she cares for the child in the upstairs nursery, set apart for its use, can not at the same time stir the cauldron in the kitchen which is separated from the upstairs nursery by yards of hardwood floor which the bacteriologist tells her must be wiped up frequently in order to prevent the germs from imperilling her family's health. And this same bacteriologist is largely responsible for the necessity of each child's having at least a separate bed or if possible a separate room with their multiplying cares as well as comforts.

So this mother of to-day hurries from kitchen to nursery and over the other parts of the house, performing as best she can the many home duties of our times. But she is so overwheeled in the doing of it all that the deep well of mother love which should overflow, flooding the world with happiness and cheer, runs well nigh dry at times.

Is there any possible remedy for this? Yes. We are so conservative, however, that we think that a home without a kitchen would be a heartless and spiritless affair.

But conservative as we are, we may just as well face the fact that the home life of to-day, while richer in many ways than ever before, does not of necessity center around a kitchen cook stove, and furthermore we are making the mistake of our times when we try to make it center where a century or so ago it was right and proper that it should be.

Yet food remains the first human requisite, and just because it is the first human necessity the preparation of it should engross the attention of the most

learned scientific minds of our times. Our kitchens as managed at present are economic wastes. For the same amount of energy and fuel which I expend in cooking for my family could just as well furnish the cooking force for a much larger number. Co-operative housekeeping has been tried and failed, because of the very lack of system for which it strove. Consolidation is the tendency of our times in all branches of activity because of its increased economy and efficiency. Consolidation in the matter of feeding our families must be brought about if the simplicity which is due to unwasted effort is ever to come to pass in our homes.

One of the needs of our times is a master mind who will be able to work out in detail such a system of consolidation, and when he shall have successfully brought it to pass we will all marvel that such a simple plan was never tried before.

The essentials of such a plan are few. There should be food kitchens easily accessible to every home where cooked foods can be bought cheaply because of consolidation, and delivered hot to our homes with promptness and regularity, in pneumatic tubes perhaps, or by whatever means the master mind shall decide is the cheapest and the best. All this will take executive ability of a high order, the same kind which Marshall Field showed in building up the department store business.

Just because food is the first human requisite, it is one of the most burdensome duties at times for the housewife; for let come what may she must prepare the meals.

Without the necessity for kitchens our homes might be what the twentieth century demands that a home should be,—a place of rest and recreation and a training school for the children.

Not only would the simplicity of our homes be increased by the banishment

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

of the individual kitchens but the health of the nation would be much improved because our food would all be prepared by specialists who would thoroughly understand diet in its relation to health and disease.

The many cereal companies are a help in this direction because they have been able to teach the people that a simple, easily prepared breakfast has every advantage over an elaborately prepared heavy one.

Another advantage of consolidated food kitchens would be the end of the domestic service question, for the preparation of food would become an honored profession, willingly undertaken by the best class of people. You who know something of the chaos of domestic life, as at present administered, picture to yourself a well-ordered home where the mother is free to be a companion for her husband and children and to attend to the many duties which come to her in this position instead of having to spend her days in a mad scramble to satisfy their recurrent hunger.

Simplicity of living is a possibility in our homes whenever our conservatism will enable us to welcome the idea of homes without kitchens. And when we are ready to accept it, no doubt the master mind will be ready with the detailed plan, for that has been the history of the progress of the ages,—the improvements come when we are ready to receive them.

The recurrent food problem adds more than its share to the complexity of home life to-day, for its processes are manifold and one important part of its burden is the necessary dish washing. While we are waiting to accustom ourselves to the idea of homes without kitchens and until the executive genius has worked out the details of the plan, there is one way by which the necessary food preparation could be simplified

each day and that is by a central dish washing plant. This may sound chimerical, but remember a few years ago the plan of a daily supply of clean towels for offices from a central supply house had not been worked out, now in successful operation and indispensable.

Dish washing in homes is unsanitary as compared with that done in some large hotels and restaurants. There the dishes are piled haphazard in coarse-meshed receptacles and put into a tub of boiling soapsuds where the water is kept in motion by revolving discs. Afterward they are similarly rinsed in boiling water and turned on to draining boards. From seven hundred to twelve hundred pieces can be washed in an hour. For about one thousand dollars such a plant, complete in all details, was installed in a department store restaurant. Such a one would of course be too expensive for a private family, but for small towns or neighborhoods they could be made to pay.

The details of collecting and delivering the dishes work themselves out gradually just as the problem of clean towel service for offices has been worked out.

Now suppose that I decide that in my family I need to use in cooking and serving during the day 150 dishes; I make such a requisition for each day, and each morning the clean dishes are brought to my home and the dirty ones removed. What must I pay for this service? Counting the interest on the investment, rent, wages for operator and delivery man such service ought not to cost over fifty cents per week, excluding breakage. Naturally at first every one would feel sceptical of the success of such a plan. But if once successfully established every city in the country would follow this lead, much to the relief of one department of house-keeping. LAURA CLARKE ROCKWOOD.

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

THE CHARM OF DIFFUSED LIGHT

THE real pleasure of home evenings, whether the time is spent in work or play, is in the quality of the lighting. The difference between side lights in a room and the old-time chandelier is the difference between peace and restlessness, and, for sensitive nerves, between enjoyment and misery. To face light while reading or working is to lose half the power of seeing. A light pouring directly into the pupil of the eye is disastrous in two ways; it dilates the retina to the point of danger from strain, and in the second place it is hypnotic in effect. The succession of invisible currents in the air, produced by the light, in connection with the strain, compels immense concentration to use the mind with even half its usual facility.

So much for the hygienic point of view. Now for the artistic—with a center light, the middle of the room is thrown out in sharp outline and the corners are dark patches. There are no half tones, which artists love, no mellowness nor picturesqueness. It is all light and dark; all sharp contrast. The center of the room is over-brilliant and the corners gloomy.

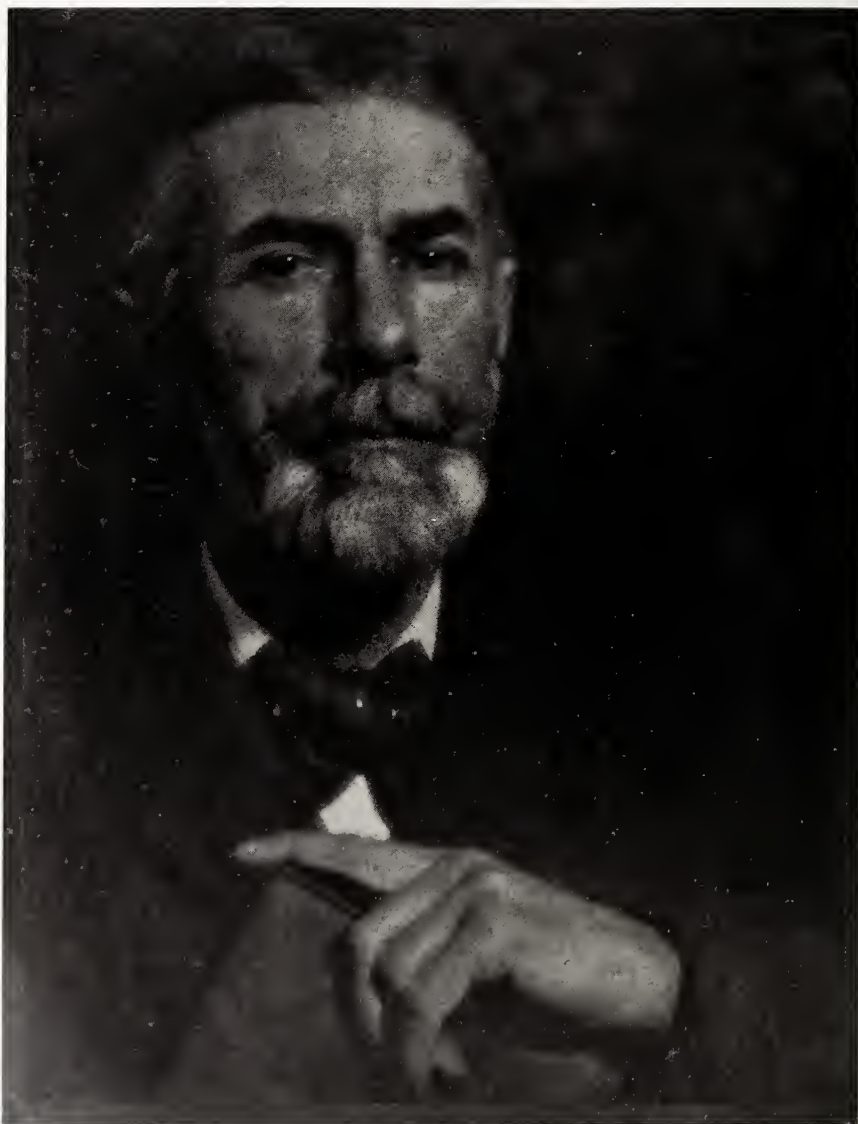
Now a sharp contrast in light, apart from the actual injury to the eyes, is seriously detrimental to the nerves, easily affected as they are by any eye strain. The usual center lighting gives a sense of restlessness, almost a desire to escape. A chandelier has no kindly welcoming rays, it does not allure, nor coax nor encourage good cheer. It does add sparkle to jewels and glitter to gold, and sheen to velvet; but what have these to do with the home comfort and the joy of a corner for work or play?

No room can be really made winning and enticing of an evening with-

out a diffused light which is essentially the product of lighting fixtures scattered about the sides of the wall. No one concentrated light is essential, but a glow of light wherever it can contribute to the comfort of work or play—by the bookcase, at the side of the window seat, near the piano, just back of the sewing table, by the hat-rack in the hall, over the buffet in the dining room. Each homemaker will know best where light contributes most to the happiness of her family.

Lights are not a finish for the ceiling, the final decoration for a room, but a means toward an end, and that end is enjoyment, the best enjoyment of books or pipe or needle or study. In studying into the lighting problem, we have made a special effort to develop the diffused lighting of rooms. Where center lights are used in CRAFTSMAN rooms they are so hidden by soft globes that one is conscious only of a mellow glow; but these showers of lights are for large spaces. For living rooms and cozy dining rooms, the lights are on the walls in a series of sconces, adjusted to each room to bring out its utmost possibility of restfulness and cheer. In fact, in a room perfectly illuminated with side lights, the sense of effort to achieve light is wholly lost. One is conscious of rest, glow, peace, and contentment, and a desire to stay, which is wholly absent from the chandelier room.

To make the side lighting of a room quite perfect, it is an excellent plan to have both the metal of fixture and the globe in close color harmony with the room, and when all these details are considered, the light of a room finally ceases to be a thing apart, and becomes an essential of the real beauty and comfort of the home.



*From a Photograph by Alvin L. Coburn.
See Page 394.*

EDWARD CARPENTER.



THE CRAFTSMAN



GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XII JULY, 1907 NUMBER 4

MUSIC FROM THE OJIBWAY'S POINT OF VIEW: ART AN UNKNOWN WORD TO THESE PRIMITIVE PEOPLE, AND SONG A PART OF EVERYDAY LIVING: BY FREDERICK BURTON



THE Ojibway's respect for music is profound. It means more to him than it does to us, for it is an essential part of his daily life. He does not divorce it from his ordinary experiences and look upon it as an art; he has no comprehension of what art is; music is one of the several manifestations of his existence, character and environment; it is a spontaneous expression of his inborn appreciation of beauty, and this form of expression, as distinguished from other expressions, decorative art for example, he holds in the highest esteem, for nature has endowed him with unusually fine perception of musical beauty. It means more to him than it does to us in still another sense, for it implies verse. He has no word for poetry. Whatever departs from plain prose is *nogamon*, song, which means that his poetry is not only inseparable from music, but indistinguishable from it. Among all civilized peoples the art of expression through verse is one thing, and the art of expression through modulated sounds is quite another, linked though they often are by the deliberate intent of the composer; in the Ojibway conception the two arts are not merely linked inseparably, they are fused into one.

I have been at considerable pains during recent years to bring before the public in one way and another the results of research that have demonstrated the existence among the Ojibways of a type of folksong at once distinctive and beautiful. In that work I spoke and wrote as a musician, to whom song is a form of music, and to whom the chief interest in his research lay in the discovery of exquisite melodies, or tunes. In this paper I shall give brief attention to the other factor in the Ojibway's art, for such his music-poetry is, and shall try to indicate how it enters into his daily life.

MUSIC A PART OF EVERYDAY LIVING

Song is the beginning and end of Ojibway music. He has no instrumental outfit for the production of music as such, which helps to establish the fact that he does not conceive of music apart from words, although he does have a strong perception of absolute music, his sense of melodic beauty being far superior to his sense of poetic beauty. For the moment let us understand that whenever he expresses himself through music, he sings. The pounding of the unmelodious drum, so disturbing to the civilized ear, is always an accompaniment to song. He never drums for the sake of drumming. In all his ceremonies, secular and sacred, he dances to vocal music, and no ceremony is complete, or even possible, without it. So, too, with many of his games; he must have song when he gambles. His prayers are songs; every action, impulse, or aspiration in his experience is expressed in song. His one instrument aside from the drum, and it is very rare, is a so-called flute, but it is not designed for the making of music for its own sake; it is always a substitute for the voice, and the tunes played on it are invariably songs.

It often proves difficult for an Ojibway to apprehend music as a distinct, separate creation. Time and again after I had come to terms of intimacy with the people, a man would come to me saying that he had thought of a new song, and proceed to sing it only to reveal a set of words that I had not heard before, the melody being substantially and often exactly the same as I had taken from his lips on a previous occasion. Some of the Indians could not be made to perceive that under these circumstances they had not contributed a new song to my collection. The sound (tune) might be "very like," yes, but the *nogamon* was different—and yet *nogamon* is a form of the verb which means, "I sing."

WHEN the paleface separates the factors in the joint art and examines Ojibway verse, he is struck first by its extraordinary compactness. The Ojibway wastes no words, and, being primitive, he usually restricts his poem to the expression of a single thought. This thought may frame itself in words sufficiently clear to him and yet so few that they cannot fill out the melody to which he attaches them. In this contingency he repeats words and phrases, after the manner of the civilized composer, or he resorts to syllables that have no meaning. Here are the words of a wedding song, *Bayzhig equayzess ne menegonun, gayget sennah negechedaybe ego*. They mean: "A girl has been given to me; yes, I am exceedingly glad that she has been given." That is to say, "I am transported

MUSIC A PART OF EVERYDAY LIVING

with delight because my sweetheart's parents have consented to our marriage." From our point of view this is the entire poem, but the composer of it, who, be it remembered, was of necessity also the composer of the music, was so tumultuously stirred by emotion over the great event in his life that music was awakened in him to an unusual degree, and his tune could not be confined to a plain statement of his joy. The paleface under similar circumstances might have amplified his original thought by entering upon a glowing description of his sweetheart's beauty of face and form; he might have descanted on her virtues and graces; or, following the immortal model set by Henry Cary in "Sally in Our Alley," he might have narrated his present relations with her and forecast the future. Not thus with the Indian. That one thought of jubilant satisfaction was all his mind could carry with comfort at one time; so, having stated the circumstances and his feeling, he proceeds to the conclusion of his tune with "heyah," which means nothing at all in any language. Does it not suggest the warbling of birds? a musical impulse expressive of deep emotion finding its vent through modulated tones and resorting to meaningless syllables merely because the melody needs pegs, so to speak, to hang it on, or because the emotion, as musical feeling at last analysis really is, is utterly outside the pale of such thoughts as can be expressed in words.

Fast Drum four to the measure

Bayzhig e-quayzess ne me-ne-go-nun gayget sennah ne gechedaybe
There's a girl whose parents have consented. That is why you see me so con-

e-go } heyah heyah heyah heyah heyah heyah heyah heyah Bayzhig e-quay-
tentled To my life great

zess ne me-ne-go-nun gayget sennah ne gechedaybe e-go } heyah heyah
hap-pe-ness she's bringing. Therefore I can't help my joyous singing

heyah heyah heyah heyah heyah heyah heyah heyah heyah

This song, by no means one of the best examples of Ojibway melody, although it is fluent and regular in structure, is one of the comparatively few that may be termed independent, by which I

MUSIC A PART OF EVERYDAY LIVING

mean that its words convey quite enough to enable the listener to understand it. Most songs are dependent for their meaning on circumstances in the knowledge of the listener but unexpressed in the words. This accounts partly for the compactness referred to. The Indian tells a story, and at the end says, "This is the song for it," proceeding then to sing perhaps three words which, in the light of the story, are perfectly intelligible, but, without knowledge of it, incomprehensible to the Indians themselves. I may remark that, owing to the Ojibway's extraordinary appreciation of melody as such, many songs are sung to-day to words which the singers do not understand. This is sometimes because the words are archaic, and sometimes because in the advance of civilization the ancient story has been forgotten, the song surviving because of the strength of the tune, and the words lingering because memory easily retains words associated with music, and because, fundamentally, as hinted above, the Ojibway's love of music is absolute, the words being merely a convenience to him in expressing his sense of beauty in tone.

A song that illustrates capitally the compactness of structure and dependence on circumstances unstated in the verse, proceeds as follows:

Slow
 Voice *Fast*
 Keegho - yah 'shquan daym keegho - yah 'shquan - daym baybo -
 Drum *mf*
Slow
 gin 'shquandaym keegho - yah 'shquandaym. Keegho -

Setting the English equivalents under the Ojibway words, we get this:

Keeghoyah 'shquandaym baybogin 'shquandaym keeghoyah 'shquandaym

Warm door in winter door warm door

Ojibways who understand English told me that this meant "My door is warm in winter time," but not one could give me a hint as to the meaning of his translation. The young fellows sang it with great gusto at all sorts of times and occasions, and not one of them

MUSIC A PART OF EVERYDAY LIVING

seemed to comprehend the difficulty I had in understanding them. I did get an impression that in some way it was a song of hospitality, but it was not until three years after I had put the melody and original words on paper that I found an Indian who enabled me to look at the song from the Indian point of view and grasp its full significance.

“WHEN I was a boy,” said he, “I often heard my grandfather tell the story that goes with that song.” He then told me the story which, very briefly, concerned a hunter who was lost in a three-days’ snowstorm. Just as he was about to succumb to cold and weariness, he heard the sound of a drum. He made his way hopefully toward the sound, but cautiously, too, for the drum beats could not tell him that the singer, whose voice was inaudible at first, was not an enemy. At length he drew near enough to hear the singer, who was seated in his comfortable wigwam. “And this is what the man was singing,” says the relator, plunging at once into “*Keezhoyah ’shquandaym.*” The words being Ojibway, the perishing hunter knew that he had found a friend, and the story ends by telling how he of the wigwam entertained the wayfarer and, after the storm, sent him on his way refreshed.

The story presents to the imagination a vivid picture of winter, the sufferings of the lost hunter serving to set forth the terrors and perils of the season, which the man within doors mocks triumphantly in his three-word song.

The song, then, may be regarded as a mnemonic summary of thoughts and impressions. In my opinion it would be doing rank injustice to the Ojibway’s imagination if I were to limit the translation of such verse as this to the literal significance of the words. To put the Indian’s whole thought in terms of our art it is necessary to state at least a suggestion of what the Indian thought but did not express:

Freeze, ye northern winds!
Blow, ye frosty blasts!
Here within ’tis warm
While the winter lasts.
Whirl, ye driven snow,
Heap in smoth’ring drifts!
Winter here lies low
Nor his cold hand lifts.

There is no rhyme in Ojibway verse, but there are songs wherein the words fall into rhythmic order beautifully. These are usually

MUSIC A PART OF EVERYDAY LIVING

the non-dependent songs, those that tell a story, or express more than a single fact. In such songs the melody is always more highly developed and more nearly after the manner of the music of civilization, though always with distinctive Indian characteristics.

Presentation of the Ojibway regard for music would be incomplete without some reference to the proprietary value they set on their songs. The composer is the owner, and wherever ancient customs are still preserved no Indian ventures to sing a song that does not belong to his family. This view, I believe, is common to many tribes, perhaps all, but among the Ojibways the march of civilization has thrown down so many barriers that a great many of the old songs are now widely distributed. It is still a common experience for the investigator, however, to fail of getting a song he wants because the Indian who sang it yesterday refuses to repeat it today on the ground that it belongs to another, and if it is to be reduced to the white man's notes, that other's permission must be obtained. A general sense of proprietorship is also manifested in the extreme reluctance of the people to sing for the white man with his pencil and note paper. As one dusky friend explained to me, "Our songs are the only thing left to us that are wholly Indian. You've taken away everything else that was ours, and now you want to rob us of our songs." It took me many months of patient argument with this man and his neighbors to persuade them that I left behind all I took away, and that my work was the one sure way to preserve the songs from oblivion.

IN OJIBWAY music the general lack of development, speaking technically for the moment, is the chief mark of its primitive character; and it is much the same in Ojibway verse. Often is the poetic impulse plainly manifest, and with equal plainness the inability to work it out. The Ojibway is more gifted in music than in poetry; he has wrought out a type of beautiful melody, much of it in perfect form; his verse, for the most part, has not emerged from the condition of raw material. The spirit of music, struggling for expression through his primitive soul, finds its way to utterance in spite of the words with which he associates it. The Indian, like the average paleface, is incapable of grasping the conception of music as a thing of absolute beauty. Does a melody sing in his head and insist upon vocal utterance, he must forthwith invent a series of words that fit the rhythmic scheme of the tune, for thus alone can he correlate his sense of pleasure in modulated sounds with his habitual regard of other phenomena that appeal to him through the material senses as plain, compre-

hensible facts. We might conceive of an Indian voicing a melody tentatively to meaningless syllables and wondering as to the nature of that tonal entity that comes from he knows not where, that allures his soul, that compels him to sing. He might wonder at it as a hermit who is visited by angels in a vision. It might awaken awe, as if it were a message from another world, the very holiest of holy speech of Gitche Manitou himself. Thrilling with the pure delight that music alone of all the arts and things upon or above the earth can arouse, he might yet hesitate to link it to words lest he offend the manitou who sent it, lest he misinterpret the message so subtly and convincingly spoken to his heart; and thus, bowing in humility before the mysterious presence manifested in new melody, he might content himself and the visiting impulse with a wordless song, leaving the meaning of it to be revealed at the manitou's own pleasure.

The fact probably is that no Indian ever went as far as this in speculation. His process of composition, as far as that process can be manifested, is identically such as I have suggested. He does sing his new melody to meaningless syllables, tentatively, correcting it here and there, but meantime experimenting with words that convey meaning; and the probability is that the precise sentiment of the words finally accepted is established by rhythmic consideration, those that fall readily into the scheme of accents appealing to him as the most suitable vehicle for the melody. And, aside from dependence upon the scheme of accents, the character of the words that suggest themselves to him must depend upon his own character, his mode of life, manner of thought, the exigency of his immediate situation, whatever that may be, and not upon the unborn tune. I am aware that there is room for controversy in this view, and it would give me great pleasure to break the cudgels of argument with any who hold a different opinion; but this is no place for controversy, and I must be content if I have suggested, what so few palefaces comprehend, that there is a warm human side to the redman which demands respect and commands the admiration and affection of those who have been fortunate enough to become intimately acquainted with him. It is no savage who speaks through these beautiful melodies; it is a man, deficient in development, but a man nevertheless who feels as we do, and who gropes blindly and often hopelessly toward that freedom of expression which distinguishes the man of civilization.

SOLON H. BORGLUM: SCULPTOR OF AMERICAN LIFE: AN ARTIST WHO KNOWS THE VALUE OF "OUR INCOMPARABLE MATERIALS:" BY SELENE AYER ARMSTRONG



THE ironical fate which decrees that a prophet shall be without honor in his own country has permitted the high achievement of the American sculptor, Solon H. Borglum, to be more loudly heralded and widely recognized in Europe than in America. Such is not to be wondered at in the instance of those of our artists whose study abroad causes their work to be dominated by French and Classical influences to such a degree that it loses its American character, but in the case of Mr. Borglum the circumstance is somewhat extraordinary. For he stands pre-eminent as a sculptor of American life in one of its most distinctive phases, and the spirit and form of his art have remained essentially American. His groups embody in marble and bronze the free, primitive life of the great West, and in the freshness of their inspiration show no trace even of the despotic influence of Rodin's genius, or of aught that is alien to America.

"We have yet had no genius in America, with tyrannous eye which knew the value of our incomparable materials," wrote Emerson.

As Mr. Borglum talked to me recently of the ideal which has been the guiding principle of his work, it seemed to me that here, after many years, was the answer to Emerson's words.

"I set out for Paris," said Borglum, "but when I got there I was suddenly dismayed. I saw that the most any artist can do is to live and work with nature, and I said to myself, *that* is what I must do at home. Why have I come?" And the whole time I stayed, I struggled not to let my work lose its stamp of American life. That is what our artists fail to prevent. They go to Europe and become Europeans. They absorb the mythology and classicism which in Europe are the true thing, but which in America are not true. I wish I could tell you how deep in me lies this American idea; how sacred to me is the ambition to make my work typically American, to have it express the democracy, the splendid youth, the crudeness, too, if you will, of my native country. Such ambition in us all is the only basis for a great national life!"

Although as a child and youth Solon Borglum seems to have been unaware of the genius latent within him, his entire life experience was an unconscious preparation for his destined work. He was born in



From a Photograph by A. B. Bogart.

"EVENING," BY
SOLON BORGLUM.



From a Photograph by A. B. Bogart.

"SIoux INDIAN BUFFALO DANCE."
BY SOLON BORGLUM.



From Photographs by A. B. Bogart.

"NIGHT HAWKING."

"BUCKING BRONCHO."
BY SOLON BORGLUM.



From a Photograph by A. B. Bogart.

"SNOWDRIFT." BY
SOLON BORGLUM.

AMERICA'S "INCOMPARABLE MATERIALS"

Ogden, Utah, in eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, of Danish parents, who later settled in Omaha. The boy Solon was a timid, quiet child, of lively imagination; an acknowledged failure at his books, delighting in nothing so much as the companionship of his father's horses and the freedom of the prairie. At the age of fifteen he went with an elder brother to California to stock a ranch, and here he was initiated for the first time into the full round of activities which make up the cowboy's life. He soon became inured to the primitiveness of it all, and his heart opened to the wild, free messages of the plains as it had never opened to the influences of the schoolroom and the progressive prairie city. When, at the end of a year on the California ranch, his brother decided to return to civilization, Solon determined definitely upon the profession of a ranchman. He took charge of his father's ranch at Loop River, Nebraska, threw up his "shack" there, and was soon absorbed in the responsibilities of "boss." The régime at Loop River, however, was a model of democracy, for Borglum was one with the boys, eating, sleeping with them, and performing the same tasks which fell to the crudest of them. The horses and cattle, too, were his constant companions, and his love and sympathy for them taught him the secrets of their every mood. Sun, wind, rain and blizzard went also plentifully into the making of life at Loop River. And like the child in the poem who went forth every day with open heart and receptive consciousness, so it was with Solon Borglum. "These things became a part of him,"—the close comradeship of the cowboys, the dumb love of animals, the desolation of the plains, the fury of the stampede, the prairie sun's fierce heat, and the stinging cold of the blizzard. They entered his soul as silent forces, to become articulate later in his work.

YOUNG Borglum was twenty-four, when, influenced largely by the advice of his brother, who was a successful painter, he determined to become an artist. He sold the ranch for an indifferent sum, and a year later we find him struggling against poverty in Los Angeles and Santa Ana, and trying to learn to paint. The art journals which he read spurred his ambition, and on the meager proceeds from a sale of the pictures he had painted, he went to Cincinnati to enter the Art School there. The passion for art, which had been latent in him so long, was now fully aroused, and he worked incessantly.

Both because he yearned for the companionship of his old friends, the horses, and because modeling would give him an anatomical

AMERICA'S "INCOMPARABLE MATERIALS"

knowledge of the animal that would be helpful in painting, he obtained admission to the United States stables in Cincinnati, and began to model his first group. This represented a horse pawing the body of a dead horse on the plains, and, if weak technically, showed such unusual boldness of conception and depth of feeling, that when it was exhibited in the annual school exhibition Borglum was awarded a special prize of fifty dollars.

The winning of a larger award, and of a scholarship during his second year at the Cincinnati school, fired his determination to go to Paris. He was soon established in a poor, bare room in the Latin Quarter there, and after some difficulty succeeded in obtaining admission to the city stables. With the Louvre and Luxembourg easily accessible, surrounded as it were by the most glorious examples of Old World art, he heard still the call of the wild, and it was largely as a panacea for homesickness for the prairie that he began the group "Lassoing Wild Horses." In this, a cowboy has lassoed a wild horse by the neck, and his partner, on a plunging pony, leans forward with arm upraised in the act of lassoing the legs. The tense figures of the cowboys, and the spirited grace and fierce resistance of the animals, are executed with a realism that epitomizes the thrilling action of Western life. To the delight of the young sculptor the group was accepted by that year's Salon, and was highly praised by the critics.

Encouraged by words of approval from Fremiet, the French sculptor, and from other artists who had become interested, and rejoicing that he had found in sculpture the medium of his truest self expression, Borglum set to work with renewed energy. The famous "Stampede of Wild Horses," exhibited at the Paris Exposition and now owned by the Cincinnati Museum, was speedily completed. This is a life-size group in which the frenzy and terror of animals plunging on the brink of an abyss are depicted with that passionate abandon of the artist to his subject which is an aspect of genius.

IT IS also interesting, and not surprising, to note the warm human sentiment with which the sculptor endows his animal groups. As an illustration of this let us take the infinitely pathetic and tender piece "Snowdrift." Could anything be more humanly eloquent than its appeal of maternity and infantile helplessness?—the mother filled with anxiety for the safety of her young, the foal wholly unconscious of the danger of the storm, and happily nestling close for warmth.

AMERICA'S "INCOMPARABLE MATERIALS"

Mr. Borglum has sounded another note of Western life in his virile and dramatic treatment of the Indian. These people he knows, not casually or professionally, but as one who has lived amongst them, with the insight born of passionate sympathy. This perhaps is why his Indian groups are so vastly suggestive that the specific story which each tells is often lost sight of in the large symbolism of the work. Thus in the group called "Desolation," the prostrate figure of the Indian woman who weeps at her husband's grave on the plains seems to be invested with a something larger and more tragic than personal grief, and to symbolize rather the mourning of a dying race conscious of its doom. Its appeal is that of a sorrowing people rather than of an individual. "On the Border of White Man's Land" is a group representing an Indian and horse peering over a cliff at the approach of a train of paleface emigrants.

"These people are my dear, dear friends," Mr. Borglum told me. "At Christmas they send my little daughter, Monica, strings of beads, wondrously woven baskets, and gay belts, with messages of love for us all."

At present Mr. Borglum is at work upon an equestrian statue of the Western hero, Captain O'Neil, for the city of Prescott, Arizona, and upon a portrait statue of the beloved Southerner, General John B. Gordon, C. S. A., which will be unveiled in Atlanta, Georgia, in June.

The greatness of man and artist is most strikingly evident in the spirit which animates his work. This is intensely American, and intensely democratic. He has recognized the value of our "incomparable materials," and has drawn his inspiration solely from the life of the frontier,—a life in which man's worth is measured by his native strength, energy and resourcefulness rather than by his possessions; a life primitive, dauntless, clean. There is that in his work which challenges the shams and insincerities of our drawing rooms, and which makes the money-getting occupations of our trammelled lives seem suddenly trite. His art is not the expression of his personality, but of that part of the Universe by which he was environed, and is therefore as untrammelled as nature. To what measure of greatness it will rise when the ego of the man becomes articulate, it is interesting to speculate. He is in sculpture what Walt Whitman is in literature, a force as virile, elemental, and un-selfconscious as wind or rain. To study his art sympathetically is to thrill to the rugged truth and beauty of primal things.

THE FRIEND'S INGRATITUDE: BY PAUL HARBOE



IT WAS not a pleasant day for travel. The cold was intense, and the hard, fine snow slashed against the cheeks like grains of dry sand. Strong, gusty winds hurled hats and caps high into the air, spinning them round like tops, on the face of the whirling clouds of drifting snow. To keep my cigar lighted was a sheer impossibility. I was obliged to do without its friendly service. Fortunately the distance from my stopping place to the station was not great, my train was waiting, and before I had shed my heavy ulster in the coach I heard the engineer's signal, and we were off.

The best time to go to Steenstrup is in midsummer or early autumn, when the big, square fields on either side of the railroad tracks are filled with active peasantry—men and women, youths and maids, gathering hay, perhaps, leaping about like young grasshoppers, with snatches of song, a frolic, making sport of their work—you can see and hear it all from the windows of your car.

Peter was at the station with a prodigious umbrella. The gray mare, he explained, had a bad foot and Hr. Larsen was sorry we would have to walk. At this he took my satchel and swinging the umbrella over my head at once set off at breakneck speed.

Larsen was in the doorway of the inn when we arrived.

"The deuce!" he cried. "How you must have sprinted! The mare could have done no better, even if as well. So," he called to the grinning Peter, "the American has beaten you at your own game. Well done, Doctor! But come in, come in! The snow will soon be over and the wind is dying; we'll have a clear night."

My host had a bottle of wine waiting for me. "I knew you would be ready for it," he said.

"Now tell me, Larsen, why you sent for me on such a beastly day as this," was my first question.

"Ah," he replied quickly, "I thought you would be interested. You see," he went on, "I do not know when he will leave us. He only came yesterday, and I wanted you to have a good look at him. To be honest, I think he is dangerous if meddled with; so we had better be careful."

"Where is the man now?"

"He has been away since dinner. He takes long walks during the day, returning only at meal-times."

"Nothing irregular in that." I was disappointed and impatient.

THE FRIEND'S INGRATITUDE

“Of course not. But have patience, Doctor! You will find I have estimated him correctly. Why, only this morning, when I told him a friend of mine was coming, meaning you, he leaped up like one stark mad. I thought he would strike me. ‘Friend,’ he yelled wildly, ‘you have no friends; you are deceived. There is no such thing.’ Now what do you say to that?”

“Oh, well,” I admitted, “perhaps he is interesting after all. But in mercy get me something to eat, my good Larsen, and hurry about it. I can devour an ox.”

“You Americans are always in a hurry—and always want to do big things,” he laughed, and ran off to the kitchen. In a moment he returned.

“He is coming,” he said, almost with excitement. “I saw him from the kitchen window. Maria pointed him out.” Maria was his wife.

The knob was turned round quickly and the door flew back. The object of our curiosity stamped his feet on the threshold, the snow from his shoes spattering in every direction. He glanced at neither of us, but crossed the room in a few hurried steps.

“Now!” spoke my host, a bit exultingly.

“He *is* queer. Will he come down again?”

“He will—if he is hungry.” Larsen shot one of his knowing glances at me.

AN HOUR passed, during which curiosity held my appetite in check. The mysterious guest had not looked like a man to be afraid of. While his jaw was broad and square, his eyes, a dark gray, made him seem harmless enough. Of course I had not seen much of him, and was in no position to form a conclusive judgment. At last the big, old-fashioned timepiece cracked off six strokes very emphatically, and Larsen, smiling, issued from the kitchen. “Supper is ready, Doctor. Now we’ll have a good look at him. Lucky I have so few guests at this time. I fancy my friend is not fond of company,” he added, chuckling.

Peter, arrayed in a clean, white shirt, came in to announce that he thought the mare’s foot was now so much improved that if I chose we might drive to Svendborg in the morning.

“The snow is excellent,” he explained, “and the mare will like it better than the bare road.”

The three of us repaired to the little, low-lofted dining room, where Maria was running about placing dishes on the square old

THE FRIEND'S INGRATITUDE

table that had probably seen twenty years of service. "Only porridge and pancakes, sir," she said simply, giving me a chair. But I knew that Maria could make porridge and pancakes as few women in Denmark could, and I was quite satisfied.

I had despatched my first plateful of porridge and called for a second one, which Maria had gone for, when our silent guest came in. He stopped to look at us a moment, then walked slowly around the table to a chair next to mine.

Peter and Larsen both turned their eyes upon me; I turned mine upon the guest, who looked about indifferently.

"He is my friend," said my host, coming opportunely to the rescue. "I spoke to you of him this morning."

"Yes, you said he was a friend," the man replied shortly. Then to Maria, who stood waiting. "A small portion."

I took up the thread.

"I am from America——"

"So am I," he snapped out.

The gruffness of his manner irritated me. He was, perhaps, more dangerous than I had at first supposed. I must be careful. There was a long while of oppressive silence. Larsen left the table without ceremony, Peter following. I lingered over my coffee.

"Superior pancakes," cried the man suddenly. "They can't make these over there." This last was spoken half unconsciously, as if to himself. Folding his arms and half closing his eyes, he stared at the empty plate in front of him. He drew a long sigh. With tense interest I watched and waited. Presently he spoke again. But the articulation was vague. "America—back—tell—all." I could catch only a word or two. All at once his head fell lifelessly on his breast. I sprang up and made a cry, at which Larsen and Peter darted into the room. The guest did not move.

"He is dead," cried Larsen with terrified concern.

But the syncope was quickly over. A few drops of cognac revived him. He sat up again and looked at me hard.

"Why did you bother me?" he demanded sullenly, but I could see that he was rather pleased than resentful.

"Because," I replied, soberly enough, "you are our friend."

I had touched the wound. He reflected a moment.

"I cannot believe you," he said, "yet——"

"We stood by you, perhaps saved you," I urged.

He glanced suspiciously at us; then exclaimed, with fierce decision.

THE FRIEND'S INGRATITUDE

"I might as well tell you. I am going back to give myself up. "No, not to you," he said sharply to Larsen and Peter, who, frightened, drew back. He put a hand on my shoulder. "Come," he whispered. In his room he sat down on the edge of the bed; I took the only chair and placed it very close.

"It's my conscience," he began abruptly, fixing his eyes upon mine. "I thought I could forget. I thought I was strong, heartlessly strong." He laughed a little and paused.

"No, you are not strong," I put in.

"But I was," he insisted vehemently, rising and beginning to pace the floor. "I was strong enough to——." He checked himself. "Oh, a weaker man, a boy could have done it."

After a minute of silence he made a new start.

"It is twenty years ago or more. He called himself my friend; you are listening—my friend. He was poor and I helped him. We were both young then; both orphans; that was the common tie. He had always been sickly, and could do but little work. He looked to me as to a guardian, a protector. The happiest hours of my life were spent in taking care of him. He was a companion. I wanted him the weakling he was. I could not picture him otherwise. I should have hated him if he had been strong." His eyes flashed and the blood was in his cheek.

"I took him to America—to Dakota. In watching his slim, boyish figure my own strength seemed to increase. My sole ambition was to make a cosy home for him. Thus I lived for him alone. The clean, crisp air of the west had a strange effect upon him. He said he wished he could join me in the work. We had a farm out there. He begged me to let him handle the plow. He was strong now, he said. But I was afraid to lose him. Then his will grew stronger. He begged me no more. I was angry. Remonstrances were vain. A day of hard work would kill him, I thought.

"Then he upbraided me, relentlessly, I who had thrown every stone out of his path. He upbraided me. He threatened me, saying he would go away. 'You shall not leave me,' I cried, frenzied at the change. But he only smiled. And that night he left me."

His eyes flashed again, and he sprang up.

"But I found him. I found him and I killed——."

He stopped and turned upon me.

"Tell them, Larsen and Peter, to bring the police. I am ready."

The next morning the guest did not come down. He was gone.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS ONE OF THE FINE ARTS: THE CAMERA PICTURES OF ALVIN LANGDON COBURN A VINDICATION OF THIS STATEMENT: BY GILES EDGERTON



HE claims of photography to a place among the fine arts have formed the subject-matter of frequent keen controversies between artist and photographer. The defenders of the claims of photography have stoutly contended that the whole spirit and meaning of art have been missed by the opponents of those claims when they have based their arguments upon the fact that the photographer must work through such a mechanical medium as the camera. Why not also deny the claim of music for the reason that, in its highest form, it demands such mechanical means of expression as the highly complex and mechanical musical instruments? Why should the creative impulse and the quickened imagination be restrained from using *any* agency, any means of expression?

The victory of the champions of photography, now generally conceded, was not the result of formal argument, however, but of achievement. The work of such leading exponents of the Photo-Secessionist movement as Gertrude Käsebier, Clarence H. White, Alfred Stieglitz and Edward Steichen has been an all-sufficient answer to those who carped about the "necessary limitations of purely mechanical processes," and a vindication of the claims of those who would place such work among the fine arts, along with music, painting and sculpture. These pioneers in the new development of photography, bursting the narrow bounds which held camera work to the more mechanically exact reproduction of physical likeness—bounds which had not been essentially widened since the daguerreotype days—set out to conquer the camera, to make it express spirit and feeling no less realistically than physical shapes. In a word, they believed it possible to so dominate the mechanical processes of photography as to produce pictures as truly artistic, as expressive of creative imagination and poetic inspiration, as painting or sculpture. They believed that no innate qualities to express emotion and insight into life belong to the materials with which artists have worked, but that they are inherent in the artist. Therefore, they argued, there is no reason why those qualities which constitute the soul of art should stop short, and, having conquered pen and ink, chalk, paint, brushes, marble, wax, clay, bronze, and a variety of other things, making them means of art-expression, refuse to admit



From a Photograph by Alvin L. Coburn.

ALBERT STIEGLITZ.



From a Photograph by Alvin L. Coburn.

ALVIN LANGDON COBURN.



From a Photograph by Alvin L. Coburn.

MRS. GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER.



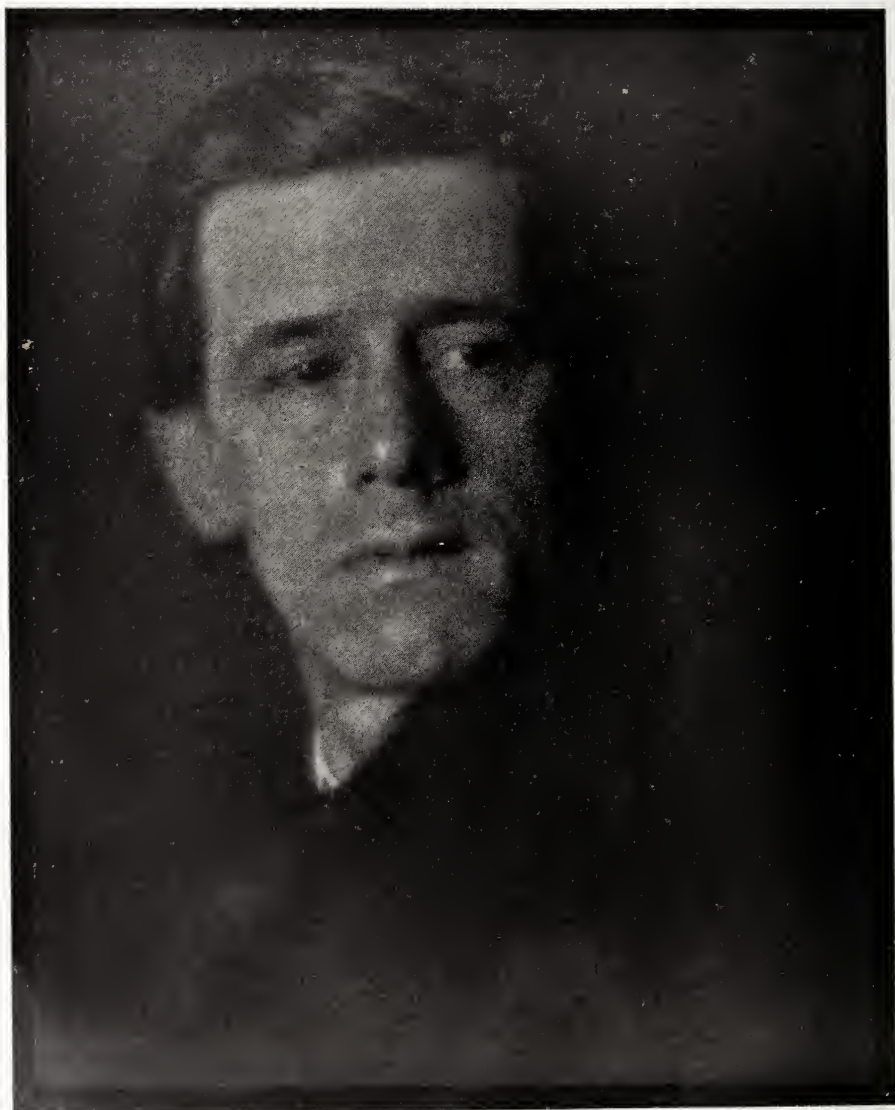
From a Photograph by Alvin L. Coburn.

"SAND DUNES."



From a Photograph by Alvin L. Coburn.

VAN DEERING PERRINE IN
ONE OF THE WINTER STORMS
HE LOVES TO PAINT.



From a Photograph by Alvin L. Coburn.

A PORTRAIT STUDY.

CREATIVE IMPULSE IN PHOTOGRAPHY

the possibility of achieving a similar conquest over the camera and the dry plate and their accessories. In this spirit they set to work, and conquered.

Among the most brilliant and successful of these artist-photographers is Alvin Langdon Coburn, a young American artist who has been winning golden renown in England, and to whom no small measure of the success of the new art-photography in commanding recognition and respectful placing among the fine arts is due. Mr. Coburn is only twenty-four, but he has achieved an unique and enviable position in the art world. Among his fellow Secessionists, it is the wonderful, seemingly limitless, range of his work, no less than his mastery of almost every technical process known to our greatly enlarged modern photography, which commands attention and respect. Some of his finest prints are simple bromide enlargements, though—Mr. Bernard Shaw says—they do not look in the least like anybody else's enlargements. He also takes the platinotype and secures, by simple, straightforward platinotype printing, results which are the envy of the best photographic artists. He turns to what is known among photographers as the "gum process" and is quite as much at home as when using the platinotype. Again, he takes the ingenious and somewhat difficult device of imposing a gum print on a platinotype, as a means of subduing contrast. Many other photographers have done this and given it up when they found it did not produce the result aimed at. But not so Mr. Coburn: finding the method little better than worthless as a means of subduing contrast, he discovered—apparently by close observation of the accidents of experiment after experiment—that by it he could secure a wonderful golden brown tone, quite unlike anything produced by chemically toned platinotype, which combines with the softness and delicacy of the platinotype image. Studying oil painting as an auxiliary to his camera work, he adapts the three-color process, and with a single negative and a few casual pigments produces wonderful color effects in his portraits. In short, from the simplest process to the most difficult multiple printing he is master of the technical difficulties involved in printing from negatives.

GOOD negatives are very largely a matter of accident. Given the utmost care and wisdom in the selection of subjects and time, it is nevertheless true that the novice may secure with his kodak a more artistic negative than the trained veteran, and that the veteran himself will get the most artistic negatives largely as a

CREATIVE IMPULSE IN PHOTOGRAPHY

result of chance. The genius of the artist is called into play afterward—in the hand-work upon the negative and the printing. Many of his fellow artists and many critics marvel at Mr. Coburn's work, and are amazed that so young a man should be so completely master of the technical difficulties which they still encounter. They forget that while he is a young man, Mr. Coburn is really quite a veteran craftsman, who has sixteen years' experience behind him.

Unlike most artist-photographers, Mr. Coburn does not depend to any extent upon the manipulation of lights and special studio accessories. Indeed, he has no studio, preferring to wander in quest of suitable subjects and to photograph them amid their own surroundings. He does not believe in the studio method, holding it as a fundamental article of his creed that people cannot be convincingly portrayed out of their proper environment. In the spirit of the old literary canon that in order to write a biography it is necessary first of all to love the subject and enter into full sympathy with it (a canon most of our modern professional biographers ignore), Mr. Coburn believes that to secure an artistic portrait of a person, the artist, no matter whether he works with canvas and brush or with camera and dry plates, must know his subject and be in full sympathy with it. Coburn's admiration for Rodin and his work inspired him to do a portrait of that great master sculptor of the age, and the result is a wonderful presentation of the man and artist.

So, too, with the portrait of Mr. George Bernard Shaw. To begin with, it is admirable as a picture. Without knowing whose portrait it was, a lover of the beautiful would proudly and gladly hang it in a prominent place and revel in it as a picture of rare charm. As a portrait of the famous writer of cynical plays, however, it is a masterpiece. The pose is a copy of Rodin's "*En Penseur*."

IN LIKE manner the portrait of Edward Carpenter appeals to one as an intimate and almost reverent portrayal of the fine spirit whose constructive and wholesome gospel inspires so many earnest souls in two hemispheres. It is not a mere likeness of the physical man. The sentient spirit, the vital force of this prophet of Democracy, is expressed with just as much power and inspiration as Watts put into his painted portraits. The same feeling is produced by his portraits of H. G. Wells, Mark Twain, Gilbert Chesterton, the English maker of paradoxical essays, and of the artist's mother. There is an entire freedom from artificiality and an overwhelming sense of sympathy and the impelling power of the creative impulse.

CREATIVE IMPULSE IN PHOTOGRAPHY

This is also true of his studies of architecture and of characteristic city scenes. He takes a towering New York skyscraper, for example, and one knows at once that he believes in the glorious future of a form of architecture almost universally condemned as ugly and repellant. Almost superfluous are his wise and courageous words to an English interviewer "Now, the idea I had in making this picture . . . was to try and render the beauty of what is commonly, but quite erroneously, regarded as a very ugly thing. If I have made the observer feel the dignity of the architecture, with its straight lines practically unornamented and with only the proportions to give it charm, . . . I am satisfied, for I feel that the architects of the future, artists all of them (such as the architects of Wells in his 'Modern Utopia'), will do wonderful things with steel and stone—like this building, only much finer—towering to the clouds." In this spirit Mr. Coburn seeks subjects amid the great docks of Liverpool, the bridges of London, Rome and Venice.

In landscape he manifests equal power. There is a study, "The Snowy Hill-Top," which, for the charm with which it glorifies a simple and commonplace bit of scenery, deserves to be called an artistic masterpiece. The silhouetted branches of the trees are charmingly brought out in a composition that in a painting would go far to establish the artist's reputation. "The Day After the Blizzard" and "The Track Through the Woods" are almost equally effective and pleasing. Characteristic of the highest level of the great Palisades which guard the Hudson, and as beautiful as it is characteristic, is "Above the Hudson." The struggling figure, making his way through the heavy snowdrift, is Van Deering Perrine, the painter of the Palisades, and Mr. Coburn's photograph might almost be taken for a reproduction of one of his paintings.

Mr. Coburn is no apologist for his art. He believes in it thoroughly. To him, photography is not a lesser medium than painting, but for many purposes a greater. "I do not feel that it is the aim of a work of graphic art to tell a story," he says, "but rather to express the feelings of the artist. If he has a story to tell, his thoughts should be expressed with a pen and not with a lens, or any of the clumsier methods of making pictures, such as painting or etching. But for the ensnaring and illusive visions of things, only half felt and hardly realized, fleeting things like the movement of smoke, the reflections in water, or the ever-changing forms of clouds on a windy day, there is no other medium but photography responsive enough to give these things in their fulness."

THE STORY OF A TRANSPLANTED INDUSTRY: LACE WORKERS OF THE ITALIAN QUARTER OF NEW YORK: BY ELISABETH A. IRWIN



TALL, ugly office building at the lower end of MacDougal Street marks the entrance to what was once Aaron Burr's suburban estate. Here one hundred years ago the beautiful Theodosia used to gallop out on her pony to meet her father coming up from the city. From here a winding road led to the charming old house near the river bank where Aaron entertained his friends. This was known as Richmond Hill. Now the house is gone, the trees are felled, and streets run ruthlessly through Theodosia's garden. The charm is not gone, however. The whole district reeks with associations and the rows of old houses on Charlton, Varick and MacDougal Streets at least have the air of being the immediate successors of the Burrs' wild roses and hollyhocks. In contrast to these dignified old mansions we find the tenants a picturesque community of Southern Italians. MacDougal Street from Washington Square to Spring Street is teeming with swarthy babies and their gaily attired mothers. In the fall of the year, children bearing trays of gay flowers for our spring hats ply back and forth from home to shop. Red peppers hanging in strings from the windows and the little stands green with salads add the bright colors that belong to the native land of this transplanted race.

It is very fittingly in this quarter, with more Italians to the acre than Italy itself has ever boasted, that a true Italian industry has been started. The big, light rooms on the second floor of one of these old mansions have been turned over to the making of Italian embroidery and lace. The Rosies, the Angelinas, the Lucias and Marias need no longer wear out their deft artistic fingers by wrapping candy, or binding pasteboard boxes. Here the Italian instinct for creating the beautiful finds full play, and full pay.

The embroidery and lace which is being made is from the patterns of the fifteenth and sixteenth century. This art was almost forgotten in Italy itself until about fifty years ago, when it was revived by some of the wealthy Italian ladies, under whose eyes the peasants were often idle and in want because of no remunerative occupation when crops failed or famine came. Simultaneously in several different sections of Italy, this industry was recreated. A few old women were found who had learned some of the original stitches from their grandmothers and were able to copy pieces of work that

STORY OF A TRANSPLANTED INDUSTRY

had come down in the families of the nobility. These old women were made teachers and soon it became evident that the genius for making beautiful laces had not died with the work itself. With this revival of interest, old samples of lace and embroidery have been collected from monasteries, convents, churches and castles, many pieces several hundred years old. In this way nearly all the antique designs which are rare and beautiful have been revived and copied stitch by stitch.

The number of schools increased rapidly, and the quality of the work improved until now it is possible to buy in Italy laces as fine and embroideries as beautiful as those old bits that have been so long admired as examples of a lost art.

TWO years ago several American women who are interested in the Italians in New York were spending the winter in Italy, and admiring the laces, lamented that such talent should be lost upon box factories and sweatshops when the Italian girls migrate to America. From this discussion, under the spell of the blue Italian sky, originated the plan of starting the industry here. They talked much about it, and while they were still in Italy they enlisted the co-operation of the patronesses and teachers of the work there, and one of the finest teachers at Rome promised to come and start the work in New York, if they would find the girls.

By November, nineteen hundred and five, the American Committee had secured one room and



Thomas Stone Shinn

"CHATTERING IN ITALIAN AS FAST
AS THEIR FINGERS CAN FLY."

STORY OF A TRANSPLANTED INDUSTRY

six girls willing to begin the work at two dollars a week. The "Scuola d'Industrie Italiane," as the school is called, opened in this small way under the direction of Miss Carolina Amari, who came from Italy according to her promise, with patterns and materials to launch the enterprise here. Miss Amari brought with her many of the old patterns to be copied and pieces of work begun in the school there, to be finished.

It was a problem at first how the beginners' work should be made to pay for itself. This was solved, however, by Miss Amari, who brought partially finished pieces where the more complicated work was done and the easy, but time-consuming stitches were left for the girls here. This plan worked very successfully. By the time of the first exhibition of work in December, several handsome pieces were actually finished to be shown in addition to the Italian samples of what might later be expected.

The adaptability of the girls in Italy to this work encouraged the American women to bring over not only the patterns for the laces but the form of organization as nearly as possible. No time card marks the arrival of the girls, and no forewoman shouts commands and reproofs into their ears. A glimpse into their rooms, now two instead of one, on a winter morning would show half a dozen groups of girls gathered about the cheery grate fire or near the big windows chattering in Italian as fast as their fingers can fly—that is the chattering limit—when their tongues outstrip their needles; then, and only then, is restraint placed upon them. Here twenty girls, each working out a different pattern on a different fabric, present quite another aspect from that of the box factory on the next block, where a glimpse into a badly-lighted, ill-smelling loft reveals forty or fifty young Italians, who might be the sisters of the merry lace-makers, pasting and folding boxes amid the clatter of machinery and the harsh commands of the foreman, whose sole duty it is to walk up and down the long lines and spur them on to faster work.

The factory laws, however, are carefully observed by the managers of the "Scuola" in spirit as well as in letter. No child laborers, no overtime, no evening work, are found here. Working papers are stringently insisted upon, and half past five sees the girls trooping out after the day's work. More than that, a bright, homelike atmosphere, not stipulated by the Labor Commission, pervades the whole place. The house where it is situated is a Settlement and often as someone opens the door, to pass in or out, a song from the kindergarten below floats in and is taken up by the girls as they sew.



"TEEMING WITH SWARTHY BABIES
AND THEIR GAYLY ATTIRED MOTHERS."

VISITORS come now and then to admire the work, and find a welcome here that does not greet them at the neighboring box factory. The girls are always proud to show their work, and exhibit an interest and enthusiasm for it that could scarcely be elicited by the partial production of two thousand boxes a day. Miss Amari was quite amazed at the aptitude these girls have shown for the work from the be-

ginning. She had anticipated some loss of skill and interest in the new environment, but found on the contrary an increased interest and a quickening of wit. When Miss Amari returned, the first spring of the school, she had already trained an Italian teacher to take her place, in laying out and overseeing the work of the girls.

Miss D'Annunzio, the teacher, is not a hard taskmistress, but understands perfectly the temperament of her young countrywomen and elicits from them their best efforts. Last summer one of the women of the Committee, who is connected with a Settlement in the city, offered the hospitality of the Settlement's summer home to the girls of the school for their two weeks' vacation; it was arranged for all to have the same two weeks, the school closed, and off they went together for a good time. They were already friends, so that they enjoyed being together, and returned with many friendships cemented the closer.

In the beginning it was necessary to pay the girls a small amount even while learning in order to induce them to leave seemingly more

STORY OF A TRANSPLANTED INDUSTRY

remunerative trades to learn this new craft. One girl, loath to relinquish her three dollars a week, to which she had recently been "raised" from two-fifty, and reluctant to start again on two dollars, at the end of a month passed her fondest hopes and was earning three-fifty; now she is making seven. Had she remained at her former task of wrapping chocolates, five dollars a week would have been all she could have hoped for in a lifetime. Other girls are earning eight nine and ten dollars, and one eleven. This fact is sufficient to keep the school full and to have a waiting list, so that no pay is given now until the beginners have learned enough to be really earners. They usually begin earning after the second week. Then, too, the inducement of piece-work, always a luring prospect, is a great spur to ambition. Since this prize falls to the fine rather than the fast workers, it keeps up the standard of work.

Miss Amari has been back and forth twice between her two schools, the one in Rome and the one here, carrying inspiration from one to the other in the form of samples and finished products. Queen Margherita, interested in the embroidery schools from the beginning in Italy, has taken an especial interest in the starting of the New York school.

LAST autumn Miss Amari took work done here for exhibition at Milan, and left here several genuine antiques to be copied. One particularly beautiful lace pattern is copied from an insertion that was found on the skirt of a pope. Another takes its name from the Queen. Several exhibits have been held here where the work has found admirers, and from these have come enough orders to keep the girls at work from one season to the next. At first the work was mostly strips of embroidery for trimmings, then adaptable pieces, such as table covers, doilies and pillows; but now since the demand has been created, shirt-waists and collars, belts, bags and dresses are being rapidly designed and produced. Most of the old work is done on very heavy unbleached linen, with thread of the same color. The result is very effective. A lighter grade, white or gray just off the white, is used for many pieces, and a few of the smaller, finer patterns are being put on fine handkerchief linen for babies' caps and dresses.

It was uncertain at first just how much of a market could be found for the work in this country. It was tolerably certain, however, that one could be worked up, for New York women, many of them, go to Italy for the purpose of procuring just such laces as are now being

STORY OF A TRANSPLANTED INDUSTRY

made here. The present appreciation of hand-work, joined with the previous reputation of Italian work, have made the products of the school salable from the beginning. Now a salesroom has been started, where the work is always on exhibition. Exhibits of the work have also been sent to other cities in this country. The results of these have demonstrated that America is capable of appreciating the same work here that it usually travels abroad to find.

Miss Florence Colgate, chairman of the executive committee, has long been interested in Italian cut-work, embroidery and lace, and was one of the originators of the scheme. She has done a great deal of the executive work from the beginning, not only in her practical work in connection with the school, but in planning and managing the exhibits and getting the work before the public. Other members of the committee are Miss Carolina Amari, of Rome; Count and Countess Raybandi Massiglia, Consul-General of Italy and his wife; Miss Elizabeth S. Williams of the College Settlement, New York City; Mr. Gino Speranza, Mrs. Seth Low, Franklin H. Giddings, Esq., and other New Yorkers who are interested in the Italians in America and in artistic hand-work. The Italian Immigration Department at Rome, the Italian Chamber of Commerce, and The Society for the Protection of the Italian Immigrants, as well as the Queen herself, are all heartily in sympathy with the movement to bring to the Italian women here one of their native industries.



“WHOM THE GODS LOVE:” BY CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY



THE problem had been a difficult one to tackle. It was necessary, even, to refer it to a number of sub-committees, and it had been side-tracked for weeks; but the Society had arrived, at last, at a happy and humane solution. In the polite nomenclature of charity the family of Pasquale junior was about to be broken up.

Because of tendencies not to be tolerated in polite society, Pasquale senior had, some time since, been landed at that haven of all daring souls: “The Island.” The wife of Pasquale had washed, and washed again, and coughed, and had recently landed, also, at other islands, but of uncertain location. It was not reasonable to suppose that the Society could go on paying weekly rent for three children when the responsibility might be shifted, so the Sub-Committee had decided upon a farm for Pasquale junior, a Home spelled with a capital H for little Assunta, and the orphan asylum for the baby; and it sent its chairlady to notify the family.

Assunta had just finished wiping the three dishes, and the teapot—from which the baby had drained the last blissful dregs—and she was rolling up the dish towel into the figure of a doll. Some time since Assunta had abandoned the doll myth as an exploded theory—as long ago as three years, when she was six; but the baby was an excuse for slight frivolity.

Pasquale junior sat upon the table, jingling three dimes and a nickel, and raising his thin little chest to greater height than would have seemed possible from his twelve hard years.

“Sausages this night, Assunta,” he said, “and macaroni! I already got them by the delicatessen. All the papers by me I sold. “Murder, murder!!” I cry, “All about the murder!” And no murder is, but I sell all the papers. Assunta,” Pasquale’s voice sank to a whisper, lest the bare walls repeat his words, “Assunta, one can a dollar and seventy-five make by the hospital! Run under a horse at the curbing—a little bit—so.” He illustrated by crawling under the table.

“Get run over. Comes the ambulance; comes the cop and the doctor. Come free beds at the hospital; and from off visitors you can get money by telling how your mother died on you. My friend did it. I, also, could do it.”

But the tenement door opened, and the chairlady entered. It was not an attractive interior, and it did seem that the Society had

been wise in its decision. The table, chair, couch, and the packing box cut down for a cradle, had all seen better, palmier days. The baby, who put his thumb in his mouth, and curled his lip uncertainly at the entrance of a stranger, was not quite cleanly in his appearance.

Assunta picked up her brown calico skirts, and made the quaint courtesy her mother had brought from the old country. Pasquale, recovering suddenly from his horse episode beneath the table, rose and doffed his father's fur cap which he wore at all times now as insignia of his rank as head of the family—and Pasquale bowed, also, to the representative of charity.

“Dear little children,” began the chairlady, auspiciously, stooping down to pick up the baby, who promptly emitted shrieks of anguish, and held up his arms beseechingly to Assunta, “You are not going to live in this horrible tenement house any longer. We are coming to get you all in the morning. Pasquale shall go to a nice farmer in the country, and learn how to make hay. Assunta is going to a big house where she can have a clean apron every day, and learn to cook—and the baby, little man,”—the baby opened his mouth for a fresh wail—“is going to live with all the other babies.”

“We all by the same train go?” asked Assunta passively. Long experience in sudden exits and entrances had left her stolid as regards the unexpected descent of Societies.

“Pasquale will the baby carry, and I his bottles?”

“But you don't understand, little girl,” said the chairlady with decision. “You can't all go to the same place. We really have to break up families often in order to care for them properly.

“Good-bye. Be ready by ten in the morning, and do try to have clean faces and hands.” And the chairlady took her rustling departure down the long stairs, on other errands of mercy bent.

Assunta carefully closed the door, and wiped two tears from her cheek with the hem of her dress.

“Who will the baby's bottles fix?” she asked, as if of the East Side in general—“And who will your tea make, Pasquale?”

She sat down on the floor and rocked her arms in an agony of anticipation.

“Pasquale, Pasquale, I our mother promised to mind the baby.”

But Pasquale was a man of action.

“Never go I to the country, Assunta, crickets are there, and cows with bushing tails, and other beasts of prey. Off books I read of them. Never will I chuck my job of papers. I will my family support.”

“WHOM THE GODS LOVE”

“Assunta, the furniture pack, and the baby dress. I rent the Ginny’s cart for five cents. We, to-night, move!”

IT WAS a gala night in the vicinity of Chatham Square. “Port Arthur” from cellar to roof garden was glittering with flags and lights, and resounding with the crash of Chinese music, the rattle of glasses, and the popping of corks, as the diners made merry. The little Chinese shopkeeper around the corner on Pell Street was doing so flourishing a business that merry bells and Fyama China had risen several points in value since early in the evening.

Here, in a dusky alley, could be seen a Bowery tough making his cautious way toward the shadows of Doyers Street and from the Bowery Mission came the vociferous strain:

“Just as I am, without one plea,
Save that Thy blood was shed for me.”

A painted lady in pink evening dress and red slippers, passing by, rapped upon the window, and pressed her face against the pane with a drunken leer that turned the hymn to a lurid song in the back of the room, and caused the departure of half a dozen men in her wake.

On one side of the street appeared the startling sign:

“Piano Players Renovated, Inside and Out”—flanked by the announcement:

“Men Soled and Heeled While You Wait.”

From the sky a light snow began sifting down—filtering through the Elevated tracks, and mocked in its purity by the mud it met below.

In the back room of “Hot Tom and Jerry’s”, business was booming. Hot Tom himself was presiding at the bar, and Jerry was kept busy opening the side door which, from the outside, looked so much like a gate in the wall, and which could, from the inside, be conveniently locked, and barred. Every table in the room was taken. A white-coated waiter was holding a bottle with one hand as he swung a girl about in a mad waltz with the other. From the shrill piano came the tune of “New Hampshire Molly,” and in the midst of the revelry the painted lady wandered in and leaned nonchalantly against the bar.

“Howdy, Diza!” said Hot Tom as he began industriously mixing gin and lemons for her.

“Bowery Diza,” said the waiter in explanation to a girl.

“She’s a slick un, she is! Threw a lamp at a man and killed

him last year. Got another woman strung up for it. She knows every den in the Bowery. Put her onto the job, and she could make 'way with the Commissioner himself, if she thought there was enough in it. Jerry pays her a good round sum for——.”

Diza interrupted the conversation by stumbling into the center of the hall, swinging her arms in a mocking imitation of the leader of the Bowery Mission, and swaying to and fro in a dance, as she sang in a quavering voice:

“Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot.”

Her movements became quicker and quicker as the heat of the room and the applause of the men and women at the tables egged her on—but, suddenly, Jerry stepped in from the hall.

He was wiping the tears of suppressed mirth from his eyes with his coat sleeve, as he said:

“**D**IZA, Diza, here's the rummest go of the season! There's a little kid outside with a load of furniture in a push-cart. Got a girl and a baby with him. Says his family was going to be broke up in the morning and so he had to move tonight. Saw the sign next door. 'Rooms for Gentlemen, 25c.' Says he wants one fur his family.” Jerry doubled up, and was obliged to wipe his eyes again at the humor of his news.

“Says he thought the Square would be a good paper stand, and he could earn fifty a day. Told him he couldn't have one of those rooms under a dollar seventy-five a night—come on out, and see the show, Diza!”

It may have been the breath of cool, night air that blew in with the entrance of Jerry—or it was, perhaps, the chance of a gathering crowd and the opportunity of being seen by the multitude, and the novelty of the situation as presented by Jerry. Whatever may have been the stimulus, Diza went to the saloon door, still humming mockingly, “Just as I am,” and looked out into the night at a novel sight in Chinatown.

Assunta sat on the curbing in the gathering snow; the baby asleep in her lap, and the teapot beside her. The push-cart which it had taken great labor to pack and push stood in the gutter, and Pasquale stood beside it, his hands in his pockets, his father's cap pulled down over his ears, and a discouraged tone in his voice—as he looked up at the tempting sign.

“WHOM THE GODS LOVE”

“The man said I should one dollar seventy-five pay,” he said to Assunta. “And the lady of the house comes out in a pink dress. She, also, will say the price is rise.”

Up Third Avenue could be heard the rattle of the fire truck.

“A friend of mine by the hospital, one dollar and seventy-five earned,” said Pasquale, in a half whisper.

* * * * *

“Hold tight by the baby, Assunta.”

It was a matter of seconds, only,—and the crying came from the baby thus rudely awakened from his nap by the crowd and the confusion—so one could be quite sure that Diza felt no pain.

They carried her in, and laid her tenderly on the bar with someone’s coat for a pillow, and Hot Tom’s apron to cover the red spots on the pink.

And as Jerry said in a husky voice to the Bowery in general, “She saved the Kid’s life, Diza did”—Diza opened her eyes only once, and whispered:

“A rum little kid—— ‘Just as I am, and waiting not’ ”—before her soul fared out through the snow.

The underworld rolled on at its usual rapid rate the next day, save for the fact that Hot Tom was absent from his time-honored post. Purple from the embarrassment of a collar and necktie, he had traversed the white vista of the Children’s Ward until he reached Pasquale in his free bed, and Assunta, the baby, and a store doll, seated nearby upon the floor.

“Oh, no, not seriously injured,” said the nurse, smoothing covers and adjusting a bandage with her practised hand, “only bruised. Yes, I will explain to the Society that has the case in charge. You wish to deposit the amount in trust for them? That will greatly relieve the little boy’s mind. He is worried lest he be separated from his sister and the baby.”

And Pasquale shut his eyes, and buried his head in the pillows. Had he not, after all, emulated the example of his friend?

A LITTLE LOVER

I'VE been so happy, happy, all to-day;—
I lay upon the ground—I kissed the grass;
I kissed the little stones all brown and gray;
I watched the slow white clouds that pass—and pass.

I saw a little bird go 'cross the sky,
And when I *listened*, I could hear it sing—
A little, little dot, up there so high—
I think it knew that I was listening!

I put my ear close to the big, warm ground—
I shut my eyes and held my breath, and oh!
I heard a little, little running sound,
Like music, very far and soft and slow.

And then I stretched my arms away, 'way out—
And looked at everything for Far-and-Wide;
And loved and loved—for miles and miles about . . .
I loved things so—I think I almost cried.

Laura Campbell.

ALBERT HUMPHREYS: AMERICAN PAINTER AND SCULPTOR: BY JOHN SPARGO



THE children rushed into the little Settlement full of excitement, their shrill voices making an indescribable din. Little citizens-to-be, taking their first lessons in the kindergarten, as proud of their "Blue Star Club" as ever they will be of their marching clubs in the years to come, had been to the Bronx Zoo, and with them the demure little maidens, of like age, equally proud of their "Rosebuds' Club." They shouted their loudest and I heard of "big lines," "gee-raffs," "tigurses," "ellunfuts"—in short, all the wonders of the great Zoo were dinned into my ear. Most interesting of all, however, was a wonderful tale of a man who was making big "lines" and "tigurses" out of clay—and not afraid of the ferocious beasts! Such was my introduction to Albert Humphreys. Long afterward, when I had grown to know something of his work, Mr. Humphreys visited the little Settlement one day and was instantly recognized by several proud Blue Stars and several demure and coy Rosebuds as their hero of the Lions' House. Here was a hero indeed! Not afraid to pat the big, wild animals on the head, and able to "make their pictures" in clay.

Although little more than two years have passed since Mr. Humphreys, already favorably known as a painter of distinction, turned his attention to animal sculpture, he has won an enviable reputation, especially among his fellow artists, for his work in that very difficult branch of art. Artists like Gutzon Borglum and Wilhelm Funk have appreciated Mr. Humphreys' unquestionable genius and secured for their personal collections examples of his work. Few American sculptors have won such admiration from their brother artists as Mr. Humphreys has succeeded in doing in the very short time that he has been engaged in this line of creative endeavor. The critics, too, have received Mr. Humphreys' animal studies with warm praise, often calling him "the American Barye." Critical appreciation has not been wanting, and in this respect our sculptor is a most fortunate man.

Public appreciation is another matter, however. The public does not always follow the critics, nor does it adopt readily the judgments of its own favorite and successful artists. One might reasonably expect that the public, even if it disregarded the verdict of the professional critics (for which indeed it has abundant reason), would nevertheless manifest more than a casual interest in the work of an artist whose achievements have appealed with so much force to a



"THE WIDOW." BY
ALBERT HUMPHREYS.



"SEINE AT NIGHT," BY
ALBERT HUMPHREYS.



"POT AU FEU," A BEL-
GIAN INTERIOR. BY
ALBERT HUMPHREYS.



"LIONESS WASHING HER BABIES."

"AFTER DINNER." BY ALBERT HUMPHREYS.

sculptor like Gutzon Borglum, or to a painter like Wilhelm Funk. Yet, be the explanation what it may, it must be said that Mr. Humphreys has not as yet won the serious attention of the art-loving public of America with his animal studies. From an artistic point of view the exhibition of a representative collection of his sculpture at the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, during May, was one of the most important exhibitions of the whole season east of Chicago, but it attracted comparatively little attention.

TO COMPARE the work of a sculptor like Mr. Humphreys with that of Barye is not quite just, either to Barye or Humphreys. It is inevitable, perhaps, that such comparisons should be made, but it grows very wearisome to have to endure all this precise cataloguing, this measuring the work of every artist of genius by French standards—"American Millets," "American Corots," "American Baryes," "American Balzacs," and so on, *ad nauseam*. At his best Mr. Humphreys attains a level which the great Barbizon sculptor of a generation ago never excelled. Not all of his work maintains this high level of excellence, however; some of it is decidedly mediocre. If we are to judge a man's *achievement* by the sum of his work, taking the great with the commonplace, we can only justly judge his *capacity* by his best. And Mr. Humphreys' best in animal sculpture is evidence of an indisputably great talent. I am free to say that some of the little animal studies Mr. Humphreys has given us equal, in my judgment, Barye's best. Indeed, I like some of them better than any of the French sculptor's with which I am familiar. There is more of the sneakiness, the sly, slinking way of the big "cats" in Mr. Humphreys' work. Lions, tigers, cougars, leopards—all these our artist knows intimately and models with wonderful fidelity. In a few of his pieces he has portrayed the ferociousness and power of the great beasts. "The Interrupted Feast," depicting a tiger at breakfast, snarling over a fawn, is full of cruel passion. So, too, is the study, "The Disputed Pathway," showing a lioness come suddenly upon a snake.

But for the most part, Mr. Humphreys maintains an affectionate attitude toward the animals, and loves best to show the more gentle and lovable features of their nature. There is something almost human in the great beasts as he thus portrays them, motherhood and childhood among them being just as delightful and inspiring as among the human family. The lioness washing her cubs, herewith reproduced, and the group "Good Morning," in which a tigress

AN AMERICAN BARYE

is shown kissing her cub as it wakes, show a maternal tenderness that is appealing and beautiful. There is another group, "Cubs Wrestling," showing a number of lion cubs at play, which is quite as remarkable a study of animal childlife as it is a study of animal anatomy. It is this intimately affectionate note so characteristic of his work which makes the failure of the art-public to appreciate it all the more remarkable. Mr. Humphreys treats his subjects in a broad and free manner. He will never be reproached, as Barye was by Gustave Planche, "with suffocating the life of his animals under a multitude of details too pettily reproduced." Freedom and calm strength characterize his work, with no trace of servitude to detail. One feels that these animals are of the jungle and not of the studio.

OF MR. Humphreys' work as a painter mention has already been made. His canvases are to be seen in some of the best galleries in the country, and they show a talent scarcely less notable than his sculptured work, expressed in an almost unlimited range of subjects. The illustrations here given show something of the wide range of his art, but by no means its full measure. "The Widow," a fine canvas exhibited at the Champ de Mars Salon, Paris, and elsewhere, is a good example of his portraiture, strongly reminiscent of Whistler. Seated by the big stone column in an old French church, one feels how memories of the past mingle with the service in her mind. Patient resignation and quiet, matronly virtue are splendidly suggested. "Pot au Feu," the Belgian interior shown, is one of a long series of interior studies of domestic life which the artist has painted.

As a painter of nocturnal scenes Mr. Humphreys is at his best, however. Some years ago he held an exhibition in Paris of fifty pictures, mostly nocturnes, which attracted much attention. There are still artists and critics of distinction who talk enthusiastically of that exhibition in the Rue St. Honore, and who wonder why the American painter has not before this reaped his due reward. Of this series of nocturnes "The Seine at Night" is a good example. There is tranquility and something of the mysterious hush of night in this as in all the series. There is another, "La Nuit au Village," which appeals to me personally with even greater force.

Mr. Humphreys was born near Cincinnati, some fifty years ago. As a boy he worked in a large printing establishment. The work was heavy and left the young toiler, who was not naturally of very

robust health, a legacy of physical weakness for which nothing can compensate him. Later, he became a decorator at the Rookwood pottery, art teacher, scene painter and illustrator in turn. His first pictures were exhibited at the Philadelphia Art Academy. Soon after this he went to London, hoping to become an illustrator, but on the advice of Edwin A. Abbey, decided to go to Paris and devote himself to the more serious aspects of art. In Paris he entered the École Julien and the École des Beaux Arts under Gérôme, and was fortunate in having one of his canvases accepted at the Salon upon his first attempt. Feeling the restraint of the schools, he spent most of his time in the country—at Cerny la Ville, in Brittany and elsewhere. His wanderings took him to Italy, Switzerland, and Belgium, and of the latter country his work contains many pictures. The friendship of such noted painters as Pelouse, Cazin, Munkácsy and the American Alexander Harrison had an abiding influence upon him.

This story of his life in Europe differs little from that of the average poor artist. There were the usual struggles and disappointments; the days when food itself was lacking. Humphreys, who is a trained musician (he once contemplated becoming a *virtuoso* and was an expert violinist until he had the misfortune to break his arm), tells the story of a famous orchestra in Paris which used to play frequently a symphony entitled "Tasso." There were three movements—Hope, Lament and Triumph. "I have played the first two movements in my life symphony," says the artist, "but not yet the last. Shall I ever play it, or will my finish be like the last wonderful movement of Tchaikowsky's 'Symphonie Pathétique'—that poignant lament, as if it were for the sorrows of all mankind?"

To that question time alone must answer. Artistic success and material prosperity do not always go together. One contemplates his sculpture and his paintings, and thinks of Barye upon his death-bed. His faithful wife was dusting some of the bronzes, now grown so precious, and complained that they were not signed legibly enough. "When thou art well, thou shouldst see to it that the signature of thy works be more legible," she said. Proudly the dying sculptor answered, "Be tranquil. Twenty years hence they will search for it with a magnifying glass." Some of Mr. Humphreys' work at least seems likely to stand the test of time: the pity, the tragedy, is that he needs must wait so long for the recognition he merits.

CHILD WAGE-EARNERS IN ENGLAND: WHY THE "HALF-TIME" SYSTEM HAS FAILED TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM: BY MARY RANKIN CRANSTON



THE modern factory system has done much to raise the standard of living for the masses. By lessening the cost of production, it has placed within the reach of slender purses articles formerly classed as luxuries. It gives employment to a vast army of skilled workers, thus raising the standard of labor, even though many must be pushed aside in this survival of the fittest.

The concentration of industry in fewer large establishments instead of innumerable homes or small workshops makes inspection not only necessary, but less difficult. Better working conditions, as a rule, are the result.

There is another side to the question, however; there are evils which must be checked if disastrous results are not to follow by the time the present generation reaches maturity. Of these, child labor is the worst. In the United States, four hundred thousand children are engaged in industrial pursuits.

As a generalization, steady, monotonous work for long hours is bad for any growing child. Specifically, the employment of children harms not only the child but the parent, also both the present and the future generations. It is bad for the child because it makes him old before his time, even where it does not wear him out physically; it is bad for the parent since it reduces his wages or cuts them off altogether, with the frequent result that he soon becomes lazy and willing to be supported by his children. Of course, there could be no child labor if factory owners refused, or were not permitted, to employ children.

Without a compulsory education law the factory, where conditions are good, is not so detrimental to the child, for it keeps him out of mischief by teaching him a trade. This plea, so often made by employers, cannot, by the wildest stretch of imagination, be construed into an argument in favor of child labor, for two wrongs never yet made a right. In states permitting the employment of children and having no compulsory education law, obviously the thing to do is to get such a law. Every state in the Union at present has a child labor law of some kind, except one whose legislature now has such a bill before it, which is quite certain to become a law before

CHILD LABOR UNDER ENGLISH METHODS

the session adjourns. None of the territories have passed child labor laws.

Every country has its own industrial system, consequently its peculiar methods of employing labor, its own problems to solve. In America, if children are employed at all they work continuously, during certain hours, six days in the week, but not on Sundays, rarely on legal holidays. In England it is quite different since what is known as the English half-time system of child labor has been for years the custom.

What is known as the English half-time system of child labor is the legal provision which permits children between certain ages to engage in gainful occupations out of school hours, six days in the week, on Sundays and holidays. Theoretically, a plan which gives the opportunity for work to children of poor parents, without interfering with education, is an ideal system. In reality, it is very bad from both the educational and the economic standpoint. Only the brightest children are able to work and keep up with their studies at the same time. The attempt to do so devitalizes the child. The average half-timer can not keep pace with full-time pupils, consequently he is a drag upon his class and keeps it down to his level. Hence, the system is an injustice to both half-time and full-time children.

FROM an economic point of view, all of the stock objections to child labor in any form are multiplied and intensified. The horrible abuse of children in the early days of the factory system forms one of the darkest pages in English history. The demand for child workers which came with the application of steam to machinery, during the last years of the eighteenth century, was too great to be normally supplied. Almshouses and orphan asylums were filled with children who were a burden and an expense to the state, and managers took advantage of the chance to reduce the number of inmates. Tiny children were literally fed to the factories as to a heathen god. Babies not more than four or five years old were dragged from their beds before daylight and carried, in arms, to work. If they became drowsy during their working-day of eighteen hours, cold water was dashed in their faces to awaken them. The fearfully high death rate caused an inquiry to be made which resulted in the first British factory legislation, in eighteen hundred and two, mainly for the protection of women and children.

Since that early time the Factory Acts have been many times

CHILD LABOR UNDER ENGLISH METHODS

amended, notably in eighteen hundred and seventy-six and in nineteen hundred and two. An explanatory word concerning the English method of law making may not be amiss. An Act which applies to the entire United Kingdom is passed by Parliament, making a general law and prescribing its limitations. Local authorities may then pass by-laws, giving a broad interpretation to the provisions of the Act where stringent measures are unnecessary, but making greater restrictions in other directions. Thus, it is possible to remedy what might be a hardship in one part of the country, although most beneficial in another, without undue strain upon the general law. The Act is made sufficiently elastic to suit common needs, but its full intent must be carried out, and strict enforcement makes the people respect it.

The framers of the law in eighteen hundred and seventy-six believed they had found a solution of the difficult child-labor question which had been before them for so many years, for it was thought that there would be two sets of children, one of them working during the half day that the other was in school, and that they would alternate, morning and afternoon. It was hoped that work and study would be evenly balanced, but in actual practice it never has been. As a matter of fact, all schooling was crowded into two successive days, and the rest of the week given over to steady employment. It was then tried to enforce school attendance on alternate days. This gave somewhat better results but was still far from satisfactory.

During recent years the social conscience has been so stirred about the ethical and other aspects of child labor that in nineteen hundred and two a special committee was appointed by Parliament to make an inquiry into existing conditions. The changes made during the next year in the child-labor laws represent the high-water mark of such legislation. As the law now stands, children of school age may be employed only during certain hours before and after regular school sessions and upon days when schools are not in session.

THIRTY years ago a child might be employed in textile factories at ten years of age; in workshops and agriculture, at eight. To-day no child less than twelve years old may be regularly employed in factory or workshop, and the limit for agricultural work is eleven. When the mature age of fourteen is reached one becomes a "young person" and may be employed full time. There are, however, some exceptions to these statutes in favor of children who have passed certain classes, or standards, as the Eng-

CHILD LABOR UNDER ENGLISH METHODS

lish call them. In some parts of the country a child may work half time if the fourth standard has been passed, irrespective of the age limit, in others, the seventh must be completed before exemption is allowed.

No child may be employed between the hours of nine at night and six in the morning; street trading by children under eleven years of age is forbidden, nor may they engage in any kind of work likely to be detrimental to health or education. Neither may a child under ten years of age be licensed for public entertainments. Seven years has hitherto been the age limit. Street trading is considered harmful for girls under sixteen, therefore in some places is prohibited, and in others carefully safeguarded, according to local dangers and customs.

Of course, the little half-timers engage in minor occupations. They are grocers' boys, dusters and cleaners in the small shops which abound in England, messenger boys, lathers in barbers' shops, match-box makers, laundry helpers and milk boys. It is customary to deliver milk from central depots in a number of small carts, each in charge of a man who may have one or two boys to help him. Milk boys are at work by half past four or five every morning, in good and bad weather, in school by half past eight, at work again during the noon recess from twelve to two, and at the close of the afternoon session until late in the evening. There is no time to play, no energy left for anything. Newsboys deliver papers during the early morning and late afternoon. Paper selling is found to be a source of crime on account of the tendency to gamble. Out of twenty-two boys arraigned at one of the city courts for various misdemeanors, in one month, twelve were, or had been, newsboys. Early morning work is harmful because the child does not get sleep enough at the age when he most needs it, nor does he always have his breakfast before starting out. Naturally, it is not uncommon for the early workers to go to sleep in school. Nevertheless, what is one person's poison is sometimes another's meat, and consumptive children have actually been benefited by early morning work when it has been so regulated as not to become a hardship.

In London there are seven hundred and forty-seven thousand school children, four hundred and eighty thousand of them over seven years of age, and of these thirty thousand and eight hundred are half-time wage-earners. About half of them spend during each week twenty-seven hours in school and more than twenty hours in work. In one district such children work from fourteen to fifty hours

CHILD LABOR UNDER ENGLISH METHODS

a week and are paid at the rate of one to two cents an hour. In small laundries the helpers are employed for two or three nights a week until ten o'clock and all day on Saturdays, working in a steam-laden atmosphere and amid surroundings that are distinctly undesirable. Lather boys in barbers' shops have hours that are much too long, never less than forty a week. They are usually busy from five to ten every evening, all day and until midnight on Saturday, and on Sunday from eight to nine in the morning, and from one to two in the afternoon. Grocers' boys average twenty hours a week for wages equal to seventy-five cents or one dollar a week, when money is paid, but it is the custom of the trade to give food in payment. Messenger boys and girls employed by milliners, dressmakers and in small shops, oftentimes work from fifty to fifty-nine hours a week. Half-timers who are undertakers' boys are engaged in the cheerful business of measuring corpses for a shilling a week.

OVER three thousand of London's half-timers are employed in domestic service. This is not so bad as some other occupations because the work is light, are generally done indoors, so that the children are free from exposure to all kinds of weather, and a good breakfast is assured. A majority of the little "boots,"—boys who clean and polish shoes of the guests in boarding houses,—are half-timers, and so are the knife boys and errand boys. But household work is universally so ill regulated that it encourages lack of punctuality, which offsets its advantages. In the home industries, small tailor shops, match-box making and the manufacture of cheap underwear, there are bad cases of overwork where half-timers are busy for twenty, thirty, and even so much as sixty, hours a week.

Liverpool has more than thirty-two thousand children in the Board schools, twenty-three thousand half-timers. They average twenty-three hours a week at work; seventy-seven per cent. of them are boys; sixty-nine per cent. have fathers in regular work, the fathers of twenty per cent. are casual laborers and the remainder are deserted or fatherless. Only twenty-nine per cent. are needy cases. Their total earnings amount to about eight hundred and twenty dollars and nineteen hundred and seventy-nine meals, which works out two cents an hour and one meal a day for one child out of every seven,—not munificent wages. It is expensive labor, so far as the state is concerned, for physically, at least, the workers will be far below normal at maturity. So that in the end, instead of adding to the sum total of industrial efficiency, they will be incapable of self-support or of

CHILD LABOR UNDER ENGLISH METHODS

-serving their country, and in all probability a great number of them will even become public charges, to be taken care of in public institutions supported by tax-payers.

In England there are sixty-one hundred and fifteen half-timers in agricultural work, but the majority of them are fruit and hop pickers, employment which is beneficial rather than harmful. Children are found to be good for this kind of work and are boarded out on farms for what they can do before and after school hours.

Children are not permitted to work in factories in Dublin or Cork, so they become street traders. In Belfast, half-timers may be employed on alternate days, school attendance being compulsory on the other days. The factory hours are very long, from six to six, but with a two-hour interval at noon; on Saturdays they are from six to twelve, with a half-hour interval during that time. Working conditions are good and the children are bright and cheerful. Of course, English and Scotch factories and workshops employ half-timers, but as a rule state inspection is so strict that there are relatively fewer abuses in these establishments than in the minor industries.

The worst feature of the half-time system, just as it is with American child labor, is the exploitation of children by lazy or intemperate parents. The good income of an English father does not prevent the child from working for long hours. The son of a policeman earning forty-five dollars a month, a sum which goes farther in England than it would in the United States because living costs less, works forty-seven hours weekly; the son of a police sergeant, whose income is the same, works for a shopkeeper from six to nine every morning, from half past four to half past eight every evening and from seven to half past eleven every Sunday morning.

ALL work and no play is injurious for anyone, and particularly so for children during the formative period of their lives. It results in either dwarfed mentality, stunted or abnormal physical development, or both. If the school curriculum is worth anything, the necessary study requires all the mental and physical energy of a growing child. Unoccupied time should be left free for relaxation,—for the playtime which is a child's birthright.

Where children earn so little, it is difficult to see how the family budget could be affected by such small sums. In a country like Great Britain, where poverty is so great, and work for adults so hard to obtain, there are, unfortunately, cases where the few pennies a half-timer may earn are absolutely necessary. Only children of

CHILD LABOR UNDER ENGLISH METHODS

the poorest parents should be allowed to keep the nose so steadily to the grindstone, in school and out. Even then it may well be asked if the industrial system cannot find a better way of increasing the income of families on the border line of pauperism than by sapping the vitality of a child.

Light employment with not over long hours would not be harmful, for a proper amount of work under right conditions never yet hurt anybody; on the contrary, it is an opportunity for mental and spiritual growth, if congenial, and in any case affords the means of economic independence.

The trouble with the half-time system is that, between school authorities who rightfully insist that every child shall be educated, the parental laziness or intemperance that finds a need for his wages, and the cupidity of unscrupulous employers, England's youth is to-day ground between the upper and the nether millstone.

What Parliament is trying to do, is eventually so to protect the child that he shall work only a reasonable number of hours and only under the best possible conditions. It is easy to see that any form of child labor is susceptible to abuse, the half-time system especially, since children are so liable to be over-taxed in mind as well as in body. There is great opposition to it in Great Britain. Trade unions naturally oppose it, social workers, as a rule, set their faces against it, while a majority of adults, who were themselves half-timers in childhood, will do much to keep their children out of workshop or factory.

Some inquiry concerning the English plan of half-time labor has been made from time to time by persons in the United States. It is to be hoped that it will never be attempted in this country. It would mean expensive experimentation that would inevitably end in failure, but probably not before American nervousness had been augmented, constitutions drained of their strength, and possibly statistics of insanity increased, for American life is pitched in a higher key than any other. What we need is the cultivation of repose, poise which is due to self-mastery, and *not* the wastefulness which comes through the dissipation of forces or the blight of premature development in our children.

THE ROMANCE OF THE WINDOW: HOW IT CAN BE USED PRACTICALLY TO REDEEM MODERN CITY DWELLINGS FROM MONOTONOUS UGLINESS: BY ESTHER MATSON



IT CANNOT be denied that here, as in so many cases, the greater half, if not also the better half of our joy in windows comes from association. Sentiments, either conscious or unconscious, subtle influences connected with certain shapes or kinds or particular windows have to do with our admiration or our dislike for them.

It is the most natural thing in the world to draw a comparison between the window and the human eye. As the soul of the individual seems to peer through the eyes—so the spirit of a building expresses itself in its windows. It is a simile beloved of the poets, and Shakespeare showed a special fondness for it, mentioning, now, “The window of mine heart, mine eye.” again, “Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes.”

There is indeed a spiritual quality about a window. Plug up with brick and mortar a building's windows and what is left of it but a dead inert mass of masonry. It is hard to fancy anything more oppressive in its impressiveness, anything more typical of eternal death, than those vast structures of the Nile Valley—the Pyramids; this, not so much because of the Pyramids' stupendous proportions (we are told they are after all not so greatly taller than some of our skyscrapers), not even so much on account of their uncouth forms; no, the overpowering terror of them is their blindness, their having no outlook. Tombs that they are, each layer of stone rising toward the dumb sky but iterates and reiterates the irrevocable sentence—Death.

There is no more mournful description of a deserted city than the one to be found in the little book of Zephaniah, which pictured the desolate streets full of decaying houses in “whose windows the cormorant and the bittern shall sing.”

The Bible, which is so full of imagery, has numberless references to windows and almost always in connection with joyous ideas. It was out from the “cubit window,” which God had commanded Noah to build in the roof of the ark, that the dove was let fly, which came back bearing the olive branch of hope. Among the promises made by the prophet Isaiah, were “gates of carbuncle” and “windows of agate.” While Malachi declared to his people that the

ROMANCE OF THE WINDOW

Lord would "open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

The mere phrases "jewelled glass," or the poet's "storied windows richly dight," breathe a spell on us, minding us of Gothic cathedrals and of romantic casements, such that we scarce need Keats to tell us how they open out "on faëry lands forlorn."

Indeed, the so-called sacred and profane literatures vie with each other in their praise of windows. Chaucer with his realistic pen sketching the high lady's bower, says:

"—— my chambre was
Ful wel depeynted, and with glas
Were al the windowes wel y-glased
Ful clere, and nat an hole y-crased."

The full significance of such a quaint description comes over us only when we remember that the early English house of the common folk had wattled casements, or, if particularly favored, a pane made of a sort of half-transparent horn.

OF THE dramatic possibilities of the window, playwrights and story tellers alike have availed themselves. It was through the carven eastern lattice that the dark-haired beauties peered with eyes so bright as to pierce the blinds. It was ever from an upper window that the maiden of any clime has flung the rose token of her preference to the lover on the pave below. It is from the window of the lone tower where the cruel father had immured her that the heroine of the tales of old descended by the plucky way of the knotted rope to flee with the chosen suitor over seas. It was when

"She drew her casement-curtain by
And glanced across the gloaming flats"

that Mariana in the Moated Grange made her melodious moan:

"——— I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead."

It was the sight of Sir Lancelot, which her window gave her in the mirror, that lured the fair Lady of Shalott from her weaving to her doom; while it was from his prison window that the royal poet, James First of Scotland, watched

"The fairest or the freschest young floure,"

the Lady Jane Beaufort, whom he wooed and made his queen.

ROMANCE OF THE WINDOW

The most intense dramatic use of the window, however, is the famous Song of Deborah, that small piece of literature which is secular enough in all conscience and which has a far more primitive barbarism than the much discussed Salomé episode. Nothing could sum up more effectively the result of Jael's deed as a cause for national rejoicing, at the same time suggesting the horror of the calamity to the enemies of Israel, than the exultant cry of the Hebrew prophetess:

“The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried out through the lattice,—‘Why is his chariot so long in coming?’”

As there are of men all sorts and conditions, so of window associations there are many and divers kinds. Though we do not always remember it, the windows of churches and cathedrals have a symbolic meaning. As they protect the congregation from rain and outside cold, so the Scriptures protect its members from the moral and other evils of the world, and in the light which the window lets stream through its painted glass is typified the spiritual light of the Sun of Righteousness. Moreover, while the painted glass looks blurred and unintelligible to those who look upon it from outside, it speaks lessons of love and faith to those within.

Of the admiration called forth by the windows of Salisbury Cathedral we may make a guess from the quaint old folk song,

“As many days as in our year there be,
So many windows in this church we see;
As many marble pillars here appear
As there are hours throughout the fleeting year;
As many gates as moons one year does view,
Strange tale to tell! Yet not more strange than true.”

So important are these features of Gothic building that we even make the forms and elaborations of the windows the chief test or touchstone to-day for determining the date of ancient churches. For the finest rose and marigold windows one must perhaps turn to the continent, more especially to France, where the worship of the Madonna (to whom the mary- or marigold was dedicated) took deeper hold than on the English hearts. Sometimes the exquisite foliage, the radiant coloring of these wheel windows and the fenestral flowers of “Our Lady” are of such a perfection that the westing sun seems to kiss them with no less fervor than it caresses the field flowers. The strange beauty of some of these man-wrought structures hints at an inspiration from diviner source than our mortal selves. The

ROMANCE OF THE WINDOW

joy that is to be had from the sight or the memory of such is no mean joy, and in very truth there are certain works of art which belong in the category of the apostle's "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

THE difference between the windows that we have and the windows that we might have!

In this, one of the very essentials of the house, we have the greatest chance for true decoration; and yet we let the chance slip, lavishing so-called ornament in all sorts of unnecessary places where very likely it only detracts from the general impressiveness of the structure. Not enough do we appreciate what a double purpose the window serves—how it may give us both æsthetic satisfaction and practical comfort,—how it may lend picturesque value to the house exterior and also common everyday (yet, alas, too uncommon) convenience indoors.

Walk along some city block and make a mental note or two. It is astonishing if you stop to think about it, that the drear sameness so often bitterly complained of is not merely due to the row upon row of house after house, built on a dead level, but also to the lack-luster inexpressiveness of the windows of them. All alike and bare of ornament they exist at equal, never varying, distances from each other, like the buttonholes of a garment.

Repetition, we are told, is a good thing. All very well; but repetition of a *good* thing, not of a poor thing. Well then, admitting that to walk in our streets at present is for this foolish error of ours void of delight, at least we may get a little entertainment out of the questioning "why?"

We acknowledge that in the foreign city it is different. Sauntering in a foreign city is often a delight, and why, if not chiefly because of the expressiveness of its houses, of the individuality they gain from their usually interesting windows.

Extremist though Ruskin was, there is yet something to be said in favor of such a statement as the following:

"You surely must all of you feel and admit the delightfulness of a bow window; I hardly fancy a room can be perfect without one. Now you have nothing to do but to resolve that every one of your principal rooms shall have a bow window, either large or small."

Sustain it on a bracket, crown it above with a little peaked roof, and give a massy piece of stone sculpture to the pointed arch in each of its casements and you will have as inexhaustible a source of quaint richness in your street architecture as of additional comfort and delight in the interiors of your rooms."

Although it would be scarcely feasible to resolve that we have a bow window in every room, there is actually no excuse for our contenting ourselves with our present uniformly dull windows. It would be better for us to cry out for some that should be a little unbeautiful.

The trouble with many of our windows is that where they might so easily have their lintels accented, where they might have a bit of carving here or even a terra cotta decoration there, they have nothing. They are weak, unattractive as a face where the eyes have indefinite eyelashes, or none at all. But this is not the root of the matter. The eye itself might shine with expression. But we cannot after all expect brilliancy where there is vacancy of ideas in the background, and too many of our homes are still, in this enlightened decade, put up by the speculative builder.

What, for example, could be more bootless than the plate glass fronts he thought to allure us with but recently? Fortunately, the popularity of this vain luxury is on the wane. To be sure, for the store front it is most suitable. There the aim is, blatantly, display. But the inhabitants of a house are not, presumably at least, wax figures decked to beguile the innocent passer-by. Nobody really wants to live in a glass house for fear of the old proverb's troublesome stones. Besides, a plate glass window is the nearest thing we know of to nothingness. Now, in winter it is positively disagreeable to live under the illusion that there is nothing between you and the snow and sleet. In summer, the thing is obviously out of place, (speaking literally as well as figuratively), for then we want all the breeze possible, and so push up the sash as far as it will go.

THE opposite extreme, the old-fashioned small-paned window was better, and that for more than one reason. One of these the lay mind would have taken long to discover for itself, an architect explained as a matter of proportion. The pleasantness of the old windows, said he, was due largely to the fact that those lines made by the small frames gave the eye a gauge for measuring the sizes and distances of objects outside.

This, to be sure, is analyzing a feeling that in most of us is latent. It is otherwise with such windows as the diamond-paned casements

ROMANCE OF THE WINDOW

that have some associative interest. Here perhaps the pleasure comes from having once seen a print of an Anne Hathaway cottage, or perhaps it is connected in the mind with the memory of some quaint courtyard of a German inn.

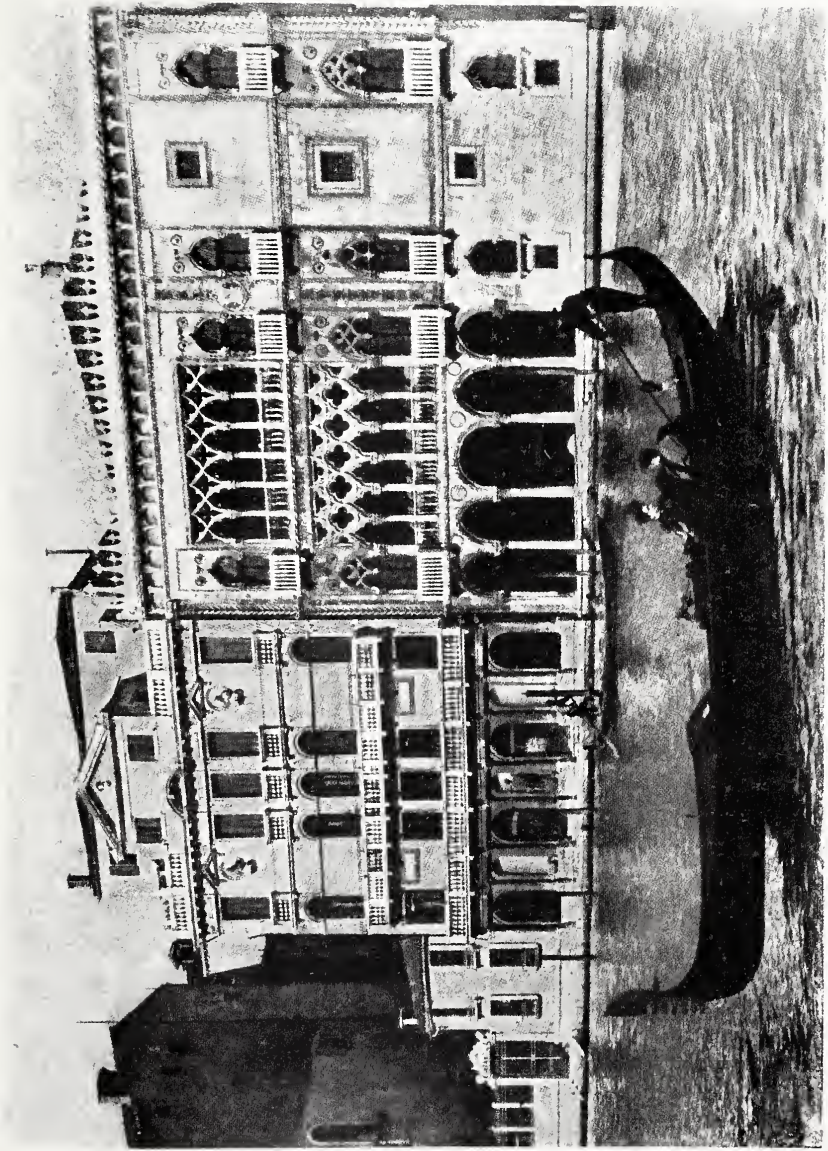
Again there is the best of plain, understandable reasons why we all enjoy the moderate paned window of medium size with the definite borders, or, to speak technically, casings around them. The fact is, we not only want our windows to give us pictures of the outside world, but we want them to frame the pictures for us. Our minds are very finite as yet. In viewing a beautiful landscape, for instance, how often and instinctively do we put up our hands and cut off, a bit here and a bit there, from the large expanse, the better to appreciate the splendor. Who knows, indeed, if Fate's way of granting us our blisses in little slices may not be for some similar reason? But we are lured from our subject.

We are well aware what an aroma of association the mere names of certain windows carry. There is the dormer. What a sleepy sound it has, and rightly, for its name came from its use in the upper or sleeping rooms of the house. The bow is plainly descriptive. The eyelet window suggests its own quaintness of shape—like a winking eyelid. The oriel, like its cousin, the songster oriole, is akin to the Latin word *aureus*, meaning, golden, and the name was first used in connection with building to designate a gilded room or recess.

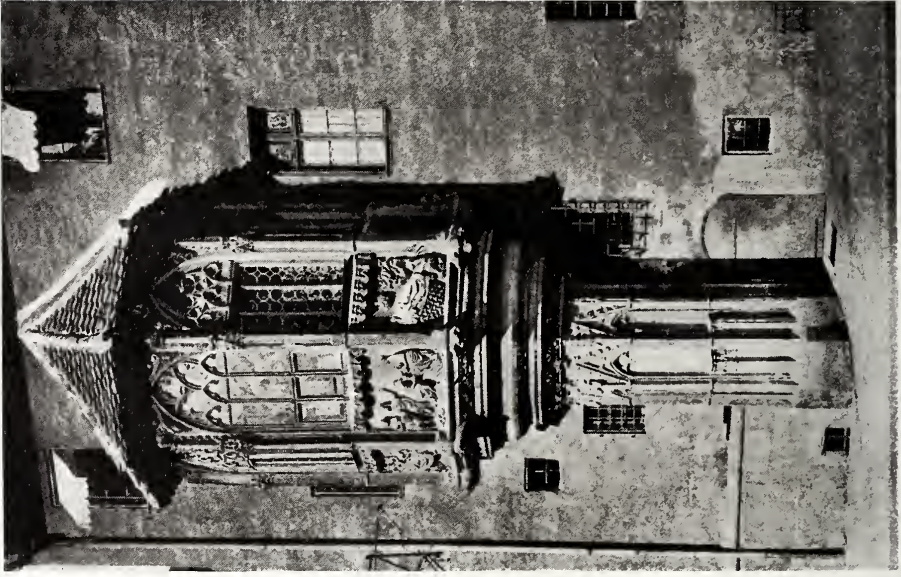
Often as beauty, or the lack of it, may depend on the shape and character of the window, much also may depend on the way two or three, or more, windows are arranged. It is wonderful what the mere massing of several windows, which ordinarily may be enough in themselves, will do to change the whole aspect of a house's exterior and the comfort of its interior. After all, it is the inside of the house that we live with; that is our chief concern, however much the outside may be the concern of our neighbors.

Keeping this fact in view, this is how we manage, or rather mismanage. We space our two or three windows equi-distant from each other, leaving two, three or four wall blanks of precisely too small a size to be of any earthly use. Not a desk or a bureau or even a chair will fit into these vain wall spaces, and they are absolutely impervious to sunshine.

We know of one arrangement that is different. It is the case of an ordinary block house, and yet one that is extraordinary in its proportions. Here the windows are grouped together as closely as the rules of structure will permit, and the left-over wall space thus con-

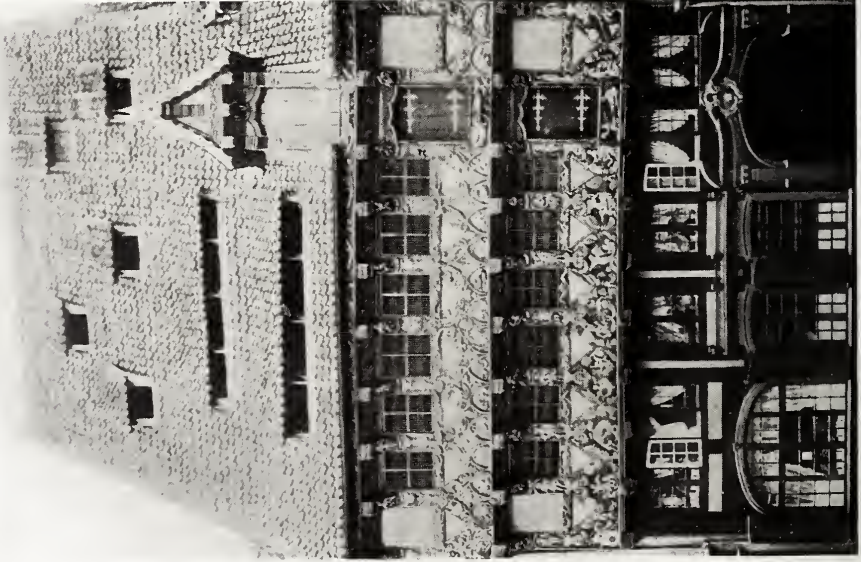


A WINDOW EFFECT TO BE SEEN
ALONG THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE



WINDOW ORNAMENTATION AT
HILDESHEIM, GERMANY.

AN ORIEL WINDOW IN OLD
NÜRNBERG, GERMANY.



ROMANCE OF THE WINDOW

centrated in one place is of real service for furniture or pictures, while the amount of sunlight is trebled. Moreover—something which sounds hardly believable though it is true—the room has gained more in size than two extra feet of brick and mortar could effect.

If such miracles can be compassed with the ordinary stock-made windows, what might we not attain to if we set our fancy and our decorative propensities to work!

BUT we are too hidebound in our respect for the “styles.” Unfortunately, the structures which seem to us the acme of architectural beauty were designed for a southern sunshiny climate. For the Greeks and Romans and for the men of the Renaissance the problem of the window was a problem of minor importance. So fiery, persistent and insistent was their sun that the one aim, one of the very reasons for the existence of buildings, was to prove a refuge from it. And yet we, English and Americans alike, who get eight or nine months of sunless gloom every year, must imitate Southern architecture and worry along with the least possible number of windows and the greatest number of pillars, Doric, Ionic or Corinthian, a variety of broken pediments, cornices and the like, because, forsooth, our municipal buildings, our public libraries, our private dwellings, must be “in character.”

Happily for us, as some one has suggested, we do at any rate draw the line on dressing “in character.” When a shoe fits, that is, when it is *convenable*, by all means let us put it on, but for the same reason that we keep off snow and sleet with leather boots and India rubber overshoes, rather than classic sandals, let us demand windows adapted to the climate we live in, arranged to give us the greatest amount possible of sunshine and air in the farthest nooks and corners of our houses.

Let us insist on our rights whatever rules of style we may have to fling to the winds. Let us, if no other way opens, imitate the artists and put holes in the roofs of our homes, so that at least in the upper floors we shall have the benefit of those actinic rays whose value we are at last beginning to appreciate. But the therapeutic side of the matter is not our story; and something of gain will be, if we only win a glimmering consciousness of the general and æsthetic joys of such windows as we might have, if we would.

That pleasant writer, Leigh Hunt, once talked very prettily about furnishing a room with sunbeams. You have there not merely a poetic idea, but really a germ of good common sense as well. But

speaking of poetry reminds us of some ideal windows which, while materially existent, yet possess the glamor of "magic casements." We confess we have until recently felt that all the fascination of Venice was due to its marvelous color. Without disparagement to that supreme one of her charms, we now have to admit that shorn of it she would still be interesting. Happening on some cheap old prints of Venetian palaces, in the crudest of black and white, we were astonished at the thrills of delight they roused. It was not the memory of the color that caused this (one of us had a blank instead of a color memory); it was the wonderful grouping of the windows and the fancy wrought around them, the exquisite balance of the essential parts of the houses, the harmonies, in short, evolved between use and beauty,—these are the things that enchant and captivate.

The eyes of our huge metropolis are, like the eyes of its eager-to-get-rich citizens, sad and careworn, heedless as are they of the truth that a sunbeam measures farther than the glintiest of dollars.

When we awake, our house-eyes will open too. Gradually we shall learn what a skilled decorator and painter is this master sun. One of these days we may come to furnish our rooms with his golden shine, where now we waste our hard-won earnings on fancy shades and elaborate curtain stuffs to keep him out. One of these days indeed we shall come to realize how infinite and varied are the actually possible window joys.

BE SILENT ON YOUR BLIND SIDE

"A motto for critics; *Be silent on your blind side!*
 There are things that you reckon not of.
 There are worlds that you know not.
 There are forces to which you are impervious.
 No one of us can see and appreciate the whole.
 Let us then hold our peace in the dark."

From "Broadcast." by E. H. Crosby.

COSTA RICA'S NATIVE ARCHITECTURE: A LESSON IN SIMPLE CONSTRUCTION AND BEAUTIFUL EFFECTS: BY CAMPBELL MACLEOD



VISITORS to Costa Rica are struck first by the simplicity and beauty of the architecture; the simplicity that characterizes the peon's hut and the president's palace, both of which are made from the native bricks and roofed with the quaint Spanish tiles, the making of which is one of the prettiest industries of this little republic.

San José sits in a cup-like valley, guarded on all sides by sleeping volcanoes. Anticipated earthquakes have influenced the architecture of the city. The dwelling houses are designed with only one story, though a few public buildings boast second-story balconies. These houses are built with apparently no thought of modernizing the styles of the architects' forefathers of a hundred years ago. The country seems to have found, as it were, a pattern in houses that suits its taste, and to have no inclination to depart from it. The result is a town at once quaint and dignified. In planning a home, as many rooms as are desired are grouped around an open space or patio, about which run the broad galleries which characterize the buildings in all southern countries. The galleries in this case are within and give on the courtyard instead of looking out on the street. This makes the privacy that the Spaniard demands for his family life.

It is these patios or courtyards that offer the possibilities of the house—possibilities that the beauty-loving home-maker seldom overlooks. The galleries are practically the living rooms of the family, and are furnished most charmingly with hammocks, tables, all sorts of easy chairs, oftentimes with bookcases, and with walls hung with family pictures. Flowers in hanging baskets are much in evidence, and there are always several canary birds to add their music to that of the guitars and mandolins found in every Spanish home. The patio itself most often resembles a tropical jungle with its wealth of palms and ferns and vivid flowers. A breakfast room gives on this, though usually the eleven o'clock breakfast and the five o'clock dinner are served on the gallery. A story might be written about the simplicity and excellence of the Spanish cooking. The breakfasts begin with that most delicious of all tropical fruits, the anona, which tastes like vanilla ice cream, paw-paws and bananas celestially blended with our Southern "syllabub."

Even the roofs that slope down over these galleries are gay with flowers. Vines grow in lush profusion and drop curtains of green

oftentimes to the ground, while varicolored lilies flaunt wonderful colors against the dull red of the tile roof.

The homes of the peons and the poorer classes who live in the outskirts of the town or in the country are the most picturesque feature of the place. Close your eyes and conjure up a sloping, irregular cobblestone street, stretching as far as the eye can reach out toward the mountains, which stand always veiled in mist, purple like a dove's breast; on either side of this street, which is selected at random from the many leading out from San José, are the homes of the poor, not poverty stricken, however, when it comes to beautiful surroundings. See, yonder little adobe house, painted a heavenly blue, looks as if it might be a piece of stage scenery designed by an artist who had a daring eye for color; the roof is hidden by a waving wealth of bright pink orchids, the kind that wither away and die in the greenhouses of the rich. Its neighbor just across the street is yellow, painted many years ago and faded to a soft cream, throwing in bold relief the night-blooming cereus (queen of the night cacti) which spreads its luxuriance over the entire roof and sides of the house. Sometimes you are startled by the sight of a garden of old-fashioned clove pinks growing in great contentment on one of these roofs, or maybe it is a lavender orchid, powdered with diamond dust, as delicate as some rare piece of old lace, flaunting its beauty on the back room of a hovel, or over the room where the pig sleeps. The houses are painted all colors of the rainbow, partiality being shown for blue and pink and the various shades of yellow. And not one of these is too poor to boast a living, lovely frame of flowers. Tuberoses grow in the tiny gardens to marvelous perfection and in unbelievable abundance, and red hibiscus hedges enclose many houses whose owners are too poor to afford a rock fence.

Our own unlovely villages in the south and south central states might take lessons with profit from Costa Rica. For we, too, have clay of the same quality, and unlimited sand for cement blocks; in fact, as good or better material than the makers of the building material down there have at hand. The tiles they make are patterned after the regulation Spanish tile, and are shaped by a crude process of wetting the clay and putting it into trenches to be baked into form. The paint for the Costa Rican houses is usually of home manufacture. It is also made from the native clay, refined and mixed with lime, colored by inexpensive dyes or more often by improvised paints—the blues being made from the bluing used by washerwomen the world over, and the reds and pinks from brick



THE TYPICAL COSTA RICAN
PATIO IS A JUNGLE OF
PALMS, VINES AND FLOWERS.



THE COSTA RICAN GALLERY CIRCULING THE PATIO IS USED AS A LIVING AND DINING ROOM.

THE DESERTED HOUSE

dust. Ochre gives the yellow tint, or a certain tone of clay mixed with water until it is the consistency of thin mud will do.

When we consider the cost of lumber to-day, and that getting lumber means losing our forests before the encroaching saw mill, and even then what flimsy houses, hot in summer and cold in winter, the poorer classes in small towns and in the country live in, the Costa Rican's comfortable home, defying both heat and cold, the simplicity of the structure and the ease with which the material may be acquired, right at our own back doors, as it were, should make its own appeal.

THE DESERTED HOUSE

THEY kept a lifeless form within the room,
And decked his brow with roses red of bloom,
Nor saw his face more white beneath the red.
Beside the hearth a goodly feast they spread
Of meat and wine. "He will not taste thereof!"
They called—and called at last, "Ah, dead is Love!
See! Who comes fingering his garment's hem?
Destiny, drawn to sing Love's requiem!"

They have gone down their ways. The dwelling stands
Forsaken now amid the open sands.
Mute is the morning of their minstrelsies.
Yet of a night the moonlit organ-keys
Rise to an unseen touch, the corridor
Awakes to pattering footsteps on the floor.
A little silver ghost runs desolate,
And beats its arms against the iron gate.

AGNES LEE.

THE TRAIL OF JAPANESE INFLUENCE IN OUR MODERN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE: BY HENRIETTA P. KEITH

THE "Spirit of the Orient" appears to be invading not only American trades and market gardens, but its art and architecture. From the solemn groves of Nikko, from ancient castle moats and mountain shrines, from the wet, shining leaves of water gardens in old Nippon, from the soft curves of the flowing roof lines and the tender tones of the untouched wood surfaces, our modern house-architects are drawing inspiration for new and delightfully "different" effects. Local character in architecture is always a fascinating study, and the high standard of culture in Japan, the refinement of art developed through centuries by a people devoted to the ideal, must of necessity impress itself upon their architecture.

While the mere draughtsman, wedded to conventional forms and accustomed methods, would find Japanese architecture only absurd and impracticable, there are architects who are artists as well, and who find in these sources a delightfully suggestive and enriching field of study. They know that thatched roofs and light sliding partitions are not practicable for American homes, nor do they desire to copy Japanese ideas merely because they are foreign and strange. Charming and interesting as is Japanese tradition in architecture, it is so for Japan and not for us, and it would be foolish indeed to attempt to naturalize in this country many of their local idiosyncrasies.

But the sympathetic student of architectural forms finds much real beauty that can be used to impart a fresh interest to jaded ideas. In the houses here photographed, Messrs. Green & Green of Pasadena, California, have attempted to naturalize in a

new world environment the usable and livable features of Japanese architecture. The highly picturesque character of the natural surroundings—the houses being situated on high ground overlooking the wild gorge of the Arroyo Seco—is admirably suited to a certain irregularity and picturesqueness of architectural treatment, and the introduction of Japanese suggestion accentuates the charm.

Although the motif is picturesque, it is not carried to extremes, but an effect of simplicity is obtained in a composition which is in itself rather loose and complicated by the simple treatment of detail. The Japanese system of bracketing, for instance, said by authorities on art to be the acme of perfection for wood, has been adopted in these designs with happy results.

Without employing the queer quirks and angles of Japanese roof lines, their graceful curves, so difficult to achieve, are sufficiently marked to render impossible an effect ordinary or commonplace. While there is a decided Japanese feeling, nothing has been carried to extremes, and the slightly foreign accent has been so modified by principles of good domestic design as to give a wholly normal and satisfying result. The different features are harmonized with admirable skill and a sane and sound judgment.

The photographs give a front and side view of the larger house, which stands upon high ground of a rugged and picturesque character, the site alone costing twenty thousand dollars. The natural irregularities of surface have not been modified, but simply worked into the treatment; as, for instance, where the high retaining wall necessitated in the rear has been picturesquely treated in a postern arch



From Photographs by Helen Lukeus Gaut.

TWO VIEWS OF THE HOUSE OF CHARLES SUMNER GREENE. "IN THIS HOUSE THE ARCHITECT HAS ATTEMPTED TO NATURALIZE IN A NEW WORLD ENVIRONMENT USABLE AND LIVABLE FEATURES OF JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE."



From a Photograph by Helen Lukens Gaut.

"THE HIGH RETAINING WALL IN THE REAR HAS BEEN PICTURESQUELY TREATED IN A POSTERN ARCH AND DOOR WHICH LEADS TO THE GARDEN AND ENCLOSURE."



From a Photograph by Helen Lukens Gaut.

"A CLOISTERED WALK AT THE SIDE,
BETWEEN HIGH LATTICED HEDGES,
LEADS TO A JAPANESE WATER GARDEN."



From Photographs by Helen Lukens Gout.

"THE CHIMNEYS ARE STRONGLY SUGGESTIVE OF JAPANESE INFLUENCE."

THE ANGLES OF THE JAPANESE ROOF LINES ARE SUFFICIENTLY MARKED TO RENDER IMPOSSIBLE A COMMONPLACE EFFECT.

JAPANESE INFLUENCE IN ARCHITECTURE

and door, which leads to the garden enclosure. A cloistered walk from the side, between high latticed hedges, leads to a Japanese water garden; this walk, as also the broad terraced esplanade leading to the entrances, is paved with large, square tiles of hard-burned brick. The steps and porch pavements are the same. Hard-burned clinker bricks set roughly in dark mortar are used in the foundation and in the entrance pillars and chimneys, strikingly combined with large, mossy boulders brought from the near-by mountains. The warm purplish-brown of the brick in combination with the mossy boulders and the soft grays and browns of the wood construction give a color effect of great beauty and softness.

The chimneys are strongly suggestive of Japanese influence, as are also the treatment of the windows and the open rafter work. Great simplicity characterizes the construction, which is all exposed and made to form the decorative features. The timbers are mortised together with oak pins, and nails are used scarcely at all in the construction.

While groups of mullioned windows are largely employed, Japanese suggestion is again felt in the narrow slits of windows which open on the side terrace, with but one long, narrow light, divided in the center by a single wood muntin.

The house contains seventeen rooms. No attempt has been made to introduce Japanese ideas in the interior arrangement, which is that of the usual high-class modern home. The living and dining rooms are heavily wainscoted and beamed, the solid ceiling beams of the construction being exposed in true CRAFTSMAN style. Sim-

ple CRAFTSMAN ideas are carried out in the finish and furniture.

Most of the walls are plastered and colored with oil stains; though some of the bedroom walls are wood paneled. One chamber has walls of pale blue, a cedar floor to which a bluish tone has been given, and fireplace facings of blue tile, the tile cut in a continuous decorative design.

Another bedroom has pale green walls with a fireplace of green and gray-brown tiles in Indian basket pattern. Clerestory windows, glazed in opalescent glass, are a feature of this room.

All the upper rooms open upon an upper court inclosed with glass, in which there are a fountain, plants, vine-covered trellis and built-in seats.

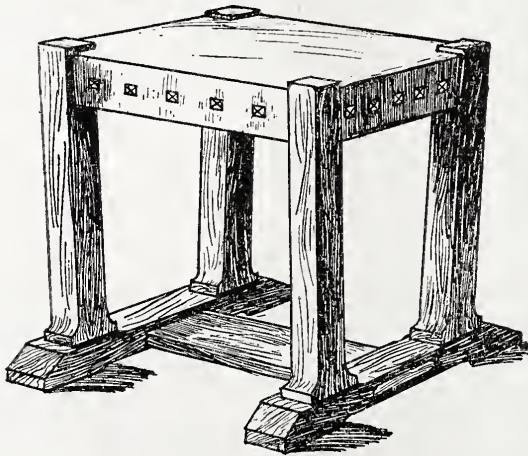
Two views are given of the architect's own residence, which nearly adjoins the house just described and which embodies similar ideas. That all appearance of sameness or monotony of treatment should be entirely absent from designs based upon the same general picturesque motif is evidence of the skill and fertility of the designer.

Such architecture can be the result of no hard and fast rules. Not only must the architect possess the artist temperament to begin with, but the trained eye for harmonious detail, the eye as sensitive to discords of form and color as the trained ear of the musician is to discords of sound. It is the aim of these architects to interpret these subtle harmonies by their work, and above all things to have all construction and materials true to their own nature, believing that brick treated simply as brick, stone as stone or wood as wood, is better than any disguise that can be put upon them.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK: PRACTICAL EXAMPLES IN STRUCTURAL WOODWORKING: TWENTY-EIGHTH OF THE SERIES

CRAFTSMAN LEATHER-COVERED STOOL

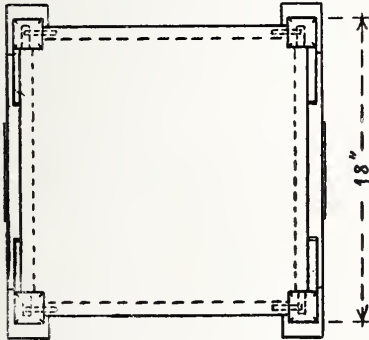
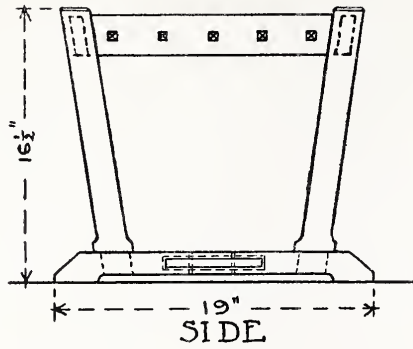
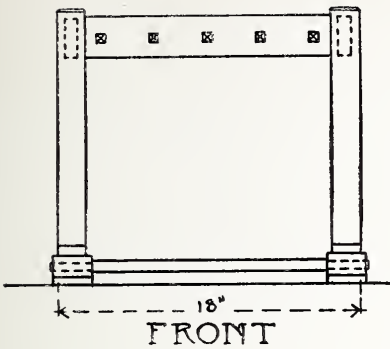
IN the designs for home cabinet work published this month we have somewhat changed the models, showing forms that are a slight departure from the severity of the CRAFTSMAN style. As will be seen by a glance at the illustrations showing the finished pieces, they are rather more massive in appearance than those we have been giving heretofore. This is because these designs are intended primarily to be carried out in cypress, chestnut, California redwood or similar woods, where the softness of texture and com-



parative lightness in weight admit the use of apparently a more massive construction than does a hard, heavy wood like the oak. Many people interested in home cabinet making live in parts of the country where these softer woods are much more easily obtainable and less expensive than the oak, and it is for these workers that the present designs are intended, although, of course, they would serve admirably for oak if the maker did not mind considerable weight in the piece.

A departure from the absolutely straight lines of most of the CRAFTSMAN models is made in these designs, and most workers will find in them a new element of suggestiveness for development along lines of original design, which is most desirable in any form of home handicraft. As given here the models are severely plain, but to the worker who is developing a perception of legiti-

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



DESIGN FOR
A STOOL



MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR STOOL

Pieces	No.	Long	Rough		Finished	
			Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick
Legs	4	17 in.	2½ in.	2 in.	pattern	1¾ in.
Feet	2	19 in.	2½ in.	1⅞ in.	2½ in.	pattern
Crosspiece	1	19 in.	6 in.	1 in.	5¾ in.	⅞ in.
Seat Rails	4	18 in.	2½ in.	1 in.	2¼ in.	⅞ in.
Sole Leather for Seat	1	27 in.	27 in.			

mate decoration as applied to wood-working they will be found particularly suggestive in the scope they afford for structural ornamentation.

While any wood suitable for cabinet work may be used for these pieces, we have suggested the three already mentioned as being especially effective when used for forms of this character. The cypress has such prominent markings that large surfaces are necessary to show them to advantage, and it is so coarse in grain that any slenderness would give a suggestion of weakness.

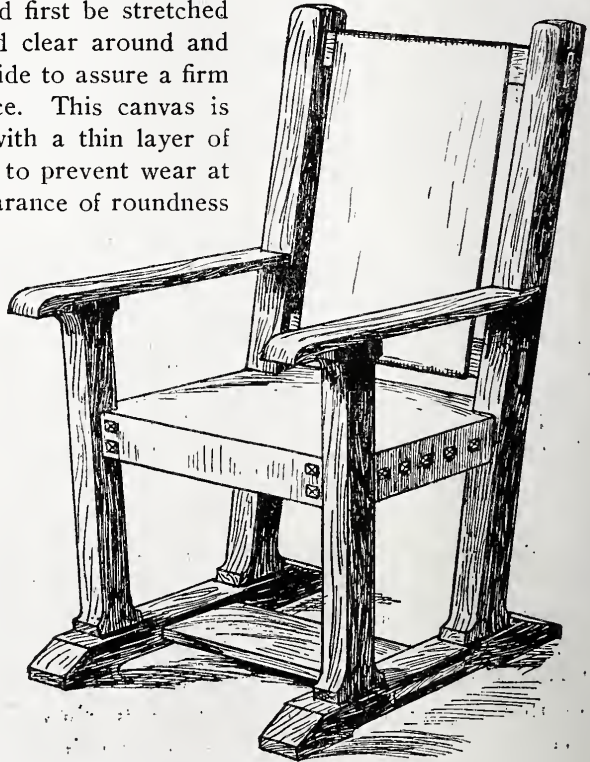
HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

LIBRARY ARM CHAIR

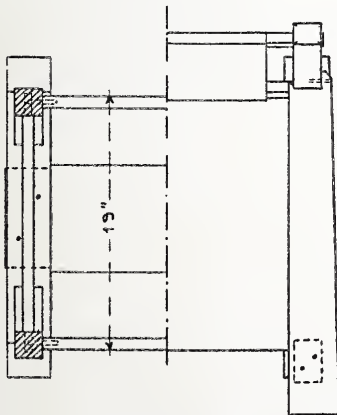
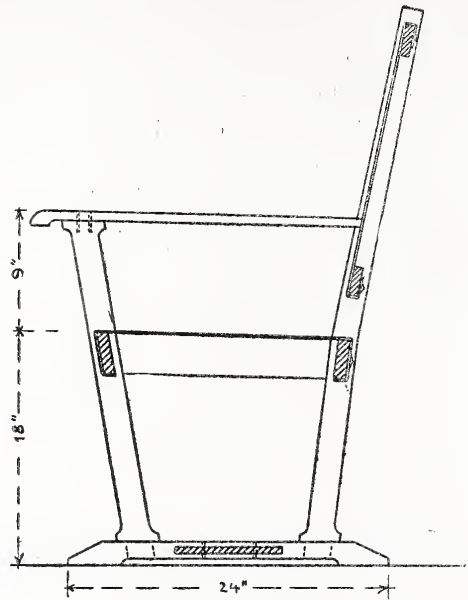
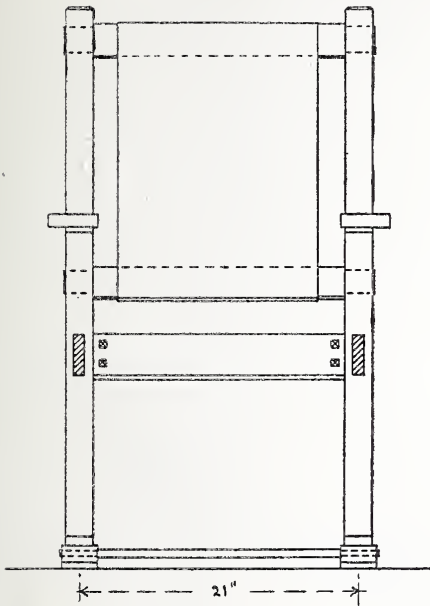
The same applies to chestnut and even more strongly to the redwood, which is so largely used in California both for the interior woodwork of houses and for all sorts of home-wrought furniture.

A close study of the stool shown as the first model will reveal the leading structural characteristics of all three pieces. The appearance of crudity that might be given by the massiveness of construction is softened by the fine finish that should appear in every detail. In the posts all the edges should be slightly rounded, suggesting heavy hewn timbers, and the corners should be carefully chamfered so that all appearance of the crude edge of sawn lumber is avoided. Any clumsiness at the bottom is obviated by the curving out of the posts, and by beveling the end pieces. The crosspiece is mortised firmly into these end pieces, the projecting tenons forming a slight touch of decoration, and the whole structure is firmly pinned together. The seat must be made with special care to preserve the fine straight lines and flat top. A

piece of heavy canvas should first be stretched over the seat rails, wrapped clear around and nailed far up on the under side to assure a firm and evenly stretched surface. This canvas is to be covered on the top with a thin layer of cotton, which serves merely to prevent wear at the edge and gives no appearance of roundness or of padding. The seat covering is of sole leather. This should be dampened on the under side to render it flexible and then carefully stretched by hand, wrapped around and nailed firmly underneath. As it dries all wrinkles and unevenness will be shrunk out of the leather, leaving a perfectly smooth and even surface. Large square-headed nails of wrought iron are placed at regular intervals on the outside of the rails and serve as an additional stay to the leather as well as a decoration.



HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



DESIGN FOR A LIBRARY ARM-CHAIR



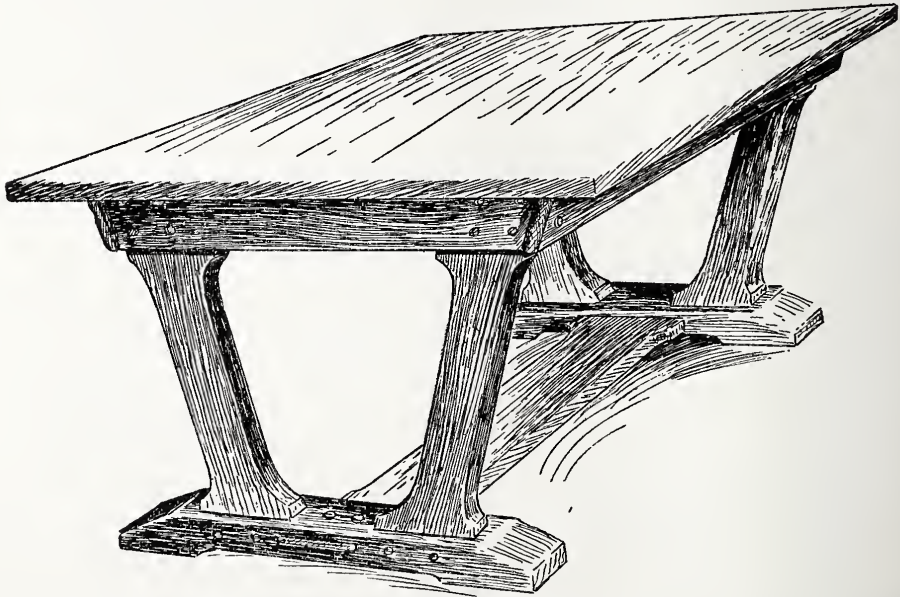
MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR ARMCHAIR

Pieces	No.	Long	Rough		Finished	
			Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick
Front Legs	2	27 in.	3½ in.	2½ in.	pattern	2 in.
Back Legs	2	42 in.	4½ in.	2½ in.	pattern	2 in.
Feet	2	24 in.	3 in.	2 in.	2⅝ in.	pattern
Crosspiece	1	24 in.	8 in.	1 in.	7½ in.	⅞ in.
Arms	2	27 in.	4 in.	1½ in.	3¾ in.	pattern
Seat Rails	4	21 in.	3¼ in.	1 in.	3 in.	⅞ in.
Back Slats	2	23 in.	2½ in.	1 in.	2½ in.	⅞ in.
Sole Leather for Back	1	27 in.	15 in.			
Sole Leather for Seat	1	30 in.	27 in.			

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

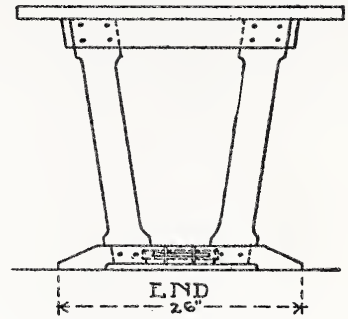
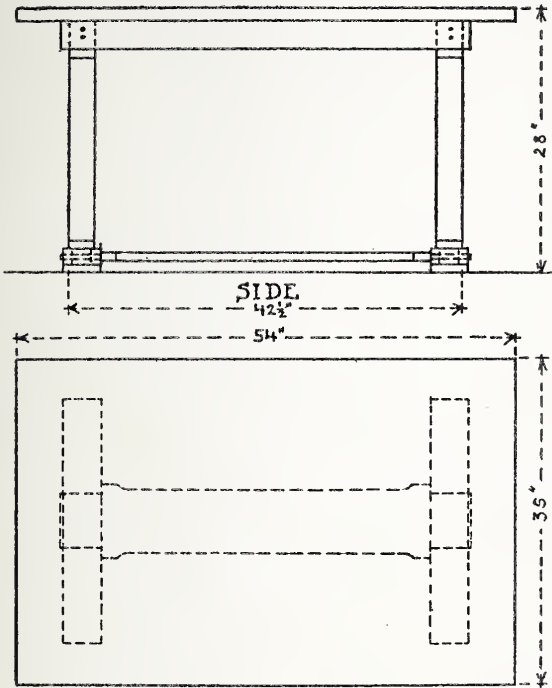
LIBRARY TABLE

The chair is simply a further development of the same form of construction that obtains in the stool. The structure at the bottom is precisely the same. The arms should be very carefully and symmetrically rounded at the ends, both to give a finished and workmanlike look to the piece and to afford a better grasp for the hands in rising. The mortise and tenon construction, all carefully pinned with wooden pins, prevails throughout, and the sole leather seat is made in the same way as that of the stool. The back of the chair is made of a single piece of sole leather, stretched on and wrapped clear around the rails at the top and bottom.



The construction of the table is another development of the form shown in the chair and stool, and here the inward slope of the legs is even more pronounced than in the chair. While very massive in appearance, the table, if made of one of the woods suggested, will not in reality be as heavy as it looks. Were it made of oak it would be practically a stationary piece, as the chances are that it would be too heavy to move. This table is very firmly built with the mortise and tenon construction, and the only touch of decoration, aside from the tenons, appears in the use of the large wooden pins that hold the piece together. The rounded edges and curved lines that appear in the structure of the lower part give a feeling of the use of massive timbers without any repellent impression of clumsiness, and with reasonably careful workman-

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



DESIGN FOR
A LIBRARY
TABLE

SCALE OF INCHES:
0 3 6 9 12 15 18 21 24

MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR LIBRARY TABLE

Pieces	No.	Long	Rough			Finished	
			Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick	
Top.....	1	54 1/2 in.	35 1/2 in.	1 3/4 in.	32 in.	1 1/2 in.	
Legs.....	4	28 in.	5 in.	3 in.	pattern	2 3/4 in.	
Feet.....	2	26 1/2 in.	4 in.	2 1/2 in.	3 3/4 in.	pattern	
Crosspiece.....	1	44 in.	8 1/2 in.	1 1/4 in.	pattern	1 in.	
Side Rims.....	2	45 in.	3 1/2 in.	1 in.	3 in.	7/8 in.	
End Rims.....	2	25 in.	3 1/2 in.	1 in.	3 in.	7/8 in.	

ship the piece should have a most attractive quality. The top, of course, should be finished with great care, which must first of all be exercised in the selection of particularly choice wood for the large plain surface where the grain shows so prominently.

ALS IK KAN

IT is often mentioned as one of the most hopeful signs of the times that never in the history of the world have there been so many charitable institutions, conducted upon such broadly humanitarian principles; so much care on the part of large industrial concerns for the comfort and well-being of their employees, and such consistent and well-organized effort to relieve the suffering caused by poverty and ignorance among the unfortunate all over the world. The princely gifts and endowments made by some of our multimillionaires, who give largely of their surplus wealth to alleviate the sufferings of the poor, or to provide larger cultural opportunities for those to whom fortune has been less kind than to themselves, are also frequently cited as proofs positive that human nature is growing better, and that society as a whole is advancing toward that sense of human brotherhood which has been the dream of utopists of every age.

But, admirable as all these things are, is not the very fact that the increasing need for such benevolence, and our growing tendency to accept it as altogether excellent and a part of the rightfully established order of things, ample justification for the serious questioning of our present social conditions that is now being brought up on every hand by thinkers who look beyond the emotional pleasure excited by a generous deed? Charity may relieve suffering, or bestow advantages which might otherwise have been difficult or impossible to obtain, but it does not solve the problem of social justice. And even while it may temporarily relieve the worst pains of the social body, in the very doing of this it creates a

second problem that bids fair to render well-nigh impossible the solution of the first. By its kindly-meant benefactions, not only individuals, but whole communities, often even the comparatively prosperous and well-to-do, are robbed of the opportunity for growth and achievement that lies in the effort to obtain something that is felt to be a real necessity. All practical workers in charitable organizations have the same tragic story to tell of the effect of charity upon working men and women reduced by illness or other unavoidable misfortune to the dread extremity of pauperism. They will fight to the last ditch before applying for aid, but when once it is applied for and given, often the mainspring of self-respect and honest endeavor is broken. The incentive to effort is gone; they are ready to own themselves beaten in the battle of life, and, in countless instances, they sink into apathetic pauperism and idleness, with the attendant curses of drunkenness and crime. This is the effect of out-and-out charity upon real and bitter necessity, where the need is not for comfort, luxury, or the means of intellectual advancement, but for shelter from the elements and sufficient food to keep body and soul together, but all along the line the moral result of receiving as a gift what should have been earned is the same.

Take a concrete example of the effect in one instance of one of our most popular philanthropies: Not far from New York is a little town occupied mainly by a prosperous class of people. Many of the inhabitants are retired business men; others belong to the professional classes, and almost all the wage-earners are the domestic servants.

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

In short, the town is a residential suburb whose citizens are nearly all well-to-do. A year or so ago some of the more cultured people thought it would be an advantage to have a library in the town, and the idea was welcomed with enthusiasm. A vigorous movement to that end was started; men and women held little conferences and began to raise money to secure the coveted library. They had gone so far as to buy a goodly number of books, engage a librarian and rent a house for temporary quarters while funds were gathered to secure a permanent building, when someone wrote an unauthorized begging letter to Mr. Carnegie. The millionaire responded with his usual promptness to an appeal which touched upon his favorite hobby, and offered a certain sum of money. The community was amply able to build and equip its own library, and so make it a genuine and valued expression of its desire for true cultural development, but the appeal to the universal love of getting something for nothing was strong enough to overcome civic pride and ambition; enthusiasm waned and with it self-reliance, and the result was that another Carnegie Library now stands in the town, a monument to munificence of one rich and generous man instead of an evidence of the true growth of a community.

It is a truth so familiar as to be almost a platitude, that we gain real and permanent benefit only from those things we acquire through our own effort and at the cost of some hardship or personal sacrifice, and that we value them in exact proportion to the degree of effort required to obtain them; and it is also true that we find no means of growth and development in advantages which

are bestowed upon us as a gift from some one immeasurably richer and more powerful than ourselves. And just behind this truth lies the question of the great primal right given to all humanity—the right to work. Social justice acknowledges and grants this right; oppression denies it—unless exercised within certain limitations which accord strictly with the interests of the man who is in a position to exploit the work of his fellow men—and all that charity can do is to offer temporary alleviation of the suffering that arises from such denial. Therefore, while seemingly an expression of a growing sense of social justice, charity, in most of its guises, is but the handmaid of oppression, and its benefactions serve to retard, rather than to help along, such efforts as may be made to gain justice for all men.

This brings up another phase of the question, which insists on making itself heard amid all the applause lavished upon the multimillionaires whose enormous gifts and endowments are hailed as so many positive benefits to humanity. This question concerns the source of this great power to give, and the right of the rich man to feel that, owing to his power to accumulate and his shrewdness in turning to his personal profit the resources of the community, he is the natural custodian of so large a portion of the national wealth; that he may gather at will the colossal revenues derived from his control of public utilities and of the great staples, to say nothing of the exploitation for his own gain of the labor of thousands of his fellow men, and give back at will just such portion as he chooses of these great gains—and in the form of charity. Are these much-applauded benefactions evidences of a growing sense

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

of social justice and a desire for restitution? or are they but a modern expression of the spirit which actuated the feudal baron who harried his own dominions and plundered his neighbors—then squared all accounts with God and man by building chapels and ordering his retainers to scatter largess among the crowd?

In any event, the possession of such great resources, and the easily-gained popularity of this use of them, is an overwhelming temptation to any man who so loves power and riches that he will obtain them at any cost, and who yet is not entirely insensible to the good opinion of the community. Charity covereth a multitude of sins, and who shall say how much social, industrial and political corruption is the direct result of this convenient cloak of philanthropy.

That this side of the question is fully recognized is shown every day by the pains taken to defend and laud the givers of princely largess, and by the fact that the readiest and most plausible of the defenders occupy the pulpits of churches which receive substantial gifts, and hold positions of trust and responsibility in colleges which are richly endowed. Fitted by education and position to mold and lead public opinion, the adherence of such advocates is well worth purchasing, and, giving as it does the sanction of religion and morality to the activities of the makers, interpreters and administrators of laws enacted to protect the vested interests, it does much to promote the belief that ostentatious charity *is* social justice, and that all is as it should be. The fact that among the greater part of the working people there is not only a repugnance to, and a resentment of, such charity, but a growing distrust of our preach-

ers, teachers and writers, is held to be merely another instance of the ingratitude and wrong-headedness of "the masses."

At times, however, the zeal of some of these defenders overshoots the mark. Of late this has so often been the case with the learned and loquacious chancellor of a university which ought to be prominent and influential, and which is the recipient of many large gifts of money, that there seems to be danger of his doing more harm than good to the cause he so assiduously serves, and of drawing down upon his too-devoted head the dreaded lightnings of plutocratic disapproval. Surely, in this period of social unrest and industrial discontent, the Apostle of Things as They Are is lending powerful aid to the efforts of Anarchists and of rabid Socialists by publicly declaring that our largest fortunes are not large enough; that the limitation of individual wealth to a few paltry millions is absurd, and that the billion-dollar fortune is a consummation devoutly to be wished for. Nay, more than this, the wealth-worshipping chancellor, in a sort of golden ecstasy, is reported to have asserted in a recent speech that an individual would have "a perfect right to own the whole world," provided he could get it, and, when this is balanced against his other assertions that there is little or no poverty save that caused by vice or intemperance, and that the workingman ought to be glad of a chance to get any sort of a job, the only conclusion at which we can arrive is that the chancellor has either omitted all study or observation of labor conditions and the temper of a large part of the public mind, or that he labors under the delusion that he is a client of one of the Cæsars in the

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

latter days of Rome, virtuously denouncing evidences of discontent among the slaves.

What is needed in this time of oppression on the one hand and deep-seated, ominous unrest on the other, is serious thought and saner speech and action. The harm that can be done by men like this is, unfortunately, not confined to the body blows they are dealing to the cause they represent. Such speeches as these, coming from a source which, in some quarters, might be considered influential, serve more than the most violent anarchistic ravings to stir up the passions of those who feel that they have good ground to complain of existing conditions. Left to themselves, the American people will not be misled by destructive propaganda, but will move surely along constructive lines toward the goal of social peace and justice. The thing that is most to be feared is just such babbling from men whose motives are not above question, whose lives have no roots in the deep soil of the fundamental principles that tend to keep humanity in the right track, and who know nothing of the real problems of life or of the age.

In addition to the steadily-increasing discontent—and as the cause of it—we are facing the fact that, by the alliance of great corporations with one another and with the political powers of the nations, by means of inhuman methods such as have been practiced by the rubber syndicate of the Congo and the packers of Chicago, and from many other causes, immense masses of wealth are being concentrated into a few hands. As a result we have the multimillionaires. And what of the cost of developing this special product of our age—the social, human cost? Is the gain to society from wide-

spread charities, great gifts and philanthropic enterprises commensurate with that cost? Art galleries, libraries, colleges and hospitals built and endowed by the great capitalists must be balanced against graft, political corruption, lowered civic and national ideals, economic dependence of the many upon the powerful few, and a host of other ills.

The one hope of solving the social problem lies in the fact that, aside from superficial judgment swayed by emotionalism, there is a real and growing sense of social responsibility among sound thinkers of all classes; a growing feeling that the opportunities of life should and must be equally free to all, and that the distribution of wealth upon a more equitable basis must be undertaken by society and not left to the caprices of self-interest, philanthropy and private judgment.

NOTES

THE Andover Play School was started July 16, 1906. Circulars were sent out to the various schools before closing in the spring, explaining the purpose of the school and stating what the opportunities were. Applications came in promptly, swiftly passing the hundred mark, which was the limit set.

A child could select five different varieties of work-plays for his two-months' course, and the following was the delightful list he selected from: Collecting minerals, stamps, coins; cooking, for girls only; draw-and-plays; mechanics, boats, boating; field work, butterflies, birds, fishes, flowers, ferns; outdoor games, sailing, dam and water wheel machinery, steam and electric motors; dancing, girls only; dramatics, girls

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

only; music, singing, orchestra, piano; photography, cameras not furnished; basketry, cardboard and paper work; swimming; printing, boys only.

There were about fifty applications signed by boys from nine to fourteen, and about thirty by girls from nine to fourteen, and twenty odd by parents for children under nine. The choices of the boys fell in about the following order of preference, yet there was a striking uniformity, each occupation having a goodly number of choices: Outdoor games, wood work, swimming, field work, gardening, printing, orchestra; for the girls, cooking, basketry, field work, outdoor games, dancing, swimming, dramatics, gardening. Drawing was also popular with both boys and girls.

The public school plant was used, the only additions being the sloyd benches and tools, printing press and type, loaned by the Andover Guild, which organization was the source of financial support. The play school opened at 8.30 A. M., and closed at 12 o'clock, or as soon thereafter as the children could be driven away to their dinners; but some of the children and some of the teachers usually returned in the afternoon. The term lasted six weeks, from about the middle of July to the last week in August. It was the original purpose of the play school to enroll those boys of the community who spent the long summer vacation in the streets, in rough and profane ball games, in inordinate swimming, predatory expeditions, and like occupations; but the earnest petitioning of not a few of the best people in the town for the admission of their children finally opened the doors of the school for some children of most excellent home influences.

Perhaps the favorite occupation, on

the whole, was the wood work. There was a complete sloyd outfit and a trained sloyd teacher. No attempt was made to hold the boys to a formal course. The wood work was to serve as a sort of supply shop for the apparatus used in school. The boys made their own butterfly nets and fish nets for the nature work. They made the mounting boards used in mounting the specimens, the cases for the permanent collections, developing cages for the caterpillars, aquaria for the fishes, box traps for catching squirrels, etc. If a boy was interested in archery, he made his bow and arrows; if in cricket, a bat; if in kite-flying, a kite; if in making a present for a younger brother or sister, a toy table, perhaps. Mothers, too, reaped the benefits of the shop; for a boy often turned from his toy-making to the making of a sleeve-board, ironing-board, bread-board, shelf, or something else for the house. Sometimes the boys united in making some giant affair of common interest, a log house, a great windmill which supplied power for turning the grindstone, a dam and sluiceway for the water-wheel, or a catamaran for the swimming pond.

The nature work was hardly less popular than the toy-making. Nearly every morning there might have been seen a company of ten or a dozen boys starting out with a leader in search of butterflies or fishes, and for the incidental study of birds, or frogs, or snakes, or whatever came to their notice while hunting. The older boys devoted themselves mainly to the butterflies, the younger to the fishes. Nearly every species of butterfly to be found in Andover during the season was captured, many kinds of caterpillars were taken and developed into chrysalides in the cages, and nearly all the differ-

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

ent kinds of fishes to be found in the streams and ponds of Andover were caught and studied. The work consisted largely of outdoor tramps, but there was also laboratory work, the description and drawing of the worm, chrysalis, and butterfly. Honey bees in an observation hive, and ants in nests made of school slates covered with glass, were watched. Some of the ants' nests were successfully kept and watched for months, one boy keeping a colony all winter. The microscope was frequently used in the laboratory work. Note books on fishes were also kept. The interest of the boys was deepest in the gathering and general observation and naming of specimens, the watching and feeding of the fishes, and less in the minuter observation, drawing, and naming of parts. The zeal in hunting specimens was often intense. It was no uncommon thing to see a boy, when the school was not in session, alone, with heavy pail on his arm, a fish net in his hand, sweltering along in the dog-day sun, seeking some new treasure for his aquarium.

The ignorance of many boys whose environments by no means justified their lack of knowledge was sometimes surprising. A grammar school boy, visiting the school, knew the fishes simply as fishes, being unable to name with certainty a single species. Another boy, who was within one year of the high school, brought to school in high elation one morning some "speckled trout" for the aquarium, which proved to be tiny spotted salamanders whose legs presented no difficulty to him in his classification.

Allied to the nature work was the gardening. A part of the school-yard was ploughed, and a definite portion allotted to each boy who

chose gardening. Vegetables of various kinds were planted. Flower plants were also a part of the care and possession of the boys, and were taken home and transplanted at the close of the school. The following spring many of these boys were reported as having started gardens of their own at home.

The second period of the day, one hour in length, was spent in outdoor play. In one section of the playground might have been seen a group of boys engaged at archery. In another section the older boys were hard at a game of ball. Elsewhere some of the younger or less athletic boys were playing at tenpins on the smooth driveway or at bean bags. There were also, at times, football, ring toss, tag games, boxing, wrestling, racing, jumping, vaulting, gymnastic tricks, kite-flying, boat racing* at Rabbitt's Pond, swimming races at Pomp's or in the Shawsheen. Three times a week there was a division in swimming. The swimming lessons often served as a good opportunity for collecting outdoor specimens or plants for the aquaria. On rainy days there were indoor amusements, more of the nature of social or parlor games, and which were intellectual rather than physical.

The musically inclined boys were always eager for an orchestra. This took the form of the "kindersymphonie." The talents and attainments of the boys made the music necessarily crude, but it was much enjoyed by them. The violinists were children who came for the orchestra alone, the play-school boys being confined mainly to time-beating instruments.

*One day I bought a handsome steel yacht at a toy store in Boston and offered it as a prize to the boy who could make a boat that would beat it. When the trial came off, there wasn't a boat made by the boys that didn't outsail mine; and I was somewhat embarrassed, but secretly proud, for there wasn't a boy who would accept my boat as a gift.

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

There was a class, also, in piano playing which met twice a week.

The printing department appealed to some as real play. The press served in printing the names of the boys in the several departments, the baseball teams, headings for school exercise papers, cards, some bill heads, and, best of all, a four-page paper containing compositions by the boys on the work of the various departments, names of the prize-takers, cuts of drawings made in the nature work, list of specimens captured.

Besides the drawing in the nature work, there was a division in drawing for those who preferred it to any other occupation they might have during that period. The work took mainly the form of large free-hand drawings from objects. This was more nearly allied to the regular school work than any other department, unless we except the library, from which the boys eagerly drew books of stories, history, or nature, for home reading.

The occupations of the girls were very similar to those of the boys in some respects, and very different in other. The girls had no chance at general toy-making like the boys; but they cooked, made baskets of rattan and raffia, dolls' hats, dolls' hammocks, and did some fancy work. They played their outdoor games, went off on field excursions, after ferns or insects, and went swimming. The facilities of most country towns in the matter of swimming for girls are much underrated. Two places were readily found where girls might be taught to swim. One was in a pond near a house where a good opportunity for dressing was given in a nearby shed. Another was later selected as even better in a secluded spot along the Shawsheen River. Here the girls went freely, happily,

and unmolested, with their teacher, and several learned to swim in a short time.

Dancing and dramatics occupied a portion of the time of the girls; and at the close of the school a play was very successfully given to the public, the proceeds being given to the school.

Some of the girls took gardening on equal terms with the boys, and raised their share of flowers and vegetables, which were in due season appropriated for their homes.

The salaries paid the "faculty" and helpers employed in the Andover Play School averaged about \$4 a week. The highest salary paid was \$10, and the lowest nothing. During the past year a most successful school has been conducted in Andover by two teachers in the public schools, the total expense of which was less than \$350, the school enrolling sixty-five children. But such schools can be run at a much less cost if the community is willing that the teachers serve without pay, and playgrounds with many of the accompanying benefits may be conducted at about as near no expense as the community will allow.

The following may be of interest as showing the impressions that parents got of the value of the playground influence on their children. They are direct quotations: "It kept him off the streets, and I knew where he was;" "seemed perfectly happy all through the summer school term;" "was better able to begin his school studies;" "increased his happiness by having something to do;" "kept him out of mischief;" "kept his mind occupied;" "had his own garden at home, and took care of it—something he was not interested in before;" "helped him at school;" "made good use of things he learn-

ed;" "was much interested in insects;" "enjoyed himself every day;" "was more agreeable, as he had something to think of;" "set him thinking;" "made home life more interesting in constructing things he saw at school;" "made him more ambitious;" "made him interested in his learning;" "made a pigeon coop, studies birds a good deal and butterflies;" "made him brighter and quicker;" "made him good in his manners;" "did him a good deal of good in his character and disposition." These are typical of many expressions used by parents who felt that their boys were, through the play school, benefited rather than injured by the long vacation. They are by no means exhaustive of what might be said in summary of the value of playgrounds for country children, but they certainly will prove suggestive to those who are concerned about the children of the streets of our country towns.

SOME interesting information in regard to the Woodland Farm Camp has recently come to THE CRAFTSMAN. This project of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Lanier seems so full of good sense, wholesome humanity, and a wide understanding of some of the best things that are to be got out of life, particularly for children, that THE CRAFTSMAN takes pleasure in giving its readers an opportunity of knowing something more of the purpose, and successful achievement of purpose, in Woodland Farm life. The farm is located two and one-half miles from Westchester Station, in New York. It is intended to give an opportunity to work through the summer in the most healthful and enjoyable way.

The Camp is open to young and old; children are made welcome and provision made for their care and enter-

tainment and useful occupation. It is also arranged that they do not interfere with the rest periods or occupation of older people, and yet the older people are expected to take an interest in the children, and every effort is made to develop a sense of reality as a foundation of character and to prove to the children and the old people, too, for that matter, that real happiness is reached in simple acts of service and sacrifice. The teachers are chosen for their ability to understand the need of others, as well as for their exceptional equipment along their own particular line of work.

It is the purpose of Woodland Farm Camp to make it possible to live out of doors. Of course, those who wish may sleep in canvas houses, which have sides that open wide. There are also two farm houses for use on the rainy days, and in these buildings are stoves and fireplaces. The tent houses are built far enough apart to leave each family a sense of peaceful seclusion. The meals are taken together in a large canvas bungalow. There are all sorts of delightful social gatherings: bonfire dinners, hay wagon drives, out-of-door festivals, and occasional lectures by eminent people who drop in at the Camp for their own enjoyment. There are few restrictions at the Camp, but each person is expected to work at least one hour a day, and it has been found that after a short time the majority work a good many more, either at some preferred handicraft or out of doors in the garden.

Naturally, this sort of life lacks many of the petty conveniences of city existence, but its compensations are boundless, not only through the cultivation of an enjoyment of work, but in the healthy peace of mind and kindly spirit that are developed.

The guests of the Camp, young and old, are earnestly requested to bring

with them the simplest sort of wardrobes; the kind of clothes in which one likes to work out of doors or to roam or loaf or play out of doors in the simplest fashion through a long summer of variable weather. The tents are not furnished, unless some special provision is made for this, so that some simple tent equipment must be added to the list of sneakers and sandals and rubber boots and sun hats and short skirts and washable shirtwaists, sweaters, overalls, etc. There is but one qualification for entrance to the Camp, and that is to be in sympathy with the ideal, which is *the real enjoyment of outdoor life*, the understanding of the need of occupation in life, and a sense of kindly sympathy toward all people who are moving in the same channel, and, for that matter, toward those who know nothing of it and who may be helped to an understanding of a finer enjoyment of life. The ideal of the Camp cannot but meet a ready sympathy from people who feel the need of rational outdoor life, without fads, or rules of whimsical leaders. Mr. and Mrs. Lanier are ideal hosts for the peaceful enjoyment of Woodland Farm Camp.

REVIEWS

A BOOK treating of sociological conditions by Miss Jane Addams of Hull House is one that cannot be superficially considered—that much one realizes even before opening it—since Miss Addams writes neither from the standpoint of the theorist or the sentimentalist, but from that of the practical optimist. Her latest work, "Newer Ideals of Peace," might equally well have been called, from a phrase in one of her chapters, "The Human City," for the ideals and theories set forth in

its pages are those of a republic founded upon humanity and the spirit of brotherhood.

That the book is an argument against the existence of the military ideal might be guessed from the title. Indeed, the writer holds this military ideal responsible for nearly all the social evil in our cities and for the majority of defects in our government. It not only, she argues, retards the development of the human ideal, but—as proved for instance by the condition of the police department in our cities—actually promotes and assists evil. We have outgrown, Miss Addams asserts, a government founded upon a military system, and its survival she compares to "a full-grown citizen relegated to the school-yard fights of his boyhood."

She points out that our constitution was framed upon eighteenth century ideals, totally unadapted to a modern democracy. The system fails, she goes on to indicate, through not taking into account the average citizen, and because of the inadequacy of its laws governing immigration. It is here that Miss Addams expresses a widely different viewpoint concerning the immigrant from that of the average intelligent observer of immigrant conditions in our cities, for she obviously regards the enormous influx of raw human material into this country as advantageous. One might regard it so—although the amount of this raw material seems rather disproportionate—if it only *were* raw material. The difficulty lies in the fact that so much of it is *waste* material instead. Miss Addams does not discuss any such distinction. But to many of us—perhaps with a humanity less wide and deep—the unsanitary Russian Jew driving his bulk into the passer-by, clogging and soiling the streets in countless numbers, the vicious yet cowardly

Sicilian with his ever-ready knife, seem citizens that can only prove detrimental to the welfare of the country. Yet Miss Addams has lived a number of years in the poorer quarters of Chicago and must be familiar with these types. She seems able to regard all with a fine charity and compassion. She feels keenly, one can see, the pathos of the immigrant. She dwells upon the qualities that these people have to contribute of respect and devotion, and of incipient patriotism. She suggests that the simple and often beautiful industries to which many of them are trained might be utilized to the industrial advantage of our country which, through its present system of machine work, is lowering the art standard of its products. We absolutely fail, Miss Addams declares, to appreciate the economic or human value of the immigrant—and this anyone who has had any experience in settlement or mission work must have realized. But beyond this fact lies an even more significant one, for in this country the immigrant represents only a passing condition; the real problem—and a very real menace to our national peace and morality it is—lies in the second generation—the immigrant's children. This problem seems the outcome not only of those defects of our government that can be attributed to military standards, but to be an inevitable result of the contact of a crude undisciplined individuality with a commercially prosperous democracy where the amassing of ill-gotten gains is not a difficult task.

The quality of the average second generation foreigner as compared with his parents was well expressed to me once by an old New England sea captain living in a community overrun with Portuguese—"The old ones is all right. They're ignorant, but they're all right. But the young ones that's

born here—they ain't no good to themselves nor to nobody else."

These "young ones," placed in a country where even the ignorant may rise rapidly, where the national ideal is commercial success, and the most frequently repeated phrase of the uneducated and uncultured is that they are "as good as" anyone else, evolve into an abnormal product—something with no intermediate stage of development. And the presence of these individuals in the country seems the most probable explanation of the numbers of irresponsible, indifferent, incompetent workers we have about us. Undoubtedly this situation would be bettered if Miss Addams' suggestions upon Industrial Legislation could be put into effect. The second generation problem in itself she does not take up save to deplore the attitude of the American-born child toward its immigrant parents—an attitude which she attributes to the general feeling of contempt expressed toward the foreigner, which the child imitates.

Miss Addams takes up at some length the question of unions—organizations of which, on the whole, she seems to approve. Their evil practices—their system of intimidation, guerilla warfare and criminal plots—she regards as all, practically, results of the military idea embodied in our government. She commends the unions for the amalgamation of various nationalities which they have accomplished—a result which the nation as a whole has as yet failed of obtaining.

In discussing the question of child labor Miss Addams makes some of her most convincing points. Aside from the most obvious phase of the evil, mourned over by the sentimentalist and exploited by the advertising editor, she points out the serious harm likely to grow out of this reversal of

the natural relation between parent and child which comes about when the child is the wage-earner. "Why, mother can't say nothing to me. I pay the rent," she quotes one child as saying. She dwells also upon the irreparable moral and mental injury to the development of the child through the child labor system and cites a number of instances to prove that those forced to work in their childhood become tramps and vagrants in middle life.

In discussing the question of women in politics Miss Addams is also convincing. Women, she points out, should, logically, have to do with "the Nation's housekeeping." They should have a voice in matters bearing upon the education of their children and the sanitary conditions that surround their daily life, in laws governing food products and in questions bearing upon their work.

Miss Addams' definition of true patriotism would not characterize it as, in any sense, a political or race sentiment. She believes rather in the patriotism of a humanity which should be the outgrowth of a great democracy. Immigrants have, she maintains, a quality that might be developed into such a sentiment—a spirit of mutual helpfulness and a love of "simple goodness." It has occurred to the present reviewer, in this connection, through observing the simple people of those foreign countries where the poorer classes are not oppressed, that these admirable qualities are largely the outgrowth of governments where matters are more classified. For since men are *not* equal mentally or morally, such equality as our country claims as its ideal cannot exist. The present outgrowth of our political standard among the undisciplined classes is a blind assertiveness, a widespread sentiment of discontent, and a class-hatred of a kind and degree quite

unknown in the older countries. Yet if Miss Addams' theories could be put into practice, undoubtedly the true class distinctions—those made upon a mental and moral basis—might be established.

The sentiment pervading the whole book, with which it begins and ends, is the expression of that tremendous principle voiced by Tolstoi—to make non-resistance aggressive; to abolish the military ideal by setting a stronger force in operation; to utilize the heroic emotions incited by war as forces for human development. ("Newer Ideals of Peace." By Jane Addams. 238 pages. \$1.25 net. Published by the Macmillan Co.)

PROFESSOR E. Ray Lankester, Fellow of the Royal Society of England, and Director of the Natural History departments of the British Museum, has long been known as one of the most progressive of the leaders of scientific thought in England. Moreover, he has the gift, in greater degree than any scientist since Huxley, of popularizing the wonderful discoveries of science, so that the average lay mind can comprehend them. President of an almost incredible number of scientific bodies, Professor Lankester's addresses in that capacity are always luminous, no matter how intricate the subject, and often inspiring. There is always a demand for them in printed form by those not fortunate enough to hear them with the charm of the speaker's presence added.

Two of such addresses, and a paper which appeared in one of the staid and little read British quarterlies, have been revised and welded together into an interesting little volume of one hundred and ninety pages, with the title, "The Kingdom of Man." The first part of the book, "Nature's Insurgent Son," is perhaps the most inter-

esting to the lay reader. It is the substance of the Romanes lecture, given at Oxford in nineteen hundred and five, and aims to show the Kingdom of Man as the distinguished scientist conceives it, and to plead for earnest action, especially upon the part of the great universities, to remedy the evils due to the neglect of the great opportunities and responsibilities involved in the reign of man over his kingdom.

Man's "insurgency," that which makes him the rebel of the universe, is his long struggle to understand and dominate those forces and laws which dominate all the rest of that great Nature of which he is just as much part as the humblest worm, and yet master. Where all other sentient life is dominated by its environment, man turns and makes over his environment to suit his needs. "Where Nature says 'Die!' man says 'I will live.'" According to the law previously in operation, man "should have perished except on condition of becoming a new morphological 'species.'" But man's wit and will have made him the master of the universe and so enabled him to "increase and multiply" "without submitting to the terrible axe of selection wielded by ruthless Nature." And yet, the sovereign man has not yet arisen in proud consciousness to enter upon the possession of his kingdom, wise old Francis Bacon's *Regnum Hominus*. Disease still decimates the race, despite the fact that investigation has shown man's power to protect himself.

Let us suppose there is an awakening to this great power, that disease is stamped out: what will be the result of the great and rapid increase of population? The question will not hide itself—Malthus is ever present! Here is the challenge to man the sovereign power: what of tapping the limitless energies of the earth's central heat, as

M. Berthelot suggests, and making use of it as the perennial source of energy? And, when all the resources of this planet are controlled, will human genius find a means of exploiting Mars? Is that the outcome to be expected from the observations of Percival Lowell, and those of the astronomers of many lands who are so closely watching those mysterious "canals" this summer from coigns of vantage? So, with as much imagination as a Jules Verne or a Flammarion, Professor Lankester goes on sketching the possibilities of man's sovereignty.

The second part of the volume consists of an address given by Professor Lankester, as president, to the British Association last year, and is entitled "The Advance of Science, Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-one to Nineteen Hundred and Six." It is, necessarily, merely a sketch—although a most interesting one—of man's advance toward the assumption of his kingdom during a quarter of a century. The third section consists of a study of the fatal "sleeping sickness," the appearance of which in Africa has caused a good deal of alarm. The book is copiously annotated and illustrated. ("The Kingdom of Man." By E. Ray Lankester. 191 pages. Illustrated. Price, \$1.40, net. Published by Henry Holt and Company, New York.)

AFTER fifteen years a third edition of Thomas Kirkup's well-known handbook, "The History of Socialism," has been called for, testifying to the security of its hold upon the attention and respect of students of the Socialistic theories and movements of our time. The book, which originally grew out of the author's contributions on the subject to the pages of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, has been revised merely in that some forty pages of new matter bring its view of the movement

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

to a later date; in all other respects it remains the same.

There is no really good history of Socialism as yet. Kautsky, in Germany, Jaurés and others, in France, and Hillquit, in this country, have done much toward laying the foundations for such a history—a detailed record of the great international movement with its political and philosophical conflicts. In the meantime, the work of Kirkup is by all the best yet produced. It is a "history" only in the sense that the author has traced in broad, free outlines the growth of Socialist theories from the crude utopianism of the early eighteenth century to the elaborate scientific and philosophical system of Marx and his followers. Written from the viewpoint of a non-Socialist of large sympathies with the movement of which he writes, and whose continued studies appear to have led him nearer to the movement rather than away from it, it is admirably adapted to the ordinary student's needs. Without being profound, it is well reasoned, and its admirably impartial tone commends it to the thoughtful reader.

It is not too much to say that whoever desires to understand modern Socialism—and that embraces a rapidly growing army of earnest thinkers—will find Mr. Kirkup's book quite useful and almost indispensable. The literature of Socialism now includes tens of thousands of volumes in various languages. In English alone there are several thousand volumes upon the subject. Some idea of the worth of this volume may be gathered from the fact that it would be included by almost every authority in any list of forty or fifty works dealing with the subject. It has become recognized, by friends and foes of Socialism alike, as one of the classics of a great and important branch of literature. ("The

History of Socialism." By Thomas Kirkup. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York. Cloth, 406 pages. Price, \$2.25.)

SOMETHING of the same optimism manifested by the English scientist toward the problems of human advance which fall within the province of natural science, Professor Patten, one of our foremost American sociologists, manifests toward the great problems of social progress. Professor Patten is professor of political economy in the University of Pennsylvania, but he is much better known as a sociologist. Most of his published works belong to sociological literature rather than to the more restricted domain of economics. His latest production is a small volume, which, by reason of its vital interest, is bound to have many readers. It consists of a series of lectures given in nineteen hundred and five and nineteen hundred and six at the New York School of Philanthropy, under the Kennedy Trust, and is entitled "The New Basis of Civilization." Optimism is the keynote of the volume, possibly Professor Patten is rather too optimistic in his views of the educational work of our settlements and charitable agencies. One would like to be able to confront one's experiences with the same optimistic spirit, but it is not easy to do so. The best attempt one can make is after all akin to the boy's frightened whistling as he passes the graveyard at night.

It is possible, however, to share Professor Patten's exultation as he views the wonderful resources of the present age. The basis of a new civilization is indeed made possible by these vast and unparalleled resources of twentieth century America. In all the long past the race has struggled under a social economy of deficit, of

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

insufficiency. But here we stand to-day facing, not a deficit, but a great surplus. To quote that remarkable Russian, Prince Kropotkin, "We are thus placed in a position entirely to remodel the very bases and contents of our civilization—provided the civilized nations find in their midst the constructive capacities and the powers of creation required for utilizing the conquests of the human intellect in the interest of all."

It is necessary to ally with these tremendous resources an adequate social consciousness. Given these two, adequate material and adequate social consciousness, and there should be hope for the coming of a New Jerusalem, the fulfilling of man's age-long dream. Professor Patten seems to wander far afield to no purpose; all that he comprehends in his first eight chapters is really included in two, the first and the fifth. That there is a growth of social consciousness, and that it is fostered by our great technical and general economic advances, are facts of the most vital significance and fraught with hope and cheer. It is curious, however, to find such a careful scholar as Professor Patten pointing out the voluntary coöperation among the Western farmers, who own the big and expensive agricultural machines in common and help each other in their work, as a "new morality." Surely Professor Patten has not forgotten that the Pilgrims had that "new morality," and all our New England farmers had it until a very few years ago. What was the good old time "huskin' bee" but a practical

manifestation of what Professor Patten calls a "new morality"? So far from being new is it that it goes right back to the very infancy of the race. It is no more than the spirit and habit of mutual aid which primitive man learned from his brute ancestors.

One turns to the chapter, "The New Civilization," with eager expectancy, anticipating something definitely constructive. Not, to be sure, another millennial Utopia, to be realized, perhaps, thousands of years hence, but a fairly definite picture of what is attainable within the twentieth century still young. The lectures of which the book is made up were delivered to students most of whom expect to make social reform work their life's vocation. Surely, here, if anywhere, the constructive voice should be heard—and it is, but so faintly! So smothered in academic bonds! Even more disappointing is the last chapter, "A Programme of Social Work." There is no programme really, nothing more than a few generalizations, all trite, all true—and all inadequate. Lest this seem to imply too large condemnation to prove inviting to the reader to make direct acquaintance with the book, let it be added that it is distinctly a book to be recommended to every thoughtful reader. It is interesting and stimulating. Coming from Professor Patten, as remarkable for what it omits as for what it contains. ("The New Basis of Civilization." By Simon N. Patten, Ph.D., LL.D. 220 pages. Price, \$1.00 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

GODFREY BLOUNT'S FREE-HAND PLASTER WORK FOR INTERIOR DECORATION

“**I**MPRESSIONISM in plaster” is the phrase which Mr. Blount uses to describe this exceedingly free and charming wall-decoration. In complete contrast to the careful and academic friezes, cast piece by piece, and afterward fitted into place, the work in this case is all done on the wall.

The design is sketched in, and with the wet cement the whole work is carried out there and then. There can be no alterations, no niggling; the work must be done swiftly and surely, for the plaster sets very quickly. A trowel, a palette knife and few hog-hair brushes, such are the simple tools required, but more important than the tools are the hand and eye.

High finish, of course, cannot be looked for in such work and is not wanted. What can be attained is a delightfully fresh and spontaneous effect, which, especially in work which is placed high, like a frieze, is much more pleasing than elaborate finish. The work can be left the natural color of the plaster, or, which adds much to the richness of the effect, may be colored after the plaster has set.

Mr. Blount has kindly furnished me with detailed notes as to the process as follows:

“*Ground.*—The ground should be of Portland cement, with as little sand as possible to avoid suction, and left with a slight tooth on the surface.

“*Mixing.*—Shake Keene’s cement into a large basin half full of water and beat up with an egg beater. Then more cement should be added and the mixture stirred until it will hardly pour. Keep this as a stock.

Have ready a board eighteen by eighteen inches and a square headed putty knife. Pour some of the already mixed stock on this board and add more dry cement, beating up with knife till thick enough to use. The degree of thickness required will depend on the character of the modeling. Place some of this second stock on a plasterer’s palette and with an ordinary putty knife, previously ground down till it is supple, begin your work.

“*Working.*—Let us suppose the design sketched out in any fashion on the cement ground (I sketch it in outline with ink). Have sundry flat, hog-hair brushes in a small tin saucepan of water. Then take up on the putty knife a quantity of mixture, smear it on to the design, cut it into shape with the palette knife to any extent you can and finish with the hog-hair tools.

“It is impossible to give exact directions. Here are a few hints:

“*First.*—The work is impressionistic in a high degree. In hot summer the plaster dries so quickly that it is almost impossible to work without the addition of some size. In winter it will keep open half an hour. But the best work is that which is most rapidly obtained. It is a waste of time to finish.

“*Second.*—Finger work is impossible. The brush must do the double work of knife as well as brush. Even the carving is done with the brush.

“*Third.*—You may lay a thin coat of plaster from stock two as a ground for immediate work as you proceed, or you may lay the ground up to your work. This is not the original



From Original Designs by Godfrey Blount.

FREE-HAND PLASTER WORK :
BIRD FRIEZE AND DETAIL.



From Original Designs by Godfrey Blount.

FRIEZE IN HALL OF THE
KNIPP CHIDDINGFOLD.

DETAIL OF CEILING FOR A GATE
HOUSE.



From Original Designs by Godfrey Blount.

DESIGNS FOR FRIEZES IN FREE-
HAND PLASTER WORK.



From Original Design by Godfrey Blount.

SAMPLE DESIGN IN FREE-HAND PLASTER WORK: SHOWING FOUNDATION AND METHOD OF WORKING.

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

ground (of Portland cement); that, of course, has to be laid first and is covered entirely in working.

"Fourth.—Stir your stocks now and then to keep them open, as you will have to mix more.

"Fifth.—Don't try to correct mistakes. Scrape off and begin afresh.

"Sixth.—If you don't like sketching and can't sketch, don't attempt this craft. Take up wood carving instead.

"Seventh.—Lumps are easier than lines. This must influence your designs.

"Eighth.—The craft is more suitable for decorative effects than realistic ones and for grotesqueness than for pretty pretties.

"Ninth.—In details let accidents have their share in modifying results. A happy accident is worth an hour's plodding. 'Be carefully careless.'

"Tenth.—Where joining a piece of new work to the old, wet the old or it will suck up the water from the new.

"Eleventh.—The work will crack

in drying. Fill up the cracks, they don't matter. Cracks are only dangerous when between the work and the ground, but if the cement ground has got a tooth and you work vigorously there ought to be no accident of this kind.

"Twelfth.—It is exciting work and will quickly tire you if you don't feel sprightly."

Of course the success of such work will depend very much on the design, which in Mr. Blount's case is as free and spontaneous as the work itself. Everything stilted and formal should be avoided; the whole charm of the work lying in its ease and freedom.

The illustrations which accompany this article are taken from work done by Mr. Blount in different houses in the north of England, and a careful examination of these, especially of the delightfully slight sketch of birds, and of the "Detail of Ceiling," will teach more regarding the technique and manner of working than much tedious description.

STEWART DICK.

CRAFTSMAN WILLOW FURNITURE

EVERYBODY knows willow furniture, and nearly everybody uses it, especially in country homes where delicate and elaborate furnishings are out of place, and where the need is for something that naturally belongs to the comfort and simplicity of country life, and that brings into the house a pleasing suggestion of out of doors. That is, willow furniture should do all these things, but how far it goes toward filling its proper place among the household furnishings depends entirely upon the willow furniture. If its full possibilities of beauty, comfort and durability are to be developed, it should be so

designed, made and finished that the individuality of the willow may be preserved. When a chair, for instance, is designed after some fantastically ornate pattern, constructed so that it is stiff and unyielding and given a solid color and a hard enamel finish, it has lost every characteristic of the thin, flexible willow withes which belong naturally to basket work. Hence, a willow chair is most nearly right when it resembles straight basket work in its construction, when it is flexible and yielding, and when it is so finished that it looks like willow and nothing else.

These are the qualities that distin-

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

guish the very unusual and beautiful willow chairs and settles shown in the accompanying illustrations. It is the belief of the designer that among the lighter forms of furniture nothing is so well suited to relieve the austere lines, massive forms and rich sober coloring of oak as willow treated as it is in the pieces shown here. As will be noticed, the construction of these pieces of furniture is on broad and simple lines, giving great suggestion of ease and comfort, and also that it is essentially of basket construction rather than of wood overlaid and ornamented with basket work. The elastic spring of this hand-woven piece suggests at a touch the flexibility of hand-made baskets that are woven by the fireside or on the back porch at the edge of the garden. Willow is a material beloved of the craftsman, because so pliable is its quality that the friendliness of hand work is never lost. The pieces shown here are all hand woven, and they hold in their beauty of color and line and modeling the personal interest of the worker. Also, the willow has been so finished that the surface has all the sparkle seen in the thin branches of the growing tree as it becomes lustrous with the first stirring of the sap.

The natural sparkle on the surface of willow has all the intangible silvery shimmer of water in moonlight. This is lost absolutely when the furniture made of it is covered with the usual opaque enamel which not only hides the luster of the surface but gives the effect of a stiff, uncompromising texture by which the pliability of the basket weaving is entirely obliterated and all the possibilities of interesting variations of tone are lost in a smooth, characterless surface.

The color in these pieces of willow furniture is as remarkable a departure as the design and construction of the pieces themselves. It is a variation of

soft wood tones, brown and green, light and dark, as the texture of the surface has been smooth or rough—the subtlety of color that creeps through a bit of early spring landscape; the silvery luster of the willow is left undisturbed and the color beneath is like that of fresh young bark.

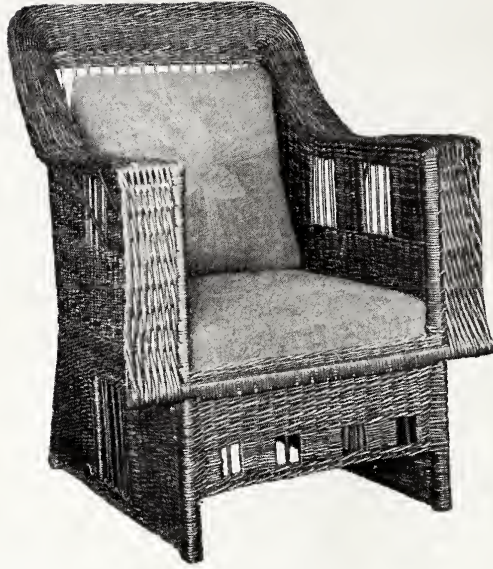
The upholstering of this furniture harmonizes completely with the outlines of the basket work and the tones of the stain. One of the armchairs has the seat done with woody green CRAFTSMAN canvas, the pillow of the same carrying a cone design in brown linen, couched on with green, and a spray of brown pine needles at the back. In the second armchair the upholstering is in dull brown canvas, and the pillow carries a design in pale wood tones, outlined in dark brown.

The high-backed settle is covered with dull green canvas, the color of rusty pine needles, with pillows of cool gray-green CRAFTSMAN silk, figured with brown trellis work and deep forest-green flowering vines. The larger settle has the seat covered with wood-brown canvas; the corner pillows duplicate the one in the armchair, and the low center pillow is covered with the rough woven CRAFTSMAN silk, showing a ground of marigold yellow, and trellis of dull green and a flowering vine in soft brown—canvas, silk and decoration all supplementing or accenting the tones of the willow stain.

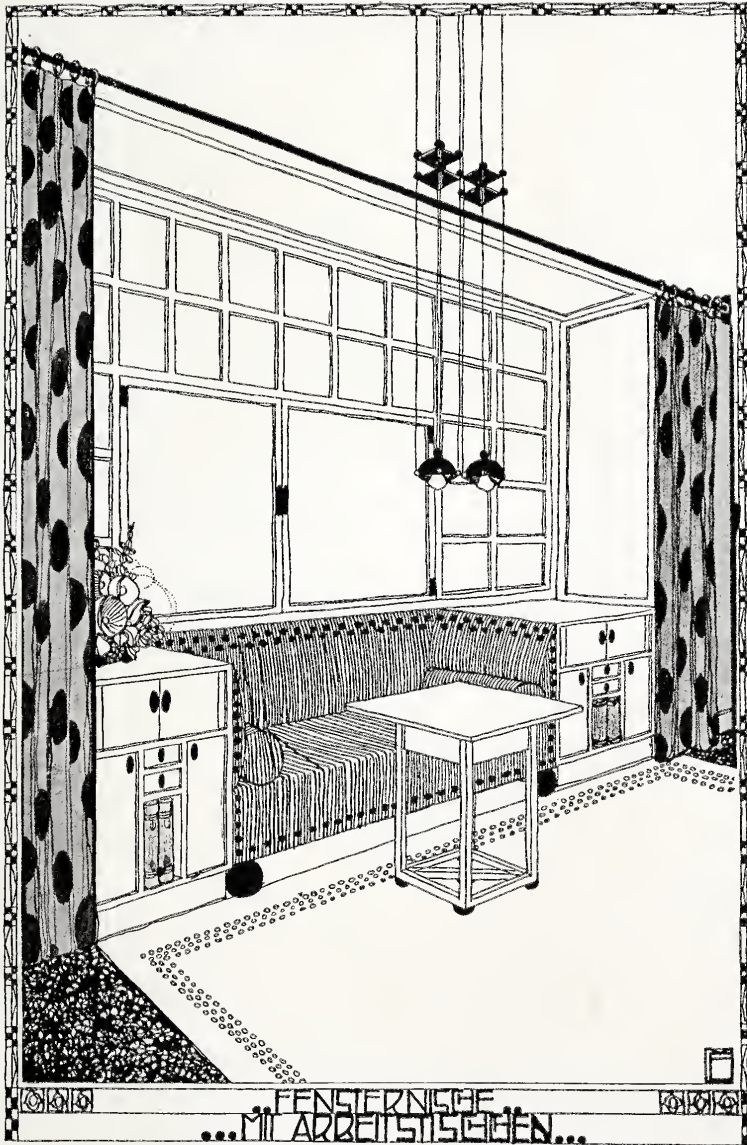
The idea in developing this form of willow furniture was to gain something based upon the CRAFTSMAN principles of construction that characterizes oak furniture—to secure a form that should suggest the simplest basket work and the flexibility of lithe willow branches, and yet be as durable as any of the heavy furniture of all wood construction. It is in harmony with wood tones and forms, and fulfils admirably the purpose for which it was intended.



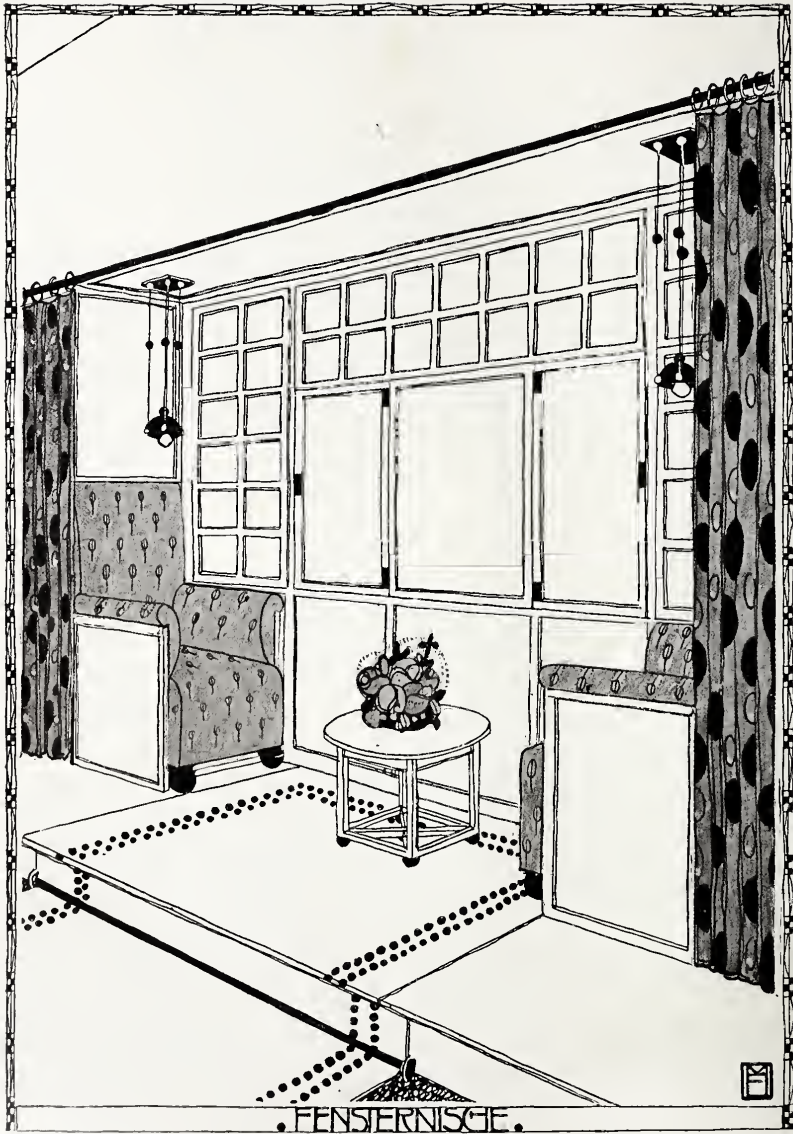
WILLOW FURNITURE THAT SUGGESTS THE SIMPLEST BASKET WORK AND THE FLEXIBILITY OF LITHE WILLOW BRANCHES.



THESE PIECES OF WILLOW FURNITURE ARE HAND WOVEN AND HAVE THE ELASTIC SPRING OF HAND-MADE BASKETS. THEY ARE UPHOLSTERED IN COLORS TO MATCH THE WILLOW TONES.



THE RIGHT USE OF A WINDOW
AS THE PRINCIPAL STRUCTURAL
FEATURE IN A ROOM.



A WINDOW THAT IS A CONNECTING LINK
BETWEEN A ROOM AND OUT OF DOORS.

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

IMPORTANCE OF INTERESTING WINDOWS

IN the body of the magazine we publish this month a delightful article entitled "The Romance of the Window," in which are given not only the symbolism of the window and the associations with which it is connected in song and story, but the architectural effect of beautiful and well placed windows considered from the exterior of the building. The illustrations given here show a simple and beautiful window in its relation to the interior as a part of the decorative scheme of a room.

This question of the shape and grouping of windows to admit the greatest possible amount of light and air and also to produce the best effect from an architectural and decorative point of view is one which is only just beginning to receive the consideration it deserves. The beautiful architecture of old times gave the window its true place in the general design, but of late years the deplorable tendency to put commonplace stock windows at monotonously regular intervals in the walls has done more than anything else to rob buildings of their individuality and to render well-nigh hopeless the best efforts of the decorator.

In every well planned room the whole decorative scheme centers in and depends upon one dominant point of interest. In most rooms this principal feature is the chimneypiece, but there are many rooms without fireplaces. No room, however, is without windows, and with very little extra expense a group of windows may easily be made the most attractive feature of a room, balancing and harmonizing with the chimneypiece, if there is one, and centering interest in itself, if the cheery fireplace is forced to give way to the useful but unbeautiful steam radiator. The windows shown in the

pictures accompanying this article are good illustrations of what may be done with very little extra trouble or expense. They are examples of the art of the Secessionists in Germany, which, extravagant as many of its expressions are, occasionally produces a thing so simple, practical and beautiful that it is well worthy to serve as a model for our efforts in this country. In the grouping of these windows the first requisite of effectiveness in windows,—that of broad masses,—is observed, also the proportions of the window as compared with the suggested proportions of the room would naturally give it not only the maximum of light, but have the effect of materially increasing the apparent dimensions of the room. As shown here, there is a very broad space which admits unbroken light. Were this enclosed merely by large sheets of plate glass, the effect would be that of glare and barrenness, which would be hard to overcome in the decorative scheme of the room. Were the entire window mullioned, the view of the landscape outside would be interfered with. As it is, the central casements are single sheets of glass and the windows above and on either side are mullioned into small square panes. A beautiful effect would be produced if these small panes were of the genuine antique glass, which shows an uneven surface and a tint such as often belongs to what would be called imperfect glass if looked at from the plate-glass point of view. This slight tint and irregularity would give some individual interest to the glass even while admitting the full amount of light, and the large sheets of glass in the center would offer no obstruction to the view. Another advantage is that, if curtains were required, these central casements offer

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

precisely the right dimensions for a sash curtain, which is, after all, the only natural curtaining of the window itself. Long outside draperies are a part of the decoration of a room, but if a window is to be curtained at all it should be with some sheer material that, while screening the room from the outside, admits the light and tints it to the color most in harmony with the general scheme of the room.

Another thing that is well-nigh requisite in a group of windows intended to form the principal point of structural interest in a room is that it shall be in a recess or bay, breaking the straight lines of the walls, admitting more light, and also giving the opportunity for window seats and fittings such as are shown here, and which are so full of suggestions of home comfort and companionableness. What could be more delightful, for example, than a breakfast for two served in a window recess such as the one fitted with the two armchairs. If these were placed in a window looking toward the east, at the right distance apart to admit a small table being placed between, it would give the morning meal a touch of life and sunshine that would affect the whole day. Or what could be a better place to lounge, read or work than the sofa window seat shown in the other illustration, with its convenient cupboards on either side, giving not only the table top at either end of the couch, but drawers, shelves and cupboards to hold everything required for one's favorite pursuits.

In windows like these there is not only the interest caused by the beauty and attraction of the window itself, considered as a structural feature, but there is also the sense of close connection with out-of-doors which adds so much to the restfulness of a room. Of course, the object of the four walls

of a house and naturally of any room in that house is to afford shelter and protection from the elements, but if this idea is made too obvious and the enclosing four walls are planned in a commonplace way, the room has about it a sense of imprisonment and separation from out-of-doors that in a short time gives a decided feeling of restlessness and discontent. It is wonderful how this feeling vanishes if the room has in it a large group of windows, whether recessed or not, that admits a broad sweep of light which irradiates the room and at the same time gives a wide view of outdoors. In the city, where too clear a view is not always desirable, there are a hundred ways of so planning a window that the sense of light and space is unimpaired, and yet there is no sense of being too intimately connected with the life of the street. There are so many kinds of beautiful glass and such thin, delicately tinted materials for sash curtains that a window may easily receive the slight veiling necessary to give the little sense of seclusion so desirable in a city house without cutting off any of the good cheer given by the sunshine.

Such a window would form the basis of the whole decorative scheme, which, to be satisfying, must be laid out in the first planning of a house. With commonplace lines and no interesting structural features in the building itself, the decorator is helpless, and nothing he can do in the way of added decoration can make the house lastingly satisfying. The only way is for the architect and decorator to be in such close touch that the entire scheme is practically one design. This adds, of course, to the initial cost of the building, but the saving experienced in furnishing brings the expense to about the same amount in the end, with infinitely more satisfying results.



*Van Dearing Perrine.
From a Photograph by Gertrude Käsebier.*

"NATURE NEVER DID BETRAY THE HEART
THAT LOVED HER; 'TIS HER PRIVILEGE,
THROUGH ALL THE YEARS OF THIS OUR
LIFE TO LEAD FROM JOY TO JOY."

Lines from Wordsworth.



THE CRAFTSMAN



GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XII AUGUST, 1907 NUMBER 5

VAN DEARING PERRINE: A NEW AMERICAN PAINTER OF NATURE'S ELEMENTAL FORCES: BY JOHN SPARGO



IN THE spring of nineteen hundred and five I first heard of Van Dearing Perrine. I sat with a friend watching the splendor of a glorious sunset over the Palisades, those towering cliffs along the Hudson. He spoke with glowing enthusiasm of Perrine as a young and unknown American painter, who had chosen for his theme the solemn grandeur of Nature's elemental forces amid the romantic, rugged glory of the Palisades. His enthusiasm was overwhelming and inspiring, for he was, I discovered later, a typical member of a small band of enthusiasts who hailed the new artist with unbounded delight. Later, when I saw an exhibition of Perrine's work, I agreed with their belief in him, for I saw that he had developed in his painting a strange spiritual quality that promised to add a new element to our landscape art.

Since the first view of his work in the New Gallery, I have been enabled to see practically all that Van Dearing Perrine has painted; to see him at work and to enter into intimate friendship with him. And now that I know something of the great religious purpose which inspires his brush, how every stroke is a reverent expression of his worship of the vital relationship which unites external nature to the deepest and holiest spiritual experience of man, I understand something of that force in his gloomy, dramatic, challenging pictures which distinguishes them from all other landscapes. Perrine is essentially a poet and a mystic. His attitude toward Nature is that of the poet seeking to interpret the mysterious hidden sources of movement and power, rather than that of the painter trying to convey a description of the landscape.

One summer afternoon, as we strolled through the little cedar grove and garden by his summer studio, on Long Island, I asked the painter to tell me why he painted so many storm-scenes. I was anxious to discover, if possible, why one so tender and sympathetic

A PAINTER OF ELEMENTAL FORCES

in his attitude toward all life should revel in the fiercest and harshest moods of Nature. I had seen him glorying in the warm sunlight, rejoicing in the play of light upon the foliage and watching with the enthusiasm of a born naturalist the play of the birds. Clearly there was nothing morbid in his attitude toward Nature; some other explanation must be sought for the fact that he chooses to paint bare, frost-scarred rocks, cold moonlight stillness, storms, menacing clouds, with hardly ever a touch of verdant green or the play of caressing sunlight upon the foliage. As we strolled through the garden he plucked a flower and held it up: "See, this blossom is wonderfully beautiful to me," he said, "just as wonderful and just as beautiful as you or me. But it does not occur to me to paint a picture of it. Clearly the best I could do in that way, the best that any man could do, would be no more than a colored description, a more or less faithful imitation, of the flower. That I do not think worth while. But to interpret the meaning of the flower to others as I feel it, to make others understand the emotions and thoughts produced in my mind by the flower, is another matter.

"So with my pictures of the Palisades. It is not my purpose to paint the surface of things which all may see, unaided by imagination. To imitate the outward and visible forms of Nature, to paint faithful descriptions of the Palisades, accurate in form and color, is a form of landscape art which does not make the slightest appeal to me. Great rocks, great trees, great rivers of themselves mean very little to me, except as symbols of a great Universal Power, and Eternal Vital Principle, which makes and shapes tree and rock and river equally with myself. It is thus that I feel in this great Power—call it Eternal Motion, if you like—something linking me to all the universe, even to the remotest star, and linking all to myself. When I feel that I am awed and reverent. The whole world appears to me as one vast miracle, and I am part of the whole. It is this stupendous miracle of creation which takes possession of my thoughts and compels me to seek some form of expression, as men have sought in all ages. Some have found their means of expression in poetry, others in philosophy; I find mine in painting. The tiniest grain of sand upon the shore, the humblest flower in the field and the single dewdrop are just as wonderful as the highest cliff, the mightiest tree or the fiercest storm. Back of them all is the irresistible urge of the Universal Impulse. Yesterday there was a storm. The clouds gathered, the wind raged and hurled everything before it, but I could not think of the storm apart from myself. It spoke to

A PAINTER OF ELEMENTAL FORCES

me only of the immensity and vastness of the whole of which I am part. What I try to do is to register a principle, to express something of that deep, reverent emotion, using such forms as seem to me best fitted to convey the solemn grandeur of it to others."

It is this feeling which Perrine possesses in common with the great poets. Byron, glorying in the thunder-storm over Jura, cries:

. "Let me be
A sharer of thy fierce and far delight—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!"

Of the same spirit is Shelley's fine pantheism, as seen, for instance, in the invocation beginning:

"Earth, ocean, air, belovèd brotherhood!"

and Wordsworth's poetry is full of the same feeling as Perrine's painting. From it might be gathered wonderful lines appropriate to some of the pictures. This, for example, might be applied to the canvas called "Getting Firewood," showing the figures of two men struggling up the winding road of the Palisades on a moonlit night:

. "With the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron; while far distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy."

Perrine is exceedingly fond of Wordsworth and loves to quote the lines beginning—

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her."

Yet, if I were to be called upon to select from the whole range of poetry a motto to express the spirit of his work, I think I should turn to Whitman, the prophet-poet who so stoutly sounded the gospel of "man and art with Nature fused again." The painter has much in common with the "good gray poet," even the broad, free treatment of his canvas suggesting the freedom of Whitman's versè forms. And both poet and painter acknowledge the—

"Urge and urge and urge, always the procreant urge of the world."

MOST of Perrine's painting is done in the winter, when the faces of the rocks are visible and the trees are stripped bare. Opposite Spuyten Duyvil, at a bend in the winding road, midway up the cliffs, stands a quaint little two-storied stone house.

A PAINTER OF ELEMENTAL FORCES

Formerly it served as school-house and church the needs of a small settlement down on the narrow shore-front. By virtue of an arrangement with the Palisades Commissioner, Perrine occupies this useful house during the winter months, the upper story, which was formerly used as a church, forming one of the most delightful little studios to be found anywhere. The pulpit and some of the old numbered pews form part of the furniture. In front there is an almost vertical drop, while at the back of the house the cliff rises like a great wall. A more romantic spot could hardly be imagined. In the summer time, when the cliffs are covered with vegetation, when the forms of the trees are made tame and uninteresting by their dense foliage, Perrine finds the place dull and oppressive. Then he hies away to Long Island, where he paints comparatively little, spending most of his time cultivating his small garden-patch. But in the winter, when the gaunt, gnarled, stark naked trees stand out against gray skies, when the river below is frozen over and the crevices and hollows of the cliffs are filled with snow, upon which the moonlight casts the spirit of mystery, Perrine lives in intimate association with all, an ardent Nature-worshipper aiming ever to express on canvas the result of his contemplation of the Eternal cosmic spirit. When the first grey rifts of dawn break the blackness of night, he is alone with the elemental forces in Nature's temple, and in the "solemn midnight's tingling silentness," he is there, a veritable priest and interpreter of mysteries.

Perrine's methods are as unique as his achievements. Most of his pictures are painted from rough sketches made in the open. In the case of his nocturnes, the sketches are made with white chalk and charcoal upon pieces of rough brown paper. These are transferred to a large blackboard in the studio, somewhat developed, and from there transferred to the canvas. Rarely is there any vivid coloring, most of the pictures being painted in dark, almost gloomy, tones. In combination with the dramatic conception, the fine daring and spiritual ecstasy the result is almost invariably remarkable for its realism. His "First Snowfall" and "Dawn—Stormy Morning" are notable examples of this intimate and forceful interpretation.

NATURALLY, having started out upon an almost untrodden path, Perrine found it by no means an easy one to travel. The sharp thorns of poverty and discouragement have been plentifully strewn along the way, and the grim dragon, Despair, has had to be encountered at every turn. Though the fact is not



Owned by Mrs. D. P. Kimball.

"THE TWO SHORES." BY
VAN DEARING FERRINE.



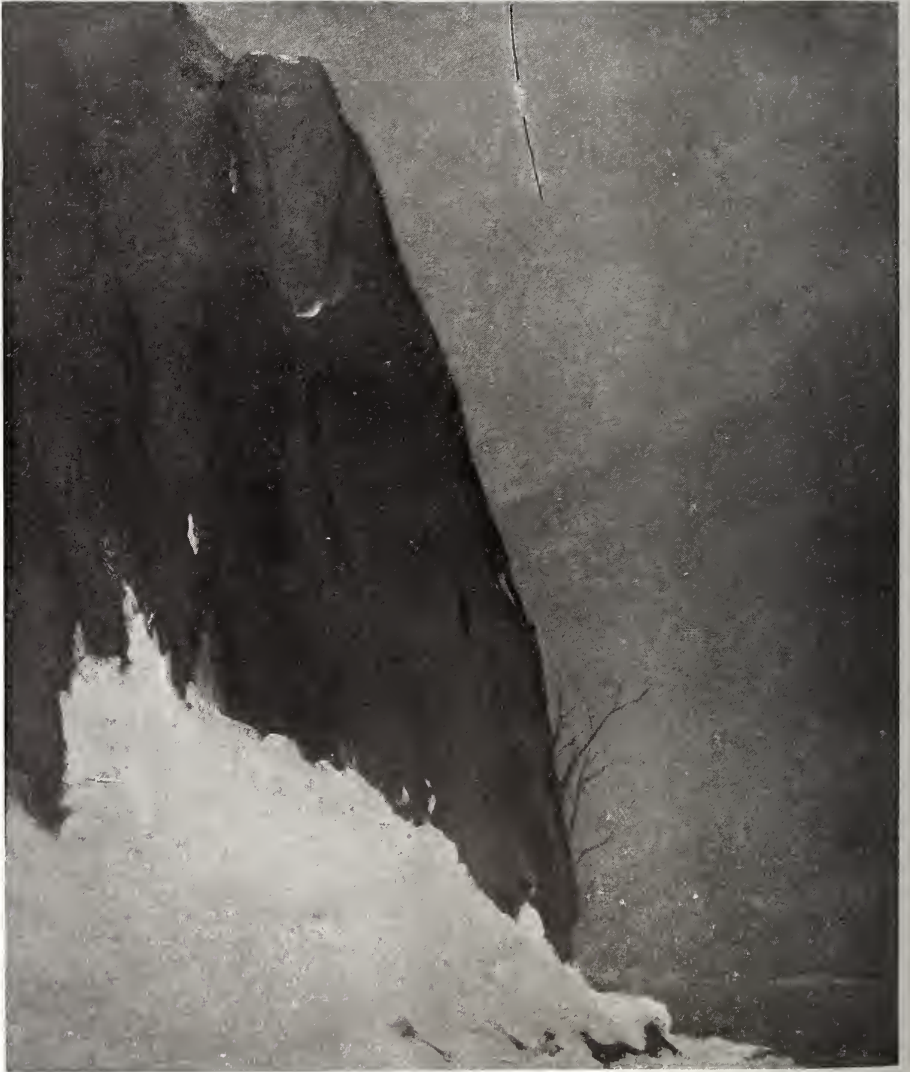
Owned by W. D. H. Childs.

"AUTUMN." BY VAN
DEARING PERRINE,



Owned by The New Gallery.

"GETTING FIREWOOD." BY
VAN DEARING PERRINE.



This Picture Is Owned by the White House.

"THE PALISADES" BY
VAN DEARING PERRINE.

A PAINTER OF ELEMENTAL FORCES

generally known outside the circle of his friends, I am not betraying any confidence, I think, in saying that he has literally staked his life in the struggle. A magnificent physical endowment was almost wrecked before the first dawn of success and appreciation. Happily, the physical ills were not permanent, and during the past year or two he has regained much of his former vigor and strength. While he has paid the price in suffering which art demands of all her children, he has not been in the least embittered by the experience. Calm, courageous and serene as one whose "feet are mortised in the granite" and who can "feel the amplitude of Time," he never rails or complains, but views his lot with quiet, gentle dignity.

Van Dearing Perrine is thirty-eight years of age. He was born in Kansas, and early experienced the poignant struggle of poverty. He learned the plastering trade and followed it for some years, dreaming the while of art. Fighting always against adversity and sometimes against sheer hunger, he reached Texas, dreaming of art. In Dallas, Texas, he saw a cheap chromo in a window, poor enough judged by the canons of art-criticism, but it served to fire his ambition and cause him to sail for New York. He was dreaming of art, and hoped to find some way to study it in the great metropolis. When he reached New York he lost no time in joining an art school, but after a little while found himself hampered and restricted there. Perhaps the school methods were wrong; he would try another school. But the results were the same. So he left school and went on with his painting, always feeling the joy of opportunity rather than of achievement. He says today "There is nothing in my work which I consider the best I can ever do. That part of my work which is best requires no education or cult for its understanding—because I have solved nothing. It rather requires one who feels the presence of the great unsolved—who has gazed out at life in hungry wonderment. Life is great. Art is itself nothing. It is but the wake of a great soul—the means whereby we may trace the flight of a great mind through our sky and watch its trail long after it has passed beyond our horizon. What counts is not the achievement, but the effort to achieve. No artist ever attains the end toward which he aims, for the effort serves not only to attain what was seen, but at the same time to produce a greater power of vision—an increase of spiritual insight and capacity. It is not so much the thing done by you as what the doing of it does for you."

Perrine belongs to no art societies, he does not bother with their exhibitions. The only body of which he is a member is the Society

A PAINTER OF ELEMENTAL FORCES

for the Preservation of American Forests. Each season he exhibits his latest work, and the event is always eagerly welcomed by an ever-growing body of enthusiastic friends. One of his most ardent admirers is Richard Watson Gilder, who has hailed him as "the most original figure in American landscape art today." One of his pictures hangs in the White House at Washington, another in the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburg and many others in private galleries of some note. Altogether, there is no more significant figure in American art today than this gentle mystic and Nature-worshipper. Whether we regard his achievement up-to-date, or think of it in connection with his philosophy and so hazard a guess as to the future that awaits him, it is at least certain that Van Dearing Perrine is destined to exert an important influence upon American art, and sure of an abiding place in its history.

AS A BIRD IN SPRINGTIME

AS a bird in springtime
Warbles forth its welcome
To the apples blossoms
Heralding the summer,
So my heart is singing
When I hear your footsteps
Call across the stillness
Of the moonlit garden.

As the rains of autumn
In the dark November
Weep against the windows
Of my lonely dwelling,
So my tears are falling
When you turn to leave me,
And I know the summer
Of our joy is ended.

ELSA BARKER.

BRITISH SUBSTITUTES FOR THE SALOON: A WISE METHOD OF MAKING THE SALE OF LIQUOR UNDESIRABLE: BY MARY RANKIN CRANSTON



WHEN George the Third was king of England he said to Lord Weymouth, then Secretary of State, "They tell me that you love a glass of wine." "Those who have so informed Your Majesty have done me a great injustice," replied the Secretary, "they should have said a bottle." In those days, hard drinking was considered a gentlemanly characteristic, if not a positive virtue, and the greater a man's capacity for strong drink, the more assured his social position. Prevalent drunkenness was due, in the main, to social customs. Every occurrence of life, whether an event of joy or of sorrow—indeed, the daily rising up and going to bed—was an occasion for taking, not one drink, but many. The highest in the land habitually boozed until daylight, and intemperance reached such a point that the whole social and political fabric seemed about to be dissolved in wine or preserved in alcohol. The gravity of the situation at last dawned upon the saving remnant of sober-minded English people, who, about eighty years ago, initiated a crusade against drunkenness. This was the earliest known attempt to stem the tide of intemperance, and, as since carried on, it has succeeded in revolutionizing public opinion.

There are not quite forty-one million persons in the United Kingdom, but they annually spend for spirituous liquors a sum equal to one and a half times the national revenue, or to all the rents of all the homes and farms in the country. The public house, the English name for the saloon with its barmaid, is as much a national institution as the Houses of Parliament. There is one public house to every three hundred inhabitants in England and Wales; in Scotland, one to every five hundred and sixty-six persons; in Ireland, one to every two hundred and seventy-one.

Whereas, in the days of our forefathers, the worst drinking was among the nobility and gentry, today the poor and working classes are by far the most intemperate. The fact that drinking is habitual among the women of this grade as well as the men is the most serious feature, for when women do go to the dogs the very uttermost depths of degradation are usually reached before the end comes.

At meal times, throughout the United Kingdom, a procession of women with pitchers, buckets, or cans may be seen going to some one

PRACTICAL SUBSTITUTES FOR THE SALOON

of the many public houses, never more than a stone's throw from their homes, and often not so far. As a rule, the omnibus, the favorite British mode of local transportation, has stopping places in front of public houses. From an outside seat on the bus top, especially in London and other cities, a full view may be had of the interior of the public house, crowded always, and on Saturday nights jammed to the point of suffocation. Old women, young women, girls are there; mothers with infants in arms, and not uncommonly with other children tugging at their skirts—little ones whose fretful cries are stilled by sips from mother's glass of gin.

Working men drink just as much as the working women. A manufacturer, an employer of hundreds of men, was asked if English manufacturers ever made any restrictions about drinking when taking on new men. His reply was, "No, for it would be impossible to carry on business if such conditions were imposed." He was almost incredulous when told of the strict regulations in regard to drinking that obtain in some of America's largest business establishments.

PROBABLY more temperance work is done in England than in any other country, but much of it is hampered by the bad judgment of well-meaning but misdirected enthusiasts who advocate extreme measures, among them the peremptory closing of all public houses. Suppose that public houses were suddenly closed before people were led away from the love of whiskey, so that even moderate drinking were made impossible? That would not reform men. They would simply turn from whiskey to cocaine, morphine or other forms of intemperance. Nor is it sufficient that pledges be signed or that victims of dissipation be abundantly prayed over; many years of ineffectual work of this kind have proven its uselessness. Drinking men are often good fellows, warm hearted and impulsive; an appeal to their emotions is apt to be temporarily successful, but it rarely is lasting, hence they need a better safeguard than periodical propping up. It is true that propping may do some good, but the only way to accomplish real reform is to remove temptation by the application of business principles to temperance work, strict supervision over the liquor traffic, legislation, and the education of children to understand some of the evil effects of alcohol. In short, what is needed is the regulation of the liquor traffic by the state, which already regulates labor questions, marriage and divorce, food adulteration, and like problems where abuse is dangerous to human progress.



Two Picturesque Substitutes for Saloons.

"MEYNELL INGRAM ARMS," HOAR
CROSS, BURTON - ON - TRENT.

"SPARKFORD INN," SPARKFORD, SOMER-
SET, TAKEN OVER OCTOBER, 1897.



British Substitutes for Saloons.

"BELL INN," WALTHAM
ST. LAURENCE, TWYFORD.

"BOYNE ARMS," BURWAR-
TON, SALOP.

PRACTICAL SUBSTITUTES FOR THE SALOON

It generally happens that a reform measure is first undertaken by private persons or associations, the state very properly not concerning itself with it in an authoritative way until its value has been demonstrated. The Public House Trusts of England, Scotland and Ireland are associations modeled after the Scandinavian system for the regulation of the liquor traffic. They have been formed during the past eleven years by men interested in temperance work and have for their object the provision of places where wholesome refreshment may be found, instead of intoxicating drinks amid pernicious surroundings. Their ultimate object is the establishment of real substitutes for the saloon, places for desirable recreation, which are supported from saloon profits, but located some distance from them, and entirely separated from the slightest connection with the public house, so far as refreshments and amusement are concerned. The founders have wisely recognized the social power of the public house, and, beyond insisting upon cleanliness and good order, have made at present as few apparent changes as would be consistent with the companies' purpose. It would be most unwise, and would surely kill the movement, for the trusts to so alter the outward form of management as to give their houses an appearance too unusual, particularly where they must compete with the attractions of the conventional licensed house. The originators of the Public House Companies hope that their method of conducting public houses will eventually lead to government control of the whiskey business in the United Kingdom as it is controlled today in Norway and Sweden.

Sweden was the first country to attempt state control of the liquor traffic. The Göthenburg System, as it is called because first tried in that city, has been conspicuously successful, and is practically a monopoly in the trade of spirits. The entire retail sale of liquor is taken out of the hands of private individuals and given over to local companies formed by responsible men whose probity is unquestioned. These companies in turn control saloons in accordance with rules laid down by the government, to which they make frequent, systematic reports. The underlying principle of this system is the elimination of private profits from the sale of alcoholic beverages, such profits going to the reduction of taxes and support of public utilities. A peculiar, satisfactory and quite unexpected development has been the coöperation of distillers, who have voluntarily aided the government in its efforts to minimize the harmful effects of the liquor business. Where the trade is absolutely divorced from politics, as in Norway and Sweden,

PRACTICAL SUBSTITUTES FOR THE SALOON

a distiller has every reason to assist the authorities to carry out wise regulations, and none whatever to place obstacles in the way.

JUST thirty years ago, after Sweden's six years of successful liquor control, Joseph Chamberlain moved a resolution in the House of Commons for the adoption of the same system in Great Britain, but nothing came of it, as the time was not yet ripe for such a proposition. It was not until eighteen years later that the movement was inaugurated. The intervening years had not been wasted, though, for the Bishop of Chester, the late Duke of Westminster, Tom Hughes, and men of that stamp had become interested and had given their support to the proposed measure for public house reform. However, it was Major H. J. Craufurd of the English Army who organized the temperance forces and crystallized them into the first British society, or company, for the control of the liquor trade. Major Craufurd's experience in the management of army canteens led him to believe that the same principles could be applied to ordinary public houses. Chiefly through his instrumentality, the People's Refreshment House Association, Ltd., was organized in eighteen hundred and ninety-six—a stock company which had the Bishop of Chester as chairman, the Duke of Westminster, with other prominent men, as vice-presidents, and Major Craufurd as honorary secretary.

The Association has prospered from the outset; so much so that, at one time, it was proposed to form branch companies throughout the land. But upon mature consideration this plan was abandoned, the Association deciding that it would be wiser to continue work as a single organization, yet to stand ready to aid in the formation of other companies or trusts (they are called both), with advice which would enable the younger societies to benefit by the experience of the parent association. There are now about two hundred public houses under company control, almost every English, and many Scotch and Irish counties, having local Public House Trusts.

As all are modeled after the same plan, the People's Refreshment House Association may be taken as typical of the rest. The first public house taken over by the association was at Sparkford, Somerset, one of the many picturesque wayside inns scattered throughout England, and precisely the type for an initial experiment. The only inn of the village, it is patronized not alone by villagers, but by farmers and laborers in the neighborhood. In the same year, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, two more were added to the

PRACTICAL SUBSTITUTES FOR THE SALOON

list. These were successful from the temperance standpoint, but financially unprofitable, a loss to be expected in the launching of a new reform enterprise. But by the end of the following year, the seven houses then under the Association's control made a profit of more than fourteen hundred dollars after paying off the loss of the first experimental year. Sixty houses are at present under the management of the Association, and the business has been profitable as well as useful, not only paying five per cent. interest upon the investment, but annually allotting substantial sums for public utilities.

The houses are placed in charge of salaried managers who must conduct them according to rules laid down by the Association. A manager is required to keep intoxicants out of sight, is forbidden to advertise or recommend them, but must advertise and serve promptly soft drinks, tea, coffee and food. He receives no profit whatever from the sale of liquor, but realizes a good profit upon food and non-alcoholic beverages. He has, therefore, every incentive to push the sale of the latter, and absolutely none to encourage the buying of strong drink. Liquor may certainly be had, but as it is kept out of sight there is less temptation to order it, especially as other drinks may be more easily obtained—drinks which the proprietor finds profitable, and therefore makes as palatable and sells for as reasonable a price as possible.

Where a public house is freed from objectionable features a more desirable kind of man than the customary publican will undertake its management, so that the Association has in its employ many upright men, who are glad of the chance to make a good living by developing the refreshment side of the business. Not a single manager has violated the licensing laws; instead, all have entered heartily into the spirit of the work for temperance, keeping good order and using their influence to raise the tone of the house. Perhaps their zeal is somewhat quickened by the very effective system of inspection. An authorized inspector visits each house at irregular intervals, without notice, samples liquors, examines the quality of food and non-alcoholics, takes stock of the cellars' contents, looks over the entire house and stables and then makes a report to the Association.

TEA gardens are established wherever possible, prizes are offered for the prettiest, best-kept premises, and luncheons and teas are served to motorists and cyclists in bright, cozy rooms entirely separated from the bar. A decided difference is made as to the accommodations in the bar and those in the refreshment

PRACTICAL SUBSTITUTES FOR THE SALOON

rooms; the former plain and clean but not attractive, the latter adorned with pictures, and flowers blooming in window boxes, and furnished with plenty of little tables and comfortable chairs, and in many cases daily papers on file. Sales of liquor have fallen off, while tea, coffee and food are sold in large quantities. It is found that even those who have been in the habit of tipping will order tea and coffee readily, when the cost is the same and the substitutes are really good. Eight gallons of tea have been sold in one house before breakfast; in another, where only intoxicants had formerly been sold, luncheons and teas were served to seven hundred and twenty persons during the first five months of company management.

Quaint, old-fashioned names for the inns have been retained—such as the Royal Oak, Hare and Hounds, Red Lion, Green Man, Norfolk Hero, Rose and Crown, Rose and Portcullis, the Plume of Feathers, etc.

Profits from the sale of liquor have paid for improved lighting, water supply, drinking fountains, district nurses, infirmaries, school funds, libraries, baths, and small parks. In one little town a bowling green for the pleasure of the villagers who are fond of the old-time but still popular game of bowls is supported entirely from the profits of the sale of liquor in the local public house.

While the consumption of intoxicants has decreased in neighborhoods contiguous to the Trust Houses it is still great enough to bring in a good income. If people *will* drink it is certainly a good thing for them to be the means of adding to the pleasure of the general public and to the lasting improvement of the towns.

In giving as much attention to the commercial aspect of their venture, the trusts have not at all lost sight of their great object, which is the establishment of veritable substitutes for the saloon. These may be of two kinds: either the public houses as at present conducted by the companies, or a place where both mental and physical refreshment may be had, absolutely free from association with liquor. The latter is, of course, the real substitute, but, so far, only one company has progressed far enough to make a house of this kind feasible, and even that is not yet all that the organizers intend to make it in time. True progress is slow, since it means education of the masses. And so, while the public houses under company control are today the most practical substitutes for the saloon, the real substitute, a place of amusement as popular as the saloon is now, will not be possible until the Public House Trusts have weakened the hold of whiskey upon the people.

THE LIGHT FEET OF MIRABELLE: BY KATHARINE METCALF ROOF



His clothes were old and thin and the wind was sharp. The hand carrying the violin case was numb in its cotton glove, yet the heart of the Signor Giuseppe Valento was light and his eyes were smiling as only Italian eyes can smile. For clasped tight inside that cotton glove was an opera ticket—a ticket for “Carmen.”

It might have been cause for a more ecstatic happiness had the opera been “Rigoletto” or “Trovatore” of blessed memory. But it would have been an ungracious soul to question so kind a fate, and the Signor was not ungracious—having indeed a most pathetic predisposition to gratitude and happiness. Therefore his eyes continued to smile as he walked along the ugly street where the dust blew in circles, and loose papers flapped dismally about in the cold dry wind.

From time to time he reassured himself with the sharp edge of the ticket against his palm. At the school of stage dancing where the Signor played daily and two nights a week for a sum too small to be worthy of mention here, the ticket, “complimentary,” had been presented by a member of the opera house ballet and had found its way by a circuitous accident to the Signor’s possession.

It was a long walk to the Signor’s home, which consisted of a tiny room about the size of a closet in a West Side tenement; so he decided to dine nearer by in a humble Eighth Avenue restaurant, which represented, by the Signor’s present standard, the height of luxury.

Having occupied as much time as possible in the consumption of his macaroni and coffee, he started out again, by a nice calculation contriving to arrive just as the hands of the clock outside pointed half past seven. Picking his steps fearfully among the horses which plunged blindly from the blows of brutal or incompetent drivers, and dodging the impatient trolleys and the unobservant, hurrying foot passengers, he made his way toward the family circle entrance. The rush and crush of the new world were still alarming to the old Italian even after the fifteen years or more that he had lived in it.

He was a little dizzy and out of breath with the long climb to the upper gallery, for he had little to eat in these days, even for a frugal Italian. But he was quite, quite happy when he found himself seated there in the glare and warmth of the breathless family circle. It was a good seat of its kind, in the second row and near the front. About him were many of his countrymen, gay, noisy and

THE LIGHT FEET OF MIRABELLE

exuding fumes of garlic. They were Italians of a very different class from the Signor, who, with his long gray hair brushed back from his pale ascetic face, looked like an aristocrat among them. Giuseppe was a Florentine and knew most of his neighbors for Neapolitans risen rapidly in this prosperous land from the ditch and the push cart to the proud profession of shop-keeping. The Signor's fortunes, on the contrary, had deteriorated, as is often the case with the foreigner of the better class in this country, which, a paradise for the worker with hands or the man of a shrewd commercial turn, means often a slow starvation to the artist or idealist.

THE Signor was not an artist in the highest sense, being a violinist of little more than moderate ability, but an idealist he certainly was, an appreciator of beautiful things and sensitive; not good weapons with which to fight the world, but qualities productive of happiness upon such occasions as the present. Therefore the Signor's troubles were soon forgotten in the witchery of Bizet's music.

The *Carmen* of that night—which was a partial explanation of the Signor's possession of the ticket—was not the passé French favorite of the public, but one *Mirabelle*, a young and comparatively unknown Austrian girl with a charming, even adorable, voice which was, however, distinctly small for the great opera house. She had a piquant, mobile face, whose charm was of suggestion rather than realization in the vast distance stretching between the Signor and the stage. What was not lost, and what grew upon the Signor's imagination as the opera progressed, with an absolute fascination, were the girl's little red-slippered feet. As he watched them, it began to dawn upon him that they were the most remarkable feet he had ever seen in a long and sophisticated career as observer of the feet of dancing ladies.

It was not merely when she bewildered the infatuated *José* with that taunting little dance that he felt their spell. It was that in every step she took they were so mysteriously part of the music and the words—such subtle implication of terpsichorean coquetry as the Signor had never dreamed of—a little step, a half movement and all the invisible shades of meaning beyond the spectrum of words were expressed. Ah, they were music, those feet, a delicate rhythmic music of dainty meanings!

The Signor was in an ecstasy. He knew music and dancing: Had not his wife been the most famous ballet dancer of his country? Ah, madonna, he knew the feet of genius when he saw them!

THE LIGHT FEET OF MIRABELLE

He went home warm with the joy of it. He did not even know that the wind was cold. The melodies of Bizet, the sweet, naughty child voice of *Carmen* were forgotten save as a faint background to the visible music of her dancing feet. You would have said that Signor Giuseppe, the opera lover, was not aware it was an opera he had gone to.

The memory of it stayed with him through days of cold winds, rough words and insufficient food. The gentle Signor came to have an unfathomable scorn for the unimaginative feet of the girls for whom he played, for when one has beheld the feet of genius it is difficult to look tolerantly upon feet of clay.

He knew that he must see those little feet again. But how compass it? The wretched salary of the dancing school barely paid for his scant food and the tiny room over by the river. However the Signor began to save on his meals and the carfare he sometimes permitted himself on the coldest days—for the car was usually heated and hurried him out of the bitter street into the half-warm dancing hall.

WHILE this slow process was going on a change took place in the artistic fortunes of Mlle. Mirabelle. A shrewd theatrical manager, realizing the commercial value of her piquant charm, made her an excellent offer for light opera in a Broadway playhouse. As her services were not indispensable to the opera company, the change was accomplished painlessly, greatly to the young lady's material advantage. In the smaller house her delicate art, lost in the vast perspective of the opera house, became more generally appreciated and she made that desirable impression upon the public and the box office known as a "hit."

The change was an added advantage to the Signor also, for he could now obtain a family circle ticket for fifty cents and study those inspired, those incomparable feet at closer range and to greater advantage.]

By the time he had acquired the necessary fifty cents a second piece of good fortune befell him. Another complimentary ticket was presented to him by a stage carpenter who described himself, as, by virtue of courtesies extended him in his professional capacity, fairly surfeited with dramatic entertainment.

What did the Signor then do with the fifty cents acquired by such painful economy? Spend all or a part of it on a respectable dinner or a pair of woolen mittens? Not at all. He had quite a different

THE LIGHT FEET OF MIRABELLE

plan. After a dinner whose simplicity might have put a fasting monk to shame, he went out in search of one Luigi, a boy of his own nationality living in the same block and employed by a florist to sell *passé* flowers in the street. That young gentleman having been withdrawn from an incipient fight with an Irish youth who had called him "Ginny," the Signor entered into negotiations with him which resulted in his receiving a large and showy bunch of pink carnations in exchange for the fifty cents.

This done he expended three cents more at the combination stationery and cigar store on the corner for a sheet of pink paper and an envelope. Then, the flowers safely stored in his cold room, the Signor wended his way to the nearest branch post office to write the letter which he had previously composed with much labor and a stump of pencil on a fragment of wrapping paper.

"Dear Mademoiselle," it read,

"I have seen to dance the great artistes of the world but never one have I seen with feet so beautiful like yours. When I watch them, dear Mademoiselle, I think that they dance on the heart of

"Giuseppe Valento."

This written and carefully re-read for mistakes, the Signor sealed and directed it. As the last word was penned, one of the other visitors at the post office, pounding his stamp upon his letter with his fist after the fashion of the illiterate, shook a blot from the Signor's pen upon his envelope. The Signor sighed deeply. It was his only envelope. He could afford no other. So the letter must go that way, sullied, into her dainty presence.

THE first arrival at the entrance of the family circle was the Signor, carrying his flowers carefully wrapped in a paper with the note attached. And beyond even his memories or his dreams was the dancing of Mirabelle that night! He almost forgot the excitement of his flowers in the fresh marvel of her little feet. The operetta was—but what matter the name—a stringing together of tinsel tunes upon the intricate thread of a futile plot—the usual entertainment of its class. To such appreciators as the Signor the little feet told the real story and made the music. They smiled, they teased, they simulated; they mocked shyness, they pleaded, they accepted; they laughed, they triumphed naughtily and danced off like leaves fluttering in the wind. They would not have bent the grass they stepped upon, thought the Signor.

THE LIGHT FEET OF MIRABELLE

With the applause at the end of the act he pressed close to the rail with his flowers uncovered. The moment had arrived.

She came forward bowing gayly and then the Signor threw his offering at her white slippered feet. It fell a little short and to one side, for the Signor was not muscular. They were not the only flowers, and alas, the curtain dropped and Mirabelle had not seen them! Two or three, broken by the fall from the high gallery, fell toward the center, and when, in response to the continued applause, Mirabelle repeated her last dance, she trod upon them and the Signor was radiant. "She has danced on my flowers," he exulted and asked no more happiness. But, as the curtain was falling again, Mlle. Mirabelle caught sight of the neglected pink carnations, and, catching them up in her arms, ran forward, smiling out at the unknown giver with her happy, kind little smile. Then the Signor was in heaven.

After that no more tickets came his way and he could only begin saving again for the next one. But there are degrees of poverty that make economy difficult.

One night he gave way to a temptation to visit the stage door; then a second and a third time he went, counting the wait in the cold as nothing beside the brief cheering glimpse of the gay feet and the merry face which never failed to give him a warm feeling about his heart. It was as cheering as a wood fire. The Signor saw, too, with the eyes of his heart, that it was a good little face and in his prayers he asked the madonna that no harm should come to her.

SOON after this on one of the nights when the Signor was engaged at the dancing school, the ballet master beckoned to him when the evening's work was over and told him that he would need his services no longer. A brother, recently come to America, was an accomplished violinist and would now fill the Signor's place.

Stunned, dazed, scarcely knowing where he was going or what had befallen him, the Signor went out into the icy street. A dry snow was falling, blown about in a fierce, uncertain wind. Too tired and confused to even think yet how he would get more work, with the discouraging under-consciousness of the bitter struggle it had been to find even this wretched position, the old Italian walked blindly through the heavy snow. After a time he began to think: he had the three dollars of his salary and his room rent was paid for the week. Three dollars to one of the Signor's frugal habits would last a long time while he looked for a new position. Three dollars—

THE LIGHT FEET OF MIRABELLE

yes, and the eighteen cents saved toward a ticket to see Mirabelle. With the thought of her, a faint sense of comfort came to the Signor, as the memory of the beautiful things has power to help the artist in his dark hour. With the thought came a longing to see her again. To watch the patter of the light feet over the pavement and catch that glimpse of the smiling face. It would somehow help him to bear this dull, cruel, new trouble that had come to him.

So the Signor once again bent his steps toward the stage entrance of the theatre to wait for the passing of Mirabelle.

As he stood there he noticed a young man he had observed once before waiting, and when at last she came the young man went quickly forward and walked to the cab with her, talking eagerly. He saw her shake her head. Then as the man spoke again, he fancied that the girl glanced in his direction before she entered her cab. The Signor could not hear their words, but this is what passed between them at that moment:

“Have you seen your latest conquest over there? Guess he hangs out here every night. No fool like an old fool, you know.”

And Mirabelle, with a quick glance at the boy's weak impertinent face, replied, “So, and you think it proves him one old fool that he admires me! You do not flatter me, sir.” And with a cold nod she had closed the cab door in the face of the puzzled youth.

Mlle. Mirabelle did some thinking as her cab creaked heavily through the snow-filled side street, and she had a trick of thinking quickly. It was a sharpened, thin old face she had seen that instant in the cold electric light at the entrance. The man looked—it couldn't be that he was—hungry.

She turned and called quickly up through the opening to the driver, “Go back again in that same street to the theatre. Drive slowly.”

As in obedience the cabman turned and went back, Mlle. Mirabelle kept a sharp lookout from the window and after a few yards saw a bent old figure ploughing slowly through the snow, carrying a violin case as if it were heavy in his hands.

Signalling the driver to stop, she pushed open the cab door and called out in her clear voice that was remarkably like a child's:

“Signor Valento!”

The figure halted, and looked about in a bewildered fashion. She called again more loudly, “Here, Signor Valento.”

He located the direction of the voice then, and looked toward her.

“Come here,” she called, her difficulty with the English giving an effect of severity to her voice. “I wish to speak with you.”

THE LIGHT FEET OF MIRABELLE

As he came up, wondering, she leaned out so that her face was visible in the street light. "You do not know me, Signor."

Belief dawned slowly in the Signor's eyes. "It is not possible—it is not—yes, yes, it is indeed the Mademoiselle Mirabelle!"

She gave him a keen glance. "Yes, it is the Mademoiselle Mirabelle. And you, I believe, are the Signor Valento who has sent me those so beautiful carnations, *nicht?*"

The Signor bowed. "I had the honor, Mademoizella, to throw some flowers at your feet."

She looked again and saw that his hair was gray. She was young, as has been said, and impulsive.

"Signor Valento, I wish that you come in here with me. You shall come home with me and have supper. Yes? Und we shall have then a little talk, you und I."

He hesitated through the daze of unrealized joy, and she spoke again like a young woman whose word was law.

"Come quickly, Signor. You do not refuse my invitation."

And scarce knowing whether he was awake or dreaming, the Signor stepped into the cab.

"I am wet with the snow, Mademoizella," he protested, "and I am not dressed to enter the house of a great lady." The old man hesitated as she motioned him to the seat beside her.

"I am not sugar that I should melt," Mirabelle's twinkling eyes reassured him, "and the clothes of men, they are all alike. So you also are a musician, Signor Valento."

He deprecated the association with a wave of the hand. "It is my profession, Mademoizella."

"And you play—where?"

In the darkness the Signor flushed.

"Oh, I play—you would not know the place, Mademoizella. It is but a school of miserable stage dancing."

After a moment she said: "So—and you are so good to praise my dancing. You know dancing, then, as well as music."

"Ah, Mademoizella," the Signor interrupted, clapping his hands. "But I have never seen or dreamed of such dancing. So might the angels dance in heaven!"

Mirabelle smiled in the darkness. "I know not of the dancing of angels, Signor, but I am happy that mine has pleased you, for I like to dance. You have seen much beautiful dancing, you say in your letter. Where, then, Signor? In your own country I am sure. Will you not tell me all about it, please?"

THE LIGHT FEET OF MIRABELLE

“IN ROME, Mademoizella, where my wife was the *première danseuse* and the greatest dancer in Italy, and afterwards mistress of the ballet and there I play violin for opera. In Milano, also, have I seen, and in Firenze, which was my home. Here, too, in this country, have I seen great artistes and many young ladies who study to dance but no one—no, not one have I seen with feet like yours! They feel, they speak, those little feet, they are the feet of an angel.”

The Signor paused breathless and Mirabelle laughed.

“You play in the orchestra in the opera of Rome, you say, Signor. Why, then, do you not play also in orchestra here?”

The Signor hesitated. “Once I have done so, Mademoizella, but with the Union I lose my place, and can never get back. One time I don’t join strike and ever afterward they are angry at me.”

“A strige,” Mirabelle repeated mystified. Unversed in the lore of the American union she did not understand, but accepted.

Then they arrived at the entrance of her hotel. The attendants, with the frank impertinence of the American hotel servant toward the unprosperous guest, stared at the shabby, apologetic figure in the wake of the dainty lady in rich furs. The Signor noticed it miserably, but forgot it when she smiled reassuringly at him in the elevator. And so cordially did she welcome him into the blue and gold glory of her reception room that it made the crude glitter seem almost homelike.

The Signor sat delicately upon a small stiff chair with an unhappy consciousness of his damp, worn garments. Mirabelle gaily flung off her fur wrap, disclosing a gown of quiet gray, but the Signor’s eyes going lovingly to her feet saw that she still wore the silver slippers of her last act.

Bidding him lay off his overcoat she ushered him at once into the next room where a savory smelling supper was waiting. Mlle. Mirabelle with her quick eyes saw the look in the old Italian’s face as he caught sight of the table and understood almost all that he could have told her. She had not always been as prosperous as she was today, and a warm heart beat in her light body.

SO SHE talked almost continuously through the wonderful meal, giving the old man ample opportunity to eat and small necessity for words. And when it was all over and the Signor was transformed with the food and the warmth and the happiness of her gay chatter into a new and radiant being, she rose in her quick, noiseless way and catching up his violin case pressed it into his hands.

THE LIGHT FEET OF MIRABELLE

“Play, play, Signor, I feel to dance. You know perhaps some dance of Hungary.”

Yes, the Signor thought he did and with happy, trembling fingers opened his violin case and tuned his instrument; then tried over the opening measures of a Hungarian Czardas.

“Yes, yes, I remember,” he murmured, and bowed into the melody, and Mirabelle began to dance, wildly, riotously, as those born to it can dance that mad dance. The Signor, intoxicated, played as if possessed.

At the end she threw herself into a chair breathing a little quickly, yet not out of breath. “So! You *can* play, Signor Valento! They have good music in your school.”

Then a shade fell upon the shining face of the violinist. “I would that they thought so, Mademoizella. But they have this night sent me away. It was for that reason I went again to the stage door to see you, that I should not despair.”

“Oh, it matters not,” returned Mirabelle hurriedly. “We shall find you tomorrow another plaze.”

The Signor’s smile was subdued and he looked upon the floor. “It is not so easy, Mademoizella; but you speak kind words. I will hope.”

“Yes,” she contradicted him, severely. “It is easy, I tell you—you shall see. They need yet another violin in the theater. I myself vill speak to the manager tomorrow. Think on it no longer, Signor.”

“Oh, Mademoizella, at your theater!” The Signor was breathless with the vision her words had conjured up. It was too wonderful to be true. He shook his head.

She nodded vehemently. “*Ja*, yes, you shall see.”

She could not know quite how much her words meant to the Signor. He dropped in his Italian fashion to his knees. “May I ask a great favor, Mademoizella?”

She nodded smiling.

“It is that I may kiss your little feet.”

She put out one of the inspired members with a delicious movement, smiling at him childishly and he left a reverent kiss upon the toe of her silver slipper. She rose with a little laugh and danced away, drawing off one slipper and hopping on the other foot while she waved her frivolous footgear in the air.

“Better still you shall have my shoe, Signor. It is yours to keep. I give it to you for one souvenir.”

THE LIGHT FEET OF MIRABELLE

For a moment the Signor stood staring at her as if he had not heard. When he spoke his voice was low and awestruck. "You mean it, Mademoizella?"

For answer she hopped gayly toward him holding out the slipper. The Signor received it as if it were some superlatively fragile object and stood long with it in his hand, looking down at it. When he raised his eyes she saw that they were full of tears.

"I have two other shoes, *bellissima Signorina*. I put this with them away. One, it is the shoe of my Maria, the shoe she wore the night she danced for the queen. The other is the shoe of the little Giovanna who died at six months. I put this also with them." And as one handling a sacred thing the Signor hid the silver slipper in a sagging inner pocket of his coat.

"*Nein, nein*, it is but an old shoe," protested Mirabelle, hastily. "Otherwise I would not give it, Signor Valento." And still hopping lightly on one foot she escorted her guest to the door. There he paused a moment and took both her hands in his.

"I have known you a beautiful artiste, Signorina, an artiste and a genius. But to-night have I seen more. I see that you are an angel who has saved an old man from despair and given him a great happiness. But best of all I see that you are a good and kind little girl. It is a hard life in the theater. May Santa Maria keep you."

She met his eyes frankly. "I thank you, Signor." She waved him a gay little kiss on two fingers as he turned to look back from the elevator door, but when she had closed the door she used them to brush away two tears from her merry blue eyes.

The next day the Signor received a formal summons to call at the theater and meet the music director, and having played for him, found himself engaged at once. He went away in a confused dream of bliss. The salary, complained of not unjustly by the other musicians, meant untold luxury to the Signor. It meant good food, warm clothes, perhaps even a warm place to live in. But above and beyond all these things it meant a veritable passport to paradise. For from his seat there in the orchestra could he not now see nightly above the edge of the footlights the divine, the inspired feet of Mirabelle?

SPONTANEOUS ARCHITECTURAL EXPRESSION SHOWN IN THE BUILDING OF AMERICAN HOMES



WHILE the skyscraper undoubtedly is the most significant expression in architecture of the salient characteristics of the American national spirit, it is also true that another side of our individuality as a people finds its widest and most spontaneous architectural expression in the building of the American home. For this reason we have chosen as examples

of good national architecture the dwellings here illustrated, which were designed by David Knickerbacker Boyd, of Philadelphia, an architect whose success along these lines has become so notable during the last decade.

It is but natural that the building of suburban and country residences should occupy a large share of Mr. Boyd's attention, and be the branch of work into which he puts the greatest degree of personal interest. He is himself a dweller in the suburbs, and for twelve or fifteen years not only has closely watched the growth of this feature of the development of Philadelphia, but has had the designing of a large number of the houses that go to make its residential districts so attractive. The possibility for picturesque and artistic treatment offered by buildings of this character makes a strong appeal to Mr. Boyd, who in his youth studied to become a painter, and has a natural aptitude for sketching. When he decided upon architecture, he welcomed the opportunity to draw pictures of long, low, rambling houses with wide overhangs, projecting gables, bay windows, and all the other variations to which untrammelled expression can be given only with the use of pliant frame construction. It was an outlet for that sense of the individual and picturesque in the building art which is so severely curbed by association with the building laws, inflexible materials and studied principles of design, that form so large a part of city architecture and of the more monumental work. So, while giving as much attention as was required to his larger work, Mr. Boyd's own taste and individuality has found its most natural expression in dealing with country and suburban residences and in simple houses built for working people, whether individually or in villages.

Mr. Boyd himself says that, while his love of the picturesque caused him to turn with the greatest pleasure to the designing of buildings of this character, he very soon discovered that a picture of a

BUILDING AMERICAN HOMES

house is one thing and its fulfillment quite another. Features of his favorite designs were "cut" and the plans "revised" until it seemed to him at one time that there could be no free play for imagination even in this class of work, or indeed in any art where considerations of cost were a *sine qua non*. Each lesson, however, has carried its own value, and each revision has convinced the architect more and more that the most satisfying beauty is based upon simplicity and the direct response to need, so that this has come to shape the character of his later designs, and is especially shown in some of those illustrated here.

ONE of the simplest of these is a residence at St. Davids, Philadelphia, which was designed to give much the effect of an old farmhouse. Any effort at intentional crudeness or striving after a primitive effect merely because it was archaic and "quaint" would have destroyed all the charm of this building, but, as it is, it has all the simple dignity of outline and proportion that belongs to the best of our old homesteads, and yet is entirely modern and comfortable in its exterior effect as well as in its interior appointments. The house was originally designed for plastered walls, but the material was afterward changed to shingle, which gives a modern effect to the house without sacrificing any of its general character. It is intended for a permanent home, to be occupied both winter and summer; not as a mere summer residence for people who spend their winters in the city. For this reason it is planned to have all the comforts and convenience demanded for a winter residence, and at the same time the freedom and restfulness of a country home. One old-fashioned feature is a hall through the center of the house, so that one entering the house from the driveway at the north may look straight through doors and windows which extend to the floor at the other end of the hall to a charming view of the country lying to the south and west. The effect of this, in giving the sense of freedom and that little suggestion of the closeness of out of doors which lends such restful charm to a house, can hardly be overrated.

Another charming house is a dwelling at Wynnewood, of the brick and half-timber construction that has so long been characteristic of a certain type of the English country home, and is now growing so popular in this country. The building is a long, low, two-story one, with the first story walls built of reddish-brown brick. The half-timber work on the upper walls is of heavy timbers, and these,



David Knickerbacker Boyd, Architect.

HOUSE FOR AN ARTIST
AT WAYNE, PA.



Dorid Knickerbocker Boyd, Architect.

SUBURBAN HALL AND
PLACE OF WORSHIP.



David Knickerbacker Boyd, Architect.

RESIDENCE AT WYNNWOOD, PA. : FRONT VIEW.



David Knickerbacker Boyd, Architect.

COUNTRY RESIDENCE AT
ST. DAVIDS: LAWN SIDE.

COUNTRY RESIDENCE AT
ST. DAVIDS: DRIVE SIDE.



David Knickerbaker Boyd, Architect.

A BUNGALOW AT ROBBINS
POINT, GRINDSTONE ISLAND.
REAR VIEW AND PORTE
COCHERE OF RESIDENCE AT
WYNNEWOOD.



David Knickerbocker Boyd, Architect.

INEXPENSIVE COUNTRY RESIDENCES.
REAR VIEW OF BUNGALOW AT
ROBBINS POINT.

BUILDING AMERICAN HOMES

as well as the larger gables, the porch posts and other woodwork, are rough on the faces and are planed here and there by hand, giving a pleasing surface effect. These timbers are stained to a very dark brown, while the mortar between the beams is almost white, with the surface roughly scratched. The roof is moss-green with the shingles laid in uneven lines; the color effect of the whole harmonizing delightfully with the landscape around it. One notable feature of this house is the *porte cochere*, which, instead of being the usual unsightly projection at one side of the house, is an archway under and through the house. The drive entrance is under this archway, and leads through a vestibule into the entrance hall.

The interior of this house is entirely in keeping with the character of the exterior. The woodwork in the hall is a dark Flemish oak, and has a paneled wainscot and a beamed ceiling with carved figures here and there. The newel posts of the staircase rise to the ceiling, supporting the beams, and the big comfortable fireplace has a chimney-piece of plain brick. The living room is also done in dark Flemish oak, with a built-in bookcase and an inglenook with a raised floor, which incloses a broad stone fireplace with rough stone facings and hearth. On either side of this fireplace are paneled seats, and the whole is separated from the living room proper by a heavy beamed archway supported on square posts. The long, narrow shape of the building lends itself admirably to an arrangement of rooms and windows that command the greatest possible amount of light and air, making it a delightful summer residence. All the windows in the house are casements filled with leaded glass. A large, brick paved open terrace extends along the whole front.

A NOTHER and smaller house is the residence of an artist living at Wayne, Pennsylvania, and both in material and design this is a charming example of absolute fitness in relation to its surroundings. The basement walls are made of small brown stones excavated from the cellar, and the exterior of the house above is rough plaster. The second story overhangs the porch and the line of the front wall all along, the intention being to extend the porch eventually both to the front and at one end in the form of a pergola. The roof of shingles is laid without any straight lines, so that a certain suggestion of age was given from the very start. The treatment of the whole house is unusually simple and direct.

One of the very best examples of Mr. Boyd's achievements in the way of simple country houses is shown in the illustration of the

BUILDING AMERICAN HOMES

bungalow at Robbins Point. This building is intended for summer use only, and occupies a rocky slope at the water's edge, resting upon heavy stone piers. Between these piers there will be placed a heavy rustic lattice, and the space back of it under the ground floor is to be used for storage purposes. As is usually the case with a bungalow, the ground floor contains all of the bedrooms, although there is ample space in the large loft for any additional sleeping capacity which may be required. The porch runs almost entirely around the building, and the posts and rails are the natural trunks and branches of trees, not trimmed too close. The whole outside of the building is weathered to Nature's gray, which, combined with the natural rustic effect of the porch and the rough stone work walls, cause the bungalow as seen from the water, its only means of approach, to seem almost a part of the landscape.

The only example of Mr. Boyd's public buildings shown here is a suburban hall and place of worship, which, intended as a meeting house for a denominational congregation newly organized in a country town which is to all intents and purposes a suburb of Philadelphia, is also designed with another end in view. In addition to serving its purpose for the present, it has also been made capable of use as a hall for the giving of lectures and other entertainments necessary for the life of the community, should its congregation ever vacate it to occupy a larger and more distinctly ecclesiastical building. As will be seen, the design of the exterior is excellently suited to their purposes, and the interior arrangement has been planned with the same care. The nature of the ground upon which the building is located is such that a wide cement approach with a buttressed stone parapet wall leads from the level of the sidewalk to the level of the first story or assembly room, and yet the basement stands almost entirely out of the ground. This arrangement of the approach not only permits the basement to be well lighted and free from dampness, but saves the unnecessary expense of grading and the distortion of the surrounding slope which such grading would naturally have a tendency to produce. From the approach and in the porch formed by the overhanging gallery, wide doors lead into a vestibule on either side. The floor of the porch is tiled with Welsh Quarries. Large windows filled with leaded glass appear in the front gables.

The cost of the buildings shown here range from four thousand dollars to ten and twelve thousand dollars at the time of building; naturally the prices would be considerably more today, because of the higher prices for labor and materials that prevail.

THE BOURGEOIS SPIRIT IN AMERICA: BY GRACE LATIMER JONES



RECENTLY, while staying at an inn, I met each day at dinner a young woman who is an instructor in English at a provincial college in Ohio. I remarked to her one day that there seemed to me to be no live creative force in late English and American literature. She met the criticism with indignation. "I think," she answered, "that we have a *grand* literature."

Some days later she observed, "I read once in an art journal that one should try every day to impress something beautiful on one's memory. I had not thought of it before, but ever since I have made a point of finding something beautiful each day, and of remembering it. I find this an excellent idea."

This attitude seems to me typical of that of many men and women in the United States who call themselves "cultivated." It is, I suspect, the attitude which causes the European to dub us, with some contempt, a "bourgeois nation." The exact meaning of this criticism is difficult to state. It implies that as a nation we lack not the facts that make for education, but rather the graces that follow from education. It implies that the appreciative, the æsthetic element, is lacking in Americans. Many of us, like the young teacher, follow some recipe for culture which we read in an art journal, and "find the idea excellent." Our culture is so self-conscious! We do not understand that the very essence of culture is an unsought, almost sub-conscious perception of some beautiful thing which at once becomes an integral part of one's life—but is never "remembered." The attempt of the young woman to "acquire culture"—laudable though it may be—is typically bourgeois.

And bourgeois, it seems to me—by which I mean, lacking in true æsthetic appreciation—the mental development of most Americans is. And yet I am not at all willing to admit that the American nature is essentially and necessarily bourgeois. The American is bourgeois because his institutions are for the most part bourgeois, and because he is ignorant of anything else—he does not know or understand what culture is.

The blame for this is usually given to our educational system. The mechanical part of education, critics say, is well accomplished, especially is our lower schools. Here children learn to spell, to multiply, to parse, with amazing rapidity. Yet in spite of this, assert the critics, our schools do not develop children intellectually—not even to the extent that this was done at an earlier time. The

THE BOURGEOIS SPIRIT IN AMERICA

foundation is laid for the successful bookkeeper and stenographer. Real mental growth is not fostered. Already in high schools the deficiency is felt. Philosophers and poets and gentlemen are not being trained. In our universities there is no genuine scholarship, no love and appreciation of intellectual attainment among the students. And yet any discerning teacher can, I think, point out several students whom, for lack of a better term, I shall call appreciative. They are not as a rule those pupils who take highest rank in grades. The instructors are well aware, and occasionally the students are themselves dimly conscious of the fact, that there is no recognition of this quality of mind in our educational régime. Students gain degrees and honors only for a definite tangible amount of work done.

But the fault is not confined to our schools and colleges. In the whole of American society one finds little true intellectuality, little appreciation of and love for the higher emotions and activities of the soul, which are so little recognized as to have no name in our everyday language, and so are very difficult to speak or write of. And furthermore, I believe that not only do these high qualities of soul not exist to any wide extent in America, but also that they are not to any great extent desired by the American people, who do not in general understand that anything wider and better than "book knowledge" is to be had in the educational field. Now book knowledge is all very well in its way. There are people who make a specialty of information, and these are to be commended as is a specialist in any more restricted field. A knowledge of facts is always useful and is often a source of great delight. But a knowledge of facts is by no means the whole of education, although in some quarters the two are thought identical.

America is a nation of men and women of affairs. We are energetic and active. We would be up and doing, and would at any cost avoid the epithet "lazy." Those who have no business make a brave show of doing something by making a business of fads and amusements. In activity of almost every sort we have outdone the rest of the world. But our leisure—what can be said of our leisure? The truth is that we have never tried leisure, we do not know what it is. It has been variously called idleness, amusement, time put into no profit. It is none of these. Leisure, it seems to me, is the opportunity of following one's bent and inclination as and when one chooses, without meeting with any effective resistance.

Now, although we are a nation of doers, I think most of us would choose to have given us now and then a few hours of repose, and the

THE BOURGEOIS SPIRIT IN AMERICA

way in which one would spend these hours would be a rough indication of one's intellectual and cultural attainment. Obviously the time might be spent in innumerable ways—in conversation, reading, study, writing, in music, painting, weaving, embroidery, or other crafts, in games, in smoking, in dreaming, or in mere idling. Of Americans it is true in the main that they do not know how to spend these quiet hours pleasurably, and that of all things they avoid solitude, when “time hangs heavy on their hands” when “there is nothing to do.” People without mental culture do indeed find time heavy on their hands with nothing to do. So they avoid these hours as best they may, and wonder how bookish, intellectual people endure life.

We have in America no widespread intellectual class declaring its devotion to the intellectual emotions, aiming to further æsthetic interest. There are intellectual persons, intellectual families, small intellectual communities. But a class—no. On no question, public or otherwise, can it be said, “the ‘intellectuals’ think thus.” The “intellectuals” are not a class honored or despised. They have no voice in public opinion. They stand for no broad humane or literary interest. They cannot give their support or approval to any school of art, music, drama, or poetry, because they have no *esprit de corps*. The people of the country do not and perhaps cannot conceive of an intellectual class because they have so little idea what an intellectual person is. They do not know men and women who feel and delight in the fine emotions of the soul. Such a one, it seems to them, could be but a bookish curiosity, with about as much life and blood as a veritable book-moth. What can he know of the world of affairs and realities?

So little, indeed, are these emotions and joys of the mind perceived and recognized, that those who feel them vaguely and are much shut off from others who have the same experience, speak of them charily and blushing, as if they spoke sacrilegiously. So seldom do we refer to them, that it is usually by some fine instinct that we discover their existence in others. Certain it is, that as one recognizes them more and more in oneself, others perceive them in one more and more. Those who look find their sign in faces, in a mere presence, in ways of speech, between the lines of formal correspondence, in the choice of a bit of color.

“But these finer emotions,” I hear some one ask, “what are they? How does one feel them? How does one satisfy them?” It is a difficult question. The emotion has many forms, many means of

THE BOURGEOIS SPIRIT IN AMERICA

satisfaction. I might suggest that it is sometimes the love of nature, as this is felt by the soul refined by knowing nature itself and by having absorbed and realized much that has been sung and painted and thought of nature by others. It may be, too, a similar intelligent appreciation of a sonata or of a picture. It is sometimes the thrill that accompanies a thought which comes to one alone—a very simple synthesis, perhaps, arising from one's everyday experience, which may fade from one's recollection, leaving the memory of only the thrill behind. So one is thrilled when one reads the thoughts one has never had—though they are so simple! And a joy follows too when one comes on what one thought long ago, and had forgotten; or when one finds one's modest ideas in the wisdom of the ancients. In a book or conversation one follows with another the strange winding paths of subtle human experience, comparing and agreeing, finding joy in the companionship. A wonderful sense of mystery gathers as one proceeds, and perhaps one loses oneself for the time in one of those vague emotional states sought for and lauded by the religious mystics. Indeed, this phase of life is very closely akin to the religious life. In some natures the two are identical. Whether or not they coincide, or touch, or either exists to the exclusion of the other, is a matter of education, of the relation of one's ideas to one another, of one's emotional experience. The emotions themselves, their results, are very like.

Mr. Benson, in his essay on "Books," has well pictured this side of life. "The mood has," he says, "little of precise acquisition or definite attainment about it; it is a desire rather to feed and console the spirit—to enter the region in which it seems better to wonder than to know, to aspire rather than to define, to hope rather than to be satisfied. A spirit which walks expectantly along this path grows to learn that the secret of such happiness as we can attain lies in simplicity and courage, in sincerity and loving kindness; it grows more and more averse to material ambitions and mean aims; it more and more desires silence and recollection and contemplation. . . . Such a mood need not withdraw us from life, from toil, from kindly relationships, from deep affections; but it will rather send us back to life with a renewed and joyful zest, with a desire to discern the true quality of beautiful things, of fair thoughts, of courageous hopes, of wise designs."

Such, then, is the life that I am exalting. It is a delicate, an intelligent appreciation of and joy in art, in music, in drama, in each and every form of beauty. It is, too, an intelligent and sympathetic

THE BOURGEOIS SPIRIT IN AMERICA

recognition of the good and the true in these. This attitude softens and sweetens life in all its aspects; it gives the mind poise; the soul, peace. And this is the phase of living so little known in America even by individuals, that it has no recognition whatever as one of the necessary elements in the life of a modern, civilized, educated nation. Every means by which this side of life expresses itself points to the truth of my assertion—the character of most of the books that have large sales, of dramas that attract large crowds; the lack of popular interest in the best music and art and architecture. Culture, civilization, is not measured, as it is to be feared some think, by the number of individuals in a nation who can read and write. As I have already said, I feel that the bourgeois attitude in America is not due to a fundamental deficiency in appreciation, but rather to a stone-blind ignorance in most communities of the emotional and spiritual value of culture. The statement made by those in authority that a university aims at “culture” as well as the teaching of facts has more than once brought discredit on the A. B. of the institution.

But what of the youth of our country who have yearnings for the intellectual emotions—if I may continue to use so psychologically contradictory a phrase? In most lower schools this aspect of education is completely disregarded. There is no time for it. It does not “count” for anything. In college likewise—there is no time for it. The students’ study hours are filled with the scramble of “getting over the ground.” The healthy youth must have some hours of physical exercise, and there is the “college life” too to be lived, a truly valuable experience, which may contain in itself some of the most important elements of culture. What with meal hours, and sleep hours, and sundry other hours, all taken together, the sum is already more than twenty-four.

Well, you say, what are we going to do about it? Are we to introduce a course in appreciation, a laboratory course in æstheticism into our educational system? I have no formula for the solution of the problem. I would, however, have those who teach, and more especially those who are taught, cherish in themselves the moments or hours of appreciation of the subtler experiences of life, to wait patiently, and watch diligently for the token of these in others, and not to be discouraged if they do not find it often; and even though they never find it, to preserve those moments in their own souls. Such experiences give one a sociability and sense of comradeship with, an interest in, oneself, that is invaluable.

These experiences are not, however, without their dangers. At

A WATCH IN THE NIGHT

best this is but one side of living. One may indulge oneself to excess in the finer exercises of the soul, and lose thereby one's ruggedness. One may become, as many of the mystics became, nerveless, and sentimental, and maudlin, and even degenerate. In some places in Europe—in Oxford, in Paris—the higher life grows on its native soil, and there one may best find it in its degeneracy and vice, as in its flowering beauty. We are after all primarily animals, and we have need always of the sterner qualities of life—courage, and pluck, and cheerfulness, and energy. If we are quite clean and healthy, these virtues are likely to take care of themselves. This other virtue, however, of which I have been speaking, needs to be fostered and tenderly kept alive if one lives, as most Americans do live, among people who have not large experience in the finer intellectual emotions. What could be better if, to the old-time American sturdiness, purity, and robustness, we might add these rarer qualities of soul?

A WATCH IN THE NIGHT

EVERY night—I know not when—
I waken soft from sleep,
And look out on the summer night
That seems a watch to keep,
And for a while I lie awake—
And feel a part of flower or tree,
Or floating cloud, or anything,
The cricket chirping, or the little bird
That rousing, takes its head out from its wing
And chirps a drowsy little song, then sleeps again.
And so it comes about I understand
A great deal that the trees say, and the stars;
And oftentimes it seems to me
That I rest better in that hour I am awake
Then all the seven I am sound asleep.

ISABELLA HOWE FISKE.

RESTORING HIS SELF-RESPECT: BY FRANK H. SWEET



THE Green Orange Grove and Improvement Company, advertised to clear land, set trees, care for groves, and do all work necessary for non-residents, was about to go out of existence. John Green, its head, had already accepted a position as purser on a Clyde steamer running between New York and Jacksonville; and Abner Green, the rest of the company, was going back to Wisconsin to resume his former occupation of teller in a village bank. The fifteen or twenty discharged employés had scattered in various directions in search of work, generally toward the North, for Florida was just now prostrate, with an army of idle men and no employment.

For almost the first time in the three days since the great freeze, the brothers were together in their office. John, usually so energetic and busy, now tapped idly upon his desk with a pencil; Abner stood by a window and gazed out across the blackened squares and parallelograms of orange trees, some not more than two or three feet high, and others melancholy with their first crop of fruit frozen. Here and there were the scattered, unpainted houses of residents; and just below, on the same street, the half-dozen stores of enterprising merchants, who were already advertising their goods below cost preparatory to closing out and going away. Less than a mile distant was the dark, irregular line of the pine forest, driven back during the past few years, but now waiting grim and motionless.

Abner turned away with a shiver. He and his brother had been very successful in their Florida venture; but their success was represented in some of those blackened parallelograms, now worth less than the wild land they had purchased seven years before.

During the past three days they had made a careful, unprejudiced study of the situation, and had decided that it would be best for them to go away. They could earn more and re-establish themselves sooner than by staying here. Later, perhaps, when the natural elasticity of the State should cause it to rebound, they might return. Of the hundred or more orange groves they had had charge of, not one was likely to remain. None of the owners would care to throw good money after bad.

Suddenly John tossed his pencil upon the desk and rose to his feet.

"No use wasting more time on the past," he said, decisively. "What we have to do with now is the future."

RESTORING HIS SELF-RESPECT

“Yes,” agreed Abner, promptly, “and I’ve been thinking you’ll have to start for Jacksonville to morrow if you wish to reach your boat in time for her next trip. As for me, there isn’t quite so much hurry.”

He took a bunch of keys from his pocket and unlocked his desk, taking therefrom a package of letters.

“I suppose it will be just as well for one of us to remain until everything is rounded off smoothly,” he said. “I’ve already written to our correspondents about the loss; but there’s another thing,” hesitatingly, “don’t you think it rather hard on them, after they have paid out so much on their groves and lost it, to have to pay us for work that does them no good? Suppose we write to them all that we are willing to call the thing square?”

John shook his head,

“**W**ON’T do at all,” he declared. “Most of them are well-to-do, and can afford their loss better than we can to give away our work. Besides, we have bills here and need the money to square them. I don’t quite like the idea of selling our mules and wagons and tools just now. We could only get a fraction of their value; and, besides, I am looking forward to coming back after a year or two. The country will have recovered from the shock by then, and business confidence will be restored. Only we won’t intrust all our profits to orange groves again, but divide them so as to avoid another catastrophe like this.” He paused, and then added as though in concession to Abner’s proposal: “There’s the old woman who pays us in small monthly installments, and the clerk in Cincinnati, and the two school-teachers—I don’t suppose they have much money to spare. You might send them receipts, and advise them on no account to sell their lands.”

“Why not?” asked Abner, with some surprise.

“Because they would get very little; and when we return with money enough to make a new start, we can reset their groves and charge them the bare cost to us. This freeze is only going to be a temporary check to the orange industry. But have you seen Dave this morning?”

“Yes; said his father was thinking of moving away in search of work.”

John laughed sceptically.

“In search of a dram-shop, more likely. We’ve offered him work time out of mind, and when he hasn’t made some excuse for not

RESTORING HIS SELF-RESPECT

accepting it, he has only worked a day or two at most. If it wasn't for Dave, the poor shiftless toper would often go hungry."

"I know it—poor fellow!" Then, in answer to the derisive smile on John's face, he went on, apologetically: "I've never regarded old Higgins in quite the same light as the rest of you. He is worthless enough, granted; but it seems to me we are more eager to hold him down than to help him rise. You know how it has been here; all the men, even the negroes, have scoffed at and openly derided him. Call a thing a dog, and it's pretty apt to be one. Higgins seems to have been born without that spur to ambition, a backbone; and, besides, he still prides himself on having been a gentleman in some far-off stage of his life. These two things alone are enough to destroy an ordinary man; but in addition to them, Higgins is still twitted of some obscure disgrace which has followed him down from Georgia. Got drunk and neglected an important trust, I believe. During the six years he has been here I have never seen a man shake hands with him or offer him any consideration whatever. Sometimes I have wondered how he would act if he were treated courteously, as an equal; or, better still, if he were given a position that implied confidence and respect.

John still looked derisive, but the smile had left his face.

"Who knows," he said, thoughtfully, "it is a queer world, very full of queer people—I can shake hands with an honest negro and greet him heartily, but I draw the line at a man like Higgins. Hello! yonder comes Dave now," glancing from the window and then rising hastily and moving toward the door. "We must make some arrangement with him today."

"About taking care of the mules and wagons, I suppose?"

"Yes, he is the best person we can get for the work. With Dave in charge, I will feel as safe as though I were here myself. Besides, he is only a boy and will not expect much salary. We can hardly afford to pay out much just now."

Abner looked doubtful.

"All very good if Dave would agree to it," he said, "but you know how the boy is about his father. If old Higgins moves away, Dave is going to move too. Whatever the old man may be to the world in general, he is everything to the boy."

"Yes," irritably, "but what *are* we to do? We have been counting on Dave as a sure thing."

"Can't do anything without counting the old man in." Then he stepped forward quickly and placed a hand upon his brother's

RESTORING HIS SELF-RESPECT

shoulder, for now a brisk step was heard coming up the side-walk toward the door.

"Leave this to me, John," he urged, lowering his voice, "I believe I can bring it round all right. Anyhow, give me a chance to try my idea."

"All right. Come in, Dave," in answer to a low tap.

The door opened, and a strong, well-built boy of sixteen or seventeen entered.

"I've come to say good-bye, Mr. John and Mr. Abner," he said, with evident regret in his voice. "I've brought up the saw an' hammer Pap borrowed, an' Pap he's goin' to bring up the other things in a few minutes. He was just startin' when I left. Then we're goin' to pack our goods an' back 'em to Orlando."

"Oh, no, I guess not, Dave," retorted Abner, good-naturedly, "we're making different arrangements for you. Somebody's needed to look after our mules and wagons and things."

The boy's face lightened with wondering, almost incredulous, ecstasy; then drooped with the recollection of the hard reality.

"I'm ter'ble sorry, Mr. Abner an' Mr. John," he said, striving in vain to keep his voice steady, "but Pap's 'lowin' we must be movin' on. We've staid here a right long spell now."

"But he's no call to be dragging you off to Orlando," broke in John sharply. "You're better off here. You've got five acres of land almost paid for, and another year you can clear it and set out trees. Your father——"

The boy straightened suddenly.

"Pap knows best," he said, his voice growing steady and his gaze direct, "he 'lows folks are gettin' down on him here, an' it's time he was movin' on."

John shrugged his shoulders.

"Let him move on then," he advised, "and you stay here. See how quick he will be coming back after something to eat."

The boy's eyes flashed.

"I'm much obliged to you all for what you've done for me," he said, the forced calmness of his words belying the resentful sparkle in his eyes. "That's what I walked up to say. Now I'll be going."

"Pshaw, pshaw, Dave," expostulated Abner, "you mustn't feel put out with what John says. Remember it was he who sent your father medicine when he was sick. There, that's right," as the boy's face softened. "And about your father now. I think he can be talked round. Is he coming, did you say?"

RESTORING HIS SELF-RESPECT

"Yes, sir; he'll be here in a few minutes. He's on the way."

Abner looked at John, who grimaced, then nodded a good-natured assent.

"Come, Dave," he said. "Suppose we leave Abner to talk with your father, while we go out to the stables and look round. I want to show you about the work and explain more fully what we desire. The mules must have plenty of exercise; you can use them in breaking ground, clearing land, or anything you like. You understand. Just take care of everything the best you know how, as though they were your own."

The boy followed him slowly, the resentment not wholly gone from his eyes. At the door he turned.

"Don't you go for to say nothin' bad to my father," he warned. Then he disappeared.

A few minutes later old Higgins entered. Abner was seated at his desk writing.

"I've come," began the visitor.

ABNER turned in his chair. "Oh, it's you," he interrupted. "Glad to see you. Take a seat." Then as the man stared at him, wonderingly, without offering to sit down, he went on: "We were talking about you just now. You see, the thing is just here: we want to go away, but we don't want to sell out. Mules and wagons would bring very little just now; besides, we may come back at the end of a year or so. What we want is a good, trustworthy man to take charge of everything while we are gone; somebody we can depend upon, you know. You have been here long enough to understand our ways, and Dave will be a prime hand to assist. Now why can't we engage you permanently to look after the outfit? The pay will not be very large, of course; but you can use the mules and wagons as much as you like. It will do them good. Take it all round, you can make a very nice thing out of it. What do you say?"

The man shifted uneasily and glanced about the room with a deprecating, half-foolish grin. Evidently he considered it a huge joke.

"I've come to say," he began again, when he was interrupted with:

"Come, come, Mr. Higgins; give me a direct answer, if you please. I'd rather have you and Dave than anybody I know; but if you can't accept, why, of course, I must look somewhere else."

The man's eyes shifted from the floor to his face.

"You don't mean, Mr. Abner——"

RESTORING HIS SELF-RESPECT

“Yes, I do mean,” with a pretence of impatience. “Will you take charge of our affairs or not? Remember I want a straightforward man on whom I can depend. Will you be the one?”

A tremulous hand which had been shifting uneasily between trousers pocket and frayed coat edge, now went up to the forehead in a pitiful, wondering way. Then the slouching figure began to straighten, and for the first time in his memory, Abner Green looked straight into the unwavering eyes of Dave’s father.

“Why, if you—if you really mean it that way, I’ll be awful glad,” the old man said, still in a dazed sort of wonder. Then, catching his breath at the thought, “won’t Dave be s’prised—pleased, I mean.”

He walked toward the door as though the interview were ended, then stopped suddenly and took a bottle from his pocket, handing it to Abner.

“Some whiskey one of the men got for me this mornin’,” he explained, still looking Abner in the face, “I ’lowed on havin’ a time But I don’t reckon your head man ought to drink. I’ll give it up. S’pose you break the bottle, an’ say nothin’ to Dave.”

“I will, and thank you.” Then he rose suddenly to his feet and held out his hand to this man who had made such a long stride toward his own level. He felt a strange, almost explosive elation over the success of his idea, but he only said:

“We have not known each other as well as we ought to, Mr. Higgins. I hope we will get better acquainted in the future. But sit down, while I explain the business more in detail.”

That evening, as Abner Green was returning from a visit to the stables, he heard rapid footsteps, and then felt his hand grasped warmly.

“I couldn’t sleep till I come and thanked you, Mr. Abner,” Dave’s voice said rapidly. “Pap’s like a different man already. I—I can’t tell you how I feel, but I’d rather a thousand times for Pap to have the place than me. We’ll never forget it. I—I——” and then with a quick sob he was gone.

And Abner Green, looking up into the still, starry depths of the sky, even with all the desolation of the great freeze around him, felt a warm, sudden glow, and went on to the office to make preparations for another start in the world.

MRS. BURNETT'S ROSE GARDEN IN KENT: EVOLVED FROM A CENTURIES-OLD ORCHARD: BY MARY FANTON ROBERTS



ONCE upon a time there was a rose garden more wonderful and fragrant than all the other rose gardens in Kent, or in fairyland, and whether you are a little girl who has lived in fairyland or an old gardener who has lived in Kent, you could not dream of a rose garden wherein there were more kinds of exquisite scents, more kinds of tints and tones of color, or more arbors and canopies and trailing vines heavy with perfume than in this old Kentish garden, which is a part of the beauty of the rolling land that Constable loved to paint, and that all artists and gardeners of all times have loved for its kind ways.

Well back in the seventeenth century a rich old squire, whose name was Moneypenny, as it should be, looked about him for a fair bit of land on which to establish himself and his heirs. His eye fell upon a specially fertile stretch of Kent with a fine bit of park for hunting, with rolling hillsides for orchard lands and a lift of ground for a residence; and here Maytham Hall was established, with all the outlying houses necessary for a gentleman's estate, with a laundry and bake house, and brew house, clustered in the shade at the edge of the park, all built of brick and red tile, with simple beauty now grown into picturesqueness under green moss and gray lichen.

A wide orchard on a slope of sunny land was bounded on two sides with brick walls for fruit trees, on the other sides with hedges and the shadows of the park trees.

It was this old orchard which fell under the observant eyes of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett shortly after she became the chate-laine of Maythan Hall. Its days of usefulness, which were many score, were long past; its boughs were gnarled and bent with age; not in many a season had it blushed pink and grown fragrant in May. Silver-green lichen had crawled over trunks and branches, and in the fall not a patch of red or yellow came to brighten its shadowy old age.

The Kentish gardener, a thrifty soul, who knew the name of every rose and every royal personage in the kingdom, was for making way with the old orchard, planting it anew with trees or vegetables. A dead orchard was just a waste of good land to his practical mind, and the relation of hoary gray trees to a flaunting rose garden was

A ROSE GARDEN IN KENT

an achievement far beyond his imagination ; but, though he had advice, and to spare, he had also a gracious discretion.

While appreciating the philosophy of the gardener, Mrs. Burnett differed with him as the usefulness of the old orchard. Her imagination was seeing it, no longer as a relic of the thrift and domestic instincts of Squire Money Penny, but as part of a hanging rose garden, the gray-lichened branches as supports for roses of every hue and scent, the trunk a background for crimson and white ramblers, the old brick wall top a sunlit bank for the more delicate species, the bare ground about the roots a meadow sweet where roses crept through the green and left an accent of color as they trailed from tree to tree and bloomed radiantly.

The old gardener mumbled very softly as he moved out of the orchard, and the vision of the rose garden grew. It became a house with roof and walls and pillars of roses, a "house" that let in the sunlight and swayed in the soft winds, and made wild sweet lure to robin and thrush, a home where the birds sang uncaged, where time was heavy only with perfume and melody, and in the midst of all, an old, old sundial that made one but forget the hours.

And then Mrs. Burnett smiled to find the discouraged gardener gone, and went away to her desk to write for rose books and figure out on paper the plans to make practical her vision of a garden, and, incidentally, to make a list of all the Kentish vicars of her acquaintance.

The garden is finished, and grown into great beauty for some years past—finished, at least, in the eyes of the mere guests and stranger: to Mrs. Burnett this garden will always be in the process of making more perfect. To quote her own words, "As long as there are gardens and vicars in the British Empire, there will be fresh and useful information to be had about roses and their various virtues and shortcomings, for the vicar is to the rose family what Boswell was to Johnson. Of course there are rose books. I remember studying faithfully, "My Roses and How I Grew Them," and "Surrey Gardens," but I regarded both these valuable books as merely supplemental to the vicars. When I wanted a new climber or a rose not ashamed to bloom sweetly and busily in the shade, or when I found the demon grub advancing in vast hordes to invade my fair "Paul Nerron" or precious "Mme. Ducher" I accepted an invitation to tea on the lawn and unburdened my troubles to a vicar, sure to be there, and never in vain. There was always wisdom and sympathy and practical first aid for the rose hospital."



From a Photograph by Frances B. Johnston.

THE OLD MOSS-GROWN LAUNDRY,
BREW-HOUSE AND BAKE-HOUSE IN
THE GARDENS OF MAYTHAM HALL.



From a Photograph by Frances B. Johnston.

THE GATE THAT LEADS PAST
THE LAUREL HEDGE DOWN
A PATH TO THE ROSE GARDEN.



From a Photograph by Frances B. Johnston.

THE TERRACE EXTENSION IN
THE GARDEN AT MAYTHAM HALL.



From a Photograph by Frances B. Johnston.

A WALL OVERGROWN WITH ROSES IN
MRS. BURNETT'S GARDEN IN KENT.



From a Photograph by Frances B. Johnston.

THE OLD SUN DIAL IS HALF HIDDEN
IN JUNE WITH MRS. BURNETT'S
FAVORITE WICHURIANA ROSES.



From a Photograph by Frances B. Johnston.

A CORNER IN THE ROSE GARDEN WHERE MRS.
BURNETT WROTE STORIES ON SUMMER DAYS.

A ROSE GARDEN IN KENT

AS MRS. BURNETT chatted, a memory of this wonderful garden came back to the writer, who had the good fortune to first see it in early June, full of color and fragrance, bird songs and poetry. From the wide porch of Maytham Hall we went down the paths with fragrant borders; we passed by the old brew and bake house, smothered in moss and trees and vines; we saw a real ha-ha, which the old Squire had built centuries ago to keep the deer from the garden, and then we came to a rosy laurel hedge and opened a low rustic gate, turning down a narrow path by the hedge, and we were in an enchanted place, a place of rose trees, of thick shade with roses dangling from gray archways. Wherever one looked were roses, however one moved the caressing fragrance of roses touched the face, and it was necessary to step most kindly lest roses red, yellow and pink should be trampled under foot.

By and by when you made yourself remember that there were no fairies for poor grown-up people you looked about to find the secret of all the maze of mysterious beauty.

Evidently the advice of the old gardener had fallen on unwilling ears, for through the rose vines where the leaves parted there were glimpses of the hoary trunks of old apple trees, gray with age and lichen, and overhead as the vines blew and parted in the wind there were boughs of apple trees, every twist and gnarled elbow a wider foothold for blossoms and buds and shining leaves. Not a tree ruthlessly removed, and all, from topmost twig to root, twined about, draped and hidden with roses of every rare tint and exuberant richness of hue. Where the trees grew close enough the roses spread across from bough to bough, forming arbors of trailing bloom, or where the shade from the vines was too dense, a few boughs of a tree were gone and the stump and roots a mass of foliage and luscious, fragile flowers. It was as though the trees had been planted and had grown for centuries, and died and grayed away just as a framework for this magical garden.

From brick wall to ancient park, not a spot unfilled with beauty. The old wall, with its rich cargo of apricots and pears trained to rest close to the sunny surface, was topped all its picturesque length with more roses that grew to an arrogant size and beauty out in the constant sunlight. And each gateway and arch hid every day usefulness under a Rambler rose, crimson or pink. One entire apple tree was a bower of "Paul Carmine-Pillar" roses, another was caressingly obscured with the sweetness of "Mama Cochet." Then, together and separately, growing in luxurious abandon, were the "Mme.

A ROSE GARDEN IN KENT

Ducher," "Prince Arthur," "Paul Nerron," the "Duke" of Connaught," the lovely cream-white "Cora," the glowing-red "Louis Philippe," the coppery-pink "Mme. Kesal"—the despair and ecstasy of all the vicars—and the "Viscountess Folkestone," in fact, roses from the best society of every garden in the land.

Many of them, as the "Louis Philippe," the "Lauret Mesamy" and the "Wichuriana," begin their lovely blossoming with the first days of spring and keep up the good work until Christmas Day. The Wichuriana rose is one of Mrs. Burnett's great favorites. It will either creep or climb at her command, so that it rests in the grass at her feet when she works in the rose garden, and trails through the trees over her head when she stops to listen to the low song of her pet robin.

Besides Mrs. Burnett's writing table and rustic chair, there are no furnishings in the garden but the centuries-old sundial, weather-worn and weather stained and hidden knee deep in June by the favorite Wichuriana, the lovely bloom in piquant contrast with the soft old tones of the dial—which bit of antiquity Mrs. Burnett regards wholly in relation to the roses, never to the sun. And she is right, one does not consider time in the rose garden. It is a place in which to loaf and invite your soul. It is for poets and birds, dreamers of dreams, tellers of fairy stories, and Mrs. Burnett. The dial may have been utilitarian in the Squire's day; but to Mrs. Burnett it is just a part of her completed dream of a rose garden.

WITH such a hanging garden of roses as this possible, just born of an old orchard and the wisdom of vicars, why have we of all centuries and climes gone on making rose gardens as vineyards are planted, as if for revenue only; long walks of roses, through which one passed but did not tarry—with perhaps occasionally an arbor or a vine hidden porch? If roses are for more than gifts or table ornament or landscape gardening, then the world has been blind indeed, and it has remained for Mrs. Burnett to see visions in company with the poets and musicians and dreamers of all times.

But in the making of a rose garden it is not all dreaming to the tune of robin calls, there is a practical side indeed to be considered, just as in housekeeping in the loveliest house. There is food to be provided for the roses, plenty of it and the right sort, and winter care, and the constant battle with the evil spirit of the garden, the rose grub.

"Roses are great feeders," Mrs. Burnett says. "They are greedy beyond almost any flowers. Even when the soil is most

A ROSE GARDEN IN KENT

carefully prepared for them at the start and renewed regularly from season to season, the best blooms are from the best-fed plants. And in the fall they are fed for the long winter rest, roots and lower stalks covered with a rich mulch, which in the springtime is spaded into the soil about the roots. Our English roses have an easy winter and are vigorous in the spring, because we seldom have the bitter stinging cold of America. So that the fall feeding is about all the winter courtesies they require of us."

In spite of the fact that President Roosevelt has frightened us all so badly with regard to Nature stories, one feels somehow that an English robin would not lend itself to a misleading tale, and when Mrs. Burnett said to the guests in her garden, "if you will keep very still my robin will come and sing to you," the guests grew quiveringly silent, and waited with a distinct thrill for the final delight of fairyland.

"Very still," said Mrs. Burnett, warningly, "for our ordinary stillness is a commotion to the robins."

A quiver in the leaves overhead, a fine thin twittering sound from under swaying roses, an answer from Mrs. Burnett that seemed but an echo of the robin's note, and then the fullest carol of the robin in blossom-time, a melody that always seems the color of apple-blossoms. After the song of welcome the robin flitted from bough to bough, even alighted on the table, "talking" pleasantly and hospitably; but the little final intimacies of real friendship were not for strangers to witness. When alone in the garden the robin would sing for Mrs. Burnett the soft throat song of mating time, and hop upon her shoulder or garden hat, and converse tenderly in slender robin tones.

"We are just two robins together," Mrs. Burnett said, and you feel that the sting of the President's point of view is forever wiped out by this sincerely dramatic little bird.

After the robin had flown back into the vines, our hands were filled with roses and we were led away out in the park to rest under the shade of the Fairy Tree, leaves of which were given to us all to bring true the dearest wish of our hearts.

HIS MESSAGE

HE CAME with good tidings, it is true,
But they were good tidings only to the poor.
For us, who are content to be rich while our brethren suffer want
There was not a word of cheer in all His message.

“Come unto Me, and I will give you rest,” was His cry,
But he addressed it only to them that “labor and are heavy laden.”
To us, who have never done for a single day our share of the work
of the world,
There comes no such invitation.

From “Plain Talk,” by Ernest Crosby.

LOVE AND LABOR

Labor is the house that love dwells in.

RUSSIAN PROVERB.

HOW shall I love my fellow men?
With ineffectual talk?
By dropping honey from my pen,
And sighing as I walk?

Nay, rather love thy neighbor
By working hard and well,
For in the house of labor
It pleaseth love to dwell.

Love him with hammer, saw, and knife,
With axe and pick and spade.
Love him and doubly bless his life
With all thy hands have made.

Thus loving each his neighbor,
Bear one another's load,
For in the house of labor
Love maketh her abode.

From “Swords and Plowshares,” by Ernest Crosby.

HOW AN ARCHÆOLOGIST BECAME A CRAFTSMAN AND DEVELOPED A NEW ART-INDUSTRY: BY EDWARD W. HOCKER



MID the manifold forms of adornment employed in Pennsylvania's magnificent new Capitol, at Harrisburg, not the least interesting is the Moravian tiling, stretching like a great rug through the corridors and across the rotunda. This tiling is the product of long years of experimenting by Henry C. Mercer, one of the foremost archæologists of Pennsylvania, who has sought to reproduce the best features of an ancient and almost forgotten art. In the new Capitol he has had an opportunity for the first time to develop his ideas upon an elaborate scale, and the result has elicited much warm commendation.

The chief point of distinction between the Moravian tiling and that which is in ordinary use is that in the former the mosaic is not formed of a large number of small squares, but comprises a limited number of units of clay of irregular form. The new tiling can best be likened to the stained glass window. The size and shape of each tile is determined by its position in the mosaic and by the color which it represents in the make-up of the entire design. As the bands of lead which join the fragments in the stained glass window are made to form part of the general effect, so in the tiling the cement joints enter prominently into the general scheme of the decoration, no attempt being made to minimize them, as in ordinary tiling.

The floor comprises a series of about four hundred plaques or mosaics, representing incidents typical of the history of Pennsylvania and the life of its inhabitants. To portray the work of the people rather than wars and treaties was Mr. Mercer's aim. The various designs show Indians making fire, chipping arrow heads, paddling a canoe, smoking tobacco, cultivating corn; the colonists cutting down the forest, building a log cabin, spinning, weaving and cooking; then the discovery of coal, iron and petroleum, and the operation of the iron industries, oil wells, locomotives and various manufactures, and finally the telegraph, electric railway and automobile. Various kinds of trees, birds and animals found in the state are also depicted, and in several groups noted historical incidents that occurred in the state are portrayed.

These mosaics, most of which are about five feet in diameter, are made of clay colored in subdued tones of brown, yellow, red, green, gray and blue. The background is formed of small red tiles. There

MORAVIAN TILES

is no border or band of any kind as a framework. The dull-colored, rough pavement is rendered the more striking by reason of its contrast with the walls, which are of highly polished white marble.

Mr. Mercer evolved this new form of tile pavement as a consequence of his devotion to a hobby that beguiled long weeks of physical infirmity. He was formerly curator of the Archæological Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia, but was forced to give up that position because of sickness. He then retired to his home near Doylestown, about twenty-five miles from Philadelphia, and devoted himself leisurely to the collection of all manner of implements that had been used in America since the beginning of history. This collection he presented to the Bucks County Historical Society, whose museum is in Doylestown, and then he made a duplicate collection for his own home.

While gathering these relics of the past, he became interested in the pottery of the early German settlers of Pennsylvania, among whom were the Moravians. Formerly many small potteries were in operation in the rural districts of Eastern Pennsylvania, and a crude art was developed in the coloring and decorating of various homely utensils in use in every farmhouse. The land of the Pennsylvania Germans is famous for its pies, and the potters of this people strove to make their pie plates the most beautiful specimens of their craft. Apple-butter crocks, flower pots and many kinds of bowls and pans were made from the rich red clay that abounds in Bucks, Montgomery and Berks counties. Mottoes and Biblical phrases were inscribed upon the pottery, and flowers, Biblical and historical scenes.

Besides the pottery, Mr. Mercer also made a thorough study of the old German stoves, which were ornamented in a manner similar to the pottery. These stoves consisted simply of five plates of cast iron, each two feet square.

AS HIS collection grew, Mr. Mercer conceived the idea of developing the good features of this early German art, as exemplified in the pottery and the stoves, so that it might be useful today. After much search he found an old German at Rockhill, an isolated part of Bucks County, who still operated one of the ancient potteries. With him Mr. Mercer obtained work as a laborer and was employed at the pottery for several weeks, mastering all details of the craft as it was then conducted.

He found, however, that the art of producing the glazing and many of the remarkable color effects in red and yellow, for which

MORAVIAN TILES

the old utensils were noted, seemed to have been lost. He therefore built a pottery at his home and began to experiment for the reproduction of colors.

His efforts for a long time were without the desired results. Then he arranged to visit the potteries in the Black Forest of Germany and endeavor to learn the secret of their colors. He had already bought his ticket for the voyage when the very colors for which he had been seeking were unexpectedly produced in an entire kiln of tiles. Realizing that now he was on the right track, he cancelled the arrangements for the journey abroad, and he was soon able to color his tiles just as he desired.

Since then Mr. Mercer has devoted himself to art tile work. Eventually he sought inspiration for his designs not only from the ancient Pennsylvania German pottery and stove plates, but also from the tiles and pavements in the old abbeys and monasteries of England, Scotland and Ireland, as well as from the tiling of the Persians and Arabians and the various famous examples of this art in Rome, Madrid and Paris.

In the course of his experiments, Mr. Mercer's health broke down several times, and he was compelled to alternate periods of work with long intervals of rest. His studio and workshop are in a large and picturesque building on the lawn surrounding his home. There he delights to expound to his friends his theories of the use of clay in art. He admits that all has not been smooth sailing in his endeavor to disseminate his ideas, because his tiles are made by hand and therefore lack the perfect proportions of machine-made tiles; but this fact, he asserts, gives his work individuality.

Relative to the Capitol designs, Mr. Mercer said: "What the observer sees is in no sense a picture, but is always intended to be a decoration. The drawing is simplified to the last degree, so as to satisfy the clay process. The colors of men, animals and objects are fantastic and by no means realistic. The skies may be red, water black, trees yellow. It matters not. Is the meaning expressed? Granted that the colors are harmonious. That is all we ask."

A FIFTEEN-HUNDRED-DOLLAR HOME THAT IS BOTH BEAUTIFUL AND COMFORTABLE

THE attractive little house shown in the accompanying illustrations grew out of the longings of a certain bachelor maid for a home which should be all that the name implies, shelter, adaptation to peculiar needs, a restful refuge in hours of quiet, and in refinement of tone and furnishing an inspiration to thought and work.

The site selected was a green knoll, the declivity of which slopes to the edge of a clear, spring-fed brook. On all sides the land sweeps away in undulating meadow to a wooded boundary, high enough to shut out unpicturesque innovations, but sufficiently far removed toward the west to enhance, with purple and olive tones, the glories of a sunset. The quiet and seclusion of the place meets the requirements of uninterrupted labor along artistic lines, and the flag-station of one of our well-known roads, but a few minutes' walk from the house, gives ready access to the business center of a city some seven miles distant.

It was the desire of the owner, while building a new house, to attain the harmony with its rural environment which age gives to an unpainted building entrusted to its varied processes. She laid her ideas before a friend, interested in artistic architecture, who evolved for her the new old house which is studio and workshop as well as home.

The floor plans here given have compactness, yet sufficient irregularity to avoid monotony. The roof has no complication of lines. The long dormer near the corner and the low wide one between the ridge and the porch eaves accentuate, rather than detract from, the

sheltering length. The little room intended for the fireplace wood carries down a balancing line, and the low, broad effect is attained. The roof holds so large a proportion of the expression that it might almost be said a successful roof assures a successful building.

The foundations, chimney and one corner of the main building are of field stones, taken from the land in the immediate vicinity. The stone work is carried above the level of the cement floor of the porch, forming pedestals for the porch columns. It is carried also to the stool of the high window over the seat in the living room. Before thoroughly set, the cement was scraped and dug out of the interstices, leaving the stones in relief, their natural color and shape.

New material of good quality was used for timbers, joists, studding, rafters and sheathing, and all the outside walls covered with building paper to insure warmth. A finish which does not mar the landscape with a too obtrusive coloring was found in boards of Nature's preparation. There were many of these weathered boards on the farm fences in the neighborhood, the north sides of which were adorned in quaint design with lovely pale green lichen, and which were obtainable for about the price of common lumber. As they had withstood the onslaughts of Michigan summers and winters for many years, with apparently little deterioration, it was decided, in view of their appealing beauty, to test their lasting qualities, so, with careful handling, they were used as the outside covering of the first story. The supports of the porch roof are made of studs, cased with these boards, between which lattice panels are introduced just above a line



Exterior Views of Fifteen Hundred Dollar House.

"FOUNDATION, CHIMNEY AND ONE CORNER OF MAIN BUILDING ARE OF FIELD STONE FOUND IN THE MEADOWS NEAR BY."

"THE SITE IS A GREEN KNOLL, WHICH SLOPES TO THE EDGE OF A SPRING-FED BROOK."



"THERE ARE CASEMENTS EITHER SIDE OF THE
FIREPLACE AND ONE OVER THE INGLENOOK."

BUILT-IN WINDOW SEATS AFFORDING
WIDE VISTAS OF MEADOW LANDS
ARE A FEATURE OF THIS HOME.

A FIFTEEN-HUNDRED-DOLLAR HOUSE

conforming with the top of the wainscoting on the inside of the porch. The ceiling and the wall above the wainscoting are plastered with cement and lime mortar.

The walls of the upper story appear chiefly in the gables. These are finished with cement plaster, divided into panels by lichen-decked boards. The shingles, which were new, required but a year of successive rains and suns to convert their crude yellow into soft silver gray. The woodshed addition near the stone chimney is covered with rough-cast roofing paper with a thin dressing of cement, divided into panels like the gables. Where the paneling seemed too conspicuously white, a little soft green oil color was judiciously rubbed in. The whole effect is a mingling of wood gray, blue gray and gray brown with soft white. Nowhere is clear white displayed save in the window sash, which have an old-fashioned purity.

The outside doors are of plank, planed smooth and stained a dark, dull green, the front door being ornamented with iron straps near top and bottom, and a quaint, old-fashioned latch.

The hall is in dark green burlap from base to line of ceiling, which is vaulted, following, on one side of the entrance, the roof rafters, and, on the other, rafters introduced to correspond. The vaulting is repeated over the first flight of stairs, with horizontal planes above the entrance to living room and over the first stair landing. The entire ceiling is covered with heavy gray paper, generally used under carpets, divided into panels by one and one-half-inch strips of yellow pine stained a green lighter than, but harmonizing with, the burlap.

A wide doorway leads into the living room. The ceiling is the floor of the room above, the flooring being dressed

on both sides to serve this double purpose. It is divided into two sections by a large central beam, dropping some three inches lower than the joists which run at right angles to the beam, across the two sections. These joists are set two feet apart and doubled. This treatment gives a beamed ceiling without extra expense, save for the finishing, which is very simple, consisting of narrow face boards, left rough like the joists, with cove moulding let into the corners and between joists and ceiling. An unique door has abridged casings, cut on a line with the woodwork of the inglenook; it is of matched boards, the sections cut from the alternate boards to admit three and one-half by four and one-half inch glass. The woodwork and floor are of yellow pine, the mantel, seats and book cabinets being treated with a brown-green stain which gives a weathered effect. A strong wall board is used in this room in lieu of lath and plaster, the cracks being filled with cement.

Of the mode of constructing the fireplace I would speak particularly, although it is not original with the designer of the cottage, inasmuch as it does not seem to be so generally used as its merits warrant. In this case, the relieving arch under the hearth was unnecessary, as foundation for both fireplace and hearth rest upon the ground. The floor of the fireplace is on a plane with the floor of the room; the sides slant slightly inward from opening and the back curves upward and forward to a throat nine inches above top of fireplace opening. This throat is but three inches in width, but its length is identical with the width of the fireplace opening. Above this is a shelf extending from throat to rear wall of chimney. The fireplace opening in the room is thirty-eight inches wide and thirty inches high; the floor, sides and back are fire brick laid in fire clay,

A FIFTEEN-HUNDRED-DOLLAR HOUSE

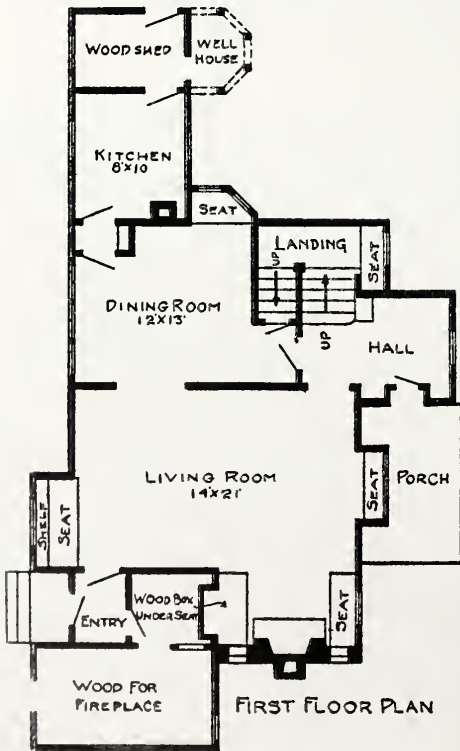
the chimney lining is good common brick, enclosing a flue twelve inches square. The curved back and slanting sides radiate heat and the shelf above turns back the down draught of cold air, thus effectually preventing smoke from being driven into the room. The author has knowledge of a number of fireplaces, adhering closely to these proportions, that are giving excellent satisfaction.

The color scheme of the living room is quiet and restful. The ceiling is the softest cream tint, the beams of varying tones from olive browns and greens to pale gray-green. The surface of the wall board around the inglenook and along the adjacent walls was roughened by the application of thick alabastine, and the color in the recesses

around the mantel includes dull blue and blue-gray, while the chimney breast has a blending of rich, warm browns with the softest leather tones. The upper walls of the room are pale gray-green, merging midway into the dull, medium brown just above the base. The walls grow lighter by imperceptible gradations, from the deep coloring of the inglenook to the dainty window alcove on the east side of the room, where the warm grays have suggestions of green and pink.

The woodwork, in all cases, is brought into harmony with the wall, the door into the entry, its casings and the trim of the adjacent seat and window being stained soft gray-green. Owing to the fact that sufficient stain could not be applied to the crude yellow surface of the pine without darkening beyond harmonious correspondence, white was rubbed in with the stain. The result is a peculiar silvery gray resembling driftwood. So carefully was this done that the grain is intact and the effect of the delicate shading exquisite. The entire color scheme of the room has the harmony of an old painting.

The windows represent much variety in size and arrangement of glass. The long dormer above the porch entrance, the vantage point of a beautiful vista of brook between willows, has a large pane in each sash, with a border of small panes around sides and top. The large window in the gable is mullioned with small glass as is the window over seat and shelf in the living room. The casements on either side of the fireplace and the one over the inglenook seat in the illustration are filled with four by five inch glass, and while the light is sufficient to permit the occupant of the seat to enjoy books from the intervening bookshelves, it is not present in quantity to destroy the repose of this most restful corner. A recessed book-



A FIFTEEN-HUNDRED-DOLLAR HOUSE

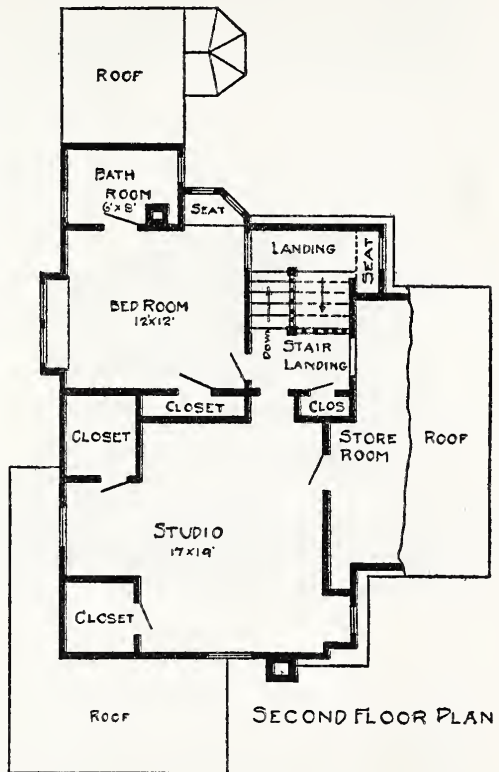
case occupies the space over the seat on the opposite side of the inglenook. The top of this seat, when raised, discloses a woodbox, filled on the other side of the wall, in the adjacent wood-room. The small panes of glass throughout the house are old photographic negatives, cleaned and furnished to the sash manufacturer, the reason for their use being their excellence in quality.

The window-seat in the dining room has, across the corner, one long window which frames a lovely stretch of meadow, brook and high wooded bank beyond; at the back is a short, high casement with space below for comfortable cushions. The window on the stair landing reveals another bit of landscape so enticing that only the most urgent errand will prevent at least a brief sojourn upon the seat under it. The west window of the living room, opening upon the porch, commands the widening of the stream with a miniature fall, a picturesque bridge and a long sweep of meadow and wood. It seems superfluous to urge the location of windows with reference to attractive views, yet this consideration is either forgotten or ignored with painful frequency.

On the upper floor, the larger room with its two dormers and varied possibilities of lighting is the workshop of the owner. The bedroom has a window overlooking the staircase and the view from the landing window, presenting the while a glimpse of cosy window seat with bookshelves above. There is, of course, a solid shutter on the bedroom side, to be used when complete seclusion is desired.

The bathroom is directly over the kitchen, a convenient arrangement for a country house to be occupied the year round, as warm water must be supplied from the boiler connected with the kitchen range.

In reference to the finish, the living



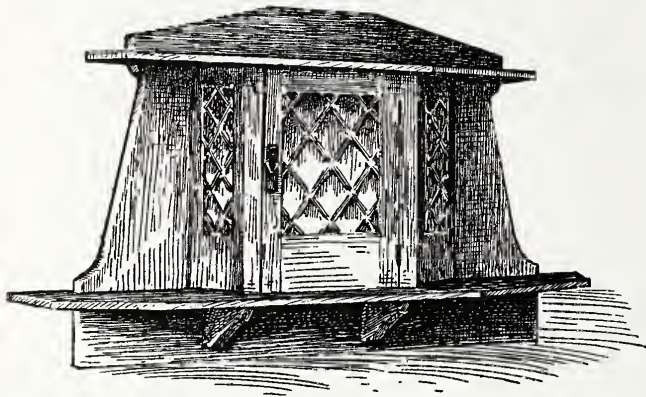
room shows a simple moulding on mantel, seats, etc., the idea being to bring it into harmony with rare bits of old furniture which the owner hopes to acquire from time to time.

The work upon this cottage has been done at spare times, running through a considerable period. From the record of the time spent, however, it is estimated that two carpenters could build the house in three months, and with care in purchasing materials the cost should not exceed the figure above given, namely, fifteen hundred dollars. If the proposed owner is a mechanic with time at his disposal, he can reduce the cost to any point between this amount and the bare price of the materials required.

E. DRUSILLE FORD.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK. PRACTICAL LESSONS IN STRUCTURAL WOOD WORKING: TWENTY-NINTH OF SERIES.

DESIGN FOR WALL CABINET



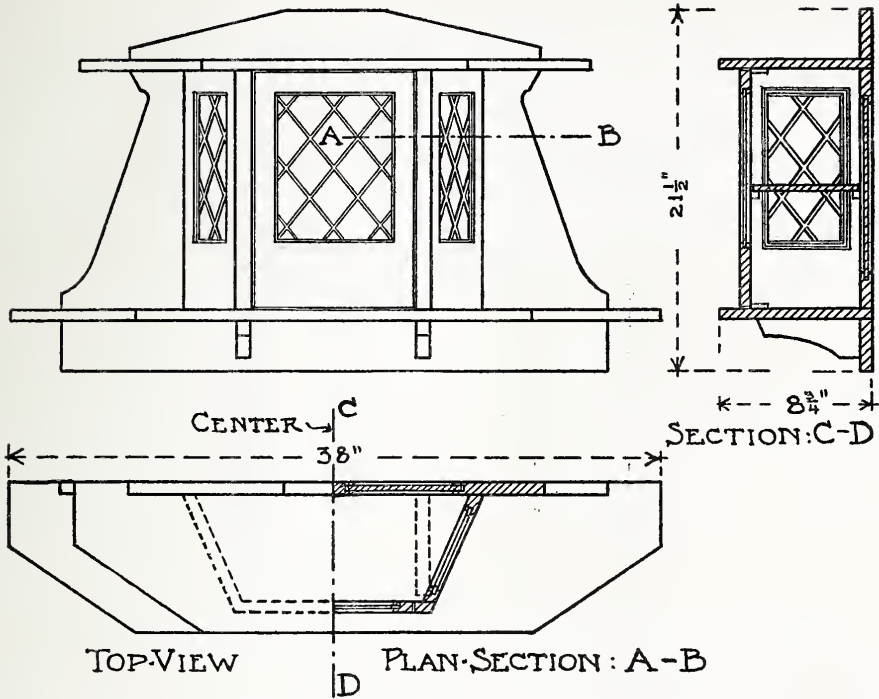
THE wall cabinet shown here is so simple in design that it can easily be made by anyone accustomed to handling tools, and it will be found an effective bit of furniture in almost any room. The outline is such as to take away any sense of heaviness, severely plain as the piece is so far as surface ornamentation is concerned. The little cupboard would do excellently to hold choice bibelots if the cabinet hap-

pens to be intended for one of the living rooms, or it can be used in a bedroom for toilet articles or medicine bottles; in fact, its uses are as many as there are needs for a place in which to tuck away small articles that should be behind glass. The upper and lower shelves afford room for anything that can be kept out in public view or would be undamaged by dust. The little cupboard is fitted with the diamond panes which always have about them the suggestion of quaintness, reminiscent of the storied lattice window, and these windows can either be filled with clear glass, showing all the contents of the cupboard, or with one of the many forms of antique or clouded glass, in case it is desired to conceal what is on the shelves. The escutcheon and pull for the little door can be of wrought iron, copper or brass, according to the metal fixtures and color scheme of the room. The cabinet itself can also be made of a wood that can be finished to harmonize with any desired scheme, such as maple for a silver gray effect, and oak or chestnut for brown or green.

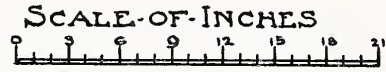
MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR A WALL CABINET

Pieces	No.	Long	Rough		Finished	
			Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick
Top Shelf.....	1	30 in.	10 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$8\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Bottom Shelf.....	1	38 in.	10 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$8\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Brackets.....	2	$6\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$2\frac{1}{2}$ in.	1 in.	pattern	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Inner Shelf.....	1	16 in.	7 in.	$\frac{1}{2}$ in.	6 in.	$\frac{3}{8}$ in.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



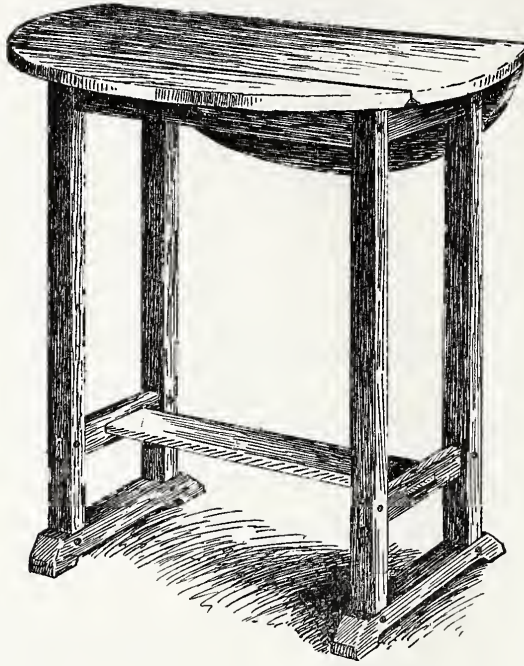
DESIGN FOR A WALL CABINET



Top of Back.....	1	24 in.	3 in.	1 in.	pattern	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Bottom of Back.....	1	32 in.	3 in.	1 in.	$2\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Side Stiles of Back.....	2	15 in.	9 in.	1 in.	pattern	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Back Panel.....	2	11 in.	7 in.	$\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$6\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Center Stile of Back.....	1	14 in.	3 in.	1 in.	$2\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Back Rails.....	2	17 in.	$2\frac{1}{2}$ in.	1 in.	$2\frac{1}{4}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Door Stiles.....	2	14 in.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$1\frac{3}{8}$ in.	$\frac{5}{8}$ in.
Door Top Rail.....	1	$9\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$1\frac{3}{8}$ in.	$\frac{5}{8}$ in.
Door Lower Rail.....	1	$9\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$4\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	4 in.	$\frac{5}{8}$ in.
Side Stiles.....	4	14 in.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$1\frac{3}{8}$ in.	$\frac{5}{8}$ in.
Sides Top Rails.....	2	$7\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$1\frac{3}{8}$ in.	$\frac{5}{8}$ in.
Sides Lower Rails.....	2	$7\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$4\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	4 in.	$\frac{5}{8}$ in.
Strips.....		8 ft.				
Front Stiles.....	2	14 in.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$1\frac{3}{8}$ in.	$\frac{5}{8}$ in.
Leaded Glass Side Panels..	2	$9\frac{1}{2}$ in. high	and	$5\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide		
Leaded Glass Front Panel..	1	$9\frac{1}{2}$ in. high	and	$7\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide		

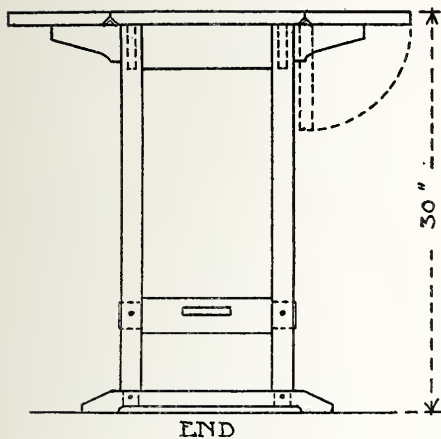
HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

A FOLDING CARD TABLE.

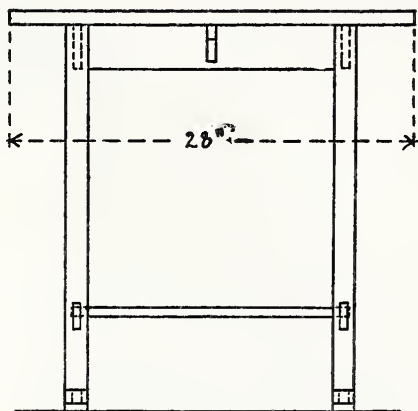


THE little folding table shown here is designed primarily for a card table, but it is useful for anything where a small stand is required. With one or both of the leaves down it makes a capital little table to stand against the wall for a jardinière, or for anything that requires the background of the wall, and with the round top it makes a good stand anywhere in the room and can be used for a tea table or a sewing table as well as for cards. The lower structure is somewhat massive in form and very severe in outline, but if well made and pinned together with wooden pins, as shown in the illustration, there is a decorative quality in the very uncompromising straightness of it. The top, of course, should be made of selected wood and very carefully finished; in fact, careful workmanship is especially essential in as plain a piece as this, for without satin-smooth surface and carefully softened edges and corners it could easily be made to look very crude and unattractive.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



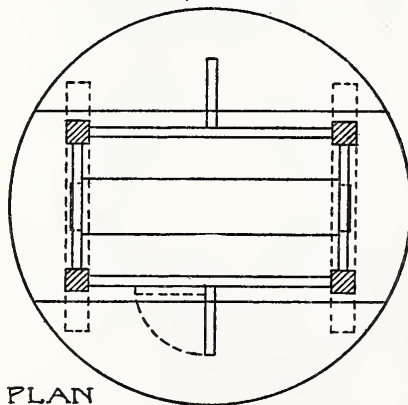
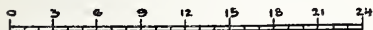
END



SIDE

DESIGN FOR A FOLDING CARD TABLE

SCALE OF INCHES



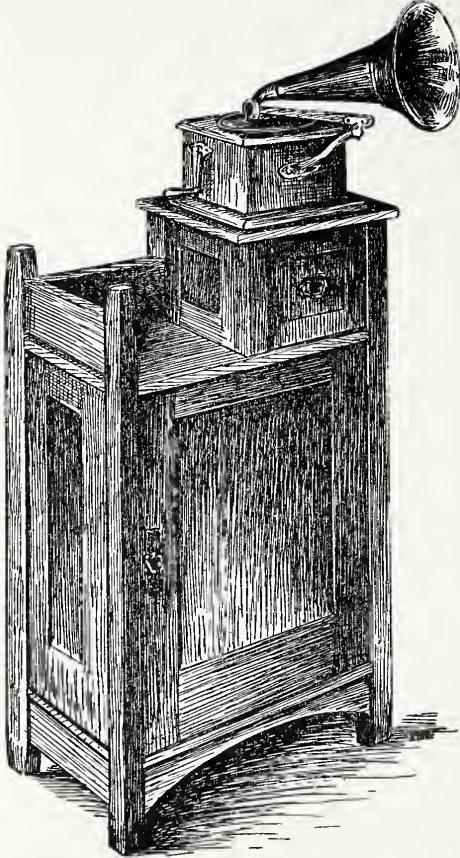
PLAN

MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR A FOLDING CARD TABLE

Pieces	No.	Long	Rough		Finished	
			Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick
Legs.....	4	29 in.	1 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	1 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	1 $\frac{5}{8}$ in.	1 $\frac{5}{8}$ in.
Feet.....	2	18 in.	1 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	1 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	1 $\frac{5}{8}$ in.	pattern
Side Rims.....	2	22 in.	4 in.	in.	3 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	in.
End Rims.....	2	11 in.	4 in.	in.	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	in.
Brackets.....	2	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	3 in.	in.	pattern	in.
End Stretchers.....	2	13 in.	3 in.	1 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	1 in.
Shelf.....	1	20 in.	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	in.	4 in.	in.
Top Center.....	1	30 in.	14 in.	in.	13 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	in.
Top Sides.....	2	25 in.	8 in.	in.	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	in.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

PHONOGRAPH STAND AND RECORD CABINET

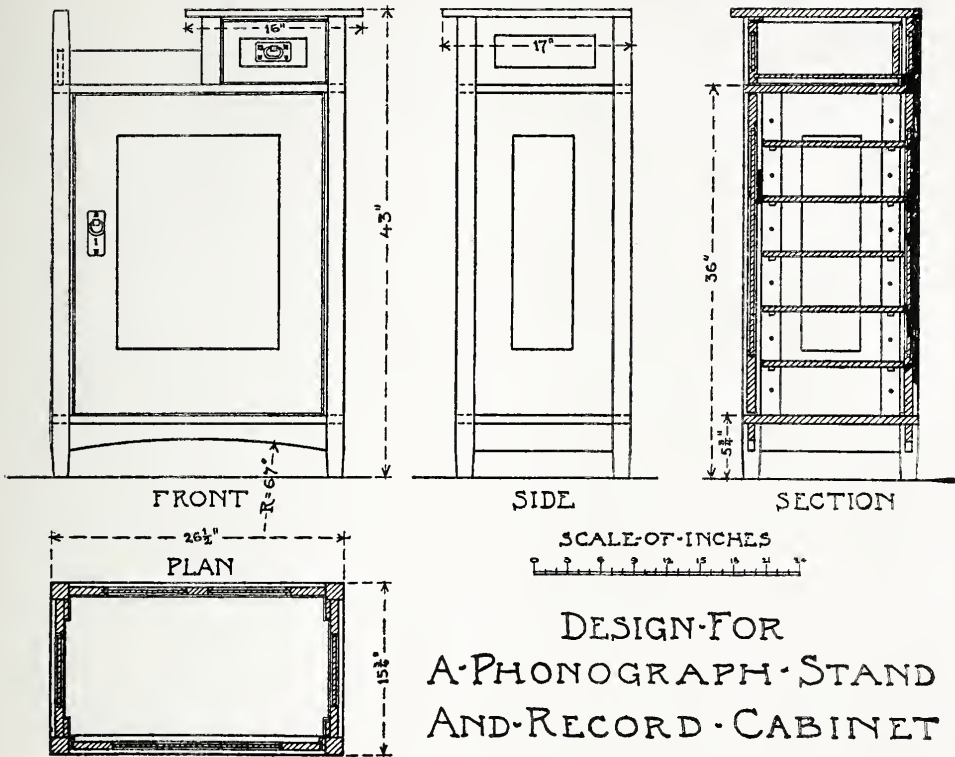


A RATHER more ambitious piece of work intended for the home cabinet-maker is shown in this design for a phonograph stand and record cabinet. The sides and doors of the cabinet are paneled, as also are the sides of the little stand which holds the phonograph, but otherwise the construction is absolutely plain. The cabinet is shelved in such a way as to allow for the largest-sized records, it being possible to adjust the shelves to any desired size by means of small pegs and holes bored in the supports. This cabinet would be best if made in oak or chestnut, as it naturally belongs in a living room, and is also rather massive in form. It should be an interesting piece to make, as it affords an opportunity for the exercise of a good deal of skill and care in joinery. Care should be also taken to get the slight shaping of the tops of the posts exactly right, as a thought too much of the tapering lines would weaken the effect of the whole, and too much squareness would give a certain clumsiness to the piece. The construction is mortise and tenon, of course, every joint being carefully pinned with wooden pins.

MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR A PHONOGRAPH STAND AND RECORD CABINET

Pieces	No.	Long	Rough		Finished	
			Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick
Top and Bottom.....	2	27 in.	16 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	15 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Legs.....	4	43 in.	1 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	1 $\frac{3}{8}$ in.	1 $\frac{3}{8}$ in.	1 $\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Top of Stand.....	1	18 in.	17 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	16 in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Back Stiles.....	2	30 in.	4 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	3 $\frac{5}{8}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Back Center Stile.....	1	24 in.	3 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Back Top Rail.....	1	15 in.	4 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	3 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Back Bottom Rail.....	1	15 in.	6 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	5 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Back Panels.....	2	21 in.	9 in.	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	8 in.	$\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Door Stiles.....	2	30 in.	4 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Door Top Rail.....	1	18 in.	4 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	3 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Door Bottom Rail.....	1	18 in.	6 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	5 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



DESIGN FOR A PHONOGRAPH STAND AND RECORD CABINET

Door Panel.....	1	21 in.	16 in.	$\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$15\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$3\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Door Stops.....	2	15 in.	1 in.	1 in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$3\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Side Stiles.....	4	30 in.	$3\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	3 in.	$3\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Side Top Rails.....	2	9 in.	4 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$3\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$3\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Side Bottom Rails.....	2	9 in.	6 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$5\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$3\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Side Panels.....	2	21 in.	8 in.	$\frac{1}{2}$ in.	7 in.	$3\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Lower Rails.....	2	25 in.	$3\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	pattern	$3\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Lower Side Rails.....	2	15 in.	$3\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$3\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$3\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Side Strips.....	4	30 in.	3 in.	$\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$2\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$3\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Shelves.....	5	25 in.	13 in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$12\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$3\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Top Side Crosspiece.....	1	14 in.	3 in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$2\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$3\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Top Back Crosspiece.....	1	14 in.	3 in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$2\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$3\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Drawer Front Stiles.....	2	6 in.	$2\frac{1}{4}$ in.	$\frac{1}{2}$ in.	2 in.	$3\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Drawer Front Rails.....	2	8 in.	$2\frac{1}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	2 in.	$3\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Drawer Front Panel.....	1	7 in.	4 in.	$\frac{3}{8}$ in.	$3\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$1\frac{1}{4}$ in.
Drawer Sides.....	2	14 in.	6 in.	$\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$5\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$3\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Drawer Back.....	1	10 in.	5 in.	$\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$4\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$3\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Drawer Bottom.....	1	14 in.	10 in.	$\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$9\frac{3}{8}$ in.	$3\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Strip.....	1	10 in.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$11\frac{1}{4}$ in.	$3\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Posts.....	2	7 in.	$1\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$1\frac{5}{8}$ in.	1 in.
Stand Side Stiles.....	6	7 in.	$2\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{1}{2}$ in.	2 in.	$3\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Stand Side Rails.....	4	11 in.	$2\frac{1}{4}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	2 in.	$3\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Stand Back Rails.....	2	8 in.	$2\frac{1}{4}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	2 in.	$3\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Stand Side Panels.....	2	10 in.	4 in.	$\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$3\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$3\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Stand Back Panel.....	1	7 in.	4 in.	$\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$3\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$3\frac{3}{8}$ in.

ALS IK KAN

A subscriber whose friendliness toward *THE CRAFTSMAN* and sympathetic appreciation of the work we are trying to do is beyond question, recently wrote us, with reference to the illustrated articles on Secession photography that we publish from time to time: "I cannot possibly harmonize the views of your magazine on photography as shown in the illustrations recently published, with your views on art in general. The blurred impressionistic style lacks the frankness, sincerity and honesty of purpose which must enter into true art in whatever medium expressed. Photography cannot take the place of painting, and when it strives to imitate it, it loses its own peculiar merits without gaining anything in return. I am very much surprised that your magazine should print such photographs as appear in your last number and apparently put your stamp of approval on that kind of false art. There may be an honest difference of opinion between artist photographers as to the amount of clearness and sharpness necessary to make a good picture, but between real photographs and the illustrations appearing in the last number of your magazine, there can really be no comparison. Such work is neither photography nor art, but a sort of impressionism run to seed, and I hope in the name of truth that you will not in future lend the pages of your magazine to the propagation of such false ideals."

THE CRAFTSMAN always welcomes honest criticism. When an opinion adverse to our own is the result of deep knowledge of the subject under discussion or of any comprehensive thought concerning it, the frank expression of it is most valuable to us as a touchstone upon which to test the

truth of our own convictions. Even when it seems to us that the criticism results from what appears to be lack of thought sufficient to a full understanding of the subject, it is none the less useful, for the reason that it affords us an opportunity to make more clear our own position. The man of decided opinions is always the man we like to convince, provided he fails to convince us. In this case we sincerely hope our friend is open to conviction on the subject of impressionistic photography, for a slight widening of viewpoint should bring much added pleasure to a man who takes such sincere and intelligent interest in mechanical photography.

It seems to us that this criticism as it stands is not so much an arraignment of photography as of impressionism itself, and that the point at issue is not photography alone, but the question whether the art that subordinates minor details into the mere suggestion in order that the spirit of the picture may be more strongly felt is necessarily less frank, honest and sincere than the literal record of every fact concerning it.

As we understand the criticism, the liberty of this discrimination in the matter of detail is allowed to the painter, but denied to the photographer, but we cannot understand how a man who has given any thought or study to the different mediums of expression for graphic art can deny that photography is as distinct a medium of expression as brush or pencil. We agree entirely with Mr. Giles Edgerton, who wrote of the work of Gertrude Käsebier in *THE CRAFTSMAN* of last April,—“The technical method of expression may be whatever the artist wishes, whatever seems the simplest process. There is not a variety of creative arts; there is imagination and impulse to create and a variety of

methods." To our way of looking at it, the camera for some artists is simply the most direct means to a desired end, and it is the temperament and imagination of the artist that go into the picture, irrespective of the medium employed.

Our friend writes, "Photography cannot take the place of painting, and when it strives to imitate it, it loses its own peculiar merits without gaining anything in return." With this point of view we agree absolutely, but we think we are safe in asserting that in the best impressionistic photography there is no more thought of imitating painting, or of taking the place of it, than there is a question of painting imitating or taking the place of sculpture. The sole question to be considered is the appeal the artist is able to make to you through the expression of what he has seen and felt, and whether that appeal is to the imagination or to a certain desire for verifying every detail as one would a column of figures.

With all due respect to the opposite point of view, we must take exception to the statement that the art that suggests rather than baldly states an idea is necessarily false art, or that an artist has not as good a right to make an impressionistic photograph as he has to make an impressionistic painting. In each case it is the spirit of the subject that is sought, not a map that would serve, if necessary, as an historical record. The impressionist, whether in painting or in photography, seeks to interpret the meaning of a thing and to convey to others the emotions and thoughts produced in his own mind; as the imagination is never appealed to by an obvious statement of fact, it follows that any fine quality of imagination in the artist can be suggested only by the elimination of intrusive details in order to bring out

clearly the main thought that is in the picture. For instance, in the photographs reproduced in our June issue which have called forth such drastic criticism from our correspondent, the one entitled "Three Portraits" shows a mother and two children sitting in the twilight, the mother evidently reading a story to the little ones. The picture is by no means a sharp, clear reproduction of the features of either mother or children, but the whole impression given is of brooding maternal love in the quiet face and down-bent head of the mother, of awakening thought in the still attentiveness of the older child, and of half-sleepy content on the part of the baby, who does not understand but is happy. An ordinary photograph of these three might show to some degree the same quality, but it would be distinctly mechanical; while this is not unlike a dimly seen vision that at once chains the attention, appeals to the imagination and awakens instant sympathy with what the artist saw in the charming group. The same applies to the child study, which is quite as "blurred" as the other, yet is the most delicately spiritual suggestion of the ineffable innocence and dignity of childhood. It is not alone a portrait of a little girl; it is full of the feeling which all childhood inspires in the heart of one who is in sympathy with all the strange wistful remoteness that is so often suggested by a little child.

In urging that the criticism given above is an arraignment of impressionism rather than of photography we are well aware that we seem to have departed from the point, and yet a little further thought will show that the question of medium is of such minor importance that no one fully in sympathy with impressionism could take the position that the right of elimination belongs to the painter alone, and that

the photographer, in order to be sincere, must reproduce in his picture everything that is reflected on the lens of his camera.

The difference between the actual reproduction of a thing with what for years has been called "photographic accuracy" and the art which suggests rather than portrays is one that has agitated the world of painters and sculptors quite as much as of photographers; probably one of the old Dutch masters whose work is today shown under magnifying glasses in order that its minute perfection of detail may be fully appreciated would feel that a Whistler painting was either meaningless or a piece of downright charlatanism. Canova would probably have felt the same could he have been given a glimpse of one of Rodin's statues. It is the same with music; imagine Haydn, for example, listening to Wagner or Richard Strauss! And more markedly still the same in literature. It is a world-wide and age-long antagonism between the realist and the idealist, and the only reason that it centers just now upon the Secession photographers is because they have but recently subdued what appeared to be a most prosaically mechanical medium of expression to one of the most flexible and sympathetic that has yet been discovered,—a medium that allows just as much of the spiritual quality of the subject and the feeling of the artist to be revealed as does canvas or marble under the hand of a great master, with this difference; that the camera is more kindly and does not require from its devotees so many years of heart-breaking toil before they achieve the longed-for ideal. We would ask our correspondent to read and ponder over the article on the work of Mrs. Käsebier in the April issue, and that on the work of Mr. Alvin Coburn in the July issue, and to

study the illustrations for the spiritual rather than the material side. If he will do this, we feel sure that he will acknowledge that the last thought in the minds of our Secession photographers is an endeavor to imitate painting, and that far from being dishonest or insincere, the new and beautiful expression of art which they have achieved through the medium of the supposedly unsympathetic camera gives us beauty hitherto undreamed of in a form which brings it very close to the lives of a great number of beauty lovers to whom a painting from the brush of a master would be a luxury forever unattainable.

NOTES

A book that is full of suggestion to architects and laymen alike is "Country Cottages and Week End Homes," written by J. H. Elder-Duncan and published by John Lane Company. As stated in the preface, the object of this book is to tell the layman of moderate means some facts about country cottages suitable alike to his class and to his purse; to show him some commendable examples of modern cottages designed either for permanent homes or week-end jaunts; to tell him of what these cottages were made, and for how much they were built; and, further, to describe any special features which had a direct bearing upon either the materials, the plan or the expenditure.

The book does this so fully and excellently that it is an inspiration to anyone interested in the building of homes. It is amply illustrated with examples of charming English cottages, which almost more than any other convey an impression of that homelikeness so characteristic of the English dwelling.

Naturally, the character of the sur-



Courtesy of John Lane Company.

COTTAGE IN CHARNWOOD FOREST :
ERNEST GIMSON, ARCHITECT.

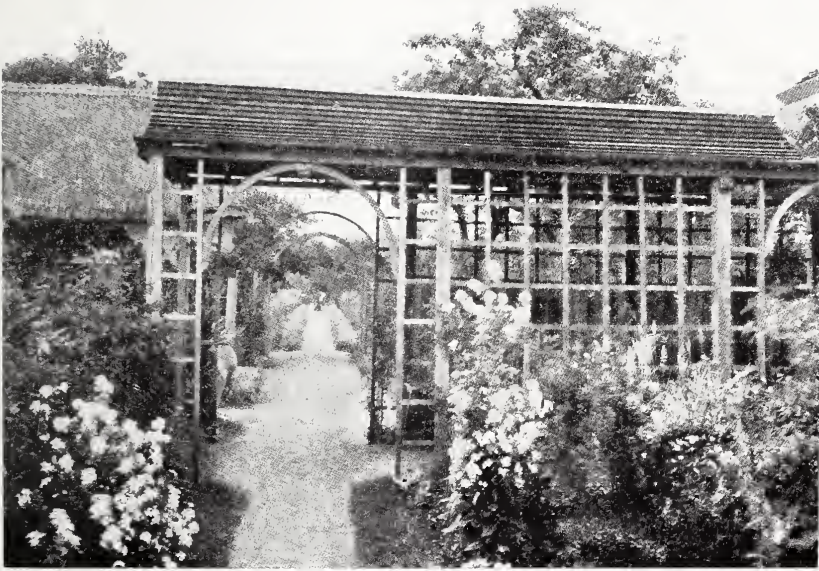
A MODERN HOUSE IN SURREY :
A. JESSOP HARDWICK, ARCHITECT



Courtesy of John Lane Company.

BUNGALOW COSTING FROM ONE THOUS-
AND TO FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS:
WILLIAM HENRY WHITE, ARCHITECT.

MODERN ENGLISH COTTAGE COSTING
ABOUT THIRTY-TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS:
MERVYN E. MACARTNEY, ARCHITECT.



Courtesy of John Lane Company.

FLOWER WALK AND ARBOR IN THE GARDEN OF THE HOUSE DESIGNED BY MERVYN E. MACARTNEY.

"LITTLE GRAVELS," A COTTAGE WITH LOW, THATCHED ROOF: FRANCIS BACON, JR., ARCHITECT.



Courtesy of John Lane Company.

THATCHED COTTAGE IN SUSSEX, MADE BY ALTERING AN OLD FARM HOUSE AT A COST OF TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS: CHARLES SPOONER, ARCHITECT.

MODERN ENGLISH THATCHED COTTAGE, DESIGNED AND BUILT TO FIT THE LANDSCAPE: EDWARD GIMSON, ARCHITECT.

rounding country is considered in the treatment of these houses; this being one of the first requisites in obtaining that harmony between a building and its environment which is now almost universally acknowledged as one of the most important elements of attractiveness in a house intended for a permanent home. As the author says, "A house set among strong, tall trees will require strong, broad detail to give it individuality; a flat and somewhat bare site will be better suited with a long, low dwelling having sweeping lines; a rocky site naturally suggests a stone house with strong lines, and so on." Again, he lays down the sound rule that the keynote of the country cottage should be simplicity, as many bays, gables and wings generally cost more than their effect warrants, and, if the house is small, will necessarily look trivial and small also. Breadth of effect is by no means impossible in a small house, but the attempt to crowd into it all the features of a large mansion invariably ends in disaster both to convenience and artistic effect.

The cottages illustrated here are all excellent examples of the principles of design laid down in the book. Of the two cottages in Charnwood Forest, Leicestershire, designed by Mr. Ernest Gimson, appearing as the first and last illustrations given here, Mr. Elder-Duncan says:

"These two cottages are a striking illustration of an artificial creation like a house being so cleverly fashioned that it is not merely inoffensive, but actually takes a place in the landscape as if it were a part and parcel of Nature itself. Not many men have this gift of designing. There is another virtue in these cottages, not, perhaps, apparent without explanation—they are both built of local stone. The Charnwood district in Leicestershire is

one of great geological interest; here volcanic action has thrust through the overlying strata big pieces of igneous rock which make the district rich in hard stone, much used for road metal. Lumps of this stone picked up from the surrounding lands have been pressed into service for walling, and the walls of the cottages have, therefore, the tint of the surrounding rocks, one of the first steps in Nature harmony."

The modern house in Surrey shown in the second illustration is a very picturesque and unpretentious country home. The exterior walls are of brick covered with white rough-cast, and the woodwork is of Oregon pine stained to a very dark brown coloring, almost black. The shutters are painted green and great warmth of color is gained by covering the roof with red tiles and the small dome with copper. The rough-cast walls serve as an excellent illustration for Mr. Elder-Duncan's assertion that "rough-cast is a very safe and effective finish in any locality; in fact, 'when in doubt use rough-cast' might almost be made a new proverbial phrase, but it should be carefully used; rough-cast in which the shingle appears to have arrived by accident has no place in the scheme of things. The rough-cast may either be left plain or lime-whited, according to taste, but the whitened wall generally gives a better effect."

The charming little bungalow designed by Mr. William Henry White is one of a group of bungalows especially designed for a big furnishing firm. These simple little dwellings have been made very cheap by ingenuity in the planning and a standardization of the fittings, the larger bungalows resulting from a simple development in plan of the smallest bungalow. The exterior walls are built of nine-inch framework, coated

with cement, rough-cast on the outside and the roof is covered with red tiles. All the floors are laid in solid concrete foundations, insuring against damp and vermin. The interior walls are plastered and colored with a durable and washable distemper, and the interior woodwork is partly painted and partly stained to a dark brown. In the example shown here a pale green and white have been selected for the exterior woodwork.

A typical English cottage home is shown in the illustration of a modern English cottage designed by Mr. Mervyn E. Macartney for his own country home. This cottage is situated on Silchester Common, near Reading, a short distance from the ruins of the old Roman city, the discovery and excavation of which have aroused so much antiquarian interest during the past few years. It is a delightful example of the effect gained by the use of broad, simple lines and the grouping of windows. Mr. Macartney is an authority on gardens as well as an architect, and some idea of his gift for landscape gardening may be gained from the use of vines climbing over the house as well as from the flower walk and arbor shown in the next illustration.

Speaking of roofs, Mr. Elder-Duncan says that "a plain roof is one of the most economical features in a country cottage; once you begin to throw out bays and patch on gables you incur heavy and unnecessary expenditure in your roofing. More beauty can be secured by a well-proportioned plain roof with well-placed and finer designed chimney-stacks than with any number of elaborate gables and decorated bargeboards."

"Little Gravels," the picturesque cottage with the low-thatched roof, designed by Mr. Francis Bacon, is one of the best examples shown here of

beauty to be found in a plain, broad sweep of roof. This beauty is considerably enhanced by the fact that the roof is thatched, for of all roofing materials nothing is quite so friendly to the eye as thatch. Concerning this, Mr. Elder-Duncan laments that the by-laws in England have practically killed thatch for roofing purposes, and also that they have killed the thatcher, so that builders who have contracted to build thatched cottages are often hard put to find a competent man to do the roof. This is the greater pity, as thatch is a light material and the roof timbers may consequently be smaller and fewer in number than with tiles or slates. It is also a good non-conductor and keeps a house warm in winter and cool in summer, a great advantage when bedrooms are constructed wholly or partly in the roof. The principal drawback to thatch is a certain amount of danger from fire, which is greater in the case of new roofs than old ones, as the old surfaces are usually protected by mosses and vegetable growth.

Another cottage with a beautiful thatched roof is that made by altering an old farmhouse. The design is by Mr. Charles Spooner, who has been most successful in preserving harmony between the new and the old work. This cottage is one of the most charming illustrations of the ease with which a building may be suited to its environment and the contour of the ground upon which it stands merely by studying the lines of the building with relation to its effect as a part of the landscape.

THE house in which Whistler was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, has been purchased by the Lowell Art Association with a view to converting this simple old New England home into a memorial gallery and permanent art

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

headquarters. It is only a few years since it became generally known that the old home on Worthen street, just opposite the Worthen Street Baptist Church, was Whistler's birthplace. Whistler himself never alluded to this humble homestead, but the records of his birth and baptism are in the old St. Anne's Church, of Lowell; and Lowell is proud of the humble dwelling, even if Whistler was not.

The news that the house had come into the market and could be had at a reasonable price was learned only a month or so ago by the directors of the Art Association, who had long cherished the idea of buying some appropriate place for a permanent headquarters. The association of the place with the memory of the eccentric but incomparably able Whistler recommended this house above all others. The possibility of buying it was discussed and local business men were sounded with the result that considerable encouragement was met. Events moved too rapidly, however, to admit of the raising of the necessary funds by subscription, and it was found necessary to proceed without delay—or let the chance go by. It was this passing situation which impelled three or four of the members of the directing board to hazard the purchase of at least an equity in the property, assuming the financial responsibility for the time being themselves, in the hope that, once having made sure of the title, they might at more leisure secure from the interested public the money that will inevitably be needed if the Whistler home is to remain in its present hands.

The association has as yet no funds and can carry out its plans only as it is assisted in them by those whose interest in Lowell or in art generally prompts them to join in the task. Once the association is assured of its permanent occupancy, it is proposed to re-

model the house, fit it up as a permanent home for the association and for such art treasures as may from time to time drift into the public custody, provide facilities for the development of local talent in painting, drawing, and in the crafts, and in the end make it both a museum and a memorial, as well as an educational force in the community.

One has little assurance that "Cousin Butterfly" would have been in sympathy with this identification of his brilliant self with the insignificant place on Worthen street. He was of Paris and Old Chelsea in his later years, and felt the picturesque and the ultra development of art atmosphere to be his inevitable surrounding.

One doubts if he were ever homesick for the ways of simple New England folk. To him an epigram was more to be desired than a relation, yea, than many near relations, and the birth of an idea greater than an art museum which could record many generations of the art of other artists.

But Lowell is right in its unselfish purchase and *THE CRAFTSMAN* wishes the new art directors much success.

ACCORDING to Ibsen, "Peer Gynt" is one of the least important of his many dramas. When it was written he was not yet forty, and had not developed anything like a philosophy of life. The thinker in the poet had not yet been born. Fantastic and riotously imaginative as it is, "Peer Gynt" is no more than a child's recognition of a puzzle—for the solution of which it is hopeless to seek.

What many readers fail to recognize is that "Peer Gynt" cannot stand alone. It is allied with "Brand" so closely that the two plays might fairly be regarded as separate parts of one whole. Taken together they are a presentation, neither very profound nor

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

comprehensive, of the most obvious of moral problems—the difficulty of combining in life love of self and love of others; self-realization and self-abnegation, or idealism. In short, the problem is how to live one's own life and yet live for the good of society, the latter seeming to demand so many sacrifices as to negative the other.

Brand consecrates himself to the ideal, to the service of others, with an intensity that develops selfishness of the most cruel type. He is like the good-intentioned citizen who starves the body and soul of his wife, blasts every human instinct in his children and induces the atrophy of his own soul—all to the end of giving money to spread the Gospel and Civilization (and bad habits) among the Korranas. In his zeal to serve society—which he sees through the wrong end of the telescope—he neglects himself and those dependent upon him.

Gynt hears no call to serve others, but only the great ages-old call for self-realization. "Be thyself!" is the inborn cry of nature. "Missing the signposts," he follows ever the injunction to be himself, but fails to find the relation of the personal self to the cosmos. Together, *Brand* and *Gynt* personify a problem as old as philosophy itself, but in neither of these plays does Ibsen add a useful idea toward its solution. And often enough is missed entirely the one impressive and dominating thought in the play; namely, the enslavement to delusion and false ideas of individuality which is the bane of so many who, like *Peer Gynt*, miss the signposts.

In one of his letters to Brandes, the Danish critic, Ibsen scornfully jeers at the host of his "interpreters"—who have found in the plays "subtle meanings which surprise and puzzle me" (I quote from a somewhat hazy memory). In a word, only a very superfi-

cial study of Ibsen could result in the detachment of this play from its companion play, and the reasoning which finds a great moral positively pointed. Ibsen had not yet formed the ideas of personal and social relations characteristic of his later work. *Brand* and *Gynt* are the two sides of a problem—not Ibsen, but his more-Ibsen-than-Ibsen followers see in the plays the solution of the problem.

REVIEWS

GIVEN a genuine interest in the subject, and the student habit of mind which is disposed to search for the knowledge it desires instead of absorbing it more or less after the manner of the Strasburg goose, an education by correspondence often proves to be the most permanently satisfactory method of acquiring knowledge. The success of various systems of home study by correspondence which have been going on for a number of years is unquestioned, and now the woman with an alert mind and limited opportunities may find the best instruction along practical lines on subjects of which a working knowledge is most vitally necessary to her home life and the well-being of her family.

The American School of Home Economics in Chicago has instituted this spring a system of teaching by correspondence all that it is necessary for a woman to know in the matter of household hygiene, the care of children and the art of home making. The main part of the instruction is found in a compact little library of twelve books, each of which is devoted to one branch of the subject, treated clearly and concisely and from a background of wide knowledge. Test questions concerning each topic are printed in the books to obviate any possibility of misunderstanding on the part of the

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

student, and to furnish the basis for correspondence on the subject, and at the end of each volume is a bibliography of reliable books of reference dealing with particular topics.

Each of the volumes contains a supplement and also a supplementary study programme arranged especially for women's clubs, giving an extension, if desired, to each series of lessons.

The first volume is called "The House, Its Plan, Decoration and Care," by Isabel Bevier, Ph.M., and the chief topics treated are the evolution of the house from the first human dwellings in trees and caves to modern homes; the development of the American house, and many valuable suggestions for the planning, construction, furnishing and care of the modern house.

"Household Bacteriology," by S. Maria Elliott, shows the relation of good and evil that the micro-organisms, usually termed germs or bacteria, bear to the household. It treats scientifically and at the same time simply and concisely such topics as dust, bacteria, mold, friendly and harmful disease germs, and safeguards.

"Household Hygiene," by the same author, treats hygiene in relation to the home, the proper environment of the house in the city and in the country; the best means of ventilation; heating; lighting; the sanitary disposal of household wastes; water supply; modern plumbing, and everything necessary to the sanitary care of the house.

"Chemistry of the Household," by Margaret E. Dodd, S.B., describes in non-technical language the principles of chemistry and the nature of the common substances of every-day life, together with their simple chemical changes; difficult theoretical chemistry is not touched upon, the only thing considered necessary being the chemis-

try of the kitchen and the laundry and everything that would affect the well-being of the household.

"The Principles of Cookery," by Anna Barrows, treats both practically and theoretically the foundation principles of the preparation of food. No attempt is made to teach the details of cooking, for these are given in any good cook-book, but the effort has been to go behind the cook-books and show the fundamental laws governing the best practice, studying each food material with reference to the best temperature of cooking it and the utensils especially adapted for it.

"Food and Dietetics," by Alice Peloubet Norton, M.A., is a general study of the food problem, including the cost of foods; the food principles and dietary standards, and the study of special foodstuffs, with reference to their nutritive value and their effect upon the constitutions of adults and children.

"Household Management," by Bertha M. Terrill, A.B., gives simple methods of household accounting and the basis for a correct division of income; the management of the household being discussed from the viewpoint of the average family, where the waste is so terrific on account of the haphazard, unbusinesslike methods that prevail in home expenditures. The book treats of household accounts, the buying of supplies, of domestic service and the best way to systematize the different classes of home expenditure.

"Personal Hygiene," by Maurice Le Bosquet, S.B., formulates the essential laws of health and gives directions, both positive and negative, for right living, especial attention being paid to the conditions of home life. This book also is non-technical and very clear and concise, forming the basis of knowledge sufficient for all practical use.

"Home Care of the Sick," by Amy

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

Elizabeth Pope, gives the housewife a clear description of simple sickroom duties, including a general knowledge of dangerous symptoms and directions for first aid to the injured. The care of the patient and of the sickroom, with the proper way of giving baths and of disinfecting rooms and clothing, are treated simply and comprehensively, so that any intelligent woman could know all that is essential in the care of any but a severe case of illness that would require a professional nurse.

"Textiles and Clothing," by Kate Heintz Watson, treats of the different textile fibers and fabrics and the processes of manufacture, with practical directions for plain sewing and simple garment making and an outline of the relation of clothing to health and utility.

"The Study of Child Life," by Marion Foster Washburne, treats of the training of children from birth, synthesizing the best thought concerning character building and the right development of the child from birth,—its play, occupations, associates and studies, with one especially practical chapter devoted to the vital subject of childish faults and their remedies.

The twelfth and last volume in the set is "The Care of Children," by Alfred Cleveland Cotton, A.M., M.D. This is a book similar to the text-book intended for the use of a trained nurse, and gives general rules for the physical care and feeding of the child from birth. It is exhaustive but not involved, and is no more technical than is necessary for a clear understanding of the case.

The books for the extension work are loaned by the Society on the payment of postage, so that opportunity for fairly wide research is brought within the reach of any one of the students. Any woman who desires thorough information on any or all of

these branches of household science is invited either to take the complete course or to become an "associate member" of the American School of Home Economics; this associate membership including the use of the school's circulating library, which contains three hundred books relating to health, home and children, etc.; of the bureau of information for answering all personal questions, and of the purchasing department giving discounts on books, magazines, apparatus, etc. To outsiders the full price is charged for the set of books just reviewed here; to associate members it is sold for half price. Altogether "The Library of Home Economics" would seem to be widely useful in its scope, and very straightforward and practical in its work. ("The Library of Home Economics." 12 volumes. 3,000 pages. 1,000 illustrations. Price, \$24.00. Published by The American School of Home Economics, 3325 Armour Ave., Chicago.)

A BOOK on engravers and engraving which will be of interest not only to experts and collectors of old engravings, but also to anyone who cares for side lights on history, is "Old Engravers of England in Relation to Contemporary Life and Art," by Malcolm C. Salaman. The book traces the art of copper plate engraving in England during the most interesting period of its history; namely, from its introduction in the middle of the sixteenth century to its climax at the end of the eighteenth. The question of pictorial beauty and human interest is given much more prominence than any consideration of "state," "margin," and such technicalities. The old prints are given their true human value as links of intimacy with bygone times and are as delightful as the most vivid pages of the old diarists to all

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

who are interested in the manners and customs of our ancestors. As the author says in his preface, the old prints review for us the human atmosphere of a past age. They bring us at once eye to eye with the people themselves, so that we may see what they actually saw, the very faces and persons of their contemporaries, the costumes they wore and the attitudes they affected.

The glimpses given of the engravers themselves are as interesting as the gossip of their times. Many of these engravers were artists in line, mezzotint or stipple, etching or aquatint, and there were masters among them. These men lived in constant and familiar intercourse with painters, for they were interpreters, not copyists, and as such expressed themselves. Their prints were eloquent of their individuality and today they speak to us across the centuries, with the appeal of temperament and personality as well as of art and the picturesque past.

Old gossip and sometimes a spicy bit of an old scandal; glimpses of court life and stories of reigning beauties and famous beaux abound in the book, which is liberally illustrated with some of the most famous of the old prints. Anyone who has ever felt the charm of an old print will find this one of the most delightful books ever issued on the subject, and even where there has been no previous interest in the art of engraving, a glance at these sparkling pages will be very likely to create a new and fascinating pursuit. ("The Old Engravers of England in Relation to Contemporary Life and Art." By Malcolm C. Salaman. Illustrated. 224 pages. Price, \$2.00 net. Published by The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

PROBABLY few American citizens, even of the class endowed with culture, leisure and opportunity, if we

except those forced to it by their training for the legal profession, have ever given so much as a couple of hours to the study of that Constitution about which the great majority of Americans at one time or another boast. Even those who are supposed to study it in our law schools and colleges rarely get down to the fundamental principles which Dr. Smith deals with in his interesting and important volume, "The Spirit of American Government." If one had the power to do so, it would be a good and useful thing to compel every teacher, lawyer, editor, legislator and would-be legislator to undergo an examination based upon the book.

"In the United States at the present time we are trying to make an undemocratic Constitution the vehicle of democratic rule. Our Constitution embodies the political philosophy of the eighteenth century, not that of today. It was framed for one purpose while we are trying to use it for another. Is free government, then, being tried here under the conditions most favorable to its success? This question we can answer only when we have considered our Constitution as a means to the attainment of democratic rule."

Such is the basis of Dr. Smith's appeal. He goes back and turns some neglected pages of American history, pages with which few save the specialists are familiar. He shows the Constitution conceived and framed by a privileged class against the mass of the people. It was the result of a conspiracy against the principles of the Declaration of Independence. Many of the weaknesses and evils of our system of government to-day result from that conspiring of a class against the nation.

The book is well written, in an easy style, and there is an abundance of

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

citations to guide the reader to original sources of information as well as to an intelligent understanding of the author's argument. Dr. Smith is to be congratulated upon the rare skill with which he has handled an exceedingly difficult subject, as well as upon his fine courage. To all who are as interested in the government of the nation as all good citizens ought to be, the book may be confidently recommended. ("The Spirit of American Government." By J. Allen Smith, LL.B., Ph.D. 409 pages. Price, \$1.25, net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

A BOOK that has caused a great deal of comment, both in England and in this country, is "Fenwick's Career," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Through many reviews the story of its plot has become more or less familiar to the reading public, and the book itself has been very widely read. But although it was issued about a year ago, it is one of those books of which people ought to be reminded now and again, because it has qualities that make it longer lived than the average "best seller." The story of the ambitious young artist who received his chance for fame and success at the cost of leaving his wife and child in their country home, and who made the great mistake of keeping his marriage a secret in London, lest it should interfere with his career, is always of interest on account of its deep and subtle psychology. Fenwick is by no means a charlatan or a fop, or the kind of man who would willingly pose as anything other than he is, but a combination of embarrassing circumstances made it seem wisest for him to conceal the fact of his marriage lest it interfere with his success, and the cumulative result of the deception and its effect upon his straightforward, loyal, simple-minded

wife makes a very strong chapter in the great and varied record of the follies and weaknesses of human nature. The friendship of Fenwick with Mme. de Pastourelles is a delightful bit of pastel work in the depicting of the more rarefied emotions. The book is worth reading, and to those to whom summer reading does not necessarily mean trash the reminder of it may come as a welcome suggestion for "something good to read." ("Fenwick's Career," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Illustrated by Albert Sterner. 367 pages. Price, \$1.50. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.)

TO people who like the country and who welcome the birds when their cheerful note comes as the first harbinger of spring, the seventh edition of "Birdcraft," by Mabel Osgood Wright, will be welcome, providing they are not already fortunate in the possession of one of the other six editions. The book is familiar to all lovers of birds, and even in a case where "a songster sitting on a limb, a simple songster is to him, and nothing more," the book is a pleasant one to read because of its intimacy with the habits of the bird people, and its sympathetic understanding of their piquant little individualities. It is just technical enough to give all the information necessary to anyone looking for information. This is tabulated at the head of each division, and the ensuing page or two is devoted to charming gossip about the bird as a species, or individual birds that may chance to belong to it and to have come within the circle of the writer's acquaintance. The book is amply illustrated with portraits of all the birds of which descriptions are given, and has an appendix giving a key to the several species, which are divided for convenience into land birds, birds of prey, and game, shore and

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

water birds. ("Birdcraft, a Field Book of Two Hundred Song, Game and Water Birds," by Mabel Osgood Wright. 315 pages. Illustrated; with 80 full-page plates by Louis Agassiz Fuertes. Price, \$2.00. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

AN attempt to reconcile the dogmas of the orthodox church with modern thought, or rather to bring modern thought into line with dogma without too great concessions on either side, is embodied in a book called "Freedom in the Church," by Alexander V. G. Allen. One begins the book with the idea that something fresh and vital is to be obtained by reading it, but as chapter succeeds chapter it is found to be largely a scholarly interpretation of such things as historical variations in the interpretations of the Apostles' Creed, and the interpretation of the virgin birth of Christ in the ancient and modern churches. The book shows wide learning and close analysis, but it does not seem to be so much an analysis of the subject itself and the position of humanity with regard to it, as a comparison of what different authorities within the church have thought concerning these principal teachings. To people interested in the church dogma and church history this would be a valuable book, as it includes in comparatively small compass a very great deal of information upon the subject under discussion, but to those with a leaning toward philosophy who might read it in the hope of finding something that in the broad sense would justify its title, there is apt to be a sense of disappointment. ("Freedom in the Church, or The Doctrine of Christ." By Alexander V. G. Allen. 223 pages. Price, \$1.50 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

A charming book that deals primarily with art is also a vivid picture of the life and times of the artists. This is "Van Dyck," by Lionel Cust, M.V.O., a condensed version of Mr. Cust's exhaustive treatise on the "Life and Works of Anthony Van Dyck," published in nineteen hundred. In condensing this book from the larger work, the main lines have been well preserved, and it has been brought up to the level of present-day knowledge by the addition of some new facts that have come recently to light. In sketching the life and work of Van Dyck, the author also shadows in the times of Rubens and the Flemish school of painting, as well as the life of the *grand Monde* in Italy, the Low Countries and England. No book could be written of Van Dyck without giving some idea of the setting of that important period of his life passed in the court of Charles the First, and here it is told with charming ease and spirit and a great deal of the human touch. The book is profusely illustrated with reproductions from Van Dyck's best-known paintings. ("Van Dyck." By Lionel Cust, M.V.O. One of the series of "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture." 152 pages. Illustrated. Price, \$1.75. Published by George Bell & Sons, London.)

FOR a hot day in a hammock when the brain wants exhilaration instead of work, "The Port of Missing Men," by Meredith Nicholson, will be found very interesting. It is not as darkly mysterious in plot as its name would lead one to believe, or rather the mystery in the plot does not hang on the gorge in the mountains called The Port of Missing Men, in which a portion of the scene is laid. The book deals with Austrian court intrigue and attempted murder for reasons of state, but after the first, the whole scene is

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

shifted to America, where it is mixed up with diplomatic and other complications in Washington. A really charming love story, fresh and piquant, is the natural consequence of the introduction of an American girl who answers to the same description as her story. The mystery is as well sustained as that in the author's former book, "The House of a Thousand Candles," so dear to readers of exciting novels. ("The Port of Missing Men." By Meredith Nicholson. Illustrated. Price \$1.50. 399 pages. Published by The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

THE Christian Church brought up to date is the theme of "The Warrior Spirit in the Republic of God," by Anna Robertson Brown Lindsay. It is a series of essays arranged somewhat in the order of the Church Service. For instance, the Higher Conquest is called Chords of Awakening; the Prelude is the Call of Jesus; the Processional, the Church of God, etc.

Mrs. Lindsay handles her subject boldly, but with no lack of reverence, and gives food for thought that will be welcomed by the thinker who regards Church teachings as merely one phase of philosophy, and, at the same time, will not offend in any way the devotional believer.

For instance, she says: "The root-failure of the organized Church to-day is its failure to share in the growing life of the world. A growing life is one that is full of new ideas, new experiences, new emotions, a new outlook over life—that works in new ways and that is full of seething and tumultuous energy, enthusiasm, and hope. If we look out over the colleges, business enterprises, periodicals, agriculture, manufacture, and shipping of the world, we find everywhere one story—growth, impetus, courage, vigorous, and bounding life. Besides these things, the aver-

age Church services to-day lack vitality and hope. The forces of religion are sometimes not wielded very well. There is in many churches, however we may dislike to own the fact, a decrease of interest and proportionate membership, a waning prestige, a general air of discouragement, and a tale of baffled efforts and of disappointed hopes."

The author strongly recommends that the Church should lead and not follow the work of the world, and urges that it be given a more business-like organization and way of work, with more of the military spirit of discipline. She argues that there is now no centralized interest or work; there is no economic adjustment of funds; there is no internal agreement as to practical methods, and that the result is a most wasteful expenditure of force.

It is very interesting to see how the author has developed her theory of reform in a series of chapters, under the general heading, "World-march." She covers practically the whole range of life and industry, and to any one who cares for truthful and fearless thought along these lines, the book is well worth more than a cursory reading. ("The Warrior Spirit in the Republic of God," by Anna Robertson Brown Lindsay. 218 pages. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

A learned and comprehensive study of Correggio is the latest contribution to the series of books on great artists published by Messrs. Duckworth, of London. It is written by T. Sturge Moore, who is unquestionably a critic with a very wide and comprehensive knowledge of his subject, although at times he clouds it a little by the very fulness of his learning, as well as by a distinctly British dogmatism and a tendency to take personal issue with other critics. Mr. Moore rather assumes the attitude of a connoisseur

taking issue with other connoisseurs than of a critic giving a clear exposition of the work of a great artist to a public which is supposed to have only a very general knowledge of such things.

Still, the book will be found interesting and there is a great deal of information to be gained from it, especially as it is amply illustrated with excellent reproductions of Correggio's most important work.

The keynote of Correggio's work is very cleverly struck by Mr. Moore, who says: "Correggio's real heart was never with his Apostles, Fathers, and other holy graybeards. He does the best he can by developing their curly locks and voluminous draperies, by throwing up their eyes and tilting their heads to give them airs of Heaven; but there is none the less a great gulf fixed between them and the high seriousness of Michelangelo's Prophets, or between them and real 'man permeated and perfumed with airs of Heaven.' They have never thought, they have never suffered, and an Italian beggar is as impassioned and picturesque."

The development of the pagan sentiment in Correggio's work is also clearly set forth, and the sunny pagan nature of the man which allowed him to give his saints and angels the same fleshly charm and air of unthinking joyousness that characterizes his Olympian gods and goddesses. There is also a certain unevenness in Correggio's work which Mr. Moore explains by saying that his simplicity in such matters as these was not altogether a personal trait, such as it certainly would be in an artist nowadays, but was partly due to the prac-

tical solidarity which made him feel somewhat as a house painter does in regard to such things. It was his function to paint the Church, and he began and went on with it with business-like straightforwardness, troubling himself very little as to whether one part were quite as good as another, much as a house painter is not much put about if one week's work gives him less satisfaction than another, so long as all of it comes up to what he regards as the due standard. Correggio's idea was to decorate a given space and he allowed his fancy to play gayly over the decoration, without much thought as to whether the work were consistently the best of which he was capable, or whether the thought in it were always logically carried out. ("Correggio," by T. Sturge Moore; 276 pages. Price, \$2.00, net. Published by Duckworth & Co., London. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

IN the department of Notes in this issue is an extended notice of "Country Cottages and Week End Homes," by J. H. Elder-Duncan, a book that contains numerous illustrations and plans of cottages by well-known English architects. Its value to anyone interested in home building may be guessed by a glance at the illustrations given here, and at the excerpts taken from Mr. Elder-Duncan's descriptions and remarks. ("Country Cottages and Week End Homes." By J. H. Elder-Duncan. 224 pages. Illustrated. Price, \$3.50 net; postage, 25 cents. Published by John Lane Company, New York.)

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

A LESSON IN PRACTICAL LEATHER WORK.

LEATHER is a delightful material to work with, and any boy or girl who is able to use ordinary tools and has the patience to work slowly and carefully can make various attractive and useful articles. One of the best qualities of leather is its durability—things made from it do not require to be wrapped in tissue paper and packed away to “keep them nice,” and on this account articles selected to be made should be such as have to stand hard wear, desk pads, pillows, bags of various styles, and all sorts of little every-day things—like pencil cases, tag holders, etc.—which may be made from the scraps left from the larger work. The photographic illustrations show some articles made by a class of little boys in a Saturday Industrial School carried on by one of the large churches in New York city. Besides doing leather work, they repaired all the hymn books that were out of order in the church. The supply of money for leather was limited, so that every scrap had to be used, and in some instances the articles made are not quite so good in design as they might have been if made of larger pieces. The bags are designed by the boys, and are intended for various uses, some of them being for their own supplies of marbles, others for shopping bags and button bags for their mothers. The most interesting articles made were moccasins, perhaps because these seem to exemplify one of the most natural uses of leather, for footwear. Moccasins are comfortable for indoor wear, and are very useful inside of rubber boots.

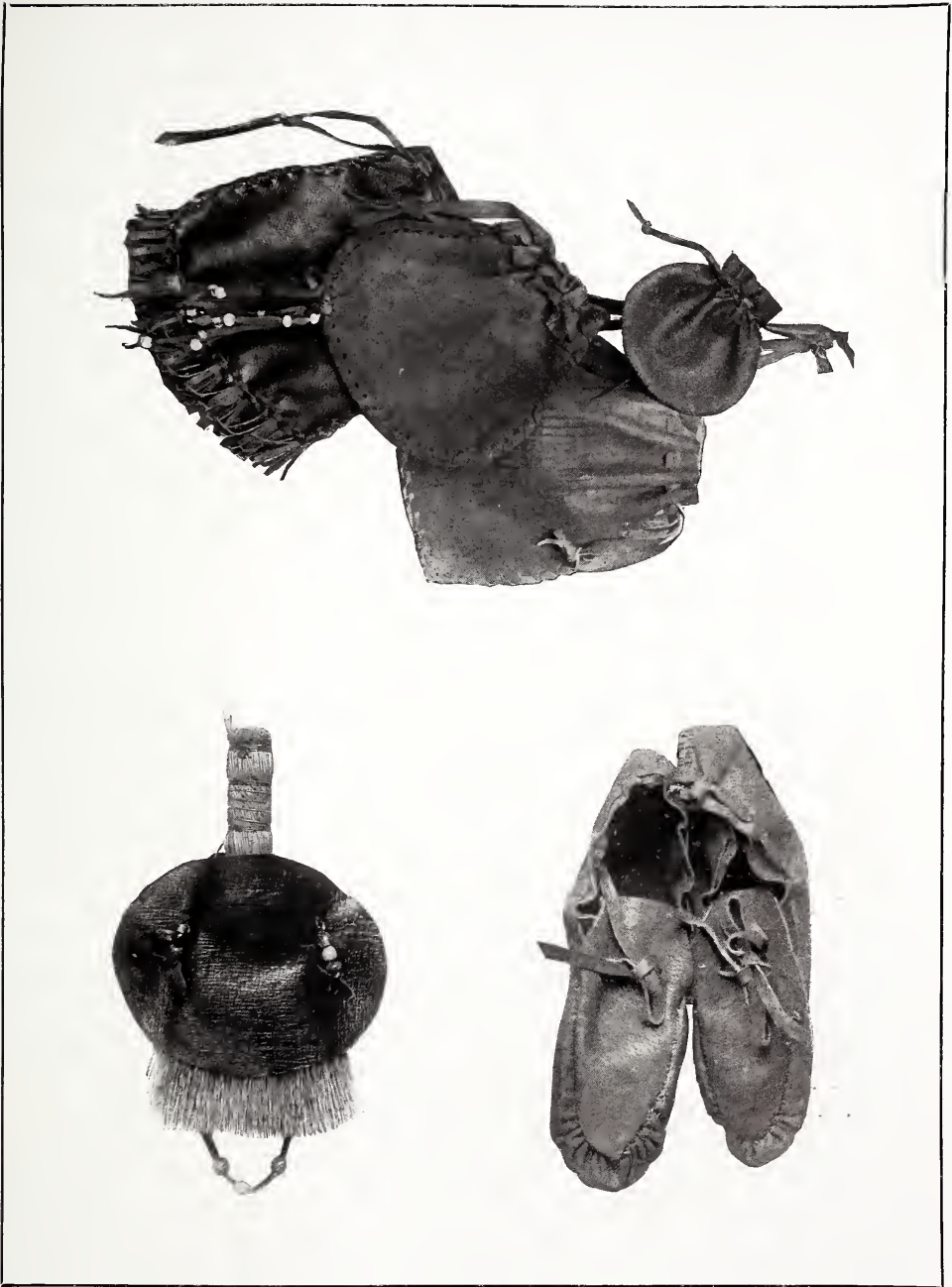
For almost all the things in the photographs sheep-skin is suitable. It is not expensive, costing from seventy-

five cents to one dollar twenty-five cents a skin; it is soft and easily handled, and keeps its color well, although the tan and brown shades are more lasting than the blues and greens. Red is quite satisfactory. The style of skin called velvet or ooze finish, such as is sometimes used for pyrography work, can usually be obtained at any fancy goods store, if no leather store is at hand. It is used velvety side out.

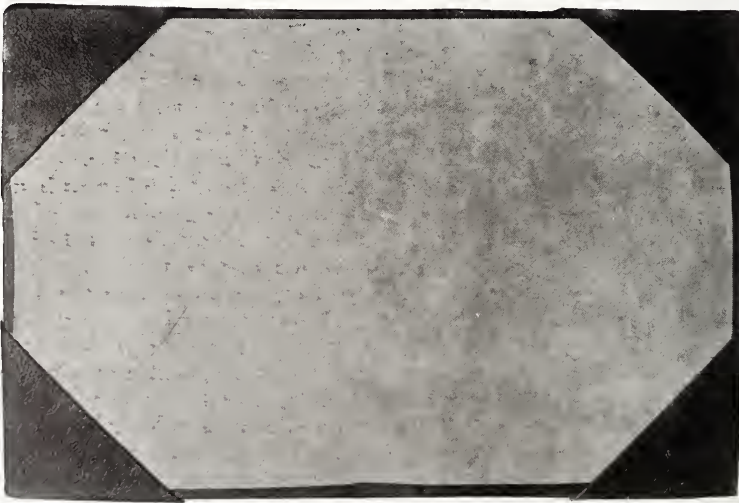
Tools such as are found in every household, a two-foot rule, hard pencil, eraser, pair of dividers, sharp knife and an awl are nearly all that are necessary. To these may be added a harness-punch, and, if possible, a wheel-punch like the one in the sketch, which makes holes of different sizes. A bone folder may be whittled out of a small ivory paper knife to the shape shown in illustration, which also shows the other tools required. A sharp potato knife, costing ten or fifteen cents, is good enough.

A “skin,” as the piece of leather is called, conforms somewhat to the form of the animal, and the part along the back-bone is the thinnest. The work should be planned so that no strain comes on this part.

Suppose we begin with a pair of moccasins, similar to those made by the Maine Indians. These will take one end of the skin, and the remaining part will make a good-sized bag. The moccasins are made in two pieces, a tongue and a larger piece which forms the sole, the sides and the toe. In order to make a pattern, take a piece of manila paper and plant the stocking foot on it as in the sketch, and draw around it. Then draw a straight line across the heel, and a curving line around the toe, connecting these with straight lines for the sides. The curving line for the toe

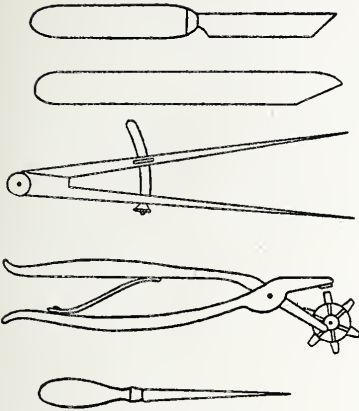


SMALL LEATHER ARTICLES, ALL MADE BY A CLASS OF LITTLE CHILDREN IN A NEW YORK PRACTICAL INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.



IF DIRECTIONS GIVEN IN THIS ARTICLE ARE CAREFULLY FOLLOWED, THE MOST FINISHED LEATHER WORK CAN BE EXECUTED BY LITTLE CHILDREN.

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

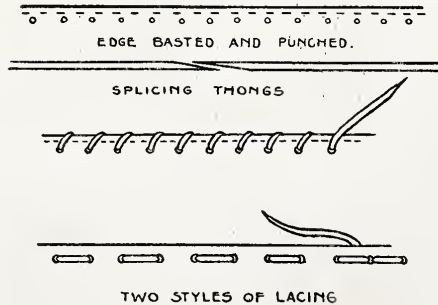


A FEW SIMPLE TOOLS.—A SMALL SHARP KNIFE, A BONE FOLDER MADE OUT OF AN IVORY PAPER KNIFE, A PAIR OF DIVIDERS, A WHEEL-PUNCH AND AN AWL.

should be at least three inches longer than the foot. Cut out this pattern, and also cut a piece about three inches long and two inches wide for the tongue, rounding it at the bottom, and cutting across the corners at the top. Lay these patterns on the leather, draw around them with a pencil, and cut out two pieces like each pattern. The sewing should be done with strong waxed thread, silk or linen. If the leather is dark, use coarse embroidery silk of the same shade. A very good stitch, used by the Indians, is shown in detail in the sketches. Sew the middle of the tongue to the middle of the large piece, and then work from a point about an inch from the top of the tongue, taking three over-casting stitches as shown in the sketch, and one or two plain stitches before beginning the plaits. If one row of sewing is not enough, go over it the second time. Push the foot into the moccasin until the toes feel in the right place, and fold the leather around the heel, cutting it to fit. If desired, a little end may be left at the bottom to use as a strap to put on the moccasin. Sew the back seam in an overcasting stitch.

The sketch which follows those of the moccasins illustrates two methods of cutting thongs. Cut two thongs one-fourth inch wide and one yard long. In the sewing, if necessary, holes may be punched with an awl to allow the needle to go through easily. When the thongs are ready, holes should be made in the form of vertical slits, one-fourth of an inch from the top, to allow the thongs to lace through. The awl may be necessary. The slits should be one-fourth inch long, and arranged in pairs; the two slits one-fourth of an inch from each other, and each pair one inch from the next pair. This proportion may be varied according to taste. Sometimes the moccasin is cut extra deep, so that the top may be turned down and fringed, but this is too elaborate a style for ordinary wear. The simple styles shown in the photograph and sketches will be found more satisfactory. They are exceedingly restful to the foot, as there are no seams except on the top of the foot.

After the moccasins are finished, a bag may be made from the leather that is left. Two straight oblongs, say, eight by ten inches, laced around with thongs, with a leather double draw string an inch from the top, make a good shopping bag. If desired, round bags may be made for opera glasses, and small button and marble bags may also be made round. In general, the simpler the form the better the bag will



OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

look, as the beauty of the work really depends on the color and texture of the leather, rather than on elaborate forms. It is well worth while to plan carefully a style of bag that is suitable for the use to which it is to be put.

The bags in the photograph may give some suggestions. When the general style is decided on, take a piece of paper, fold it in the middle, and cut a pattern. Open it out, and see how it will look gathered in a little at the top, as the bag must be when the draw strings are in. When a good design is obtained baste the pattern on the leather and cut it out very carefully. Cut the other side, and baste the two together. If they do not exactly match, trim off the extra part. To punch the bag evenly it may be necessary to mark off points with the dividers one-half inch apart and one-fourth inch from the edge. Cut plenty of good long thongs—three-sixteenths of an inch is a good size; splicing them wherever necessary with overlapping ends as shown in the illustration. Sew these ends firmly with waxed thread or silk, also when you begin to lace, sew the knot at the top inside the bag. Cut the thong pointed, and thread it into a tape needle, and the lacing will go much more rapidly. Cut two thongs for the top draw strings at least one-fourth inch wide and three-fourths of a yard long. One of these goes all around the bag, starting at the right hand side, and the two ends are knotted, about six inches from the bag. The other starts from the left side, going *over* where the first went under and the two ends are tied at that side, so an even pressure pulls the bag close. These draw strings should be about an inch from the top of the bag.

After the moccasins and bag are finished, the making of a sofa pillow will be found easy, the only advance step being the handling of large pieces of

leather. One very large skin generally makes a pillow, with a little patience in piecing the thongs. The easiest way to measure the leather is to use a large carpenter's or dressmaker's square. When the two pieces are cut, baste them together all around near the edge, set the dividers to one-half inch, and mark points all around a quarter of an inch from the edge. Punch each of these points, and lace the thongs through these holes, either over and over or back stitch, around three sides. Put in the pillow, and then lace the other side. If it is not desirable to go to the expense of a down pillow, make a tick of the right size to fit in the leather cover and stuff it with hay or excelsior.

In using the pieces that are left try to find really good designs. The tag-holders, whisk broom case, etc., shown in the photographs were made by boys who had to use very small pieces of leather, and besides had seen very little Indian work. Nowadays almost any boy or girl can see good Indian work, or at least good pictures of it, and the various tobacco pouches, etc., used by the Indians, are often of excellent design, also the small wallets which may be used for money. A few beads may be used for decoration, but not too many of them, as the large beads are rather coarse and clumsy looking, and the small ones cannot be put on well by an amateur. In all these little things it is necessary to have the pieces thoroughly sewed together, as well as in marble bags, which, being intended to hold heavy objects, should be sewed around the second time, and made with extra heavy draw strings.

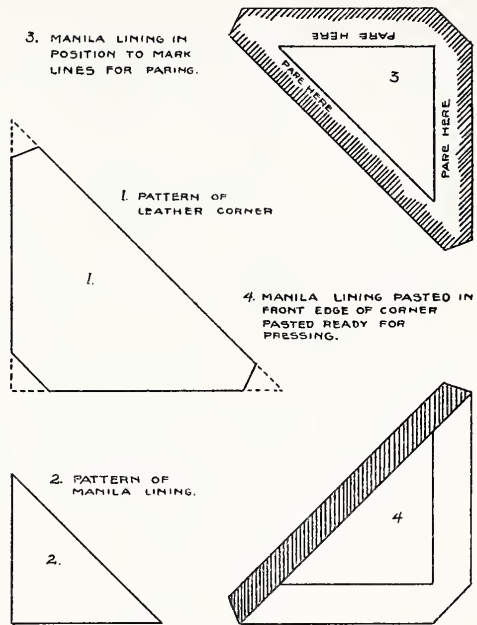
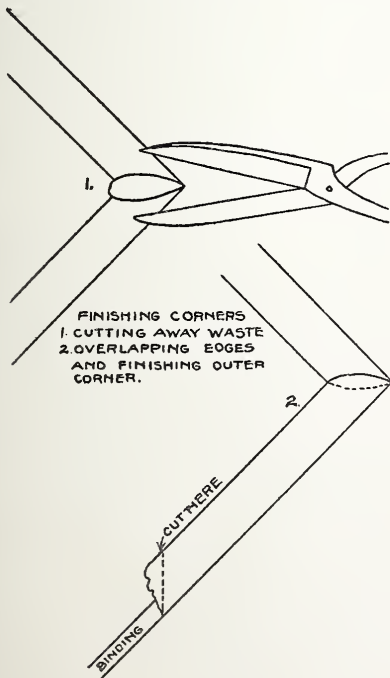
Every little scrap, even an inch across, may be utilized. A penwiper may be made of three concentric circles, one an inch in diameter, one two inches, and one three. These pieces are piled so the centers exactly coincide, and two holes are punched, a thong going down

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

through one hole and up through the other and tied.

Little notebooks, pencil holders, fountain pen holders, and many other useful things may be made from small pieces. A boy or girl who has an Indian corner or den can make a leather frame for the post card portrait of an Indian chief, lacing the frame with thongs decorated with beads, which, while adding little to the beauty of bags or other useful articles, are entirely in keeping in such a place as this.

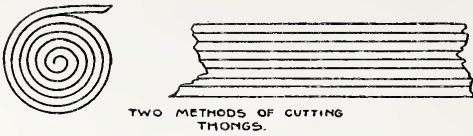
The desk pad illustrated is a little more difficult than the moccasins and pillows, as it requires very accurate measurement. Thin leather is needed for it, a small skin of morocco being the best. Red is always pretty in morocco. The desk in which the pad is to be used must be measured, so as to make the pad a little smaller; a good size is about fifteen by twenty-two



inches. It is necessary to have a piece of very heavy book-board which will not warp for the foundation. This should be cut to size by a bookbinder, and ought not to cost more than ten or fifteen cents. Measure two inches from each corner on this, and between these points, along the two ends and the two sides, paste an inch wide strip of the morocco as a kind of binding. Use strong flour paste, put on one strip at a time and rub it down well with the flat side of the bone folder. When these strips are all pasted on put the board to press under a pile of heavy books or in a letter press. The corners are of leather lined with a small piece of heavy manila paper—what is called tag paper is the best. Make a square corner on the manila paper, and mark points on the sides of this corner four inches from it. Connect these points, and cut out the paper. Cut three other pieces like it.

To make the leather corners, cut out

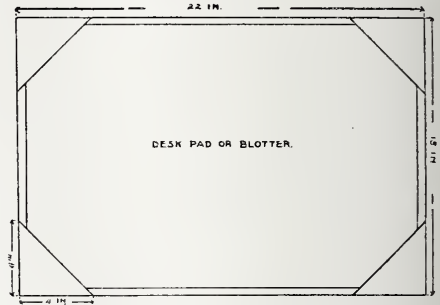
OUR HOME DEPARTMENT



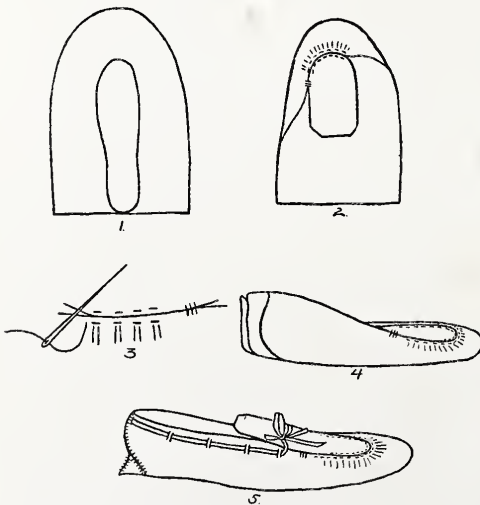
a paper pattern six inches on a side, instead of four and cut the corners off as shown in the sketch. Cut four pieces of leather, and on each one paste a manila lining. Press these until they are perfectly dry. With a very sharp knife held flat pare off the edges so as to make them very thin. A regular leather paring knife is of course the best for this, but with care a small sharp potato knife may be used, as the leather is thin. Then turn the longest

edge of leather back on the corner and paste it in place and press it again.

The corners are now ready to put on the pad. They should first be pasted up to the manila lining, and left till the paste is well soaked in. One should



MOCCASINS SEE PHOTOGRAPH.



1 MAKING PATTERN 2-3 SEWING
4 FITTING HEEL 5. PUTTING IN THONGS

be put on at a time, with a square cornered card slipped in on the right side to hold the leather up so that, when dry, a blotter may be substituted for this card, which of course leaves a space when removed. When the corners are on, and well rubbed down with the bone folder, the fold of leather may be cut away as shown in the sketch, leaving just enough to lap over a little. The outer edge of the corner may also be cut away with a sharp knife. The pad may then be pressed again, and when it is perfectly dry, covered up to the binding edges on both sides with a thick piece of brown paper cut to fit. If both sides are covered with the same paper the pad will not warp. The blotter may then be put in. The binding edge should show about an eighth of an inch outside of the blotter, as illustrated in the photograph.

MERTICE MACCRAE BUCK.

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

HANDICRAFTS OF ENGLISH PEASANTS AT HASLEMERE.

THE little town of Haslemere in the uplands of Surrey, only recently the home of the poet Tennyson, has now drawn to itself a little colony of artists and craftsmen. And among the most important of such industries is the Peasants' Art Society, founded by Mr. Godfrey Blount some eight or nine years ago.

A social reformer as well as an artist and craftsman, Mr. Blount is a sincere disciple of Ruskin, and an eloquent preacher of the gospel of simplicity alike in life and in handicraft. To introduce simple and beautiful habits in place of useless, cruel, or extravagant habits; to replace the life of the modern manufacturing city by that of the country, and the mechanical industries by the healthful and beautiful handicrafts are his main objects, and though this short paper deals rather with the practical aspects of his work, these can be properly appreciated only when viewed as carrying out his ideals.

The Peasants' Arts Society is carried on by Mr. Blount and his wife, as directors, and most of the actual work is done by young girls of the neighborhood. Mr. Blount is also the designer and controls the artistic side of the industry. It is not a coöperative institution, the capital being supplied by Mr. Blount, and the labor being paid at so much per hour, but the workers, clean, fresh, country girls, are happy in the work and devoted to their employers. The society is purely philanthropic in this respect—that no private profits are taken from it, all such profits going to further the work and increase its scope. On the other hand, care is taken to price work at its proper commercial value, so as to maintain a right standard and in no way to undersell individual craftsmen.

The most extensive part of the industry is the hand weaving department, where, under the management of an experienced weaver, some dozen looms are kept busy. The work is of all classes, from rich pile rugs and carpets to the finest linens and cottons; and from plain materials to the most elaborate patterns.

Of a more direct interest to readers of *THE CRAFTSMAN* (for the use of a handloom is a craft which requires skilled personal tuition besides elaborate appliances) is what is termed the "Peasant tapestry," but which is really a kind of appliqué embroidery.

The difficulty of most embroiderers is to obtain suitable stuffs and colors, but here this difficulty is avoided, as the materials are made on the spot. The work is carried out entirely in linens and in the ordinary way.

The design is first drawn on paper, the forms cut out of the colored linens and laid on the ground where they are secured temporarily by pins or a few stitches; the outlines are then worked around in a plain satin stitch. As a rule the background is the natural color of the linen; the applied work in simple fresh colors, reds, blues, greens, yellows and purples; the outlines usually a darker tint of the same color as the form it defines. Sometimes, however, a single color is used for all the outlines, and has an excellent effect in binding together and harmonizing the design.

The forms are kept large and simple, the finished articles being intended for wall coverings, curtains, coverlets, table cloths and such like, where a broad effect is more desirable than fine detail.

In the examples reproduced, that of the table cloth shows excellently the texture of the materials and the style

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

of the work. It is worked on a holland ground. The roses are red and orange alternately, with yellow centers, the leaves and stalks green. In each case the outline is of the same color as the form. Observe the additional interest obtained by the varying texture of the linens.

The banner, also on a holland ground, is a more elaborate piece of work. The birds are of a red brown as is also the lettering. The lamb, on a green background, is fawn colored, outlined with a lighter tint of the same which also defines the white halo; the cross with its outline is rose colored. Birds, lettering, and green background are all outlined in a strong dark blue, which has a fine steadying effect.

Perhaps the most characteristic product, however, of the Peasants' Arts Industry is the simple wood carving, on the lines of the traditional work of the Swiss and Bavarian peasantry, which I shall describe in detail, as for the home worker it is a craft having many advantages.

Its technical simplicity renders it suitable for more or less amateur work, the more especially as it depends for its effect on the broad contrast of design and background, and not on technical finish. Texture, except in the broadest sense, is not so much a matter of importance, as the work in most cases is colored, except in such things as bread platters, bowls, etc., which require frequent washing.

Another advantage of the work is its cheapness. It is so rapidly executed that the time expended is trifling, and it is best suited for the softer and cheaper woods, such as ordinary pine.

The method is as follows: The design is traced or drawn on the wood, preferably the latter, as the charm of the work lies largely in its spontaneity, and the forms are then outlined firmly

with the V-tool. The background is then dug out roughly with the gouge. This is done not by chiseling carefully over the whole surface, but by digging in the gouge and wrenching off the wood in the same way as one does not cut but breaks out with the knife a piece of crumbly cheese. The result of this treatment is that the background is not smooth, but has a pleasantly broken surface.

The work is then colored in strong simple tints, the background, say, a deep red, either distemper or ordinary oil color being used.

The freshness and charm of the work, however, depends very largely on the qualities of the design, and it is this quality that in the Blounts' hands makes it so attractive. The conventional academic style of design is of no use here. What is wanted are fresh and simple forms full of life and movement. Designs based on plant life and animal life give the most satisfactory results, and legends and inscriptions may be worked in with good effect.

The work can be largely used architecturally; for friezes, on the face of beams, as I saw in Mr. Blount's own house, where appropriate mottoes were carved on the beams of the ceilings. In such cases it requires no making up, and so is independent of the joiner who otherwise has almost invariably to be called in to complete the work of the carver.

The examples reproduced show well the style of the work, but in the text carved on the beam we must supply mentally the color effect of the green leaves and the purple grapes.

This carving is also useful for the decoration of furniture. Here Mr. Blount is making a fresh departure, in the supplying of simple furniture, not only simple in design, but simple in workmanship.

His theory is that there has hitherto



EMBROIDERY AND APPLIQUE WORK DONE BY ENGLISH WORKERS OF THE PEASANTS ART SOCIETY AT HASLEMERE.



SIMPLE, PRACTICAL ARTICLES DONE IN WOOD CARVING BY THE ENGLISH PEASANTS IN MR. GODFREY BLOUNT'S SCHOOL IN SURREY.



TWO VIEWS OF A CRAFTSMAN
HOUSE BUILT BY DR. ALBERT
SOILAND IN LOS ANGELES, CAL.



LIVING ROOM IN DR. SOILAND'S HOUSE.
WAINSCOTED DINING ROOM.

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

been too great a tendency to glorify mere handicraft, in the making of furniture, and that the amount of workmanship concealed in elaborate and close fitting joints, while adding greatly to the cost, is not justified by the results. He aims at giving a simple article, "knocked up," so to speak, for the occasion, and at a price which will enable it better to compete with the machine-made article. Not the solid piece of work that will last for a lifetime, but something lighter and less permanent, made of cheap materials, without elaborate joints, being simply nailed together where possible, and ornamented only in the simplest manner.

There are dangers in the theory. I must confess to a deep appreciation of the work that is solid all through, and will hold together till it actually drops to pieces in decay, but certainly work of that nature can only be done at a cost which is to most folks prohibitive. The cheap machine-made article is certainly abominable, and if Mr. Blount can supply well-designed, tasteful, hand-made articles at anything like the

same price, they ought to find a ready market.

One of the most successful pieces I saw was a cradle of the most simple description. It was not jointed, merely nailed together. It was of excellent shape, painted white, and adorned with panels of Swiss carving, gaily colored, which had a richness of decorative effect quite surprising. Another example was a simply made chair from an old Swiss or Bavarian model.

For some time the society has had a depot in London, and to this it is now adding a large shop in Haslemere itself, which I trust will meet with the support which it deserves.

With Mr. Blount's interesting and original work in plaster I have already dealt, and besides the Peasants' Art Society are other industries in Haslemere worthy of attention, chief among which are the gorgeous silk fabrics for church decoration woven by Mr. Hunter, of the St. Edmundsbury Weaving Works, and the exquisitely made furniture of Mr. Romney Green.

STEWART DICK.

A CRAFTSMAN HOUSE FROM LOS ANGELES.

WE have so many letters asking us for descriptions and pictures of houses that have been erected from CRAFTSMAN models that we feel we are answering many letters at once in publishing this brief account of Dr. Albert Soiland's house in Los Angeles, California, which was built from our own designs and plans.

Dr. Soiland writes at the close of the letter, describing the accompanying pictures: "We are very much pleased with our CRAFTSMAN home and wish to thank you for the plan which made our *simple* venture successful,"—a sentence

which makes clear the purpose of the houses planned in the CRAFTSMAN draughting rooms. Our designs are essentially for American homes, for our own people, who are almost inevitably intelligent workers, people who earn their own living and have the good taste to want charming homes—homes that are durable, only expensive enough to be honest, and are built to lessen the burden of housework.

The CRAFTSMAN house proves that beauty can be gained with simplicity, and that right construction and interior furnishings can vastly diminish the cares of home making.

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

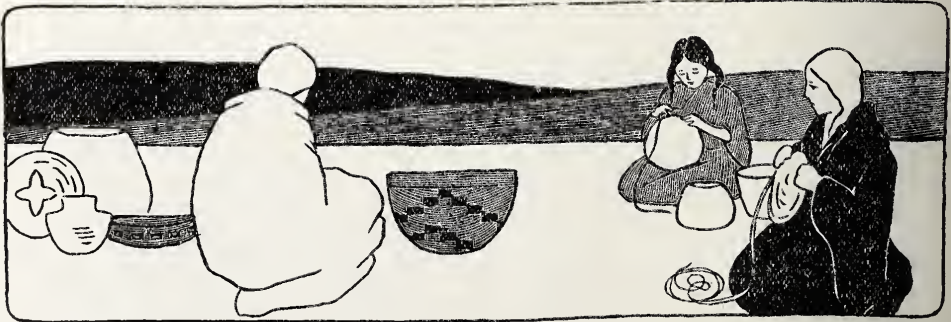
Dr. Soiland's house follows so closely the original design that a brief description of its building and finishing will be of value to those interested in CRAFTSMAN architecture. "Briefly," to quote directly from the letter, "the house was built entirely from plans received from you, with the exception of a small extra built-out kitchen, twelve by twelve feet. This we required for our servants' room, and four feet of the space we reserved for a screened porch for them. The roof of this extension serves as an open-air balcony and is a fine secluded place to air bedding and shake rugs. Considering its size, the house is eminently comfortable and is admirably adapted to the needs of a small family.

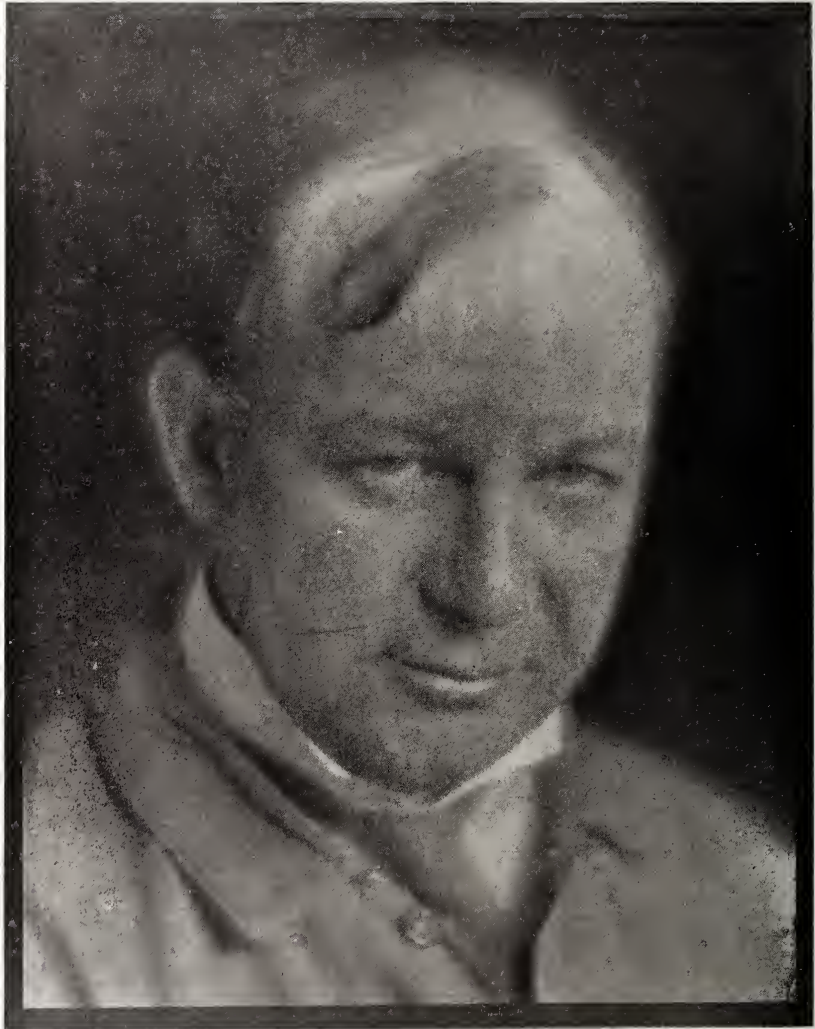
"The living room and dining room are most attractive and comfortable. All the first story floors are of white maple. The dining room walls are finished with the wood part way up, and

are red burlap from dado to ceiling. The sitting room walls are a rich brown burlap which harmonizes nicely with the weathered oak woodwork.

"Building material is higher in California than in the East, so that the full cost of the house, including all permanent fixtures, painting, plumbing and a small barn, amounted to four thousand dollars. Everything was done in a first-class manner, including the supply of hot and cold water attachments and a cellar furnace." Four views of Dr. Soiland's house are given with this article.

The home is furnished along CRAFTSMAN lines with hardwood fittings, and the low windows are draped in a simple, old-fashioned way with soft mesh curtains. The effect as a whole is of beauty, serenity and great comfort; yet, when analyzed, the first impression is simplicity.





From a Photograph by Alvin L. Coburn.

GEORGE B. LUKS



THE CRAFTSMAN



GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XII SEPTEMBER, 1907 NUMBER 6

GEORGE LUKS, AN AMERICAN PAINTER OF GREAT ORIGINALITY AND FORCE, WHOSE ART RELATES TO ALL THE EXPERIENCES AND INTERESTS OF LIFE: BY JOHN SPARGO



WHEN the National Academy of Design held its eighty-second annual exhibition last spring, there was a furious storm in the artistic teapot because the jury of selection, with the natural conservatism common to juries of selection, rejected a painting by George Luks. As a member of the jury, Robert Henri, the well-known figure painter, made a strenuous fight to secure for Mr. Luks the recognition which acceptance of his canvas would have implied, withdrawing two of his own best and most representative works by way of protest when he was outvoted. Then the storm burst in real earnest. A few ardent partisans of the Academy rushed to its defense, but Mr. Henri and his friends had decidedly the better of the controversy.

No one familiar with the work of George Luks could critically view the crowded collection of three hundred and seventy-five pictures in the Academy Exhibition without feeling that vital art had suffered by his exclusion. Doubtless the jurors had done their best, and one conscious of the magnitude of their task, and mindful of the pitfalls that ensnare unwary jurors, could still respect as honest and faithful the decision which closed the doors of the Academy to Luks, however mistaken that decision might be. It is unfortunately true that the sense of responsibility which weighs upon juries of selection everywhere, the extreme caution which they must exercise, produces a conservatism which is very often a serious obstacle to big and virile artists who breathe the spirit of revolution and radical change. All institutions like the Academy, in Europe no less than in this country, inevitably become conservative and unwilling to encourage any departure from recognized standards.

In the controversy which raged around the rejection of Luks'

THE PAINTER OF THE EAST SIDE

work by the Academy, the least affected person in New York almost was Luks himself. Of course, Robert Henri's spirited appeal for the recognition and encouragement of the new and virile forces in American art interested him; the brother-painter's fine protest against the exclusion of his work could not fail to appeal to Luks, although no one who knows him can doubt that he would much rather have remained in the background—that he would rather have had the controversy centered about the work of some other artist. His admiration of Henri's action in the matter far transcends personal feeling. He believes that the Academy fails to be the vitalizing, stimulating force in the development of our native art which it might well, and ought to, be. Never for a moment does the fact that he was the outcast one, the despised and rejected, enter into the matter so far as he himself is concerned.

GEORGE LUKS was born in Williamsport, Pennsylvania, on the thirteenth day of August, eighteen hundred and sixty-seven. His father, a practising physician, being a clever draughtsman and his mother a painter of talent, it may fairly be said that he was born to the heritage of art. Now, at forty years of age, he is known to many thousands of Americans interested in art as the man concerning the refusal of whose work by the National Academy of Design there was a good deal of pother last spring. To many thousands more, who prattle glibly the names of European artists far inferior, Luks is entirely unknown. But to a relatively small number of art lovers, a small but select and discriminating public, he has been known for several years as a painter of remarkable force, a man of great and distinctive gifts. His pictures are rarely seen at exhibitions, and never in such number and variety as to display the wide range of his talents. At long intervals a few examples of his work have appeared in various club loan exhibitions, but not often enough to direct attention to his unusual versatility. For that you must go to the artist's studio.

What a studio it is—how literally teeming with the fruits of genius. Portraits which seem to palpitate with energy, veritable "speaking likenesses;" marines, full of the wild, picturesque passion of the Cornish coast; landscapes in nocturnal shadows, stormy unrest, moonlight peace and noonday splendor; animal life in a wide range, from the barroom cat nursing her kittens to the great wild "cats" in the Zoo. And human life—who among the painters of our time has more surely caught, and faithfully recorded, the

THE PAINTER OF THE EAST SIDE

heights and depths, vices and virtues, tragedies and comedies, passions and foibles of humanity? In a word, this is an artist whose art is catholic, universal and all-embracing, a splendid, wholesome antidote to the attenuated products of over-specialization so unhappily common. His art relates to all the experiences and interests of life.

Above all, Luks is an American. He believes sincerely, passionately in the future of America and American art. "Our young painters of promise should stay at home and work instead of going abroad," he says. "Let them go to Europe if they must to study the originals of great masters not otherwise accessible to them, but let them *work* here." After all, the commercial age is necessarily the great age of art. Under the urge of commercial activity those conditions are produced which should provide the inspiration for a great, virile, vital and abiding art. Here we have accentuated all the ambitions, struggles and passions which have inspired the world's history. Here we have wonderful romance, startling successes and failures, dizzy pinnacles of fortune and awful depths of doom. Here all the world meets in a single street, so to say; people of all the nations of earth meet and mingle in our crowds, compete in our market place. Here, too, the great vibrant passions which have burst with volcanic energies, making new nations and remaking others, the great revivifying forces of history, seethe between mansion and hovel. And here, as nowhere in the world beside, science performs splendid and stupendous miracles; with magic touch enlarging man's kingdom in the universe, making plain what the centuries had sealed as mysteries, yet not lessening the mystery of life but greatly increasing it, opening new heavens where before was void and darkness. Where, if not here, can inspiration be found for poet, painter, orator, musician, sculptor or dramatist? Whether a painter be symbolist or realist, spiritualist or psychologist, here, in twentieth century America, is such opportunity as never before existed. And here, too, is freedom from the dry rot of age and tradition, from the conservatism which kills the soul, from the dead past which like a mountain weighs upon the living brain.

George Luks feels this intensely. Moreover, he believes that the outlook for art in America is full of promise and cheer. Slowly, perhaps, but surely, Americans are learning to measure at its real worth the *cleverness* of academic art and to despise artificiality. "Because Millet was a peasant, born to peasant conditions and traditions, he painted peasant life and environment with virility and

THE PAINTER OF THE EAST SIDE

conviction. But when a young middle-class American, leaving a beautiful country, goes over to Barbizon and tries to paint Millet's peasants in Millet's style, the result is a foredoomed failure," he says. "It is inevitable. Paint where you are is the wise rule for the artist. What need of going to other lands in quest of subjects to paint? In a single city block, a mile of New Jersey or New England lane, a Pittsburgh factory, or a single Western landscape, the true artist will find enough material for a lifetime, enough to fill a hundred years."

THAT this is the view of a growing body of accomplished and forceful artists is a fact of wholesome significance to America. How literally George Luks follows out his creed may be seen from his finished work and his multitudinous sketches. This gay scene in a café in Paris and this sombre, earnest scene in the café on East Broadway, where the celebrities of New York's Ghetto gather for intellectual debauch; this picture of crowded Houston Street, swarming with life and dominated by the spirit of barter, and this of the gray-haired puritan lady looking at the slightly *risqué* show posters, horribly shocked but terribly fascinated—all tell the same story of quick perception and rapid but wonderfully accurate work. There is a sense of quivering, feverish haste to catch and preserve the realism, but it is united to the sure, clean, exact stroke of a superbly trained hand. He wanders down through the Strand, London, and catches a glimpse of such a typical Cockney Jehu as Dickens would have loved to immortalize. He sees just what Dickens would have seen, with the same humorous eyes, and paints him as Dickens would if he painted. Or down on the East Side he sees two little maidens, waltzing on the sidewalk to the tune ground out by an Italian organ-grinder, and again his spirit is like that of Dickens. The little blonde German maiden with the wonderful hair that floats in the breeze, and the demure little daughter of Erin with the thick mass of red hair, dancing together, would have gladdened Dickens. The saucy, devil-may-care expression of the butcher's boy catches his fancy—or perhaps it is the combination of the raw beefsteak and the red sweater and auburn hair—and the result is a lifelike, appealing study in red. Or the little brown-haired Rachel, "The Pawnbroker's Daughter," with the deep, luminous eyes, as she carries the great green bowl on the white platter, inspires a rare vision of color and lives in a picture of indescribable charm.

In another mood he moves among the debris of the human



EAST SIDE CHILDREN DANCING TO HAND-
ORGAN MUSIC: BY GEORGE B. LUKS.



"APPLE MARY," A WELL-KNOWN FIGURE ON
LOWER BROADWAY: BY GEORGE B. LUKS.



THE PAWNBROKER'S DAUGHTER.
BY GEORGE B. LUKS.



DUMPING SNOW FROM GANSEVOORT
DOCK, NEW YORK: BY GEORGE B. LUKS.

THE PAINTER OF THE EAST SIDE

struggle. With the grim and appalling psychologic power of a Gorky, he paints waifs and outcasts, beggars and harlots—creatures such as Higgins paints, but without Higgins' dramatic effect. His "Little Gray Girl," a frail slum starveling in an old shawl and a grotesquely misshapen hat, as she stands alone, forsaken and forlorn in the cold evening shadows, is a perfect symphony of sorrow and mute protest. The "Old Musician" with his accordion, "The Duchess"—no longer a familiar Tenderloin habitu — "Matches Mary" and "Apple Mary," and many another notable of the underworld of our great city are here. There are laboring types, too notably this sturdy figure of an Irish mason's laborer, whose legs, enormously over-developed below the knees, illustrate his saying: "Sure, there's a trick in the heavy liftin'. 'Stead o' liftin' wid me arms alone, I left wid me arms an' me legs." It is a magnificent picture of the typical Irish laborer as seen in our American streets.

Down on the Gansevoort Dock, New York City, laborers are unloading pig iron from the boats. The patient waiting horses, the gray overcast river and the straining movements of the men as they work are registered upon the canvas with astonishing rapidity and fidelity. Or again, on the same dock they are dumping the soiled snow of the city's streets into the river, and Luks sees artistic possibilities in the scene. He transfers to the canvas the starved look of the horse, the dull, leaden gray sky, the murky green of the river where the snow drops in heaps, and the rolling blackness beyond. It is a spirited canvas, full of irresistible charm and power. One does not wonder at the chorus of universal approval which it has elicited, for it is distinctly a great achievement. In the Academy it would have loomed up like a mountain rising out of the sea. But Luks is outside the charmed circle of the Academy, content to work on and follow the light to the hills. And as he plods on, radiant and cheerful, George Luks is leaving a well marked trail athwart the trackless wastes.

THE SIMPLICITY OF GIOSUE CARDUCCI: ITALY'S GREATEST MODERN POET: BY RAF- FAELE SIMBOLI



HE WAS the greatest poet of modern Italy, yet outside of his own country but few knew of him; his name was not popular, since his works are not easily understood, nor are they of the character that follow the odd caprices of the public. In art, in politics, in private life, he was a rebel. He lived a solitary life and died as he had lived, an enemy of injustice, of bargaining, and despising all wealth, display and human vanity. His youth was one of enthusiasm, of conflicts and victories. During his early years he tried the most audacious forms of Italian metre; his enemies derided him as an iconoclast, but Carducci continued his way, and gradually saw other bold ones gather around him. Many regarded him as a fanatic, an odd, fantastic writer, half mad, but he believed in himself and his art. When after many years the historian of letters seeks the names of the thinkers of modern Italy, he will find Carducci the true colossus. His poems cover half a century of history and national life, the dawn of the Renaissance, the fire of Mazzini, the courage of Vittorio Emanuele and of Garibaldi, the repression of the Vatican, the new hopes, the new struggles, the taking of Rome. Dante was the poet of the fourteenth century; Carducci the poet of modern Italy. The singer of the "Odi Barbare," and the "Inno a Satana" aroused the indignation of an entire people. These poems are a mirror of the intellectual, moral and political life of modern Italy.

Carducci lived for seventy-two years at Valdicastello; his father was a physician and earned barely seven hundred francs a year. Wrinkled, vehement, he often frightened his patients, exaggerating the consequences of their illnesses, and then the peasants would revenge themselves by rapping vehemently at his door. The relatives of the poet were also persecuted wherever they went for political reasons. They finally disappeared when Carducci's mother died, and he wrote thus about her death to an editor:

"February thirteenth, eighteen hundred and seventy. This morning my poor dear mother died, and with her the last sad hour of my sad youth. Now they will bury her here, at the foot of the Apennines, far from her husband and her son. And where shall we end our lives? I do not know. It was she who guided the family to the best of her ability, and busied herself with everything. I thought

ITALY'S GREATEST MODERN POET

only of my studies and my ideas. What shall I do now with three children, two of whom are girls?"

On the thirtieth of August, eighteen hundred and ninety, Carducci returned to see his native land, and stopped to read the stone which the peasants had placed in the front of his house. His mother's name was Ghelli, but it had been carved as Celli. "Poor mother," said Carducci to a friend, "they even made a mistake in her name."

An old woman who heard this remark asked: "And are you then the great poet? I am your cousin," and hastened to explain the degree of relationship. Meanwhile rumors of his arrival had circulated all over the countryside, and a warm reception was accorded the poet.

RETURNING to his youth, it must be remembered that his first books were sold for one hundred francs a volume. "I should have been able to earn more money and sooner," he wrote, "but I always wished to do better, or at least the very best that I could. I have never had less respect for the art of writing; nor does anything offend me more than to have such propositions as these hurled in my face: 'Anything that you choose; it will do!' Oh, gentlemen, if it satisfies you, it does not satisfy me."

In Florence, Carducci went to school to the Scolopi Friars, where at once he made himself loved, notwithstanding his violent and rebellious nature. He was a lover of books even to exaggeration. Giuseppe Chiararini, his most intimate friend and accurate biographer, tells this curious anecdote: One day the poet returned home with the poetry of Ugo Foscoli; he ascended the stairs on his knees, and when he had reached his mother's room, he wished that the good woman should kneel and kiss the book. The next morning sitting on his bed, he declaimed the poems, many of which he already knew by heart.

In eighteen hundred and fifty-six, after having completed his studies at Pisa, he went to teach in the Ginnasio of San Miniato. When the cholera broke out he abandoned his books to go to the sick beds, together with his brother and two Sienese youths. Later, Carducci's brother killed himself, and the next year his father also died, leaving him an inheritance of little more than a dollar. Yet this was the most brilliant period of his life; he gave lessons in his house; he wrote articles in the library, as well as books and poetry. When the war of independence broke out, he published his first poems, all fire and patriotic love. Four years later he was still giving

ITALY'S GREATEST MODERN POET

lessons in literature in the Liceo of Pistoia, and finally the Minister Mamiani called him to the University of Bologna, where he taught until some years ago.

He always lived modestly, in a plain little house nestling close to the historic walls of Bologna. This house and his wonderful library were purchased by Queen Margherita, and given to the city of Bologna. Queen Margherita and Annie Vivanti are the only two women about whom the rebellious poet ever became enthusiastic. Carducci, describing his first visit to court, has a page of enthusiastic admiration for the queen mother, who was always a sincere friend to him. Annie Vivanti, toward the close of last year, related the manner in which she made the poet's acquaintance. She had presented herself to the publisher Treves, for the purpose of inducing him to publish one of her books of poetry. Treves shook his head and wished to hear nothing of it. "If there were an introduction by Carducci," he said, "we might talk of it——"

"Carducci? Who is he?" Annie Vivanti asked her brother, who advised her to go to Bologna. She was directed to the house of the poet and there a man opened the door, and asked her to enter.

"What do you want?" the man asked me,—none other than Carducci himself," said she afterward, in telling of her visit.

"I want an introduction to my poems."

"A silence followed that made me break out into a cold sweat.

"Ah!" said Carducci finally, 'you are a poetess. I thought you were the Queen of Sheba. A poetess! What have you read?' It seemed to me that he should have asked what I had written, and I was silent and abashed.

"What do you know of our great ones? What do you know of Dante?"

"Dore's illustrations,' I stammered, moved by an impulse of sincerity. Carducci laughed, a delightful, unexpected, merry laugh.

"Sit down,' said he to me.

"And I sat down and told him about Treves, about Miss Gann, and my brother Italo. I drew from my pocket his "Odi Barbare," and told him that I had believed that he had been dead for three hundred years.

"He seemed quite content. But when I gave him the manuscript of the verses his face clouded.

"Hm!' he grumbled, turning the first page, 'what pretty handwriting! I, too,' he added, looking fiercely at me as though I had contradicted him. 'I, too, write a pretty hand.'



GIOSUE CARDUCCI, ITALY'S
GREATEST MODERN POET.



THE HOUSE OF THE LATE GIOSUE
CARDUCCI, SEEN FROM THE ROAD.

WHERE CARDUCCI PASSED HIS LAST
DAYS IN BOLOGNA.

ITALY'S GREATEST MODERN POET

“Then he began reading: ‘*Vieni, amor mio*——’ He muttered the first verses in his beard; then read the second strophe louder. The third he recited in a loud voice, accompanying the rhythm with gestures of his right hand, as though beating time.

*‘A sfondare le porte al paradiso
E riportarne l’estasi quaggiu!’*

There was a moment of silence. Then Carducci struck the paper with his fist.

“‘*Per Dio Bacco*, this woman has talent!’ he said.

“He sat motionless, staring in my face with flashing eyes. I did not know whether to thank him or to deprecate his praise, when suddenly he rose, and worrying his beard, (how well I have learned to know this gesture), said to me roughly: ‘Good-by!’

“‘Good-by,’ I replied, as though hypnotized, and he opened the door for me. I held out my hand, and felt a great desire to cry.

“‘Where is your muff?’ he suddenly asked. ‘I do not know,’ I said, and laughed.

“Carducci wandered absently around the room, looking for it. Then I explained to him that I had brought no muff with me. And he looked at me darkly from beneath his frowning brows, thinking of quite other things. Browning’s lion flashed to my mind:

“‘You could see by those eyes wide and steady
He was leagues in the desert already.’”

“With joy in my heart, I realized that Carducci was thinking of my verses, and that it was for them that he had forgotten me. Later, when I came to know him better, I learned that he was incapable of thinking of more than one thing at a time. If his thoughts were elsewhere, what happened around him disappeared from his perception.

“Months afterward, when Treves had published the verses and the preface, I said to Carducci: ‘Why did you ask me that day about my muff?’ ‘What day? What muff?’ said he. I reminded him that he had wandered all around his drawing room, looking for it. ‘You are dreaming,’ he said, impatiently. ‘And you are dreaming confusedly. I never looked for a muff.’”

FROM that day they became friends. Annie Vivanti’s “*Rosa Azzura*” was performed at the Arena del Sole, Bologna. Carducci, who had for years given up attending theatrical performances, was present at this one. His presence alone sufficed to crowd the theater unusually. The first act was really successful, the

ITALY'S GREATEST MODERN POET

second received some applause, but at the third there was much whistling. Carducci, who had continued to applaud, suddenly rose, rigid and threatening, and shaking his clenched fists at the people, cried many times: "Cowards!" The crowd replied by applauding the poet noisily, but whistled at the comedy. Carducci only continued to applaud. He was never afraid to go against the current of popular opinion, and his brusque manners were never softened.

Once, at a reception given in his honor, he never opened his mouth. One evening in Milan, during a supper, conversation languished, and he felt that some subject must be started. Turning to his neighbor, he asked: "How many children have you?"

The lady, who had already assumed a smile of reverent attention, started: "I am not married," said she, blushing. There was utter silence around the table. For that evening he was left in peace, and he confessed that he never knew what to say to a woman.

In recent times it has been almost impossible to get speech with the old man. Woe to anyone who presented himself at his house or in the office of his publisher, Zanichelli! Everyone had orders not to allow importunate ones to enter. Carducci's third resort was the Caffé Cillario in Bologna; he was accustomed to go there every evening to play a game of chess with his friends, and drink a glass of good wine, for the poet was a great admirer of Bacchus, and also of his liquor. Was this well or ill for him? Possibly ill, but in any case no one could oppose him, or this deeply rooted habit of his, against which all arms would have been powerless.

His inclination to taciturnity was so great that he is said once to have remarked to his students: "He who is able to say a thing in ten words, but says it in twenty, I hold capable of evil deeds!"

Aside from his oddities and extravagances, it is certain that with him vanishes the greatest poet of Italy. With formidable powers of invention, he was a concise and violent polemicist, a fanciful poet, and an austere thinker. D'Annunzio's books have been honored with many translations, not so those of Carducci; because of the difficulty of turning into other languages his verse and prose as well as because of their special nature he did not enjoy the fame he deserved. But a few months before his death justice was done him in the award of the Nobel prize for literature. When the Italian papers undertook a bitter polemic in regard to this recognition, Carducci scornfully tore up everything that was said about him, and told his friends not to trouble themselves about the annoying affair. "I wish no charity!" said he.

A PRESENT FOR TEACHER: BY GRACE L. COLLIN



IT WAS well-nigh incredible. That morning's rumor seemed not half so likely to be true as other rumors circulated in the school-yard at recess—rumors to the effect that the principal employed barbed-wire instead of a ruler in the disciplining of naughty boys, or that Miss Hicks, the instructress of the highest grammar grade, had taught for a hundred years. No one could tell where this latest rumor had started, whether on the "boys' side," an arid stretch of scuffed gravel, echoing to barbaric whoops, or on the "girls' side," where the grass grew in tufts and a withered walnut tree made a rendezvous for the exchange of secrets. Perhaps this particular rumor had entered by neither of the latched gates marked "For Boys," or "For Girls," but by the central archway, whose semi-circle of iron was perforated in a pattern forming the announcement "Public School Number Two." This was the Teacher's Entrance, and the morning's incredible rumor was to the effect that a teacher, Miss Hanson, was to be married.

"I don't believe it," said Bobby Morris, recently promoted to the Middle Grade, of which Miss Hanson had charge. "I don't believe any man would dare ask a woman who knows as much as Miss Hanson to keep house for him. She never gets stuck in the multiplication table, and she can hold her pen just like the pictures of 'Correct position' on the inside cover of the copy books, and she can play 'As We Go Marching through Georgia' on the piano for us to do calisthenics by, and she can take pink and green chalks and draw a pattern of wild roses on the blackboard around the Roll of Honor names."

"I don't believe it's true, either," agreed Susie, the older sister, gazing with sentimental vagueness into the fernery on the luncheon table, "because I don't see what he and she could find to say that would possibly do for love-making. Of course he can't help remembering all the time that he's talking to a teacher, and must be careful not to say *me* for *I*. And his letters must be just like compositions, that she'd have to go over with red ink marks in the margins. Then he can't possibly come to see her, because the Grammar School Principal doesn't approve of callers, unless there's bad news in the family and they've come to take you home."

"Who is it you're chattering about?" asked Mr. Morris. "Miss Hanson—that nice, washed-and-ironed looking girl I pass on my way to the office?"

A PRESENT FOR TEACHER

"That can't be the one you mean, father," said Susie, "if you call her a girl. She may look younger than some other teachers, but really they're all exactly the same age. Bessie Parker says so. The Principal told Mrs. Parker that his first requirement in a teacher was 'the age of discretion.'"

"I hope that nice little Miss Hanson has been discreet in her choice," Mrs. Morris observed. "You children must give her a nice wedding present—nothing elaborate or expensive, of course, but something to remind her of her loving young pupils."

"I'd like to see the wedding present that'd remind her of me," remarked Bobby. "I can't think what it'd look like."

THE clang of the "first bell" sounded through the air of District Number Two, and the children both jumped as if the bell addressed words of summons directly to their ears. Wherein lay the horror of being late to school, their parents could not fathom. Neither Bobby nor Susie sprang guiltily alert when it was a question of being late to bed, or to dinner, or to church. Investigation of school methods revealed no torment lying in wait for the offender who did not arrive at the storm door entrance before the lingering strokes of the last bell faded upon the air. Quoting Dr. Johnson's dictum to the effect that that which reason did not prompt, reason cannot account for, Mr. and Mrs. Morris finally agreed to let the little Morrisises respond to the ringing of the first bell, like the genie to the rubbing of the lamp.

That evening the rumor of the morning was confirmed. Miss Hanson had been spied in the Teachers' Room, being embraced by Miss Hicks, the pedagogue of a century's experience. In the hallway, the janitor had been overheard to "make so bold as to bless her bright face." Bobby contributed the item that during geography period, the principal himself had made an affable entrance into the Middle Grade, and after Miss Hanson had directed the pupils to trace on their maps the courses of the Yang-tsi-kyang and the Hoang-ho, he had made facetious remarks to Miss Hanson, which had flushed her cheeks to a rosy pink above the linen collar. Further, Susie, herself a graduate from the Middle Grade and a devotee of the instructress, had lingered outside the perforated arch for Miss Hanson's exit, in order to accompany her as far as the corner where their ways parted. Hanging to the left hand of her idol (the right being occupied with the results of a written test in arithmetic) Susie had felt, under the glove, a jewelled ring on the fourth finger.

A PRESENT FOR TEACHER

“And you needn’t bother about Susie and me getting her a wedding present,” said Bobby. “The Middle Grade is going to take up a subscription, and all together give her a present, and I’m chairman of the committee.”

“Bobby on a presentation committee!” exclaimed Mr. Morris, recalling Bobby’s unerringly bad taste in literature and art. “I’m proud of you, my son, but, for your future safety, I hope that Miss Hanson’s fiancé may not know that it was you upon whom this honor was conferred.”

“Oh, Bobby,” appealed Mrs. Morris, anxiously recalling the boy’s approval of the ornate china in a café, as contrasted with the willow pattern at home, “doesn’t your committee think that it would be a good idea to let Miss Hanson herself choose, or if you want to surprise her, ask Miss Hicks to——”

“No, mother, the committee doesn’t think that’s a good idea at all,” replied Bobby, setting his square chin. “Miss Hanson is our teacher, it’s our pocket money, it’s our present, it’s our room, it’s our——”

“That will do, Bobby,” said Mr. Morris.

IT WAS the last day of the term. There had been exercises in the Middle Grade. “Pieces” had been spoken. Songs, pitched by Miss Hanson in a La-a-a that had never before been so emotionally tremulous, had been sung. An intricate march and drill had been executed up and down the aisle and “on the floor.” Then Miss Hanson, in a voice shakier than ever, had made a little speech of farewell to the “dear children, whom she would always remember, and who, she hoped, wouldn’t *qui-quite* forget her.” It was all as it should be, but now, on Mrs. Morris’s face, grew deeper the expression of apprehension that had lain there like a shadow all the afternoon. For, rising with that jaunty air which awakened forebodings in his mother’s heart, Bobby Morris, chairman of the presentation committee, grasped in his strong, energetic hands a flat parcel, secreted in his desk till this moment, and advanced to the desk. His few well chosen remarks (framed by Mr. Morris during luncheon) were lost upon Mrs. Morris, as she sat with eyes riveted upon the package, while all the atrocities of the village shops, so attractive to the eyes of Bobby and his colleagues, defiled before her mental vision.

With a girlish anticipation, Miss Hanson snipped the wrappings, and then, with a delighted smile, held up an admirable photograph

A PRESENT FOR TEACHER

of the Mona Lisa, framed in a dull wood whose sepia tints were in perfect keeping. With a gasp of amazed relief, Mrs. Morris sank back upon her bench.

"This is perfectly lovely," beamed Miss Hanson. "I really think I must thank the parents as well as the pupils, for suggesting the choice of this fine replica of a masterpiece which happens to be a particular favorite of mine."

Bobby shot a complacent glance across the benches. "Nobody but the committee had any say-so about it," he mentioned.

"That makes it even more significant," replied Miss Hanson. "I almost think that my little illustrated talks on art may have had some influence. This picture is doubly gratifying. I shall always treasure it. Perhaps you children will repeat for me the latest motto in the copy book, as its sentiment seems most applicable here. You may remember it, for you each wrote it fourteen times last week."

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," chorused the children, triumphantly.

WITHOUT intruding on the private affairs of your committee," suggested Mr. Morris, at the next gathering of that family, "may I ask how you happened to hit upon, er—select—La Giaconda?"

"Huh?" asked Bobby. "Oh, you mean the woman in Miss Hanson's present. Well, ever since that time I got taken to the art exhibition, I haven't forgotten the homely things that people said were good looking. And sometimes, when I'd finished my practical problems the first in the class, Miss Hanson showed me an art book that she kept in her desk, with pictures of the same sort, only worse. So, when the boys on the committee decided that the present would be a picture out of a picture store, and not a sofa pillow, or a bureau set, or a plated water pitcher (because the girls, when they disagreed, got to crying in department stores), I said:

"Now, see here, do you want to choose something artistic?"

"And they said, 'yes.'

"Then I said, 'Do you know how to tell when it is artistic?'

"And they said, 'no.'

"Well, I do,' I told 'em. 'You hunt around for the worst bargain for your money, until you find the poorest looking, dullest colored picture you ever saw, drawn by a man who worked before they taught free-hand.'

"So the picture man took us to a section where there were quite

THE SIGN

a few like what I said. 'Now,' said I, 'of all these guys, which is the worst?'

"Well, some chose one and some another, but when we noticed the cracks of the old canvas showing through that one photograph, we decided on La What-do-you-call-her. But it had a bully frame, shiny as glass, cut in a pattern like Number Fifteen for advanced workers, in the book that came with Will Baxter's jig-saw. Of course I knew that frame would never do, because we all liked it. The girls came near crying again, but I had the picture man bring out one frame after another, till he showed one that didn't look finished, and was so ugly it made the boys want to fight me for calling it 'artistic.' But I said,

"Now, just wait a minute and see if I ain't (am not, yes, mother) right.' And I asked the price, and you can bet your bottom dollar (no, father, I won't say it again), that horrid, mean, hateful picture cost more, for that number of square inches, than anything else in the store. And that rough old frame—why, it came seventeen cents a foot higher than the shiny one.

'So then the committee knew that I was right, and we all went off and had soda-water because we'd worked so hard, and they treated me to my glass, because I knew how to pick out a present for teacher that'd be 'a thing of beauty and a joy forever,' I think it's a good idea to understand art, after all."

THE SIGN

HER smiling is the sun for me,
Though in her eyes the rain-floods dwell;
For I, who know her heart so well
Through love's divining,
Can see the sudden sign, can see,
Like to a gold-swept amethyst
Between the sunlight and the mist,
Love's rainbow shining.

AGNES LEE.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE WITH BEN GREET AND HIS MERRY WOODLAND PLAYERS: THEIR HAPPINESS IN THE SIMPLE THINGS OF LIFE A LESSON IN THE JOY OF LIVING: BY SELENE AYER ARMSTRONG

"They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world."—As You Like It.



IN THE deep forest, on the river bank by moonlight, or perhaps under the trees of some city park or village playground, behold! in this America of ours, an Old World miracle—Will Shakespeare's men and women come to life. From May until September our hills and forests are peopled with the blithe host of them, *Rosalind* and *Orlando*; *Hermia* and *Lysander*; the gentle *Miranda* and good *Prospero*; *Benedick* and *Beatrice*; *Viola*, *Olivia*, *Orsino*, *Malvolio*; and even *Sir John Falstaff* and the *Merry Wives*. To these forest folk "all the world's a stage," and enacting their comedies in whatever out-of-door spot trees and grass may flourish, they weave into the sunny fabric of their pastoral art the joy of life in the open and of good fellowship with Nature.

Four years ago Mr. Ben Greet, who has long been famous for his out-of-door presentations of Shakespeare's pastoral plays, came to America, bringing his charming company of English youths and maidens. In England the company has acted much at Oxford, Cambridge, London's Royal Botanical Gardens under the patronage and presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, at Carisbrooke Castle on the Isle of Wight, and at the most beautiful ancestral homes of "Shakespeare's England,"—Lowther Lodge; Wilton Park, where "As You Like It" is said to have been written and first acted; Ashbridge, where Princess Elizabeth lived before she became Queen; Royston, and Warwick Castle.

The first pastoral given by the actors in America was at Columbia University, and they have since become known from the East coast to the West for their out-of-door plays, their repertoire including "As You Like It," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Tempest," "Twelfth Night," "Much Ado About Nothing" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor." At the earliest sign of summer these woodland players take leave of glaring footlights and artificial scenery, which are tolerated as necessary evils in the winter season's indoor Elizabethan productions, and begin their pastoral life.

BEN GREET'S WOODLAND PLAYERS

“Right joyful we are to leave the hard work of the winter for this delicious out-of-door existence,” Sybil Thorndike, a member of Mr. Greet’s company whom I first knew as *Rosalind*, writes me from the forest in which they are playing. “The plays take on new life, as it were, None of it is like acting, but is as if we were really privileged to change places for a time with Shakespeare’s men and women in their natural environment.”

THE simplicity and joyousness which are dominant notes in the pastoral art of the Ben Greet Players reflect faithfully the spirit of their forest life. For the men and women of this merry band find happiness in the world’s simplest and almost forgotten sources, in the feel of the good brown earth, in the companionship of silent growing things, in wind and sunshine and the pageantry of a setting sun.

The company being almost entirely English, its members have that love of outdoor life and things which is inherent in their countrymen, and their fondness for the open has made them practised to a degree we Americans have not yet attained in being happy and comfortable when out of doors. Upon their arrival at a town, instead of spending their days at a stuffy hotel, they always picnic in whatever beautiful spot has been chosen for their stage—on the college campus, at the country club, or in some deep forest skirting the city. Each girl has her tea basket, well stored with simple provisions of tea, bread and butter, cakes and fruit, and equipped with forks, spoons and quaint blue cups and plates. When the last words of the play have been spoken, and the audience has taken a lingering farewell of the enchanted spot, the cloth is spread under the trees, and the favored guest sits down to tea with *Rosalind* and *Orlando* and their companions, all in their old world costumes. No silks and laces are worn, but only such quaint, simple stuffs and stout leathers as clothed the foresters of Arden, or withstood sun and rain on *Prospero’s* island. And so the twilight hour passes with jest and laughter, in all of which Mr. Greet himself takes the lead, until the calcium lights in the trees throw their mysterious shadows, and the call of the trumpet assembles the audience for the evening performance.

So nearly is the art of these players at one with Nature that a whim of the elements but frequently serves to heighten the dramatic intensity of a situation, and to make the acting more convincing. At Ravanai Park, a beautiful amusement place on Lake Michigan, twenty miles north of Chicago, Mr. Greet gave one evening a per-

BEN GREET'S WOODLAND PLAYERS

formance of "The Tempest." The weather was fine until the play began, when one of those sudden storms frequent on the lake front was threatened. Trees were swayed by the wind, and a few great raindrops fell. The sky grew black at the very moment in which *Miranda*, who grasped the possibilities of the situation, pleaded with her father to allay the storm. A tremendous Saturday evening audience was present, but not a person moved. They sat as if spell-bound at the dramatic spectacle of *Miranda*, with her arms about the neck of a magnificent young giant who played *Prospero*, pleading with him to control a storm which was actually threatening to the point of making the timid afraid. *Caliban* follows on with the lines:

"As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! A Southwest blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!"

Hereupon the audience cheered its delight at the humor of the situation. Shortly, as if by the intervention of some supernatural agency, the storm cleared as suddenly as it had gathered, and the performance proceeded successfully.

On another occasion, when the company was presenting "Midsummer Night's Dream," *Titania*, looking up at an uncertain moon, spoke the line "The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye," and a gentle rain began to fall. The audience simply laughed heartily and raised its umbrellas for the moment, while the play continued uninterrupted. At the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee, the company gave "As You Like It" in what is one of the most magnificent natural forests in the South. Responding to the enthusiasm of the students and the beauty of the environment, the actors told me they had never so enjoyed a performance, and that they had never given so inspired a rendition of the play. Young Sybil Thorndike filled the rôle of *Rosalind* with a spontaneity that was irresistible, and when she reached the words in the epilogue, "If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me," a burst of laughter and cheers from the great audience showed that the suggestion was fully appreciated by the ready witted and fun loving Southern students, already wild with delight at the effect of the most charming comedy in the world as played in its native forest glades, and cheer after cheer for *Rosalind* so embarrassed the young actress that she forgot the rest of her lines and turned and fled as if for her life.



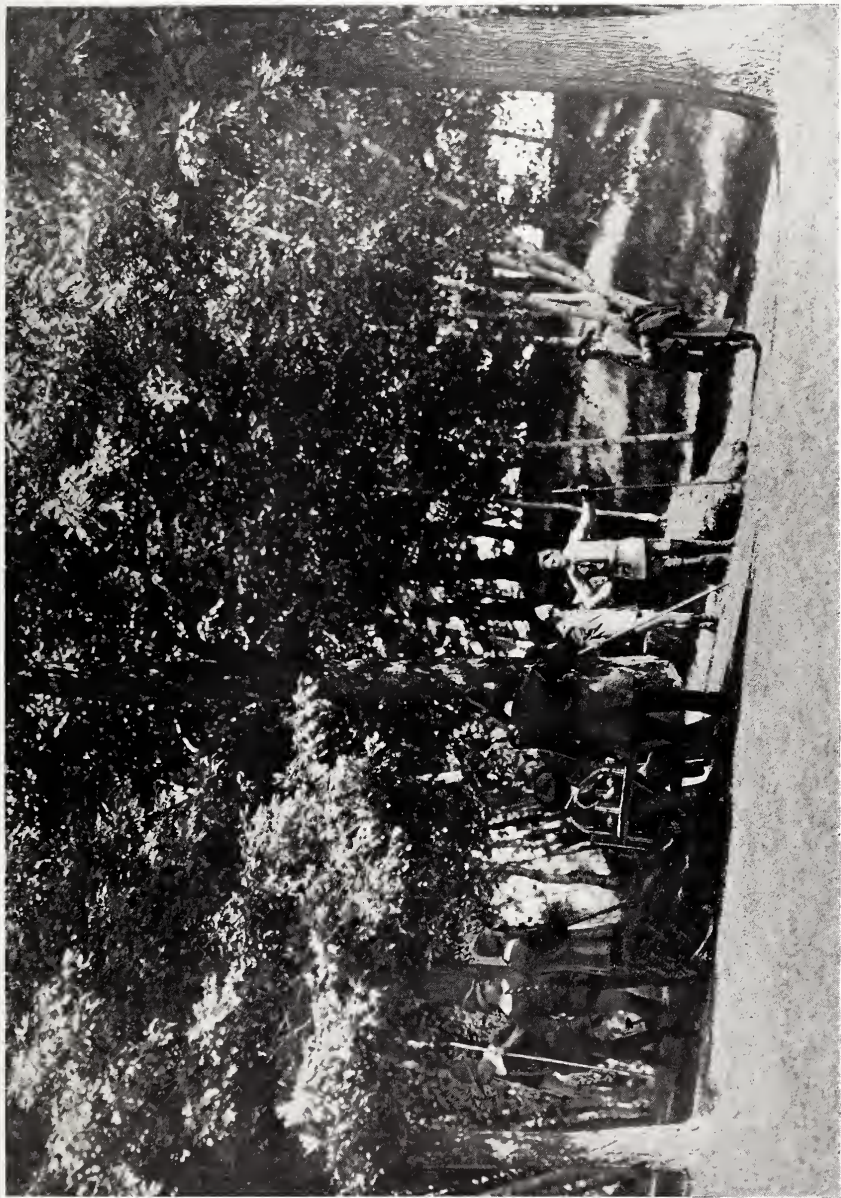
Copyright by Sweet of Mpls., 1905.

TWO SCENES FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT," AS GIVEN
OUT OF DOORS BY BEN GREET'S PLAYERS.



Copyright by Sweet of Mpls., 1905.

BEN GREET WAITING FOR THE AUDIENCE
TO GATHER IN AN OUTDOOR THEATER
ON THE SHORES OF LAKE MINNETONKA.



Copyright by Sweet of Mlps., 1905.

THE TREES ARE THE SCENERY, AND
THE EXITS AND ENTRANCES ARE MADE
FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE FOREST.



Copyright by Sweet of Mpls., 1905.

SHOWING THE POETIC VALUE OF FOREST SETTINGS FOR SHAKESPEARE'S FOREST FOLK IN ONE OF BEN GREET'S OUTDOOR PERFORMANCES.

BEN GREET'S WOODLAND PLAYERS

FROM which incidents it may be seen that the naturalness and exquisite freshness of these pastoral plays is largely due to the actors' *rapport* with their out-of-door surroundings—a *rapport* born of their genuine joy in Nature and of their mode of living. In the simple and robust happiness that loiters with them along the open road they catch the spirit and read the innermost meaning of the comedy they play so blithesomely,

“And this their life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

Mr. Greet's idea of playing Shakespeare out of doors was inspired not less by his interest in a revival of true Elizabethan presentations than by the artistic possibilities of pastoral art. Recognizing the superiority of natural scenery to artificial; of real trees and sky to painted ones; and appreciating the poetic value of forest settings for Shakespeare's forest folk, Mr. Greet has achieved by perfectly simple means an art which, though stripped of every convention, is at once exquisite and satisfying. The test of this art, a test which must prove the undoing of any criticism that would measure it by conventional standards, is in the appeal it makes to the spectator. The joy of the actors, the poetry of treatment and environment, never fail to communicate themselves to the audience. In illustration of this, I cannot forbear quoting the words of a man who expressed what scores of men and women familiar with Mr. Greet's art have told me of its effect upon them. Said he, “The first time I ever saw the Ben Greet Players present ‘Midsummer Night's Dream’ was at Rockford, Illinois. They played one evening in a grove of oak trees on the bank of the Rock River. The river flowed behind them, and from somewhere in the trees soft music was heard. It was in August, and in the distant background a wonderful harvest moon, all red, came up. The actors, in their Greek costumes, seemed the most natural and beautiful part of the scene. As a spectacle, I shall never forget it. We all showed signs of tears, and I cared not whether a line were spoken, had I but been allowed to look.” A never-to-be-forgotten spectacle! This impression is conveyed without one piece of stage scenery, and is to a large extent, the subjective result of the atmosphere of poetry and beauty created by the actors. To create such an atmosphere is the chief concern of each player, no matter how trivial may be his rôle. With Mr. Greet “the play's the thing,” and the performance must exploit the play, rather than some one or two leading players.

THE BIRD

“I have no stars,” he told me. “We all work for the ensemble, for we know that the whole is no stronger than its weakest part.” The result is both strength and unity.

The artistic success achieved by Mr. Greet and his players, entirely without the aid of artificial means, and by sheer strength of the poetic and joyous spirit which marks their treatment of these pastoral plays, is the more significant in view of the dependency of both modern and classical productions upon spectacular effects. Their work is a movement in the direction of simplicity and naturalness in the art of the stage, even as their happiness in the simple and natural things of life is a lesson in the art of living.

THE BIRD

ALWAYS my heart has longed to hear
A certain bird whose lyric cry
Is like a rainbow through the sky;
But never came the wonder near.

Sometimes when dreaming in the dawn
I hear it in the hills of sleep
Singing far off—and wake to weep,
For with the light the voice is gone.

But when I sought it one strange day
Deep in the woods, they say to me
It came and sang in the willow-tree
Beside my door—and I away!

O bird of dream and mystery!
Though yearning for thee I despair,
Maybe I nevermore would dare
To sing myself—had I heard thee.

ELSA BARKER.



Copyright by Sweet of Mpls., 1905.

THEY PLAYED ONE AUGUST NIGHT IN A GROVE
OF TREES ON THE BANK OF A RIVER, AND BACK
IN THE TREES SOFT MUSIC WAS HEARD.

CHILDREN OF MANY NATIONS
IN THE SCHOOLS OF HAWAII



SIM HOY AND HER
LITTLE SISTER



KIMOYA TAKING
HER MUSIC AND
DANCING LESSONS



THE SCHOOL CHILDREN OF FAIRYLAND: BY HENRY C. MYERS, PH. D.



THE Hawaiian Islands, as we know them to-day and since June fourteenth, nineteen hundred, are an organized Territory of the United States comprising eight larger islands with a population of about one hundred and fifty-four thousand and several small rocky islands still uninhabited. The future of this group is not difficult to predict when we observe that the white skin is unsuited to the actinic rays of blazing tropical sunlight and that more than sixty-three thousand Japanese have already taken possession, and are being instructed according to our most advanced and effective free school system, and by our best American teachers. In Hawaii the Japanese already outnumber the whites nearly five to one. The Hawaiian race is rapidly disappearing and is no longer a factor in considering the future of these islands; the Chinese, according to our Federal exclusion laws, are no longer admitted, a circumstance which is peculiarly unfortunate, as the mixing of Hawaiian and Chinese blood has produced the most intelligent and capable men and women known to the islands. Of the other dark-skinned races the Portuguese, Porto Rican, Korean and Negro comprise only a few thousand and are unimportant.

The Japanese are eager and alert, not in adopting American ideals, but in making a new Japan of the Hawaiian Islands, and, indeed, the simple life of these hardy, frugal people seems far better suited to climatic conditions than do our complexities of dress and food.

Education in the Hawaiian Islands began eighty years ago. American missionaries printed the first spelling books in eighteen hundred and twenty-two, from which time up to eighteen hundred and thirty, the students were largely adults of the families of chiefs. One school alone boasts of having educated four kings, one queen and a queen consort as well as others prominent in the affairs and progress of the day.

In eighteen hundred and thirty-one formal measures were taken to establish a model school at each mission station, after which the attendance gradually changed from adult to juvenile. Public school instruction dates back to the passage of the first school law, in eighteen hundred and forty one, by the king and council, and in eighteen hundred and forty-three a department of public instruction was created with a minister of the crown as its head. Under the territorial government the executive head is styled the "Superintendent of Public Instruction," and public schools are no longer taught in the

SCHOOL CHILDREN OF FAIRYLAND

Hawaiian language, the basis of all instruction being English. In the early days of California children were sent to Honolulu to be educated, and today our great mainland colleges may be entered from the schools of the territory.

† The Hawaiians have always been loyal to their beautiful islands, and to this love of country must be accredited the maintenance of fifty-nine private schools with two hundred and sixty-three teachers and five thousand two hundred and four pupils in attendance. The Japanese children, as a rule, receive instruction in their own tongue at some private institution later in the afternoon after having attended the public schools. So eager are they for learning that one sees the impatient smaller children, as early as six o'clock, bare headed and bare footed, with school bag and lunch pail of rice and fruit, trudging along toward the schoolhouse, where they wait for hours till instruction is given. These irresistible youngsters, as one sees them along the country roadways, are sufficiently suggestive of elves and wood nymphs to be a most picturesque and characteristic feature of this tropical fairyland.

The teachers, as well as the pupils, in either the private or public schools, represent fully ten different races; the private schools, however, employing relatively more teachers of foreign parentage than do the public schools. The number of American teachers in the public schools is twice that of any other race; the teachers of part Hawaiian blood come next in number, and the pure Hawaiians third. There is not a Japanese instructor in any public school, and very few Chinese.

Comparative Table of Teachers by Race and Nativity.
Public Schools.

	1894	1904
Hawaiian.	70	58
Part Hawaiian.	50	90
Americans.	77	168
British.	36	36
Germans.	1	6
Portuguese.	6	27
Scandinavians.	6	7
Japanese.
Chinese.	4
Other Foreigners.	1	4
Totals	247	400

SCHOOL CHILDREN OF FAIRYLAND

Comparative Table of the Nationality of Pupils Attending Schools in the Territory of Hawaii for the Years	1894	1904
Hawaiian.	5,177	4,983
Part Hawaiian.	2,103	3,267
Americans.	285	931
British.	184	226
Germans.	208	252
Portuguese.	2,551	4,448
Scandinavians.	83	93
Japanese.	113	3,313
Chinese.	529	1,875
Porto Rican.	437
Other Foreigners.	74	192
Totals	11,307	20,017

In the matter of offenses, larceny, truancy and disobedience to parents take the lead. Judging by reports of the industrial schools, the worst behaved pupils are American, and the best, by far, are the Chinese. The tendency toward disobedience to parents is particularly noticeable in the Hawaiian girls. In quietness of manner, love of family and good citizenship the Chinaman is conspicuous; he is un-aggressive and is the true aristocrat of the Islands.

The percentage increase of Japanese students for the past ten years is appalling, and, from such statistics, the future of the Hawaiian Islands is not difficult to predict. Indeed, one is led to wonder if the future of all our insular possessions is not, after all, less dependent upon legislation than upon the effect of the actinic rays.

RAISING THE STANDARD OF EFFICIENCY IN WORK: PRACTICAL TRAINING GIVEN BY THE MANHATTAN TRADE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS: BY CLARENCE OSGOOD



GROUP of New York business men in the City Club one evening last winter were discussing the inefficiency of the average worker. Almost every man present told of some experience of his own, and the keynote sounded by all was the great difficulty of securing efficient labor. It was a monotonous recital of depressing failure and weakness which apparently lay at the heart of our whole industrial system.

They were all hard-headed, practical business men, who, quite dispassionately, and without theorizing, were discussing a matter of great importance, a common experience pointing to a grave defect somewhere in our educational system. One told of incompetent workmen demanding high pay, with no thought of giving an equivalent return in service. Another told of workmen with no interest, no feeling of pride in their work. A third complained of men who, though skilled enough as workmen, could not be trusted, but needed to be watched lest they do inferior work, notwithstanding that they had no apparent interest in "scamping" their task. A fourth spoke of the difficulty of securing capable domestic servants and told stories of his wife's experiences, while a fifth complained of his office staff, men and women. He cited the case of a young stenographer who had lately come to him direct from one of the business colleges where stenographers are trained, specially recommended as being a quick, accurate and intelligent worker; he had found her far from possessing any of these qualifications. "She is absolutely incompetent," he said. "If I keep her I must pay her full wages while she virtually learns her business at my expense. And when she has learned it, she will either marry or take another position."

Then it was that one who had not spoken before brought the discussion to a practical head. "That's it. We all feel inefficiency most keenly, I suppose. I employ hundreds of men and women in my factories, and suffer more from that than anything else. We've always got vacancies for bright, efficient men and women, but most who come to us are absolutely unemployable. From the office down through all the grades in the factory, mechanics and laborers alike, men as well as women, it is the same. What is wrong? Is it in us, in our industrial methods, or in the human material we get?"

WHERE GIRLS LEARN HOW TO WORK

“I fancy the weakness is in our educational system,” responded the one who had spoken of his stenographer. “In the first place our schools are not efficient. Too much is attempted, perhaps; thoroughness sacrificed to fads and frills. Then, also, the whole psychology of our school training seems to be in the direction of regarding manual labor as menial and degrading. A false sense of values leads many a bright lad to scorn the chance of becoming a good, well-paid mechanic and to prefer the lot of a poorly paid, petty lawyer. Similarly, many a bright girl is struggling to make a living selling miserable little water-color drawings, or stupid but hard-wrought literary products, simply because she has learned to regard honest work as a degradation. The schools may not have taught her that, but they have not taught her differently: they have not taught her that to earn a dollar meeting some need, supplying some real demand in the world for service, is far more honorable than to receive a dollar for something which is not honestly worth the dollar to the buyer. So far, I believe, our schools fail, but that is only part of our problem. When the school turns the boys and girls over to us, the masters of industry, what do we do? Is it not a fact that we at once set about exploiting their present usefulness, regardless of the future? We have little or no interest in their development such as the masters of industry had in the old days of the apprentice system. Alas! we have no apprentice system in these days, more’s the pity.

“Yes, modern parents would not consent to apprentice their sons and daughters. As long as there is so great a demand for their service, however crude and untaught it may be, at immediate remuneration, it is not to be expected that many parents will have the wisdom to forego present gain in the interest of the future. Further than that, how many of us are in a position to promise to do for a boy or girl what the old time employer promised—and did? There are two sides to the question of apprenticeship. The old apprentice system is impossible, but it seems to me that some plan could be devised whereby its vital principles, augmented by modern advantages, might be grafted on to our school system. A boy or girl could then pass directly from the grammar school to the trade school and be prepared to enter any chosen trade; not fully as competent as the experienced man, perhaps, any more than the apprentice at the close of his term of apprenticeship was, but they could at least be made competent to do certain things well and quickly, and could be given a thorough knowledge of the principles of the trade as a

WHERE GIRLS LEARN HOW TO WORK

whole. More important still, they could be trained to apply those principles to whatever variations of the trade they might be called upon to face."

IT IS suggestive of much in our modern city life that not far away, in the same city where this conversation took place, an experiment along these very lines, for training young girls to go into various trades, has been carried on for some years, and has attracted much comment in educational circles throughout Europe and America. Yet these business men, feeling keenly the evil, were ignorant of the attempt made to remedy it. In a civic way they were just as inefficient as the workers they complained of were in an industrial and economic way. For there are duties of citizenship, as important as the duties of occupation. It is as much the duty of the citizen to be an efficient unit of the community, to know the business of citizenship, as it is the duty of the servant or artisan to be efficient in his particular calling.

The experiment in industrial education referred to above is the Manhattan Trade School for Girls. Established just five years ago, it has in this short time attained an international reputation as one of the most important and successful efforts yet made in America to make education a practical training to the student about to enter in the industrial life of the nation as a worker. Here the best features of the ancient apprenticeship system and the mediæval guilds have been reinforced by the best features of the modern school system. It has very definite aims which are never for a moment lost sight of. Realizing that a very large number of young girls must, as soon as they leave the public schools, enter the industrial field and become self-supporting, and that many of the evils incidental to women's work are directly traceable to the inefficiency of the workers themselves, it aims to reach girls leaving the public schools who must work for a living, and to receive them as apprentices. It provides each of these apprentices with: First, a training which will make her skilled in a specific trade as quickly as her individual abilities allow, so that when she begins actual work she is an efficient worker commanding the highest possible wages. Second, a training which, while specialized to the extent indicated, includes such a thorough knowledge of the principles underlying a whole group of trades included in one general industry, and such development of the capacity to apply those principles to special demands, as to enable her to so adapt herself as to be able to change from one trade to any of

WHERE GIRLS LEARN HOW TO WORK

the allied trades without loss of efficiency. Third, a training to fit her mentally and physically to cope with actual conditions of shop life and shop work in the industry she enters. Fourth, a training which enables her to understand her relation to her employer, the relation of her own special work to the work of her fellows and to the industry as a whole, and the relation of the industry to the life of the nation.

At present, there are about four hundred and fifty of these student-apprentices in the school. Most of them have graduated from the grammar schools, but by no means all of them. Graduates are preferred, for the simple reason that the teachers have found by experience that the mental training given in the public schools is a very valuable aid to industrial training. But any girl who is fourteen years of age and entitled to leave school, or any girl who has graduated, even though she be less than fourteen years of age, is welcomed to the Trade School, provided it is her serious intention to earn her living at one of the trades taught by the school, and that her parents or guardians approve. When one thinks of the enormous advantages offered by such a course of training and the fact that this is the only school of its kind in the city, it is remarkable that there should be a dearth of girls willing to enter the school, but such is the fact. The managers find that there is, even among the poor, a stupid, but very real, prejudice against the idea of sending their daughters into trades. The words "trade" and "work" seem to imply a certain amount of social degradation. It is the same unintelligent, deep-seated prejudice which exists against domestic service. Mothers, otherwise perfectly intelligent, are horrified at the thought of their daughters being called "work-girls." Even though wages be much lower and conditions of labor far inferior from every point of view, physical and moral, they greatly prefer to have their daughters called "salesladies" or some other "respectable" name. Girls with absolutely no aptitude for the work an intelligent office assistant ought to be qualified to do, but who might make very competent machine operators in a factory where ladies' or children's clothing is made, at good wages, are turned out as poor, inefficient stenographers, compelled to a life of drudgery at low wages, simply because they are sacrificed to an ignorant prejudice against useful work, a false sense of respectability. The intelligence with which the teachers combat this foolish prejudice against honest labor is an intelligence of great and abiding value in the lives of the girls and their parents.

THE Manhattan Trade School for girls provides instruction in the following trades: Dressmaking, from the cheapest grades to the very fine and costly; Millinery, from the very lowest priced to the more costly individual "creations;" Electric machine operating, in all its grades and divisions; Novelty work in paste and glue, ranging from the placing of merchants' samples on cards to the manufacture of the most elaborate and costly satin-lined jewelers' cases for plate and jewelry. When a girl applies for admission to the school she is requested to choose which department she will enter. Generally the mother comes along and has the deciding word. The choice is, let us say, millinery. Now millinery is not a good trade for a girl to adopt. In the first place, it is what the census people call a "seasonal occupation;" that is, it is confined to certain busy seasons and there are corresponding periods of slackness when it is practically impossible to obtain employment. Then, too, it is—except in the highest branches—one of the lowest paid trades in which women are employed. It is almost always overcrowded; the workshops are often small and dingy and infrequently inspected. Finally, as a result of all these circumstances, the moral status of the trade is notoriously low. "Why do you want Elsie to learn millinery, Mrs. Blank?" the superintendent asks. "Why not learn dressmaking and go into one of the big factories?" "Oh, but I couldn't think of letting her go into one of those horrid factories, where she is sure to meet such bad company. My daughter will never be a common factory-girl if I can help it!"

Now, if the superintendent has found out that Elsie has talents which point to her success in the higher branches of the millinery trade—and they have a month's probation, I believe—she will not discourage her. But otherwise she may argue Elsie's mother out of her narrow prejudices. She may point out that in a factory a girl is even more isolated than in a small workshop; that bad companions will be just as easily found in stores, offices and small shops as in the factories; that a large, airy, well-lighted, up-to-date factory, constantly inspected, is far preferable to a dingy little back room with poor light and ventilation in Madame Le Bon's on Fifth Avenue—even though the factory may be on the East Side somewhere. The superior wages are urged as a further consideration, and very often Elsie becomes something else, an electric machine operator, perhaps, or a maker of novelties. Almost invariably the girls live to see the wisdom of the advice thus given. How they appreciate the school is shown by the fact that there are some forty groups of wage-earn-

WHERE GIRLS LEARN HOW TO WORK

ers who owe their present positions largely to the training received in the schools. These groups last year contributed almost twenty-five hundred dollars, mostly in pennies and nickels, to the funds, thus helping to provide the advantages of the school for girls too poor to be able to attend unless paid a sum equivalent to what they could earn at the time.

If a girl elects to learn dressmaking, she is at once put upon some definite piece of useful work. There is no useless stitching upon a useless bit of calico to be thrown away, simply for the sake of the practice in stitching. From the first hour, "every stitch must have a purpose." All the class rooms are kept as nearly as possible like ordinary workrooms, and all the other conditions of actual industry are maintained as far as possible. There is the same discipline, the same responsibility and the same incentive to accurate and speedy work. The teachers are not theorists, but women who have, in every case, actually followed the trade they teach, and who have combined with that experience special mental training. Under each teacher, and assisting her, are competent workers able to direct the young apprentices, to keep them occupied, to plan the work of each with relation to all the rest, and to secure from the girls the same speed which would be demanded from them if they were actually employed in a commercial way. All the goods made, dresses, hats, underwear and novelties are sold. Those of standard quality are disposed of in the usual way to the regular trade; the "seconds," that is, goods of inferior workmanship, are frequently sold to the girls themselves.

PERHAPS it is well here to call attention to an important matter of definition. Many people, perhaps most people, fail to distinguish between trade, technical, industrial and manual training schools, using the various terms as synonyms. Yet each of these terms connotes an idea distinct from each and all of the others. A technical school, properly understood, aims to augment the practical training which the learner of a trade receives by scientific or theoretical knowledge of it. A manual training school aims simply at the co-ordinate training of hand and brain; it does not pretend to fit the student for any special trade. An industrial school teaches one or more branches of industry, not primarily to equip the pupil for earning a living in the branch of industry taught, but to inculcate habits of order and work. It is the idea on which most juvenile reformatory work is based. A trade school, on the other hand, aims

WHERE GIRLS LEARN HOW TO WORK

to train apprentices for particular trades. It is an enlightened apprenticeship. Many trade schools have gone on trying to teach the whole of a trade, from its first stages to its very highest, in a given time. They have altogether ignored the fact that, owing to the intense specialization in modern industrial life, relatively few of the workers would ever be called up to cover the whole trade. What the Manhattan School does, on the other hand, is to recognize the specialization, to thoroughly equip the apprentice to do the work of a special branch of the trade. Beyond that it contents itself with teaching a thorough knowledge of fundamental principles and developing the capacity of applying those principles to needs as they arise.

That the training the girls receive is in many respects superior to ordinary apprenticeship is quite certain. There is a theoretical side to the training which the old apprentices often lacked. If a girl learns dressmaking, for example, she not only specially develops some particular branch of the trade and learns how to cut a dress, assemble its parts and trim it, but beyond this, she learns the principles of dress designing, including the theory of color. Added to this is a knowledge of the evolution of dress, knowledge of the various fabrics used, and so on. Thus a girl who is specially bright will know how to design a dress for a particular figure, or how to adapt a dress design. She will know how to select fabrics and colors; how to cut out the dress and how to make and assemble all its parts. She will know how cotton is grown and prepared, how it is woven into fabrics and how important the cotton industry is to the nation. Further than this, she will have acquired an important addition to the mental training received in the grammar school. She will have been taught to apply the knowledge acquired there to her industrial life. Thus she will know how to write a letter relating to her trade, how to set forth her qualifications in applying for a position, for instance, or how to describe accurately, in technical language, her special trade. She will know the commercial arithmetic of her trade, be able to compute her wages, keep accounts of time, materials, cost, and so on, as well as how to do business in general, including such details as endorsing or drawing checks.

The best evidence of the efficiency of this enlightened apprenticeship is the appreciation of the employers. There is always a demand for girls who are deemed competent by their teachers and the highest wages are paid them. Employers have come to regard the word of the teachers as a sufficient voucher of a girl's competence,

WHERE GIRLS LEARN HOW TO WORK

and rarely indeed is there disappointment. The reason for this is obvious enough; the girls are educated to the observance of high standards of workmanship and commercial efficiency. They are not inspired with false hopes, but rather impressed with a sense of their limitations. If, for instance, a girl is found to be incapable of learning dressmaking as a whole, but capable of becoming efficient in one thing, such as "tucking" her limitations are pointed out to her and emphasis is placed upon the fact that as a competent tuck-maker she can earn good wages and secure ready employment, whereas she must necessarily be a failure at general work. In a word, the girls go out from the school with the fact well drilled into them that they are to give value in labor for value in wages.

All girls are placed in good paying positions as soon as they are ready and there is never any difficulty in finding such positions for them. When a girl has been working a month she brings to the school a report from her employer as to her work during that time, and by this method the teachers are enabled to keep their standards up to the requirements of the business world. Many girls, too, find when they have been working for some time opportunities for advancement open to them, and they return to the school and attend the evening classes for further study.

It is impossible to present statistically the gains in wages and constancy of employment by which the girls who go out from the school are benefited, but they are considerable. Quite recently a well-known settlement worker visited the school and jocularly remarked that it was "demoralizing the girls in our neighborhood," because Jessie, who used to earn only five dollars, is making sixteen dollars a week, and "the other girls are clamoring for higher wages, too." "That is the aim of the school, to make as many Jessies as possible," said the superintendent. "The efficient must win: the inefficient must go to the wall." And it is not only in dollars and cents that the efficient are benefited. Added to the financial gain is the great human gain of a larger outlook on life, an added interest in the work of life and an exalting sense of fitness to cope with life's problems.

THE REGENERATION OF IKEY—THE STORY OF A SCHOOL WHERE DULL OR VICIOUS LITTLE BRAINS ARE AWAKENED BY TRAINING THE HANDS TO USEFUL WORK: BY JOHN SPARGO



IKEY was a typical dark, sad-eyed little Russian Hebrew whose twelve years had been surcharged with the grief and tragedy of a lifetime. To his poor, bewildered mother Ikey was something more than a puzzle—almost a burden, the heaviest of all the misfortunes which had trailed her pathway from Warsaw to New York. The Cossack's knout, her husband's grave over in Brooklyn and Ikey's wickedness were the three great, overwhelming sorrows of her life, and they blended in a perfect nightmare of despairing anguish.

The mother's viewpoint influenced her estimate. Somehow, the perspective was wrong, and it made the molehills of Ikey's impishness seem like mountains of vicious depravity. Some mothers cannot, will not, see the wrong in the children of their loins; others in their fear magnify the wrong till it hides everything else. That was the trouble with Ikey's mother. Ikey got no help or sympathy from her. Her primitive morality was a stern, harsh standard, cruelly oppressive to the boy. She sought to conquer him, to break his spirit, never dreaming that she was doing just what the Czar does when he tries, as Father of his people, to break their rebelling spirits. Like his people, Ikey rebelled. He rebelled against his mother's narrow old-world goodness; against the neighbors, who understood him as little as his mother; against the police and every sign of authority. The whole world to Ikey seemed a huge, menacing hand threatening to crush him, and with the blind instinct of the weak and hunted he raised his puny fists in half defensive, half aggressive spirit.

When they sent him to school, Ikey naturally rose in revolt. Its discipline pricked him and goaded him to rebel. He rebelled against being compelled to attend school when he wanted to be out in the excitement of the streets; against being forced to learn things for which his own economy of life held no place. He even rebelled against the kindness of the teachers, always suspecting that the soft glove of kindness and sympathy concealed a secret, stern power. Teacher after teacher tried to soften Ikey's fierce revolutionary spirit.

THE REGENERATION OF IKEY

but to no purpose. Coaxing, cajoling, pleading, inviting, threatening—all failed to conquer the youthful rebel. They could not understand Ikey, and he did not bother to understand them or to be understood by them. He saw in the teachers so many enemies, like mothers, neighbors, policemen, and the teachers saw in Ikey a curious little psychological puzzle.

And he was a puzzle: a queer compound of mental weakness and strength. Stupid and ignorant in school, with seemingly no mental capacity at all, he was bright, almost unnaturally bright, in the world outside. In the cunning of the streets he excelled, but he could not learn things they tried to teach him in school, even when the rebel spirit did not possess him. For sometimes Ikey yearned for such kindness and sympathy as the teachers so freely gave, yearned to be like other boys, learning his lessons and winning the teachers' praise. Those were times when he struggled against the evil spirit within his own life. But nobody seemed to know about these fierce struggles, how earnestly he tried to do his work, into what depths of humiliation and despair his failures plunged him. Then he gave up the struggle against the secret enemy within and rebelled against the enemies he saw without.

When the lure of the streets tempted him, Ikey defied the compulsory education law and remained out of school, smoking cigarettes, shooting "craps," pilfering fruit and registering his protest against the existing order by wantonly destroying whatever he could. When the streets palled, he sought to gratify his passion for mischief in the school. He gloried in teasing the other pupils, tearing up the books, kicking the teachers and otherwise disturbing the harmony. So, in course of time, Ikey ceased to be merely an interesting psychological puzzle to his teachers, and became almost as much of a burden as to his mother. In despair they expelled him from the school, and then the police got him. Ikey appeared in the Children's Court, charged with truancy, petty larceny and incorrigibility. The judge sighed and shook his head with sad expressiveness when he had finished talking with Ikey, and then ordered him to be taken to Public School One Hundred and Ten, down on the East Side. And that is how I came to know Ikey's history.

HE CAME into the school one morning, or, rather, he was brought in, for there was nothing voluntary about his coming. It took one of the biggest policemen in the city to get the wee twelve-year-old "bad man" into school. Kicking and scratching with

THE REGENERATION OF IKEY

almost demoniac energy, and screaming with indescribable vehemence, he was dragged into the presence of the principal under the most discouraging and unpromising conditions imaginable. As an interested spectator, I wondered what the great school could do with such poor material. What, I wondered, will Miss Simpson do with Ikey.

If I expected the good principal to be in the least dismayed or displeased by Ikey's unconventional and unpromising appearance, nothing of the sort happened. The young rebel was allowed to kick and cry until the storm of rage had subsided and then, with all the geniality and ease of her southern nature, Miss Simpson began the task of breaking down Ikey's sullen gloom and resentment. And as the task proceeded, and Ikey's face expressed his great curiosity and surprise, my own face may have revealed similar feelings. Try to imagine, if you can, how the little rebel must have felt:

Teacher: "Don't you want to come to this school, Ikey?"

Ikey: "Naw! I want ter git out! Lemme go!"

Teacher: "Well, Ikey, no one *has* to come here unless he wants to. If you don't want to come here with us, we don't want you to come. The door is wide open, and if you want to go out you can go. If you want to come you can. If I were you, I would just take a walk through the school, all by myself, and see what it's like. Then if you think you want to stay, why, it's all right, and if you don't that is all right, too. Will you do that, Ikey?"

Ikey: (With cheerful good will.) "Sure!"

When Ikey had gone upon his tour of observation and inspection, I was curious enough to follow. Would he rush out of the door into the street and leave his ragged wreck of a cap behind, or would he just go through a room or two as a matter of form and then, having previously made up his mind, "decide" not to attend school. Or would the principal's words to the boy prove to have been a shrewd appeal to his curiosity? Surely, no boy ever had the question of school attendance put to him in a way more likely to awaken his curiosity! How vividly it must have contrasted with his memories of being dragged to school and beaten because he struggled to get away!

As Ikey went through the school, taking a look at the various grades of ordinary pupils at work, a blasé, contemptuous expression came into his face. I felt that he would not remain, and began to picture him again under arrest, wondering if he would go to the Reformatory—and how much worse he would be made there. But

THE REGENERATION OF IKEY

when, having lingered a few minutes, I found Ikey in one of the Special Classes, his mouth wide open, intensely interested, his eyes almost bulging out of his head, I thought that perhaps he would stay. And stay he did: Ikey found in the school something more attractive than he could find in the street.

THIS is what happened: he had gone into one of the Special Classes provided for dull and backward children. Some of them were abnormal types, physical defectives of various sorts. Others had no visible physical defects but had been sent to the school from other parts of the city by the Children's Court, as truants and other juvenile delinquents. Among those Ikey had discovered several of his friends and a bond of interest was at once established. But more important even than the discovery of his friends was his discovery of an interest in the work they were doing. They were all engaged in manual work—wood-working—making various useful and interesting articles. "Gee whiz! I'd like to do that, if that's what dey do in dis school," said Ikey, and his battle was won.

Ikey, who had never been able to learn from books, or from the oral instructions of his teachers, learned to work by doing it, just as he had learned the craft of the streets. The boy who could never learn the multiplication table, to whom the figures were so many arbitrary signs as unintelligible as the marks on a Chinese laundry ticket, had learned in the streets how to count the points in a crap game, and even the intricacies of pinochle and poker which I could not master. So, too, he learned in the workshop the principles of measurement and computation. His mind was reached at last, and his imagination fired, through the work of his hands. When his confidence in the school had been sufficiently established, Ikey joined with the other members of his class in partaking of the wholesome and nutritious food prepared by the older girls in their cooking classes. The teachers knew that half of his trouble was physical, that much of his nervous inability to learn could be traced to a vicious dietary principally consisting of pickles and sweets. And with the improvement of his physical health induced by wholesome food his regeneration was advanced a long and important stage. Then one day the school doctor cut out the adenoids, the post-nasal growths, which had prevented him from breathing through his nostrils, broken his rest at night, and made him dull, stupid and morose. Ikey felt like a new creation—"Gee, ain't it funny to feel good like this?" he cried. His regeneration progressed splendidly.

THE REGENERATION OF IKEY

Never once did Ikey fail to attend school now. Work, making things which he or his mother could use, was far more attractive than "hookey." It became a passion—the grand passion of his life. He never learned to read or write until he wanted to paint his mother's name upon the work-box he made for her. So he learned his arithmetic, and the importance of observing his instructions.

IKEY will never be a scholar unless some miracle happens to change his mental nature. Grammar will never bother him; no university degree will ever be his. His name will never figure in any list of distinguished citizens nor his bust be lodged in the Hall of Fame. But among the great body of unknown and undistinguished Americans, as a worker, doing his allotted task and supporting himself by honest labor, Ikey will doubtless be found in the days to come. Such is the promise of to-day. But the Ikey of old, the truant, the gambler, the vagrant and petty thief, at war with all civilization, was headed toward another condition and state. Ignorant, diseased, vicious and incompetent to support himself or others by any useful service to society, he must have sunk into the frightful ways of vice and crime, a burden to himself and to society. In every city there are hundreds of such social wrecks, denizens of the noisome abysses of brutality, viciousness and crime.

Ikey's story epitomizes the intensely interesting experiment in a specially difficult department of pedagogy which is being carried on in School Number One Hundred and Ten, New York City. Of course, the special classes form only a small part of the school organization, the rest of the school consisting of the usual grades, subject to the ordinary curriculum. Nevertheless, the same broad, free spirit is manifested in them and all through the school the attempt is made to fit the curriculum to the child, rather than to fit the child to the curriculum. The children are organized upon the School City plan of self-government, and the organization is at once a valuable auxiliary to the efforts of the teachers to maintain proper discipline and a very practical training in the essentials of good citizenship.

A LESSON IN THE ASSOCIATION OF WORK AND PLAY: WHAT CHILDREN LEARN FROM SCHOOL FESTIVALS: BY PETER W. DYKEMA



IN THE life of nations, festivals have played a much more important part than is generally recognized. Patriotism, religious feeling and a sense of social solidarity have been developed by them. In Athens the festivals of Bacchus called forth the great dramas of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides with their stirring civic appeals. Great religious festivals, like the Passion Play at Oberammergau, have quickened and deepened the religious spirit and feeling of the communities in which the festivals have been held.

The neglect into which some of our national days have fallen, and the noisy and meaningless celebration of others, may not be evidences of the needlessness of these days, but of the lack of satisfactory means of celebrating them. The remedy does not lie in merely bemoaning the situation, nor in endeavoring to revivify outgrown forms, but in the developing of a new type of festival observance. This is no simple problem, and without doubt the solution will be simpler when as a nation we possess a greater sense of leisure and of homogeneity, but in the meantime much can be accomplished. The relaxations and national celebrations of a people exercise too important an influence upon their moral, civic, artistic and patriotic tone to warrant their neglect by educators and public minded citizens generally.

In this movement toward the revivifying of the festival, leadership naturally belongs to the school. As an instrument of education the festival-play is at last being recognized. In many schools this line of work is being given increasing attention, and such is the value of it, and the desire to utilize it, that courses for teachers on the conducting of festivals are now being offered.

In its work as an educational experiment station, the Ethical Culture School of New York City has gone into this problem of festivals perhaps more thoroughly than any other American school. The term "festival," both as applied to school work and larger outside celebrations, must be understood as having a much broader meaning than its original significance would justify. It must include not only joyous and festive occasions, but periods of serious thought and contemplation. This larger thought is recognized in music when we speak of a Bach or a Wagnerian festival in which the depths of grief and pain may be sounded. Neither must it be restricted to

A RETURN TO FESTIVALS

mean always an entertainment—if this term implies performers and spectators—for in truth the best of festivals is that in which all are performers. A company of Emerson lovers or Whitman devotees gathered together to read, meditate and discuss the thoughts of the seers, constitutes as true a festival as any grand procession with flying flags and the blare of trumpets. Moreover, no festival has accomplished its object if in it performers and spectators are not all alike filled with the spirit of the occasion. If the onlookers remain mere onlookers and do not at least in spirit become participants, the festival has fulfilled but a part of its mission.

ONE of the chief objects wrought in the school celebration festivals is the focusing of some great topic in a simple, impressive and readily remembered form. It is especially true of children that those events which can be presented in action, in simple dramatic form, are most easily remembered. As a result, many of our festivals assume the shape of modest plays. Pupils, for example, who have been occupied for the larger part of a year in studying the story of the growth of the American nation from the limited area of the original colonies to the vast expanse stretching from ocean to ocean, gather together the various items and form from them a simple play. If it be the French contribution that is being considered, the pupils are in daily contact with Marquette and Joliet. They enter into the lives of these men, hear them discuss their aims, their troubles, their failures. They seize upon incidents previously considered unimportant, but now valuable because they give some clue to the appearance, the motives, the action of the men. Their aim is to construct anew the heroes that actually lived. At the conclusion of such an undertaking the explorers are no longer names in a book, but men in a real world.

The festival does much to bring again into the minds of children the joyousness which one calls to mind in thinking of the rustic sports and ceremonies with which the simple country folk were wont to greet the May, or the romps and frolics which were associated with the Harvest Home. Nothing is more healthful for body and spirit than communion with the great out-of-door world, and every influence is to be welcomed that causes us to appreciate the seed-time, the swelling of the buds and opening of the flowers in early spring; the searing of the leaves and the storing of Nature's gifts in the autumn. The music, games and simple rustic dance of the English people, much of which has been preserved and is readily accessible,

A RETURN TO FESTIVALS

seems to the children to be a very expression of themselves. One needs but to see the little ones as they troop in with the sound of the trumpets blowing their cheerful tucket to greet the morn of May. The scene is alive with graceful movement. Parties come bearing flowers and green boughs—later arrives the May procession with the queen in fine array—in with a rush come Robin Hood and his band, and the sports and games begin. Through it all there runs a note of hardy ruddy life; of appreciation of the freedom and beauty of the open country that sends all the auditors out with heart and mind open anew to Nature and her treasures.

A NOTHER idea underlying the festival is what might be called the psychological conception that the most potent influences in life spring from periods of intense impression; that our conduct is guided by the vision which we obtained from the mountain peaks. Stated in another way, the heights to which we rise indicate our progress, as the crests of the waves tell the story of the movement of the waters. Where there is stagnation there is no movement. If we look back upon our own experience, we find that a few great days or moments stand out as the significant or potent periods in the influencing of our character. The festival is a step toward establishing these red letter days and thus overcoming the modern workaday world tendency of reducing all days to the same mediocre level. But the festival also recognizes the principle that the days on the heights are valuable only as contrasted with those in the valleys, that continual stimulation is as unhygienic as no stimulation, and that the gala days must come sufficiently far apart to allow time for that slow development and growth in the quiet which is the foundation of all power.

Aside from these important values, which to a considerable extent are common to those to whom is intrusted the giving of the larger part of the festival, and those who are principally spectators, there are two important effects which may be said to be the basic ideas of the festival. The one has to do particularly with the school body as audience, the other with those who at any particular festival are the performers. The festival serves as a unifying influence which is felt by every one in the school audience. This results from the fact that although parents are welcomed as visitors, the festival is prepared for the members of the school and is adapted to their needs. The assigning of the various festivals to grades from different sections of the school and treating the contribution of each as that which one

A RETURN TO FESTIVALS

part of the family gives to the whole also adds to this result. Thus, at harvest or Thanksgiving time, the members of the eldest class may present their message to all their younger mates; at Christmas time the entertainers are an intermediate grade; on May-day, the primaries. Then again, as at the Christmas season, each class may join in the grand procession and with gay costumes, rollicking song or simple action contribute its part to the whole. Each gives what it can, and all receiving this in a sympathetic way are thus bound into one large family or social group. The appreciative applause with which the older greet the younger, who in their turn at the proper time repay the compliment, gives rise to a school feeling and pride which is an inspiration and help to all.

POSSIBLY the most important underlying idea is this: For those who are presenting the festival, there are certain advantages that can hardly be secured in any other way. The responsibility for the occasion introduces a peculiarly valuable motive which affects even the most unresponsive members of a class. The problem of learning now has a new aspect, for the question of communication here appears in its best form. To the performers comes a transforming standard: not what we know, but what we can make others know; not what we feel, but what we can make others feel. Very soon arises a consciousness of that first element of effective communication; namely, absolute clearness and definiteness on the part of the one who is to give the message. Pupils become conscious of their own weaknesses as they strive to collect their material. In the desire to help others they find they must prepare themselves. There arises a spirit of self-induced activity which is of the greatest value. Books are read, authorities consulted, pictures studied, that the teacher hardly knows about.

In no other way can one obtain such uniformly vital work in spoken and written English, in history in geography, in music, in art, in costuming, in the use of gesture, action, rhythmic movements, dances, especially the older graceful forms such as the minuet, and in general carriage. In all this work the standard of judgment, the basis of criticism, is the ability to produce in the spectator the thought and emotions which the performers themselves have felt in their previous study. It is this genuine principle of true art which prevents the work from becoming artificial and insincere.

Again, in this connection, the festival serves as the best kind of review or summary. It makes possible a contemplative or retrospec-



From Photographs by Lewis W. Hine.

REJOICING AT THE RETURN OF SPRING
BRINGS THE MAY-POLE DANCE AND SONG.
THE FRANKLIN FESTIVAL WITH ITS
STATELY MINUET REFLECTS THE SOCIAL
LIFE OF COLONIAL DAYS.



From Photographs by Lewis W. Hine.

ROBIN HOOD, MAID MARIAN, FRIAR TUCK AND
THE MERRY MEN OF THE FOREST FREE.

ELDER BREWSTER BLESSING THE PILGRIMS AS
THEY LEAVE HOLLAND FOR AMERICA.

A RETURN TO FESTIVALS

tive point of view. It requires a new consideration and weighing of all details. All facts must be evaluated and given their proper proportion. Pupils who are preparing a patriotic festival on Franklin come to see the incidents in his life in the light of some such principle as the significance of the man's actions as related to the growth of the American nation.

IN THE Ethical Culture School four of the larger festivals are undertaken each year, one for Autumn, Harvest or Thanksgiving; for Christmas; one for Patriot's Day (in February), and one for Spring or May-Day. Each of these allows of a variety of treatment: The Autumn festival may deal with the old English Harvest Home, with the Pilgrims, with the beautiful Grecian story of Demeter (which has been cast in many forms, none of which is better adapted for children than Miss Menefee's charming "Ceres and Persephone"), or with the various Thanksgiving celebrations. Throughout each the predominating idea is that of reflection on the fruits of Nature, and the struggles of man which have enabled him to gather not only the fruits of the soil but those greater ones, freedom and progress.

At Christmas time the festive note may be sounded by a dramatization of Dickens' "Christmas Carol;" by the presentation of some old morality play; by a portrayal of the influence of the various conceptions of Christmas or the day of light, showing how the Christmas conception has gathered about the simple birth in the manger; the rites of many religions—ancient Druid, hardy Northmen, and even to the peoples of the sunny climes; it may be the old English Christmas, or Christmas in various parts of our own country. The spirit of each is well voiced in one of the songs written by some of the High School pupils:

“Long may the Christmas spirit
Of kindness and good-will,
Through joy and pain
With us remain
Our hearts with warmth to fill.”

February, with the birthdays of Lincoln and Washington, is selected as the time for our Patriot's Festival. Then the aim is by presenting anew the thoughts and deeds of those who in peace and war have struggled for the betterment of men to fire the young impressionable hearts with a desire to better conditions of mankind, in the words of our leader, "to produce reformers," who shall trans-

A RETURN TO FESTIVALS

form their environment. The means employed may be a dramatization of Edward Everett Hale's "Man Without a Country;" incidents from the lives of Washington and Lincoln; the story in dramatic form of Lewis' and Clark's expeditions, or significant scenes from the life of Benjamin Franklin.

The Spring Festival usually comes on the first of May and puts into action the fresh delight in the beauties of the world of the great out-of-doors. Now it is a simple succession of songs, poems and folk-dances woven into a little story and given by the wee tots; now a pretty pastoral such as Dorothea Gore Browne's "Sweetbriar," presented by the fifth or sixth grade; again it is the older students with Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream."

SO GREAT is the range of choice for each of the festivals that the teachers are enabled to select such subjects and assign them to such groups of pupils as will give the festivals the maximum of educational value. An anniversary of a great man, of some notable exploration or achievement can thus be celebrated at its proper time and by those pupils who, considered from the point of view of their development and from the work which their course of study assigns them, can most naturally flower out into the festival. Thus, the idea of the school is to make the festival not a disturbance of the other work of the pupils and something apart from it, but a vitalizing and culminating influence which gives a clarified and intensified outlook that can be obtained in no other way.

When the conception of the school festival is completely worked out and widely known, a great objection to its general use will have been overcome. At present, most teachers look upon any type of work that is different from the regular routine recitations as so much extra and distracting labor. Introducing festivals seem like laying another burden upon the already overtaxed teachers and pupils. But this need not be. On the contrary, the celebration may become the climax of the regular subjects. It may be a means of unifying the work of a grade, each subject contributing its part in presenting as a vivid whole the large ideas which have determined the year's study. Then the festival will be welcomed by teacher, pupil and parent as a step in the simplification, through orderly relating of parts, of our complex and at times diffuse curriculum. And as this result is accomplished there will come also a deeper feeling of patriotic, social and religious appreciation through sympathetic knowledge and understanding of the beauties of life, the strength and sacrifices of the world's great heroes, and the mutual dependence of man upon man.



From Photographs by Lewis W. Hine.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH CASTING HIS CLOAK
BEFORE QUEEN ELIZABETH.

A HOME OF EARLY AMERICAN LIFE, WHERE
THE CHILDREN WERE TRAINED TO WORK.



SCHOOL GARDEN ON THE OLD COLT
PROPERTY AT HARTFORD, CONN.

A VIEW OF THE SAME GARDEN
LATE IN THE SUMMER.

THE HARTFORD METHOD FOR SCHOOL GARDENS: VACATION TIMES WHERE WORK AND PLAY ARE HAPPILY COMBINED: BY STANLEY JOHNSON



EDUCATORS everywhere are agreed that the school garden has proved to be of the greatest value in the wholesome training of children. The Massachusetts Association of School Superintendents, at its winter meeting in Boston, devoted the whole programme to a discussion of this topic—and it is significant that they reached the unanimous conclusion that school gardens as an educational factor have passed beyond the “fad” stage, and are evolving into a permanent feature of school work. Hartford’s treatment of the subject has been so successful, both in economy and effectiveness, that it is not unlikely that it will be generally adopted as the best. Last summer, school gardens were made a part of vacation school work and the city gave a large part of its abundant park acreage for their use.

Generally school gardens start in the spring and are abandoned at the beginning of the long vacation. In June, as one passes the children’s gardens on Dartmouth Street in Boston, the well-cared-for plots are a source of delight; but by the middle of August the weeds have made a depressing conquest—the vegetables and flowers are choked and stunted, and stamp the schoolyard with an appearance of neglect and carelessness that is certainly undesirable educationally. But if the school gardening is made a part of the curriculum of a vacation school, in many ways the usefulness of the work is increased. Not only can the full fruition of the plants be secured, but teachers and pupils, who have enough to do in the school time completing their regular tasks, are relieved of the extra burdens. It gives children systematic occupation in the summer, keeps them from running wild for nearly three months, forgetting all they have learned, acquiring bad habits, and indulging in all sorts of mischief to the destruction of the ethical effect of their nature study in school.

Hartford is especially fortunate in the ample park space it possesses, and the recent gift of the Colt estate has provided a very desirable ground for one of the school gardens, in the cultivated area near the Colt mansion. It is rich with the fertility of generations of cultivation, and the flowers and vegetables grow with amazing productiveness. Mr. Weaver, the superintendent of schools, told the writer that the expense to the city the first year was something

SOME PRACTICAL SCHOOL GARDENS

near five hundred dollars, a surprisingly small outlay. Unquestionably, no equal amount of school money ever expended has returned a richer dividend in health of mind and body for the children.

The average attendance for the five weeks of the vacation school was eleven hundred and forty-nine, and the expense for each individual pupil was less than fifty cents. Two days of each week were devoted entirely to the outdoor work and were known as "park days," and these were indeed happy days. The children needed no urging to go to this kind of a school, and incidentally they learned a great deal about trees, birds and insects. Athletic sports were made a feature of the vacation work, under the direction of a capable athletic instructor. Outdoor exercises which most appeal to children were permitted, including base-ball, and basket-ball for both sexes. The last day of school was made more interesting by the awarding of prizes to those excelling in athletics.

The Hartford School for Horticulture has taken a great interest in the work of the school gardens, some of which have been supervised by the Horticultural teachers. In this respect this city is able to offer an exceptional opportunity for the horticultural phase of educational work; but in its general features, the school-garden work may be adapted to any city. In Boston, for example, there is ample space at the western end of the "Common" for a school of this kind, and its influence on the *morale* of the young folks, who have no room at home for the abundance of energy seeking expression, hardly needs to be pointed out. The work of the Hartford school in the study of the common animals such as frogs, toads, birds of all kinds, squirrels, rabbits and household pets has done much to imbue the children with a sense of real kindness toward dumb beasts.

A supervisor of primary work in one of the largest manufacturing cities of Massachusetts, in her annual report just issued, presents a strong argument for the work of the vacation school combined with school gardens. "Hand in hand with school gardens," she writes, "comes the need of vacation schools and playgrounds. The children of the rich and well-to-do feel this need but little; but among the foreign element so closely crowded in our cities the little children are thrown upon the streets for three months in the summer. To be sure, the street is a strong force in education, but no one will contend that it is a strong force for good, and the hundreds of thousands of dollars invested in school buildings and school grounds bear no interest during the summer. It would be a very flourishing industry in the manufacturing world that could afford to let its plant lie idle a fourth of the year. Can education afford the waste?"

TWO LITTLE POEMS OF CHILD LIFE

INSIDE the garden wall are hollyhocks,
And through the gate there is a glimpse of sea;—
You hear it just a little all the time—
Inside the wall the wind stops all at once.
The garden wall is just so high
That I can only see the sky
Above it, white and square, but Lucy said
When she stands by the center bed of phlox
That she could see beyond it, far away,
A hill, and half way up it, roofs of red;
Unless there is a fog in from the bay.—
The hollyhock that's just as tall as I
Comes only to her shoulder, so you see
Just how much taller Lucy is than me.

WHEN auntie comes to spend the day
She won't let mother have her way,
But says, "I *will* help do the dishes!"
Which is not what mother wishes.
She was the oldest, long ago,
And so she thinks she still must know
What is the best, and says, "You *must*
Teach your children how to dust."
And because she is our aunt,
We can never say, "I shan't!"
But I think that mothers know
Best how children ought to grow.

ISABELLA HOWE FISKE.

SOME SYMBOLIC NATURE STUDIES FROM THE CAMERA OF ANNIE W. BRIGMAN: BY EMILY J. HAMILTON

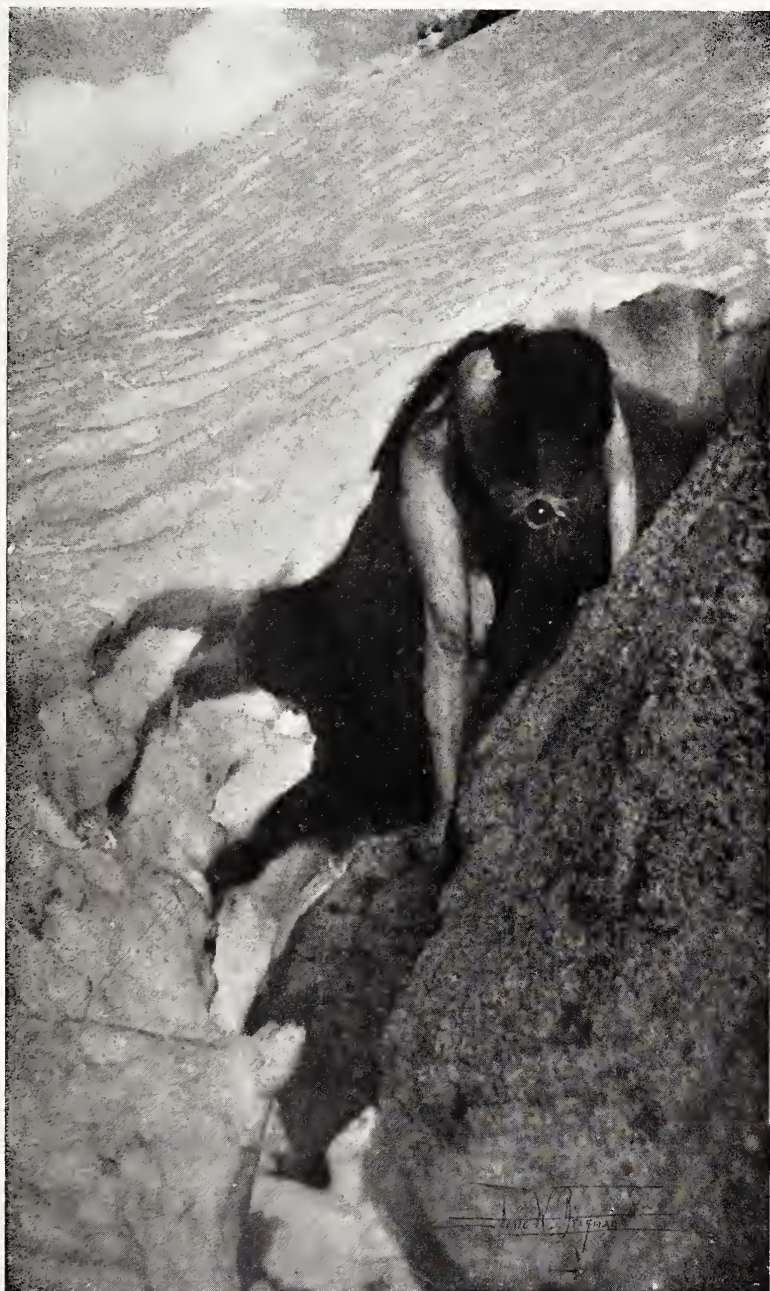


MRS. BRIGMAN'S life has been a series of the kind of experiences that should develop poetry as well as character. It has been full of beauty and adventure and varying opportunities for emotional development. And probably she had, to begin with, that sensitiveness to the variation in nature which is better known as the artistic temperament.

She was born in Hawaii, which is a land full of beauty, of picturesque people, of lovely color, and of dramatic quality. And then she owes something undoubtedly to her grandfather, who made fine woodcuts, and composed sweet songs. She had the good fortune to marry a sea captain—for what could be greater fortune to a woman with seeing eyes and a ready pulse than to sail away over the seas, and glean from this one expression of nature an insight into both the mystery of the ocean's tragic force and its exquisite serenity.

After "following the sea" for some beautiful years—at least beautiful to a woman of this temperament—she went to work on land, if one could call work her effort to express her accumulated experiences through some artistic medium. She painted impressionistic landscapes. She did some play-writing, and then of course she wrote short stories—in all of this work she expressed an interesting personality, a light fancy and a vivid understanding of the emotional possibilities of life. But not until five years ago did she find the artistic expression which seemed to afford her the widest reach of opportunity to say clearly and beautifully all that she had learned in living. Five years ago she began working with the camera, and found in it at once what seemed to her the most interesting art medium. It enabled her to get at the best and most interesting in people, and the most poetical and significant in nature, so that her work with the camera is about equally divided between fascinating portraits of people, old and young, and symbolic nature studies, in which the beauty of the human figure is used to aid her in making clear all that she feels and sees in nature.

Mrs. Brigman is a member of the more important Secession societies, and in the coming November New York artists will have an opportunity of seeing a collection of her photographs at the Little Galleries on Fifth Avenue. Her studio at present is in Oakland, California, near the edge of San Francisco Bay, but far enough back from the drifting fogs to be drenched in sunshine and afford the studio



From a Photograph by Annie W. Brigman.

“THE THAW” LOOKING FOR
SPRING IN THE CRYSTAL.



From a Photograph by Annie W. Brigman.

“THE LITTLE VIRGIN:” THE WONDERFUL
FLESH TONES WERE GAINED BY TAKING THE
PHOTOGRAPH IN A TENT ON A SUNNY DAY.

SOME SYMBOLIC NATURE STUDIES

a fine north light. Through a garden of roses and clematis and wistaria, you come to a charming brown house. The rooms are cool, and the windows draped with flowers and vines. Up in the studio the light is subdued, the walls are hung with natural burlap, and the woodwork is dark green. The few pictures are warm gray and sepia prints of nature subjects, framed in dull wood. You will probably sit on an old sea chest, near a narrow, high window which throws pleasant Rembrandt lights and shadows. All about the room are photographs—Mrs. Brigman's art studies. The portrait studies are very wonderful revelations of varying human personality. There are portraits of poets, painters, singers and sculptors. Some of the most interesting pictures are bromide enlargements that give beautiful, soft old ivory tones of light and shade, and are of vast assistance in interpreting the subtleties of varying expression and in capturing that illusive spirit of outdoors, for which there is really no word but atmosphere. Mrs. Brigman has also made some interesting studies in gum-bichromate prints, which resemble red chalk drawings, and brush work in gray and white. On a stand in one corner of the room is a group of some of her most interesting recent photographic studies, together they illustrate William Ernest Henley's poem, "I Am the Captain of My Soul." The "soul" in the eight different pictures is symbolized by a woman, and the poses were made by Madame Barré.

The pictures used to illustrate this article are tinged with symbolism; or rather human personality and nature are blended together in an ideal conception of some significant condition in life. In "The Dryad," the flight of the shadowy, fairylike figure through the boughs of the pines somehow seems to symbolize the vanishing of the pines themselves, and the picture brings to one through this symbolism the pang that comes to every lover of the woods at the thought of what commercialism is doing to destroy the great beauty of our native forests. It is easy enough to understand that a mere picture of a bared hillside could never so genuinely awaken interest or profoundly stir the emotions to the evils that await us from the destruction of our mountain forests as this little figure pressing back through the shadows, as if in a panic of fear.

In the study of "Spring" the appeal is to one's sense of joyousness—the appeal that spring herself makes every wonderful new-green April time. The little figure seems to leap up joyously from the stream that creeps past the foot of a snow bank. In her hands she holds buoyantly above her a gleaming crystal, so full of sunlight, so unearthly brilliant, as to at once suggest itself as a symbol of summer,

SOME SYMBOLIC NATURE STUDIES

with all her richness of warmth and color, with all her splendor of noontide and moonlight. A dramatic fancy indeed, and presented with an execution as exquisite as the idea is poetical.

A second study of springlike quality is called "The Thaw." It is a study vital with life and full of the beauty that comes with suggested strength and joyousness. Out from a crevasse, between a sun-touched boulder and a melting snow bank, steps a splendid figure of womanhood. She comes forth a fine symbol of freedom, the goddess that will touch the sterile earth, and chain up the bleakness of winter. Her drapery blows back from her body and her hair ripples in fresh spring winds. She touches the steep boulder only with her right foot, and as she bends away there is a sumptuous vigor in every harmonious curve. She, too, is gazing into the depths of the brilliant crystal, so brilliant that it seems the quality of life itself. In its glowing depths we feel that she is seeing the young green on the tips of trees and along the edges of fresh moving rivulets, that she is watching the shadows pass below swelling branches, and is listening for the patter of newly awakened furry feet. She hears, perhaps, a twitter from a nest and a whirr of wings, and the perfume of flowers comes to her. As you look at the picture, all sense of separation between the human being and nature is gone, and both seem a part of all that is beautiful in elemental conditions. In all of Mrs. Brigman's symbolic studies, you feel the one dominant thought—that to her there is one great underlying spiritual inspiration, just one for both nature and man. And so in these nature-figure scenes, there is never any sense of nude bodies left unintentionally out-of-doors. There is rather an appreciation of a perfect expression of an ideal.

The fourth illustration of Mrs. Brigman's work in this article is called "The Little Virgin." It is an exquisite presentation of a youthful soul, of the innocence and honesty that belong to the ideal young person. The lovely flesh tones in the picture were gained by taking the photograph in a tent and against a sunlit wall, where meadow rue cast shadows.

It would hardly be fair to Mrs. Brigman to speak of the beauty of her work without bringing out the fact that, like all other artist photographers, she has had big problems to conquer. Also that in the conquering of these difficulties she has made her biggest strides forward. Mrs. Brigman studies composition as carefully as the most delicately trained impressionist painter. She studies human nature too, and also she works with the technique of her art to improve it as she advances from picture to picture.



From a Photograph by Annie W. Brigman.

“SPRING:” THE SMALL FIG-
URE SYMBOLIZING JOYOUSNESS.



From a Photograph by Annie W. Brigman.

"THE DRYAD:" SYMBOLIZING
OUR VANISHING PINE FORESTS.

WHERE THE PLAYERS ARE MARIONETTES AND THE AGE OF CHIVALRY IS BORN AGAIN IN A LITTLE ITALIAN THEATER IN MUL- BERRY STREET: BY ELISABETH IRWIN



LIVE groves and sea blue skies now lie far beyond the reach of the Italian who has cast his lot in Mulberry Street. His Lares and Penates rest by prosaic tenement hearthstones, and the daily toil which at first promises speedy success and later but ekes out a sparse living, is unlike that of the long days in the Sicilian fields. The gay, pleasure-loving temperament of these newcomers is alone unchanged. It still finds outlet in religious festivals and wedding parties. The children still dance to music and one and all they celebrates San Rocco with candles and sugared cakes.

With all their bright colors, their chatter of dialects, their array of pomegranates and black ripe olives, their feasts and their festivals, the most Italian thing they have brought with them is their marionette theater.

Every evening, when the ditch is dug, or the pushcart safely housed for the night, when macaroni and polenta are finished, these swarthy children of pleasure, men and women alike, give themselves over to an evening of pure recreation.

In Elizabeth Street, however, there is nothing earnest, nothing thoughtful. The air is charged with pleasure-seeking, with irresponsibility. Red wine flows freely, a mandolin tinkles here, a hand organ jingles there, while the men in their gay bandanas and the women in their flowered shawls stand about laughing and talking. As nine o'clock approaches, the little puppet theater, a room half way up a dark, narrow flight of stairs, begins to fill with its regular habitués. Here again is bright color and music. The bare brick walls are painted with Italian villas, with flower gardens stretching wide before them—a mass of roses and lilies in wild profusion. From one corner, a piano of ancient lineage and a guitar, quite its contemporary, are pouring forth in unison dulcet melodies and gay waltzes in turn. In the front of the room a tiny curtain adorned with warriors in armor gives promise of the marvelous performance to follow. Tumbling over the two front rows are several small boys, half asleep, half on the outlook for some stray American for whom they can act as interpreter for a few cents. When the music stops, a friendly chatter begins. The first note of the piano brings silence again, however, and the men smoke in rapt appreciation of "Ah, I have sighed to rest

WHERE THE PLAYERS ARE MARIONETTES

me" or "Toreador," and the women sigh at the memories it brings.

WHEN the proprietor, who has been chatting with the audience, goes across the room into the little door beside the stage it is the sign that the play is going to begin. The curtain rises and enter *La Bella Rosanna*. In sweet, plaintive tones she mourns her father's death; no sooner has she prayed to Heaven for an avenger than enters an armored soldier and pledges his life to her cause. With a speech of gratitude she withdraws, showing a swarthy hand and battered cuff from above as she makes her graceful bow. So the play runs on for a while, working up to the climax of the evening, which is always, time without end, a fierce battle. One incident a night is all that must be expected, for the play lasts a whole year. Every October a new play begins and every June it ends. Sometimes during the summer, short pieces—they might be called curtain-raisers—are put on. These last only a month apiece. But never during the winter does a play change. The neighbors drop in as if to call on a friend. "Let us see what *Rosanna* has to say to-night" is their feeling. There is no monotony to be feared, when a battle comes here as inevitably as a friend proffers a glass of wine—and a battle is a never-ending source of joy and excitement. They all proceed along the same unstrategic lines.

After the battle many of the audience go home, but the play goes on. Brass shields and steel swords are laid aside and love is the theme for a time. *Ortolano* with honeyed tones woos the wooden lady of his heart with a grace that is as convincing as many a stage effect produced by flesh and blood actors. Sometimes this post-polemic bit is a death scene. The hero's father dies, while his son and faithful warriors gather round. Then as the music plays softly, there is scarcely a dry eye in all the company. For forty nights this old king in his satin robes and jewelled crown has ruled the kingdom of the marionettes. His passing is no little grief to those who have waited on his words.

Now and again the amiable master of ceremonies comes to the door and beckons for an extra helper; the nearest one gladly departs to the inner room, and he who ten minutes ago wept for the vanquished foe now supports *Rosanna* as she waltzes in the arms of the prince.

A long bench, behind the background of painted salon, holds half a dozen boys and men who from long practice keep the gestures in perfect accord with the varying music of the piano

WHERE THE PLAYERS ARE MARIONETTES

and the deep, much inflected tones of Signor, who recites the lines with unstinted emphasis. Little boys grab the figures as they are slung into the wings and hang them on bars along the back ready for the next scene of the next night. Others push forth the characters as they come, calling for each by name. "Give me *Il Cattive Torquinato* and take *La Bella Regina*, mind you hang her near for the next act."

So carefully considered are the feelings of these puppets that, with forty of them appearing in one evening and seven boys and men manipulating their destinies, never once does *La Bella Rosanna* speak words of love to any but her real *Ortolano*, nor does the king ever hurl his curses at the wrong culprit.

The villain, with his sinister expression and long, evil-boding, black mustache, is greeted with a hiss before he has a chance to utter his first malign intention. Any disturbance in the audience meets with an impatience that proves the intensity of interest with which it is held. A crying child is nearly smothered and carried forth by the abashed mother, who is forced reluctantly to leave the incident unfinished. She at least is saved the financial loss that she would mourn elsewhere, for no one pays for his seat until he goes out and in the case of the mother, not at all. Fifteen cents is the exit fee and the proprietor finds it a paying business. Every week he adds new characters to his cast and he and his wife and all their friends take the pleasure of children dressing dolls in arraying the new puppets.

Whenever one of these new stars appears for the first time, he or she is acclaimed with applause and watched with an interest that might well encourage any star entering upon an untried career.

In these simple plays are combined for the Italian all that the miracle play, Shakespeare and the modern vaudeville has had to contribute; the morals are beyond reproach, the speeches are marvels of eloquence, and the variety and novelty of the scenes are a monument to Italian imagination and ingenuity.

The tired laborer here forgets that the hour is midnight and all is dark without, that the season is winter and ice and dirty snow cover the streets, that the country is America where sweatshops and tenement houses bound his horizon. To him it is the age of chivalry, he basks in eternal sunshine, he smells ever-blooming flowers, he is again in the land of his dreams, of his youth, of all his romance, under the sea blue skies of his beloved Italy.

THE CONQUEST OF BREAD: PRINCE KROPOTKIN'S VIEWS ON THE RELATION OF ART TO LIFE, SCIENCE TO LABOR AND MACHINERY TO THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM



PRINCE PETER KROPOTKIN—he prefers to be called just plain Peter—is known all over the world as a distinguished member of that long line of noble Russian writers who during the last fifty years have waged war upon autocracy in the interests of freedom and progress. He is an Anarchist-Communist—a term full of terror for the average American reader.

He is something more, however. Throughout the civilized world he is known and honored as a brilliant scientist. His book, "Mutual Aid a Factor of Evolution," has been acclaimed to be one of the most important contributions since Darwin's days to the subject of which it treats. And the little monograph, "Fields, Factories and Workshops," wherein he shows so clearly the enormous possibilities of petty farming, has, despite the fact that it was written mainly in the interest of the Anarchist-Communist propaganda, been hailed by the most conservative thinkers as a notable contribution to a great and vital question. As a hopeful and practical work on social economics it has had a remarkable influence.

So the reader may be reassured. Prince Kropotkin is a most gentle and genial revolutionist, a man very different from the vision which that title conjures in the average mind. A man of culture, with the true scientific temper, of lovable disposition, honored and welcomed in all the great scientific associations of the world. This is no place to discuss his Anarchist-Communism, or the merits of his revolutionary propaganda: our interest lies in the clear, sane and inspiring utterances upon the subject of art, life and labor contained in his new book, "The Conquest of Bread." That the book is frankly a big propaganda tract in support of his favorite social theory is of little importance to us. It does not prevent us from enjoying to the full the charming glimpses of his Utopia. It should, perhaps, be said that the book was originally written for French readers.

In the following words we have Kropotkin's view of art:

"And what about art? From all sides we hear lamentations about the decadence of art. We are, indeed, far behind the great masters of the Renaissance. The technicalities of art have recently made great progress; thousands of people gifted with a certain amount of talent cultivate every branch, but art seems to fly from

THE CONQUEST OF BREAD

civilization! Technicalities make headway, but inspiration frequents artists' studios less than ever.

"Where, indeed, should it come from? Only a grand idea can inspire art. Art is in our ideal synonymous with creation, it must look ahead; but, save a few rare, very rare, exceptions, the professional artist remains too philistine to perceive new horizons.

"Moreover, this inspiration cannot come from books; it must be drawn from life, and present society cannot arouse it.

"Raphael and Murillo painted at a time when the search of a new ideal could adapt itself to old religious traditions. They painted to decorate great churches which represented the pious work of several generations. The basilic with its mysterious aspect, its grandeur, was connected with the life itself of the city and could inspire a painter. He worked for a popular monument; he spoke to his fellow-citizens, and in return he received inspiration; he appealed to the multitude in the same way as did the nave, the pillars, the stained windows, the statues, and the carved doors. Nowadays the greatest honor a painter can aspire to is to see his canvas, framed in gilded wood, hung in a museum, a sort of old curiosity shop, where you see, as in the Prado, Murillo's Ascension next to a beggar of Velasquez and the dogs of Philip II. Poor Velasquez and poor Murillo! Poor Greek statues which *lived* in the Acropolis of their cities, and are now stifled beneath the red cloth hangings of the Louvre!"

"THE best canvases of modern artists are those that represent Nature, villages, valley, the sea with its dangers, the mountain with its splendors. But how can the painter express the poetry of work in the fields if he has only contemplated it, imagined it, if he has never delighted in it himself? If he only knows it as a bird of passage knows the country he soars over on his migrations? If, in the vigor of early youth, he has not followed the plough at dawn and enjoyed mowing grass with a large swathe of the scythe next to hardy haymakers, vying in energy with lively young girls who fill the air with their songs? The love of the soil and of what grows on it is not acquired by sketching with a paint brush—it is only in its service; and without loving it, how paint it? This is why all that the best painters have produced in this direction is still so imperfect, not true to life, nearly always sentimental. There is no *strength* in it.

"You must have seen a sunset when returning from work. You must have been a peasant among peasants to keep the splendor of it

THE CONQUEST OF BREAD

in your eye. You must have been at sea with fishermen at all hours of the day and night, have fished yourself, struggled with the waves, faced the storm, and after rough work experienced the joy of hauling a heavy net, or the disappointment of seeing it empty, to understand the poetry of fishing. You must have spent time in a factory, known the fatigues and the joys of creative work, forged metals by the vivid light of a blast furnace, have felt the life in a machine, to understand the power of man and to express it in a work of art. You must, in fact, be permeated with popular feelings to describe them. Besides, the works of future artists who will have lived the life of the people, like the great artists of the past, will not be destined for sale. They will be an integrant part of a living whole that would not be complete without them, any more than they would be complete without it. Men will go to the artist's own city to gaze at his work, and the spirited and serene beauty of such creations will produce its beneficial effect on heart and mind.

“Art, in order to develop, must be bound up with industry by a thousand intermediate degrees, blended, so to say, as Ruskin and the great Socialist poet Morris have proved so often and so well. Everything that surrounds man, in the street, in the interior and exterior of public monuments, must be of pure artistic form.

“But this will only be capable of realization in a society in which all enjoy comfort and leisure. Then we shall see art associations, in which each can find room for his capacity, for art cannot dispense with an infinity of purely manual and technical supplementary works. These artistic associations will undertake to embellish the houses of their members, as those kind volunteers, the young painters of Edinburgh, did in decorating the walls and ceilings of the great hospital for the poor in their city.

“A painter or sculptor who has produced a work of personal feeling will offer it to the woman he loves, or to a friend. Executed for love's sake, will his work, inspired by love, be inferior to the art that today satisfies the vanity of the philistine because it has cost much money?”

Of labor and the wise use of machinery Kropotkin is eloquent:

“It is evident that a factory could be made as healthy and pleasant as a scientific laboratory. And it is no less evident that it would be advantageous to make it so. In a spacious and well-ventilated factory work is better; it is easy to introduce small ameliorations, of which each represents an economy of time or of manual labor. And if most of the workshops we know are foul and unhealthy, it is

THE CONQUEST OF BREAD

because the workers are of no account in the organization of factories, and because the most absurd waste of human energy is its distinctive feature. Nevertheless, we already, now and again, find some factories so well managed that it would be a real pleasure to work in them, if the work, be it well understood, were not to last more than four or five hours a day, and if every one had the possibility of varying it according to his tastes.

“**L**OOK at this factory, unfortunately consecrated to engines of war. It is perfect as far as regards sanitary and intelligent organization. It occupies fifty English acres of land, fifteen of which are roofed with glass. The pavement of fire-proof bricks is as clean as that of a miner's cottage, and the glass roof is carefully cleaned by a gang of workmen who do nothing else. In this factory are forged steel ingots or blooms weighing as much as twenty tons; and when you stand thirty feet from the immense furnace, whose flames have a temperature of more than a thousand degrees, you do not guess its presence save when its great jaws open to let out a steel monster. And the monster is handled by only three or four workmen, who now here, now there, open a tap, causing immense cranes to move by pressure of water in the pipes.

“You enter expecting to hear the deafening noise of stampers, and you find that there are no stampers. The immense hundred-ton guns and the crank shafts of transatlantic steamers are forged by hydraulic pressure, and, instead of forging steel, the worker has but to turn a tap to give it shape, which makes a far more homogeneous metal, without crack or flaw, of the blooms, whatever be their thickness.

“We expect an infernal grating, and we find machines which cut blocks of steel thirty feet long with no more noise than is needed to cut cheese. And when we expressed our admiration to the engineer who showed us round, he answered:

““It is a mere question of economy! This machine that planes steel has been in use for forty-two years. It would not have lasted ten years if its component parts, badly adjusted, lacking in cohesive strength, “interfered” and creaked at each movement of the plane!

““And the blast-furnaces? It would be a waste to let the heat escape instead of utilizing it. Why roast the founders, when heat lost by radiation represents tons of coal?

““The stampers that made buildings shake five leagues off were

THE CONQUEST OF BREAD

also waste! It is better to forge by pressure than by impact, and it costs less—there is less loss.

“In a factory, light, cleanliness, the space allotted to each bench, is but a simple question of economy. Work is better done when you can see and you have elbow-room.

“It is true,” he said, “we were very cramped before coming here. Land is so expensive in the vicinity of large towns—landlords are so grasping!”

“It is even so in mines. We know what mines are like nowadays from Zola’s descriptions and from newspaper reports. But the mine of the future will be well ventilated, with a temperature as easily regulated as that of a library; there will be no horses doomed to die below the earth; underground traction will be carried on by means of an automatic cable put in motion at the pit’s mouth. Ventilators will be always working, and there will never be explosions. This is no dream. Such a mine is already to be seen in England; we went down into it. Here again this organization is simply a question of economy. The mine of which we speak, in spite of its immense depth (four hundred and sixty-six yards), has an output of a thousand tons of coal a day, with only two hundred miners—five tons a day per each worker, whereas the average for the two thousand pits in England is hardly three hundred tons a year per man.

“The same will come to pass as regards domestic work, which to-day society lays on the shoulders of that drudge of humanity—woman,” says Kropotkin, and he proceeds to sketch the means whereby the irksome, dirty, disagreeable and uneducative work of the modern household may be done by machinery:

“But woman, too, at last claims her share in the emancipation of humanity. She no longer wants to be the beast of burden of the house. She considers it sufficient work to give many years of her life to the rearing of her children. She no longer wants to be the cook, the mender, the sweeper of the house! And, owing to American women taking the lead in obtaining their claims, there is a general complaint of the dearth of women who will condescend to domestic work in the United States. My lady prefers art, politics, literature, or the gaming tables; as to the work-girls, they are few, those who consent to submit to apron-slavery and servants are only found with difficulty in the States. Consequently, the solution, a very simple one, is pointed out by life itself. Machinery undertakes three-quarters of the household cares.

THE CONQUEST OF BREAD

“You black your boots, and you know how ridiculous this work is. What can be more stupid than rubbing a boot twenty or thirty times with a brush? A tenth of the European population must be compelled to sell itself in exchange for a miserable shelter and insufficient food, and woman must consider herself a slave, in order that millions of her sex should go through this performance every morning.

“But hairdressers have already machines for brushing glossy or woolly heads of hair. Why should we not apply, then, the same principle to the other extremity? So it has been done, and nowadays the machine for blacking boots is in general use in big American and European hotels. Its use is spreading outside hotels. In large English schools, where the pupils are boarding in the houses of the teachers, it has been found easier to have one single establishment which undertakes to brush a thousand pairs of boots every morning.

“As to washing up! Where can we find a housewife who has not a horror of this long and dirty work, that is usually done by hand, solely because the work of the domestic slave is of no account.

“**I**N AMERICA they do better. There are already a number of cities in which hot water is conveyed to the houses as cold water is in Europe. Under these conditions the problem was a simple one, and a woman—Mrs. Cochrane—solved it. Her machine washes twelve dozen plates or dishes, wipes them and dries them, in less than three minutes. A factory in Illinois manufactures these machines and sells them at a price within reach of the average middle-class purse. And why should not small households send their crockery to an establishment as well as their boots? It is even probable that the two functions, brushing and washing up, will be undertaken by the same association.

“Cleaning, rubbing the skin off your hands when washing and wringing linen; sweeping floors and brushing carpets, thereby raising clouds of dust which afterwards occasion much trouble to dislodge from the places where they have settled down, all this work is still done because woman remains a slave, but it tends to disappear as it can be infinitely better done by machinery. Machines of all kinds will be introduced into households, and the distribution of motor-power in private houses will enable people to work them without muscular effort.

“Such machines cost little to manufacture. If we still pay very much for them, it is because they are not in general use, and chiefly

THE CONQUEST OF BREAD

because an exorbitant tax is levied upon every machine by the gentlemen who wish to live in grand style and who have speculated on land, raw material, manufacture, sale, patents, and duties.

“But emancipation from domestic toil will not be brought about by small machines only. Households are emerging from their present state of isolation; they begin to associate with other households to do in common what they did separately.

“In fact, in the future we shall not have a brushing machine, a machine for washing up plates, a third for washing linen, and so on, in each house. To the future, on the contrary, belongs the common heating apparatus that sends heat into each room of a whole district and spares the lighting of fires. It is already so in a few American cities. A great central furnace supplies all houses and all rooms with hot water, which circulates in pipes; and to regulate the temperature you need only turn a tap. And should you care to have a blazing fire in any particular room you can light the gas specially supplied for heating purposes from a central reservoir. All the immense work of cleaning chimneys and keeping up fires—and woman knows what time it takes—is disappearing.

“Candles, lamps, and even gas have had their day. There are entire cities in which it is sufficient to press a button for light to burst forth, and, indeed, it is a simple question of economy and of knowledge to give yourself the luxury of electric light. And lastly, also in America, they speak of forming societies for the almost complete suppression of household work. It would only be necessary to create a department for every block of houses. A cart would come to each door and take the boots to be blacked, the crockery to be washed up, the linen to be washed, the small things to be mended (if it were worth while), the carpets to be brushed, and the next morning would bring back the things entrusted to it all well cleaned. A few hours later your hot coffee and your eggs done to a nicety would appear on your table. It is a fact that between twelve and two o'clock there are more than twenty million Americans and as many Englishmen who eat roast beef or mutton, boiled pork, potatoes, and a seasonable vegetable. And at the lowest figure eight million fires burn during two or three hours to roast this meat and cook these vegetables; eight million women spend their time to prepare this meal, that perhaps consists at most of ten different dishes.

“‘Fifty fires burn,’ wrote an American woman the other day, ‘where one would suffice!’ Dine at home, at your own table, with your children, if you like; but only think yourself, why should these

THE CONQUEST OF BREAD

fifty women waste their whole morning to prepare a few cups of coffee and a simple meal! Why fifty fires, when two people and one single fire would suffice to cook all these pieces of meat and all these vegetables? Choose your own beef or mutton to be roasted if you are particular. Season the vegetables to your taste if you prefer a particular sauce! But have a single kitchen with a single fire, and organize it as beautifully as you are able to.

“Why has woman’s work never been of any account? Why in every family are the mother and three or four servants obliged to spend so much time at what pertains to cooking? Because those who want to emancipate mankind have not included woman in their dream of emancipation, and consider it beneath their superior masculine dignity to think of ‘those kitchen arrangements,’ which they have laid on the shoulders of that drudge—woman.

“To emancipate woman is not only to open the gates of the university, the law courts, or the parliaments, for her, for the ‘emancipated’ woman will always throw domestic toil on to another woman. To emancipate woman is to free her from the brutalizing toil of kitchen and washhouse; it is to organize your household in such a way as to enable her to rear her children, if she be so minded, while still retaining sufficient leisure to take her share of social life.

“It will come to pass. As we have said, things are already improving. Only let us fully understand that a revolution, intoxicated with the beautiful words Liberty, Equality, Solidarity, would not be a revolution if it maintained slavery at home. Half humanity subjected to the slavery of the hearth would still have to rebel against the other half.”

[EDITOR’S NOTE.—In November we shall publish further extracts from “The Conquest of Bread,” in which Prince Kropotkin discusses with his charming style and frankness the objection, so often urged against coöperation, that men will not work unless driven by the urge of necessity and hunger. His discussion of the question of laziness is at once direct and original, and will provide abundant food for serious thought. Kropotkin also discusses the tragic waste of life under modern industrial conditions. We believe that a great many of our readers will welcome the publication of these views of the Russian scientist, and find in them much intellectual and moral stimulation.]

A HOUSE OF HARMONIES: THE EFFECT OF A HAPPY COMBINATION OF PERSONAL INTEREST AND PROFESSIONAL SKILL

EVER since THE CRAFTSMAN began to talk to its readers about the art of home building, it has urged the necessity of keeping more constantly in mind the great fundamental principle that underlies the creation of every permanently satisfying home environment, that is, that the house shall be so planned, decorated and furnished that each separate detail shall be apparent only as an unobtrusive part of one well-balanced whole. It is true that this doctrine is preached in nearly every book on decoration and furnishing, but it is too often regarded as a beautiful but impracticable theory, or perhaps well-meaning attempts to carry it out may meet with but partial success, so that examples where the entire decorative scheme shows perfect harmony without monotony and where one well-defined idea is carried out in all its details without conveying the impression of conscious effort to gain a certain effect are by no means as plentiful as might be thought from the general approval accorded to the principle itself.

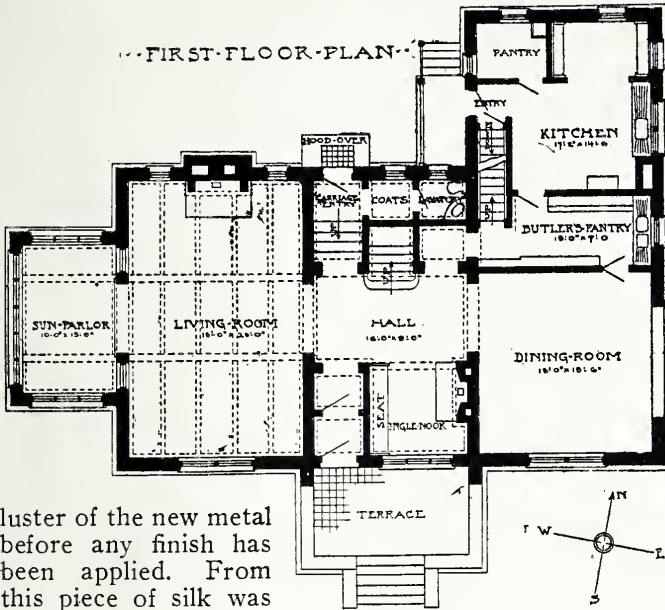
In attempting to relate the scheme of decoration throughout the entire house, the decorator has to steer a very careful course between the restlessness of too great contrast in strongly individual features and the equal restlessness produced by a sense of monotony in color and form, where the eye roams about constantly in the effort to find some salient feature upon which to rest. Another rather unusual thing is to find complete harmony in color and form between the outside and inside of a house without being given a feeling that there has been too definite an effort toward that end. Still another point which we have al-

ways held to as an article of faith is that the most satisfying results are gained only when there is a keen personal interest in the work; that nothing done by a professional architect or decorator, however great its success as a mere accomplishment, can have the little intimate touch of individuality that rises only from the expression of personal taste and direct response to the needs of the life that is to be lived in the house.

The dwelling described and illustrated here seems to us a notable example of just such satisfying individuality. It is the residence of Mr. Edwin H. Hewitt, of Minneapolis, Minnesota. Mr. Hewitt is an architect who has brought wide experience and finished professional skill to the planning of his home, and the decoration has been done by Mrs. Mary Linton Bookwalter, a New York decorator, who brought to the task an equally happy combination of professional skill and personal interest. The planning of the house and its building was entirely under the direction of Mr. Hewitt, but when it reached the plaster stage he sought the co-operation of Mrs. Bookwalter, who was a close personal friend of the Hewitt family as well as a decorator of recognized ability. Working always together, the two planned the entire color scheme of the house, exterior as well as interior, and it all developed from the suggestion given by a beautiful piece of hand-dyed silk in Mrs. Bookwalter's possession. This silk was a wonderful bit of color, showing as it did all the lights and shadows to be found in copper, from the very dark brown lurking in the hollows of an old piece of copper darkened by age and exposure, up through the entire range of color to the clear, pinkish

A HOUSE OF HARMONIES

..FIRST-FLOOR-PLAN..



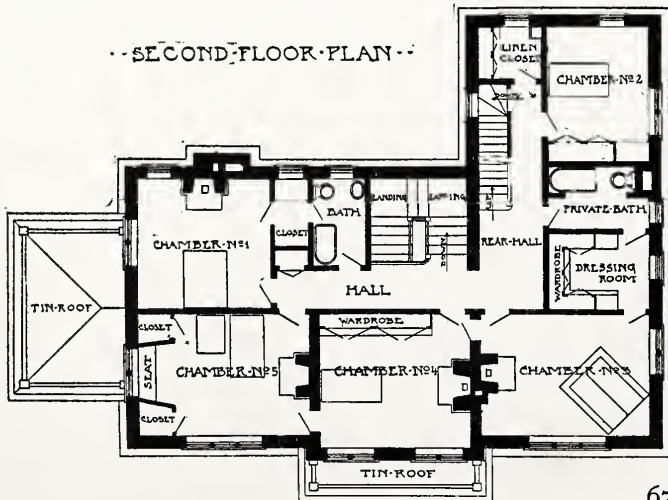
have in their home the maximum of comfort and convenience as well as of beauty,—and partly from the consistency with which the color scheme is carried out in every detail. The bricks of the lower story are of a brownish tone and quite dark, the courses laid so that some of them cast shadows which diversify the surface. The plaster above is rough-cast and colored a deep warm tan that blends perfectly with the brick, but strikes a decidedly higher note of color. Accent is given

luster of the new metal before any finish has been applied. From this piece of silk was evolved a color scheme based on coppery brown tones, relieved by forest green, touches of old blue, and all the hues that come into natural and harmonious relation with copper.

by the timbers, which are of unplanned wood, stained a very dark rich brown with a slight reddish cast in it. The balcony railings and the screen over the entrance to the kitchen,—as is shown in the detail given of the rear of the house,—are of planed wood of the same color. This screen has a strong

The construction of the house is reinforced concrete, with the lower story faced with brick. It was built by day labor under Mr. Hewitt's personal direction, and the construction is so careful that the building is as substantial and as nearly fireproof as any dwelling could be. The strong individuality that distinguishes the house from all others around it rises partly from the fact that the plan of it is a straightforward expression of Mr. Hewitt and his family to

..SECOND-FLOOR-PLAN..

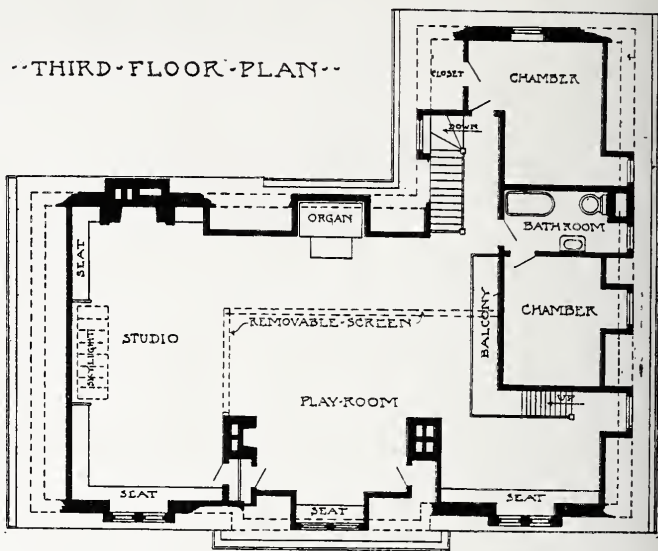


A HOUSE OF HARMONIES

suggestion of Japanese influence in its construction, and the suggestion is repeated in the decoration of the brackets which support the main roof. The ends of these project beyond the eaves and are carved in very much conventionalized heads of grotesque monsters. This touch of purely structural ornamentation is essentially Japanese and is irresistible in the impression it conveys of absolute fitness. A similar discretion in the use of ornament is seen in the heads of the down-spouts.

These spouts are of copper and the box-like heads are made of the same metal in a shape that is at once entirely useful and unusually decorative. The copper used in this way is the keynote of the whole color scheme of the exterior. In order to avoid any discord in the harmony of varying browns, Mrs. Bookwalter suggested that no window shades or lace curtains be used, but that all curtains should be lined with a loosely-woven linen, dyed to tone with the plaster of the exterior and stitched in a heavy cord that repeats the darker brown of the wood trim. Another feature which lends marked individuality to the exterior is the effective grouping of windows, which are all casements with lights set in five-eighth inch leads, irregularly put on.

With the impression of soft and mellow brown tones fresh in mind from the first look at the exterior of the house, one steps inside into the same color atmosphere, but here it is so



widely varied and so well accented that the whole impression is that of subdued richness and an unusually fresh and vital color quality. By a glance at the plan of the first floor, it will be seen that all the front part of the house is open, and that the colors must necessarily be used with as consistent an idea to their general harmony as if it all were one room. The entrance from the terrace is through a vestibule, with double doors, which opens directly into the hall that lies between the living room and dining room. A sense of welcome and home comfort is given instantly by the sight of a deep inglenook which lies just on the other side of the vestibule partition and is a part of the hall proper. Here the copper note is struck boldly by the large hood over the fireplace. The chimneypiece is faced with square, matt-finished tiles, in varying shades of coppery brown, laid up in black cement with wide joints well raked out. Some of these tiles are plain, but here and there one bears a

A HOUSE OF HARMONIES

conventional decoration in low relief. The designs are after the manner of primitive picture writing, and the whole scheme of the decorated tiles symbolizes the discovery of the use of fire and the story of the hearth.

The woodwork of this inglenook, like that of the hall and living room, is of brown ash, stained in a deep reddish brown tone, of which the darkest shade, as seen in the softer parts of the grain, is very nearly black and the high lights caught by the hard grain are almost as light as very dark copper. The ceiling has square beams set closely together, and the floor is tiled with dull brown matt tiles, in which there is an interesting variation of color. These tiles are used also for the floor of the hall, living room and sun room, and they were regarded by both architect and decorator as a distinct "find." The copper silk hangings, which gave the keynote for the whole scheme of decoration in the lower story, were taken to a tile factory. At first, the task of finding any floor tiles that would even approach to harmony with the color of the silk seemed almost hopeless, but at last a pile of over-baked tiles were discovered in a heap of discarded material, and these proved to be the finishing touch to the entire decorative scheme of the house.

The hall is merely an open space, affording means of communication with all parts of the house. A glance at the plan of the first floor will show that there is practically no wall space, as the openings to vestibule, inglenook, living room, dining room, carriage entry, staircase and entry to the butler's pantry leave only the corner posts of partitions to define the hall. The ceiling of the hall is beamed, with much wider space between the beams than appears in the inglenook, and between the top of the woodwork and the beam which runs around the ceiling angle is

a frieze covered with a two-toned canvas woven of green and tan threads which give the effect of dull, light greenish copper. One novelty in the treatment of the hall, living room and dining room is that the ceilings are all covered with this canvas, which forms an admirably soft and harmonious background to the beams, and has proven much mellower and more sympathetic in effect than plaster. In the living room the wall space above the wainscot is covered with the canvas and in the dining room the plain frieze above the tapestry panels of the wall is also of this canvas. As a rule, the connecting link in a color scheme which is developed throughout several rooms is the woodwork, but in this house the underlying theme is given out by the textiles.

The admirable division of wall spaces and the structural treatment of the beamed ceiling in the living room are shown in the illustration. The window curtains are of the hand-dyed copper toned silk already described, and the furniture consists mostly of old carved pieces picked up by Mr. Hewitt when he was a student in Germany. The dark wooden mantel is a magnificent piece of Italian carving and was brought bodily from Italy. Some of the furniture is upholstered in tapestry in which all the copper tones appear with touches of forest and water green and dull old blue. The first illustration of the living room gives a glimpse into the sun room, and the next one shows a vista of living room and hall, as seen from the sun room.

This sun room is hardly more than a recess in the living room, yet its treatment, while entirely harmonious, is distinct from that prevailing in the living room and hall. No plaster is exposed on either ceiling or walls, the whole ceiling being covered with boards which are supported by trans-

A HOUSE OF HARMONIES

verse beams. The construction of the opening into the living room is peculiarly beautiful, and the effect of the whole may be imagined when we say that all the woodwork is of California "curly" redwood, the surface charred to produce a brilliant blackish tone on the hard part of the grain, while the soft part is all sanded out, leaving the effect of a decorative treatment in low relief. A gray finish is then applied, which subdues the warm color of the redwood, leaving a cool, light, grayish brown with vivid dark markings. The effect of this treatment may be seen more clearly in the panel that is shown on one leaf of the screen, over another of which is thrown one of the sun room curtains. The separate illustration is given because the detail of both wood and fabric is well worth making plain.

The entire color scheme of the sun room was developed from the suggestion given by a fine piece of Japanese embroidery which now hangs at one side of the opening into the living room. This embroidery was a subtle combination of gray-green, tan and soft rose upon a very soft cloudy gray ground. This curtain was taken to a stained glass factory and bits of glass selected to harmonize with all its varying tones. The crest appearing in the embroidery was used as a motif for the design that appears in the upper part of the windows, of which there are eleven, forming practically all the walls of the sun room. This design was carried out in the colors of the embroidery, and the window curtains are of dull, lusterless silk, rough textured, and in color a soft, grayish tan. The appliqué is dull green, couched on with strands of old blue. There are no window seats in the sun room, a broad sill for plants running all around the room. As the floor is one step lower than that of the living room and the ceiling is considerably lower, the effect is that of

stepping down into a sunshiny little den, light and cool in color, but restful rather than brilliant.

In the dining room the ceiling and frieze are covered with the greenish copper canvas, but the walls, which are divided into panels by the woodwork, are hung with a verdure tapestry showing a color combination of gray-green and green-blue, with a dark background of very dull, shadowy green. A soft tan note is brought in by the tree trunks, the whole color effect harmonizing admirably with the canvas of the frieze and ceiling. The window hangings in the dining room are dull blue. The woodwork is all of greenish brown oak, and the leather used on the chairs is also finished in a greenish brown tone. The heavy oak dining table is reproduced from an old table Mrs. Bookwalter happened to find in Germany, and the chairs are also reproductions of fine old models. The one false note in the relation of this room to the other rooms on the lower story is the floor, which is of wood instead of tile. Since the house was finished everyone has realized that the effect was hardly as happy as it would have been had the tiled floor been carried throughout.

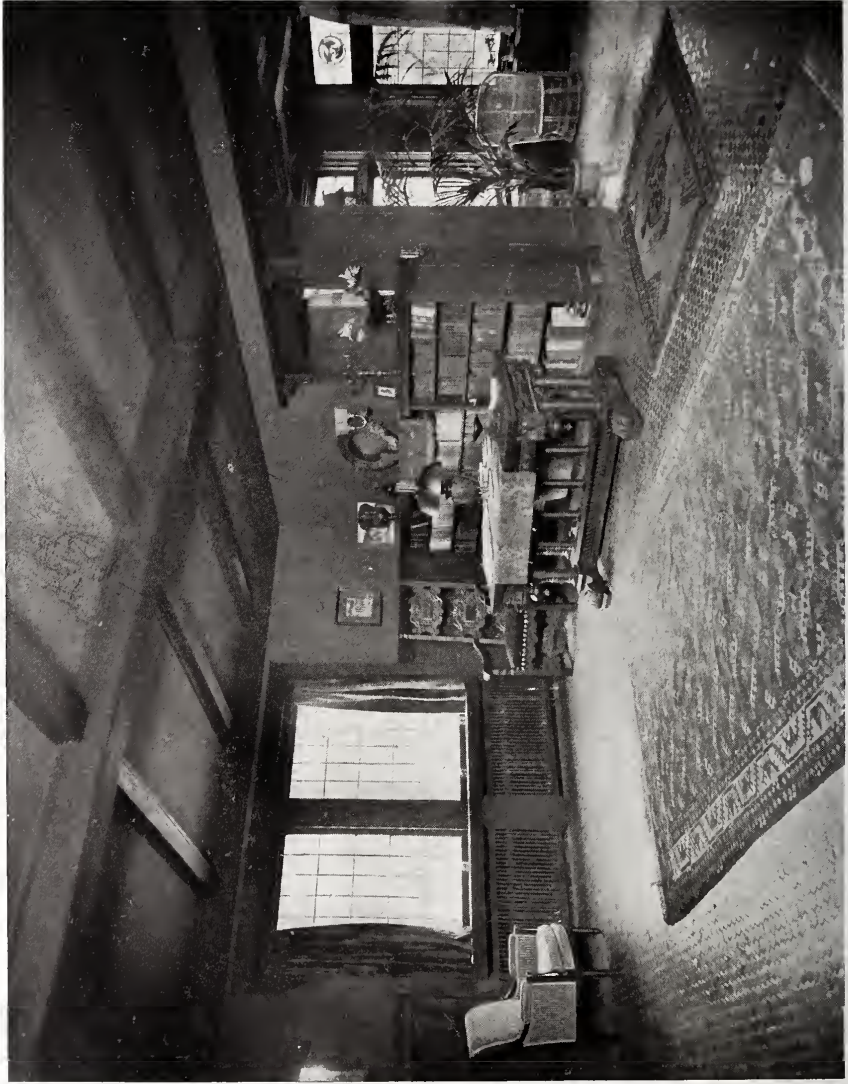
The arrangement of chambers on the second floor is exceedingly convenient. All the rooms have open fireplaces, with the single exception of the bedroom at the back of the house, where it was impossible to put a flue. The family room, which appears on the plan as chamber number five, has a dressing room and private bath, and is one of the most beautiful rooms in the house. The woodwork is of unfinished cherry in its natural pinkish tone. The walls and ceiling are covered with a soft pinkish tan grass cloth which shows the silvery luster peculiar to that material. In each of the wall panels is framed a group of Japanese prints



Edwin H. Hewitt, Architect.

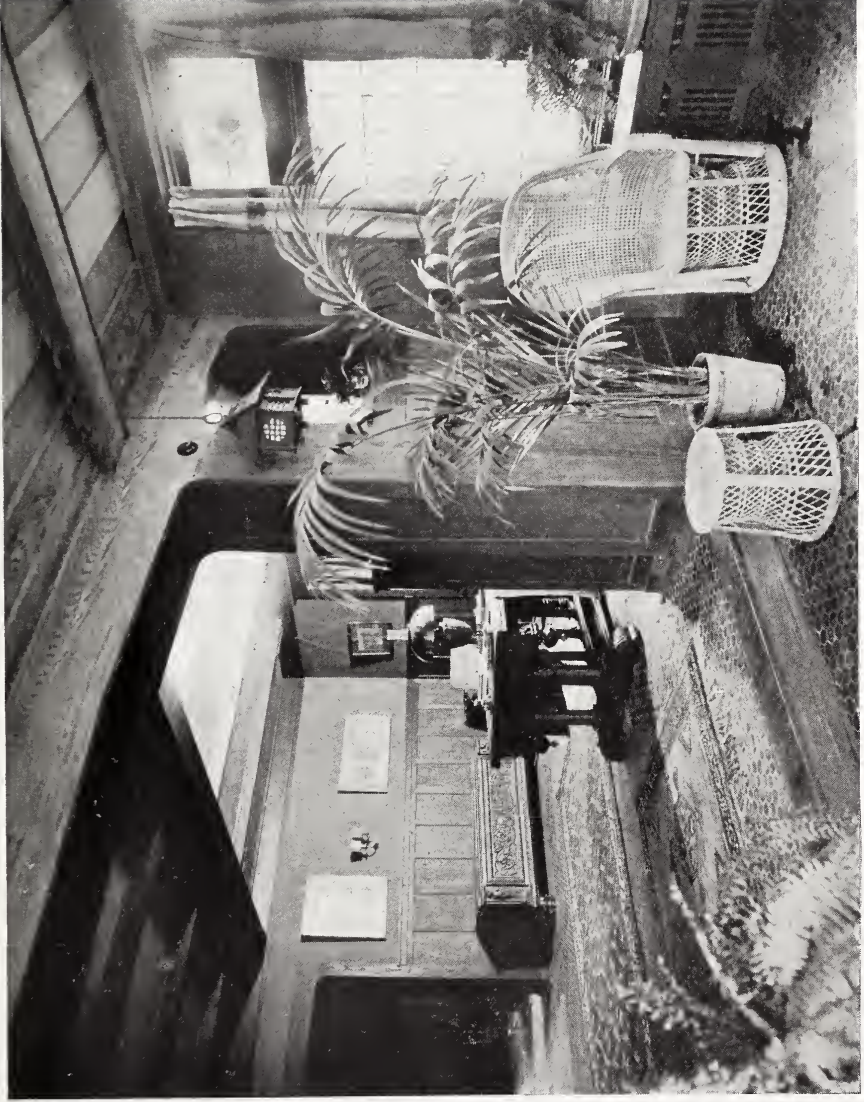
FRONT VIEW OF MR. HEW-
ITT'S HOUSE IN MINNEAPOLIS.

REAR ENTRANCE TO THE HEW-
ITT HOUSE.



Mary Linton Bookwalter, Interior Decorator.

LIVING ROOM, LOOKING INTO SUN ROOM: DULL
OLD COPPER SUGGESTING THE COLOR-SCHEME.



SUN ROOM LOOKING INTO LIVING ROOM: COLOR-SCHEME SUGGESTED BY A BIT OF OLD JAPANESE EMBROIDERY.



DINING ROOM: FOREST GREEN IS
THE COLOR NOTE: THE FURNITURE
IN OAK FROM OLD GERMAN MODELS.



ROOM ON THIRD FLOOR, WHICH CAN BE DIVIDED INTO PLAY ROOM AND STUDIO BY SCREENS, OR THROWN INTO ONE LARGE SPACE FOR DANCING OR MUSICALS.

SECOND VIEW OF THE ROOM, USED OFTEN FOR CHILDREN'S PLAY ROOM.



Especially Designed by Mary L. Bookwalter.

CHARRED REDWOOD PANEL AND CURTAIN DESIGNED FOR SUN ROOM.

SQUARED ANIMAL RUG, MANTEL FACING AND WALL COVERING FOR MR. HEWITT'S DAUGHTER'S ROOM.

A HOUSE OF HARMONIES

in soft pinks and yellows, with touches of black, and the same scheme is suggested on the curtains of dull, pinkish tan silk by setting in old squares of Japanese tapestry, which shows the same mellow pink and yellow tones with sharp accents of gray and black.

The decoration of the room intended for the little daughter of the house was suggested by the "squared animals" shown in the rug which, together with one of the curtains, is illustrated here. The rug is an indigo blue and warm tan, a combination that caused the decorator no small trouble, for the reason that everything in the room had to be dyed to match. The walls and ceiling are covered with heavy English paper, showing the same tone of soft, warm tan, and the woodwork is finished in a lighter tone of the same color. The fireplace facing had tiles showing conventional landscapes in green and blue, set into a field of plain matt tiles of tan.

In the son's room is a richer combination of color, shown in a scheme of mahogany brown and dull yellow with lines of black. The whole atmosphere of the room is manly; the purpose of the decorative scheme focusing in the decoration of gallant knights that adorn the facing of the fireplace.

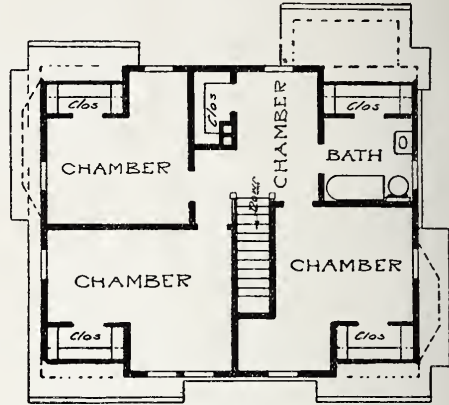
Of the two guest rooms one shows

a scheme of silver and blue-gray, with tapestry hangings covered with a design of landscapes and ladies! A few touches of rose lend life to this cool and quiet color effect. The other guest room has a gray wall with chintz hangings in gay colors.

The third floor, as is shown in the plan, can either be separated by the removable screen,—which is designed on the plan of the Japanese *shoji*,—into a play room and a studio, or it can be thrown into one large room for dances and musicales. An organ is set into one of the dormers on the north side of the house, and a large fireplace is on the same side. Another fireplace lends warmth and cheer to the play room, which is fitted up for the special comfort and convenience of the children. The treatment of the walls and ceiling in this ideal "attic" is especially charming. The framework of the building has been left unaltered and unconcealed, the rough wood of the joists being stained to a rich, dark brown. The rough plaster of the walls is toned a very soft light tone of brown that harmonizes with the woodwork. The two chambers that appear in the plan are set high up under the roof, one of them having a balcony with steps leading down into the play room. These bedrooms are intended for the maids.

FOUR COUNTRY HOUSES BUILT IN A STRIP OF WOODLAND WHICH, SO FAR AS POSSIBLE, HAS BEEN LEFT UNTOUCHED

PEOPLE driving or motoring along the well-kept roads in the hill regions of New Jersey are almost sure to pull up and go slowly past a little group of houses built along the road between Hohokus and Waldwick. These houses are set well back into the edge of a beautiful strip of woodland that lies just opposite the famous old "Hermitage," where the Widow Prevost lived with her parents at the time when her brilliant lover, Aaron Burr, used to ride up this same road, with his horse's hoofs muffled to avoid the keen ears of prowling outposts, for a stolen interview with the beautiful Theodosia, whom he was to marry in that very house when times became more settled. The whole country round about is full of historic associations and traditions; homesteads dating from Revolutionary times, still unchanged and surrounded by old-fashioned gardens

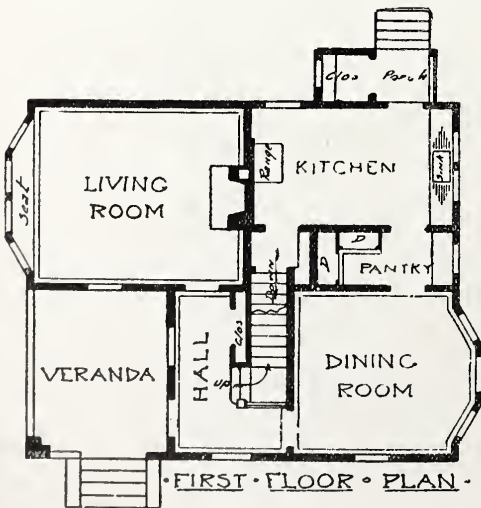


• SECOND FLOOR PLAN •
THE VICTOR COTTAGE.

full of the flowers cherished by our great-great-grandmothers, are found every few miles, no matter what road one may take through the country.

The little group of houses referred to is by no means ancient—the oldest of them having been built less than four years ago—but they harmonize as perfectly with their environment of strong, slim young trees of the second growth, grassy sward and outcropping rocks as does the hoary old "Hermitage" across the road with the venerable park in which it stands.

They were built by a group of people who have had the astonishing good sense to leave the surroundings practically unchanged. The trees are thinned out just enough to allow the grass and flowers to grow freely in the open spaces below, and to give the necessary amount of light and air to the houses half hidden among them. The effect of this judicious treatment of the natural woodland is such as to show at some disadvantage the best-con-



• FIRST FLOOR PLAN •

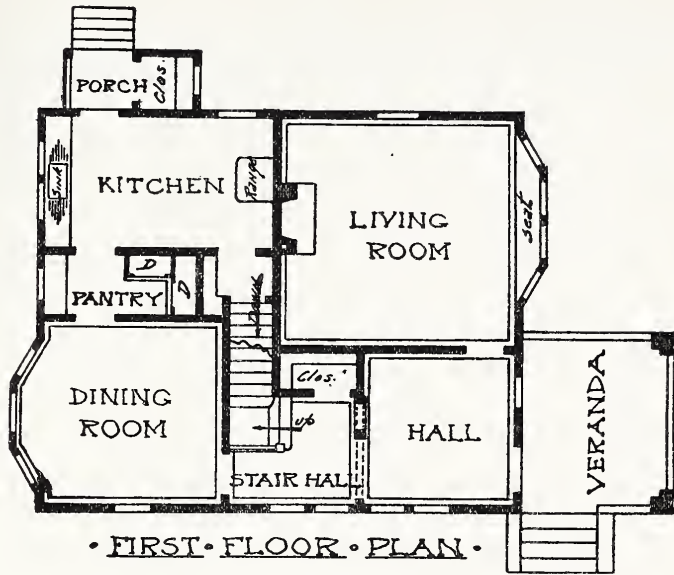
THE VICTOR COTTAGE.

HOUSES IN THE WOODS

sidered attempts of the landscape gardener to gain by artificial means the effect of undisturbed nature. The rocks lying about have been gathered up and used for the foundations of the houses, for the bulkheads of the roads that are cut through the low terrace, and for carelessly piled up heaps here and there, half hidden by vines and other growing things, which might almost have been there from the beginning. No carefully thought out scheme of decoration could possibly be as

effective as the straight, slender trunks of the trees that are left, and the dappling of light and shade that gives to the greensward below an unending interest to the lover of beautiful variations of light and shade. It is a device which preserves exactly the golden mean between glare and gloom that is so seldom found in the surroundings of houses in the country.

With the exception of one, these houses were designed by Mr. William Dewsnap, an architect living a few miles up the road at Allendale, a man who had grown up in this country and knows just what sort of dwellings naturally belonged to the landscape. The first house, of which only a glimpse is given in the illustration, belongs to Mr. Yeager, who built it four years ago for a summer home, but the man who has conceived the idea of preserving the essential character of the woodland in an unbroken vista is Mr. O. J. Victor, a veteran publisher who finds

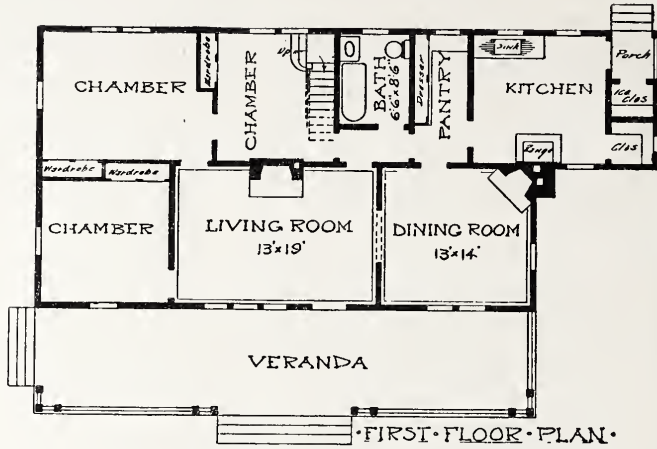


THE BESANT COTTAGE.

his pleasantest recreation from the cares of business in personally superintending the development of his beautiful little country home. The two cottages belonging to Mr. Victor and to his son-in-law, Mr. R. E. N. Besant, were built about the same time, and a year later the friendly little colony was completed by the building of the bungalow belonging to Mr. H. W. Hamlyn, which finishes the group and marks the line where the clear space thickens again into the natural growth of the woodland.

All the dwellings were designed to cost in the neighborhood of four thousand dollars, and all have kept within the limit placed, excepting the bungalow, the fittings of which have made it somewhat more expensive. This alone is intended for a purely summer residence, as Mr. and Mrs. Hamlyn have their winter home in Florida and come north only to enjoy the beauty of the Jersey hills and the pleasure of

HOUSES IN THE WOODS



THE HAMLYN COTTAGE.

working personally in the garden which they have won within a year's time from the heart of the woods.

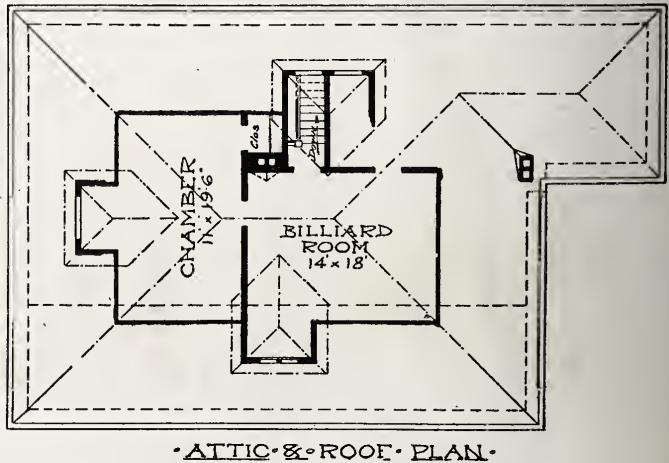
The houses are all of cedar shingles, stained and weathered to a soft gray-brown, and the exterior trim is of cypress painted white. The floor plans reproduced here will show how admirably the space is arranged and economized in the three houses designed by Mr. Dewsnap, and it is remarkable that the tastes of the members of this friendly little colony have been so much akin that they not only have created an impression of harmony in the group of houses as a whole when viewed from the outside, but also in the decoration and furnishing of the several interiors. Everything is simple and home-like, and is so arranged that the daily work of living may be

carried on with the least possible friction and expenditure of energy. The whole group is one of the best examples we have ever found of the building of simple and beautiful country homes, perfectly suited to their environment and to the tastes and requirements of the people who live in them.

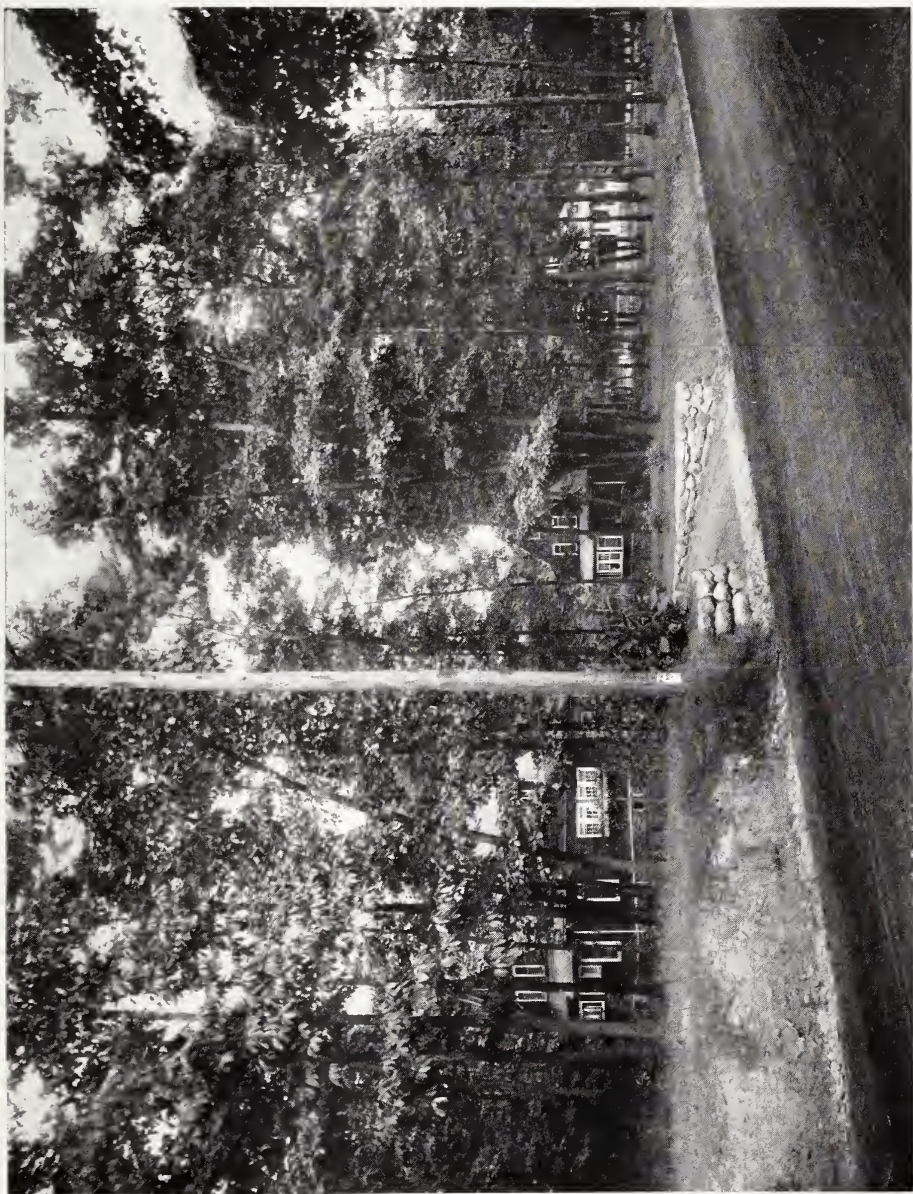
ANOTHER bungalow, situated in Ridgewood, New Jersey, three or four miles from the group just

described, is so beautiful in itself and appears to be so completely fitted to all the requirements of comfortable home life in the country, that we reproduce it here as an equally good example of a country home on a somewhat larger scale.

It is the dwelling of Mr. Frank Knothe and was built originally for a summer home, but afterwards al-



THE HAMLYN COTTAGE.



William Deussen, Architect.

THE GROUP OF WOODLAND COTTAGES NEAR
WALDWICK, AS SEEN FROM THE ROAD



William Dewsnap, Architect.

COTTAGE OF O. J. VICTOR, ORIGINATOR OF
THE PLAN OF LANDSCAPE GARDENING SUR-
ROUNDING THE GROUP OF COTTAGES.

COTTAGE OF R. E. N. BESANT, WITH YEAGER
COTTAGE IN THE DISTANCE.



William Dewsnap, Architect.

THE BUNGALOW OF H. W. HAMLYN, ONE
OF THE GROUP OF WOODLAND HOUSES.

BACK VIEW OF HAMLYN BUNGALOW, SHOW-
ING ARRANGEMENT OF GARDEN.



Raymond D. Weekes, Architect.

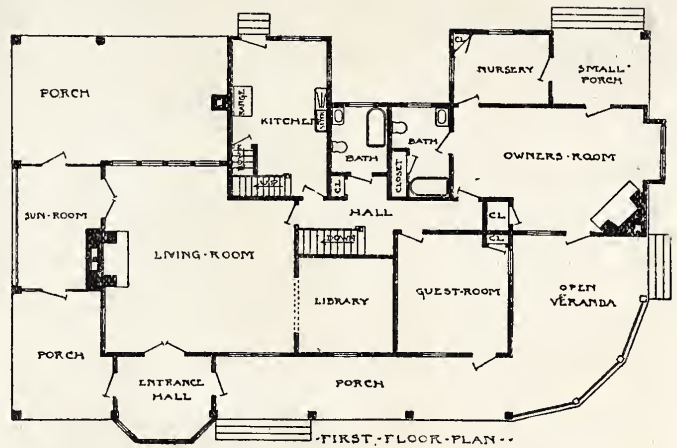
BUNGALOW OF MR. FRANK
KNOTHE, RIDGEWOOD, N. J.

REAR VIEW OF KNOTHE BUNGA-
LOW, SHOWING EXTENSION.

HOUSES IN THE WOODS

tered to serve for a comfortable residence all the year round. It is an excellent example of pure bungalow construction and was designed in the first place by Mr. Raymond D. Weekes, an architect, who worked very closely in accordance with the idea of Mr. and Mrs. Knothe in planning their home. The first plan was simply for the usual square bungalow, but it has

since been enlarged by adding the extension which is shown in the second illustration, and by enclosing portions of the wide veranda to make an entrance hall and sun room. The bungalow stands in a large garden, and the back of it is almost hidden by trees and shrubs that grow close to the house and form a very effective background when it is seen from the front. Although it is right in the town of Ridgewood, the grounds are large enough to give it the ample environment of lawn, flowers and shrubbery that belong to what is essentially a country house. The building is of shingles, stained to a soft brown tone, and the exterior woodwork, pillars and porch railings are all painted white. The original plan of the interior contained only five rooms and bath, and so built the cost of the bungalow was a little over four thousand dollars. The alterations as shown in the floor plan published here have almost doubled this sum, but as the comfort and usefulness of the bungalow have also been doubled, the owner is inclined to regard the additional expense as a good investment. The little entrance hall that was made by enclosing a part of



THE KNOTHE BUNGALOW.

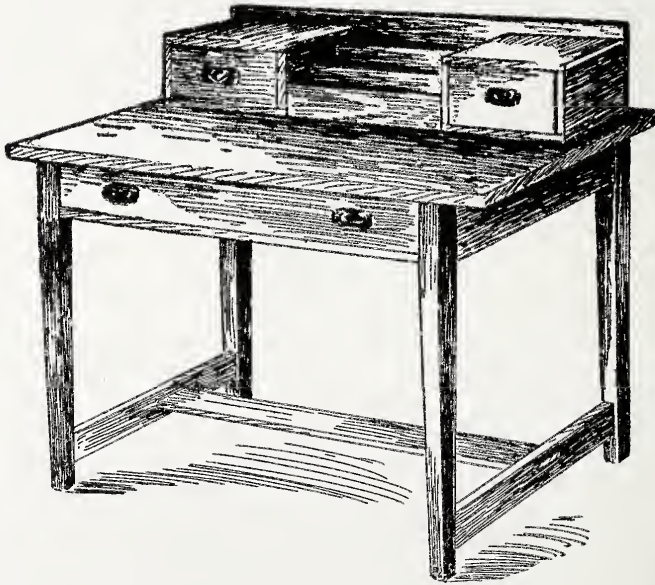
the porch is lighted by a large bay window, which adds much to the interest of the exterior. A door opens into the corner of the porch, which is thus converted into an outdoor living room, and another door leads from this into the sun room, which is entirely closed in and in winter serves as an extension to the living room. Another door from the sun room leads to the porch at the back of the house. As it stands now, the greatest charm of the bungalow is the number and variety of its verandas. The largest is the long, sheltered one that faces east. Then there are the sheltered porches facing to the southeast, southwest and northwest, the big open veranda on the northeast side, and the sun room on the south. All the bedrooms have Dutch doors opening upon one or the other of the verandas.

The living room is used also as a dining room, and the deep recess at the front forms a small library or den for reading or study. A hall communicates with the kitchen, bathroom, guest room and owner's room. This last has a private bath, nursery and a small porch, which is set aside for the use of the little ones.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK: PRACTICAL LESSONS IN STRUCTURAL WOOD WORKING: THIRTIETH OF SERIES

TABLE DESK.

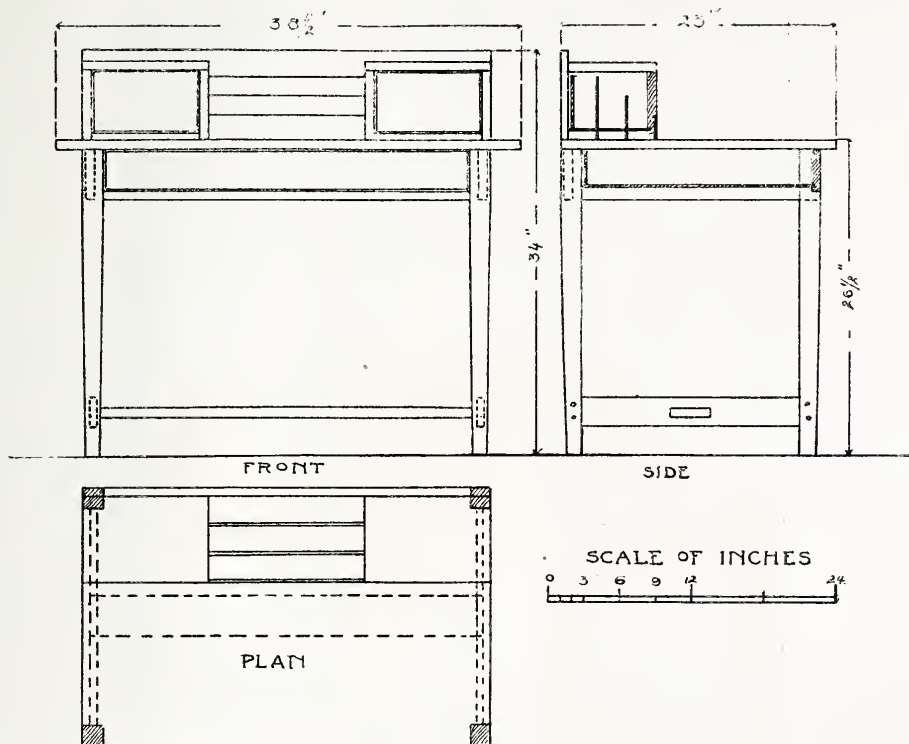
THIS piece is designed primarily for home use, as it is hardly large enough for an office. The model is not difficult to make, if the worker is at all accustomed to handling tools, and the arrangement of space for writing paper, etc., is very convenient. The desk is well built, with the usual mortise and tenon construction, and all the joints should be carefully pinned with wooden pins. The beauty of this piece lies solely in the care with which its proportions are maintained and in the finish of the workmanship as well as the treatment of the wood itself.



MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR DESK.

	No.	Long.	ROUGH.			FINISHED.	
			Wide.	Thick.	Wide.	Thick.	
Legs	4	25 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	2 in.	2 in.	1 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	1 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	
Side rails	2	20 in.	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	4 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	
Side stretchers...	2	20 in.	2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	
Center stretcher..	1	33 in.	3 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	
Back	1	34 in.	7 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	
Top	1	38 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	24 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	23 in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



Tops	2	10 1/2 in.	8 in.	7/8 in.	7 1/2 in.	3/4 in.
Front rail	1	34 in.	1 1/2 in.	1 in.	1 1/4 in.	7/8 in.
Side rails.....	2	20 in.	4 1/2 in.	7/8 in.	4 1/4 in.	3/4 in.
Sides	4	7 1/2 in.	7 in.	7/8 in.	6 3/4 in.	3/4 in.
Drawers, top....	2	9 in.	1 1/4 in.	5/8 in.	1 in.	1/2 in.
Division	1	13 in.	2 1/4 in.	1/4 in.	2 in.	3/16 in.
Division	1	13 in.	4 in.	1/4 in.	3 3/4 in.	3/16 in.
Division	1	13 in.	5 1/2 in.	1/4 in.	5 1/4 in.	3/16 in.
Drawers, front...	2	9 in.	5 1/4 in.	7/8 in.	5 in.	3/4 in.
Drawer, front....	1	30 1/2 in.	3 3/4 in.	7/8 in.	3 1/2 in.	3/4 in.
Drawers, side....	4	7 1/2 in.	5 1/2 in.	5/8 in.	5 1/4 in.	1/2 in.
Drawers, side....	2	18 in.	3 3/4 in.	5/8 in.	3 1/2 in.	1/2 in.
Drawers, back...	2	8 3/4 in.	5 1/4 in.	1/2 in.	4 3/4 in.	3/8 in.
Drawer, back....	1	30 1/4 in.	3 1/2 in.	1/2 in.	3 1/4 in.	3/8 in.
Drawers, bottom.	2	8 1/2 in.	6 7/8 in.	1/2 in.	6 3/4 in.	3/8 in.
Drawer, bottom..	1	31 1/4 in.	30 1/2 in.	1/2 in.	30 1/4 in.	3/4 in.
Back rail.....	1	32 in.	4 1/2 in.	7/8 in.	4 1/4 in.	3/4 in.

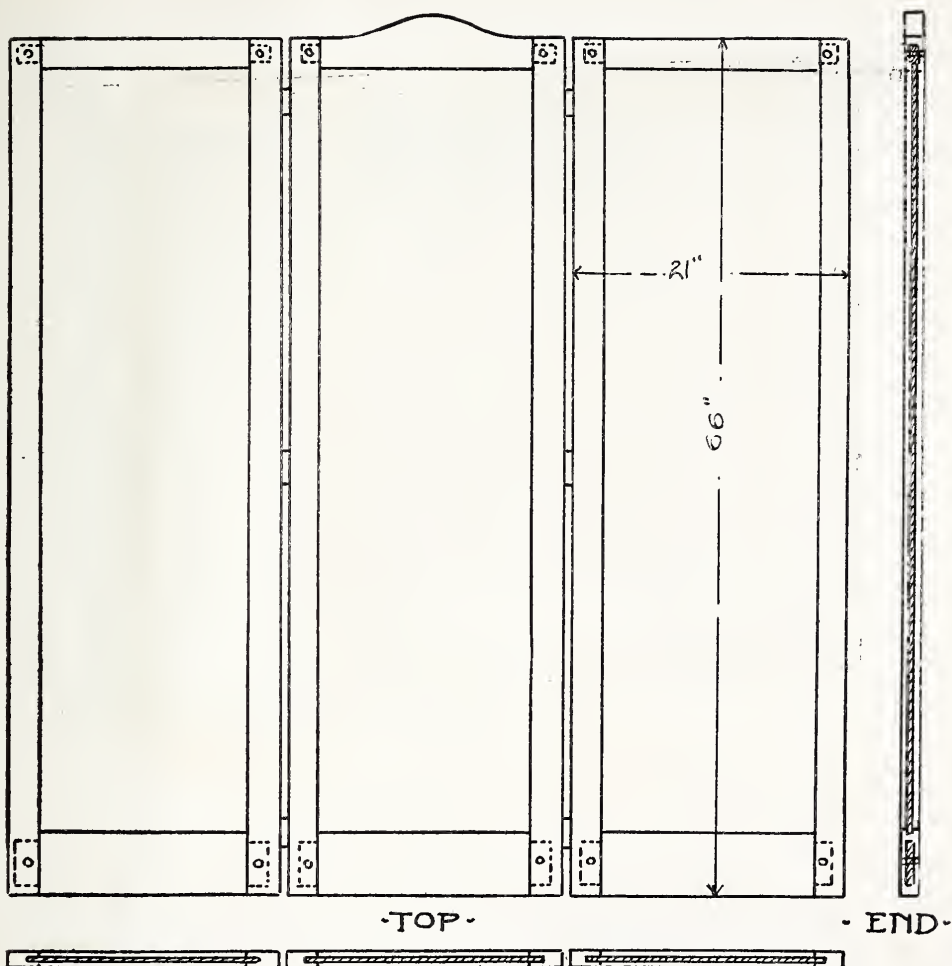
HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



A SIMPLE SCREEN.

THE screen shown here will be found not only easy to make, but a very useful piece of furniture in almost any part of the room where shelter from draughts is desired, or a glare of light is to be warded off. The framework is very simple, as will be seen by the detail drawing; the chief care being necessarily with the mortise and tenon joints, and the subtle softening of edges and corners which make all the difference between a crude piece of work and one that, while equally severe, is finished in its effect. The wooden pins used at each joint are large enough in this case to serve as a decorative touch that yet belongs legitimately to the construction. The panels of the screen may be made of leather, canvas, matting, or any chosen material that will harmonize with the furnishings of the room. We have found in making our own screens that Japanese grass cloth is very satisfactory for the panels of a light screen, as it comes in beautiful soft colorings that harmonize with almost any decorative scheme, and the surface has a silvery sheen and sparkle that is most interesting in its relation to the color of the wood.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

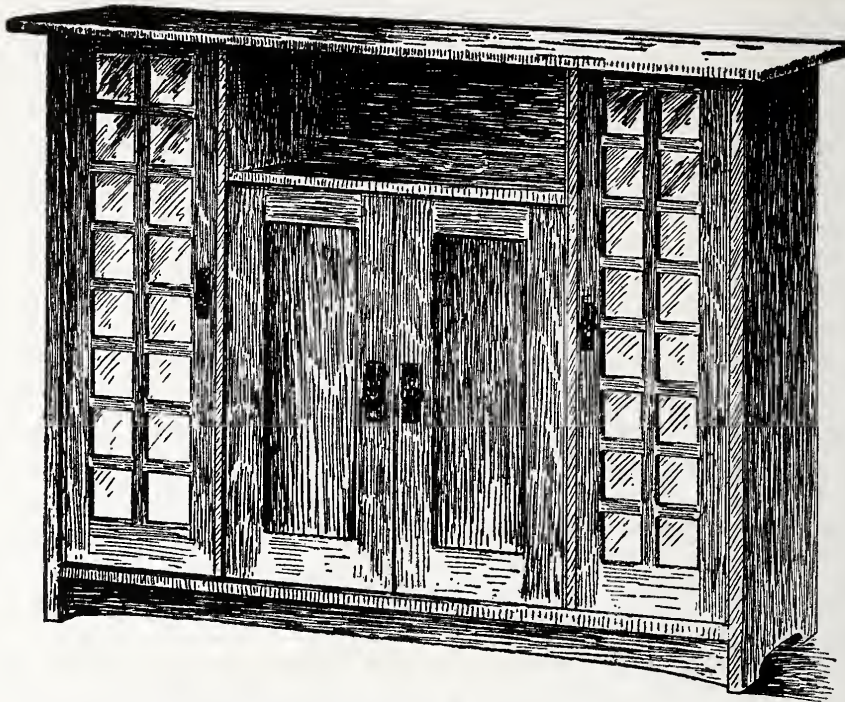


MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR SCREEN.

			ROUGH.		FINISHED.	
	No.	Long.	Wide.	Thick.	Wide.	Thick.
Sides	6	66 in.	3 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$2\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Top of sides.....	2	19 in.	3 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$2\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Top of center....	1	19 in.	5 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	Pattern	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Lower rails	3	19 in.	$5\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	5 in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Ply board panels.	3	60 in.	$17\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{16}$ in.	17 in.	$\frac{3}{16}$ in.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

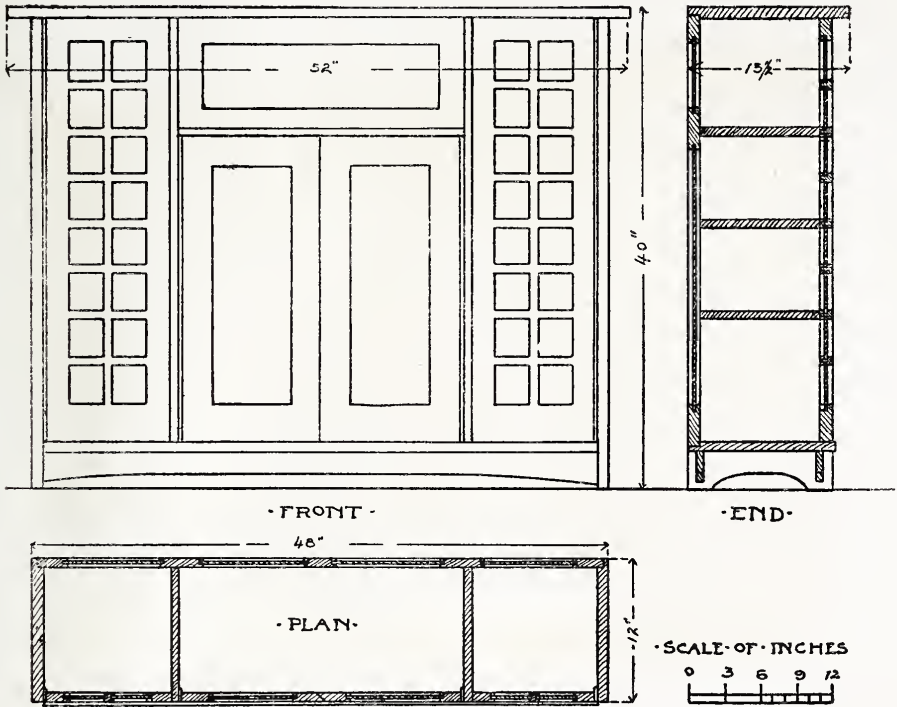
A BOOKCASE AND CUPBOARD.



MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR BOOK CASE.

	No.	Long.	Wide.	ROUGH. Thick.	FINISHED. Wide.	Thick.
Top	1	52 in.	14 in.	1 in.	13½ in.	⅞ in.
Sides	2	39 in.	13 in.	1 in.	12 in.	⅞ in.
Center shelves...	3	23⅞ in.	10½ in.	⅞ in.	9½ in.	¾ in.
Side shelves....	6	10½ in.	10½ in.	⅞ in.	9½ in.	¾ in.
Bottom shelf....	1	46 in.	12½ in.	1 in.	12 in.	⅞ in.
SIDE DOORS—						
Top rails.....	2	9 in.	2¼ in.	1 in.	2 in.	⅞ in.
Bottom rails....	2	9 in.	3¼ in.	1 in.	3 in.	⅞ in.
Stiles	4	35½ in.	2⅞ in.	1 in.	1⅞ in.	⅞ in.
Mullions	2	32 in.	1¼ in.	1⅞ in.	⅞ in.	1 in.
Mullions	14	37¼ in.	1¼ in.	1⅞ in.	⅞ in.	1 in.
Cathedral Glass..	32	3¼ in.	3¼ in.			
PANEL DOORS—						
Top rails.....	2	10 in.	2¾ in.	1 in.	2½ in.	⅞ in.
Bottom rails....	2	10 in.	3¼ in.	1 in.	3 in.	⅞ in.
Stiles.....	4	25½ in.	2¾ in.	1 in.	2½ in.	⅞ in.
Panels	2	21 in.	8½ in.	½ in.	8¼ in.	¾ in.
Top panel.....	1	20½ in.	6¾ in.	½ in.	6½ in.	¾ in.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR BOOKCASE

Top rail	1	22 1/2 in.	2 1/2 in.	1 in.	2 1/4 in.	7/8 in.
Bottom rail.....	1	22 1/2 in.	3 1/2 in.	1 in.	2 1/4 in.	7/8 in.
BACK SIDE—						
Panels	2	31 1/4 in.	8 1/2 in.	1/2 in.	8 in.	3/8 in.
Center panels....	2	22 1/2 in.	10 in.	1/2 in.	9 1/2 in.	3/8 in.
End stiles	2	36 in.	3 in.	1 1/8 in.	2 3/4 in.	7/8 in.
Partition stiles...	2	36 in.	4 in.	1 in.	3 3/4 in.	7/8 in.
Center stiles.....	1	26 in.	3 in.	1 in.	2 3/4 in.	7/8 in.
Top side rails....	2	11 1/2 in.	3 in.	1 in.	2 1/2 in.	7/8 in.
Top and bottom center rail.....	1	21 1/2 in.	3 in.	1 in.	2 1/2 in.	7/8 in.
Top and bottom Side rails.....	4	10 1/2 in.	3 in.	1 in.	2 1/2 in.	7/8 in.
FRONT, LOWER—						
Bottom rail.....	1	47 1/4 in.	3 in.	1 in.	Pattern	7/8 in.
Back rail.....	1	47 1/4 in.	2 1/2 in.	1 in.	Pattern	7/8 in.
Partitions	2	35 1/2 in.	11 1/2 in.	7/8 in.	11 in.	3/4 in.
SIDE DOOR—						
Stops	2	35 1/2 in.	1 1/2 in.	5/8 in.	1 1/4 in.	1/2 in.
Stops	2	25 1/2 in.	1 1/2 in.	5/8 in.	1 1/4 in.	1/2 in.

ALS IK KAN

IN this issue of *THE CRAFTSMAN* we have devoted an unusual amount of space and attention to different aspects of educational work, which is so fundamental that its importance can hardly be overestimated. Were this magazine devoted to handicrafts, as that term is commonly understood, as some, too narrowly interpreting our purpose, have supposed, there would be no sufficient reason for laying this stress upon education. But standing as we do as the exponents of a great movement for "better art, better work and a more reasonable way of living," the training of our boys and girls becomes a question of fundamental importance. To make our educational system efficient is therefore an important step in the craftsmanship of life. That is why we have chosen this month to lay so much emphasis on the idea of efficiency in education.

We feel that the idea cannot be over-emphasized. Efficiency is the dominant need of American life to-day. Everywhere, in school and home, office and factory, legislature and administrative office, the cry is for effective service. Many of our gravest and greatest problems are, in the last analysis, the result of inefficiency somewhere, and their solution depends upon the elimination of inefficient methods and the substitution therefor of efficient ones. The expert investigator of social conditions is no longer content to regard low wages, irregular employment or prolonged unemployment as final explanations of poverty. Why, in these cases of extreme poverty, is the pay of the breadwinner so small? Why is he not more regularly employed? Why, when there seems to be everywhere a demand for labor, is he unable to find employment? Generally the answer is inefficiency. It may be

due to physical ills, to poor mental training, to moral failure, to a false sense of social relations, but whatever the cause of the inefficiency may be the result is obviously serious.

Inefficiency of home management is responsible for very much of the poverty by which we are beset and harrowed. Poverty of intelligence is even more serious in its consequences than poverty of income. Given two families of equal size and having equal incomes, one family will be miserably poor and dependent more or less on charity, while the other will be relatively comfortable. The difference between the efficient housewife and the housewife who is not efficient is, among the artisan homes of the nation, the difference between comfort and decent existence and hopeless misery.

It would be far from the truth to suggest that inefficiency of home management is confined to the working class. On the contrary, it is prevalent in homes of every type. Anything in business nearly approaching the wastefulness and inefficiency of average home management would bring about national bankruptcy and disaster in less than a twelvemonth. Without pushing logic too far it may be confidently asserted that efficiency in home management would contribute greatly to the solution of some of the most harassing problems of our domestic life. As a case in point, take the ever-present and pressing "servant problem." Equally as serious as the difficulty of obtaining servants is the general, almost universal, inefficiency of those whose services can be obtained. Incompetent service at high wages is the marrow of the problem as it presents itself to thousands of American families. Yet we venture to say that behind the inefficiency of the servant is also an inefficiency of direction far-reaching and serious. When a

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

servant after months or years of service in one household moves to another and is found to be incompetent, as not infrequently happens, it is quite evident that her training has been inefficient. Her incompetence points to the incompetence of the mistress she served without acquiring proficiency. Inefficient mistresses make inefficient servants in too many instances. Where a household is not large enough to permit the employment of an expert housekeeper to stand between mistress and servants and to insist upon proper service, the mistress should at least know enough about the work she requires to be done to command the respect of the servants, and to set practical standards for them.

But, it will be objected, mistresses cannot be expected to train servants and pay them the wages of fully trained and competent servants while so training them. And the servants, in a great majority of cases, will not take less than full wages, no matter how inexperienced and incompetent they may be. The Croatian peasant girl who in Europe would have been a very beast of burden working in the fields, doing the work of the ox, receiving miserable pay for almost incredible toil, will, two months after she has been in this country and before she has learned the language or gained more than the faintest possible idea of the work required of her, demand exorbitant wages, equal to those of the most skilled servants in her grade, and all kinds of exemptions and privileges. She has no standard of values, no sense whatever of a principle so fundamentally simple as that wages should bear a distinct relation to service; that a demand for high wages should be supported by ability and willingness to render service of equally high value. Yet, every student knows that in Europe, in the homes of the feudal

aristocracy of her own land, she would have recognized that principle as the most natural thing in the world. She only loses her standard when she comes—directly or indirectly through others of her own nationality already corrupted—into contact with American life and American ideas. And here, it may be, is where the schools fail. It is increasingly evident that they do not inculcate the two principles of the equal dignity of all useful labor and the importance of constantly aiming at efficient standards. Yet these are fundamentally essential to honest citizenship.

The same general observations apply to the great conflict between the labor unions and the employers. We are not blind to the good side of labor organizations. It is probably true that if they were taken away the workers would be grievously harmed in some important respects. Doubtless much of the humane legislation of our age has been largely inspired by them. But the weakness of the modern labor union is seen best when we compare it with the medieval guild of which it is so poor a copy. Like the guild, the modern labor union aims to protect the interests of its members by fixing the price of their labor. To that nobody but the doctrinaire or the most hopelessly narrow-minded could seriously object if it were done in the same spirit as by the guilds of old. The evil comes in when the unions aim to fix wages as the guilds did while ignoring the very thing upon which the guilds based their claim to fix the price of labor. For the guilds not only set a standard of wages, but, unlike their degenerate modern offspring, a standard of workmanship and industrial efficiency. They did not attempt to force the clumsy, inefficient or lazy workman upon society, or demand that such a workman be as well paid as the most

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

expert and willing. They set no premium upon inefficiency. On the contrary, they insisted that the workman must be efficient, that he must give a satisfactory return in productive service of a high order for the pay demanded. Right here is where the great labor unions represent a principle that is vicious and dishonest. It is not to their efforts to raise wages that we see grave objection—for indeed, we do not object to that at all—but to their setting a premium upon inefficiency by demanding good pay for poor work and by defending incompetent and malingering workmen. And here, again, the schools seem to have failed to inculcate the basic principles of honest and efficient living.

In business it is efficiency that counts, as in every other department of life. Amid the tumult and unrest of the time this fact is very generally lost sight of. Progress in the business world consists of the triumph of efficient over inefficient methods. In most cases the crying against the great business corporations means nothing more than the demand of the inefficient to be protected from the results of his own incompetence. After making all possible allowance for the use of illegal means by some of our great corporations, for the greed and rapacity which they have shown, it is clear that ultimately, if we pursue our investigations with scientific candor, we must come to the conclusion that the great difference between the small business and the great corporation is mainly attributable to efficiency on the part of the latter. In the current outcry against the great chain of retail stores controlled by the "tobacco trust," the superiority of the service rendered by these well-equipped and efficiently directed stores over a majority of the competing stores is lost sight of. Now, we do not hold a brief for this or any

other corporate interest. If illegal acts have been committed, if, as alleged, there has been a conspiracy against the public interest, the laws of the states should be firmly, vigorously enforced. But it is of the highest importance to see that the forces of state and nation are not used, under demagogic urge, to discourage efficiency and to foster its opposite.

The silent revolution wrought in modern industrial and commercial life through the adoption of efficient methods of organization, accounting, utilization of by-products and close study of industrial and commercial needs has added enormously to the wealth and prosperity of the nation. So in agriculture. Our farmers have been slow to discover the senselessness of each generation perpetuating the mistakes of the generations which preceded it. The vast economic and sociologic advantages of rotation of crops, diversified farming and intensive cultivation have made slow but certain progress, and the advantages have been on the side of the progressive and efficient. And yet we are profoundly convinced that the good work has barely begun. We have as yet only touched the surface where presently we shall dig deep.

The science of business organization is in its infancy as yet; there are vast treasuries of wealth flowing unheeded into the great ocean of waste upon the tides of heedlessness and conservatism. A series of melodramatic and tragicomic bank robberies by trusted employees reveals in the most carefully guarded places of our business life almost incredible weakness and inefficiency. Our farmers still fail to realize the almost boundless possibilities of the soil. Thousands of farmers who are struggling to make ends meet, fighting against a mean, shabby, miserable poverty, neglect golden opportunities and fail to see that under their very

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

noses lie great resources. Sometimes the very weeds which keep them poor and despondent are, like the precious pebbles with which the African Dutch farmers' children played for many years ignorant of the fact that they were diamonds, of almost fabulous value. Farmers are struggling against riotous weeds like the mustards, jimsonweed, tansy, dandelion, burdock and many others, while millions of dollars worth are imported from Europe for pharmaceutical purposes. Many an American farmer pays to have the dandelions rooted up from his fields and throws them away quite regardless of their food value and the fact that we import from Europe something like one hundred and fifteen thousands pounds of the root for drug purposes each year at an average cost of five cents per pound. The same is true of the mullein and dock. We but instance these things as slight indications of a whole series of observations which lead us to the belief that in such a country as our own, with its well-nigh boundless resources, there is absolutely no need of poverty, no need of crises, no need of dependence upon a few stock manipulators in Wall Street or elsewhere. As a nation we are not efficient until we have grasped the opportunities which these resources offer; until the people as a whole can live in the peaceful security of an honest living for honest work. Given a modest acreage of land, courage and intelligence, and the will and skill to work, no man in America need seriously fear the threat of poverty.

The civic aspects of this great demand for efficiency are so numerous and important that we can barely indicate them here. Throughout the length and breadth of the land our cities and states are agitated by demands for reforms of one kind or

another, all representing a blind groping after efficiency. It is not always so recognized, however. In most cases the protest against corruption and bad government in our cities assumes the form of a demand for "good" men and "good" government, but as Dr. W. H. Allen points out in his stimulating and suggestive volume "Efficient Democracy," what we really need is efficiency rather than impractical goodness. It is efficiency only with which as citizens we are concerned. But civic efficiency concerns the elector as well as the elected. We cannot have the efficient government without the efficient citizens. Here, in truth, is the crux of our civic problem. How much does the average man know of the city and of its business, which is, of course, *his* business? Does he satisfy himself that his business is being honestly and efficiently conducted and demand an intelligent report of the work done by his nominal servants who are, alas! generally his masters? Too often, indeed, we the maximum of inefficiency instead of a reverse result.

We have wandered far in this dissertation from the schools and their efficiency, with which we began. But we chose the school system simply as a convenient point of departure into a broad, almost unlimited field of speculation and contemplation. Most earnestly do we believe that the need of cultivating standards of efficiency in education, in work, in play, in business and in government, if not the greatest need of the ages and the most urgent, takes a high place among such needs. To be efficient as individuals and as a nation, to make the best use of our opportunities, is the next great lesson in the art of living, the craftsmanship of personal and social happiness, which we must learn.

NOTES

CLOSED art galleries are the rule this season, for in New York this is the time for genius hunting or resting, so that it comes as a double surprise to find so large and interesting a summer show of paintings as at present on exhibition at the Knoedler Gallery on Fifth Avenue.

A second pleasure lies in the fact that in one showroom the paintings are all entirely by American artists; because, much as we may be interested in foreign art and its developments, the time has at last come in America when we most of all want to know what our own artists are doing, just how much they are telling us about our own country, the most interesting civilization in the world, and just how many of them have discovered all the wonderful beauty of pastoral and metropolitan life, which America is now offering as artistic inspiration. One of the pictures that proves America's claim for artists out of her own soil is "The Pool," by John H. Twachtman. It is a poetical thought expressed in delicate tones, and with a broad brush. It is like a quiet, serene thought in a troubled world, and, strangely enough, as one remembers about Twachtman, his relation to life had much of this quality.

A second American painter whose work is always so fresh and delightful is W. L. Lathrop. One of his pictures at Knoedler's is called "Twilight after the Rain." The country is a bit of Long Island. In this picture Lathrop makes you wonder a little why at one time such clever American artists seem to think that there were no mists or twilights except in Holland. Near this picture is hung "The Toiling Surf," a finely painted water picture, with a certain splendid joy in the waves ex-

pressed, and near is "The Daisy Field," by the same artist, which is full of that quivering, palpitating light which shimmers over the burning summer meadows.

George Elmer Brown shows a number of clever French pictures. Just why so worth-while an artist should turn his back on America is hard to understand, as he seems to have the very technique that would express the quality of our own country sides. Charles Melville Dewey shows a lovely late autumn landscape, which he calls "Woods and Warren." It has the rich coloring of the American autumn. There are sheep in the picture, and a sense of pastoral luxury.

Marcus Simons, an American artist who lives in Paris, has some semi-grotesquely Oriental pictures, which are not pleasant in color or valuable in composition. E. I. Couse shows a kneeling Indian lad with bow and arrow, which he calls "Trailing," and which is very well painted, and a real Indian as well as an interesting color scheme. George Inness, Jr., shows an American landscape with sheep, which he calls "On the Hilltop."

In a second room at the Knoedler Gallery there is a large and fairly interesting exhibit of foreign artists, chiefly from Paris.

A second gallery that has opened its doors for exhibition in the hot weather, is Fishel, Adler & Schwartz. They are showing two large mural canvases painted by William B. Van Ingen, a pupil of John La Farge. These canvases will be shipped in a short time to Indianapolis, where they will be put in place in the Supreme Court building. Although they are very large, and should be very important, they are as a whole disappointing. Not because they are less good than most mural paintings that are

from New York nowadays, but because so little mural painting is designed with any real thought, with any originality of conception, and with any purpose to fit the scheme of decoration, not only to the building, but to the history of the land on which the building stands. Why must we go on having dull, stupid Greek ladies or fat Roman matrons, and impossible Ethiopians trailing around the walls of our great public buildings? What earthly significance has a decorative, large, flat-faced goddess in ugly pink robes, with arms like a pile driver, to a nation like America that has been full of vivid historical incident since its birth, hundreds of years ago. If we would stop to think, what opportunity for color and composition our national history could furnish, with Columbus, the early Spanish priests, the Aztec civilization, our own American Indians, our Pilgrims, etc., all the way down each century. And yet we pay money for large, fat, futile figures of Justice and Mercy and Progress and Science, with no more beauty or harmony or historic significance than if they had been designed and executed in kindergartens.

Not that all this vituperation for a moment belongs to Mr. Van Ingen's decorations, and perhaps we should beg his pardon for putting it in a notice of his work, still, with all justice to his designs and color, he has not lent his mind to the creative work that one feels he is capable of, and that would strengthen the quality of his attainment some fifty per cent.

WE have just received notice that the Pittsburg Architectural Club will hold its Fourth Architectural Exhibition during the month of November, 1907, in the new fire-proof art galleries of the Carnegie Institute.

The special features will be: First.—

The Foreign Section; consisting of drawings of almost all European countries, especially from France, England, Germany and Austria. From the latter two countries we expect a numbr of most interesting interiors. Second.—It is intended to devote one gallery entirely to the new movement of Architecture of Exteriors and Interiors as so far developed in the United States. Third.—We will have a department for drawings from the leading technical schools and colleges. Fourth.—We intend to have a section devoted to Sculpture and Liberal Arts, but in Liberal Arts we will limit this principally to original drawings.

The officers of the club this year are: President, Richard Keihnel of the firm Keihnel & Elliott, architects; Vice-President, D. A. Crone, architect; Secretary, Stanley Roush; Treasurer, James Macqueen; Chairman of Entertainment, Architect Thomas Heron.

WE feel sure that the following facts in regard to the Eleventh Annual Exhibition of the Art Association of Richmond, Ind. will be of interest to the readers of *THE CRAFTSMAN*:

The exhibit which was held in June was arranged by Mrs. M. F. Johnston, president of the association. The same exhibit was subsequently shown in Muncie, Ind., under the auspices of the Muncie Art Association. The interest of this latter association in the exhibit may be inferred from the fact that it bought for its permanent collection the "Entrance to the Siren's Grotto—Islands of Shoals," by Childe Hassan.

The Richmond Association, by means of the Daniel G. Reid Purchase Fund, secured "At the Well," by Frank Vincent Du Mond. The permanent

collection of this association now numbers fifteen important paintings.

The following prizes were awarded at the Richmond Exhibit: The Mary F. R. Foulke prize of \$50.00 for the best painting by an Indiana artist was awarded to Mr. William Forsyth, of Indianapolis, for "A Woodland Brook" (landscape in oil). The Richmond prize of \$25.00, also given by Mrs. Foulke for the best painting by a Richmond artist, went to J. E. Bundy for "Autumn" (landscape in oil).

The Hibbard Public School of Richmond bought "Hills in Springtime" (landscape in oil), by William Wendt; price, \$150.00. The sales in the Arts and Crafts were excellent, both in Richmond and Muncie, and the exhibits were of unusual interest and beauty.

REVIEWS

MISS Elizabeth Luther Cary, whose biographical studies of Morris, Browning, Tennyson and the Rossettis have given her a prominent and somewhat unique position among professional biographers, has recently published "The Works of James McNeil Whistler," in a large volume containing also a tentative list of his paintings, lithographs and etchings. Miss Cary warns the reader not to expect too much in the way of a critical study of Whistler's work. She says frankly that she has had to rely wholly upon the published works of other writers in preparing her book. She writes as an untechnical observer, aiming solely to stimulate a somewhat more general, a somewhat less esoteric, interest in an art that seems to her peculiarly to appeal to the æsthetic instincts of the American mind, if not to the superficial side of American taste.

That there is room and need for

such an account of Whistler's amazingly varied work, no one familiar with the bulk of mystifying literature that has been written about it will be likely to doubt. Writers on art topics have long been used to expressing themselves in terms well calculated to conceal thought and to puzzle the reader of ordinary intelligence and education. Whistler has been particularly unfortunate in having a host of "expounders," "commentators" and "interpreters" of this type. Miss Cary is to be congratulated, therefore, upon the spirit in which she has chosen to write her account of Whistler's many-sided art. There possibly may be not quite enough of the dry light of calm, well-balanced judgment in the one hundred and forty-six pages devoted to the great artist (the remaining one hundred and fifty-six are given up to the carefully-prepared list of his works), but that is a fault which Miss Cary shares with many illustrious writers. Upon the whole, her volume, if a trifle enthusiastic in its expressions of appreciation, is an interesting, instructive, lucid and highly successful survey and exposition of the work of perhaps the most unusual genius of the age.

To the fine influence of Fantin-Latour upon Whistler, Miss Cary pays discriminating and just attention. It is hardly likely, however, that many careful students of Whistler's work will be found to agree with her note of dissent to M. Bénédite's claim that Courbet also influenced Whistler's art in his earlier years. It is not enough to dwell upon a single picture like "The Blue Wave" and to point out that it resembles a study made for Courbet's picture, painted eight years after Whistler's "La Mer Orageuse." Not only is the date of the study by Courbet not determined, but more important still is the fact that in all his

earlier marine pictures Whistler's temper is vigorous and sharp, like Courbet's, rather than quiet, dreamy and mysterious as in later years. It is perhaps a matter of small importance. Whistler's originality is not in question. Whistler was not Courbet and Courbet was not Whistler. To the American was given a more exquisite nature, an ambient delicacy which the French artist lacked, but was not slow to appreciate. Whistler, without doubt, drew from Courbet to a larger extent than Miss Cary seems willing to admit, and, equally without doubt, in turn influenced Courbet.

In spite of this word of criticism, it is just to add that a review of Whistler's life and work under a leadership which, while it goes into no new fields of interpretation, takes one pleasantly through all the familiar paths, is most enjoyable. If Whistler's claims to greatness have never been presented to the reader's mind, Miss Cary's book will show them more clearly than almost any other of the numerous volumes devoted to the life-work of the whimsical master of "the gentle art of making enemies." If, on the other hand, Whistler has won a place in the affections already, the volume will prove interesting and refreshing to the memory. The book is beautifully printed on thick, creamy paper and bound in plain boards of brown and wood tones, a setting that harmonizes admirably with its subject. It is illustrated with a number of reproductions, in sepia, of Whistler's best known works. ("The Works of James McNeil Whistler, With a Tentative List of the Artist's Works." By Elizabeth Luther Cary. Illustrated. 302 pages. Price, \$4.00 net. Published by Moffat, Yard & Company, New York.)

A little book that possesses the unusual quality of conveying much technical information and in-

struction without in the least losing a very readable interest is "Rumford Fireplaces and How They Are Made." It is written by Mr. G. Curtis Gillespie, an architect, who, in his own practical experience in planning and building houses, has proven the value of Count Rumford's formula for the building of a fireplace that can be depended upon to throw out the maximum of heat and to dispose of its own smoke in some other way than by sending large billows of it out into the room.

Mr. Gillespie's assertion that most architects are given to spending more time and thought upon the designing of ornate mantels than to the building of the fireplace itself is only too true. It had always seemed to him rather unreasonable to bestow so much care on what was merely the framing of the fireplace and so little, in comparison, on the fireplace itself, therefore, when a friend brought to his notice several years ago Count Rumford's "Book of Essays," he eagerly seized upon the one which dealt with fireplace construction and alteration. The Count's essay was written over a hundred years ago, but Mr. Gillespie found by practical experience that the principles laid down for fireplace construction still held good in all their details. Therefore in this book he reproduces the essay in full with all its quaint wording as being of essential value to architects and builders to-day.

Referring to his own experiences with a fireplace built exactly after the Rumford specifications, Mr. Gillespie says: "I have had ample opportunity to test to the fullest extent a fireplace five feet wide, placed in the center of the interior long side of a room seventeen feet by twenty-eight feet, exposed on three sides, with eight large windows and no cellar; the house stands on a high knoll fully open

to the most rigorous weather and is the ordinary frame shingled house, the shingles carried down to within two inches of the ground so as to leave the underside of the floor and beams exposed to outside temperature. In this room with the thermometer at zero outside a temperature of seventy degrees was secured from a small bundle of wood no larger than might be conveniently grasped in the two hands, and with larger and more wood the temperature at the farthest corners was readily run up to eighty degrees and the air maintained in the room pure, fresh and wholesome. This house, by the way, was provided with no other heating device than fireplaces; there were seven of them and all quite as satisfactory as the one referred to.

The main point of Count Rumford's theory of fireplace building is to overcome the common defect of building the throat of the chimney so large that it swallows up and devours all the warm air of the room instead of merely giving a passage to the smoke and heated vapor which rises from the fire. By experimenting he found that to prevent chimneys from smoking nothing was so effective as diminishing the opening of the fireplace in the manner as described by lengthening, lowering and diminishing the throat of the chimney. Explicit directions in technical terms that can be followed easily by any mason are given in the essay and the book is illustrated with a number of detailed drawings, including the original Rumford drawings and diagrams for fireplace construction, as well as many attractive half-tones of beautiful fireplaces and chimney pieces. ("Rumford Fireplaces," by G. Curtis Gillespie, M. E., Architect, containing Benjamin, Count of Rumford's, Essay

on "Proper Fireplace Construction." Illustrated. 200 pages. Price ——. Published by William T. Comstock, New York.)

UTOPIAN dreams are born with ease and reckless fecundity amid the social unrest of nations. Once in a century or so a dream of Utopia stirs the hearts of men and changes the currents of history. Others, almost as rare, touch the hearts of a few with literature, and so attaining immortality. But the overwhelming majority of Utopian dreams are idle and harmless.

Mr. Alfred L. Hutchinson is a dreamer of the harmless kind. Taking as his theme the much-discussed topic of the limitation of private fortunes by taxation, to the discussion of which President Roosevelt and Mr. Carnegie have made notably interesting contributions, he gives us a detailed account of the system in practice, together with a picture of American society as affected by it. Adopting the familiar trick of jumping forward a few decades ahead of the march of time—his "Pre-Statement" is dated A. D. 1944—he gives us an imaginary "history" of the great social revolution peacefully brought about through the taxation of incomes.

Of course, Mr. Hutchinson in his imaginative "history" tells how the great revenues thus derived were expended. He is not an advocate of socialism, indeed, he opposes it vigorously, but he nevertheless creates a paternalism, a great bureaucratic government, of the most alarming sort—alarming, that is, if we take Mr. Hutchinson seriously. ("The Limit of Wealth." By Alfred L. Hutchinson. 284 pages. Price, 1.50. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

THE CRAFTSMAN

CONTENTS

VOLUME XII.

APRIL 1907—SEPTEMBER 1907

Als ik Kan	110, 230, 348, 458, 564, 704
Architecture, Costa Rica's Native: A Lesson in Simple Construction and Beautiful Effects	Campbell Macleod 441
Architecture, The Trail of Japanese Influence in Our Modern Domestic Art, the Leaven of	Henrietta P. Keith 446
As a Bird in Springtime: A Poem	Bliss Carman 147
Bear, The Taming of the	Elsa Barker 496
Beauty in the City House: Possibilities of	Paul Harboe 34
Beauty, The Right to. See Home Department, Our	335
Be Silent on Your Blind Side	124
Bird, The: A Poem	Ernest Crosby 440
Blount, Godfrey. See Home Department, Our	Elsa Barker 628
Book Reviews	472, 589
Borglum, Solon H.: Sculptor of American Life: An Artist Who Knows the Value of "Our Incomparable Materials"	117, 242, 359, 466, 574, 710
Bourgeois Spirit in America, The	Selene Ayer Armstrong 382
Bread, The Conquest of: Prince Kropotkin's Views on the Relation of Art to Life, Science to Labor and Machinery to the Domestic Problem	Grace Latimer Jones 525
Brigman, Annie W. See Studies from the Camera of Annie W. Brigman. Some Symbolic Nature	670
Broadcast	Ernest Crosby 327
Bronzes, Marvelous, Three Thousand Years Old, Found in Ancient Graves and Among Family Treasures in China	Dr. Berthold Laufer 3
Butte, Montana, Betterment of. See Redeeming the Ugliest Town on Earth	
Cabinet Work, Home Training in	104, 224, 342, 452, 558, 698

CONTENTS—Continued

Carducci, Giosue, The Simplicity of: Italy's Greatest Modern Poet	Raffaele Simboli	608
Child Life, Two Little Poems of	Isabella Howe Fiske	659
Child Wage-Earners in England: Why the Half-Time System Has Failed to Solve the Problem	Mary Rankin Cranston	424
Children, Crippled. See Deformed, Work for the		
Children of Fairyland, The School Chimneypieces, Some Craftsman, Any One of Which Might Furnish the Keynote for an Entire Scheme of Decoration	Henry C. Myers, Ph.D.	631
Church, The Socialized, What It Is Doing for the Welfare, Comfort and Happiness of the People		39
Coburn, Alvin Langdon. See Photog- raphy as One of the Fine Arts	Mary Rankin Cranston	51
Deformed: Work for the: What Is Being Done to Make Crippled Chil- dren Useful Members of Society		
Doukhobors of Canada, The: A Com- munity of Siberian Exiles which Is Being Brought to Great Finan- cial Prosperity by a Russian Cap- tain of Industry	Mertice M'Crea Buck	193
Dressmaking, Home, The Natural Out- come of Simple Living: Happi- ness of a Home-Made Trousseau. See Home Department, Our		363
Dressmaking, Raising the Standard of. See Home Department, Our		245
Economy, Political, of Saving Babies' Lives: Practical Method of Im- proving Cities' Milk Supplies	John Spargo	301
Exiles, Siberian. See Doukhobors of Canada, The.		
Festivals, Religious. See Hopi, Festi- vals of the		
Festivals, School. See Work and Play, A Lesson in the Association of		
Folk of the Desert, The Primitive: Splendid Physical Development That Yet Shows Many of the Char- acteristics of an Earlier Race than Our Own	Frederick Monsen	164

CONTENTS—Continued

Furniture, Craftsman Willow. See Home Department, Our	477
Garden in Kent, Rose, Mrs. Burnett's: Evolved From a Centuries-Old Orchard	Mary Fanton Roberts 537
Gardens, School. See Method for School Gardens, The Hartford	
Greet, Ben and His Merry Woodland Players, Under the Greenwood Tree with: Their Happiness in the Simple Things of Life a Lesson in the Joy of Living.	Selene Ayer Armstrong 620
Haslemere, Peasant Industries at. See Home Department, Our	589
Herter, Albert. See Panels, Some Decorative, by Albert Herter.	
Higgins, Eugene: An American Artist Whose Work Upon Canvas Depicts the Derelicts of Civilization as Do the Tales of Maxim Gorky in Literature	John Spargo 135
His Message. From "Plain Talk"	Ernest Crosby 548
Home Department, Our	119, 245, 363, 472, 582
Home, A Fifteen - Hundred - Dollar, that Is Both Comfortable and Beautiful	552
Homes, American, Spontaneous Architectural Expression Shown in the Building of	515
Hopi, Festivals of the: Religion the Inspiration and Dancing an Expression in All Their National Ceremonies	Frederick Monsen 269
Hopi Indians. See Folk of the Desert, The Primitive	
House, A Craftsman: Series of 1907:	No. IV., 94; No. V., 216
Housekeeping, A More Simple Way of. See Home Department, Our	369
House of Dr. Albert Soiland at Los Angeles. See Home Department, Our	595
House of Fine Detail That Conforms to the Hillside on Which It Is Built	Una Nixon Hopkins 329
House of Harmonies, A: the Effect of a	

CONTENTS—Continued

Happy Combination of Personal Interest and Professional Skill	678
Houses, Four Country, Built in a Strip of Woodland, Which So Far As Possible Has Been Left Untouched	690
House, The Deserted: A Poem	445
How an Archæologist Became a Craftsman and Developed a New Art Industry	549
How the Hopi Build Their Dwellings. See Pueblos of the Painted Desert	
Humphreys, Albert: American Painter and Sculptor	416
Industries, Peasant. See Haslemere, Handicrafts of English Peasants at. See Home Department, Our	589
Ingratitude, The Friend's: A Story	390
Käsebier, Gertrude, A Study of the Work of. See Photography as an Emotional Art	
Lace Workers of the Italian Quarter of New York. See Story of a Transplanted Industry, The	
Leather Work, A Practical Lesson in. See Home Department, Our	582
Libraries, Traveling: How Free Books Are Sent to Remote Country Districts: Their Significance in Our Civilization	59
Love and Labor: From "Swords and Plowshares"	548
Lover, A Little: A Poem	415
Love's Patriot: A Poem	323
Luks, George, An American Painter of Great Originality and Force, Whose Art Relates to All the Experiences and Interests of Life	599
Marionettes. See Where the Players Are Marionettes	
Method for School Gardens, The Hartford: Vacation Times Where Work and Play Are Happily Combined	657
Milk Supply, Cities'. See Economy, Political, of Saving Babies' Lives	

CONTENTS—Continued

to Which They Are Suited and a Method of Construction That Makes Them Practical as Well as Picturesque	Arthur Jerome Eddy	180
Rug Weaving, Simple, The Technique of	Mabel Tuke Priestman	119
Saloon, British Substitutes for the: A Wise Method of Making the Sale of Liquor Undesirable		
School, Trade, for Girls. See Raising the Standard of Efficiency in Work	Mary Rankin Cranston	497
Siegfried's Second Rhine Journey	Katharine Metcalf Roof	155
Sign, The: A Poem	Agnes Lee	619
Spirits, The Three: A Poem	Elsa Barker	205
Spring, A Hint of: A Poem	Agnes Lee	163
Springtime: A Poem	Jean Montgomery Martin	146
Story of a Transplanted Industry, The: Lace Workers of the Italian Quarter of New York		
Studies from the Camera of Annie W. Brigman, Some Symbolic Nature	Elizabeth A. Irwin	404
Struggle, The	Emily J. Hamilton	660
Success: A Poem	Valeria De Mude Kelsey	179
Tiles, Mission. See Roofs, Tiled	John Albee	292
Vallotton, M. Felix, The Unusual Woodcuts of		
Watch in the Night, A: A Poem	Gardner C. Teall	160
Where the Players Are Marionettes and the Age of Chivalry Is Born Again in a Little Italian Theater in Mulberry Street	Isabella Howe Fiske	530
"Whom the Gods' Love": A Story		
Windows, Interesting, Importance of. See Home Department, Our	Elizabeth Irwin	667
Window, The Romance of the: How It Can Be Used Practically to Redeem Modern City Dwellings from Monotonous Ugliness	Carolyn Sherwin Bailey	410
Woman, The Other: A Story		
Women Sweep the Streets in Munich, and Seem to Enjoy Outdoor Work		
Woodcuts. See Vallotton, The Unusual Woodcuts of		
World, My: A Poem	Ester Matson	431
Work and Play, A Lesson in the Association of: What Children Learn from School Festivals	Paul Harboe	265
	Eva L. Ogden	215
	Peter W. Dykema	647

ILLUSTRATIONS

- Architecture, Costa Rica's Native—The typical Costa Rican patio is a jungle of palms, vines and flowers, 443; the Costa Rican gallery circling the patio is used as a living and dining room, 444.
- Architecture, The Trail of Japanese Influence in Our Modern Domestic—Two views of the house of Charles Sumner Greene, 447; the high retaining wall in the rear has been picturesquely treated in a postern arch and door which leads to the garden and enclosure, 448; a cloistered walk at the side, between high latticed hedges, leads to a Japanese water garden, 449; the chimneys are strongly suggestive of Japanese influence; the angles of the Japanese roof lines are sufficiently marked to render impossible a commonplace effect, 450.
- Backyard, A Verdant, 264.
- Beauty in a City House, Possibilities of—The house of two gables is good to look upon, 337; house of C. Y. Turner in Chelsea, 338; casements of the Harvard house, 339; Whistler's house in Old Chelsea; detail of entrance to Whistler's house, 340.
- Borglum, Solon H., Sculptor of American Life—"Evening," 383; "Sioux Indian Buffalo Dance," 384; "Night Hawking," "Bucking Broncho," 385; "Snowdrift," 386.
- Bronzes, Marvelous, Three Thousand Years Old—Flower vase of a hundred rings, Sung dynasty, 5; Rats Stealing Grapes, Ming dynasty; libation cup for offering wine to deceased ancestors, Shang dynasty; musical rattle, Han dynasty, 6; censer, Ming dynasty; censer, Ming dynasty; ornamental vase, Han dynasty, 7; vessel for carrying wine, Chou dynasty; battle axe, Han dynasty; libation vessel, Chou dynasty, 8; vessel in one casting, Chou dynasty, 11; temple bell, inlaid with gold and silver, Chou dynasty, 13.
- Cabinet Work, Home Training in—CRAFTSMAN hall tree, 104; design for a hall tree, 105; hall settle, 106; design for a hall settle, 107; hall mirror, 108; design for hall mirror, 109; a hanging bookshelf, 224; design for a hanging bookshelf, 225; bookcase, 226; design for bookcase, 227; wood box, 228; design for wood box, 229; mug rack, 342; design for mug rack, 343; piano bench, 344; design for piano bench, 345; small table, 346; design for small table, 347; leather-covered stool, 452; design for a stool, 453; library arm chair, 454; design for a library arm chair, 455; library table, 456; design for a library table, 457; wall cabinet, 558; design for wall cabinet, 559; folding card table, 560; design for a folding card table, 561; phonograph stand and record cabinet, 562; design for phonograph stand and record cabinet, 563; table desk, 698; design for table desk, 699; a simple screen, 700; design for screen, 701; a bookcase and cupboard, 702; design for bookcase and cupboard, 703.
- Carducci, Giosue, The Simplicity of—Giosue Carducci, 611; the house of the late Giosue Carducci, seen from the road; where Carducci passed his last days in Bologna, 612.
- Children of Fairyland, The School—Children of many nations in the schools of Hawaii; Sim How and her little sister; Kimoya taking her music and dancing lessons, 630.
- Chimneypieces, Some CRAFTSMAN—Chimneypiece of Welsh tiles, with fireside seats and small book cupboards as a part of the structure, 41; tile chimneypiece

ILLUSTRATIONS

- with copper hood, finished with iron bands, 42; chimneypiece of grayish green, matt finish, and banded with wrought iron, 43; biscuit-colored Welsh tiles are used in this chimneypiece, which is set flush with the wall, 44; bedroom chimneypiece of green tiles, copper hood, the tiles iron bound, 45; chimneypiece of red brick, seats and bookcases a part of the construction, 46; chimneypiece of brick, very plain and massive, stone lintel, brackets and hood of beaten copper, 47; brick chimneypiece for a small room, with wainscot carrying the line of the shelf, 48.
- Cottages, Country, and Week-End Homes—Cottage in Charnwood Forest, Ernest Gimson, architect; A modern house in Surrey, A. Jessup Hardwick, architect, 567; bungalow, costing from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars, William Henry White, architect; modern English cottage costing about thirty-two hundred dollars, Mervyn E. Macartney, architect, 568; flower garden and arbor in the garden of the house designed by Mervyn E. Macartney; "Little Gravels," a cottage with low thatched roof, Francis Bacon, Jr., architect, 569; thatched cottage in Sussex, made by altering an old farm house at a cost of ten thousand dollars, Charles Spooner, architect; modern English thatched cottage, designed and built to fit the landscape, Edward Gimson, architect, 570.
- Deformed, Work for the—Cripples are deft, with more than usual ability to do good hand work; for every piece of work which the Gothenburg (Sweden) pupil accomplishes he receives payment, 197; crippled boys taking outdoor lessons in handicraft work at the Orthopædic Hospital, Country Branch, White Plains, N. Y., 198; working out under the trees seems to make cheerful little craftswomen, 199; boys are taught to make practical articles for their own use, 200.
- Doukhobors of Canada, The—The old women among the Doukhobors spin the yarn for their own looms, 64; looking down a peaceful Doukhobor village street; sifting grain in the old-fashioned way; women, the workers, 66; Doukhobor weaving is done on a hand loom of most primitive construction, 67; in harvest time the women gleaners take their noonday meal in a friendly group in the fields; a Doukhobor garden, with their favorite thatched gateway, 68; The men plough and sow, but the women reap, 69; beating flax by hand at the harvest season; breakfast time in a Doukhobor home, the Russian costume lends a picturesque note, 70; peasant women, 71; these exiled Russian peasants do beautiful embroidery; it is a recreation after a morning at work in the fields, 72.
- Dressmaking, Home, The Natural Outcome of Simple Living—Four designs of gowns by A. M. Cooper: A bridal gown, 365; tea gown, 366; kitchen frock, 367; afternoon gown, 368.
- Dressmaking, Raising the Standard of—Designs by A. M. Cooper: Work frock for girls, 247; two outing gowns for girls, 248; two golf suits, 249; rompers and one-piece aprons for children, 250.
- Folk of the Desert, The Primitive—Eleven illustrations from photographs by Frederick Mosen, showing the physical development of Hopi children, 165-172.
- French, Herbert. Photographs of—Three Portraits, 355; Child Study, 356.
- Gadski, Frau Tauscher, 235.
- Gadski, Johanna, 236.
- Garden in Kent, A Rose—The old moss-grown laundry, brewhouse and bakehouse in the garden of Maythan Hall, 539; the gate that leads past the laurel hedge down a path to the rose garden, 540; the terrace extension in the garden at Maythan Hall, 541; a wall overgrown with roses in Mrs. Burnett's garden in Kent, 542; the old sun dial is hidden with Wichuriana roses, 543; a corner in the rose garden where Mrs. Burnett wrote stories on summer days, 544.

ILLUSTRATIONS

- Garden, A Simple, Suggestions for—A trellis painted white and covered with grapevines, 206; morning glories over a high trellis fence, 207; grapevines are the best decoration for city back-yard fences, 208; this is just an entrance to a back door, an arbor hidden by the commonest vines, 209; an easy way to shield a kitchen door; ivy and morning glories and wood ferns to gather the house to the ground, 210.
- Girl, Hopi, A Happy Little—Frontispiece, opp. page 3.
- Greet, Ben, and His Merry Woodland Players—Two scenes from "As You Like It." as given out of doors by Ben Greet's players, 623; Ben Greet waiting for the audience to gather in an outdoor theater on the shores of Lake Minnetonka, 624; the trees are the scenery, and the exits and entrances are made from the depths of the forest, 625; showing the poetic value of forest settings for Shakespeare's forest folk in one of Ben Greet's outdoor performances, 626; they played one August night in a grove of trees on the bank of a river, and back in the trees soft music was heard, 629.
- Haslemere, Handicrafts of English Peasants at—Embroidery and appliqué work done by English workers of the Peasants' Art Society at Haslemere, 591; simple, practical articles done in wood carving by the English peasants in Mr. Godfrey Blount's school in Surrey, 592.
- Higgins, Eugene, an American Artist Whose Work Upon Canvas Depicts the Derelicts of Civilization as Do the Tales of Maxim Gorky in Literature—Seven illustrations, including frontispiece, from paintings by Eugene Higgins, showing his power in portraying "the pathos of street, hovel and morgue," 135-144.
- Home, A Fifteen-Hundred-Dollar, that Is Both Beautiful and Comfortable—Four views showing exterior and interior, 553, 554; first floor plan, 556; second floor plan, 557.
- Home Department, Our—The Technique of Simple Rug Weaving—Detail of a "John Alden" rug; border of a "Waverly" rug, 125; a group of simple home-made rugs; a knotted "Martha Washington" rug, 126.
- The Right to Beauty—Home-made commencement frocks for girls of eighteen, 127; graduating frocks for young girls, models for home sewing, 128.
- Godfrey Blount's Free-Hand Plaster Work—Bird frieze and detail, 473; frieze in the hall of the Knipp Chiddingfold; detail of ceiling for a gate house, 474; designs for friezes in free-hand plaster work, 475; sample design in free-hand plaster work, showing foundation and method of working, 476.
- CRAFTSMAN Willow Furniture—Willow furniture that suggests the simplest basket work and the flexibility of lithe willow branches, 479; willow chair and settle, 480.
- Importance of Interesting Windows—The right use of a window as the principal structural feature in a room, 481; a window that is a connecting link between a room and out of doors, 482.
- Homes, American, Spontaneous Architectural Expression Shown in the Building of—House for an artist at Wayne, Pa., 517; suburban hall and place of worship, 518; residence at Wynnewood, Pa., front view, 519; country residence at St. Davids, lawn side; country residence at St. Davids, drive side, 520; a bungalow at Robbins Point, Grindstone Island; rear view and porte cochere of residence at Wynnewood, 521; inexpensive country residences; rear view of bungalow at Robbins Point, 522.
- Hopi, Festivals of the—Eight illustrations from photographs by Frederick Monsen, showing the Snake Dance and Flute Dance, 273-280.
- House, A CRAFTSMAN—Series of 1907, Number IV; CRAFTSMAN bungalow, 94; detail of court and pergola, showing use of vines, 96; balcony end of living room,

ILLUSTRATIONS

- opening into recessed dining room, 97; front of living room, showing raftered ceiling and placing of windows, 98; first floor plan, 100; second floor and roof plan, 101; front elevation, 102; side elevation, 103.
- Series of 1907, Number V: Front elevation, side elevation, 216; first floor plan, 218; CRAFTSMAN House, Series of 1907, Number V, 219; entrance porch, showing construction, 220; living room, with glimpse of hall and staircase, 221; corner of dining room, showing cupboards and fireplace, 222.
- House of Dr. Albert Soiland at Los Angeles—Two exterior views, 593; living room, dining room, 594.
- House of Fine Detail that Conforms to the Hillside on Which It Is Built—Exterior, 331; living room, 332; dining room, 333; the garden wall, 334.
- House of Harmonies, A—First floor plan; second floor plan, 679; third floor plan, 680; front view of Mr. Hewitt's house in Minneapolis; rear entrance of the Hewitt house, 683; living room looking into sun room, 684; sun room, looking into living room, 685; dining room, 686; room on third floor which can be divided into play room and studio by screens, or thrown into one large space for dancing or musicals; second view of the room, 687; charred redwood panel, and curtain designed for sun room; squared animal rug, mantel facing and wall covering for Mr. Hewitt's daughter's room, 688.
- Houses, Four Country, Built in a Strip of Woodland, which, So Far as Possible, Has Been Left Untouched—The Victor cottage, first floor plan; second floor plan, 690; the Besant cottage, first floor plan, 691; the Hamlyn cottage, first floor plan; attic and roof plan, 692; the group of woodland cottages near Waldwick, as seen from the road, 693; cottage of O. J. Victor, originator of the plan of landscape gardening surrounding the group of cottages; cottage of R. E. N. Besant, with Yeager cottage in the distance, 694; bungalow of H. W. Hamlyn; back view of Hamlyn bungalow, showing arrangement of garden, 695; bungalow of Mr. Frank Knothe, Ridgewood, N. J.; rear view of Knothe bungalow, 696; first floor plan, 697.
- Humphreys, Albert: American Painter and Sculptor—"The Widow," 417; "Seine at Night," 418; "Pot au Feu," a Belgian Interior, 419; "Lioness Washing Her Babies," "After Dinner," 420.
- Japanese Building, Structural Beauty of, 263.
- Leather Work, A Practical Lesson in—Small leather articles all made by a class of little children in a New York practical industrial school, 583, 584; a few simple tools; two styles of lacing, 585; finishing corners, 587; cutting thongs; desk pads or blotters, 588.
- Lesson in the Association of Work and Play: What Children Learn from School Festivals—Rejoicing at the return of spring brings the May pole dance and songs; the Franklin festival, with its stately minuet, reflects the social life of colonial days, 651; Robin Hood, Maid Marian, Friar Tuck and the Merry Men of the Forest Free; Elder Brewster blessing the Pilgrims as they leave Holland for America, 652; Sir Walter Raleigh casting his cloak before Queen Elizabeth; a home of early American life where the children were trained to work, 655.
- Luks, George, an American Painter of Great Originality and Force, Whose Art Relates to All the Experiences and Interests of Life—George B. Luks, frontispiece; East Side children dancing to hand-organ music, 602; "Apple Mary," 603; "The Pawnbroker's Daughter," 604; "Dumping Snow from Gansevoort Dock, New York," 606.
- Method for School Gardens, The Hartford—School garden on the old Colt property

ILLUSTRATIONS

- at Hartford, Conn.; a view of the same garden late in the summer, 656.
- Notes—Work of Louis Mora; "The Sun Screen," 115; "Don Diego," Madrid, 1905, 116.
- Panels, Some Decorative, by Albert Herter—Painting, 295; Sculpture, 296; Architecture, 297; Portrait of Mr. Albert Herter, 298.
- Perrine, Van Dearing: A New American Painter of Nature's Elemental Forces—Van Dearing Perrine, frontispiece; "The Two Shores," 491; "Autumn," 492; "Getting Firewood," 493; "The Palisades," 495.
- Photography as an Emotional Art: A Study of the Work of Gertrude Käsebier—From the series of Motherhood pictures: "Real Motherhood," 81; "The Manger," 82; "Blessed Art Thou Among Women," 83; "The Heritage of Motherhood," 84; "Stanford White, The man of fundamental kindness and great achievement," 85; an Indian portrait, 86.
- Photography as One of the Fine Arts: The Camera Pictures of Alvin Langdon Coburn—Edward Carpenter, frontispiece, opp. p. 375; Albert Stieglitz, 395; Alvin Langdon Coburn, 396; Mrs. Gertrude Käsebier, 397; "Sand Dunes," 398; Van Dearing Perrine in one of the winter storms he loves to paint, 399; a portrait study, 400.
- Picardy: A Quiet, Simple Land of Dreamy Beauty, Where Artists Find Much to Paint—"The End of the Day," by Gertrude Leese, frontispiece; A Reverent Hour in Picardy, by Adolf L. Linde, 257; "La Gauche," by H. Van der Weyden, 258; A Detail of the Decoration in the Sorbonne, Paris, by Puvis de Chavannes, 259; L'Eglise St. Saulve, Montreuil-sur-Mer, by H. Van der Weyden, 260.
- Pueblos of the Painted Desert—A precipitous trail leading up a mesa to a Hopi village, 17; Hopi towns in color and outline are so like the crests of the mesas that it is impossible to distinguish them a few miles away, 18; the Hopi pueblo of Oraibi is four stories high, 22; in the pueblo there is no prearranged plan of construction; the village grows, one room at a time, 23; the Hopi children are strong and alert, with happy little hearts and amicable ways, 24; there are six generations from grandmother to baby, yet the old woman is still a strong, useful member of Hopi society, 26; the Hopi women are well formed, strong and intelligent, and much of the government is in their hands, 30; the Hopi men are the spinners and weavers of the nation, 33.
- Redeeming the Ugliest Town on Earth—CRAFTSMAN house in Butte, Mont., owned by Alfred Longley; same house, front and side views, 317; living room in Mr. Longley's house, opening in furnished hall; designed from CRAFTSMAN interior, 318; dining room in Mr. Longley's house in Butte, furnished with CRAFTSMAN furniture and fittings, 319; CRAFTSMAN house in Butte, Mont., owned by Mr. Samuel Barker, 320; living room in Mr. Barker's house, 325; dining room in Mr. Barker's house, 327.
- Roofs, Tiled—Method of laying a roof with small Mission tiles; an adobe building requires a massive roof, 181; a well-laid roof of modern tiles, watertight and impervious to heat and cold, 182; the heavy old Mission tiles were designed for buildings that were structurally massive, 183; an old Mission tiled roof left to the destruction of time; the old tiles are ill at ease near a smooth modern roof; showing the irregularity of the old hand-made tiles, 184.
- Saloon, British Substitutes for the—"Meynell Ingram Arms," Hoar Cross, Burton-on-Trent; "Sparkford Inn," Sparkford, Somerset, 499; "Bell Inn," Waltham St. Laurence, Twyford; "Boyne Arms," Burwarton, Salop, 500.
- Siegfried's Second Rhine Journey—Four inserts: Siegfried starting upon his second Rhine journey; Siegfried finds him-

ILLUSTRATIONS

- self surrounded by Rhine tourists; Siegfried beset by Rhine guides, offering to conduct him to the dragon's cave; Siegfried and Hendrik Hudson compare notes upon the Rhine and the Hudson, 156-157. Spirits, The Three, 205.
- Story of a Transplanted Industry, The: Lace Workers of the Italian Quarter of New York—Chattering in Italian as fast as their fingers can fly, 405; teeming with swarthy babies and their gayly attired mothers, 407.
- Studies, Some Symbolic Nature, from the Camera of Annie W. Brigman—“The Thaw,” 661; “The Little Virgin,” 602; “Spring,” 665; “The Dryad,” 666.
- Window, Romance of the—A window effect to be seen along the Grand Canal, Venice, 437; window ornamentation at Hildesheim, Germany; an oriel window in old Nürnberg, Germany, 438.
- Woodcuts, The Unusual, of M. Felix Vallotton—A. Stendhal, Count Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac, Edgar A. Poe, “The Demonstration,” 161; “Le Mauvais Pas”; “L’Execution,” 162; Puvis de Chavannes, 163.

OK
58162





GETTY CENTER LIBRARY



3 3125 00132 4751

