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*See page 311*

A SKETCH IN TWO COLORS OF THE  
CANADIAN ROCKIES: DRAWN FOR  
THE CRAFTSMAN BY LOUIS AKIN.

# THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME XVII

DECEMBER, 1909

NUMBER 3

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# THE CRAFTSMAN



GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER  
VOLUME XVII DECEMBER, 1909. NUMBER 3

## THE GREATEST ROMANCE OF THE WORLD



FOR two thousand years the heart of the world, rich and poor, young and old, has stirred and thrilled to Christmas Day. Not only because it is a Christian festival; not alone because it is a memorial to the profoundest philosopher who ever lived; not even because it is, first of all, a day of especial significance to the very needy and the very young. But because the life of Christ, from the tender story of the lonely little child in the manger to the final scene of the cross on the far desolate Judean hills, is the greatest romance of the world. It is a love story for all people of all ages, for the simple as well as the scholarly, for the sad even more than the happy. It is universal in its fundamental heart-searching quality. It is the story of triumph close to renunciation, of misery brushing the wings of judgment, of a courage that was as the fresh winds of mountain peaks, of a kindness that was as the sun in a green valley. And with all the heights of exaltation and ecstasy in this life there was also the human sympathy born of a knowledge of all sorrows. It is the mighty humanity of Christ which has held the attention of so many eager restless centuries.

It is the good fortune of all succeeding generations that this great romance befell a man in humble walks of life, one who had dwelt with simple folk, who knew the fishermen at their nets, the mothers at their looms, the children in their pleasant little pastimes, for it was thus that his humanity thrived and thus that he developed those transcendent qualities which in after years were to render his life a spiritual and artistic inspiration to all mankind. It is only what a man has found and can reveal of the truth that will last and influence other times and peoples. What he thinks and says and does is of no importance to the world unless he has had a vision of truth, whether that vision is of ethics or music or color. To Christ was given a great vision of far-reaching truth in ethics, and so simple and genuine was his environment that it was possible to live out the vision in his daily existence. And it was this seeing of great truth and living it in lowly fashion that has pierced and held the imagination of painters, poets and ethical teachers for centuries.

While the romance of Christ's life is daily celebrated in verse and

## THE GREATEST ROMANCE OF THE WORLD

song, in story and legend, by brush and chisel, the institution of Christmas Day remains, in intention if not in fact, its most human and intimate memorial. To do reverent honor to this life of the greatest seer of truth, the day of his birth has been made into a holy-day, not only of prayer and sacred memories, but of rejoicing, of gift giving, of merry-making for the young, of peace for the old and good will for all. For of all prophets who have trod that narrow pathway in life leading to realized vision none has left so radiant a memory of kindness, of right giving, of sincerity, of surpassing love. And even now, among the simple folk, the shepherds, the fishermen, the peasants, the soldiers, this day is held true to the teachings of the friend and master. Christmas is a time of love,—which means unselfishness, friendliness, peace and good deeds. And lovely symbols of Christ's goodness have grown up in the hearts of the simple folk who long to hold the humanity of Him real for their children. Among the Germans there is the Christkind, whose gentleness, goodness and beauty bring the Christ life very near to the little children. Their simple gift trees are lighted in his honor; he is mentioned in their Christmas Eve petitions, his picture is in every shop window, his image in every childish heart, and to be worthy his love, that is the prayer that goes up throughout Germany on Christmas morning.

In France St. Nicholas is the good friend of the children. He figures through all the songs and merry-making of Noël. There are processions in his honor and carols in which the littlest say sweet words of him. But most wonderful of all, in the confectionery shops St. Nicholas is shown in red and white and green sugar adorning the cakes of Noël. Gifts come through his kind hands; he is the symbol of generosity and friendship. One imitates his good deeds, and this merits his kindness. In Holland also St. Nicholas holds, for the Dutch children, simple and intimate, the love story of Christ, and it was the old northern legend of Sleipner, the miracle horse of Woden, that gave birth to the thrilling story of the reindeer of Santa Claus sweeping through the air with good gifts. In Denmark the children have a kindly Christmas elf called Jule-Nissen. He lives in the attic and brings peace and protection to every living thing. He finds the gifts on Christmas Eve, not only for the children,<sup>8</sup> but the cattle in the stalls and the sparrows in the eaves. And thus it is through the folk lore of all Christian lands. Lest the humanity of Christ should be sealed up in dogma, the simple folk garnered the traditions of His love and clothed them with the humble symbols of their crude imagination. The romance of his life became the heritage of children throughout centuries.

It has remained for America to begin the disintegration of the



## THE GREATEST ROMANCE OF THE WORLD

most beautiful of all festivals by exploiting it for gain, commercializing its spirit for greed. The Christ Child has been betrayed in the market place, and St. Nicholas led through department stores by a halter. We read Christmas advertisements in place of legends, and instead of carols we chant an antiphonal service of "What did you get?" "What did it cost?"

Strangely enough, this very cheapening of Christmas and selling love for profit seems to have had its birth among the Puritans, those exponents of the most exaggerated, and thus weakened, form of piety the world has produced. In the beginning, Christmas was stricken from the Puritan calendar as a frivolous phase of religious expression. Those stern critics of life did not object to emotional excitement, but it must find its expression in such profounder, more vital joys as child beating and witch burning. As Christmas, when it first reached New England shores, was devoid of hysteria, still a sincere expression of joy in goodness, with no whirlwind of passion in it, no demonstration, no tragic sacrifice, it went promptly under the ban of Puritanical displeasure. To the early Puritans there was no virtue that did not flower out of pain—preferably someone else's pain; to them Christ was a sinister figure who preached retributive justice—in other words, getting even with one's neighbor—and love that was gentle, glad and serene, found neither place nor understanding in the New England religious consciousness. So, there were no fat little stockings under Puritan chimneys, no baby shoes on the hearthstone, no Christ Child on the wall, no gift tree in the window. The romance of love was cast out and forbidden even a memory. Worship was aggressive, the stake near at hand, and virtue was somber and self-conscious.

Then little by little, perhaps unconsciously, the habit of Christmas giving made an entering wedge in the bleak disapproval of the "sacrilegious doctrine" of peace on earth. A Puritan lad laid a bunch of holly on the door-sill of his cold-lipped sweetheart, and she, grown bold, folded her kerchief into a stock for a neck she had never dared to press, and gifts came to the children from worldly friends, and mothers, old and sad, found reticent joy in remembrances from sons and daughters out of bondage, and then followed plain little ceremonies and carols sung by the daring.

Thus for a time even in a Puritan environment the love which always lies deep in the heart of this season put timidly forth its shy flowers of beauty and sympathy. But all too soon these flowers were touched by the frost of self-interest and insincerity, and the beautiful ceremony of exchanging gifts grew into a thirst for benefit, a balancing of cost with cost. To give was but the mere planting

## THE GREATEST ROMANCE OF THE WORLD

of seed, to blossom another season in exceeding great abundance. It was casting bread upon the waters. The true spirit of the holiday shrank away ashamed and only the symbol remained. Giving no longer was a memory of Christ love, it became a system of exchange. People gave not because they wished to give or had any joy to express, but because they felt an obligation. Pretense began to creep in; to seem to give much and give little became a Christmas ideal. Puritan economy, greed, canniness,—these qualities overwhelmed the beautiful old festival, until Yule tide, Santa Claus, the gift tree became words of reproach.

And then followed the last degradation which could be heaped on the once sincere joyous celebration of good deeds,—the business nation decided to make money out of Christmas. "We will cheat the people in order that they may cheat each other," seems to be the guiding principle of the horrible Christmas bargain sales. "We will pretend to make what people would like to pretend to give." And as a result during the weeks before the midwinter festival our shops are filled with crude, tawdry articles which have no intrinsic beauty, no actual relation to life, which no one wants or imagines anyone else could want. These trade excrescences are labeled Christmas gifts, and through some extraordinary commercial hypnotism people buy them and give them away to helpless friends and relatives, who deserve no pity, however, because they are at the same time usually engaged in committing the same crimes. Thus, largely in America from the beginning to the end of the Christmas holiday almost the only real satisfaction is achieved by those business houses given over to the manufacturing and selling of holiday articles, which are economically a waste and ethically a blight to the nation.

What, indeed, can be left of the romance of Christmas, when at that season we wear ourselves out to find the greatest show for the least money in order to pay off the largest obligation with the least love? If the Christmas gift is no longer a symbol but the means by which occasionally a good bargain is made, what must we infer is the attitude of the American public toward that most sincere of all love stories, lived out on the low Judean hills, in the homes of the poor and suffering?

What a pitiful valuation are we putting on that life if we are willing to sacrifice for barter all the romance and sentiment which has clustered about the Christmastide for so many generations. What are we giving ourselves in exchange that compares with the memory of that gentle, gracious, beautiful presence? Shall we preach more sermons to hold his presence near us, or shall we acknowledge ourselves beaten by the modern spirit of greed, and relinquish the pleas-

## TO YOU

ure of giving gifts at Christmastide? If not, how may we save this festival devised in honor of unselfishness, kindness, truth?

There seems no answer—save through children. Always in all matters of betterment, of reformation, there seems nowadays but one way of accomplishment—through the children. “Except ye become as a little child” is a phrase truly fraught with significance when we stop to consider how all hope of lessening crime, all effort toward more practical education, all desire for simpler, saner living in modern times inevitably turn to the youth of the land for solution. In truth must they also become the saviors of the Christmas festival. Only when the little children are once more taught the true beauty and goodness of Christ’s life, and how every gift at Christmas is but a symbol of his generosity and unselfish attitude toward his fellow men, can we hope to rekindle the spiritual light of the Christmastide, saving it from bargain counters and private exchanges, making it once again the festival of peace on earth, good will to men.

## TO YOU

**I**T never was the face of you,  
(God’s hand was in the making, though)  
It never was your body’s strength,  
That made my whole heart love you so.

It was no clever turn of speech;  
Nor master-craftsman’s faultless skill;  
Not for your tongue nor yet your work,  
Did my soul seek to do your will.

It was because you never lied;  
Because your heart was clean and true;  
Because your face was toward the fight—  
It was the soldier’s soul of you!

KELSEY PERCIVAL KITCHEL.



# Is It So, O Christ in Heaven?



“**I**s it so, O Christ in Heaven, that  
the souls we loved so well  
Must remain in pain eternal, must abide  
in endless hell?

And our love avail them nothing, even  
Thine avail no more?

Is there nothing that can reach them—  
nothing bridge the chasm o’er?

‘I have many things to tell you, but ye  
cannot bear them now.’

“Is it so, O Christ in Heaven, that the  
Anti-Christ must reign?

Still assuming shapes Protean, dying  
but to live again?

Waging war on God Almighty, by de-  
stroying feeble man,

With the heathen for a rear-guard and  
the learned for the van?

‘I have many things to tell you, but ye  
cannot bear them now.’

“Is it so, O Christ in Heaven, that the  
highest suffer most?

That the strongest wander farthest and  
most hopelessly are lost?

That the mark of rank in nature is capac-  
ity for pain,

“I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.”—John xvi, 12.

And the anguish of the singer makes the  
sweetness of the strain?

‘I have many things to tell you, but ye  
cannot bear them now.’

“Is it so, O Christ in Heaven, that which-  
ever way we go

Walls of darkness must surround us;  
things we would but cannot know?

That the Infinite must bound us, as a  
temple veil unrent,

While the Finite ever wearies, so that  
none attain content?

‘I have many things to tell you, but ye  
cannot bear them now.’

“Is it so, O Christ in Heaven, that the  
fulness yet to come

Is so glorious and so perfect that to  
know would strike us dumb?

That, if only for a moment, we could  
pierce beyond the sky

With these poor dim eyes of mortals, we  
should just see God and die?

‘I have many things to tell you, but ye  
cannot bear them now.’



## THE ART OF ETTORE TITO, MODERN ITALIAN PAINTER: BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN



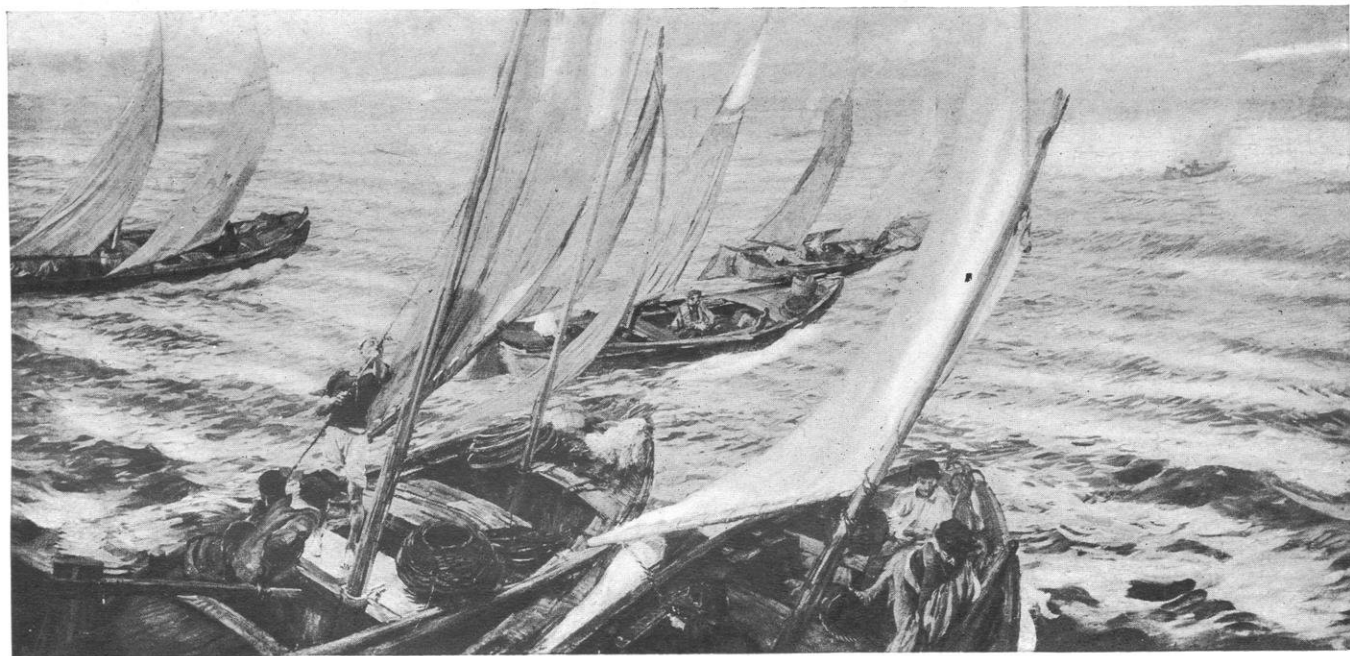
THE age of fifty Ettore Tito finds himself the most conspicuous of modern Italian painters. I use the term "conspicuous" rather than "acknowledged head" or some equivalent phrase of recognized leadership, because his vogue is a popular one and the reasonableness of it not admitted, I fancy, by all his fellow artists. Some will put the question, "And what do you think of Tito?" in a way that suggests he is, of course, to be reckoned with. But, after all, how does he strike a foreign eye? Does he really size up to the reputation that he has acquired at home? And, while the questioner is discreetly silent as to his own views, one gathers an impression that he himself could be critical an' he would, and that he is scarcely expecting an answer of unqualified agreement with the popular verdict.

It is not difficult to understand how Tito has won the regard of the public, and it is to the public's credit that he has done so. For he represents something worthier of an artist's concern than do the great majority of modern Italian pictures; he has not truckled down to the taste of the crowd, but has lifted it to his own level. What the Italian public's own level of taste has been, and still to a great extent remains, may not unfairly be epitomized by a reference to the sepulchral sculpture in the Campo Santo at Genoa. If you have seen it you were probably shocked; but so would be a great number of Italians, if you told them that you were. I am thinking of those long arcades whose walls are encumbered with a medley of portrait-busts, tablets carved in high and low relief, and built-out devices of architecture and statuary; parodies of the mystery of death and of an after life, sentimental travesties of the tragedy of grief. An abject realism has reduced everything to a monotony of unutterable commonplaceness, for it is a realism that is inspired by and relies upon the trivial ineffectualities of unessential details. Here, for example, a marbled widow sits with her handkerchief to her eyes beside the bust of her deceased husband. His ample whiskers are rendered almost hair by hair; the lady's gown with so precise an attention to the shimmer on its surface that a person learned in such matters could appraise the quality and cost of the original material, while the lace upon the edge of the handkerchief can be identified as of such and such a stitch. Incidentally, what can one think of the taste of a woman who will thus permit the privacy of her bereavement to be paraded to the public eye? How the indecent vulgarity and hideous lack of humor appall one! And both the quality and character of the technique correspond. The lowest kind of motive and the pettiest kind



"THE LOVE STORY": ETTORE  
TITO, PAINTER.





"THE START FOR THE FISHING":  
ETTORE TITO, PAINTER.



"LIFE": ETTORE  
TITO, PAINTER.



"THE TRAIN PASSES":  
ETTORE TITO, PAINTER.



"THE CABLE": ETTORE  
TITO, PAINTER.





"ON THE SEA WALL":  
ETTORE TITO, PAINTER.

## THE ART OF ETTORE TITO

of vanity have regulated every stroke of the chisel. The sculptor has been imbued with the imitative instinct of a monkey and has expended a perverse ingenuity in displaying his almost diabolical cleverness.

As I wandered past this jungle of artistic and sentimental insincerity I thought of that figure by Saint-Gaudens in the Rock Creek Cemetery, near Washington. There is realism also; but of what a different kind! No vaporent sentimentality on the part of the bereaved; not a hint of personal intrusion on the sculptor's part.

Instead a great abstract, impersonal realism, in the presence of which the incidents of individual loss are overwhelmed in the consciousness of the universal mystery of sorrow. It is with a shudder that I recall those ample whiskers and the genteel farce of the widow's public parade of sentimentality.

**Y**ET this sculptor is not to be singled out for censure. He is only one of many and his banality is not confined to his own line of work; it is shared by the painters, and originates in the public. The kind of painting and sculpture that has for some time characterized, I will not say the whole of Italian art, but certainly a great part, perhaps the majority of it, is but symptomatic of a corresponding proportion of the public taste. It is enamored of the commonplace and petty; of the trivial in sentiment and the insignificant in craftsmanship. It encourages vapid display and the meretriciousness of imitative cleverness. And, when I say this, I do not forget that these artists could not get a living if their paintings were not bought by traveling Americans. The kind of taste that has originated and been fed by this banality is not confined to Italy. It is, however, in despite of this public taste and by winning it to an appreciation of something worthier that Ettore Tito has reached his eminence.

I saw his work this summer under circumstances particularly favorable to the study of it; namely, at the International Exposition in Venice. Here he was allotted a big gallery in which a retrospective exhibition of his paintings was shown, and one could get a fairly comprehensive idea of what he stands for. Meanwhile there were neighboring galleries filled with assorted specimens of the work of contemporary Italians, so that it was possible to see how he ranks in relation to their achievement. Finally, one could compare his work with that of certain foreign artists to whom separate galleries had been assigned; notably with Besnard and Zorn and the Norwegian, Kroyer, an artist whose choice of subject is rather akin to Tito's.

This is no place to analyze the contents of the aggregate exhibition

## THE ART OF ETTORE TITO

of Italian art; but I may suggest a general impression, if only as a sketchy background to the individual study of Tito. One is conscious, then, here and there of a picture standing out from its surroundings, because of a notable sincerity of motive or of craftsmanship. It is occasionally a figure subject; usually, however, a landscape. They are exceptions to the general average, incidental interruptions to the impression which one is accumulating of the mass of paintings as a whole. And as this becomes formulated it is not an edifying one. Elegant frippery, prettified sentimentality, meretricious allurements, a prevailing suggestion as of thin and tinkling cymbals,—such is the general impression of the subject-motive. And the quality of the technique corresponds. It is facile, but superficial; clever without artistic conviction. In fact, if one is to speak one's mind freely, the general impression is of shallow pretense and pretentious artifice. Nor is this impression mitigated by what I have seen of modern Italian pictures in other international exhibitions; indeed, it is corroborated. In a word, there is still more than a smack of the Genoese Campo Santo manner in the background of contemporary painting from which Ettore Tito has emerged into prominence.

He is a Southerner, hailing from Castellamare di Stabia, where he was born in eighteen hundred and sixty. But the scene of his working life has been Venice. He first attracted attention when he exhibited at Rome in eighteen hundred and eighty-three a picture entitled, "Festival Morning at the Lido," and four years later won recognition in Venice by two water colors and an oil painting, "The Fishmarket." Of the latter, the critic, Giulio Carotti, wrote in praise, commending the "naturalness in the drawing of the figures," and crediting the artist with "such freshness and novelty of observation that he seems to find in Nature forms and movements which have hitherto passed unnoticed. More than one figure," said Carotti, "seems to have been caught by instantaneous photography directly from life."

Already, it seems, his realism had singled itself out from that of his contemporaries. It suggested an independent eye and the capacity for close study; it was not intent on trifles, but concerned with such essentials as form and movement. Meanwhile the critic's reference to photography is interesting. I take it to mean not that the figures had actually been photographed from life—as, for example, many of Sorolla's seem to have been, but that they were as natural in appearance as if they had been products of instantaneous photography. But even this, I repeat, is interesting, since it recognizes that in the matter of *realistic representation* the motive of the painter is practically the same as the photographer's; the one laboriously reaching what the

## THE ART OF ETTORE TITO

other attains with much less expenditure of time and trouble. And to recognize this is to be drawn toward the conclusion that neither a painting nor a photograph, unless it yields more than merely the representation of form and movement, is in an artistic sense a thing of much accomplishment. Both, by the possession of some other qualities, should enhance the significance of form and movement.

It was in this respect that in the beginning of his career Tito made a great advance. His drawing became more and more facile and meaningful; the sentiment of its expression fuller and deeper, until in eighteen hundred and ninety-five he exhibited in Venice a picture that displayed a marked grasp of character. Its subject was a religious procession, headed by a layman holding a candle, and the treatment of this figure was characterized by virility and reverential feeling. On the same occasion he also exhibited an allegorical subject of Fortune on her wheel. He has subsequently departed from his usual realistic vein with such subjects as "The Birth of Venice," "Bacchanal" and "Love and the Fates." The last was included in his exhibition of the present year. It shows three robed women, pressed one behind the other on the precipitous slope of a mountain; the foremost a middle-aged woman of determined mien, pointing forward with her finger, as she directs the aim of Love, whose nude figure leans against her. He has just discharged his arrow and is watching its flight, meanwhile resting his foot upon the nude back of a man who is lying as if dead. Beside him crouches a nude woman, looking up into Love's face and raising a hand in the attempt to check his act. Thus the nude figures form a pyramid of flesh tones, seen against a tumultuous sky on one side, and on the other against a turbulence of drapery, the conspicuous note of which is the deep crimson cloak of the foremost Fate. In this imagined scene, while the drawing of the nudes is characterized by knowledge and refined skill and the modeling is notably supple, the composition is inclined to confusion, and the whole suggestion of the picture is rather one of asseveration than strength. In fact, in this attempt to build up a set piece in which the academic motive shall be combined with the realistic, the artist seems to be only putting fetters on his capacity; for the latter, unquestionably to my mind, consists in the fluency and directness with which he can adapt to pictorial purposes the actual incidents of everyday life.

**I**N TWO of the pictures accompanying this article, one may detect such intrusion and feel it a detriment. I allude to "The Cable" and "The Train Passes." Both subjects have been seen and studied from actual life, and quite effectively. Yet in each case the



## THE ART OF ETTORE TITO

artist has permitted his recollection of academic devices to interfere with the naturalness of the scene. In "The Cable" it is the woman; in "The Train Passes," the man with the spade across his shoulder, who strike an histrionic pose. And in each case the figure unduly fills the eye and detracts from the reasonableness as well as the homogeneity of the total impression. It introduces a false note. The action of the man's arm across the handle of the spade, the action of the other arm resting on the hip, the sort of heroic action of the torso, are not what one associates with the simplicity and directness of the toiler, still less when, as appears to be the case here, he is on his way home, tired with a day's labor. They are suggestive rather of the tricks of the academic studio, resorted to under the supposition that they will give dignity to form and movement. This man and woman are studio connections of Breton's stagified peasants; not akin to the flesh and blood of Millet's. Think of the latter's "Sower." There you have a disposition of the limbs and torso that has the rhythm of a classic statue, and for the reason that it also is based upon observation of the natural movement of the body in action. As for the handsome girl whose gestures so attract attention in "The Cable," I am not convinced, particularly when I note the elegant do-nothingness of the right arm, that she has much to do with hauling in the boat, and I find myself likening her pose of being important to that of the young lady who figures in the advertisements of mechanical pianos. You recall how she sits in front of the instrument, drawing upon herself the young man's enraptured gaze, weaving around him the combined spell of her own charms and the music's, while her actual share in the latter is limited to wagging her feet up and down on the pedals.

Having become conscious of "pose" in this girl of "The Cable," one has grown alert and begins to notice that even the horse is not living up to the strenuous demands of his job. The general action of the whole form is truthful, but there is not much suggestion of muscular tension in the legs. And, while I am attracted by the natural gesture of the horse's head, I note its bigness, with a recollection of the smallness of the head that is usual in Italian horses. This is just such a falsification of facts as would appear in a photograph, taken at the point from which this horse is viewed. Can the camera have been used to fix the action of this horse? If so, there need be no objection raised, so far as the original purpose was involved: the fixing of the action. But what, if the artist has pushed the service of the photograph further and been satisfied to take the camera's general observation in lieu of his own personal study of the various muscular strains in the beast's actual body? Well, certainly it

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would explain the lack of truth in rendering the details of the action.

On the other hand, in such a picture as "Start for the Fishing," one finds no trace of these limitations. There has been no attempt to force the dramatic note. The incident has been observed simply and directly, but with an artist's eye for the possibilities that it involved. A splendid sense prevails of spaciousness and fluent movement: the stir of air, gliding undulations of the water, and the brisk momentum of the hurrying boats. Moreover, the spotting of the composition is exceedingly spirited and alertly varied, while the orange and pale buff sails make fine notes of color against the greenish, grayish and purplish blues of the sea. There is an eagerness, if I may say so, in the whole feeling of the scene that is delightfully exhilarating.

**I**N THE three other pictures that are here reproduced—"Life," "The Love Story" and "On the Sea Wall"—there is a vein of sentiment threaded through the anecdotal or story-telling motive. These epithets may distress some reader. I know there are also some artists to whom anecdote or story in a picture seems anathema. They start at the sound of such words as a bull at the sight of a red rag. On some other occasion I hope to return to this matter, and, meanwhile, will only remark here that in the same city of Venice in which I saw these pictures of Tito's may also be seen the work of another Italian painter whose reputation even among artists is considerable—one Carpaccio. But, if the latter's pictures are not in the line of story, I shall be glad to be told what they are. Anyhow, for my own purpose, I neither accept nor reject a picture on the score of anecdote or story, but, whatever the subject, according to the character of the way it is rendered. And the rendering of these genre subjects of Ettore Tito's is clever and agreeable. The compositions are pleasantly varied and, notwithstanding the ingenuity and inventiveness employed, they have an effect of spontaneity. Moreover, their actual disposition of the forms is in each case remarkably interpretative of the sentiment. In "Life," for example, how robust and wholesome is the suggestion conveyed by the massing of the four substantial figures. How charmingly involved are both the linear arrangement and the distribution of the light in "The Love Story," while the isolation of the girl's figure in "On the Sea Wall" is secured by a remarkable finesse of tact. The figures also in every case are natural and each has a separate quality of character. These pictures, in fact, have the virtue of seeming to be actual fragments of "the passing show," and the added value of suggesting an undercurrent of feeling below the surface of the things seen.

One stepped out of the gallery containing Tito's work immediately

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into another occupied by that of Besnard, and thence directly into an exhibition of the work of Zorn. Comparison was inevitable; it was, indeed, invited. And Tito's reputation in Italy is so great that there is no unfairness in testing it by standards as exacting as those of Zorn and Besnard. These two differ from each other, Besnard's subtlety of motive presenting a complete contrast to Zorn's directness, but they agree in being unusually gifted painters. Their brushwork is substantial and at the same time fluid; facile and yet full of purpose and meaning. It has body and substance, character and charm of expression.

Compared with theirs, Tito's technique is thin; it is a veil drawn over the forms, not part and fiber of their structure. Neither has it character and charm. Individuality it has, so that you may recognize it as his; but it is an individuality comparatively boneless, fleshless and without conviction. In a word, his technique is not that of the painter, but the draughtsman. He draws with his brush, often quite frankly, as in the portion of the rope beside the horse's tail in "The Cable," and in the sole of the girl's shoe in "The Love Story." But even where this draughtsman's use of the brush is not so emphatic one is aware that the forms have not been built up in color, but that the color has been laid over them, and color laid on color, as in a water-color, executed with the help of body color. When, as in a certain portrait of a lady, Tito tries to adopt a painter's method of painting, he proves himself inadequate; the effect is a fumble. He is, in fact, essentially a draughtsman, who employs color only to increase the lifelikeness of the forms.

One is inclined to go further and suspect that he is essentially an illustrator. And the suspicion is confirmed when you compare his style with that of Kroyer, who is also a painter of life, with a taste for anecdote and story. But Kroyer again is more of a painter and his work on that account is genre in the strict sense of the word. It not only represents a fragment of life, but has been treated as an opportunity for solving some of the painter problems of color and light and atmosphere. On the contrary, the impression one derives from Tito's pictures is that they have been primarily inspired by the artist's interest in the incidents and associations of life, and that they have been executed with a chief intent of securing a vivid and appealing representation; which I take to be the *métier* of the illustrator.

In consequence, while some of his larger pictures, notably "The Amazon," interested me very much, I find him most satisfying in the smaller canvases. For in these, compression gives a certain substance to his method, and his limitations as a painter are less in evidence.

## GARDENS IN THE AIR WHERE THE CHILDREN FLOURISH WITH THE FLOWERS



AS THE city of New York becomes so crowded that the parks no longer afford a sufficient pleasure place for the children of the tenement districts, a new little pleasure world is being created for them in the upper air. Beyond the flight of the dust from the streets, above the clatter of the elevated trains and the noise of the people continuously passing, upon the roofs of some of the tall buildings gardens in the air are flourishing and blossoming. Here the children from close crowded houses, like paler flowers, begin to flourish and their cheeks to blossom with the color of health. Here, upon the broad decks of high buildings overlooking a sea of roofs, but anchored, as it were, above the currents of life, the children romp and play, and in this little world of their own, bounded by growing hedges, they live close upon the pleasures of stirring air and warming sun, and pursue uninterrupted their childish fancies that the crowded life of tenements and streets denies them.

Perhaps there is nothing so enduring as the substanceless world of phantoms and imaginings with which normal children are surrounded; born into, maybe, so that life may not come upon them too suddenly and too rudely, but first, slowly, will have to pierce this strong fortress of unreality that surrounds them: for in the face of squalor and sordidness they have the same visions, participate in the same unreal life as more fortunate children, until we cannot but think of this mass of fantasies as a provision of Nature to protect the growth of human souls, just as the butterfly is protected during its development by the silken cocoon. But the physical welfare of the child, the strength of its body, the cleanliness of its blood, cannot be left to Nature amid the abnormal surroundings of the crowded tenement life, and unless children are given the very real gifts of air and light and a chance to exercise their bodies, they cannot grow, they cannot prepare themselves within their sheltering fortress to meet the life without.

A place to play is the great need of the children. In one-third of the cases tried in the Children's Court the defendants are charged with the violation of some ordinance which curtails their play. The incessant demand made by social reformers for parks and playgrounds is not a demand for the frivolous waste of the city's money to procure pleasure rather than utility for its inhabitants, but for a chance to fulfil one of the great natural laws, the violation of which bears directly upon the strength and health of the nation. Children must play: it is the source of their growth mentally and physically.

Thus the systems of roof gardens to be used as day nurseries



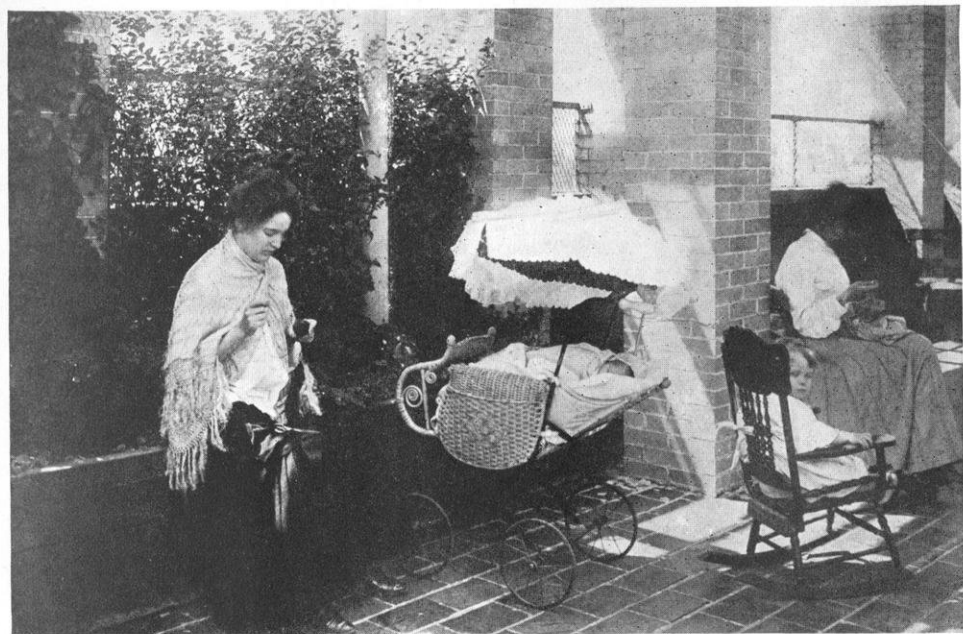
## GARDENS IN THE AIR

and playgrounds is one of the sanest and most beneficial of all the philanthropic inventions for the help of the children. It gives not alone the great blessings of fresh air and sun and an opportunity for children to have necessary exercise of limb and mind that play gives, but a place where for a time at least they are safe from the diseases that come from the refuse and filth of the streets, as well as from the sight and sound of evil.

It is only of late that the vast areas of the New York roofs have been utilized to any extent. Almost every club now has its roof garden, as have many of the hotels, among them the famous Astor roof garden. A few of the more progressive business houses are coming to realize what a benefit a noon hour spent among restful surroundings and in cool air is to the men and women whom they employ, how it results in improving the quality of the work rendered, and eventually benefiting the employer.

**H**ENRY PHIPPS, a practical philanthropist, conceived the idea of utilizing the roofs of tenement houses as gardens, and for this purpose he established a trust fund of one million dollars. Mr. Phipps was the organizer of the famous tenements that bear his name, model structures with every sanitary improvement, the interiors divided into suites of two, three, four and five rooms with baths, all well aired and lighted, which rent for from three to five dollars a week. This moderate rental includes heating, a gas range, sanitary plumbing and the use of the roof garden, and it is needless to say that these tenements are playing an important part in the work of civic betterment. It is interesting to know that this piece of philanthropy, sincerely and honestly conducted in every detail, while it makes for better systems and healthier mothers and children, pays four and one-half per cent. to its stockholders.

The Phipps tenements also contain a kindergarten with several teachers in charge. Here, for the payment of one cent, the mothers may leave their small children while they go out to work or attend to their household duties. Instead of leaving them shut up, locked in, often alone, in apartments where windows cannot be opened lest the children tumble out, or turned out upon the streets to the mercies of older children who may see fit to look out for them or may not, toddling about through the accumulation of refuse, breathing the unclassifiable odors of the neighborhood, and eating,—heaven knows what,—the children of the Phipps tenements have their own little playhouse. They are taught modeling, weaving and many games and pleasures, but not useless pleasures, for they train the eye and the hand and quicken the child's powers of perception.



THERE ARE INDOOR PLAYROOMS IN THE PHIPPS TENEMENTS FOR STORMY DAYS.

ALL DAY THE ROOF GARDEN IS FILLED WITH CHILDREN, AND MOTHERS WHO SEW AND CHAT.



A ROOF GARDEN BELONGING TO GRACE CHURCH,  
WHERE MANY ITALIAN CHILDREN FIND HAPPINESS.

THE DAY NURSERY ROOF GARDEN OF GRACE CHURCH,  
WHERE CHILDREN AND FLOWERS FLOURISH TOGETHER.

## GARDENS IN THE AIR

The Phipps roof garden extending over a group of tenements erected at Thirty-third Street between First and Second Avenues, covers the entire block, and the roof includes an area of several thousand feet. The rear portion is arranged for the drying of clothes, but that still leaves a place for an ample garden. The edge of the roof is lined with garden boxes containing all sorts of hardy shrubs and vines. The shade is given by awnings and by pergolas at the corners. All day the place is filled with children, and the mothers often come to sit there with their sewing, enjoying their neighbors and watching the children play. Sundays and noon hours it affords a cool resting place for the fathers and brothers who work in factories and shops, and by reason of the number of people who gather there, it offers all the social attraction of the street corners.

Another well-known roof garden is that belonging to the Jacob Riis house, which used to be the old "King's Daughters Settlement House." The former name still clings to the place and has been abbreviated by the neighborhood people until the roof garden is known everywhere by the lovely name of "The King's Garden."

Two other roof gardens are those belonging to the Grace Church societies. These gardens are frequented especially by the Italian population, as the church buildings all stand on the edge of the East-Side Italian quarter. The garden belonging to the mission house, shown in the first illustration, is used as a meeting place in summer for the various clubs that form a feature of all settlement life. These clubs average from ten to thirty members and are organized for especial purposes; they are educative, athletic, dramatic or purely social. Except among the men and women, each club is under the supervision of a settlement worker who arbitrates, if necessary, when difficulties arise, and helps the club by suggestions and by the general stimulus of intelligent interest.

The second photograph is taken from the Day Nursery garden at Fourth Avenue and Eleventh Street. The Deaconesses in charge try to become personally acquainted with the mothers of all the children that frequent the garden and to encourage the parents to feel free to consult them on the various problems that come up in their domestic life, so that the helpful influence of the garden is not limited to the children alone. Considering the damage that one child can do in a garden, it is remarkable that with so many children playing about, there is anything left of the flowers and hedges that surround this one. But these children are so thoroughly instructed and interested in the growth and care of the plants that each assumes a personal responsibility for their preservation, and so the vines and flowers and children flourish together high out of sight, upon the roofs.



## THE WORK OF LIVING: A STORY: BY MARIE LOUISE GOETCHIUS



HE put down the book. She had been staring at it vacantly, with only the conscious desire that in some way she might become one of the meaningless black curly lines on its page. Then once securely fastened between its snug white margins, she would wish that the covers be closed protectingly upon her. It had seemed to her strained imagination as if there were no other escape from the recurrent pounding of familiar sound.

Gradually she became aware of the volume of noise about her, for like a heavily wielded hammer, it had forced her enveloped senses back to their surroundings. The children were playing. There was the large healthy bump and clatter of their feet, spreading apparently over all the small apartment. It appeared to her nervous hearing as if children were galloping from the four quarters of the globe to this central spot. It was impossible, she told herself irritably, that three children could be responsible for so much uproar. Furthermore, from the accessible kitchen she could distinguish each scrape and jangle of the cooking utensils agitated by the awkward Swedish girl in preparation for supper. She could, indeed, almost catch the crackle of her husband's manuscript, as he bent patiently over his worn desk in the sitting room. She knew that, as usual, he was working on one of his beautiful tales for children—those tales which sold so slowly.

As she sat there, passive to suggestion, her mind slipped picturingly backward. She had never been able to understand the absolute purity of her husband's creativeness. Although his days were dipped in the same gross realities over which she shuddered, yet he seemed to have a fine disregard for the sordid. She had once compared his soul to slanting glass, because everything which was not beautiful slipped from it, and left it as a prism for delicate colors. His fat red-cheeked children were to him ethereal little creatures of dreams. As for her—his wife—she was the beginning and end of the scale of virtue in woman. She rested secure, serene, on the pinnacle of his faith. With the obstinacy of a gentle idealist he would allow nothing to displace his standard of living for himself and others. She had seen him wince and shiver at the touch of sacrilegious hands, and then instinctively protect himself by avoiding any further insistency of discord. In this manner his creative power flowed like some tranquil stream clear and untroubled by alien mud. She had always taken great pride in that quality of his nature which demanded absolute purity of contact, and from the beginning of their life together she had made it her duty to guard him from unloveliness.

## THE WORK OF LIVING: A STORY

The current of these reflections passed swiftly from the insinuated starting point of the household sounds which had intruded themselves through her door. They were, indeed, thoughts which she did not wish to combat. She sat motionless, absorbing them, as she had done so often before, until in the soft brush of their passing they seemed to rub through the surface to the deep nerves which lay at the roots of consciousness. Then with a sudden twitch of her thin shoulders she rose and went over to her small mirror. She stared at herself in it, sensitively aware that she stood at the edge of a revealing moment. The mirror represented more to her than a reflection of features and coloring; it was as if she looked deep through a transparency of the external to those secrets which make a soul once gazing nakedly upon them wither for shame or blossom gloriously.

She looked at herself until the lines of her face grew blurred and vague. A mist of feature and pallor floated strangely before the fixed darkness of her eyes. Then out of it all—out of the unreality of mirrored concentration, came the expression she had imagined must be there. Yet when she recognized it she recoiled from it afraid, for it seemed less familiar than her habitual mask—it seemed indeed to be an accumulation of ages of starved femininity. For it was hunger that she saw—hunger of self, of the primitive woman, cheated in impulse and instinct. She had lived for so long the contour of a lie! The meekly parted hair drawn low, the Madonna oval of her face, the sweet mother curve on her lips, all had spoken for her before she had found the strength to contradict them. She had been niched in the high place of wife and mother without question as to a possible other existence. Her husband had unconsciously narrowed and pinched the ledge upon which he had reverently put her, until now no space was left in which to move.

All this she read before the outlines settled back to their usual shape. Then, as if she had returned from a dangerous question, she met herself anxiously, to see if there remained any traces of the things she had encountered upon the way. The almost fanatical unselfishness so admired by her husband and friends had sunk again in its apparent lines across her forehead; a steadiness of heart beat in her large eyes; tiny tired wrinkles had crept finely around her mouth; the pallor of convalescence from a recent illness lay smooth in her faintly hollowed cheeks. No one would divine the loud shriek of reaction behind the calm screen of her expression. She smiled curiously as she cased herself with the requisite control for the little world outside her room. She had not forgotten that her hour of rest was over, and that now her husband and children could claim her for the remainder of the evening.

## THE WORK OF LIVING: A STORY

As she opened her door the children trooped rapturously around her. They knew that it was only their mother who could put the necessary finishing touches to the supper prepared by the servant. But where usually their absolute dependence upon her brought great warmth with it, tonight it irritated her. She hurried by their clinging little hands. She felt a nervous impatience to tend quickly to their wants, and so complete the actual work of the evening.

She had never before complained of the manifold services she was called upon to give. Indeed, she had created responsibilities which now were expected of her. It was only when her sensitiveness had detected in her family a slight degree of matter-of-course acceptance for these details of their living that, in spite of herself, she had rebelled. She began to think that she was sinking her slender strength into a bottomless well of domesticity. Her mind struggled fiercely for articulateness, but the sharp points of thought which pricked more and more her peace of habit bore such unfamiliar shapes to all her previous training and ideas that she dared not acknowledge them openly. Yet refusing to be denied, they pushed and cut their way to light, as if insisting on a climax of expression. It was with a nervous desire to race ahead of such a climax that she continued striving more conscientiously that evening than ever before, to justify her husband's ideal of her.

Not until she was sitting at supper with her husband opposite and her children around her, did she realize that the force of her mood had not subsided. Usually with the resuming of routine she regained absolute control of emotion. Vainly now she tried to find restraint under the influence of her husband's calm. But tonight, his personality affected her more as a whip than the accustomed curb. His placid attitude of adoration became an unconscious reproach. She felt that she was beautiful to him simply because of reflection, and because he must see in those he loved what to him was right. If he should know her, as she had found herself to be, he would no doubt shrink from her. She tried to imagine the absolute harmony of his face contracting painfully beneath the brutal lash of disillusionment. It fascinated her to realize the wounding power which lay quiet and poisonous in her mind. Then she could not help wondering if even that were possible—if she could make his child eyes see the truth.

But as the supper neared its homely end, her heart softened wistfully toward him. After all, how few women could boast of such a good husband! She tried to shame herself by a swift mental comparison to those other women, who, content with their place in the order of things, accepted quiescently their married state as a life

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mission. But this evening her imagination refused to admit tamely such herding with her sex.

Her unsatisfied attention refastened itself restlessly upon her husband. She knew that it was unusual, indeed amazing, to find any man with such consistent ideals, such strictness of example. His work was like his life—uplifting. All the women and children in his little tales sprang from the heart of his family; all the men were unconsciously as knightly and gentle as he. There were never any rapid emotions, never any intricate issues.

She felt herself glowing momentarily with the inspiration of his great sweetness. Perhaps behind his very love of beauty, lay a vast understanding for humanity, as it struggled on through the mysteries of its destiny. Perhaps he who had conquered, never having battled, could afford to help her at this crisis of reaction.

The temptation in the past of being absolutely sincere with him had seemed almost immodest, for, without meaning to do so, he had forbidden sincerity by his assumption of it. Now, suddenly, the door of her intimate heart swung open to him, and in a flash she resolved to conduct him to the threshold.

A turbulence of expression leaping from within caught at her tongue and suggested immediate translation. But she choked back the strangely ready recruits of speech. She felt the power of their numbers, the strength of their taste, and she decided to wait the later time to part with them.

As the children chattered on unmindingly she became aware that their boisterous young presence was treading heavily on the prepared sensitiveness of her resolution. It seemed incongruous that she should entertain unusual ideas and unsatisfied longings in the proximity of such happy healthy fragments of herself—her own children, who were unconsciously being as she had once been. With a fear that she might yield to their innocent pressure she sent them to bed as soon as she could do so fairly, without giving cause for familiar wails and protests. But even that natural means of sliding them out of her vision took more time than her patience could spare.

When they had noisily left the room, and their steps had beat down the hall, she turned to her husband—

“Don’t hear the children say their prayers tonight,” she began, impulsively.

He peered at her in mild surprise, through his glasses. “Why, my dear, I always hear them say their prayers. What makes you suggest any change?”

The courage failed her to meet his disapproval, and she returned weakly, “Oh, nothing—do go right away though.”



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Then she sat waiting for him to come back to her. She knew that he looked forward eagerly to his evenings. It was his greatest pleasure to sit and read aloud to her some time-worn classic from his limited library. Until lately, the drone of his voice had soothed her, but now she had grown to dread its even texture and to tire of his conservative taste in books.

She could hear the low murmur of the children's voices pitched in the key of prayer. It struck her as singularly like life itself that tangling in with the prayer there should be an indifferent accompaniment of rattling pots and pans in the kitchen. The clash of the two extreme suggestions fascinated her. It was so unavoidable that the noise of the pots and pans should be louder than that of the prayer. The idea of life's vast maze of interthreaded contrasts, caught at her seeking mind and sent it far afield; until realizing sudden distance from her original mood, she tried jealously to force back concentration to herself. Then strangely enough, she found that the distance was not so great as she had imagined. Everything upon which her thoughts had touched seemed to have some remote connection with her newly formed attitude. The room itself offered direct bearing on her state of mind—playing its part in the cause and effect. The home-made curtains, bright gaslight, carefully chosen books and ornaments, her husband's desk piled with scribbled notes and manuscript, her workbox beside her, the children's coats flung carelessly over the chair by the door—all these things had contributed inanimately to her condition.

Through the placid, well-intentioned shine of her surroundings the now full-grown expression of rebellion against them burned fiercely. She started pacing the small room as if she were in a cage. Then suddenly her husband appeared in the doorway. His coming seemed in itself an anticlimax, so quietly did he enter her irritated consciousness.

He apparently did not notice that she was pacing the floor, and sitting down in his big easy chair he leaned back luxuriously. His thin hands stroked a nearby book; his eyes were still bending in imagination over his children's beds.

She continued her restless walking, but there came into it an added impatience which had not been there before. She had half-expected her husband to remark her mood. She would have adored him had he flung a question to her quivering nerves. But as after a strained succession of minutes his innocent indifference evinced no sign of change she became more and more annoyed at his composure. Finally, in what she acknowledged to be a childish show of temper, she pulled a chair from the corner of the room to the table,

## THE WORK OF LIVING: A STORY

allowing it to grate and scrape against the floor. Only then did her husband arouse himself.

"Natalie, dear, don't you think you may disturb our neighbors?" he observed.

She walked quickly over to him. "I don't care whether I do or not. I'm very nervous tonight, David," she said.

He looked up at her with immediate concern. "Oh, I'm sorry, dear," he murmured. "Perhaps if I read to you——"

She knelt beside him. "I don't want to be read to," she said.

It was the time now to speak. She tried to fetch forward the eloquent words, the passionate expression which had been waiting for this moment. To her dismay they had strayed from her tongue. Still she felt them dimly beckoning in the distance of her mind, only a little beyond the incoherent jumble of chaotic nerves. To gain time, she started preparing for their way.

"Do you love me?" she asked, with impulsive warmth.

Her husband stared at her wonderingly—his hand touched her hair. "Of course, Natalie, you know I do," he said, but his voice was the voice with which he spoke to his children.

"Why don't you tell me so, then?" she cried in rising emotion.

"But I do," he replied, bewildered.

"Will you play a game with me tonight, then?" she asked suddenly, rising to her feet and sweeping a step away from him. "Will you take me out now to a restaurant, and will you make violent love to me all evening? And will you talk to me for once as if you were my lover, not my husband"—her voice broke hysterically. She realized that she was not approaching him as she had started out to do, and a driving anger at the failure of the moment urged on her tongue recklessly. She was not now pleading for her soul. That would be later. The nervous restlessness of her body crashed through all caution. "Come," she cried, "won't you? We'll pretend we've never been married and have no children." She avoided the look of shocked amazement which she felt lighting in his eyes. "And at the café," she went on, "you'll press my hand under the table, just the way lovers do, and kiss me in the carriage coming home. Oh, let us live, let us, just for tonight. Let us get away from the eternal commonplace of ourselves. Don't you want to?" She stopped as if choked by the tumbling eagerness of her words.

Then she became aware of a pucker of silence in the atmosphere. She looked at her husband challengingly. He was staring at her with a strained expression of bewildered listening. At last he came toward her, but his nearness was like infinite space. She wanted to run from him. A damp cold paralyzed her tongue. She felt desperately

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ashamed of a sudden, and as if she had done some brazen thing before him she blushed and shrank away. He would no doubt be terrible in his disapproval of her unwomanliness.

He touched her cheek with his hand. "You're feverish, my dear," he said, anxiously. "I—I think you must be ill. Hadn't I better put you to bed?"

So that was to be it! She was not even to have anger or reprimand from him, only this complete blankness of understanding. In a swift revulsion of feeling she could have laughed aloud at the very absurdity of ever having expected him to understand. Then a pitiless desire not to spare him tore through the pale veil of her preceding remorse. She wanted savagely to break at any cost his ideal of her—to throw it from her like a bit of delicate glass, and joy in its splintering.

"You can't conceive of any woman in her right mind meaning what I've just said?" she asked.

"No," he answered, slowly, "not a good woman."

"And if she should?" she persisted.

"You don't know what you're talking about, my dear," he said, and his voice was vague. "Women like that are quite unnatural, quite." His words trailed off. "Now come, dear, don't bother your head about such things. You look really tired tonight." He hurried away from the subject as if relieved to have ended it.

She stared at him dumbly. He had not recognized the very nerves of her soul! Then everything dropped from her. The hysteria of her climax flattened dully. She felt as if nothing had happened, as if, in fact, she had not moved since he had come into the room.

Yet as he stood anxiously beside her, his face relaxed into its usual gentleness, a consciousness pressed upon her that more was to come, that in fact she had not attained the height of the situation.

She searched despairingly in her crypt of self trying to feel the shape of the crouching things she knew still to be there. She had grasped the meaning of her husband's attitude. She knew what insistence on her part would mean. But she was not sure that she could live on now as she had done, without sincerity. She might never hope to reach again the courage of another such moment, and she dared not let it pass until she had drained it dry. So she kept him standing there beside her while she waited with one hand over her eyes for the inspiration of expression which had been with her early in the evening.

It seemed to her monstrously incredible that a moment which could be to her full of pregnancy was at the same time being empty of meaning to the man who stood close to her.

Then suddenly from her world of aloneness there came back all

## “AN ANGEL DARKENETH THE POOL—”

the strength and power of speech she had so desired. She felt words at her command which were as detached shreds of her soul, words which could fly like the spray from a torch in the wind illuminatingly through darkness. She knew that if she chose to speak now she could show her husband by mere force of word all the muffled instincts of years back, all the longings for years to come.

But with this revelation of power came also a pitiless clearness of vision. She looked beneath the moment and saw the stamp it would press on her husband's spirit. He had failed her unknowingly and beyond recall—she could now fail him deliberately in return. She stared about her. The room with its home-made curtains, bright gaslight, carefully chosen books and ornaments, her husband's desk piled with scribbled notes and manuscript, her workbox, the children's coats—all these things seemed to appeal mutely to her. She turned from them to her husband. He appeared suddenly very small and gentle and eager to serve her as he knew service.

Then as she looked at him, her eyes grew dim and tender, and like a thick soft cloak, something of no name descended, enveloping, upon her. She felt her nakedness blend mysteriously with its quiet covering, and it was as if she had said aloud—“I shall know myself, but no one else shall know me.”

Slowly she sank into her own chair near the table.

“No, David,” she said, “I won't go to bed yet, but you shall read to me.”

## “AN ANGEL DARKENETH THE POOL---”

**T**HAT there may be no picturing to read,  
No glimpse of coming grief,  
Nor dazzle of a joy for us to heed  
Before its meted hour—  
For this, the angel darkens now  
The waters of the pool  
And none may question when nor how  
The Vision-depths will clear.

AILEEN CLEVELAND HIGGINS.



## FOREMOST AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS: VITAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THEIR WORK



THE modern American illustrator, through much buffeting by the winds of misfortune, as well as through his enforced closeness to the minor actualities of life, has discovered for his own soul's enlightenment that only so far as a man looks the truth in the face and uses his art to make that truth clear is his work worth considering. For time has no other way of judging art except by the truth it holds in solution. It is quite impossible for a man to affect the public by a presentation of his own ideals in his art; on the other hand, by expressing the truth he may vastly stimulate a thirst for ideals,—a very different matter. For every man's ideal is in reality his most personal possession, useful only to himself, while truth which stimulates the growth of the ideal is of great universal importance, and the wide varying charm in art is the individual way each man has of speaking the truth.

In speaking of American illustrators we do not wish to be understood as including the makers of merely pretty pictures for insipid fiction or the designers of mock melodramatic unreality. This so-called art may be catalogued in America as pure journalism, whether it appears in magazines (as, alas, it so often does) or in the daily press (which seldom presents any true art whatsoever). Neither shall we include decorative illustration, beautiful as is the work of such men as Pyle, Penfield and Parrish. For in this phase of illustration the interest lies mainly in color for color's sake, coupled with an appreciation of dramatic history; whereas the group of men who are practically historians of modern conditions more often than not do not use color, and they find charm in the humblest, simplest situations.

The illustrators we have in mind as most significant in their relation to the development of this art in America are men who from our point of view rank with John Leech, William Hogarth and Daumier, men who are painters as well as illustrators, but who do not, in considering art, separate color into one category and form and line into another. They rather gladly accept all mediums for their utmost usefulness, and are far more concerned with the actual subject presented in art than the means of presenting it. For the subject in the work of significant men inevitably stands for great underlying principles, for the causes which govern conditions in life. No man who illustrates well separates a single person or group of people in a picture from the world-wide conditions which they represent.

An artist, for instance, like William J. Glackens, draws a group of tenement children playing boisterously on Washington Square.

## FOREMOST AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS

They are awkward children even in their playing, and unspontaneous. Their little garments are without grace; their faces without appeal; all of this you recognize. Yet there is splendid beauty in the picture because of the great truth which Mr. Glackens had to tell, and because of the line and form and color which he has used in telling it. Practically this encompasses all there is of good illustrating—truth to tell and sincerity in telling it. There is no question of æsthetics or of ethics in such art, but only of reality. It is a chapter out of life with the emphasis in the right place.

It is impossible to imagine a man who sees life in the whole as Mr. Glackens does ever willingly taking up brush or pencil except to express in his art an idea which seemed to him vital. If he illustrates a story, the tale must hold sufficient truth to stimulate his imagination to tell it, because when the picture is finished he has presented facts of life as a permanent record,—a record at once analytical, humorous, often satirical, and always unfailingly sincere—an art not saved for the embroidery of life.

**W**ITH John Sloan's work there is again that unerring flare for truth, the same sane understanding that art cannot be divided up in sections, one kind of men seeing in colors and others in line; always the vital matter is how widely and profoundly a man is sympathetic to life; and then how simply and finely he presents truth with whatever medium is convenient and consistent. In Mr. Sloan's work you feel a presentation of types of people and phases of existence rather than interest centered in the individual and incident. He is more consciously a student of sociology. It is as though he had thought in large measure, and so while missing some of the more intimate detail, had caught and held expressions of a vast changing civilization.

Glackens's people present immense variation in type, all equally true to the conditions which bred them; Sloan's people show you more a phase of society encompassing many of a type. Recall, for instance, his young girls looking in a lighted Sixth Avenue window at night; or in another sketch a group of girls entering a moving picture show. They are children from the underworld, eager to test life, curious, a question mark sprung from the soil. Life's greatest mystery, in whatever form, alone beckons them. Or study the woman emerging from the gloom of West Twenty-seventh Street. There are many of her, up and down the streets and avenues at that hour, looking like her and on similar quest bent. She presents to you no special history of her own, but is rather a chapter in metropolitan twilight life.

A student of life, trenchant, cynical, with wide appreciation of

## FOREMOST AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS

the inspiration for art to be found at every man's elbow, is Everett Shinn. Like Glackens and Sloan, Shinn is also a painter. Without specializing, for Mr. Shinn is versatile in expression as life itself is versatile in interest, he has perhaps found keenest enjoyment in portraying scenes from the theater, both from the point of view of the audience and of the stage. His ballet dancers, at the footlights, in the wings, in the dressing room, have never been equalled except by Degas, and, from the writer's point of view, never excelled. They are not merely cleverly painted masses of white and flesh tints with suggested motion; rather they are the history of various phases of the modern theatrical world,—a world not without joy of its own; a world where emotion is exploited, where, indeed, it is often the stock in trade. And so, as one reads in Mr. Shinn's pictures, life is an open book to these ballet girls, and their knowledge of human nature is of the kind one associates with cardinals and prime ministers.

Yet away from the theater, out in the city streets, this man is master, too, of the elements. In his sketch of a Fifth Avenue stage the snow crackles under the wheels, the wind blows past you with a shriek, and the horses are floundering on icy pavement with the helpless fury of live animals. It is all as true to life as the ballet girls smirking at an "angel" in the audience. And equally true to life are Mr. Shinn's portraits, which are never mere studies in dress or feature; but subtle processes of reproducing temperament; for in each variation of his art he is a pitiless searcher after realities.

**J**EROME Myers, Maurice Prendergast, Ernest Lawson, George Wright, George Bellows, Henry Raleigh, Boardman Robinson are realists also in that finer sense which translates life into art. In their work is presented rather the illusion of realism than a photographic interest in detail. These men understand life so thoroughly that they know where to place the emphasis in art. For it is always the high lights which tell the story, and these often must suggest rather than dictate. In simple terms, their aim is to present a state of mind, their own, born of keen observation and sympathetic understanding. They wish the man looking at the picture to know what the artist was thinking about when he painted it. And a picture has served its purpose only when it has awakened in the mind of the beholder the same emotion with which it was painted. This is entirely a different matter from striving to make the actual subject of the sketch interesting to an audience, for the subject is only a part of the artist's method of making a statement, just as line or gesture is—the same thing that a voice is to music. And if once the subject of a sketch is allowed to make a sentimental utterance of its own, the artist loses



SKETCH FOR AN ILLUSTRATION:  
BY WILLIAM J. GLACKENS.





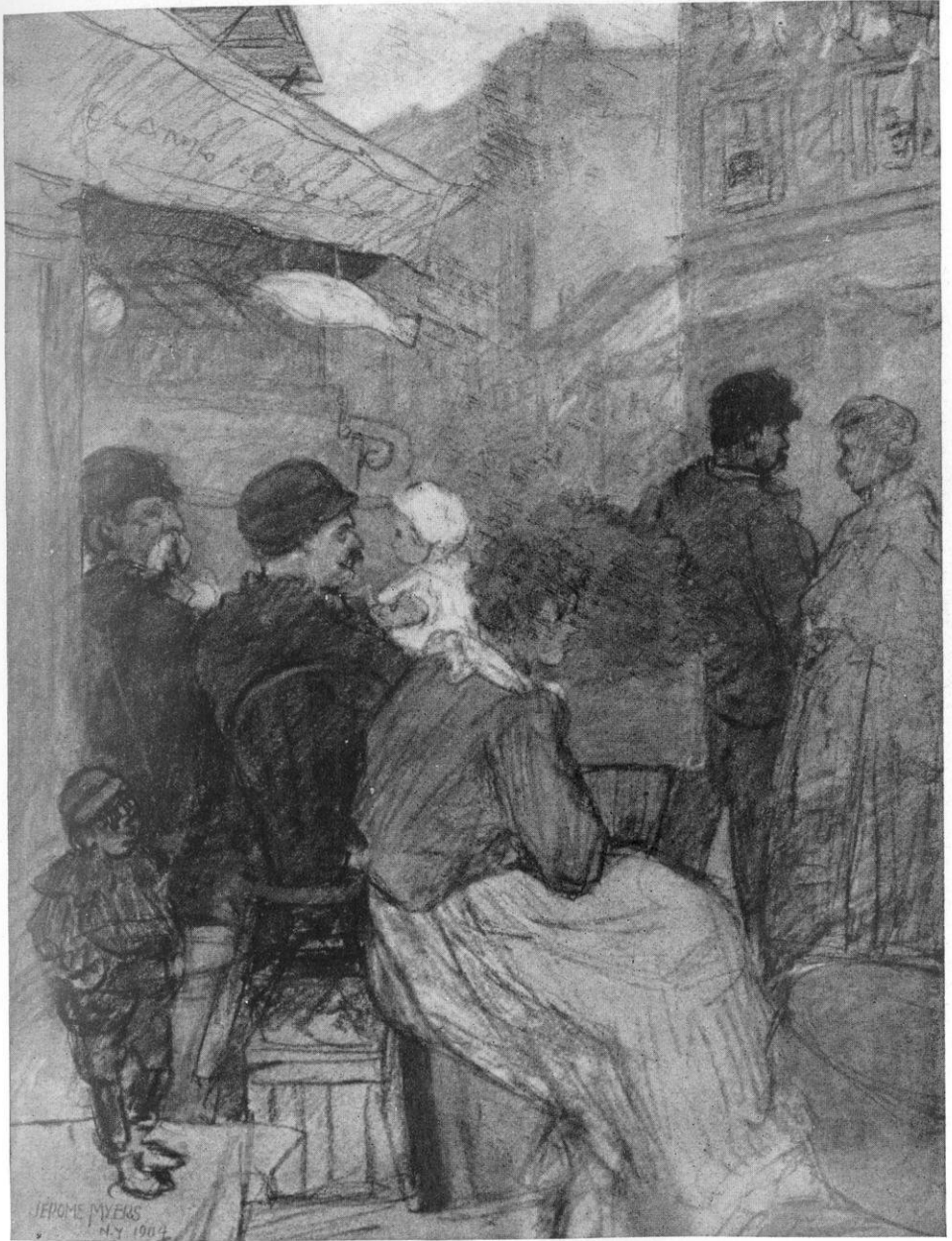
"EVENING, TWENTY-SEVENTH STREET":  
FROM A DRAWING BY JOHN SLOAN.



"FIFTH AVENUE STAGE": FROM  
A DRAWING BY EVERETT SHINN.



"I WANT YOU TWO GIRLS TO KNOW EACH OTHER":  
FROM A DRAWING BY GEORGE BELLEWS.



"EVENING IN MULBERRY STREET": FROM  
A DRAWING BY JEROME MYERS.

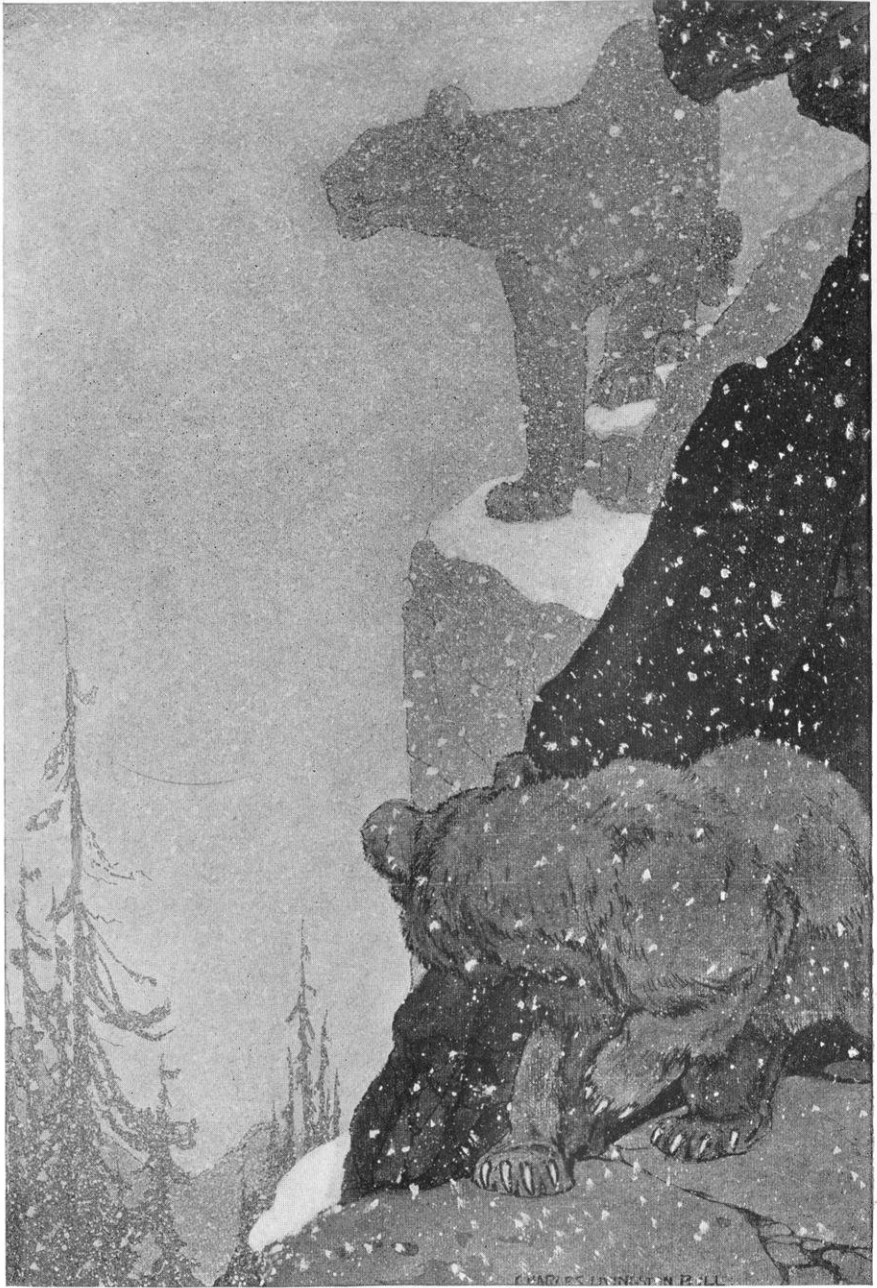




CAFÉ DE LA PAIX: FROM  
A DRAWING BY G. WRIGHT.



"A LONELY FIGURE TRUDGED WEARILY UP THE MARBLE STEPS": FROM A DRAWING BY MAY WILSON PRESTON.



BEAR CUB AND PUMA: FROM A DRAWING  
BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL.

## FOREMOST AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS



his own direct power of speech and the degradation of mere trickery has begun in his art.

"IT'S ALL RIGHT, BUT IT WON'T DO—DON'T RUB IT IN, LET HIM ALONE." ILLUSTRATION DRAWN BY HENRY RALEIGH.

Differing somewhat from the illustrators mentioned, and yet belonging clearly to this big modern utterance in American art is the work of May Wilson Preston. She, too, sees life very clearly. She possesses a fine freedom of technique, but her intimate sympathy with the tragedies of life seems too keen to permit her wholly to become a philosopher. In a way, her work seems to place itself on a scale between that of Glackens and Sloan. She is, consciously or unconsciously, a student of life, and yet she never appears critical of the individual representing life. Each man and woman she draws conveys the effect of having aroused her interest as an epitome of a certain stage of human development, progressive or retrogressive, as the case may be. This ability to relate each subject intimately to its environment is a most valuable asset to the illustrator of fiction,



## FOREMOST AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS

who, more often than not, uses magazine pages to exploit a personal theory or to uphold some classic tradition. Mrs. Preston also possesses that essential quality in illustrating so noticeable in the work of American artists, sensitive humor, the power of seeing things enveloped in a mantle of friendly sympathy, and it is this very humor which relieves such a sketch as "The Scrubwoman" from tragic somberness. What a study the scrubwoman is of ineffective, unenlightened labor; of labor without thought or purpose; without interest from within or sympathy from without! To be borne, such a sketch must be presented with kindness.

Essentially modern and American, yet with a quaintness that is wholly individual, Florence Scovill Shinn expresses in her sketches an inescapable atmosphere of truth. Yet in her work, perhaps more than with the others, there is the tendency to suggest all the charm that any one type is capable of. Undoubtedly the lovely things of life are the first to catch her attention, so that with greater picturesqueness of presentation she does not lack as great a sincerity.

**I**N THE two illustrations given of the work of Jerome Myers and George Wright, we find as great a contrast in presenting the realities of life as seems artistically possible. Mr. Wright's work is crisp, vital, full of esprit, the very technique suggesting the essence of the ephemeral, insincere, flashy life portrayed. The smartness of the women at the café table is brilliantly set forth, even the smoke-drenched atmosphere is crisp and illuminating. There is a flash from eye to eye, and a physical *abandon* combined with a definite mental restraint. It is late, and the hour is tense with the unexpressed thoughts of the restless men and women. In Jerome Myers's glimpse of "Evening in Mulberry Street," there is a mental as well as a physical laxness, both unconscious, both without purpose. It is not rest from labor which is portrayed, but rather a dull waiting for tomorrow's work. A family group that should mean the greatest sweetness of life—man, woman and a little child—but as Mr. Myers shows these people, one feels only the woman's fatigue, and reluctance to accept the child, the man's momentary tenderness for his own flesh and blood, the raucous group of dispirited neighbors, and back, half hidden, a tiny malign figure, a baby in years but already grown to know the sordid meaning of the crowded, ill-smelling, unhomelike street. All told with the surest most vigorous lines, a medium so fluent that the beholder is scarcely conscious of its achievement—concise history of conditions appalling, tragic, yet inherent in our too rapid amalgamation of races unsuited to our metropolitan ways.

Two other "historians" of modern American civilization of a

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gift and insight which rank them among the artists of achievement are Henry Raleigh and Boardman Robinson. Mr. Raleigh has come into prominence more especially through an American weekly which ranks preëminent in the opportunity it affords for illustrative art to flourish. In this journal he is best known through his sketches of the life of the American business world. From the Wall Street magnate to the factory hand employed in supporting the magnate Mr. Raleigh knows the American business men by heart, and he knows equally well the strange, complex social conditions which produce these men. Their psychology is an open book to him, and in every sketch of his, embodying the devious ways of their existence, he is presenting also the motives of their lives which lie deep down in the principles at the root of all our bewildering Americanism.

Mr. Robinson's work mainly has appeared in a New York newspaper, where he has illustrated fiction, news stories, as well as presented a daily running comment on the life of New York. These sketches are full of the humor, tragedy, sordidness and occasional gaiety of just such a seaport metropolis as New York has become;



"SUMMONED TO APPEAR": A SKETCH OF  
NEW YORK LIFE BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON.

## FOREMOST AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS

living people stream through them, Jews and Gentiles, every nationality, every type, and all in the process of amalgamation in the greatest smelting pot in the world.

What more honest intimate history of the development of any nation could be shown than is outlined in the work of these illustrators? Where sorrow is presented it rests on so wide an understanding of life that its complement of happiness is inevitably suggested; where evil dwells in a subject, the imagination is also stirred to behold good, necessary and close at hand. The greatness of this art lies in the fulness of its presentation of life. It is legitimate because it has seen all sides of the truth, and has discovered the most significant and beautiful way of telling it.

It is impossible to present an article on modern American illustrators without making mention of the work of such masters as Frederic Remington and Charles Dana Gibson. We have not dwelt at length upon the quality of their work because they have, as older men and earlier in the field, already won their laurels from the reluctant public, and, in the case of the former, practically moved out of the field of illustrating. And yet the criticism that is sometimes made of Mr. Remington's painting that "he is primarily an illustrator," seems to me one of the greatest compliments that could be paid him. In an exhibition of his work, such as was held at Knoedler's last winter, there was a presentation of conditions of American life which rendered his pictures of vast significance to the nation. To those of our readers who feel, even as we do, that we are giving in this paragraph too slight a presentation of Mr. Remington's work, we would refer to an article which dwelt at length on the various phases of his artistic career, published in *THE CRAFTSMAN* for March, nineteen hundred and nine. Unfortunately, we cannot supplement our notice of Mr. Gibson's work in the same way, but the press and the magazines of the country for years past can do this kindly service for us, for Mr. Gibson is not only known on two continents as the creator of an interesting and beautiful type of American woman, but also as one of the most searching students of human life, and as a masterly draughtsman.

# ELEKTRA IN DRESDEN: RICHARD STRAUSS'S LATEST OPERA: BY KATHARINE M. ROOF



GOING to the opera in New York at its most luxurious is not a restful experience, whether one is in the crush of cabs, cars or foot passengers; but in Dresden, which is another world, you go in the Green Bus. It is possible to go in a cab, of course, and you can hardly live so far away that it will cost more than fifteen cents, if you are determined upon such extravagance; but while some take cars and others walk, the majority unquestionably go in the Green Bus, which is drawn by one large competent horse and passes with solemnity through the central thoroughfare of Dresden. It costs two cents and leaves you in the great paved Platz before the opera house and the castle and the court church, with the river at the right behind the *Italienisches Dörfchen*, now a restaurant, but over two centuries ago the homes of the Italian workmen brought to Dresden by the Italian architect who built the Schloss for Augustus the Strong.

Dresden has not the spell of Munich. It is a gentle and, at first glance, perhaps rather a tame little city, yet it has its individuality and its charm, and its honorable artistic past. Even before the days of von Schuch—far more conservative days than these in the Fatherland—the Saxon city had the reputation of being willing to give the young composer a chance. Not only have Strauss's last three operas had their first production in Dresden, but also long ago, Wagner's "Fliegende Holländer," his first revolutionary work. The present king unfortunately takes little interest in the opera. The queen, on the contrary, was extremely fond of it, but now that she is gone the Royal box is usually empty.

It is an experience that lingers in the memory, the slow jog up the little street which is not too brightly lighted so that the castle walls and the stone arches you drive under seem somber and mysterious, and the light flashes dramatically on the sentry as you pass. On the other side of the castle it is lighter with the wide space of sky and the lights from the river. People are walking across the square toward the opera house from every direction, in groups and in pairs, yet there is no rush. Dresden is the only city in the world, I believe, where it is within the limits of extreme conventionality for women of any age or nationality to go to the opera alone.

So the Green Bus leaves you in the peaceful gray square beside the quiet river, and you pass—a far journey—into that alien world wrought out of the imaginations of ancient Greece and modern Germany.



## ELEKTRA IN DRESDEN

IN "ELEKTRA," Richard Strauss's latest opera, the composer has used Hugo von Hofmansthal's play of the same name for his libretto. The first public performance was given in Dresden on January twenty-fifth, nineteen hundred and eight. The composer was present during the preparation of the opera, but did not conduct. Since then it has been given in Berlin, Leipsic, Munich and Frankfurt-am-Main. It is to be given at the Manhattan Opera House in New York in midwinter, where three singers,—Mme. Eve Grippon, Mme. Mariette Mazarin, Mme. Carmen Melir will alternate in the rôle of *Elektra*. The original cast consisted of Frau Annie Krull as *Elektra*, Frau Schumann-Heink as *Clytemnestra*, Fräulein Siems as *Chrysothemis*, Herr Perron as *Orestes*, and Herr Sembach as *Aegisthus*. The present Dresden cast is the same, with the exception of the substitution of Frau Chavanne for Frau Schumann-Heink, who is not a member of the company and who became voiceless from the strain of the rehearsals, so that she was obliged to withdraw from the cast after the second performance.

Those sensational head line reports—which emanate from all countries even when not expressed in large type in the newspapers—informed us that in "Elektra" Strauss had out-Heroded "Salome," that all the extravagances and violations revealed in the preceding opera were multiplied a thousandfold, and that musical chaos reigned supreme. This last statement at least is not true, for while the composer's theories are pushed somewhat farther in "Elektra," and the orchestra employed has been still further increased, the effect, far from being one of disintegration, is that of a great barbaric tonal picture painted with supreme technical skill. Strauss's genius, if genius it be, is of the theater, and he is past master of its effects. Some musicians and critics contend that he is not original, but that he is master of musical pigment upon the Titanic scale is undeniable. The score is full not only of spectacular effects,—strange juxtapositions of tonal colors, bizarre, grotesque, unimaginable,—but of pathos, even of brief moments of repose.

The composition, conditioned by the loftier character of the theme, is upon a higher plane than "Salome." The only drawback to the effect lies in the sustained nature of the composition, which continues without break or intermission for two hours and a quarter, so that toward the last the nerves are scarcely able to respond to the sustained pressure. If this be true for the passively receptive listener, what must it be for the performers!

The orchestra contains sixty-two string instruments—thirty-six to forty-two being the ordinary number—divided into first, second and third violins—and twenty-four wood winds, and the augmentation



THE THEATER PLATZ, DRESDEN.

RICHARD STRAUSS AND HIS FAMILY.



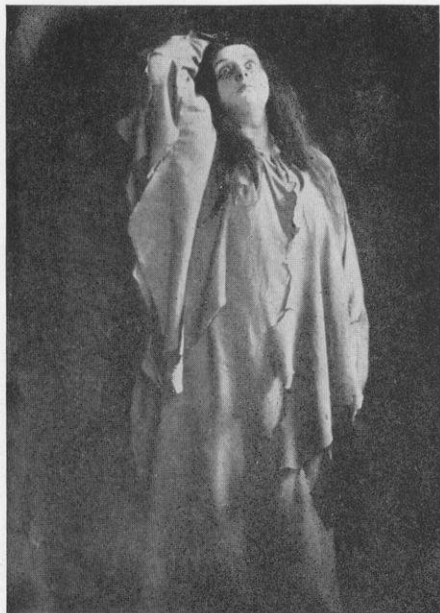
FRAU KRULL AS *Salome*, IN WHICH RÔLE SHE SO PLEASED RICHARD STRAUSS THAT HE SELECTED HER TO BE THE CREATOR OF *Elektra*.



FRAU KRULL AS *Elektra*, IN RICHARD STRAUSS'S LATEST OPERA, "ELEKTRA."



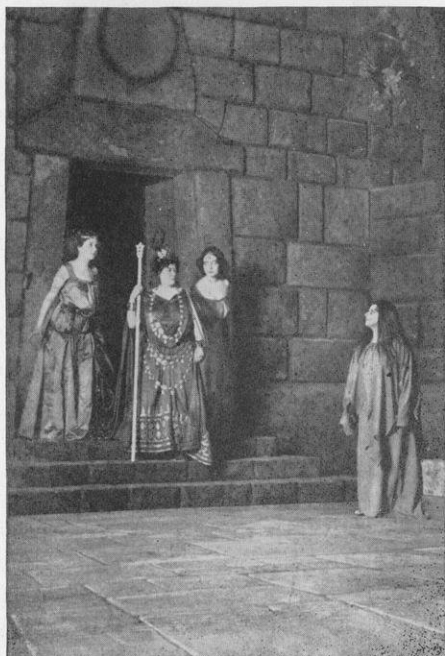
*Elektra* (KRULL) AND *Orestes* (PERRON)—  
"YOU WILL DO IT ALONE—POOR CHILD."



*Elektra*—"AGAMEMNON, FATHER, I WILL  
SEE THEE! LEAVE ME NOT ALONE."



*Elektra* AND *Aegisthus* (SEMBACH)—  
"WHY, THERE IS NO LIGHT WITHIN."



*Elektra* AND *Clytemnestra* (SCHUMANN-HEINK)—  
"I WILL NOT HAVE YOU LOOK UPON ME SO."





MME. MARIETTE MAZARIN, FRENCH DRAMATIC SOPRANO, WILL SING *Elektra* AT THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE THIS SEASON: MME. MAZARIN IS FROM THE OPERA AT BRUSSELS.

MME. CARMEN MELIR, HAYTIAN DRAMATIC SOPRANO, WILL SING *Elektra* AT THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE IN NEW YORK THIS WINTER: MME. MELIR IS FROM THE OPERA HOUSE AT WARSAW.



MME. EVE GRIPPON, FRENCH DRAMATIC SOPRANO, WHO WILL ALTERNATE WITH MME. MELIR AND MME. MAZARIN IN THE RÔLE OF *Elektra* IN NEW YORK: MME. GRIPPON IS A MEMBER OF THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE CO.

THESE PICTURES ARE REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE.

## ELEKTRA IN DRESDEN

is upon a similar scale throughout. There are also the expected orchestral innovations.—infrequently used or unusual uses of instruments. An alto clarinet, with a dark-colored tone, employed by Mozart in "The Magic Flute," is one of these means to effect.

Opinions as to the effect of an art work must differ with the individual, and it is, of course, only large general impressions that one can receive from a single hearing—which, except in the case of obvious worthlessness can never be conclusive—yet it is difficult to see how anyone not temperamentally antipathetic to Strauss's musical personality can fail to feel the power of "Elektra."

So much of modern German criticism has a morbid tendency, seeming to vary between reading horrors into an innocent text and defending the indefensible, that it is not a safe guide to opinion. It must be admitted that neither the music nor the theme of "Elektra" is normal, in the sense that nothing pushed beyond the border of everyday experience seems quite sane, yet though it may do violence to modern sensibilities it cannot be called degenerate as "Salome" is. One's enjoyment of the music of the earlier opera was not unlike the æsthetic pleasure derived from certain wonderful but unsanitary old Italian cities, which can only be enjoyed with handkerchief to the nose. "Elektra" does not seem decadent, but rather the drama of life transposed to another key. The theme is an obsession, that of the idea of vengeance—not revenge. In Frau Krull's wonderful interpretation—and having seen it, it is impossible to separate it from the text—*Elektra* stands not only as a prophetic figure of vengeance, but of tragic desolation, a girl who has foregone love, the joy of life, her womanhood, even her individuality, for her purpose. Royal in blood as in nature, possessed once of beauty, youth, tenderness and charm, because of her fidelity to her father's memory, she is beaten, disgraced, made to eat with the servants, even the dogs. Yet the little serving maid who loves her says, "There is nothing in the world so royal as she. She lies in rags upon the threshold, but there is no one in the house can endure to look into her eyes."

**E**LEKTRA, like *Hamlet*, broods persistently upon the conviction that she must avenge the murder of her noble and beloved father. But the mental condition is different. Where *Hamlet* is introspective, philosophic, his mind clouded with a doubt, *Elektra* knows no consideration but the means of vengeance. All this is in the music, which while barbaric, volcanic, terrific, in its sweep of passion, holds always the concentrated unswerving purpose of that vengeance which was a religion. The events that have preceded the beginning of the drama are, briefly, that *Clytemnestra*, *Elektra's*

## ELEKTRA IN DRESDEN

mother, in order to marry her lover *Aegisthus*, has murdered her husband, *Agamemnon*, before the girl's eyes. The son, *Orestes*, *Elektra's* beloved young brother, *Clytemnestra* has sent away to be starved, ill-treated and eventually made away with. Under the influence of this horrible violation of all that makes the natural relation between mother and daughter, the loss of her father and brother, and the sense of the obligation to avenge, *Elektra* has become something scarcely human, and waits only for *Orestes's* return or the certainty of his death for the accomplishment of her vengeance. She says to *Orestes*,—

“Do you understand, my brother . . .

All that is sweetest to woman I have sacrificed . . .

Jealous are the dead . . . and he sent me hollow-eyed hate for a bridegroom . . .

So I became a prophetess, and have brought forth naught but curses and despair.”

Hugo von Hofmansthal's play, which Strauss has used with only a slight adaptation, differs from the classic Greek tragedies in several details, but most of all in its direct modern intensity. In comparison with the old dramas—robbed of the beauty of the original Greek and read in tame translation—the modern German text is blood and flame. Von Hofmansthal follows in the main the outline of Sophocles, except that in the old play the murders are differently accomplished and *Elektra* survives in the end. The most important difference between the old Greek and the modern version lies in the character of *Clytemnestra*. In the modern play she is an adulterous criminal, haunted by her crimes. In the Greek plays her motive for murdering *Agamemnon* was to avenge his sacrifice of her daughter *Iphigenia*, which he did at the request of the gods in order to save the Grecian fleet. The axe—made so much of in the modern work—is mentioned only in Euripides.

THE opera begins with an outburst of barbaric savagery that is an epitome of the terrific passion at work in the drama, with the mournful *Agamemnon* motive rising above it. It passes quickly into an episode of musical realism peculiarly Strauss-like, the wrangle of the scandal-mongering maids in the castle court, very much on the order of the discussion of the Jews in “*Salome*.”

“That the queen should let such a demon free in house and court,” one exclaims. Only the young maid raises her voice on *Elektra's* behalf: “I will throw myself before her and kiss her feet. Is she not a king's daughter and enduring such disgrace? I will anoint her feet and dry them with my hair.” As the others—ser-

## ELEKTRA IN DRESDEN

vants of the queen,—push her out, she calls back at them, “You are not worthy to breathe the same air with her. Oh, that I could see you all hanged that have done this thing to her!”

The maids continue their malicious gossip. “And when she sees us with our children,—she cries, ‘naught can be so accursed as children born in this house where the steps have run with blood.’”

Then they tumble out in a chattering heap as *Elektra* comes out and stands in the door alone. Her hair is disordered and she is clad in tattered gray garments the color of the stone wall to which she clings. After the tumult of discordant realism in the preceding scene, *Elektra’s* tragic apostrophe to her dead father, conveyed with all the emotional appeal of such a voice as Krull’s, comes with an effect of profound human pathos.

“Alone, alone . . . Agamemnon . . . Where art thou, father?

Hast thou not the power to show me thy face—

It is the hour, our hour,

The hour when they murdered thee. . . .

Agamemnon, father—I will see thee—

Leave me not alone . . . ”

She passes into a prophetic picture of the day of vengeance,—

“And in one wave shall their life’s life gush out of them . . .

And we will slaughter thy horses . . . and gather them about thy grave.

And they shall inhale the wind of death and die—

And we will slaughter the dogs . . . that hunted with thee and would lick thy feet . . .

Therefore must their blood be shed for thee.

And we, we three, thy blood,

Thy son Orestes, and thy daughters, when all is done . . . will dance about thy grave, and I will lift knee after knee above the head of the dead, step by step.”

(Here comes the first intimation of *Elektra’s* terrible dance with which the tragedy ends.)

“And all who see me dance—

Yea, all who see my shadow dancing from afar shall say:

Behold, how great a king holds high festival of his flesh and blood.”

As the singer stands with uplifted arms in that moment of vision, she seems no longer a woman, a human being, but a purpose. She has passed from the individual to the abstract; she is an embodied idea.

*Chrysothemis* calls *Elektra* from the door, but *Elektra* turns from her, shuddering, struck by a resemblance to the mother, for all human feeling has been crushed out of *Elektra*. As she has sacri-



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ficed herself to her purpose, so would she sacrifice her sister, who craves only to live the common life of woman.

*Chrysothemis* warns *Elektra* that *Clytemnestra* is planning to fling her into a dark tower. She reproaches her, saying, "If it were not for you they would have let us out. . . I will out—

I will be a woman and live a woman's life.

Better death than to live and not live."

Then *Elektra* with terrible words vainly tries to awaken the feeling of vengeance in her sister. *Chrysothemis*, hearing her mother approach, flees, begging *Elektra* to hide because *Clytemnestra* has been frightened by a dream of *Orestes*. "She scatters death in every glance," *Chrysothemis* exclaims, fearfully.

*Elektra* says: "I sent the dream to her from out my breast . . . I lie and hear the feet of him who follows her. . ."

**T**HE music announcing the appearance of *Clytemnestra* is an unimaginable savage clamor expressive of her distorted nature, violent crimes and disordered brain—the description of one who is no weakling in sin. The sound of the dragging of the sacrificial beasts to the altar, the lashings of the whip, are all depicted in the orchestra. *Clytemnestra* enters in a flare of torches held by her attendants. She is haggard and heavy eyed, but covered with jewels and protective charms. In the interview that follows, *Elektra* with inhuman subtlety leads her into self-betrayal; for superstitious, almost unbalanced from fear and sleeplessness, *Clytemnestra* is ready to take any advice. She sends her attendants away that she may talk alone with *Elektra*. She tells her her dream—described with fearsome music. *Elektra* tells her that in order to rid herself of this dream another blood sacrifice must be made upon the altar.

"With what consecrated animal?" *Clytemnestra* asks, and with unholy laughter *Elektra* replies, "With an unconsecrated." *Elektra* traps her into conversation about the brother, then says suddenly, "You are afraid of him. . . you are trembling." *Clytemnestra* evades and denies, saying that she had sent gold so that he might be treated as a king's son. *Elektra* turns upon her: "You lie; you sent the gold that they might kill him." *Clytemnestra* gasps, "Who says that?" And, *Elektra* replies, "I see it in your eyes . . . and in your trembling I see that he still lives."

*Clytemnestra* passes from bravado to threats ending in babble:

"Dreams are things that we must rid ourselves of . . . ."

I will find out whose blood must flow, that I may sleep."

Then *Elektra*, like a thing not human, leaps upon her from the shadow of the wall.

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“Whose blood . . . .? Out from your throat . . . ”

Then she declaims her prophetic vision of the day of vengeance:

“You would cry out, but the air dead strangles the unborn cry . . .

And all is silent, and you hear your heart

Knock at your ribs . . . This time is given you that you  
may envy

All that are chained to prison walls

Because you lie imprisoned in yourself . . .

And I stand there before you and you cannot take your eyes from  
mine.

And you read too late . . . the word unspeakable written upon  
my face, because my face is mingled of your features and my father's,

For your soul is hung within its self-hung noose . . .

Then do you dream no more, then do I need to dream no more. . .”

In utter collapse and panic *Clytemnestra* shrieks for light. The attendants come running with torches—an indescribable realism of musical description—until the place is flooded with light and *Clytemnestra*, nursing some reassuring wicked thought, withdraws smiling and muttering. Then to *Elektra* left alone *Chrysothemis* comes with news of *Orestes's* death. *Elektra*, in anguish, repeats over and over, “It is not true.” But when compelled to accept the cruel truth, the dominant purpose asserts itself and she says, “We two must do it.” Then with all the affection that she has withheld from her sister since the tragedy, she tries to compel her to assistance in the deed. But in the end *Chrysothemis* breaks from her crying, “I cannot.” And as *Elektra* stands looking after her, she raises her hands and cries in a terrible voice, “Be accursed!” As Krull utters that imprecation—she does not sing it—it is a thing to make one shudder, yet not as at *Salome*, for the great artist makes of *Elektra* a being raised above personal consideration, like an instrument of the gods.

She faces the situation, “Then again alone.” She kneels on the ground and begins to dig for the axe with which the crime was committed and with which it must be avenged. As she claws in the earth a strange man enters. Then the music softens into solemn beauty. *Elektra*, discovering him, begs him to leave her, but he says, “I must wait here,” “Wait,” she repeats, arrested by his tone, but she turns from him again to her task. He begins talking of her brother, saying that he was his friend. He asks her name and when she tells him, exclaims in horror, “Elektra!” “He thinks he can insult me,” *Elektra* replies, bitterly, “because I have no father . . . nor brother.” Then *Orestes* cries, “The dogs in the court knew me and my sister not!”

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The ensuing scene is one of real pathos and musical beauty. *Orestes* is overcome, realizing all she has suffered, and *Elektra* answers:

“Do not touch me . . . I am ashamed before you.  
I am but the corpse of your sister . . .  
Poor child . . . I know you shudder at me. And yet—  
I was the daughter of a king and I believe that I was beautiful . . .  
And my hair, such hair as men tremble at.—”

*Orestes* tells her that he has come to do the deed, and as they talk the faithful old servant who has accompanied him runs in with the news that the queen is alone and *Orestes* rushes into the palace. Then *Elektra* realizes that she has not given him the axe and cries out in anguish, “I cannot give him the axe! He is gone and I cannot give him the axe! There are no gods in heaven.” Then there is indescribable pandemonium in the music, descriptive of the murder. *Clytemnestra’s* death cry rings out, and *Elektra’s* terrible words “Strike again!” She paces before the closed door, keeping off the terrified maids that rush into the court, but hearing *Aegisthus* approach they run off again. *Elektra* asks *Aegisthus* if she may light him to the palace door. The exultation, the subdued triumph of *Elektra* at this moment, the strange steps that she begins to take, that seem somehow part of her subtle words—the beginning of her weird dance—are all extraordinarily expressed in the orchestra.

A moment later *Aegisthus* appears at the window crying, “Help, they murder me. . . Does no one hear me?” And in a voice destined to ring in one’s ears for long afterwards, *Elektra* replies, “Agamemnon hears you!” Then *Orestes* stabs *Aegisthus* at the window and pulls him back within, and *Chrysothemis* rushes in, telling how all the people in the palace are crowding about *Orestes* and kissing his feet. But *Elektra* has begun to slip from the world of reality. “Be silent and dance,” she says. “One thing remains for those who are as happy as we,—to be silent and dance.” And she begins to dance, but after a moment sinks upon the floor lifeless. The curtain falls upon *Chrysothemis* beating upon the closed door calling, “Orestes.”

THERE are forty-five leading motives noted in the official “Führer,” the shortest being that of *Elektra’s* ever-present remembrance of *Agamemnon*, which is combined in certain passages of great beauty. Other noticeable themes are those of the axe, the trailing and slipping of the sacrificial animals, *Clytemnestra’s* dream and fear of death, the subtle hypocrisy of *Elektra* with her mother, a theme signifying *Elektra’s* royal nature, *Elektra’s* prophecy of ven-



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geance, music descriptive of the womanly nature of *Chrysothemis*, of the shining of the jewels that consoled *Clytemnestra*, the triumph of *Elektra*, and her dance.

Episodes of striking beauty are *Elektra's* tragic apostrophe to her dead father, the lovely melodies in the scene between the sisters and in the scene between *Elektra* and *Orestes*. The music descriptive of *Orestes's* supposed death is deeply expressive of *Elektra's* anguish. The tonal picture of *Clytemnestra's* dream is full of shudders and horrors. The exhuming of the axe and the realism of the sacrificed animals are inexpressibly gruesome. The passages depicting *Clytemnestra's* death are fitly descriptive of the Nemesis overtaking that terrible person, and with true dramatic sense Strauss has made the death of *Aegisthus* weaker, as he was a weaker and more futile character.

Just how much the effect of the opera owes to Frau Krull's extraordinary *Elektra* Richard Strauss fully appreciates. It was after seeing her *Salome* performance that he requested that she should be the interpreter of *Elektra*, and later, not being satisfied with the Berlin *Elektra*, he asked to have Krull in Berlin. There she received an unprecedented ovation even from the partisan Berliners. It is safe to say, all things considered, that the operatic stage has never seen a more extraordinary performance. The opera is not only given in one unbroken act, but the rôle of *Elektra*, aside from the unimaginable difficulties of the music, is longer than the part of *Brunnhilde* in "Die Götterdämmerung" and "Siegfried" combined. Yet Krull carries it through climaxes of progressive and varied intensity to the final climax. She is terrible as she has not been before at the supreme moment when she paces like a panther before the closed door behind which the vengeance is being accomplished. And at the last, in the dance—words fail in the attempt to describe that strange and fearful expression of the accomplished purpose.

When he had first seen this dance at rehearsal, Strauss demanded of Krull, "Kind, who has taught you that?" She responded—how simply one can imagine after meeting her—"I thought it out myself." And no wonder Strauss replied, "It is a miracle." Krull says that when she was preparing the rôle, not being a dancer, she sent for the ballet instructor to teach her a dance, but that she could not feel that the steps suggested were the right thing for her that terrible moment, and so—she thought it out herself. That dance alone is upon the plane of classic tragedy. It is a thing to freeze the blood, and it is beautiful enough in its intangible terrible fashion to be the figment of a dream.



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**F**RAU KRULL has not only a beautiful voice with a marked individuality of tone as well as an unusual gift of emotional expression, but what is most rare in Germany—and alas everywhere!—a fine vocal art. Only this art can have saved her voice from permanent injury after the two hundred and sixteen rehearsals of preparation for this superhuman task. And in this connection it might as well be said that nothing is more absurd than the remark made by some singers that it does not matter what kind of a voice a singer has for a Strauss opera. While it is easy to understand the reluctance of an artist to subject his or her organ to the dangerous strain involved, the composer's full effect can never be achieved by a voice without beauty, or with defective intonation. Recall, for example, the difference between van Rooy's rough singing of *Jokaanan* in "Salome" with Dufranne's musical interpretation of the same rôle. In spite of the tremendous volume of sound of the great orchestra anyone with a musical ear could realize the difference between the effect of Krull's singing, which was quite invariably true, and that of Frau Chavanne and Fräulein Siems, who were many times noticeably incorrect in intonation. Indeed Krull's tones—largely through her art in placing them—dominate even the composer's tremendous orchestral ensemble through their carrying quality rather than their size.

Krull like Ternina, is unique in possessing both voice and dramatic genius. The well-worn, if beautiful, rôle of *Elizabeth* she fills with new life, and this part, by the way, furnishes an interesting contrast to her *Elektra*. For from the moment that she becomes aware of *Tannhäuser's* mortal sin she becomes again the woman possessed by a purpose. As *Elektra* has the passion to destroy, *Elizabeth* has the passion to save. Yet after she has gained the chance of salvation for her lover and actually sees him leaving her to join the pilgrims, when she falls back upon her uncle's arm it is as if everything had gone from her. And in the last her final appeal to heaven seems like a literal going up of the soul in prayer. I know of nothing so moving in any operatic impersonation, with the exception of Ternina's last moment in "Die Götterdämmerung," as these two climaxes in Krull's *Elizabeth*.

Her *Sieglinde* is equally her own, subtle in detail,—beautiful and touching. As *Marta*, the unhappy peasant heroine of "Tiefland," she is a primitive peasant to her slightest movement, yet the appeal of it goes to the heart. Her singing of her unhappy story to the old shepherd is not only moving, but of inexpressible musical beauty. If she could have sung the rôle here no doubt that beautiful opera would have had a different fate.

Not a slender woman from the American standpoint,—yet not a

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large one from the German—she produces an effect that is the opposite of solidity. One associates her face with the idea of light. Her facial expression is not premeditated, but comes with the feeling of her part. And as she speaks or acts her eyes are full of a light that seems to overflow her face. In the categorical sense she might seem to lack beauty, except for her large blue eyes and sensitive, lightly set eyebrows, yet it is a face in which so much can happen that one has no especial consciousness of features, but only of the changing reflections of thought and emotion passing over it, which give it moments of that fluid intangible quality of beauty which to certain minds must always be the real beauty, the thing that cannot be fixed by the detaining finger of analysis. That Krull is a musician as well as an opera singer—also not too frequent an occurrence—one realizes as she discusses the Strauss orchestration. She said, too, that it was difficult for her to imagine *Elektra* in French, and while she is German (“*aber durch und durch,*” she added) her reason was an artistic one, not one of national prejudice.

“French is a beautiful language, of course,” she said, “but I cannot feel it quite the right vehicle for the story of *Elektra*. Think, for example—when she exclaims in that first moment, ‘*Allein, weh ganz allein,*’—and even in her speech the powerful words were weighted with tragedy—then in French, ‘*Seule toute seule!*’—the French seems—too—well—too *elegant.*”

We spoke of America and she said, “Frau Schumann-Heink tells me that in America you care most of all for the art of beautiful singing.”

**A**LTHOUGH Krull has been in the Dresden opera company for eight years she was, up to the time of her “*Salome*” success, kept back, as is the German way with the younger singers. She should make a wonderful *Isolde* when she comes to sing it. It is to be hoped that her enthusiasm for the Strauss operas will not lead her into sacrificing a voice of rare and lovely quality. May we hear her some day in America.

And so—into the quiet *Platz* again, the comfortable scramble into the Green Bus, the few minutes’ wait for the places to be filled, and the unhurried start. Perhaps one needs an atmosphere as quiet, an environment as simple, to appreciate such a violent work as “*Elektra*,” to see it in its proper value.

As you pass under the arch and jog gently home, the horse’s hoofs echoing hollowly upon the cobbles of the narrow street, the tumult of the orchestra, the wild cries of *Elektra*, slowly subside in your ears, but in the dark the image still remains of that wild figure performing its strange and terrible rite, a veritable dance of death!

# RAPID GROWTH OF THE GARDEN CITY MOVEMENT, WHICH PROMISES TO RE-ORGANIZE SOCIAL CONDITIONS ALL OVER THE WORLD: BY THE EDITOR

"Long-continued effort, in spite of failure and defeat, is the forerunner of complete success. He who wishes to achieve success may turn past defeat into future victory by observing one condition. He must profit by past experiences and aim at retaining all the strong points without the weaknesses of former efforts."—Ebenezer Howard in "Garden Cities of Tomorrow."



THE surest test of the ultimate practicability of an ideal is the vitality with which it persists in the face of defeat, discouragement and the apparently insurmountable barriers of settled adverse conditions. Especially is this true with reference to every advance we have made in the long and slow process of evolving our modern civilization, and never more true than it is today, when, unless all signs fail, we stand at the threshold of a complete and orderly reorganization of the entire fabric of present-day social and industrial conditions.

The change which bids fair to take place within the lifetime of the generation now growing up will be due to no sudden conversion or violent upheaval, but to causes which, under all the surface unrest, agitation and discontent, have been shaping quietly during the past century. The perpetual need for reform and the spirit which seeks it ardently, if not always wisely, is one of the essential elements of civilization; it is the little leaven which leaveneth the whole lump, and when it perishes the social order perishes with it. Therefore, a period of widespread restlessness and discontent with existing conditions is always a period big with promise of a coming change, the evidences of which usually exist for a long time before they receive any general recognition.

We do not need to be reminded that the dream of the world for ages has been the ideal city of the future—a community which will unite with the fullest civic life and opportunity, the freedom and healthfulness of the country, and in which the citizens, merely because of their citizenship, will be entitled to share in all the benefits of the commonwealth. In this ideal community, as it has been outlined for us over and over again, the very failings of human nature,—the self-seeking and combativeness which are the life blood of individualism,—will be transmuted by the new conditions of life into recognition of, and striving for, the wider good which includes the whole community; class antagonism will be replaced by mutual understanding and good will, and all alike will have the opportunity to live, work and enjoy.



A CRESCENT OF COTTAGES IN EARLSWICK VILLAGE:  
DESIGNED BY BARRY PARKER AND RAYMOND UNWIN.

GROUP OF WORKMEN'S COTTAGES IN EARLSWICK, A  
GARDEN VILLAGE IN YORKSHIRE: DESIGNED BY BARRY  
PARKER AND RAYMOND UNWIN.





GROUP OF COTTAGES BUILT BY THE HAMPSTEAD TENANTS ON TEMPLE FORTUNE HILL: DESIGNED BY BARRY PARKER AND RAYMOND UNWIN.

WORKMEN'S COTTAGES IN HAMPSTEAD GARDEN SUBURB: DESIGNED BY BARRY PARKER AND RAYMOND UNWIN.



DWELLINGS GROUPED AROUND A QUADRANGLE,  
WHICH IS A COMMON GARDEN: DESIGNED  
BY BARRY PARKER AND RAYMOND UNWIN.

HOUSES GROUPED AROUND A CRESCENT IN  
HAMPSTEAD GARDEN SUBURB: DESIGNED BY  
BARRY PARKER AND RAYMOND UNWIN.



THE FIRS ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH ADJOINING THE ESTATE UPON WHICH THE GARDEN SUBURB IS BUILT.

## GROWTH OF THE GARDEN CITY MOVEMENT

The vision of this ideal community has been given to many, and each has given it to the world in the form in which it appeared to him. Until the beginning of the nineteenth century, men for the most part contented themselves with writing philosophical treatises upon the Utopia that might be if it were only possible to regenerate human nature. But the nineteenth century, going a step further, sought to make practical application of such theories, either in the form of communities which lived apart from the world and were ruled absolutely by the will of the founder, or by experiments in various forms of philanthropic industrialism, like that of Robert Owen. Later, within the past decade or so, have come the model factories with model villages attached; the blocks of model tenements which in many cities have replaced the worst of the old slums; all sorts of organizations, on a more or less scientific basis, for the amelioration of poverty and wretchedness, and, side by side with these, a widespread effort toward civic improvement. In a haphazard sort of way we have realized this and have been encouraged and gratified by it. Nevertheless, in spite of all that has been done, the whole movement so far has seemed to be held in solution, as it were, and the difficulties incident to the established order have been intensified.

Yet, in spite of all discouragement, the movement toward a general reform has gone steadily on. All over the world we hear of plans to reorganize great cities with a view to abolishing slums and affording healthier conditions of life for all the citizens and especially for the poorer classes; shrewd business men, the heads of great commercial or industrial organizations, have seen that their best policy lay in providing their workers with healthful and comfortable surroundings, and the movement to restore agriculture to its old-time dignity and prosperity and so induce people to remain on the land instead of crowding into the already overcrowded cities has been energetically furthered in all the countries of Europe and even in America. So, step by step, all efforts toward social and industrial reorganization have been tending toward the goal which all, by common consent, have established as a starting point from which must gradually grow a new and better order of things,—namely, the creation of an environment that will make possible the healthy development of the coming generation.

The need for such a starting point has unquestionably been met by the garden city movement, which already has taken firm hold in England, Germany, France, Austria, Switzerland, New Zealand and even Central America, to say nothing of the tentative experiments along similar lines in the United States. Under various names certain phases of this movement have been the subject of experi-



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A PAIR OF COTTAGES IN ERSKINE ROAD: DESIGNED BY  
MICHAEL BUNNEY AND C. C. MAKINS, A.A.R.I.B.A.

ment for more than a century, for in seventeen hundred and seventy-five Thomas Spence, in a lecture read before the Philosophical Society in Newcastle, outlined what is now the basic principle in the creation of garden cities, villages and suburbs upon a coöperative basis. The idea did not appeal to the conservative British mind and the daring reformer was sufficiently in advance of his age to incur the penalty of expulsion from the body of learned men of which he was a member. The plans for civic improvement, however, proved more popular both in Great Britain and on the Continent, for the gradual transformation of Paris began over sixty years ago; it is forty years since the slums disappeared from Berlin, and since that time eighty-eight acres in the center of Glasgow have been remodeled. Birmingham has transformed ninety-three acres of wretched slums into broad streets and stately buildings, and Vienna has been surrounded with a magnificent ring of parks and avenues and will shortly undergo a thorough remodeling in the more crowded parts of the city.

The reason why all these reforms have failed to put a different face upon present-day social conditions is that they have been carried on by governments, cities, philanthropical societies and large business organizations. Beyond paying the taxes necessary to carry out public improvements, the people have had no share in them nor have they been consulted in any way. Therefore, although all the preliminary steps have been taken to bring about a thorough-going reform, the necessity for making some definite and persistent

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effort to reorganize life and work has for the most part failed to take deep and permanent root in the minds of the people. Something was needed to crystallize the situation and, judging from the development of the past few years, that one thing has been supplied by the garden city movement as it exists today.

The best working plan for the development of what are called garden cities, suburbs and villages, is found in England, because about ten years ago Mr. Ebenezer Howard wrote a little book entitled "Tomorrow," in which he offered for consideration—not a new proposition, but one formed from the strongest features of three old ones. He took the idea of an organized migratory movement of population from Wakefield and Prof. Marshall; added to this the system of land tenure proposed by Thomas Spence and afterward, with modifications, by Herbert Spencer, and completed the scheme by adopting the main points of the plan for a model city, published nearly fifty years ago by James S. Buckingham. By the combination of these three propositions Mr. Howard evolved the commonsense scheme of developing along sound economic lines the building of garden



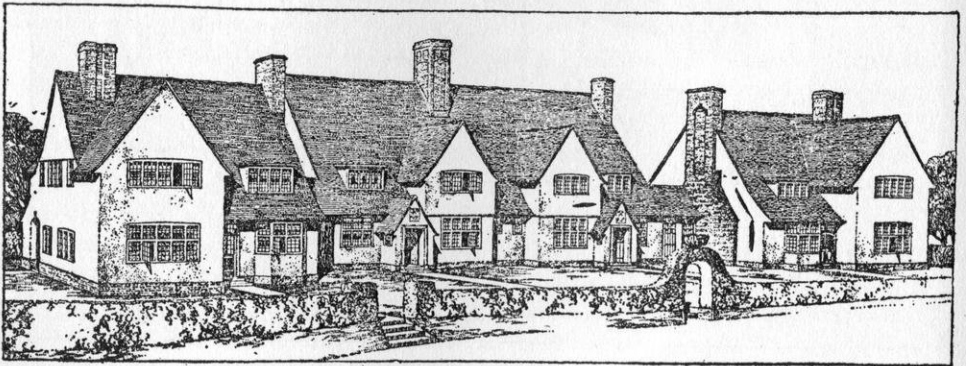
WORKMEN'S COTTAGES IN HAMPSTEAD WAY:  
EACH COTTAGE CONTAINS TWO DWELLINGS:  
DESIGNED BY JOSEPH & SMITHEM.

## GROWTH OF THE GARDEN CITY MOVEMENT

cities and suburbs which should combine the advantages of town and country; adding to this a practical working plan by which these cities and suburbs might be built largely by the tenants themselves, and arranging that all revenues, over and above a certain fixed percentage set aside to pay the bonded indebtedness, should be used for the development of the city, suburb or village as the case might be.

Too wise to risk failure by attempting too much, Mr. Howard resolved to concentrate all the thought and attention of the company which was formed to carry out his idea, upon a single experiment that should be sufficiently large to be at once attractive and resourceful, and yet not too large to be handled like any business enterprise. This decision resulted in the founding of the first Garden City about six years ago at Letchworth, in Hertfordshire. The planning of the Garden City by Messrs. Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin and its subsequent rapid growth and complete success are matters of general knowledge, but in this country it is probable that few people realize how the garden city idea has spread over England, France and Germany and how the work of the organizers has been aided by the establishment of the Copartnership Tenants' Society. This last development is most important because it represents the coöperation of the people themselves, without which no permanent reform can take place.

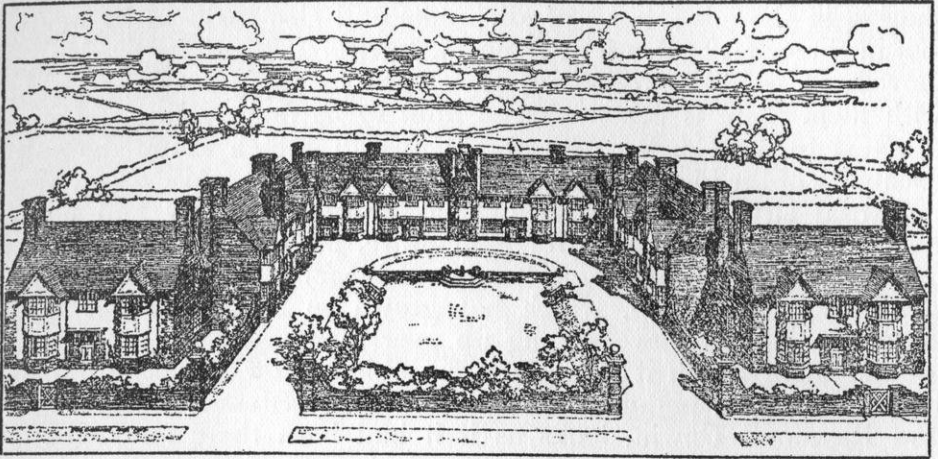
The chief object of the promoters of the garden city idea has been to bring about a spontaneous movement of the people back to the land by creating conditions that will give them the advantages of city and country life combined, and to keep the whole thing on an economic basis that will afford comfort and prosperity to people of very moderate means. This is done by purchasing a tract of undeveloped agricultural land and building upon it a town or village



FOUR HOUSES IN ONE, SHOWING DIGNIFIED EFFECT OF GROUPING: DESIGNED BY MICHAEL BUNNEY AND C. C. MAKINS, A.A.R.I.B.A.



## GROWTH OF THE GARDEN CITY MOVEMENT



DWELLINGS GROUPED AROUND A QUADRANGLE:  
DESIGNED BY GEOFFRY LUCAS, A.R.I.B.A.

that is planned as a whole and built without the disadvantage of having to overcome bad existing conditions. This means a great saving from the beginning and, as ground rents are all based upon the original value of the land and the greater part of the revenue derived from the rental of buildings is applied to the improvement of the town, the shareholding tenants naturally receive pretty good returns from their investment. The Copartnership Tenants' Societies are coöperative associations which build and own cottage property developed on garden village lines and held in common by the society. They are the latest outcome of the coöperative idea which in its youth, in the days of Robert Owen, dreamed of the ideal community, but the communities that attempted to put it into effect failed because they were the result of despair with general conditions rather than of any hope of altering them. They were to be a refuge from the world and were to be self-supporting. The modern Tenants' Society recognizes itself to be only a part of the larger community and is based upon the truth that the recognition of obligations toward one's neighbors develops the spirit of citizenship toward the larger whole. There are already in England ten of these societies, affiliated with a central society which organizes all the business dealings. This central society has, for example, a central trading department which enables the affiliated societies to pool their orders and buy their building materials more advantageously in bulk than would be possible if they worked independently, to avail themselves of the services of the best architects and builders, and to do everything on a large scale. All the tenants are shareholders and the rules of the society provide for an equitable



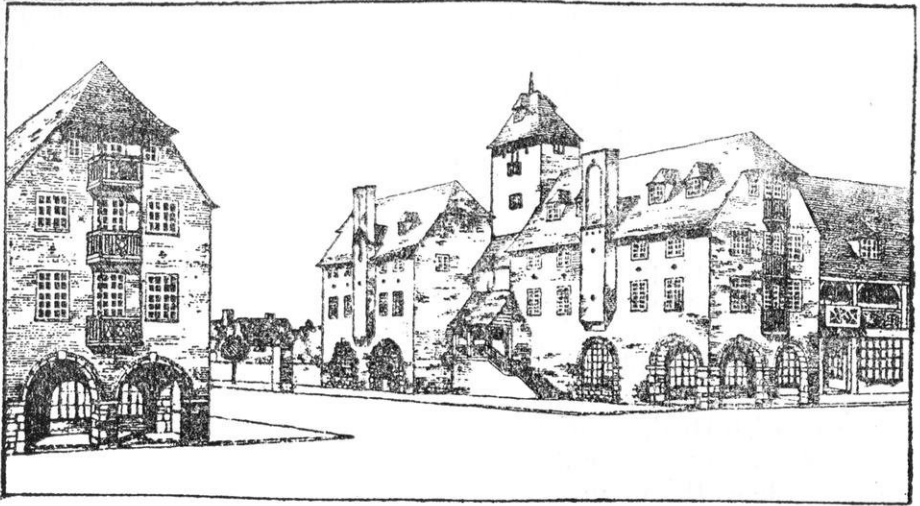
## GROWTH OF THE GARDEN CITY MOVEMENT

sharing in the advantages of all profits and also for security against loss in the event of death or removal. Without them the garden city movement would hardly have developed as rapidly as it has, but with them there is practically no limit to its far-reaching influence.

Next to the Garden City at Letchworth, which shows the entire feasibility of the idea of establishing an independent and self-contained industrial city, built *de novo* out in the open country and having room among its industries for agriculture, perhaps the best example of the development of the garden village theory is found in the Hampstead Garden Suburb, which has grown so swiftly that it might almost be said to have sprung up over night. Two years ago the ground upon which it stands was unbroken; now the beautiful and busy little town, planned like Letchworth by Messrs. Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, looks as if it had been there for years. It stands upon the old estate of Wylde, just north of Hampstead Heath on the outskirts of London, and was created to put within the reach of working people the opportunity of living in a pleasant country village within a twopenny fare of London and having a comfortable cottage at a moderate rent. The promoters of the Hampstead Garden Suburb are all people interested in the question of better housing in England and many of them are among the original promoters of the Garden City at Letchworth. They hold the belief that if the opportunity were once provided for working people to live under better conditions it would be eagerly seized, and their belief has been fully justified by the event. Every house in the suburb was sold or rented before the first stone of the foundation was laid, and it is probable that it will reach the prescribed population limit of twelve thousand within the next year or two.

Hampstead Garden Suburb, which may be taken as a fair example of all the garden villages and suburbs developed in England within the past five or six years, has been planned in a wise and far-sighted manner. The Wylde estate, which was formerly the property of Eton College, contains about two hundred and forty acres. Of this, eighty acres have been set aside for an extension to that historic bit of common land known as Hampstead Heath, which means that it will be preserved as an open space. This tract forms a broad tongue of land extending into the heart of the estate and all the remaining land has been laid out upon a coherent and well-considered plan, as a garden suburb. The larger houses, each one surrounded by a garden from one to three acres in extent, lie to the south, many of them fronting upon the Hampstead Heath extension, and beyond that less ambitious houses are built upon smaller plots for people of lesser means. The northern part of the tract is given over to the

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A GROUP OF SHOPS IN HAMPSTEAD GARDEN SUBURBS.

building of workmen's cottages, singly and in groups, care being taken always to reserve plenty of ground space for gardens, orchards, playgrounds, and open greensward.

One of the fundamental principles which led to the building of garden villages has been carefully observed in the planning of the Hampstead Garden Suburb, and that is the friendly mingling of all classes. The promoters hold the belief that society is impoverished by class divisions and that each class loses more than it realizes in being shut away from a knowledge of ways of living other than its own. As this estate has had the advantage of being planned as a whole, and not in piecemeal as plots are taken by different builders, it has been made an essential condition of building that the dwellings of all be made attractive,—each with its own distinctive character,—as are the cottages and manor houses of the English villages. The larger gardens of the rich help to keep the air pure and the view open; and the cottage gardens add the homelike, generous element which ever follows the spade when wielded as man's recreation. Each detached house is surrounded with its own garden and, when a group of houses are combined under one roof as is frequently the case, a larger space is allotted for the common garden or green. The whole place reminds one of an English village on a large scale and in perfect repair, and anyone who has ever seen an English village knows that nothing else in the world fulfils quite so completely all that one has dreamed of as an ideally beautiful and restful place to live. The architects, working in consultation with Messrs. Parker and Unwin, who supervise all the plans, have avowedly taken as

## GROWTH OF THE GARDEN CITY MOVEMENT

examples the cottages and farmhouses of old England and have kept intact the style which, more than any other, is suited to the country, even while modifying the buildings to suit the most modern requirements.

One of the first principles observed in the planning of the suburb was that this tract of land was intended to be built on, not built up. To this end an Act of Parliament was secured limiting the number of houses to be built to the acre to twelve, instead of fifty, so that the garden space is ample and is forever secured against encroachment. The houses are most effectively grouped around crescents or quadrangles or are scattered singly along irregular, winding roads. The great charm of the place is due to the fact that every bit of natural beauty has been preserved. Not a tree has been taken down nor a hedgerow disturbed,—and Wyldes, like Hampstead Heath, has been famous for centuries for its magnificent trees and fine old hedges of thorn. Where the town plan, as it was first laid out, did not agree with the position of the trees, hedges and other long-established features, the plan was altered. Therefore, the streets and driveways, instead of being laid out in prim squares or diagonals, follow the lines of the hedges, and here and there a house nestles close to the base of a fine old tree which forms the chief glory of the little garden, and seems to shelter and protect the cottage at its feet. The effect of this policy can hardly be realized by people who are accustomed to seeing a new tract of land developed for building purposes by the usual means of removing every scrap of timber, filling up every inequality, and leveling the whole surface into flat monotony, to be planted anew with infant trees and shrubs after the houses are built. It goes without saying that all such “development” was ruled out of Hampstead Garden Suburb from the very beginning and to this bit of wisdom it owes the appearance of age and permanence which usually belongs only to an old town. This effect is heightened by the appearance of the houses themselves, which are wonderfully rich and mellow in coloring. As the English law forbids the building of wooden houses, these are all of stone, brick or rough-cast cement, with roofs of pan tiles or heavy, rough slates. Nearly all these roofs are red and where cement is used for the walls it is, for the most part, colored to a warm biscuit brown, which blends beautifully with the dull red or fawn of the bricks and the varied colorings found in split stone.

The social element, which is, after all, the main object of the whole movement toward garden villages and better housing, predominates in Hampstead Garden Suburbs. While it is possible there to pay any rent one pleases for a dwelling as large and elab-

## GROWTH OF THE GARDEN CITY MOVEMENT

orate as one may wish,—provided always it conforms in style to the general appearance of the village,—there is group after group of workmen's cottages for which the rent averages six shillings, or about one dollar and fifty cents, a week. These cottages are well planned, well built and thoroughly sanitary, comfortable and convenient as well as beautiful to look at. Sometimes there will be a row of three or four under a superb sweep of roof, terminating with large gables which form the roofs of the cottages at either end. Again a group will be adjusted so that it occupies a corner to the best advantage, or a larger group may surround the three sides of a quadrangle with the garden in the center. Wherever it is possible these grouped buildings have certain conveniences to be used in common, such as the laundry, drying room or bakehouse, and the intention is to increase the scope and effectiveness of these coöperative features as rapidly as is found feasible.

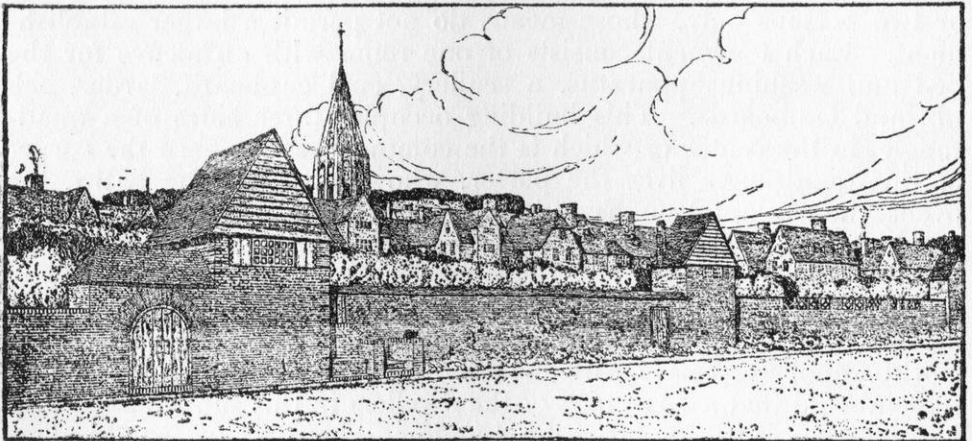
Also there are buildings that are frankly communal in their nature, while at the same time preserving the freedom and privacy of individual life. One large quadrangle, designed by M. H. Baillie Scott, affords accommodation for sixty self-supporting women, each one of whom has her own little self-contained apartment where she can "keep house" to her heart's content and yet, if she chooses, avail herself of the convenience of having her main meal cooked and ready for her when she comes home after a day's work. Another large building is for young men, who live there as students might at college and enjoy in common their garden, balconies and the community rooms that are free to the whole building. Still another building is devoted to single-room tenements, each intended for one or two persons only, whose means do not permit a larger establishment. Each tenement consists of one room with an alcove for the bed and washing apparatus, a scullery, coal cupboard, larder, ash bin and cupboards. This building occupies three sides of a quadrangle, in the center of which is the common garden. In the corner of this quadrangle lives the porter, who looks after the baths, the ovens, the washing troughs and the drying closets, for all that requires much heat or causes steam or odors is done in rooms especially set apart for such uses.

The churches, schools, club houses, workshops and other community buildings are being put up as rapidly as possible and yet the work cannot keep pace with the need and the demand. When it is remembered that a large part of the dwellers in this suburb are working people from the heart of London, whose means would allow them only one or two tenement rooms in the most crowded districts of the city, it is possible to realize what such a suburb means. Walk-



## GROWTH OF THE GARDEN CITY MOVEMENT

ing through the streets at twilight it is a distinct comfort to anyone interested in social betterment to pass a group of cottages and see the men, who have come home from their day's work, sociably engaged in weeding or hoeing and calling bits of chaff or gossip to one another across the low hedges which divide their gardens, while the women sit with their sewing in the doorways and the children play on the green that is common to all. This is no fancy picture; it may be seen anywhere at any time when the weather is warm enough in Hampstead Garden Suburb, and the best of it is that it may also be seen in the similar villages which are growing up in a dozen different places throughout England. We who are interested in civic improvement in America would do well to add to our plans for magnificent parkways, costly boulevards and great city extensions some consideration of the significance of this garden village movement and what it would mean if it were introduced and put on an effective working basis in this country. With all our energy, England has shot far ahead of us in this matter and from this time forward **THE CRAFTSMAN** means to do all within its power to keep its readers alive to what might be done here if we could only manage to set aside the real estate speculator and all his fellows, and try the experiment of developing some of the open land near our own great cities along the lines pursued so successfully by the promoters of the English garden village.



GREAT WALL THAT MARKS THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN THE VILLAGE AND HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

## UNEXPLORED BEAUTY IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES: BY LOUIS AKIN



**T**HROUGH my entire life of intimate association with the big things of the West I have felt that sometime I should go to the land of the Canadian Rockies and the Selkirks, and that I should find there the apotheosis of all mountain scenery, my ultimate goal of beauty. And as a reward for my faith in the kindness of Fate, I found myself this last summer out in the midst of those great mountain peaks, knowing them by name, feeling familiar with them, yet not even stopping to pass the time of day. For having reached the goal of my desire, I realized that my interest had passed beyond, and that I was headed for that place marked on the Canadian maps as "Mountains and Glaciers." I was going to Lillooet, to a land of things utterly primordial and unpublished.

Clinging to the walls of a magnificent gorge breaking down through the western foothills of the Rockies, the railroad on which I was traveling suddenly turned out into the great valley of the Fraser, the River of Gold from the far North. From here my way lay northward fifty miles by stage, and all through mountains, vast mountains on every side. They piled up, height upon height, on both banks of the river,—some precipitous, naked, awful, some gentler of contour, clothed in a green velvet of spruce and pine, and everywhere, the great walled heights streaked and patched with snow; through an occasional break in the outline, still higher, masses of glaciers clinging to their breasts.

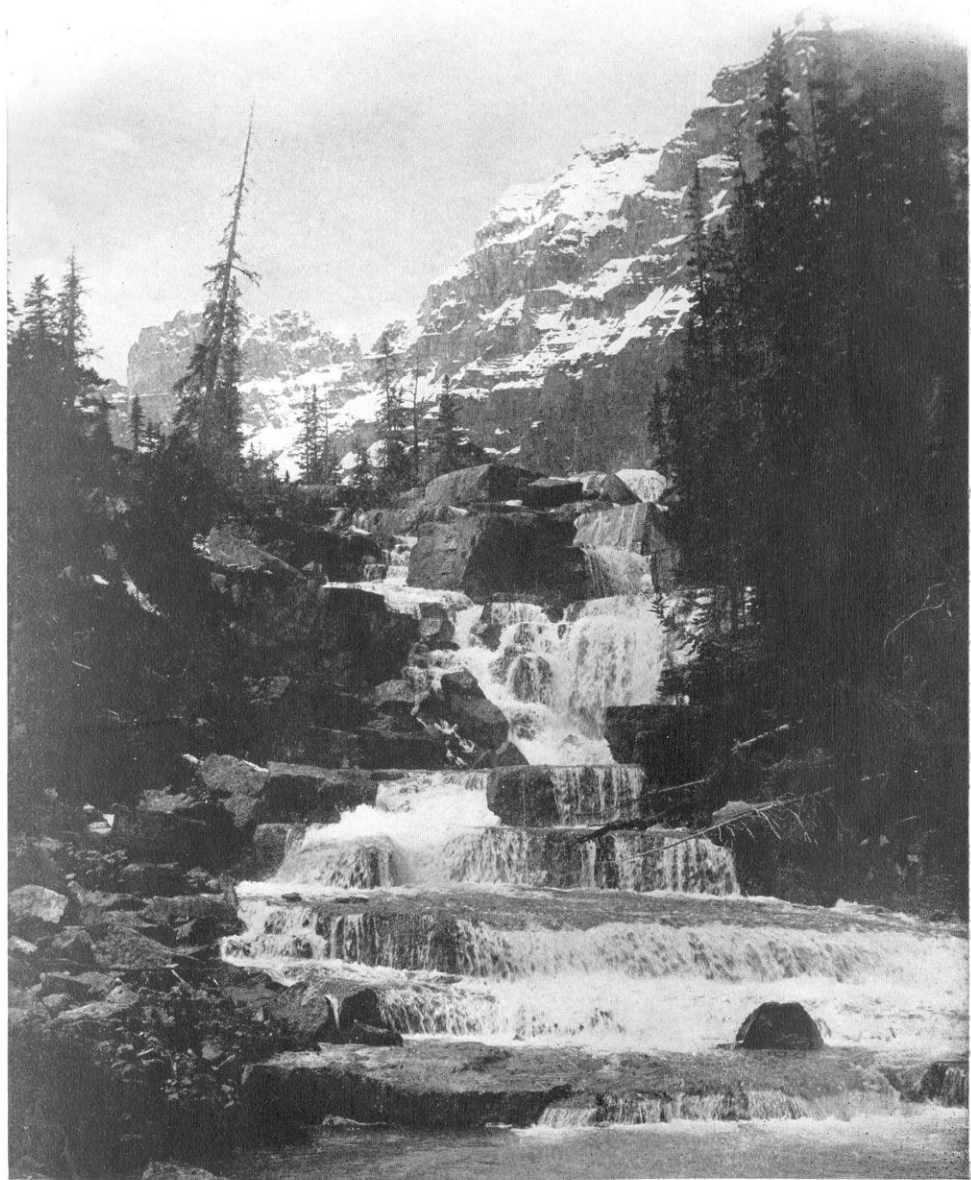
Once upon a time there was a broad smooth valley (or was it a river bed?) spread between these mountains several hundred feet above the present river level, but the River of Gold has been a busy river and its activities have resulted in ninety-nine per cent. of the level land being carried out to sea, leaving only bits of tillable bench land filling in the bays and bends on both shores. These are occupied mainly by Indians, and the ground is very productive under the influence of irrigation. Beyond the bit of habitation called Lillooet, out to the northwestward, there is practically nothing but mountains and glaciers covering thousands of square miles. The formation is peculiar. The earth's crust seems to have been torn apart and thrown up into enormous furrows. Each furrow is a range. The stratification is turned on edge, and the jagged black masses, raw and terrible, are thrust upward into a dozen unscalable, inaccessible Matterhorns, twelve to fifteen thousand feet high. Supporting them are lesser masses; while sweeping from peak to peak and from range to range are snowfields and glaciers of greatest magnitude and inexpressible

## UNEXPLORED BEAUTY IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

beauty. Where else but on the Pacific slope, with its extremes of precipitation, could snow enough fall to store up such inconceivable quantities? It is what might be expected in Alaska, but hardly within a few hundred miles of Vancouver.

Yet it is a region that offers very little reason for intimate acquaintance. The prospector has no use for a country that is mostly blanketed with snow and ice, with the greater part standing on edge, though the gold in streams flowing away from it has kept them experimenting with it for many years. The Indian does not need it, for full of big game though it must be, the big-horn and mountain goat are roaming in herds over the outlying spurs. But surrounding these mountains in every direction is the most ideal out of door lands. Anywhere above five thousand feet you may ride freely; there are magnificent leagues of park-like country, all aslope one way or another, but easy or steep, your tough little cayuse will carry you over it, up, down or crosswise at a run, if you let him! Game is plentiful, big and little; trout are in every stream and lake, and wood, water and grass are everywhere. The days are hot and the nights are cool, even snappy. It is that most fascinating zone where the Alpine spruce groups itself in its most picturesque way,—its clusters of spirelike tops broadening out at the base into a well-nigh impenetrable hedge, that, surrounding an entire group of trees, offers safe and sheltered haven in time of storm to the wild things of the highlands.

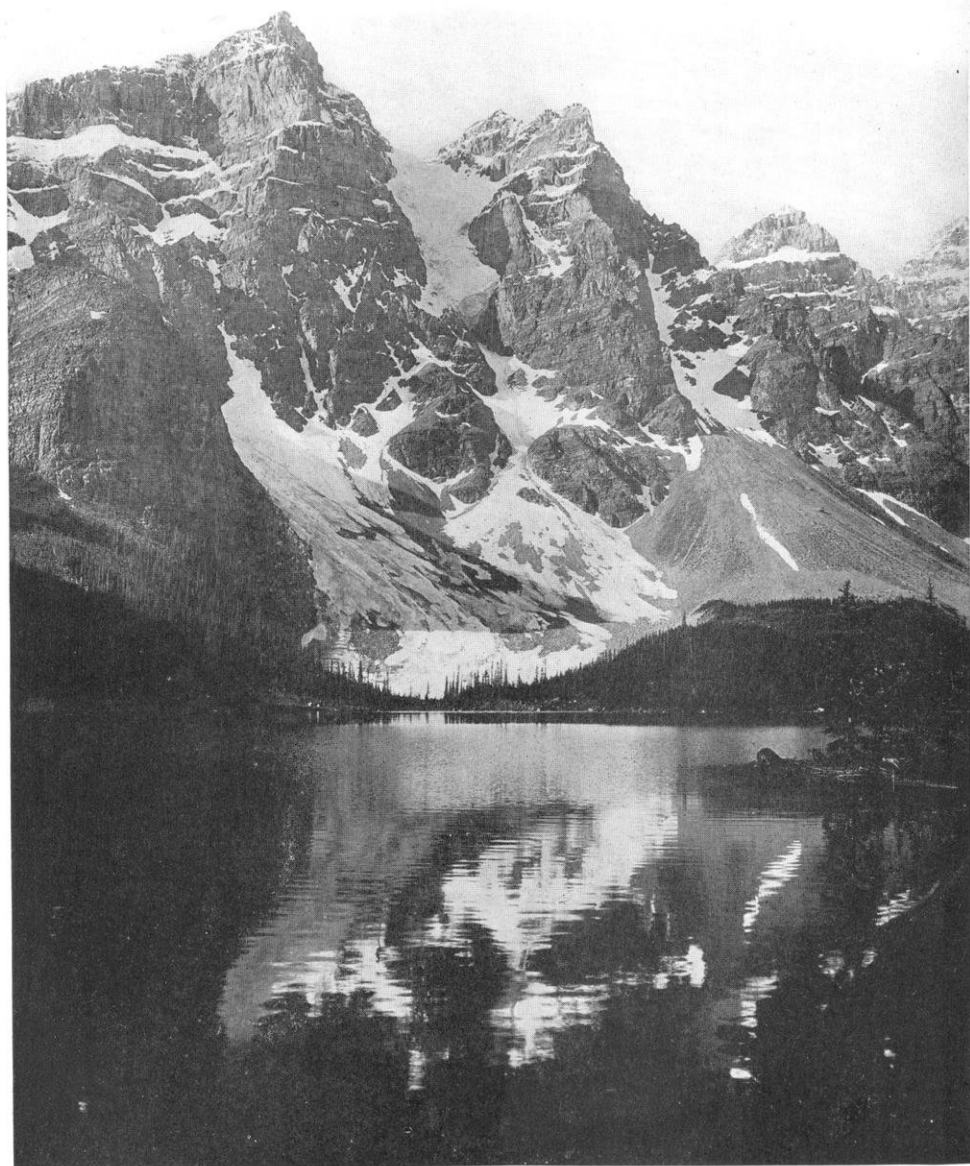
High up are emerald green lakes that defy the palette, some at the very foot of glaciers and bearing gleaming icebergs on their placid bosoms; some lower down, set in warm green meadows with spruce-green backing; some washing the base of cheerless granite heights, black and barren. And everywhere are flowers and ripe luscious wild strawberries,—all in September and October. Spring is always here, except when winter is: spring grasses and blossoms follow the retreating snowfields right up the mountains, and highest of all, blooming and living its brief life in evident happiness, is the forget-me-not, rooted in the ice-cold moisture not a yard from the snow's edge. Then, just in the height of its beauty comes a blanket of new snow to cover it for seven or eight months' rest. It is the sign. It drives the grizzly and the hoary marmot to their dens; it drives the big-horn and goat to their spruce shelters; it drives the mule deer and white man to the lowlands, and mountains and glaciers are supreme.



*See page 311.*

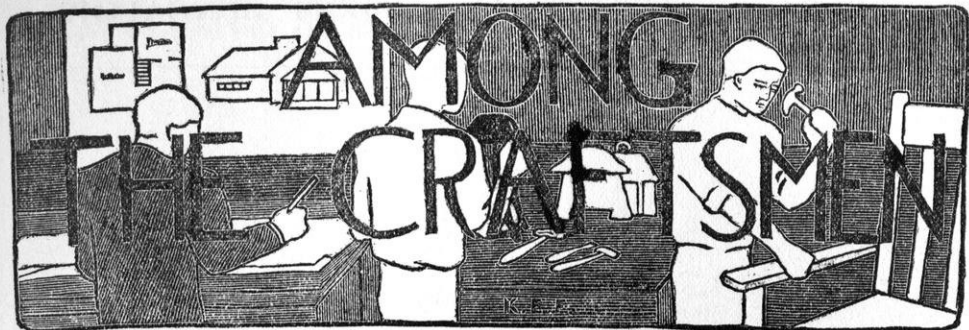
GIANT'S STEPS, PARADISE VALLEY,  
IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.





*See page 311.*

MORANNE LAKE, VALLEY OF THE TEN  
PEAKS, IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.



## INEXPENSIVE CEMENT CONSTRUCTION FOR SUMMERTIME AND WEEK-END COTTAGES THAT THE OWNER MAY ERECT FOR HIMSELF

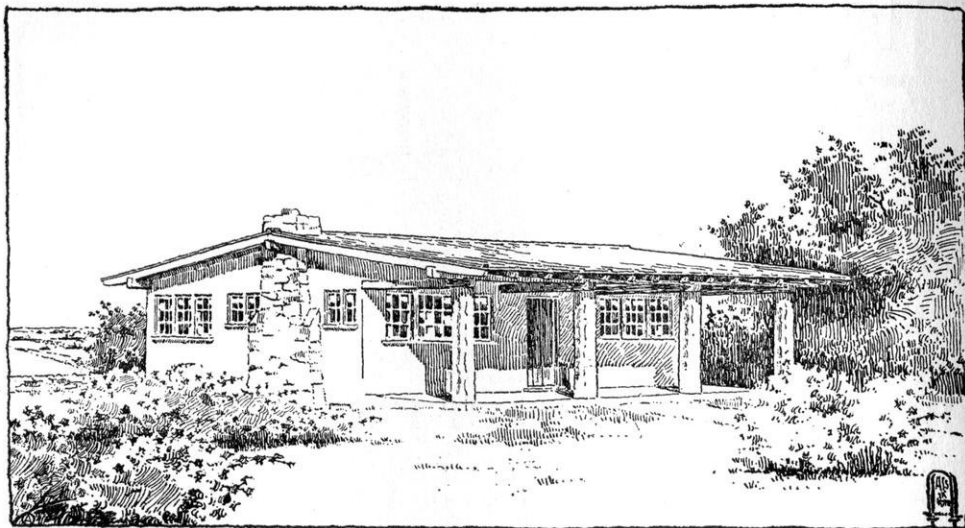
**I**T has been our idea in designing these two houses to enable those members of the Home Builders' Club, who desire an inexpensive summer cottage to build one for themselves if necessary. Many people have put up summer shacks for themselves, and too often, for the lack of a little guidance and advice, the result has not justified the labor or even the slight expense. Believing that a word of advice is sufficient to the earnest amateur builder, *THE CRAFTSMAN* for this month contains the plans and detailed working drawings for two bungalows for summer use, which, although so simple in construction that one man could build them, will be, when done, well planned, serviceable and attractive little houses. With these plans we are publishing a complete mill bill; the prices in various communities may differ slightly on the different items; but that, of course, is to be expected. For example, if there is plenty of stone upon a building site, the cost of the field stone used in the chimney will be less, and in like manner if the country about is wooded the price of the logs that support the porch roof will be reduced, or the builder may even procure them for himself.

The first bungalow, walls and partitions, is built of cement mortar upon truss metal lath. Cement mortar is a mixture of sand, three parts, and cement,

one part, which may be purchased already prepared, and this is also used in laying the brick and stone. Truss metal lath is an openwork metal sheathing that comes in pieces 90 x 28 inches square. The roof is covered with a composition roofing to be had in three colors: red, green and slate color. The porch supports are of logs, which, if they are of cedar, may be left untouched, but if they are of chestnut, oak or of any other wood that has a smooth surface when barked, they should be hewn, as this gives them a more rugged appearance and at the same time corrects the impression that they were left in that condition to save trouble, for the smooth log is not especially attractive.

The girders of the house are supported upon brick piers, a less expensive support than a stone foundation. The foundation of the chimney runs to the depth of the piers, as also does the cinder bed that forms the basis for the concrete floor of the porch. This porch floor is slightly slanted so that it will drain easily and is made of a concrete mixture which consists of one part of cement, three parts of sand and six parts of crushed stone. The chimney should be built at the same time as the framework of the house. The studs for the partitions are erected simultaneously with the studs for the outside walls, as they are, for the most part, bearing

## INEXPENSIVE CRAFTSMAN CEMENT BUNGALOWS



ONE-STORY BUNGALOW, BUILT OF CEMENT MORTAR OVER TRUSS METAL LATHS.

partitions. All the structural beams, with the exceptions of the girders and joists, are smoothed, stained and oiled before they are put into the building to prevent the cement from staining them.

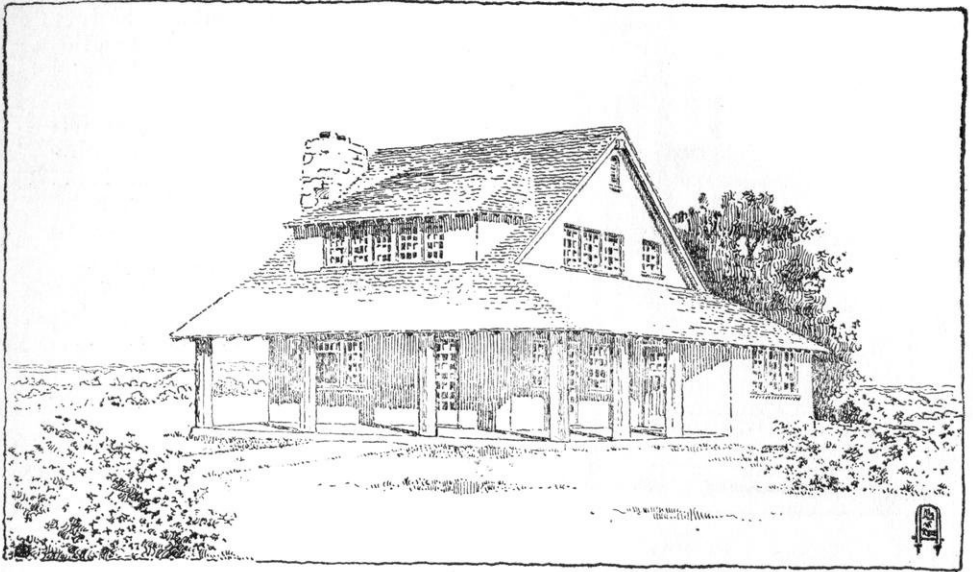
When the skeleton of a house is up the metal lath is nailed with large nails to the outside of the studs so that it forms a continuous sheet from the rafters to below the grade level. In the same way it is nailed to the studs of the partitions, care being taken that the living room partitions show the studs as do the outside walls of that room. At the chimney the ends of the lath are fastened to the stone work with wedges. When this has been done a coat of the prepared cement mortar, an inch in thickness, is applied to the inside of the lath between the studs, and allowed to set for two days. A second coat, also an inch thick, is then laid on the outside surface of the laths as far down as the lower edge of the girders, and the piers are also covered with cement. This leaves strips of the metal, six inches wide, between the piers filling up the open space between the ground and the floor so that nothing can get beneath the house. This metal may be painted to match the color chosen for the

roof and it has the appearance of a latticed foundation.

The rafters are sheathed with V-jointed boards, dressed, and finished on the under side. These boards make the only ceiling to the house. Above the sheathing is laid the roofing, the strips running at right angles to the ridge pole. The junctures of the strips are made water tight with cement and the edges are battened down over the verge boards with two-inch wooden strips. At the ends of the rafters the roofing is turned over the sheathing and firmly tacked in place with big headed nails. The house is now practically finished both inside and out. Within, all the structural beams are left exposed. These are smoothed, oiled and stained, and nothing more needs to be done with them. The doors and windows must be hung and there is some little sheathing of closets, but otherwise the house is complete and ready for occupancy.

In the section drawing we see the end of the kitchen and of the living room, with the big chimney which contains also the flue of the kitchen range. The shelf on the chimneypiece is simply a thick

# INEXPENSIVE CRAFTSMAN CEMENT BUNGALOWS

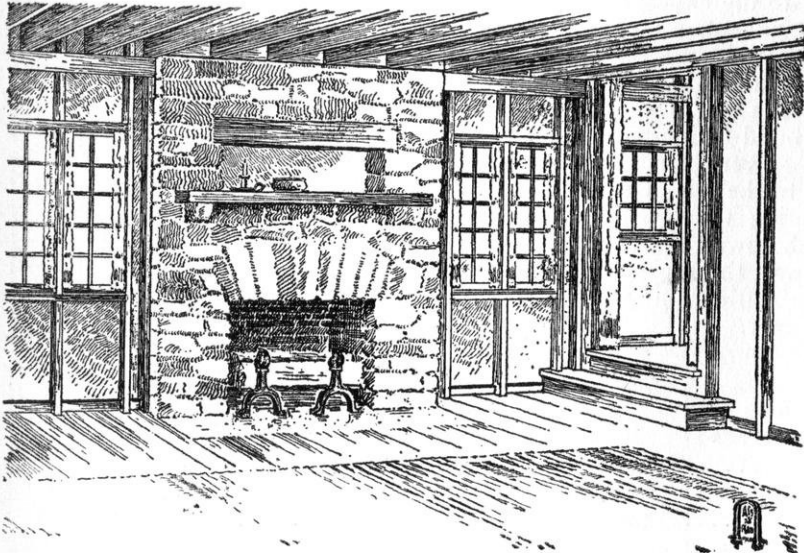


TWO-STORY CEMENT BUNGALOW.

board smoothed, stained and oiled, supported by stone corbels. Referring to the floor plan, the house is seen to contain, besides these two rooms, two bedrooms, a bathroom and many convenient closets.

The second house is more elaborate in

design, but the same construction is used. An interior view is given of the living room and this will also furnish a general impression of the appearance of the living room in the bungalow, inasmuch as



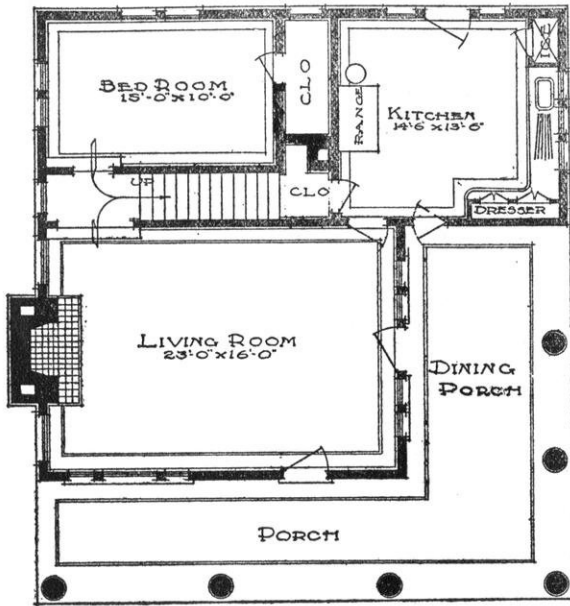
FIREPLACE IN THE LIVING ROOM OF TWO-STORY BUNGALOW.

the main structural beams are the same. Indeed, all the woodwork in the living room, with the exception of the baseboard, is simply the necessary structural beams. The stairs lead up from the right, a curtain is hung to shield those about the hearth from any draught that may come from the upstairs rooms.

Both houses are intended ex-



# INEXPENSIVE CRAFTSMAN CEMENT BUNGALOWS



FIRST FLOOR PLAN FOR TWO-STORY BUNGALOW.

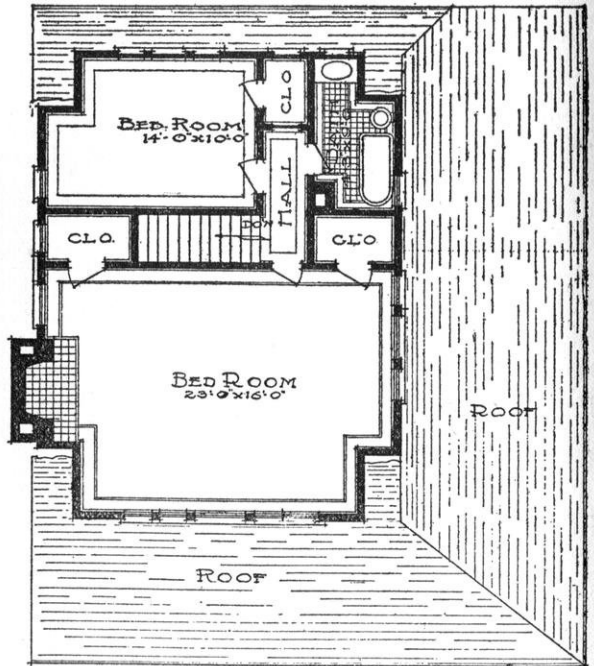
clusively for summer use. Either of them could be built with an inside wall which would fit them also for winter, but this, of course, would add greatly to the expense. One of the chief advantages of the construction of these houses is that when the house is closed for the winter there is no place in which mice could build their nests or mildew collect. Every part of the house is open to the air. Returning in the spring the owner needs only to brush down the cobwebs and wipe away the dust to find himself quite settled and at home for the summer.

## COST OF MATERIAL.

### Foundations:

- Stone—For footings and chimneys, 14 perches at \$1.25 a perch.....\$17.50
- Brick—For piers, 1,500 at \$0.95 M. .... 14.25
- For fireplace, 400 at \$0.4 per brick..... 16.00
- Girders (6x8) 192 feet at

- \$0.20 per running foot... 38.40
- Eight 12-foot lengths, eight 10-foot lengths and two 8-foot lengths.
- Floor joists—(2x6) 712 feet at \$0.03¼ per running foot ..... 23.14
- Sixteen 16-foot lengths, thirty-eight 12-foot lengths.
- Flooring—¾" yellow pine, 960 sq. ft. at \$0.03½ per sq. foot ..... 33.60
- Uprights—(2x4) 1,222 feet at \$0.02¼ per running foot.. 26.48
- Uprights—(4x4) 246 feet at \$0.04½ per running foot. 10.66
- Nineteen 10-foot lengths, four 8-foot lengths, two 12-foot lengths.
- Roof rafters—(2x6) 2' 0" on centers, 1,212 feet at \$0.03¼ per running foot. 39.39
- Twenty-one twenty-foot



SECOND FLOOR PLAN FOR TWO-STORY BUNGALOW.



## CALIFORNIA DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE

<p>lengths, twenty - one 24 - foot lengths, and the beams eighteen 16-foot lengths.</p> <p>Purlin—(4x6) Over porch columns 36 feet at \$.07 per running foot ..... 2.50</p> <p>Headers—(2x4) Over windows and doors 50 feet at \$.02½ per running foot ..... 1.08</p> <p>Sheathing—¾" thick, 1,600 sq. ft. at \$.02¾ per sq. foot..... 44.00</p> <p>Wood Strips—For finishing purposes (1x2) 500 feet at \$.00½ per running foot..... 2.50</p> <p>Doors—300 sq. ft. matched and V-jointed 10" at \$.03½ per sq. foot ..... 10.50</p> <p>Truss Metal Lath—1,500 sq. ft. at \$.04 per sq. foot..... 60.00</p> <p>Portland Cement Mortar—Sixteen tons at \$4.85 per ton..... 77.60</p>	<p>To be used on all metal lath, brick piers and chimney.</p> <p>Porch Floor—256 sq. ft. of concrete mixture at \$.07½ per sq. ft.; concrete 6" thick, 1½ bbls. of cement used ..... 19.20</p> <p>Ruberoid—1,600 sq. ft. at \$.03½ per sq. foot..... 56.00</p> <p>Sash—22 sash at \$2.50 per piece with lights ..... 55.00</p> <p>Flue Lining—7 ft. 13"x13" at \$.35 a foot ..... 2.45</p> <p>Flue Lining—10 ft. 7"x13" at \$.30 ..... 2.70</p> <p>Porch Columns—Four at \$1.50.... 6.00</p> <p>Cinders—Cost of carting 12 loads of 2 cu. yds. each..... 12.00</p> <p>Nails ..... 7.15</p> <p>Sheathing for Closets—260 sq. ft. at \$.02¾ per sq. foot..... 6.55</p> <hr style="width: 10%; margin-left: auto; margin-right: 0;"/> <p style="text-align: right;">Total \$584.65</p>
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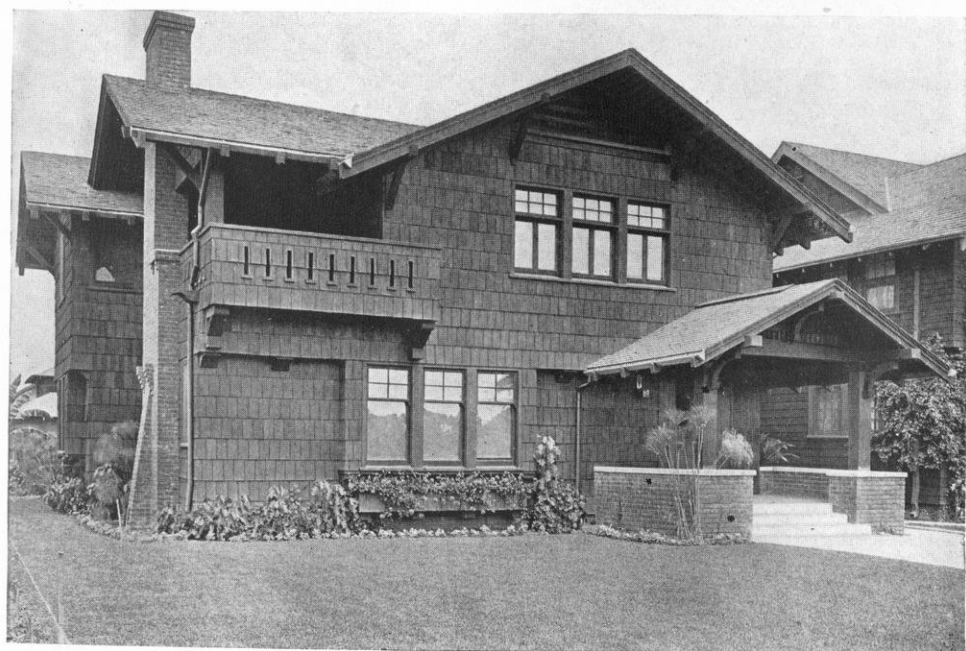
## INTERESTING EXAMPLES OF DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE FROM CALIFORNIA CITIES

**C**ALIFORNIA, perhaps more than any other State in the union, has contributed to the building up of modern American domestic architecture. There seems to be no particular type of house especially favored among the Californians, but each building shows a new and original design that renders it distinct from all the others. The work of each separate architect also shows a fund of invention and a never-failing originality which utterly precludes the possibility of spotting as his, the several houses that he may have built in a neighborhood. The mild climate, of course, fosters variety of styles, but the freedom with which the various building materials are adapted and controlled, argues well for the skill and progressiveness of the Californian builders. Each house in the accompanying illustrations exhibits some original conception of the way in which a material should be used.

The first house shows arched openings

in the porch, an unusual form in shingle construction. The simple variation made by the two irregularly set rows of shingles contributes a seemingly disproportionate amount of interest to the house. With the exception of the cement drive and porch floor, the building is entirely of shingles; even the window-box beneath the casement is built of this material. The dormers, emerging so precisely and yet in such interesting proportions from the main roof, add a certain piquancy of expression, if one may be permitted to use such a phrase in regard to architecture. The slight irregularity of the coping along the top of the porch, which forms a balcony for the second story, is a subtle but very important addition to the general design. The interest of the house depends chiefly upon these apparently slight variations.

The second house is also of shingles and slightly suggests Swiss architecture. The structural timbers of the house are, perhaps, a little too heavy to be quite con-



A CALIFORNIA HOUSE ENTIRELY OF SHINGLES, WITH INTERESTING VARIATION IN THE USE OF THE MATERIAL.

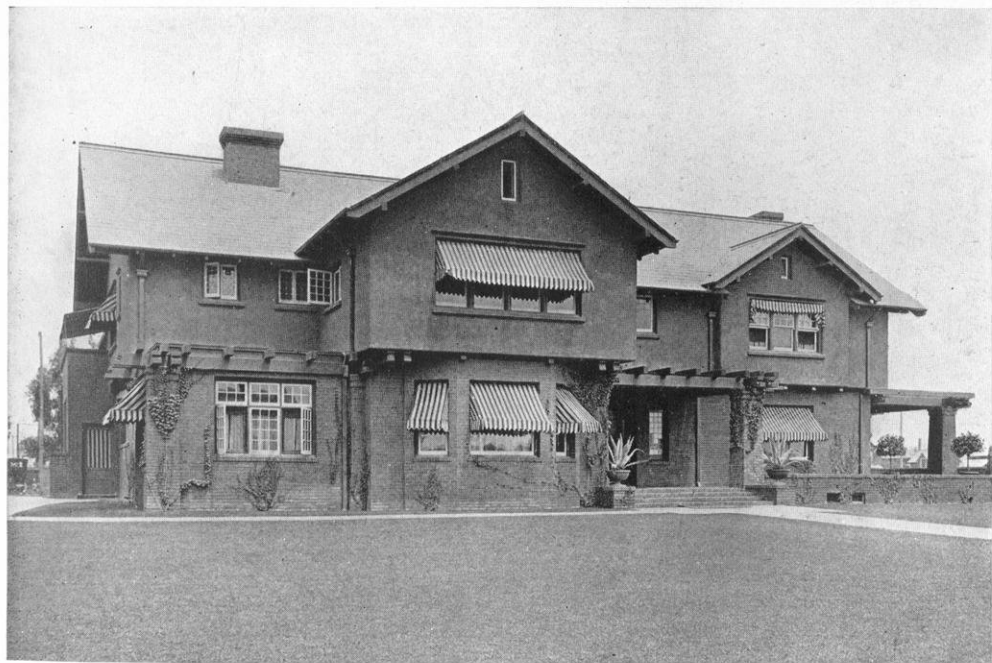
A SHINGLE HOUSE WITH SLIGHT SUGGESTION OF SWISS ARCHITECTURE IN DESIGN.





AN ATTRACTIVE USE OF SHINGLES AND CEMENT  
IN A LARGE HOUSE ON THE CALIFORNIA COAST.

A HOUSE OF EXCEPTIONAL BEAUTY OF DESIGN, THE  
CEMENT FOUNDATION USED WITH MASSIVE EFFECT,  
YET KEPT IN HARMONY WITH THE SHINGLES.



A HOUSE MODELED NOTICEABLY AFTER SWISS ARCHITECTURE: WHILE THE STRUCTURAL EFFECT IS EXCELLENT, THERE IS A SUGGESTION OF FUSSINESS IN THE ORNAMENTATION.

AN HARMONIOUS COMBINATION OF BRICK AND CEMENT: THE FINISH OF WOOD IS BOTH SIMPLE AND DECORATIVE.



A HOUSE ENTIRELY OF CEMENT: THE TRIMMING AND SUPPORTS OF WOOD ARE USED WITH DECORATIVE INTENT.

CALIFORNIA CEMENT HOUSE IN MISSION STYLE: THE METHOD OF USING STONE FOR GARDEN WALLS IS INTERESTING.

## CALIFORNIA DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE

vincing, but the way in which the spaces are broken up is very interesting. The deep balcony with its oblong piercings has a mysterious and romantic suggestion, and the projection of the wing behind the chimney, making a little garden nook between the two, is attractive and interesting. The chimney is excellent in design, but brick seems too light a material for a structural feature so essentially heavy as a buttress.

In the third house cement is combined with shingles and in a very unusual and interesting fashion. Here again the house depends upon minor structural features for its originality and beauty. The two gables, suggesting twin towers, although the walls are interestingly broken with windows, still owe a large part of their charm to the decorative waterspout which trains the angle between their roofs. The pergola construction at the left shows a pleasing variation from the usual pergola porch. Its pillars rest upon a narrow foundation and it is protected by a wooden lattice over which the vines are trained, with an arched doorway outlined, as it were.

The attractive use of shingles and cement is found in the more compact building which follows. The balcony, projecting beyond the cement posts that mark the entrance, is a very effective feature and excellent in design within itself; it is hung, as it were, between the two posts and supported from below by wooden brackets. The projection of the third story with its supporting beams is a feature borrowed from the early New England architecture. The graceful slope of the porch roof and the free sweep of it about the house, is worthy of attention. Indeed, this house, although simple, reveals upon investigation exceptional beauty of design.

There is something about Swiss architecture which makes it unsuited for any except its native country. Although the next house, modeled noticeably after the Swiss architecture, is beautiful in proportion and has many excellent features of design, it seems somehow unrelated to the spirit of American architecture. The fussiness and intricacy of the decoration are

quite opposed to the nature of American people. The window-box at the left is most attractive in its placing and construction, and the little lantern suspended above the balcony has a delightful suggestion about it. The windows are noticeably well shaped and spaced.

The house of cement and brick is more ordinary in its general design, but has a very homelike and attractive exterior. Here also the windows are exceedingly well managed, particularly the little group of casements with stationary panels at the top.

The seventh house, built entirely of cement save for the trimmings and supports, which are of wood, is not in itself of great beauty or interest, but the skilful training of the two graceful wistaria vines gives it an exceptional charm. The house is embowered with shifting color and soft foliage, behind which its plain and solid construction becomes hardly more than a gigantic trellis. The three arches of the lower story are especially effective seen through the screen of vines.

The last house is of the Mission type of architecture prevalent in southern California, and peculiarly suited to the country. The charm of its flat roofs and broad, wide openings is never so fully appreciated as in the environment where, here and there, the prototype of this style is still found in the old adobe Missions of the Spanish-Californian days. The use of the stone walls edging the gardens is a new and interesting feature in the West, and is especially well managed in this particular case.

In looking through the illustrations one cannot help being impressed by the unlikeness that exists between the different buildings, and yet the houses all belong to about the same level of architecture, as to price, size and elaborateness. It is not alone the natural and obvious difference of building material or of design, but the spirit of each house that is unlike; each seems to have sprung from a separate set of ideals and to be designed with the especial needs of some particular family in mind.



## NEED FOR A PUBLIC BOARD OF ARCHITECTURE

It is this individuality of homes that makes some towns impress a stranger, traversing their streets, so favorably. He passes house after house, all of them so different that he instinctively associates with them the personalities, the lives of the families that occupy them, and seeing but the exteriors of the houses, receives a sense of intimacy with the people of the town.

One hears much of the unfriendliness of

the city, and truly there is nothing quite so oppressive and coldly repulsing as the monotonous front of a city block. It neither reveals nor hides, but simply presents its characterless, expressionless face, blank as the face of a gambler, like a barrier between the passerby and the lives behind it. Not so with these friendly California houses, each one truly a home radiating the individuality of its owner.

## NEED FOR A PUBLIC BOARD OF ARCHITECTURE

**M**ANY a town has been turned into a patchwork of ill-assorted buildings only because the most public and necessary form of art is commonly treated as a matter for private speculation and for individual taste and fancy. It is true that architects are not entirely free, but have to work in accordance with certain by-laws and civic customs. Still, that is not the question at issue here. Whatever the restraints under which architecture is now carried on, the results are bad far more often than they are moderately good. No town building, therefore, ought to be put up until the designs have been approved by a Board of Architecture, maintained by the public and responsible to the public, this act of approving to consider the designs in relation to their site and surroundings.

A right thing in a wrong place means confusion; and when a street in its architecture tries to babble in a score of different languages, many right things may be found in the wrong places, so the confusion may be, and frequently is, unlimited. And this brings in the last point that concerns us all in the relation of architects with their clients. There are two kinds of client, one public, the other private. Out of town, no doubt, the private client is often a friend to the best work that architects now do; but the client whom they need in town is the citizen

spirit, a public opinion alert and proud, watchful and educated. "Do not think," says Ruskin, "that you can have good architecture merely by paying for it. It is not by subscribing liberally for a large building once in forty years that you can call up architects and inspiration. It is only by active and sympathetic attention to the domestic and everyday work for each of you, that you can educate either yourselves to the feeling, or your builders to the doing, of what is truly great. . . . It does not matter how many public buildings you possess, if they are not supported by, and in harmony with, the private houses of the town;" and hence it is chiefly by popular efforts that cities must be adorned.

Anything, then, which has a tendency to fix public attention on the nation's architecture is a thing to be welcomed; and so I have ventured to speak with frankness on many questions over which writers glide nervously lest they should give offense to their architect friends. They forget that an architect counts for nothing at all as compared with the influence of his profession on a nation's public and private life. To be good he must be excellent; and excellence in all art is a wise and brilliant use of traditions *plus* something personal and something new and great in human emotion.—(From "The English House." by W. Shaw Sparrow.)



*Greene & Greene, Architects.*  
*See page 329.*

A BUNGALOW BUILT IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE SIERRA MADRES: THE FOUNDATION AND CHIMNEY ARE OF FIELD STONE, THE TIMBERS ARE UNDRESSED OREGON PINE.



THE CHIMNEY OF THE BUNGALOW BUILT BY GREENE & GREENE HAS AN ESPECIALLY PICTURESQUE BEAUTY. IT SEEMS TO SPRING FROM THE GROUND, YET IS AN INHERENT PART OF THE ARCHITECTURE.

## A MOUNTAIN BUNGALOW WHOSE APPEARANCE OF CRUDE CONSTRUCTION IS THE RESULT OF SKILFUL DESIGN

GREENE and Greene, who are responsible for so much of the interesting domestic architecture of the Pacific coast, are also the architects of this unusual bungalow built in the foothills of the Sierra Madres. These hills form some of the most beautiful scenery of southern California; they are low and sharply defined, swinging up from the rich valleys where the cities and towns are built; their heights are perpetually wound about with scarfs of rose and purple mist, below which emerge the forests of cypress, cedar and redwood, stretching a mantle of ruddy brown foliage down to the very edges of the peaceful olive orchards that cover the low slopes of the hills with their shimmering gray-green crowns. The coloring is intense but not brilliant; the landscape is deep and restful, rugged with frequent masses of richly-toned stone.

The architects, as nearly as it is possible, have reflected the general character of the landscape in the bungalow that they have designed. It is, as the picture shows, low and rambling, the roof low-pitched, with broadly projecting eaves. The foundations and chimneys are of the rough stone; the timbers are all of Oregon pine left rough and undressed, and wherever it is possible in the construction they are left exposed. The siding is of broad boards set upright with the cracks battened down with two-inch straps. The color blends with the ruddy brown of the hills, and the stonework is repeated by the big boulders that are scattered here and there over the property.

One of the chief charms of the house is its roughness; it gives the impression of being a haphazard construction carelessly built to serve as a mountain shelter for vagrant travelers. The native stone that is used in the construction is left quite rough and its arrangement appears to be governed by chance. The chimney, for example, shown in the second illustration, seems hardly more than a great heap of

rock, so gradually does it narrow above the unusually broad base. The broad gaps between the stones at the bottom are filled in with the tendrils of an ivy vine which is planted at its base, and in the autumn the red of the foliage, massed irregularly against the gray-brown rock and the deeper toned house form a startlingly beautiful bit of natural decoration.

The bungalow is designed so that it makes a shallow patio or court surrounded on three sides. This space, shaded by the house, is converted into a miniature flower garden, where rustic seats are placed and hammocks swing. The bungalow contains six rooms, two sleeping rooms, besides a living room, den, dining room and kitchen, and all save the kitchen open upon the patio by wide doors set with glass panes above a short panel of wood.

The interior of the house has the same rough character as the exterior. The walls, and the ceiling, following the shape of the roof, are of the same broad boards of Oregon pine, battened at their junctures, but they are more smoothly finished than upon the outside of the house, as also are the timbers and the tie beams. The whole is given the dark stain of weathered oak.

All the furniture possible, such as bookcases, seats, writing desks, the sideboard and so forth, are built into the house, and the use of the broad boards and battens is most effective in the cabinet work. The rest of the furniture has been made especially to match the woodwork. The pieces are heavy and designed after a most simple and primitive model. The rails and posts of the chairs and settles are straight pieces of board, the posts four by four, and the rails nearly two inches thick. All the rails are notched into their supports, the ends projecting beyond and held in place by wooden pins. This rough construction gives an appearance of great strength and ruggedness which is in keeping with the massive fireplaces that heat



## A CALIFORNIA MOUNTAIN BUNGALOW

the living room and den. These fireplaces are built of field stone, with the same effect of rude construction as the chimney outside; the stones are kept in place by inserting the back parts only into cement, and the effect is of a pile of stones built up about the fire, rather than a carefully constructed chimneypiece. A heavy pine board, five by six inches thick, forms the lintel above the fire opening, which is unusually large and has a capacity for huge logs. Above the lintel another heavy board forms a shelf, the ends extending beyond the massive chimney. On the hearth at either side of the fire opening, two boulders project in a natural way from the rest of the stonework and form two delightful fireside seats.

A house of such unusual design cannot but be interesting in itself, and the fittings which have been chosen for it are entirely in keeping with the exterior. Fabrics of Indian manufacture, with their quaint designs and rich coloring, form the hangings for the rooms, and the house contains many lovely pieces of Indian pottery, and baskets and relics of the earlier Indians.

The American bungalow has, at present, more general interest than any other form of house. Whether its rough and rugged exterior and the primitive features of its construction result from the carefully planned effects of some skilful architect, as in the case of this mountain shelter, or from the crude workmanship of the amateur who, following out the instincts of his forbears, builds his own rambling, one-story shack, the bungalow has more individuality than any other sort of dwelling place.

The reason is, in a way, obvious. It is only slowly that architects are getting away from the idea that life is more than "a round of calls and cues" and understanding that the town home may have just as strong an individuality and freedom in its construction, even if it be of a different sort, as a country house. In the bungalow, which is admittedly the shelter of an informal and untrammelled mode of living, the builders have, so to speak, let themselves go, unleashed their fancy, and, restrained only to meet the actual needs of life, have produced a variety of charming and individual structures, ranging from small, week-end houses to two-story buildings for all year use, under the name of bungalow.

And modern Americans are getting farther away, every day, from the formal, prescribed methods of conducting their households and their lives, and consequently are approaching simplicity and spontaneity even in their town life. The former artificiality of living was reflected in the artificiality and formality of the house, inside and out, and even after it began to disappear in practical living, custom made us retain the spirit of it in our architecture. Following the lead of a few clear-sighted builders who saw this gradual change of conditions, the town houses recently built, although showing a solidity and reserve consistent with their surroundings, yet exhibit more character and interest than ever before. It is not too much to say that this period of architecture has responded generously to the influence of the simple, informal bungalow.



## EXPERIMENTS IN COLORING CONCRETE: BY PROF. CHARLES E. PELLEW

**S**OME two months ago I was asked by a prominent architect of my acquaintance to examine for him the general subject of coloring concrete for building purposes. My friend is engaged on the problem of constructing a large number of workmen's cottages near the city of New York, and has decided that concrete, when used scientifically as a building material, possesses great advantages over wood, stone or brick, as regards durability, freedom from fire, comfort, and even expense. But the natural color of concrete is not particularly interesting, and, to get satisfactory results from an artistic standpoint, it was evidently necessary to have it colored in one way or another.

The experiments which we have been making on the subject are not yet complete, and, indeed, probably will not be quite finished for some months yet. But the question of coloring concrete is such an interesting one, and promises in the near future to be of such importance, that we have been requested to present the results so far obtained to the readers of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, without waiting for the work to be entirely completed.

The general problem of coloring concrete naturally separates itself into two main divisions, Body Coloring and Surface Coloring. In the first the pigment is incorporated in the body of the concrete before mixing, and forms blocks of even color all through. In Surface Coloring,

on the other hand, the coloring material is applied to the surface of the block, after the concrete has set, and thus forms only a thin film or coating on the outside.

These methods of applying the color each have their special disadvantages, due to the nature of the material. The free lime in the concrete has, when moist, a strong and generally injurious chemical action upon most of the ordinary pigments, and comparatively few coloring matters are able to resist it, especially when mixed right in with it. It has at the same time a strong action upon many kinds of organic matter, such as linseed oil, used in paint. Then, too, the compact, but friable surface of concrete makes it difficult to force a stain or paint into the pores far enough to prevent it from being easily brushed or rubbed off.

For our particular problem, as it happened, the question of expense was of vital importance; and this limited us still further in our range of possible pigments. In the matter of first cost it is evident that some form of surface coloring would be cheapest. But, unless great pains are taken to have a thoroughly hard permanent surface for the pigments to adhere to, and to obviate as far as possible the use of linseed oil, the Body Coloring is probably the most satisfactory.

In this paper we propose to sketch, briefly, the various materials that can be used for Body Coloring, and later, to discuss the different methods of Surface

## EXPERIMENTS IN COLORING CONCRETE

Coloring, by stains, paints, etc. Our experiments hitherto have been directed toward the following colors,—brown, red, yellow, buff, black and green, and we shall take them up in that order:

*Brown.*—Some experiments with a vegetable brown made from partially carbonized organic matter, gave results which were unsatisfactory, as the colors were hard and uninteresting. We then made a series of experiments with two mineral dyestuffs, long known and used for staining and coloring textiles, but not, we believe, used hitherto for coloring cement or concrete. These were the orange-brown iron-rust color and the manganese brown.

A. *Iron Rust.*—This color is the same as that known to our ancestors for dyeing homespuns, and is still used for coloring fishing boat sails on the Mediterranean. It is based on the formation in the concrete, of a reddish brown deposit of ferric hydroxide, by the action of the lime of the cement on a soluble salt of iron, like ferric chloride, or ferric sulphate. First we tried ferric chloride as the coloring agent, but we found later that strong solutions of ferric sulphate could be obtained from the chemical manufacturers at a low price, 1.5 to 1.6 cents a pound, far less than any other soluble ferric salt.

Unfortunately, it takes a very large amount, 25 to 30 per cent. (of the weight of concrete) to get at all a decided color with this compound, and this is a serious drawback for our purposes.

B. *Manganese Brown.*—This color is based upon the formation in the concrete of brown manganese hydroxide by the reduction of the salt potassium permanganate. The latter possesses a strong rich purple color, which in the presence of oxidizable material, such as organic matter, turns at once to a full seal brown.

This reaction has been known and used for a long time in the dyeing of textiles, and an interesting application of it was made in England some ten years ago during the Boer War. It was necessary to send to the front all the available troops,

and among others the famous old cavalry regiment, "The Scots Greys," renowned for glorious records at Waterloo and elsewhere, was called out for service in South Africa. Ever since its formation, some two hundred years ago, this regiment has been mounted on white or gray horses, and it was strongly hinted to the War Department that it was foolish to dress the cavalrymen with the utmost care in dull khaki and to carefully paint brown all metal work, from their sword hilts and stirrups down to belt buckles and uniform buttons, and yet to have them ride horses of such a conspicuous color. There was no time to train new mounts for them, so an eminent dyeing chemist was consulted, and he advised sponging over the horses every morning on the voyage down, with a weak solution of permanganate. The results were most satisfactory, and long before they reached the Cape each horse was thoroughly stained a quiet soft brown shade.

In dyeing textiles the organic matter needed for the reaction is taken from the cloth or yarn itself, and care must be taken not to "tender" it in the process. In staining concrete the organic matter must be supplied in the form of glucose or sugar, which in quite small quantities will change the deep purple color of the permanganate into a rich seal brown. To get a full deep color in our experiments we were obliged to use some  $24\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. (by weight of the cement) of permanganate, and about  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of glucose. The price of permanganate is about 8 cents a pound and the glucose can be obtained, in the form of a thick concentrated syrup, at a little less than 3 cents a pound.

*Red.*—The only red colors practically available for Body Coloring are the various forms of red oxide of iron, some of them natural, finely ground hematites from Europe or this country, and others artificial, usually a residue from the distillation of copperas for fuming sulphuric acid.

These colors differ greatly in shade, price and coloring power, and it is impos-

## EXPERIMENTS IN COLORING CONCRETE

sible to cover more than few of the innumerable varieties of red oxide that can be obtained for this purpose. In general, the cheaper colors are either native oxides of rather unsatisfactory shades and low coloring power, or else are more expensive and powerful pigments mixed with a neutral adulterant, like gypsum. As a pigment adds nothing to, and indeed distinctly detracts from, the strength of the concrete, it is evidently best to get the desired shades by small amount of a strong, though high-priced, color, than by using a cheap and weak color in proportionately larger quantities.

After experimenting with twenty or more different colors from various manufacturers the best results were obtained from a red color at 5 cents a pound, from  $7\frac{1}{2}$  to 10 per cent. (of the weight of cement) being needed to give a full shade. The addition of small amounts of permanganate brown, as described above, modifies the bright red color and gives a more pleasing shade, like red terra cotta.

*Yellow.*—For this color the only available pigment is some form of yellow ochre which can be obtained both strong and cheap. The best results that we have had came from the use of a strong bright color, price  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cents, which when used to the extent of 8 per cent. of the cement gave a bright tan color. This yellow can be used for shading the red, but is not so effective for this as the manganese brown.

*Buff.*—The same yellow ochre when mixed with small amounts of the permanganate brown will give various shades of yellowish brown or buff color. Pleasant shades are obtained by using 5 per cent. of yellow ochre and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of permanganate.

*Black.*—In case black shades are desired they can be obtained without difficulty by using some of the carbon or lampblacks, sold by the manufacturers for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cents a pound and upward. For a bluish

shade of black we experimented with some success with a black iron oxide, imported for the use of gas works at  $1\frac{3}{4}$  or 2 cents a pound. Full shades would need some 8 or 10 per cent. of the pigment.

*Green.*—The high price of chromium oxide, the only green mineral pigment, which will stand the action of lime, prevents its use for body coloring. Good qualities of chromium oxide cost from 40 cents a pound upward, and while cheaper grades are in the market, their coloring value is, as a rule, proportionally lower.

In the absence of a strong blue which will stand the action of lime, it is not possible to obtain a good green by modifying the color produced by yellow ochre. Ultramarine blue is indeed fast to lime; but possesses a very low coloring power when mixed with other pigments, while the strong blue, Prussian blue, which is commonly used as a constituent of green paints, is very easily attacked by the cement.

It is sometimes possible, with light colored materials, to obtain pleasant shades of olive green by mixing yellow ochre with black pigments, if the latter have a tendency to bluish black. We made several experiments to see if this was possible with concrete, using both carbon black and the black iron oxide just mentioned for the purpose. Unfortunately, the color of the natural concrete was such that none of these experiments gave any satisfactory results.

It seems probable that for greens we must depend upon some form of surface coloring and not of body coloring; that is, if we are to use ordinary cement, and sand and gravel of the usual brown shade. By using the more expensive white cement, and crushed bluestone of assorted sizes, for sand and gravel, it is probable that pleasing effects can be obtained with the above combination. With the ordinary materials, however, the color was killed.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Professor Pellew has signified his willingness to answer all letters sent to him through THE CRAFTSMAN on the question of coloring concrete. He feels that many questions may arise in the desire for certain variation of color and tone or material, and he places his knowledge at the disposal of the readers of this magazine. Letters should be addressed to Professor Pellew, care of THE CRAFTSMAN, 41 West 34th St., New York.



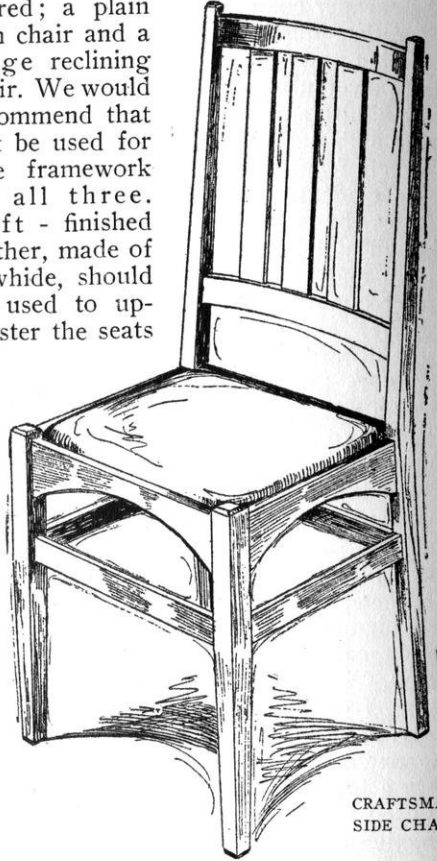
# THREE CRAFTSMAN CHAIRS AND THREE LAMPS GIVEN FOR THE BENEFIT OF HOME CABINETMAKERS

**W**E have been requested by several of our subscribers, who like to make pieces of furniture for their own use, to publish instructions and detail drawings that will enable them to make some of the Craftsman chairs. Also we have received a number of requests for directions and drawings for making the three lamps which we published in this department in the October, 1909, issue of this magazine. Therefore the models we give this month for cabinet work and metal work are in answer to these two inquiries.

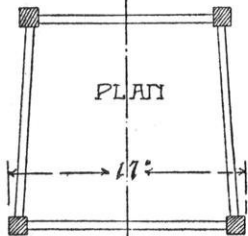
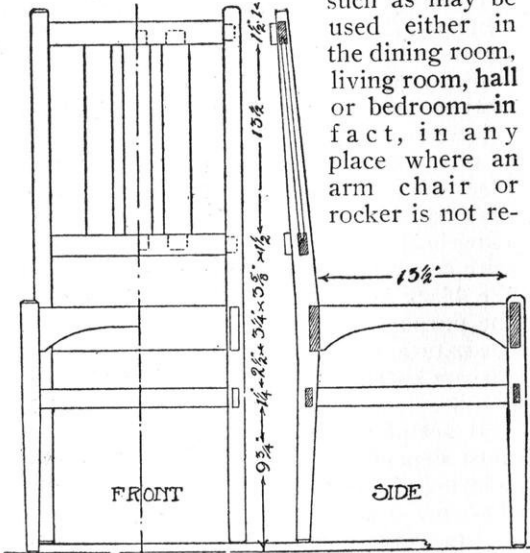
For the furniture we have chosen three chairs of the type that will be most generally useful; an occasional or side chair,

such as may be used either in the dining room, living room, hall or bedroom—in fact, in any place where an arm chair or rocker is not re-

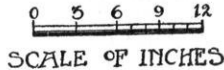
quired; a plain arm chair and a large reclining chair. We would recommend that oak be used for the framework of all three. Soft-finished leather, made of cowhide, should be used to upholster the seats



CRAFTSMAN  
SIDE CHAIR.



DESIGN FOR  
A  
SIDE CHAIR



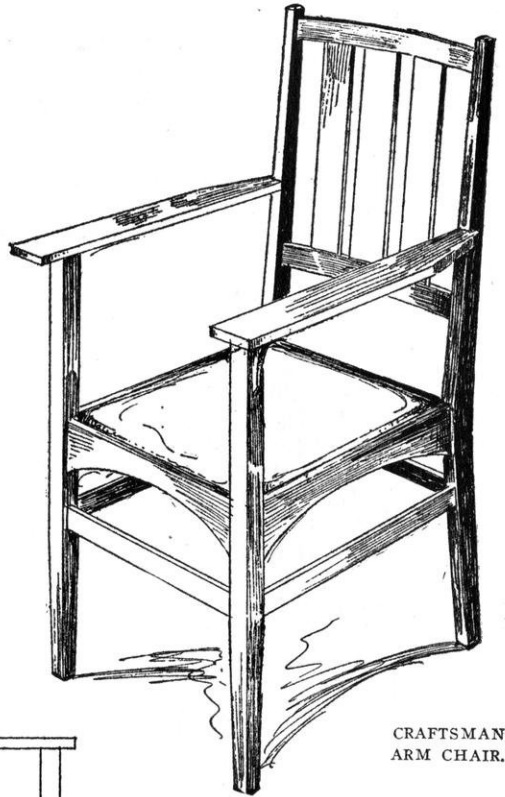
and to cover the large back cushion of the reclining chair. The detail drawings of all three chairs, if carefully studied, will show any worker who has even a little experience in joinery how the wood for the frames is to be cut and shaped.

In shaping the wood for the side chair, the worker will notice that the front posts are tapered slightly from the bottom rail down to the end, because if they were left straight and square the whole piece would be given an effect of clumsiness and crudity very undesirable in a well-made piece of furniture. The greatest care should be given to all the details of the

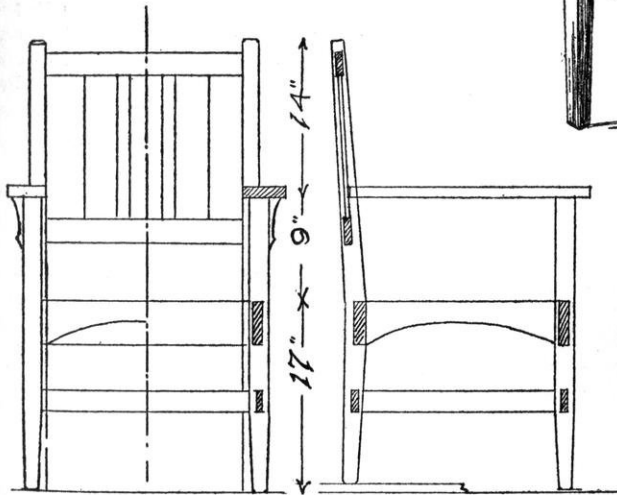
# LESSONS IN CRAFTSMAN CABINET WORK

construction; otherwise the piece is liable to be shaky and to rack apart with use. Therefore all the rails, which are tenoned at the ends so that they fit into the mortises made in the posts, are firmly secured to the posts with dowel pins, or little round pegs of wood which may either be made on the turning lathe by the worker or ordered from some large shop where they are made by machinery. These dowel pins are about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch long and are driven into holes that fit them exactly, in such a way as to pin the tenon firmly to the post. As the pins should be no larger than is absolutely necessary, it is sufficient to have them  $\frac{5}{16}$  of an inch in diameter.

In making a chair of this kind the whole frame should be plumb so that the seat is absolutely level, but as this would make the chair very uncomfortable, the right

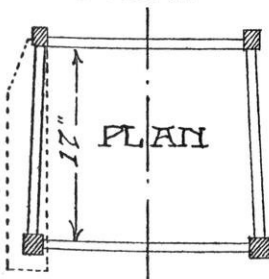


CRAFTSMAN  
ARM CHAIR.



FRONT

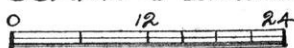
SIDE



PLAN

## DESIGN FOR AN ARM CHAIR

SCALE OF INCHES



slant is given after the piece is complete. This is done by cutting about  $\frac{1}{2}$  or  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch off the bottom of each back post so that the chair is given a very slight tilt backward. This cutting should not be done until after the chair square is finished, because it is much easier to "plumb up" the chair and to make the posts perfectly level than it would be to attempt to cut them off before the frame was put together.

The back rail, which forms part of the seat frame, should be set a little forward so that it is flush with the face of the back posts. The curved side rails are centered in the posts and a small corner block should be screwed

## LESSONS IN CRAFTSMAN CABINET WORK

into each corner to support the inner seat frame. This block, which is hidden when the chair is completed, should be put in so that a space of  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches is left between the top of the block and the top of the seat rails.

The upper and lower rails, which extend between the two back posts and form the back of the chair, are mortised and doweled through. The three upright slats are also mortised into the rails but without the dowel pins, as no great strength is required in this place.

Next comes the making of the inner seat frame, for this chair is made with what is called a slip seat, or a seat that is made and upholstered separately and then slipped inside of the frame of the chair. The seat frame may be made of  $1\frac{1}{3}$  inch x  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch hard wood, with the corners mortised and firmly glued. Care should be taken to make it small enough to allow it to slip into the frame of the chair after

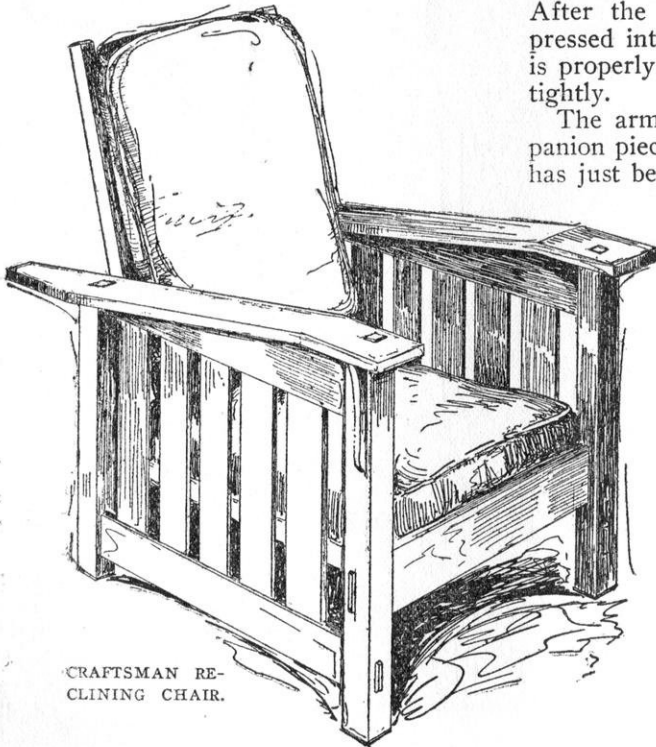
the leather has been drawn over it, but it should fit tightly into the chair when it is finished.

The seat itself is made by tasking a strip of strong webbing, about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide, over the top of this inner frame. These strips are interlaced like basket work so closely that it is almost solid, and when stretched tightly over the frame and tacked firmly to the wood it forms a strong support for the padding above. This padding is made of soft cotton, which is picked apart and laid evenly over the whole surface of the seat, care being taken to leave no hollows and pad the center a little more thickly than the edges.

The leather covering should then be stretched tightly over both padding and frame and tacked firmly on the under side of the frame. Lastly, a square of some thin, cheap material should be tacked neatly over the whole bottom, concealing the webbing and the edges of the leather. After the seat is finished it should be pressed into the chair frame, where, if it is properly made, it will fit smoothly and tightly.

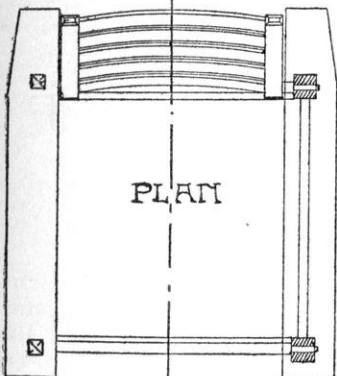
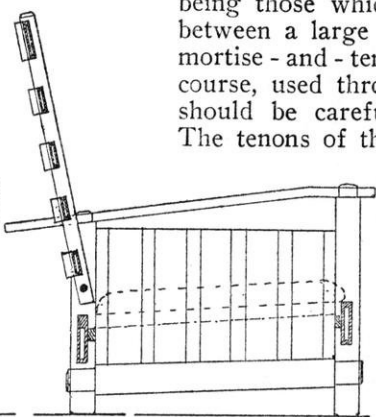
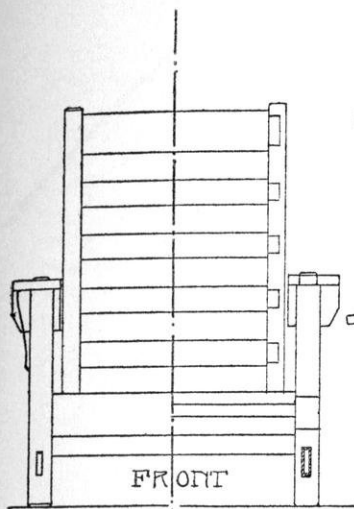
The arm chair is designed for a companion piece to the occasional chair which has just been described, and the construction is precisely the same.

As arm chairs are always made larger in proportion than the side chairs of the same design, the frame is heavier throughout and a stronger seat frame should be used to stretch the leather over, as the larger seat requires that the leather be very tightly stretched to prevent sagging in the middle. In the case of the arm chair the front posts are run up to support the arms, which are pinned to the post with dowel pins. The arm is further strengthened by setting a small bracket just below. This is securely glued into place, and not only gives

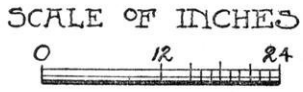


CRAFTSMAN RECLINING CHAIR.

# LESSONS IN CRAFTSMAN CABINET WORK



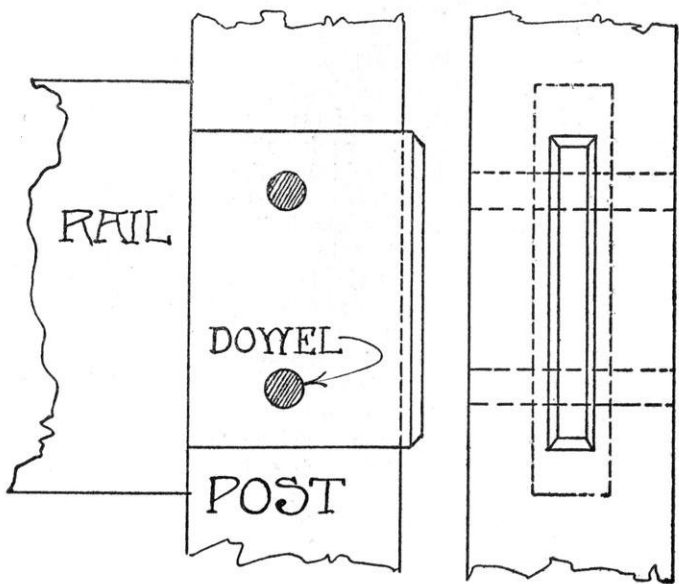
## DESIGN FOR A RECLINING CHAIR



they are essentially the same as those already described, the only differences being those which would naturally exist between a large and a small chair. The mortise-and-tenon construction is, of course, used throughout, and each tenon should be carefully doweled into place. The tenons of the rails pass through the posts and project slightly, so that the manner of putting the piece together is both revealed and emphasized. The tops of the front posts are cut so that on each one a tenon about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches square projects through a mortise in the arm which it supports. All these tenons are to be carefully beveled and smoothly finished, for they are distinctly decorative in effect. As in the case of the arm chair just described, the arms have the additional support

added strength but furnishes a graceful curved line which relieves the severity of the piece.

The framework of the reclining chair is much heavier than that of the arm chair, because a comparatively stationary piece of furniture like a large easy chair permits a certain massiveness that would be undesirable in chairs that are likely to be moved frequently from place to place. The main features of the construction are given in the detail drawing. With the exception of the adjustable back



DETAIL OF FRONT RAIL JOINT

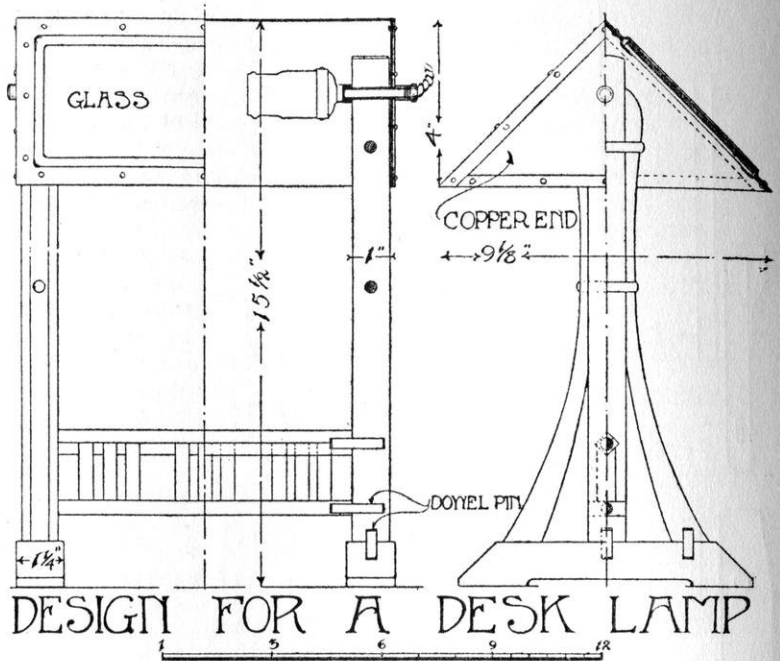


## LESSONS IN CRAFTSMAN METAL WORK

of long, graceful brackets that are set against the outer sides of the two front posts. As the backward tilt of a reclining chair is much more pronounced than in the case of the side chair or the arm chair, the lower side rails of this chair are dropped in the back to the depth of about one inch.

The back, of course, is adjustable and is raised or lowered by means of wooden pins placed in holes bored in the inner edge of the arms.

The back itself is fastened to the framework of the chair by means of pins upon which it swings. This is done by boring a hole through each one of the uprights of the back about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches from the bottom, and boring corresponding holes in the back posts—or legs—of the chair, from the inside. These holes of course do not pierce entirely through the legs, but are sunk sufficiently deep to afford a firm hold for the pins which are driven into them. These pins should fit very tightly into the holes made in the posts and more loosely in the holes made in the uprights of the back, as this allows the back to swing. The easiest way to insure the right adjustment of the pins would be to make the holes in the posts a trifle smaller than those in the uprights of the back. Four holes are then bored into the inside edge of each arm at the back, the last hole being about an inch and a half from the end. These holes should be half an inch in diameter, and two stout wooden pins, each about two inches long, should be made to give the needed support for the

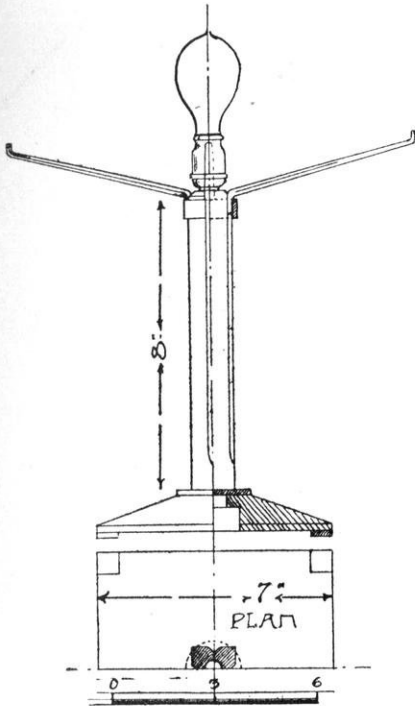


CRAFTSMAN "ROOF LAMP": WORKING DESIGN FOR FIGURE ONE IN THE CRAFTSMAN FOR OCTOBER, 1909.

back. These pins should be square at the outside end where the back rests against them, and much smaller and round like dowel pins where they fit into the holes made in the arm of the chair. The shoulder that is made by the square part of the pin prevents it from slipping.

The seat of this reclining chair is made in very much the same way as the seats of the other two chairs, except that this one is thicker and is furnished with springs. The inner frame of hard wood, about two inches wide and  $\frac{7}{8}$  of an inch thick, is made as already described, and the strips of webbing are stretched over it and interlaced in just the same way. Then twelve springs are sewed to the webbing, care being taken to place them where the strands cross and to stitch them firmly, so that the support afforded will be as strong as possible. Then a strong cord is stretched over the tops of the springs to

## LESSONS IN CRAFTSMAN METAL WORK

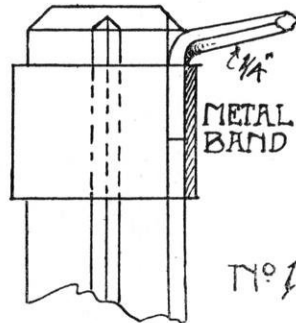


WOODEN LAMP WITH GLASS SHADE  
CORRESPONDING WITH FIGURE TWO IN  
THE CRAFTSMAN FOR OCTOBER, 1909.

hold them in place. This should be drawn down tightly both ways and tied to each spring as it passes over it, making all firm and secure so that no amount of wear will make the springs slip out of place. It is important that care should be exercised in this matter, as it would be very difficult to adjust a spring after the leather is on. After the springs are securely fastened to the webbing a layer of burlap should be stretched over them and tacked to the edge of the frame. This also should be drawn very tightly and sewed to each spring. Then a layer of tow, about one inch in depth, should be laid evenly over the burlap and sewn firmly down to it. Upon the top of this some loose tow should be spread, taking care to leave no humps or hollows, and this again should be covered with a smoothly-packed layer of curled hair about two inches in depth, special

care being taken to build up the edges firmly and evenly. Another layer of burlap is then placed over the hair, and the edges are all stitched so that the hair is kept in place and the edges well filled. Lastly, the leather is stretched over the frame and tacked to it as already described. The seat is now ready to slip into the frame of the chair, where it is held firmly by two cleats screwed to the front and back rails to afford a support for the inner seat frame. The seat of this chair has a drop of about two inches in the back. The back itself is not upholstered, but is made comfortable by a large, loose cushion covered with soft leather or sheepskin and filled with cotton floss.

**T**HE standards of all three of the lamps shown here are made of carefully selected quartered oak, and the construction of each one is shown in the detail drawings. The joints are all carefully

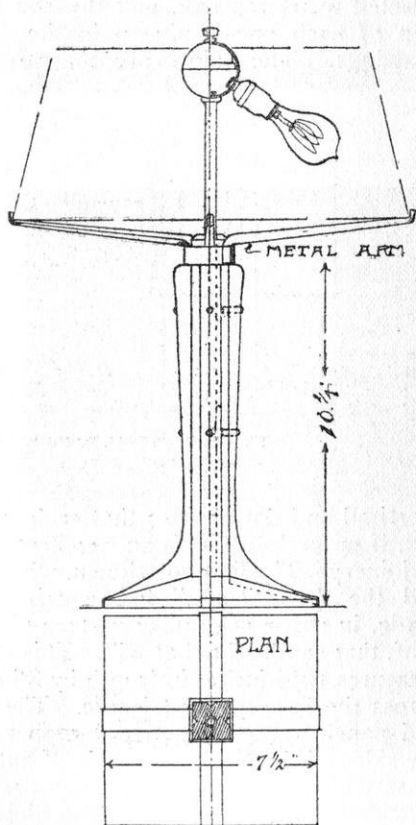


DETAIL OF METAL BAND FOR LAMP  
MARKED FIGURE TWO.

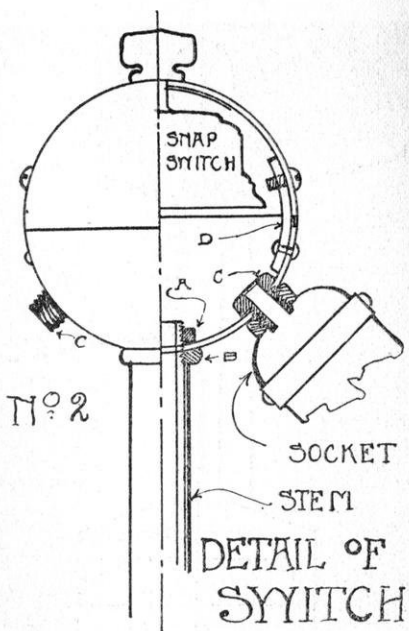
mortised and doweled, so that each standard, if properly made, is an excellent piece of joinery. The first one shown, which we call the "roof lamp," has a triangular shade, in shape not unlike a steep-pitched roof, that can be tilted at will. This shade measures  $10\frac{1}{2}$  inches in length by 8 inches across the base of the triangle. The two end panels are of hammered copper and the sides of the shade are made of antique glass which may be of any color desired, provided it harmonizes with the glowing,

## LESSONS IN CRAFTSMAN METAL WORK

brownish tone of the copper. In order to give a diffused light, these glass sides are lined with white porcelain. If a single sheet of brown paper is slipped between the porcelain and the outer glass, the light that shines through the shade will have a beautiful soft brownish glow, while anyone sitting near the lamp will get a clear white light, that is excellent to read by, reflected from the white porcelain lining. The framework of the shade is made by cutting a piece of No. 20 (Brown and Sharpe gauge) copper to the full size that includes both halves. The openings for the glass are chiseled out and filed inside and out. Then the ridges that hold the glass are hammered up. Flanges about  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an inch wide are left at either end of the side panels, and these flanges are bent over to hold the triangular metal ends

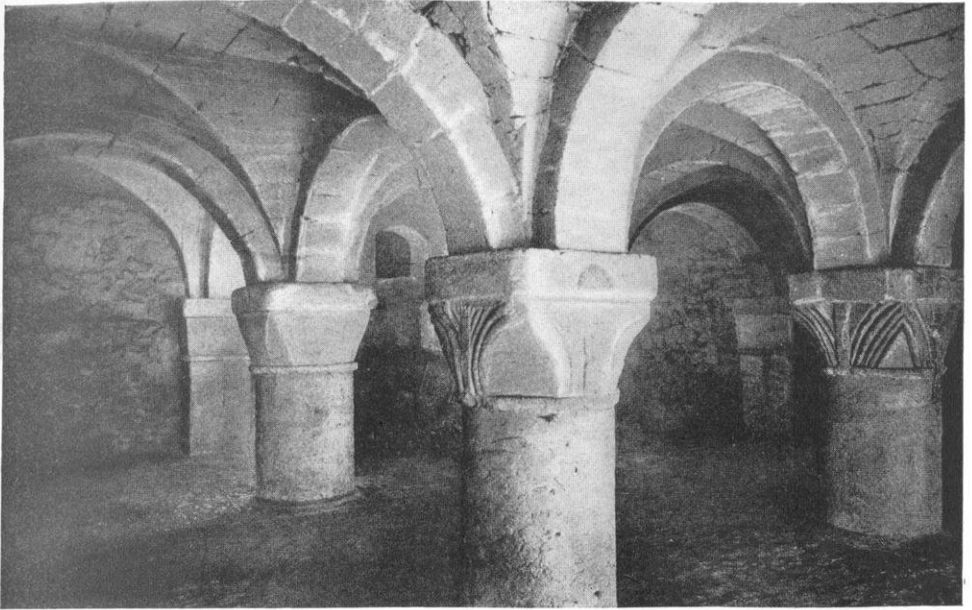


CRAFTSMAN LAMP. (FIGURE THREE).



of the shade, which are slipped under them and riveted fast after the central strip has been bent in the middle at right angles, to form what might be called the ridge pole of the little roof. A strip of copper  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an inch wide is riveted to the bottom of each end to give a finish that corresponds to the flanges above. This makes a triangular border,  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an inch wide, on all three sides.

On the inside of the shade strips of metal are cut and bent to hold the glass, as shown in the detail. At the ends the strips are riveted, but the bottom strip is fastened with screws so that the glass may be removed in case any necessity should arise for changing it. A metal tube passes up from the base through the wood stand and extends through the ends of the shade. The shade is fastened to the stand by a locknut inside, and the outside end of the tube forms a shoulder which rests against the metal end of the shade. A rubber bushing is screwed into the outer end of the tube and serves to insulate the wire. Regulation lamp wire with the standard socket is used for the lights.



OXFORD CHAPEL CRYPT: SHOWING EARLY NORMAN CARVING ON THE CAPITALS.

STAIRCASE OF THE CHURCH OF SAINT-ETIENNE-DU-MONT, PARIS: AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE OF THE TRANSITION OF RENAISSANCE.

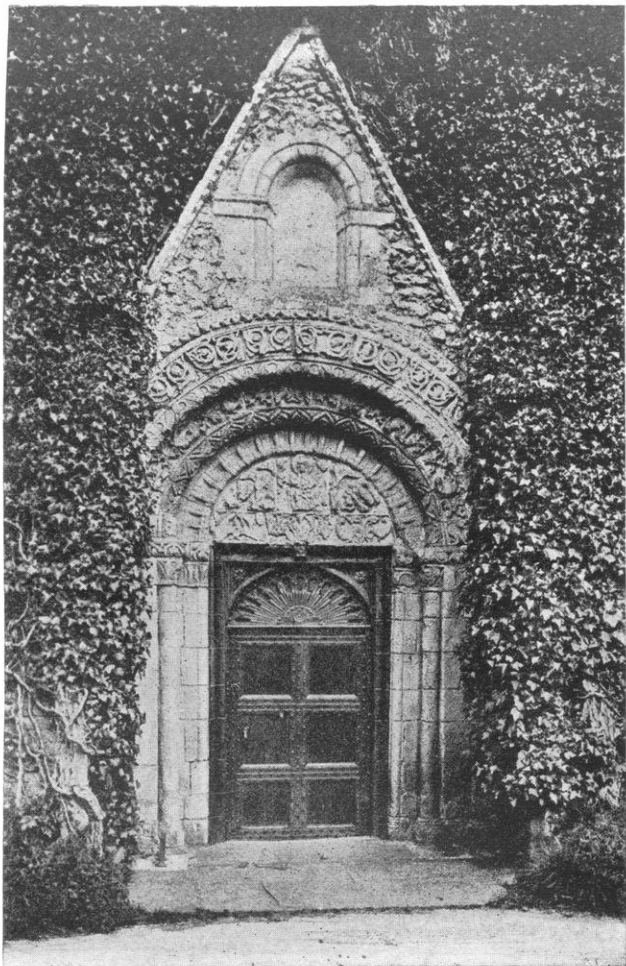




"ENTRANCE TO THE RELIQUARY":  
INTERIOR OF LA SAINTE CHAPELLE,  
PARIS: THIRTEENTH CENTURY.



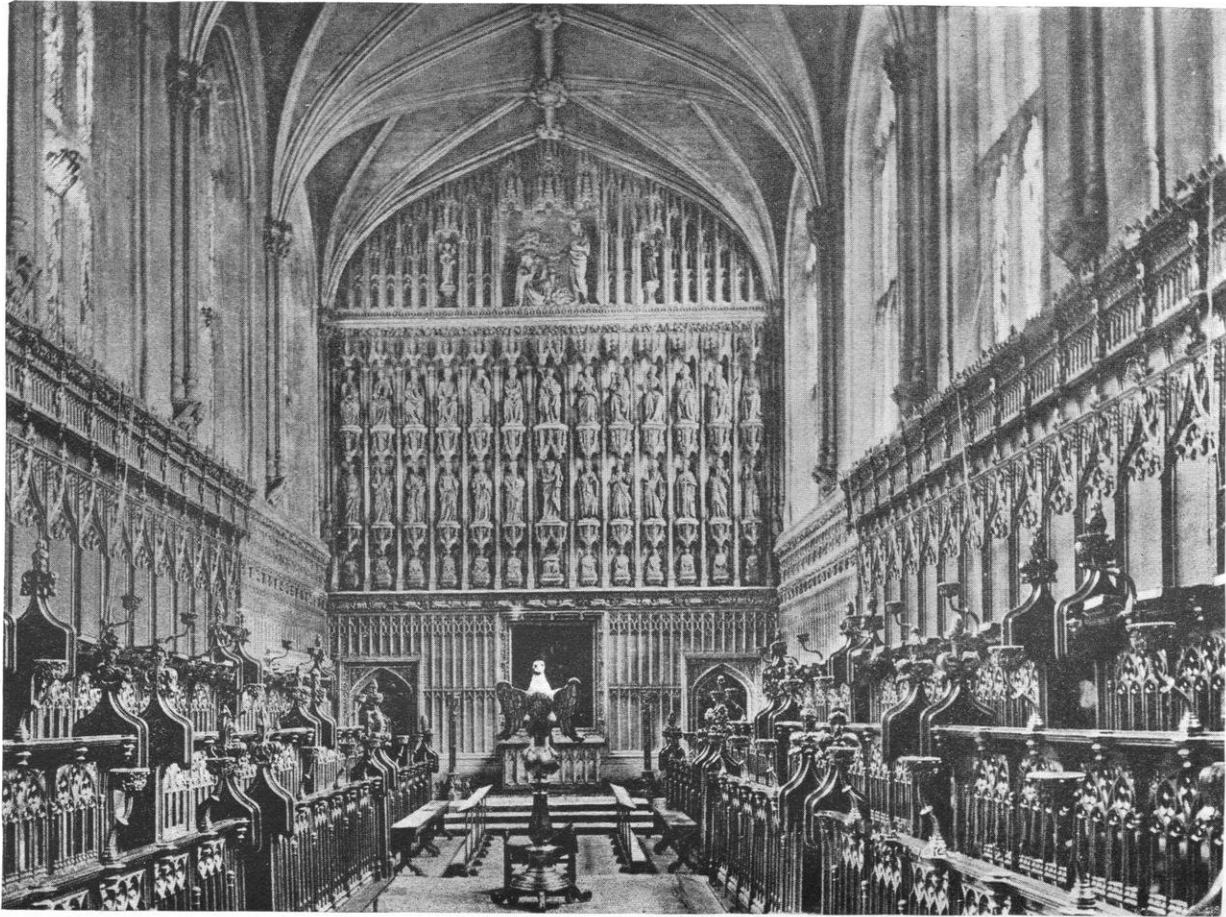
DETAIL OF LOGGIA: "THE CONDEMNATION  
OF ADAM": LA SAINTE CHAPELLE,  
PARIS.



NORMAN DOORWAY OF THE CHURCH OF PATRICKSBOURNE, SHOWING THE TRANSITION TO EARLY GOTHIC.



OLD NORMAN DOORWAY OF THE CHURCH AT IFFLEY, SHOWING THE FRANK AND SIMPLE DECORATIVE IDEAS OF THE PERIOD.



MAGDALEN COLLEGE CHAPEL, OXFORD:  
AN EXPRESSION OF THE DECORATIVE  
FEELING OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

## NATIONAL QUALITY IN CARVING

The second lamp stands upon a plain wooden shaft, banded at the top and bottom with copper and mounted on a square base to which it is firmly mortised. A small iron pipe or tube runs the entire length of the standard to carry the electric wire, and the top of this pipe is threaded so that the socket of the electric lamp may be screwed in. The lower end of the tube is fastened to the base of the lamp with a locknut screwed to the tube, and a small hole is bored in the side of the base to admit the cord. The only pieces of metal work on the standard of this lamp are the copper bands at the top and bottom of the shaft, and four copper supports, tapered down to the ends, which hold the shade. At the base these supports are bent down so that they slip between the copper band and the grooves in the four sides of the post. Detail No. 1 shows the exact construction of the shade holder, which is the same with either a or a sweet grass shade.

The third lamp has a very graceful standard, a beautiful line being given by the curved pieces of wood which are doweled to the four sides of the central shaft and extend to the edges of the square base. This construction is fully explained in the detail drawing. The metal band at the top is used to support the shade holder in the same way as the one already described. The special feature of this lamp is the

electric switch arrangement that is used to control the lights, of which there are three. As in the case of the other lamps, a metal tube extends through the entire length of the shaft, but in this case it is carried to the top of the shade. An ordinary switch is set inside of a metal ball about three inches in diameter, and the key or knob that controls it is on top of the ball. Three narrow metal lugs are riveted to the under half of the ball, and the upper half is screwed to these lugs so that both halves are bound together. Three bushings are screwed through the under part of the ball to hold the sockets. In detail No. 2, D represents the lugs that hold together the two halves of the ball; C is the bushing that holds the socket to the ball; A is the locknut that binds the ball to the tube and to the shoulder nut B. The wires are drawn up through the stem from the base of the lamp to the ball, and the connections for each light are made there. The knob at the top turns on all three lights, but chains attached to each lamp regulate the number of lights desired.

The half-tone illustrations of these lamps appeared in the October number, but owing to an error in captioning the cuts, Design No. 2 was marked No. 3, and vice versa. The right numbering appears in the description appended to the illustrations, and is followed here.

## NATIONAL QUALITIES THAT ARE EXPRESSED BY THE CARVINGS IN OLD FRENCH AND ENGLISH CHURCHES

**I**N the thirteenth century, while the English workman was still carving comparatively simple forms with a certain naïve directness and crudity that showed how strongly the quality of the Saxon persisted even under Norman domination, Louis IX of France, just returned from the Holy Land, was personally directing the building in Paris of the stately shrine still known as La Sainte Chapelle. Intended as it was to serve merely as a worthy resting place for the sacred relics the king had

brought from Palestine, rather than as a place for public worship, this small chapel, even today, is like a jewel. The great stained glass windows of which the walls are almost entirely made deserve a story to themselves, and the gorgeous painting and gilding of the stone columns, arches and vaulted ceiling of the interior would furnish material for a whole book on the semi-barbaric decoration that characterized the Norman period; but it is with the carvings that we have to do, and one or two examples serve to show the character



## CARVING AS A NATURAL MEANS OF EXPRESSION

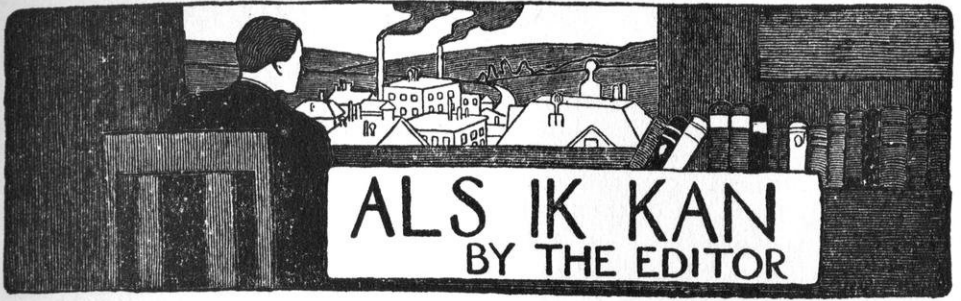
the "Condemnation of Adam," one of the sculptures that decorate the loggia, and the imaginative quality of the art of that wonderful century is beautifully exemplified by the flying angels, who support the crown of thorns at the top of the arch, full of an airy spiritual grace, but the adoring angels on either side and above express the very ecstasy of devotion.

But in England one almost feels the hearty grasp of a work-hardened hand as one touches the surface of the rough stone which has been so lovingly caressed into robust, decorative forms. There is such a manly note in all this old English carving in stone and in the scarcely less enduring oak. It is all on a big scale; not too careful about detail and surface finish, but full of the hearty joy and triumph of creation. And it is all so well made; the masonry is so enduring; the joinery so perfect that as one examines it carefully the workmanship that went into the making of the thing itself seems to be the only decoration it needs. But the workman had an added word to say, so to the low, round arches and short sturdy pillars of the crypt which has borne the weight of Oxford Castle since the days of William the Conqueror, were added simple zigzag patterns, no two alike, roughly cut in the stone of each capital. This simple ornamentation is primitive enough to be purely Saxon,—for unquestionably it was done with the small axe which the Saxons used to hack out their patterns in the stone, but the primitive axed decoration in zigzags was also characteristic of early Norman architecture and was done by Norman workmen as well as Saxon.

At a little later period the carving on stone pillars and archways, while still very primitive in character, began to show traces of French influence in the addition of more elaborate ornamentation. The beginning of this transition period is shown in the old Norman doorway on the south side of the church at Iffley, where the simple notching appears on the edges of the arch, but the stone that actually

formed in the archway that forms the entrance to the Reliquary. Not only are the forms frames the door is decorated with a series of fairly well executed rosettes. The transition from Norman to Early English Gothic, when the pointed form appeared in connection with the round arch and all the spaces were filled with a more or less intricate foliated pattern, is shown in the Norman doorway of the church at Patricksbourne near Canterbury, while the full development of the decorative forms that characterize English Gothic appear in the carvings of the chapel of Magdalen College, in Oxford, which was built in the fifteenth century. Here the restraint and simplicity of the plain rib-vaulted ceiling, and also of the upper walls, which are thus made merely a framing for the great stained glass windows, contrasts beautifully with the wealth of decoration seen in the great reredos, filled with carven images of saints and angels, and in the elaborate fretwork of the choir screen and carved oaken stalls.

Throughout all these varying forms of expression the religious spirit predominates during the whole Gothic period, but with the waning of the devotional attitude and consequently of the simplicity of thought and belief which gave such wonderful freedom of self-expression to the artisan, came the later transition from the natural beauty of the Gothic to the more intentional and artificial decorations of the Renaissance, of which no better example exists than is seen in the church of Saint Etienne-du-Mont in Paris. Here elaboration of carving in stone and wood is seen at its utmost, but with a strange and capricious mingling of Gothic and classical forms. Of its kind the church is charming, and it expresses absolutely the spirit of its own gay, light-hearted epoch, but to one who has followed the development of the artisan's skill with his chisel from the days when the chisel first replaced the axe, it marks the decadence of the old joyous spirit of craftsmanship and the beginning of the modern desire to achieve elaboration for its own sake.



## THE COÖPERATIVE SPIRIT AS A FACTOR IN FUTURE PEACE AND PROSPERITY

“And they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.” Isaiah 2:4.

**W**HEN we are in the midst of the strife and jar of changing conditions it is difficult to realize that, in spite of apparently un-availing struggle and countless discouragements, we are day by day swelling the huge stream of endeavor which, by the universal law of progress, must ultimately bring us to the desired goal. It is only when we pause for a little, to sum up what has already been done and to map out the best course for the future, that we perceive how far we have advanced and that even now we have all around us the beginnings of a new epoch in the history of human development.

And, partly because of the unremitting efforts that have been made to discover the right remedy for conditions that retard us in our advance,—efforts that in the natural course of things have for the most part ended in failure,—we are a little too prone to distrust the practicability of a theory that has been tried again and again with only partial success, forgetting that every complete success must be the result of countless experiments that do good service in showing the weak points in an idea as well as the element in it that deserves to live.

For example, the word “coöperation” brings to most of us little more than a mental picture of the countless short-lived efforts that have been made to apply to everyday human life a principle that at

first sight would seem to demand an entire change in human nature. We remember the many coöperative communities that have begun their existence amid a blaze of enthusiasm and after a few years have flickered out because their ideals were not rooted deeply enough to stand the pressure of contact with ordinary life. We think of the profit-sharing and prosperity-sharing experiments of philanthropic manufacturers, who have honestly felt that it was only right and just to share results with the men whose daily toil had assured their success, and we remember that in almost every case such an experiment, if not an out-and-out failure, has proven at best only a modified success. We remember that philanthropic and charitable organizations, however well intentioned, have done but little to lessen the vast sum of human misery and degradation, and so we are apt to utter hasty generalizations as to the unchanging character of human nature, and to brush aside as impractical and Utopian any suggestion for further efforts along these lines.

Yet in spite of our pessimism and unbelief we are, now and again, forced to admit that all these efforts have been so far from being utterly futile that even now we have every reason to look forward confidently to the day when, solely because of the wider understanding and application of the principle of true coöperation, the present age of class antagonism

## THE COÖPERATIVE SPIRIT

onism and highly specialized industrialism, with all its poverty, misery and bitterness of revolt, will be succeeded by a broadly humanitarian age,—an age of prosperity, peace and international goodwill which will as certainly grow out of the turmoil of present-day conditions as a lily grows from the bulb that is buried deep in the mud at the bottom of the pond.

The great obstacle that hitherto has stood in the way of this approaching change has been our own unwillingness to abandon our long-established way of looking at things and to admit the immense readjustment of moral values that is going on all over the world. Forces for good that are themselves the outcome of ages of strife and suffering are shaping our destiny today, and these forces reach down to impulses as primitive and as profound as those of the struggle itself,—the impulses toward mutual aid, forbearance and kindness, without which the race would have perished. We see that all the great nations of the world preserve peace only by sleeping upon their arms; that organized capital and organized labor are ready at any moment to fly at one another's throats; that the modern spirit of democracy is everywhere rising up in active warfare against the older forms of government; but we do not realize that these very conditions are working together toward the development among the common people of a cosmopolitan interest in human affairs, and that this widening of the horizon has already brought into being a social sympathy that is slowly undermining the old order of things and breaking down barriers of class and national prejudice, until even now it extends beyond national and social boundaries in a spirit of brotherhood that embraces all humanity.

And at the root of this great change lies the one universal principle of coöperation, which in one form or another has grown with the growth of civilization until at last its power is acknowledged. Every fresh development of industrial efficiency and economy, in our own day, has prepared the way for it; every fresh effort of

philanthropy has indicated an awakening social conscience that ultimately would make it possible; every new facility for swift and direct communication and transportation has brought it nearer, and now we have reached a point where we can begin to see something of its power, as well as its immense significance in determining the whole trend of our modern civilization.

That this new spirit of mutual understanding and helpfulness has grown up among us is due, not to any change in human nature, but to the natural growth of conditions which have given a new direction to energies that have hitherto found vent in warfare. War could not exist except for the clash of two opposing forces, and when these forces cease to array themselves in opposition to one another and combine their energies in coöperating toward a common end, peace, which is nothing after all but mutual understanding, is the natural outcome. Moreover, it would seem just now that everything is working together toward the establishment of this universal understanding. One of the most powerful factors in bringing it about is the movement of peoples from land to land,—the tendency toward emigration which, either from political or industrial oppression, has been established throughout the civilized world. This country is one of the great goals of emigration. All nations come to us, and we realize more keenly perhaps than others the inevitable effect of this interchange of nationalities, because of what we see in our own great industrial centers of the result of such intermingling and its bearing upon the future of the world. Israel Zangwill has called America the melting pot of civilization, in which all ancient religious, national and class prejudices must be destroyed, for it is in this country that the workers of all nationalities meet on common ground and develop mutual kindness and understanding under the pressure of industrial conditions which produce among them a common need and force them to make common cause against

## THE COÖPERATIVE SPIRIT

it that they may live. Whatever may have been the national prejudices and antipathies of the people who are thus forced together, their children are all of one nationality. Furthermore, they are born into a state of society so fluid that it rests with almost any man whether he shall remain a denizen of the slums and a mechanical worker in the factories, or work his way to the top.

Even the forces which seem most hostile to the growth of a better understanding in the industrial world work powerfully toward the development of a sense of solidarity among the workers. The labor unions, with all their shortcomings, have done wonders, in bringing together men of different and often hostile nationalities, and in giving them sufficient courage and self-respect to grapple with oppressive conditions instead of sullenly submitting to them. And, as the oppression endured from powerful and ruthless business organizations has unquestionably done much to weld together the mass of the workers on the one hand; on the other, the efforts of more humane and far-sighted concerns to equalize conditions a little by giving the worker a chance have made it possible to establish between employer and employee a better and more human understanding. Hence, every sincere effort, whether mistaken or not, toward bettering social conditions has been one more step toward the development of social conscience on both sides, and with every such development another class barrier goes down.

It is significant that, during the past decade or so, these efforts have been legion. Already they have brought about the wiping out of the worst slums; the establishment of playgrounds and breathing spaces, a world-wide movement toward better housing and more sanitary conditions, especially in the crowded sections of our great cities. We owe to it the regulation, and in many places the abolition, of child labor; the laws abolishing the worst sweatshop conditions and the persistent efforts that are being made to place within the reach of all boys and girls a

sound and practical industrial education that will release them forever from the ranks of unskilled labor. We owe also to this awakened social conscience the public baths, gymnasiums, parks and libraries that are free to all and that place within the reach of the poorest some chance of health, pleasure and mental development. And now, encouraged by past victories, it is beginning to strike out more boldly and to declare openly that it is not enough for the well-to-do and powerful to give liberally of their substance to provide these things for the poor, but that the poor should be taken into partnership on a basis that will enable them to obtain these things for themselves, merely because they are the natural right of every man, woman and child.

In the current issue of this magazine we have reviewed at some length the growth of the garden city and village movement in England and its significance in relation to the development of this universal spirit of coöperation. It is the most complete example we have yet found of the true coöperative feeling. Based upon philanthropy in the beginning, it has gone beyond philanthropy, for the people themselves have taken hold and for the first time are admitted to an active and prominent share in creating for themselves healthful and comfortable surroundings in which they may live and work and bring up their children. This, it seems to us, is the crux of the whole reform movement. Model villages have failed because the self-respecting working man has an innate repugnance to accepting ready-made conditions that are created by some outside power and bestowed upon him for his own good. It is the saving element in the whole situation that he will be content with no state of affairs that he has not at least had a hand in bringing about, but he will work until he drops to gain a competence for old age and to give his children a good start in life if he is only given the chance to do it himself.

The success of the garden village experiment furnishes fairly good proof of



## REVIEWS

the practicability of the right kind of effort to insure the health, happiness and opportunity for normal work and development to the poorest worker, and it is not a bad foundation for a social scheme that will be adapted to the needs of an industrial and cosmopolitan era. The widely-varied efforts of individuals to improve conditions may have been more or less futile in themselves, but they have been profoundly significant in that they have helped to bring about an international determination to abolish poverty and disease. Whether the spirit of reform shows itself in efforts to cleanse the slums and provide breathing places in the great cities, or whether it exerts itself in the direction of a redistribution of population by the decentralization of industries, the end is the same, and the only hope of permanent success lies in meeting the people on the question of their own needs and letting them help to work out the social problem for the benefit of all, instead of endeavoring to subject them to a sort of benevolent guardianship. When this becomes the natural order of things there will be no necessity for peace conferences and international agreements as to what should be done in the event of war, for both national and class warfare will have become a thing of the past.

## REVIEWS

**B**OOKS on architecture are written and published by hundreds, but it is not often that we find a book, at once historically comprehensive and technically correct, that at the same time is written in such a clear, simple way as to interest the layman. Therefore we are prepared to extend a warm welcome and hearty appreciation to "The English House," by W. Shaw Sparrow, for it not only leads us deftly through the mazes of jostling periods in English architecture, but stimulates further research into this most interesting subject.

We all acknowledge the charm of the English cottage, the robust magnificence of the manor houses that date from the

Elizabethan and Jacobean periods and the stern and rugged beauty of the old feudal castles, but it is a little harder to reconcile ourselves to the presence of Greek temples and Italian villas and palaces under English skies, especially as these buildings are manifestly but halting translations from the original, and are no more good Greek or Italian than they are good English. Mr. Sparrow tells us, in a pleasant readable way, of the circumstances which led to the transplanting to English soil of these foreign and most inappropriate styles and the reasons why they have been accorded the place they hold in the story of English architecture. In the pages of his charming book we make also personal acquaintance with the old craftsmen, who did much as they pleased in spite of the architects, and we are given glimpses of the rugged, primitive customs that fitted naturally into an almost patriarchal manner of living. We see why the English home was so slow in development and also why the idea of domestic comfort, when it really did take root, was carried out to a greater degree than in any other country.

The book is charmingly illustrated with reproductions from photographs, old prints and clever pencil drawings, so that the reader who follows attentively the lesson taught in text and pictures may be certain that he has gained a good general idea of the different styles to be seen in English domestic architecture. ("The English House: How to Judge the Periods and Styles." By W. Shaw Sparrow. Illustrated. 348 pages. Price, \$2 net. Published by John Lane Company, New York.)

**T**HE habit of reading anthologies has fallen into disrepute of late, but the most conventional reader can hardly deny the charm of these potpourris of verse and prose. We have lately received for review, from The Macmillan Company, three very interesting anthologies. One, entitled "Some Friends of Mine," by E. V. Lucas, contains a variety of extracts and quotations, which have, as the title sug-

## REVIEWS

gests, appealed to the collector, indexed in an original but very delightful manner. For example, under the head of "Good Servants" we find a sketch of "Rawle" by S. Baring-Gould and R. L. Stevenson's account of "Robert;" under "Healers" we find W. E. Henley's sonnets, "The House Surgeon" and "The Chief," and Dr. John Brown's "Mr. Syme." The fact that the collection is based on the personal tastes of a writer whom the public has not been slow to welcome and appreciate gives this anthology and added charm of a personal note.

"The Wayfarer in New York," with an introduction by Edward S. Martin, is an interesting collection of sketches and poems and extracts from stories that describe the city of New York and the life within it. There are many quotations from Walt Whitman, who seems to have been the first writer to have expressed the strange and haunting charm which New York possesses for almost anyone who has spent as much as a year within its boundaries. There are many selections from H. C. Bunner, from Jacob A. Riis, from O. Henry, and many other writers who have identified themselves with New York literature. The book expresses the multiplicity of the city's charm, for practically every writer in America has had something to say on the subject of New York.

"The Christmas Book," with an introduction by Hamilton Wright Mabie, contains a collection of valuable information on Christmas customs, old and new, and upon several other subjects connected with the season. One section is devoted to stories of the Christmas saints and legends, another to the most famous Christmas carols, another to the Christmas revels in various parts of the world. George Wharton Edwards has decorated the book with many beautiful black and white designs and illustrations, and there are also reproductions of some of the famous pictures of the Nativity. The cover is in green and gold and very attractive, and the book as a whole makes

a charming Christmas remembrance. ("Some Friends of Mine." By E. V. Lucas. 362 pages, with frontispiece. Price, \$1.25. "The Wayfarer in New York." 266 pages. Price, \$1.25. "The Christmas Book." Illustrated. 369 pages. Price, \$1.25. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

**T**O quote from the author's preface, to "Romantic Germany," by Robert Haven Schauffler, "In the surfeit of books on Germany, one subject has been strangely neglected, and that is the land itself. Its politics, history, sociology, commerce and science, each has a literature of its own, but for the latest account in English of Germany's most representative and picturesque towns one must turn either to guide books or to a volume called 'Views Afoot' written by the young Bayard Taylor in the year 1846." The book in review is illustrated by reproductions from the paintings of several leading German artists and follows the history and legends of the obscure German towns, about which center some of the most dramatic legends of the German race. The author looks upon the cities with which he deals like characters in a story, and he has succeeded in giving to each a definite personality, which makes the book peculiarly interesting and appealing. ("Romantic Germany." By Robert Haven Schauffler. 397 pages. Illustrated. Price, \$3.50 net. Published by The Century Co., New York.)

**S**ANITATION, Water Supply & Sewage Disposal of Country Houses," by Wm. Paul Gerhard, C. E., is a thoroughly scientific treatment of the subjects named in the title, yet is in every way adapted to practical use. Part of the contents is the outcome of lectures given before the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and presents detailed advice as to how to procure a sanitary water supply. But the aim of the book, as a whole, is rather to establish the fundamental sanitary principles which lead to correct sani-

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tary practice than to tell how to put them into effect. In this matter the author considers other than professional work as inadequate and defeating the purpose. The book is illustrated with photographs and diagrams and is full of suggestions for healthier living. ("Sanitation, Water Supply & Sewage Disposal of Country Houses." By Wm. Paul Gerhard, C. E. Illustrated. 328 pages. Price, \$2.00. Published by D. Van Nostrand Company, New York.)

"**F**ELICITA," by Christopher Hare, is a love story of Siena. The hero and heroine are foster children brought up in the country. In rambling through the fields *Felicita* has a disagreeable encounter with one of the young nobles who had gone out to hunt. Later in the story when she and her foster brother, *Andrea*, had returned to their parents, she is betrothed to this same noble. On her marriage night she escapes to a convent where she is concealed by the nuns until the outbreak of the black plague summons her to duty among her fellow men. Her husband is one of the first victims, and in caring for him she meets *Andrea*, who had taken shelter in a monastery after the news of her wedding. After the death of her husband a reconciliation takes place and the story ends happily. The book contains a very good picture of the life of the times, which is helped out by the illustrations, which are photographs of the most characteristic corners of the old city. ("Felicita." By Christopher Hare. Illustrated. 378 pages. Price, \$1.25. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.)

**M**R. Homer Davenport is known as the leading breeder of Arabian horses and his book, "My Quest of the Arabian Horse," has the interest that only comes when the author is thoroughly interested and at home in his subject. It tells of the trip which Mr. Davenport took under President Roosevelt's patron-

age into the Syrian Desert in search of pure-blooded stock. The negotiations with the various potentates and the difficulties which he assumed in getting the horses over to America, make the book peculiarly pleasant reading, even though the reader should have but a passing interest in horses. It will be, of course, primarily interesting to horsemen and horse racers. The illustrations have also this double interest, for the pages are broken with delightfully humorous pen and ink sketches by the author and there are also many beautiful full-page illustrations of famous horses. ("My Quest of the Arabian Horse." By Homer Davenport. Illustrated. 276 pages. Price, \$2.00 net. Published by B. W. Dodge & Company, New York.)

**T**HOSE who have seen "The Great Divide," in which Margaret Anglin played the leading rôle, will find it again a source of pleasure now that it is issued in book form. As a play its clever dialogue was one of its great charms, and this, of course, makes it an excellent reading drama. It deals with the contrast between the life east and west of the Rockies. The heroine represents the conventionality of the Eastern civilization, and *Stephen Ghent*, the lawless but golden-hearted man of the Western plains. *Ruth Jordan*, the heroine, is forced into marriage with *Ghent*, who practically purchases her with a string of gold nuggets from the desperado into whose hands she has fallen. Her New England propriety makes the fact that she has been bought always uppermost in her thoughts, and at last, unable to stand the misery, she pays *Ghent* the price of the nuggets with money that she has earned herself and runs away home. *Ghent* follows and at the end of the play a reconciliation is accomplished. ("The Great Divide." By William Vaughn Moody, 167 pages. Price, \$1.25. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

