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John Burroughs

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A DAY WITH JOHN BURROUGHS AT RIVERBY AND SLABSIDES, ON THE HUDSON

E stood on the platform of the little West Shore station at West Park, New York, and waved his good byes. You would have taken him for a quiet country farmer, dressed as he was in negligent blue serge, shirt and slouch hat. His manner was quiet, reserved, and yet dignified in an unostentatious way and if you had been an "ordinary" observer you would have not looked at him a second time. But if you had had alert eyes you would have seen a large and shapely head crowning a body of medium size, making a man about five feet six inches in height. One glimpse at that head would have led you to look further at the mobile mouth and nostrils and the eyes that, no matter where seen, denote intellectuality, leadership and power. Then, if a fellow observer had remarked that the man you were both looking at was one of the best known naturalists and bird lovers, an authoritative writer of nature essays and books, a keen controversialist, a man who, in a quiet way, has exercised more influence over the minds of the American people than perhaps any other naturalist now living, one whose attractions are so great that thousands of people annually pay a visit to his unpretentious home, among whom is our President, who loves to do him honor and openly proclaims that it is he who is honored rather than the naturalist;—had such remarks as these been made you would have looked still more eagerly as the train pulled out and you learned that the quiet appearing man was John Burroughs, of Slabsides and Riverby.

Yes! John Burroughs; a man especially blessed and equipped of Nature to see her small children,—the birds, bees and flowers,—in their most captivating moods, and then, equally blessed and equipped with power vividly, interestingly and alluringly to tell what he has seen. America, the world, has few such, and when they are recognized it is but natural that all should unite to do them honor.

It was a singular success in another line that led the young essayist, Burroughs, who had had no special schooling, who knew nothing of the inside of a university, to the writing about Nature that has since made him so famous. He had been a devourer of Emerson's essays in the days when that great seer was pouring out his wealth of thought. Burroughs, as so many others have done, found in the first and second series of his essays more mental stimulus than many a modern lad suc-

ceeds in extracting from a whole, full-fledged university. Emerson was his especial teacher, and as thoughts fermented and seethed in his brain he thought he was called upon to give them utterance. The poet, Lowell, was then editor of the Atlantic, and one day he received a manuscript from a new contributor, which, as he read, aroused his suspicions. "What is this youngster trying to foist upon me?" He immediately called for files of the various magazines to which Emerson had contributed. Not content with having his subordinates make a careful search, he personally went over all of Emerson's Essays in the expectation that he would find the original, which this new contributor, John Burroughs—queer name—was now trying to palm off as his own! Vain attempt. There was nothing like it. Yet it was singularly Emersonian. So he published it. No name was attached to the article, as in those days was the Atlantic's custom. Immediately the critics read it they labeled it "Emerson." The public accepted it as Emerson. Even Poole in his world famed index marked it Emerson, and later, the distinguished rhetorician, Professor Hill of Harvard, in quoting it, credited it to the sage of Concord.

Now to have unconsciously and unknowingly deceived the very elect into the belief that what he had written was the product of the most brilliant intellect of his country, would have upset the poise and modesty of most young men. But not so John Burroughs. Immediately he decided that he must change his subjects and his style, in order to get rid of that Emerson "musk"—as he calls it. It was a delightful sop to his ability, but, at the same time he knew it was the death knell of his individuality unless he could shake it off and become entirely himself. So he began to write on out-door themes,—the bees, the butterflies, the flowers, the birds,—things that he had personally observed, things on which he could not, or would not, read a line, and thus as he tersely expresses it, "I came to my own gait."

HE was then twenty-three years of age, and for years afterwards he never wrote a line that he did not studiously go over in order to discover and purge from it anything that seemed to him to be the peculiar mark of the writer he so much loved. There is the secret of the marvelous power of John Burroughs' simple words. They are the record of his own observations, carefully pondered over, and put into the clearest English possible to him, with the vigilant

determination not to copy in method even such a master of style as was Emerson.

It is interesting to note that, according to the foregoing statement, we owe his Nature Studies first of all to his intense desire to avoid being thought a copier of Emerson, for he is essentially a philosopher, as his book, "The Light of Day," clearly shows. That book also reveals something else of prime importance in our study of the early career of the naturalist. It is an indication of his period of mental ferment in dealing with questions of religion and theology. It may be a surprise to many, yet it is true, that at one period his father feared he had strong leanings towards the Methodist ministry. Imagine what his dear old father must have felt, those of you who have read his own account of the discussions his father and their neighbor, Jerry, used to have in the old kitchen. His father was an old school Baptist, Jerry a Methodist. "I can see him (father) now, as he sat with the Book open on his knees, a tallow dip in his hand, his face flushed, his voice loud, hurling Paul's predestinarianism at his neighbor's free salvation Methodism. Back and forth the disputants, like two fencers, fought the ground over. . . . . The sect to which my father belonged was especially narrow and harsh in its judgments of other sects, particularly the Methodists, who on nearly all points were exactly their antipodes. The name of Methodism, with its cheap and easy terms of salvation, always made father's lip curl and his nostrils dilate."

With such feelings as these it can well be understood that the old gentleman's fears that John would become a Methodist minister were heartbreaking to him. If he must minister, why not feed the flock on the good old strong doctrines of Baptism and Calvinism he himself found so precious? They never conversed upon the subject, though from casual remarks John learned how his father felt. Fortunately the fear passed away.

Dear old man! How hard it is for loving fathers to learn that each generation must seek and find its own religious belief, and for John this was to be a profound faith in the sweetness, love and power of God, but entirely free from any of the theology which all the churches, more or less, have built up about God. Perhaps nothing will express his belief better than the following short quotation on Jesus:

"Salvation by Jesus is salvation by self-renunciation, and by gentleness, mercy, charity, purity, and by all the divine qualities he illustrated. He saves us when we are like him,—as tender, as charitable, as unworldly, as devoted to principle, as self-sacrificing. His life and death do inspire in mankind these things; fill them with this noble ideal. He was a soul impressed, as perhaps no other soul ever had been, with the oneness of man with God, and that the kingdom of heaven is not a place, but a state of mind. Hence, coming to Jesus is coming to our truer, better selves, and conforming our lives to the highest ideal."

PERHAPS, too, this book, "The Light of Day," explains something else. Is there not in it the controversial spirit revealed in his later discussions with what he calls the sham naturalists? When he was asked the other day if he did not come naturally by his dialectic spirit he seemed surprised to learn that he was regarded as a debater. His reply clearly shows that, for he said: "No! I'm not a debater. I don't like discussion particularly, and never, or seldom, debate on politics or religion. But on questions of fact in natural history, that's different. Belief has nothing to do with it. Facts are facts, and when a man states that certain things are facts that every naturalist knows are not so, I'm not going to keep still and allow the public to be humbugged.

"Let me tell you the whole story and you will see how innocent I was of any personal motive in the matter. When I first read Ernest Thompson Seton's books I was delighted with them, save for one thing, and that was, he occasionally crossed the line of fact and went into the domain of speculation or fiction. But he did it finely; he was an artist, and I enjoyed every word he wrote. When, later, I saw in his preface that he claimed that everything he wrote was true, I felt a little stirred up, but thought perhaps it was not necessary for me to say anything. All this time I knew nothing of Mr. Long. I had never even heard his name. One day a lady was here and she spoke of his books and offered to send one of them to me. When it came I sat down prepared to read and enjoy it, but I hadn't read five minutes before I said 'This man's a humbug. He has never seen the things he claims he has.' (And here the veteran naturalist struck the arm of his chair to emphasize his remark.) Then I was stirred up. He

claimed that all he wrote was true and I knew the public was inclined to believe him. Ernest Thompson Seton had prepared the way by so adroitly mixing fact with fiction that only an expert could tell where one began and the other ended. But here was a man giving out Munchausen stories as Natural History. I was aroused; I don't deny it, and I sat down and wrote my protest. Then it occurred to me that perhaps I had put things a little too strongly; so I wrote to a well-known naturalist, a gentleman and a scholar, a man who writes admirably on these same topics, and a clergyman too, at that,—and asked if he would permit me to send what I had written for his criticism before I published it. I had never met this man. I knew him only through his writings, so there was nothing to hinder his giving an impartial judgment. In a very courteous reply he expressed his willingness to read carefully what I had written, so I sent it on. When it came back, with the exception of two little passages where I gave a sly dig at my 'friends of the cloth,' he said that he felt it was not a bit too strong, but was what the public ought to be told. So I sent it to the Atlantic Monthly and thought that would be the end of it. I never dreamed of any debate, or of all the row it was to cause. My! what a stir there was. I had letters about it by the hundreds. They keep coming even yet. And most, indeed nearly the whole of them, took my side. Authors, artists, hunters, naturalists, scientists, all wrote and the general tenor of their letters was 'Between you and Long, I'm with you.' And when I met Thompson Seton at the home of Mr. Frank Chapman, the naturalist, we talked the matter over and he said exactly the same thing. It's simply this: In matters of Natural History that come within my line of work I know what's true and what isn't, and they can't take me up on it. I have no quarrel with any one. All I ask is that people be not misled by statements that profess to be facts and that are only theory or supposition.

"The upshot of the whole matter is 'Give us more facts! Pour on the light! Let there be less speculation, less attributing of human faculties to animals until we know more. Observe all you will, think all you will, speculate all you will, but keep observations, thoughts and speculations distinctly separate.' "

And no one can question the wisdom of this position. It is well not to be too sure about anything. Expert knowledge is ever growing less positive. The too-positive man is generally an unsafe guide.

ALL this conversation, however, did not happen at once on meeting Mr. Burroughs. When he was first approached he rather gravely and reservedly said: "So you expect me to tell you of myself? I am afraid you will be disappointed. I am not much of a talker. Indeed I'm a very quiet fellow. You'd have to go out into the woods and over the hills with me for a month before you'd know much about me. I'm not given to talking much. Nor am I what you would call a great worker. Indeed I loaf around a great deal. I sit and brood or walk around and generally do as I please, and let the thoughts come as the birds do. If I can catch them on the wing all the better, and when I see and study over them until I am reasonably sure of them I sit at my desk and write them out. As a rule they come easily, without effort, and it is a joy to write. But I don't write much. It is only when I must that I write. My Nature Studies come so readily that I often print whole pages without changing a word. But on such things as Whitman, and my 'Light of Day' essays I write and rewrite and go over them again and again in order to see where I may improve them. I never succeed in that kind of thing in getting myself to say quite what I want, in exactly the manner I like. My next book will contain the recent essays and a few other things I am cogitating. I shall call it 'Ways of Nature.' It's not a very good title but it partially covers the ground, and I've cudgelled my brains in vain to beat out a better one.

"I must confess that during the past two or three years these Natural History romancers have stirred up my hot blood, so I have written more than usual. My brain has been more active than it generally is, but I am feeling the result of it in a little weariness. I am somewhat below par this spring, and I hope in the fall, if I don't regain my usual vim, to go out to California for a winter's rest."

He was then asked by whom his thought was most influenced. His reply was: "First of all I should say by Emerson, then Whitman and Carlyle and Goethe. I took all their words into my heart and pondered them over and over, until their thought was one with my own. I was not educated in a university. I wanted to go to college, but father couldn't send me, and I didn't seem to want to go enough to push my way through. But my son, Julian, my only child by the way, wanted to go to Harvard, so I said: 'If you want to go and think you can stand the racket you may.' I don't know that it has hurt him, but

I really don't see that it did him any great good. I've seen several men who had the divine spark in them killed by the university. There is too much grind and too little cultivation of the man himself. I hoped my son would come back with an intense love of the great writers fostered within him, but he didn't. I suppose every man, more or less, has to follow his natural bent."

BYE and bye the name of the President came into the conversation. Immediately Mr. Burrough's eye lit up and he exclaimed: "The President! Ah! there's a man for you! A man every inch, and every part of him, physical, mental, spiritual. I never saw such intense activity of mind and body before in any human being. He never seems to get fatigued. All he needs is change of work. I have seen him dictate letters that are literature; letters on a variety of topics that require special and expert knowledge, and as a rule he does it without hesitation. And the remarkable thing is that he goes from one subject to another with a facility that never seems to fail. He is able to turn all his mind into a new channel on an instant. I was with him three weeks in the Yellowstone Park and never saw him relax or be idle for a moment. He was going all the time. As we rode in we were talking about the geological formation close by, when, all at once, he jumped out of the sleigh, stooped down and grabbed something. In a moment he returned laughing at his capture of a mouse. 'I must skin this fellow and send it to Merriam. Perhaps he'll find it to be a new specimen.' And that night skin it he did, as neatly and expertly as any taxidermist in the country, and the following day it was mailed. He also took long tramps in the park, and one day he wanted to go all alone. He had seen a band of elk the day before and wanted to track them and to eat his lunch in sight of them. Major Pitcher, the Superintendent of the Park, protested. He didn't like the idea of the President of the United States going off into the wilds alone, but the President laughed him into acquiescence. 'You put me up a lunch, Major, and let me go and I'll surely come back. You never give me a chance to be alone, and now I've got it I'm going to take it.' And off he went as happy as a school boy. He was gone all day and must have tramped miles and miles—he said about eighteen. He had followed the elk, and stalked them, genuine hunter fashion, until he was within fifty yards, and then

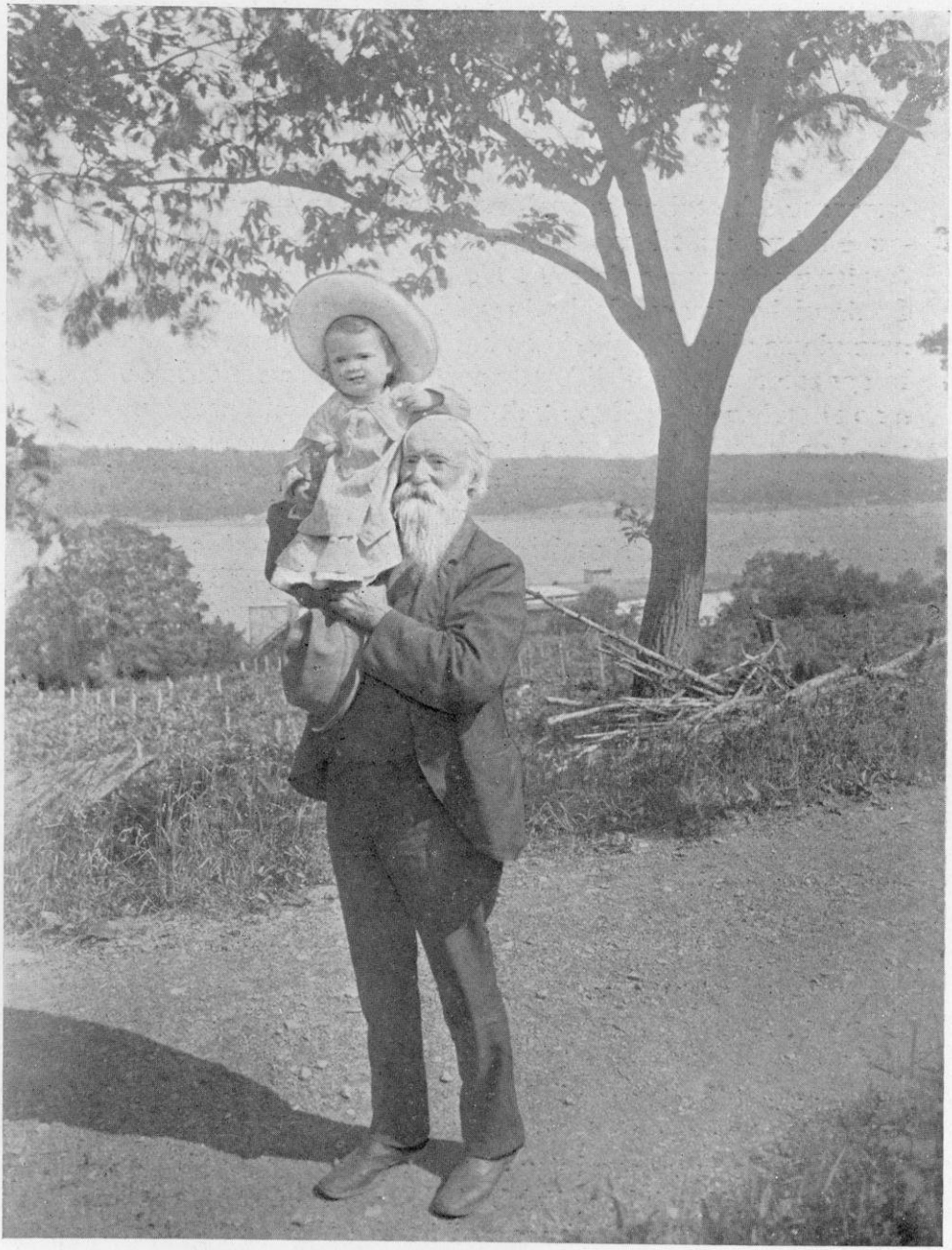
had sat down and eaten his lunch. Think of it, eighteen miles through snow, over rough and rocky country, and through swamps and forest, and yet when he came back he was as happy and fresh as a boy.

"And then, too, he is so candid and honest. He never says a thing for mere politeness, or for the sake of saying it. He means just what he says; no more, no less. He has the Christ idea of directness: 'Let your yea be yea, and your nay nay, for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.' I could give you many an illustration of this. Here is one. He said he and Mrs. Roosevelt would some day come and see me at my shanty at Slabsides. I laughed as I replied: 'If you come to see me my millionaire neighbors will never forgive me!' 'Never mind,' he said, 'I'll come, sure!'

"And sure enough last July (1904) I got a dispatch from him 'I'm coming.' Well, the next day was the hottest we'd had; 96 degrees in the shade, and I really hoped he wouldn't come. But at the appointed time his yacht, The Sylph, appeared and anchored near our dock and he and Mrs. Roosevelt came ashore and would walk up the steep trail through the woods to Slabsides. My! it was hot. When we got to my resting tree on the hill, he took off his hat and mopped and mopped; but he seemed as happy as a lark. And when he went away he said he knew he would enjoy his visit and he had—just as much as he expected.

"And kindly! Kindly is no word for it. In the midst of all his pressing and responsible labors for the country he never forgets his friends. And he loves to do for them. For instance, I wrote him the other day and said that if he had read my essay in the June Atlantic (on Gay Plumes and Dull), I would be glad to know if he agreed with me, as I might put it in my new book. Right away I got back a long letter—a scientifically critical letter, every word of which meant something, and I shall profit by his judgment upon what I wrote."

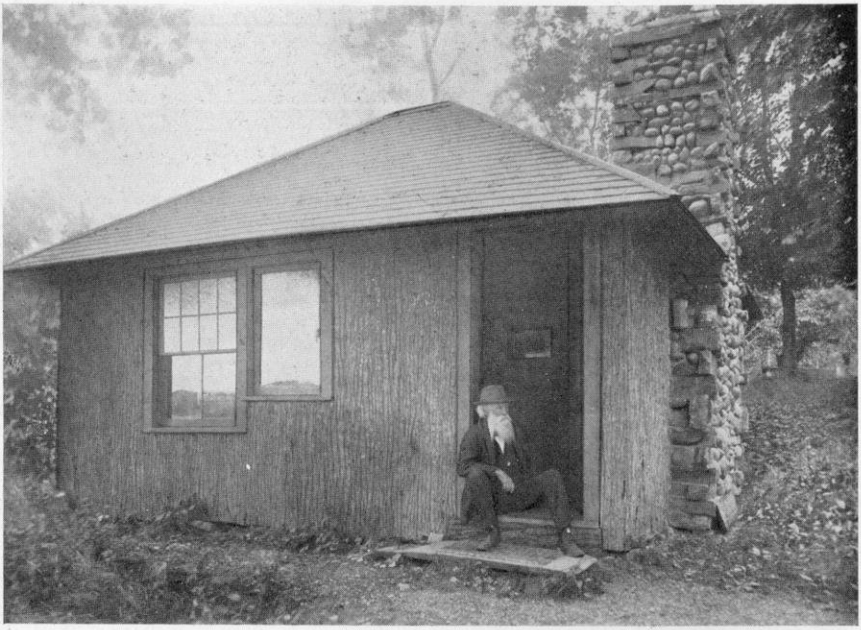
THERE are two houses and a "den" at Riverby, one of the houses occupied by Mr. Burroughs and his wife, and the other by their son, Mr. Julian Burroughs, and his wife and two children. The "den" is the mecca of the curious and interested. Here the naturalist does his work, when not at Slabsides. It is a plain struc-



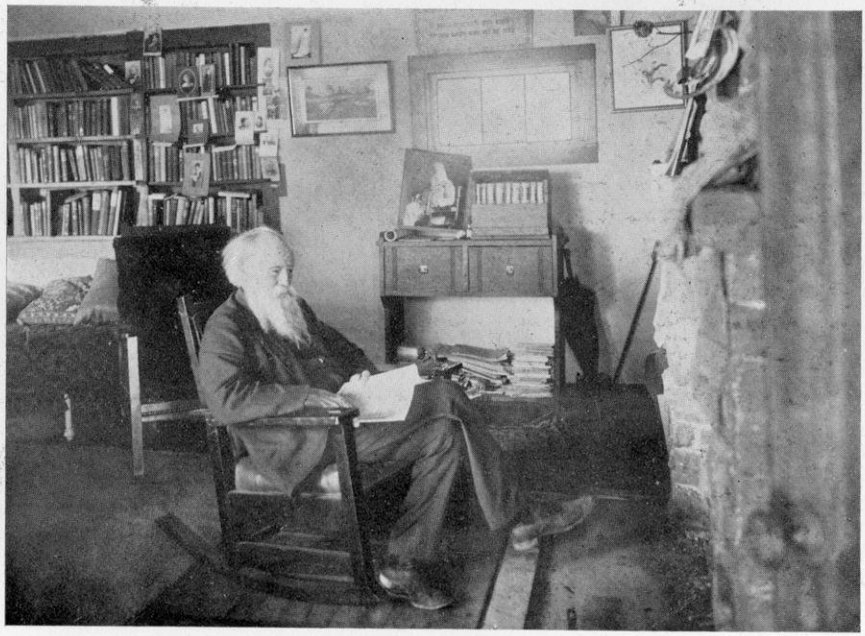
MR. BURROUGHS AND HIS LITTLE GRANDCHILD

THE SUMMER-HOUSE OVERLOOKING THE HUDSON

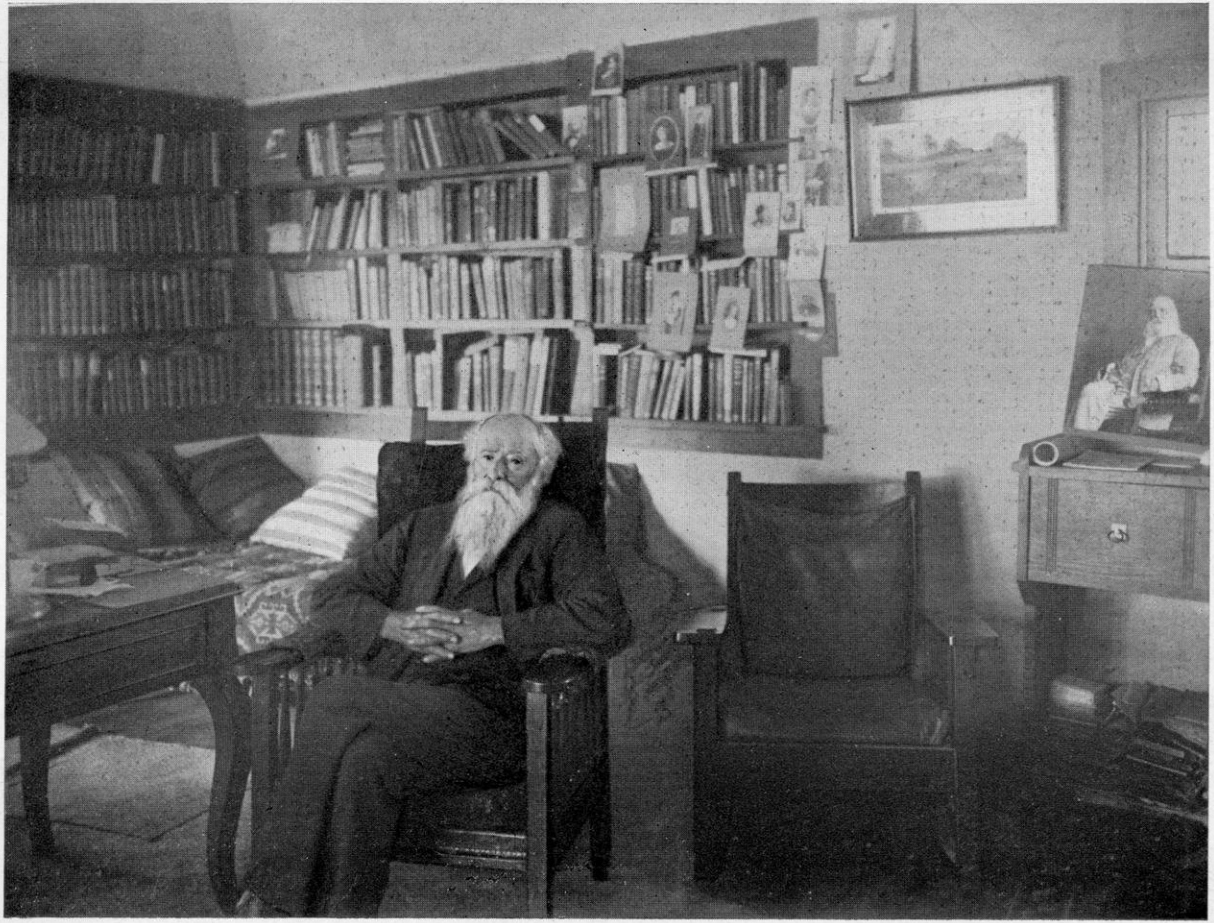
MR. BURROUGHS'S DEN AT RIVERBY



"SLABSIDES"



BY THE FIRESIDE AT RIVERBY



AFTER THE DAY'S WORK IS DONE

ture, yet keenly individualistic. The chimney, as shown in the photograph, is built on the outside of naturally-cleaved stone and rubble stones, but they are most effectively placed.

The one-roomed den is covered with bark, nailed upon the rough boards. Inside all is as cosy and comfortable and untidy as a man of letters and life could wish. The great open fire place, built of boulders, with its sunken hearth, pleads for fellowship and a quiet chat; the Morris chair and the Craftsman rocker invite to ease; and two couches suggest stretching out whenever one's back needs a rest. All around are plain wooden shelves built into the walls, full of choice and well used books. The table in the center is littered over with letters, papers and books. A plain rag carpet is on the floor. There are some photographs stuck here and there among the books, but on a side table and on the wall nearby are the two treasures, in exquisite photographs of the "good gray poet," Walt Whitman. One is signed in 1887 and the other—shown in the photograph—is by F. Guntekunst, Philadelphia. Mr. Burroughs regards it as by far the best of the later photographs made of Whitman. Over the window, above this photograph, is a panel in which some friend has written in pyrography a couple of lines that apply equally to Whitman and his friend, Burroughs:

"He was a veray parfait gentil knight:
He coude songs make and wel endite."

As one looks out of the window or open doorway he can at once understand Mr. Burroughs' habit of sitting on the door step and musing. Beauty is everywhere. The majestic Hudson river carrying on its bosom craft of all kinds; the hills on the other side, covered with magnificent trees among which appear the mansions of millionaires; the grapes close by, leafing out and getting ready to bloom; the fine old cedars giving a rich color contrast to the newer and softer green; the wind playing with the leaves; the clouds and blue and gray sky above affording an ever changing background; who cannot see, even in this inadequate description, an ever present allurement to one of Mr. Burroughs's type? Add to this the singing of the innumerable birds; the hum of his bees; the whirling and flashing color of the butterflies and yet the picture would be incomplete without the sweet-faced, gray-haired man with the kindly eye and sympathetic look, sitting on the step, or standing by the side of the summer house close at hand.

He was quite ready to talk about Riverby. "It is thirty years since I came here. The natural charm of the place attracted me and I have never ceased to love it. Yes, I planted all these grapes, and for years did a good deal of cultivating of them. There are Delawares, Niagaras, and other fine varieties. We make a specialty of growing extra good grapes for the market. We get them in early and secure good prices, for we put all the knowledge we have into the growing of them. My son has charge now. Since he returned from Harvard I have let him 'run the ranch.' I hope he won't sweat and agonize over the place as I did in the early days. Of course I keep an eye on him and give him advice, though I dare say he doesn't need it much. He's married and has a charming wife and two darling little girls, so you see I'm a grandfather. The older is about two years and the little one is four months old."

Just then the nurse with the older child came in sight. The moment she saw "grandpa" she ran to him and he swung her to his shoulder. "There's where she loves to be," he exclaimed, and the camera caught the delight on his face, though the child moved and spoiled her picture. She herself is not apt to be spoiled, for, though all cherish and pet her, she is too much a creature of pure nature to be easily spoiled.

Mr. Burroughs built the house at Riverby. Inside, there are some features of peculiar attractiveness to THE CRAFTSMAN. All the woodwork of the interior trim is made in strict accordance with Craftsman ideals. There is not an ounce of paint on doors, casings or other woodwork. Remembering the fine trees under which he played when a boy he went to the old homestead, selected the trees of butternut, oak, ash, cherry, chestnut and curly maple, helped cut them down himself, had the logs brought to the saw mill and converted into lumber, and then every piece was selected and put into its place with no other finish than a coat or two of oil. The result is that time has given it a rich color which makes it exquisite. The natural poetry of the wood is emphasized and on hearing Mr. Burroughs expatiate upon its charm, the rich variety nature offers and the delight of the unpainted wood, one could easily have imagined that he and the author of the article on woods in the July CRAFTSMAN were twins in thought.

In one room there is some red cedar of perfect markings and color,

as impossible to describe as the glossy sheen and brilliant hues of a duck's neck. He found this in the log on the wood pile outside when he came to Riverby and his keen eye at once detected its possibilities. It was hauled off to the lumber mill, sawed up into boards and now adds a rich color to the room. In another room is a chimneypiece of butternut and black walnut, for which Mr. Burroughs chose the wood and made the design.

And for a moment, before leaving Riverby for Slabsides, surely the writer will be pardoned if he draws the curtain from a domestic picture that can never fade from his memory. After luncheon, which was graciously served in the beautiful and simple style that is perfect hospitality, Mr. Burroughs arose and helped his wife carry the dishes into the kitchen. The writer was busy listening and as the naturalist went on with his delicious flow of conversation as unconsciously as if he were watching a bird in the woods, the former found himself picking up more dishes and following into the kitchen. And there, while the conversation flowed on, Mr. Burroughs stood and wiped the dishes as his wife washed them, and the writer enjoyed the delicious domesticity of it all. Had there been any self-consciousness about it, any apologies, any references whatever, the bloom would have gone; but it was all done as a matter of course, a thing of every day occurrence. A little glimpse into such scenes of blessed home affairs reveal more of a man in a moment than can be learned from a dozen of his books.

TAKING the camera with us, we walked the mile and a half from Riverby to Slabsides. Past the station, down a genuine country lane, up a winding rocky footpath in the wood, taking a rest on sloping trees near the crest, down the hill on the opposite side, crossing into the road again arched over with trees, delicious smelling with ferns and aromatic herbs and woods, the naturalist now and again pointing out a hidden nest to his visitor, until Slabsides was reached. Imagine a bowl in the mountains, half a mile across at its bottom, and perhaps a mile on the rim, the sides covered with trees glistening and shining in the sunlight, the bottom of rich black mould with rows of celery and lettuce, and you have the site of Slabsides. At the end by which we approached, imagine the side of the bowl slightly broken down or flattened, and just inside, on the right, a two-

storied house of log and rude lumber, covered with rough unbarked slabs, and the whole nearly hidden with climbing vines. That is Slabsides, the house of the naturalist, where the thoughts are written that delight the world.

Inside everything is rough and rustic. The table is of birch, with the silver bark on, so is the mantelpiece, the table legs, the cupboard, the stairs, the roof trees, even the bedstead.

Here is the story of Slabsides as Mr. Burroughs told it. "It was the merest accident I came here. I'd often tramped around it and nested in the wild tangle of the swamp that once filled it, but never dreamed of owning it. One day a young man came to me and said the Worthing wood lot (this place) of one hundred acres was for sale for three hundred dollars. He would like to buy it, but he hadn't the money. Did I want to help him? If I would he would let me have all the land I wanted. Well! I'd been lounging quite a good deal and felt that here was a chance to turn over a new leaf. This swamp would have to be drained and would afford me several new problems. So I joined in and helped buy the land. We set to work at once cutting off the timber, though it grieved my heart to see some of it go. Then I had a ditch dug around the swamp and to my delight found that it drained easily. Then we found a spring. That was a find! The moment I saw it I said: 'Now we must build a house!' So we set to work. It was in the spring of 1895 we found the spring; we began the house in the fall and in the spring of 1896 my brother, Hiram, a homeless old bachelor, and I, came up and stayed all summer. For four or five years, while Hiram lived, I came a great deal, but since his death I have not spent quite so much time here. It took us two years to clear the land. It was a frightful tangle. I got a man to help me who had five or six or seven children, and when the place was cleared he begged me to let him work it. And he has done so ever since. He's a smart fellow and a good worker, and knows about all most men know about growing celery and lettuce. There's about three acres altogether and he has two acres under cultivation. He gets his celery into the New York market in June and secures good prices. You see when every other place is burning up for want of water this place is subirrigated and protected, and we can grow corn, onions, and things of that kind just as we like."

Speaking of his brother, Hiram, led to a question about his father's family. He was the seventh of a family of ten, four of whom are still living. The old home farm is near the village of Roxbury, Delaware County, New York. No chord in the poet-naturalist's heart responded more readily than that when the subject was mentioned.

"I was up at the old home last week," he said. "I have to go several times a year. One grows very hungry for the dear old place. When I get there I wander about as in a dream, drinking of the springs I used to drink from when a lad, fishing in the same streams, wishing I could climb the same old trees, and living again a good deal of the old life. Haying time is one of my especial delights. I like to go and watch them cut the hay, cock it up and pitch it up on to the wagon. I had to do it as a boy. But I don't help now as I used to, unless a storm is coming, then I take off my coat and pitch in. Oh, it does you good to go back to the scenes of boyhood, even though the old house is like a tomb and the place like a cemetery. Father and mother have been dead twenty years and others I loved are buried, and yet the sweetness of the hallowed memories overcomes all the sadness and fills me with a something I get from no other source."

THEN the conversation drifted back to his own writing, and finally to his poem "Waiting,"—a poem that has been copied and recited until few indeed there be who are not familiar with it.

"Yes," he queried, "You like 'Waiting!' I'm glad to hear it. Do you know I wrote that poem when I was a young man, in 1862. It was published in the Knickerbocker Magazine, which a short time before had died and been resuscitated. Its editor was then an Englishman, a fine fellow, Kinneha Cornwallis. For years the song was forgotten, until Whittier revived it in his 'Songs of Three Centuries.' Then it gained considerable notice and people wrote to me about its charm and beauty, and how exactly it gave them what they wanted. It was simply to me an expression of what I believed, and still believe, viz.: that nothing comes by accident in this world. There is behind everything a power that keeps the balance of forces. It can't be otherwise. It certainly is so in the physical world—see the worlds whirling in space—read Ruskin's 'Ethics of the Dust'—and I am satisfied it is the same in the mental and spiritual world. Affinities

are at work everywhere, and sooner or later 'my own will come to me.' It is a very modest expression of part of my faith."

"What led me to write 'Light of Day?' Oh, as I have told you, my mind was in a state of intense ferment. I went through a great deal in a short time and I had to say something, so I wrote those essays. When the book was published I soon found it wasn't as radical as I had thought. You see I was living a somewhat secluded life and didn't know all that was going on in the world. Many clergymen wrote to me, and told me the book had been a help to them, and many of them wrote so cordially that I soon began to feel that perhaps it was all right. Some day I think I shall add another chapter to the book in a little different vein, giving my later feelings upon the subject." "How 'different?' Well, I can scarcely tell just what shape it will take, but I know it will be in a more cheerful key."

As he ceased talking the visitor picked up a book from the table. It was an edition de luxe of one of President Roosevelt's and on the title page was the inscription in the President's well-known writing: "To Oom John, with the affectionate regards of his friend and admirer, Theodore Roosevelt, June 9, 1903."

This led to more reminiscence about the President. "He's a true man if ever there was one. There is where he sat when we had our lunch here. I cooked beefsteak in the open fireplace; Mrs. Roosevelt sat here, and it was hot! oh, it was hot! I had just fetched a bucket of cold water from the spring and as we ate, four times he jumped up,—wouldn't let me serve him—and filled his glass from the bucket there, and how he did enjoy it."

WHEN the conversation turned upon others of his distinguished visitors the name of John Muir, the California naturalist, came up, and at once a flow of interesting stories came out: "Muir, ah, there's a wonderful man for you. You know I was with him on the Alaska Harriman Expedition. So he came to see me here. And what a delight it was. Nobody knows that man who only reads him. There is a subtle, delicate flavor of wit and humor, and a delicious personality about him that never gets into print. He can't write himself, and it's himself that's so fine. That account you wrote of him in THE CRAFTSMAN last February explains him about as well as I ever saw him set forth, but even that came far

short of what he really is. And when we got here, he talked and talked. I wanted to listen, and I guess he would have talked all night if I had not compelled him to stop and go to sleep. He is the most delightful conversationalist I believe I ever met."

Just at this moment a robin flew by the window. "Come, ladies," called out Mr. Burroughs to three ladies who had come to see him, "Come in, and I'll show you a robin's nest with three eggs in." And there, standing at his window by the side of his writing table, one could look out into the vines where, on a little shelf, the blue eggs of the robin rested in the pretty nest. "And here's something I never saw before," he exclaimed, walking out on the porch and climbing up to the eaves. When he stepped down he had in his hand a last year's robin's nest, and in it was a new this year's nest of a chippy sparrow in which was one tiny egg. "There! That's a lesson to all of us when we are inclined to dogmatise. I never saw that before, and perhaps never shall again, yet you are witnesses that it has been seen once."

In leaving him one could not help reflecting: He is indeed a craftsman, in that he does well whatever he undertakes. He sees well, he loves well, he thinks well, he writes well, he protests well, and in it all, he is himself. We admire his honesty, his humanness. He is not too finished. He is strong. He is never scornful. He meets men on manly grounds. He likes or dislikes. He believes or disbelieves. But he never "looks down."

MUNICIPAL ART IN AMERICAN CITIES: SAN FRANCISCO. BY CHARLES KEELER

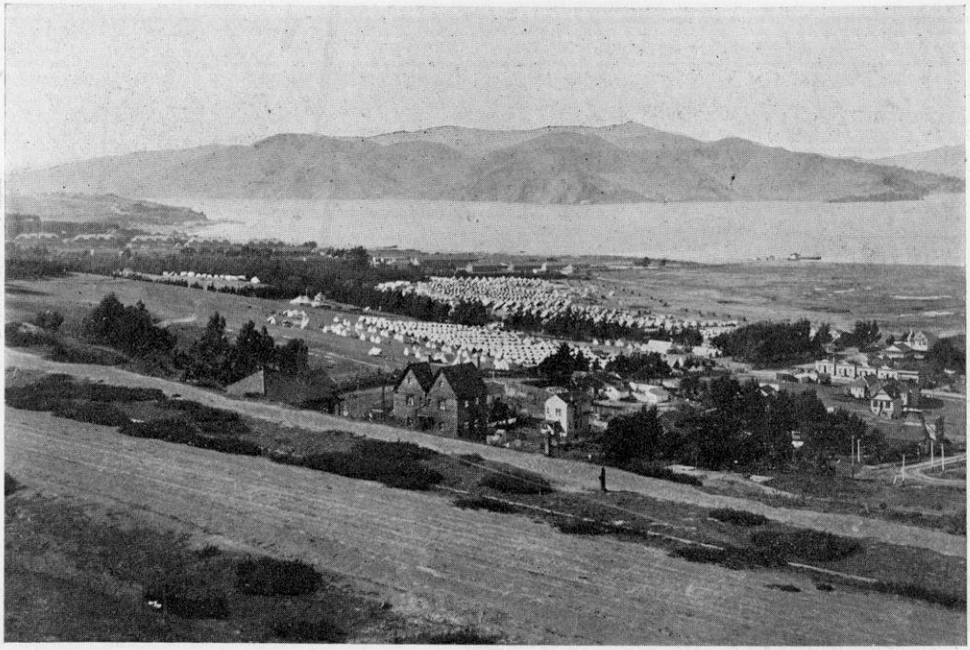
THAT our Municipal Art Series may have a more practical application to municipal development, present and prospective, we present in this number a survey of the conditions and outlook in San Francisco, by Charles Keeler, a resident of that city and a writer personally familiar with the subject. The purpose of the intended series, covering certain representative American cities, is to discover so far as is possible what has already been accomplished, and what is contemplated by the local authorities and special commissions for the reforms and improvements that make for progress along all lines of advancing civilization, a more genuine purpose and a truer sense of public art. THE CRAFTSMAN aims to encourage the multiplying of public parks and reservations for children's playgrounds, to arouse public sentiment in favor of a more systematic laying out of new streets, the planting of trees, the erection of public fountains and statues, the abolishment of the slums, the improvement of tenement quarters by the letting in of light, air and sunshine, and, finally, to encourage thought and discussion that shall lead to a more intelligent and democratic architecture, not only for American homes, but for public buildings, that shall in some measure reflect the American spirit and national life. In the broad development of this purpose, the editor of THE CRAFTSMAN invites suggestions and coöperation on the part of public-spirited and professional men who are giving the subjects their personal attention and study.—(EDITOR.)

TO understand the art possibilities of San Francisco it is necessary at the outset to get some notion of the city as an individuality,—to see what it embodies and typifies, to see what it is made out of, to see how it lies, to discover its latent power. Few American cities are as rich as San Francisco in what the artists term "local color." Few have as picturesque an historic background, and I am tempted to add, although such assertions are dangerous, that none has a more inspiring outlook. Of that vast area of the United States west of the Mississippi Valley, San Francisco is the metropolis. It is a city of the past as well as of the future. It holds the keys of that Golden Gate which opens to all highways of the Pacific,—to the Orient, the South Seas, to South America and Australia. In the very name San

NEW CITY HALL DOME, SAN FRANCISCO

FERRY BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO

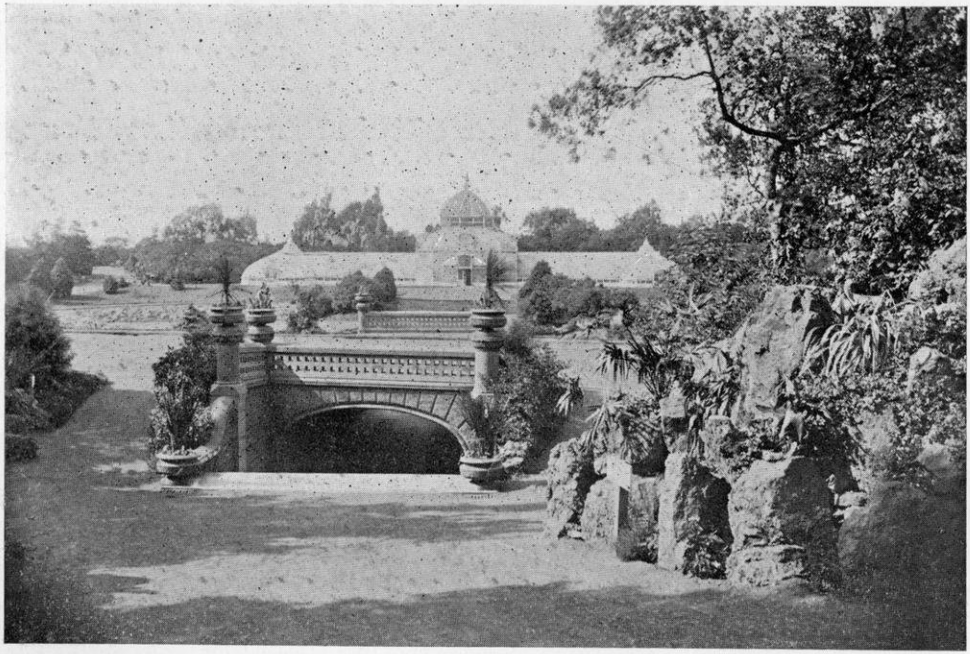
UNION SQUARE, SHOWING DEWEY MONUMENT AND ST. FRANCIS HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO



THE PRESIDIO AND THE GOLDEN GATE, SAN FRANCISCO

IN THE BUSINESS CENTER, SAN FRANCISCO

CITY HALL DOME FROM PARK PANHANDLE, SAN FRANCISCO



ONE OF THE CONSERVATORIES IN GOLDEN GATE PARK

Francisco there is poetic suggestion. Called after the patron saint of the Gray Friars who braved innumerable perils to establish on the shores of the Pacific a chain of missions for the conversion of the Indians, it is an ever-present token of their picturesque life, of their heroic struggles and their tragic dissolution. The mission of San Francisco de Assisi, which they reared, still stands in the city, impertinently jostled by a big modern church, and some miles away on the shore of the Golden Gate is the Presidio, the site of the original Spanish fort where the troops of Uncle Sam to-day parade in the spacious reservation. Grafted upon this old Spanish and Mexican life, is the stirring history of the days of '49, when from all quarters of the world, just after the Mexican war had added California to the Union, came the adventurous gold seekers. The cosmopolitan character stamped upon the city at that time is distinctive of the San Francisco of to-day, changed though the place may be in outward appearance.

If all this romantic association makes for an art spirit in San Francisco, the natural setting of the city is an equally potent factor in the cultivation of this temperament in the people. In a mild and equable climate, cool and windy in summer and with seldom a winter frost, the city lies upon a narrow tongue of hilly promontory thrust up from the south to divide the Pacific Ocean from one of the world's most perfect harbors.

Approach it, as most visitors do, by way of the trans-bay ferries, and the first strong impression is of the individuality of its profile. It is clean-cut, distinctive, never-to-be-forgotten. The profile of New York is one of a multitude of towers shooting upward from the monotonous level of the bay shore. In San Francisco the works of man are duly subordinated to the sculpturings of nature, and the few towers which rise from the plain are effective accents against the background of hills. Following the profile of the city from the north where the waters of the Golden Gate swash upon the rocks from Fort Point to Black Point, the line slopes up abruptly to the frowning height of Telegraph Hill, with its face of sheer rock, and then with a little dip rising to Russian Hill, and beyond another swale to California Street Hill. From this point the profile sweeps down to the valley of Market Street where the Ferry tower on the Bay shore and the lofty Call tower farther up town mark the line of the city's main thoroughfare. Back of this valley the hills rise into mountains, with

the Twin Peaks in the vista up Market Street and the loftier heights of the San Bruno Range farther to the south.

Add to this boldly marked profile, the forest of masts and funnels along shore, ships riding at anchor in the offing or moving to and fro, and we may get some general notion of the lay of the land. But we must not forget that all this view of the city is but a fragment of a broad panorama. Over yonder to the northwest across the bay, Mount Tamalpais rears its shapely head, while off to the eastward at longer range, back of the Berkeley Hills which fringe the bay shore, looms the blue top of Mount Diablo, and the Mount Hamilton Range may be seen in the misty distance to the southeast.

On entering the city, a broad plain is encountered,—formed by filling in the original mud-flats which formerly extended some blocks outward from the shore-line. This is the wholesale district of the city. Farther up town, in a belt close against the foothills, is the office and shopping section, and then, as the cable cars climb up and down the succession of steep hills, they penetrate the residence quarters.

Market Street is not only the main thoroughfare of the city, but is also the boundary line of two parts of the town. It runs up the valley to the southwest, and the section immediately to the southeast, popularly known as "South of Market," is laid out at right angles and parallels to this main highway. This is the district largely devoted to the homes of artisans and laborers, to machine shops and small retail stores. It is like a strip of plaid cut on the bias and patched into the fabric of the city, for on the northern side of Market the streets run almost with the points of the compass. In consequence of this non-conformity, there are two gore blocks at every corner on the north side of Market Street and rectangular blocks on the south side.

SAN FRANCISCO is justly proud of its one great pleasure-ground, the Golden Gate Park, a strip of over a thousand acres extending from the ocean nearly half way across the peninsula upon which the city lies. Some seventeen miles of driveway lead through woodland, past lawns and beds of flowers, up the heights of Strawberry Hill to Stow Lake, and down into sheltered glades haunted by elk and deer. When it is considered that but little more

than thirty years ago the region was a waste of shifting sand dunes, the miracle that has been wrought in fashioning this great pleasure garden is all the more impressive. In spite of this one striking instance to the contrary, San Franciscans have been, up to the past few years, singularly behind the citizens of other municipalities of corresponding rank in making provision for the beautification of their city. Civic pride was for many years dormant. If anyone ventured to suggest the need of more parks and boulevards, the comfortable and indifferent burgher would say: "What more do you want? Haven't we the finest park in the world?" and with this flattering unction laid upon his soul would return to his own private concerns.

Probably no city of its size in America is so miserably and inadequately provided with school buildings and playgrounds. An expert on school affairs has figured the relative area of school rooms and grounds and found that there are actually less square feet provided for playgrounds than for classrooms.

Public statues in San Francisco up to a short time ago, had been anything but things of beauty which are a joy forever. But at the suggestion of Mr. Bruce Porter and a few others interested in beautifying the city, a monument in memory of Robert Louis Stevenson was projected and constructed. Simple indeed is the stone upon which is carved a fitting quotation from Stevenson. It is surmounted by a graceful bronze galleon of spirited design, the whole making a picturesque and appropriate memento to the man who in his days of struggle had found San Francisco a somewhat grim stepmother. The monument is placed in the old plaza, a square of green reminiscent of the days of '49, around the three upper sides of which Chinatown is to-day crowded. No more appropriate spot could have been chosen for this drinking fountain to commemorate the genial teller of tales and lover of romance.

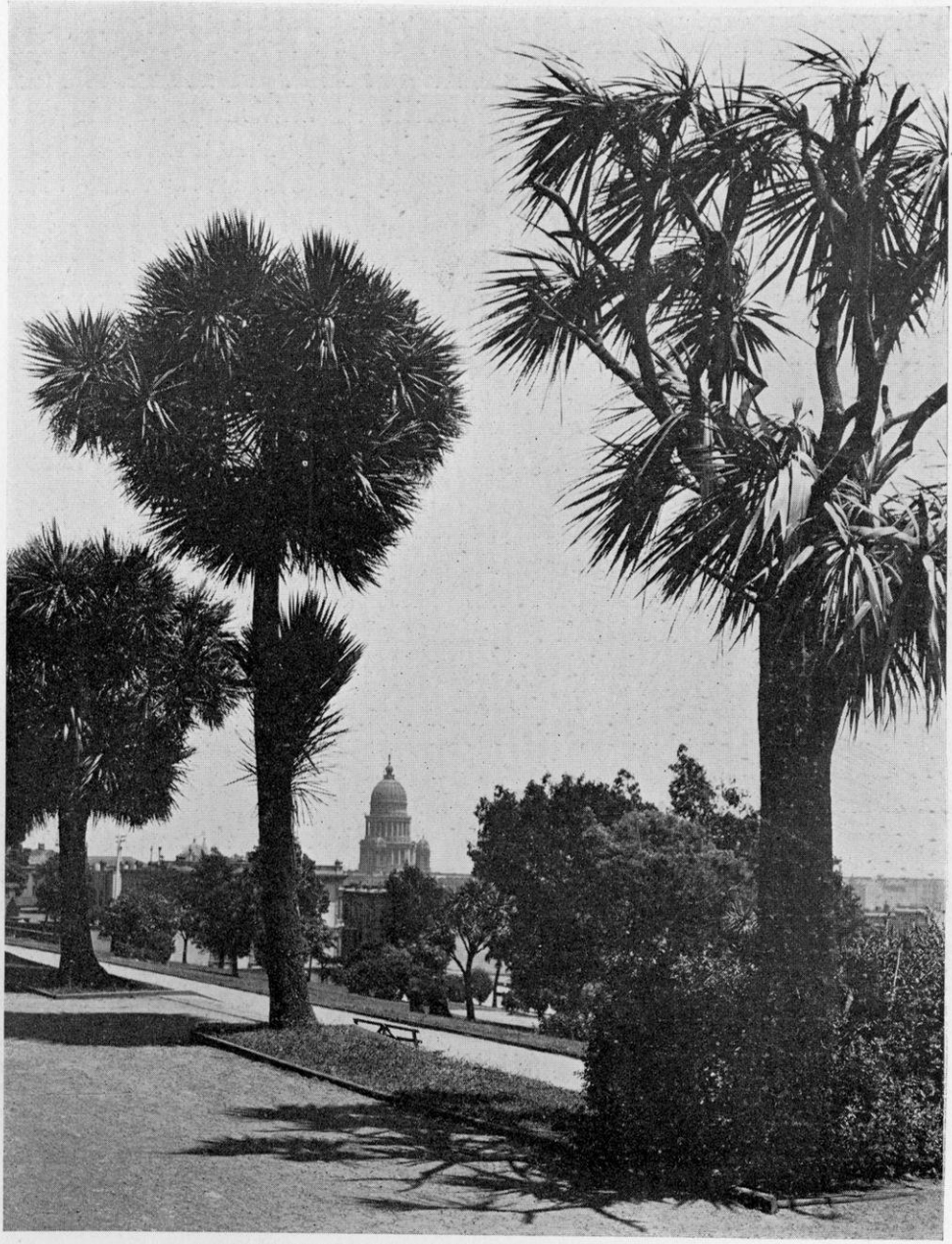
Ex-Mayor James D. Phelan has taken much interest in municipal art reform, and to his public spirit are due some of the best statues that have been added during the past few years. Three young local sculptors, Douglas Tilden, who has won a reputation abroad as well as at home, Robert Aitken and Arthur Putnam, have done some of the most notable pieces of statuary to be found on the streets and in the park, but there is room for a great deal more work along these lines.

MUNICIPAL ART IN AMERICAN CITIES

During the years when civic pride was dormant in San Francisco, an art spirit that is yet destined to wield an important influence in the future city of the Golden Gate was taking possession of a small but increasing number of people. If one were to look for its original inspiration, they would not go far astray in attributing it in large measure to a certain quiet and retiring minister,—a man of gentle nature, of devoted love of the beautiful, and of exceptionally true, though reserved taste. From the inspiration of his modest little home, and the picturesque church built under his direction, and more especially from direct contact with the man himself, a group of architects, decorators, painters, and lovers of the beautiful have acquired a new point of view. They have gained the ideal of a quiet, spiritual, reserved type of beauty which has found expression in homes, in stores, and indeed in many important forms of art work. The casual visitor to San Francisco might well look askance at the architecture of a decade or score of years ago, and feel that if it represents the present art taste of the population there is little hope. But we who live here know that it does not. We know of the constantly growing company of young architects who are imbued with the new spirit, who have had an art training and who are by example and inspiration lifting the ideals of the community. And this very reform of architectural conceptions lies back of the possibility of any successful movement for the beautification of a city.

TWO big projects are now under way looking to the conversion of San Francisco into a city of artistic dignity commensurate with its site. One is in charge of a body of public spirited men forming the "Association for the Improvement and Adornment of San Francisco," and the other is a stock company which has been formed for the building of a Chinese city on the bay shore south of San Francisco, and the conversion of the present Chinatown into a model business district. Although this latter enterprise might properly be considered as included in the objects of the new association, it is a work of such magnitude and of such definite scope that it may be considered apart.

Chinatown at the present time occupies one of the finest sites in the city of San Francisco. It lies upon the first slope of the hills above the comparatively level plain of Kearney Street, the main north and



A BIT OF THE PANHANDLE, SAN FRANCISCO

STEVENSON MONUMENT, SAN FRANCISCO

DONAHUE FOUNTAIN IN MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

McKINLEY MONUMENT IN GOLDEN GATE PARK

south thoroughfare intersecting Market Street. The central highway of Chinatown, Dupont Street, is for the greater part of its length on level and somewhat elevated ground, commanding fine views of the bay and yet most accessible to the heart of the business district. Although Chinatown in its present condition is a picturesque quarter, full of strange people and unusual sights, it does not make for the best civic interests of the city. Back of the streets where gorgeous arrays of oriental wares are so tastefully displayed, are gambling and opium dens; and as the orientals gradually encroach upon the adjacent residence neighborhood up the hills the white population retires before them. The two types of civilization are incompatible.

The promoters of the enterprise for the removal and reconstruction of Chinatown have secured a large tract of land on the bay shore at Hunter's Point, just south of the corporate limits of San Francisco. Here they propose to build a characteristic Chinese city in true oriental style, but with modern sanitation. The railroad will pass through the city, and docks will be built to accommodate ocean steamers, thus giving the people unequalled transportation facilities. The plan is to interest the Chinese themselves to become shareholders in the company and self-governing in their community, thus materially benefiting them by the change. Such an oriental city as is contemplated would become an attraction to tourists from all occidental lands and would be in the nature of a permanent Chinese fair on a magnificent scale.

One of the great difficulties in connection with the execution of this project will probably be due to the desire of the more progressive Chinese to become Americanized, and to their unwillingness to being segregated in a community designed to emphasize the picturesque features of old China. If they can only be made to see how much a people gain by treasuring race and temperamental characteristics in their life and art, they will contribute not a little to the future art spirit of San Francisco.

Should the plans of this company be consummated, it is proposed that the present site of Chinatown be made over into a model business section with widened streets on improved grades, the whole district to be treated in one harmonious scheme. The necessity for wider streets is becoming increasingly apparent as buildings ascend to greater heights and the light on the lower floors is more and more

reduced. Although there are many undeniable difficulties to interfere with the realization of this ambitious project, the promoters of the enterprise are confident of ultimate success.

IN January, 1904, a number of public-spirited citizens formed the Association for the Improvement and Adornment of San Francisco, electing ex-Mayor Phelan president. This association has effected an affiliation with other societies having similar objects,—the California chapter of the American Institute of Architects, The Outdoor Art League, and others,—and aims to coördinate the work of all to the end of united and effective effort.

As a first practical step, a fund was raised to pay for having a comprehensive plan formulated. Mr. D. H. Burnham, the eminent "builder of cities" was called into consultation and has generously contributed his services in the preparation of a broad plan of procedure for the beautification of the city. A bungalow has been built high up on the slopes of Twin Peaks where Mr. Burnham's assistant, Mr. Bennet, and his draftsmen, may constantly look out over the splendid panorama of the city far spread at their feet, with the bay beyond and the mountains sweeping the horizon. Here they are at work digesting and coördinating the many plans which have been submitted to them.

One of the earliest of these proposals came from Mr. Willis Polk, a local architect. He suggested the construction of a great semicircular peristyle at the foot of Market Street, encircling the modern stone ferry building with a magnificent entry way to the city. The drawing which he made of this scheme has been greatly admired, and a fellow architect, Mr. Bernard Maybeck, has proposed a practical manner of realizing this conception. He points out the great sums of money spent in San Francisco in illuminating and decorating the city in honor of national conventions and other holiday celebrations. Why not, he asks, devote this money on some occasion to building Mr. Polk's peristyle in staff and plaster? Then from time to time, in commemoration of other festive occasions, or at the pleasure of wealthy citizens, sections of it could be replaced with marble, until the whole magnificent structure stood in permanent stone.

A great open air Greek theatre has been constructed at the University of California in Berkeley, just across the bay from San Francisco,

and its success and popularity have made evident the desirability of a similar theatre in the hills back of the city. Such a place would be peculiarly adapted for conventions, and for many other occasions calling for large assemblages. It would become a feature of San Francisco as the theatre across the bay has been of Berkeley, and would aid not a little in impressing the Greek spirit upon the life of California. In the plans of the Adornment Association, Twin Peaks will be no doubt treated as the Acropolis of San Francisco, and it would be eminently fitting to have the theatre in some convenient hollow on their slopes.

Should the peristyle be built at the foot of Market Street and a Greek theatre and possibly other public buildings on Twin Peaks at the head of the street, the scheme of civic adornment would naturally contemplate making this main highway of the city an imposing boulevard, decorated with statuary and archways, with plants in cement vases and other permanent decorative features. This central avenue would be, as it were, the key-stone of the arch of municipal adornment for the whole city, and occupying the most conspicuous position would be most universally enjoyed alike by residents and by visitors.

Crossing Market Street through the residence section of the city sweeps the broad Van Ness Avenue, which would naturally form the main cross axis in the scheme of a city plan. A civic center is also to be established where in time the library, museum and other public buildings would be grouped. A boulevard sweeping around the city on the bay and ocean shore line is also contemplated. Few great cities have at hand so picturesque a coast as the bold rocky headland looking out upon Seal Rocks with the long open beach beyond, but an utter lack of taste has characterized all that man has done upon this noble shore. It should all be a municipal park, treated in a bold and natural manner in conformity with its heroic setting. The plan of civic adornment contemplates acquiring all the hills about the city confines and developing them as parks, thus encircling the city with an elevated girdle of green.

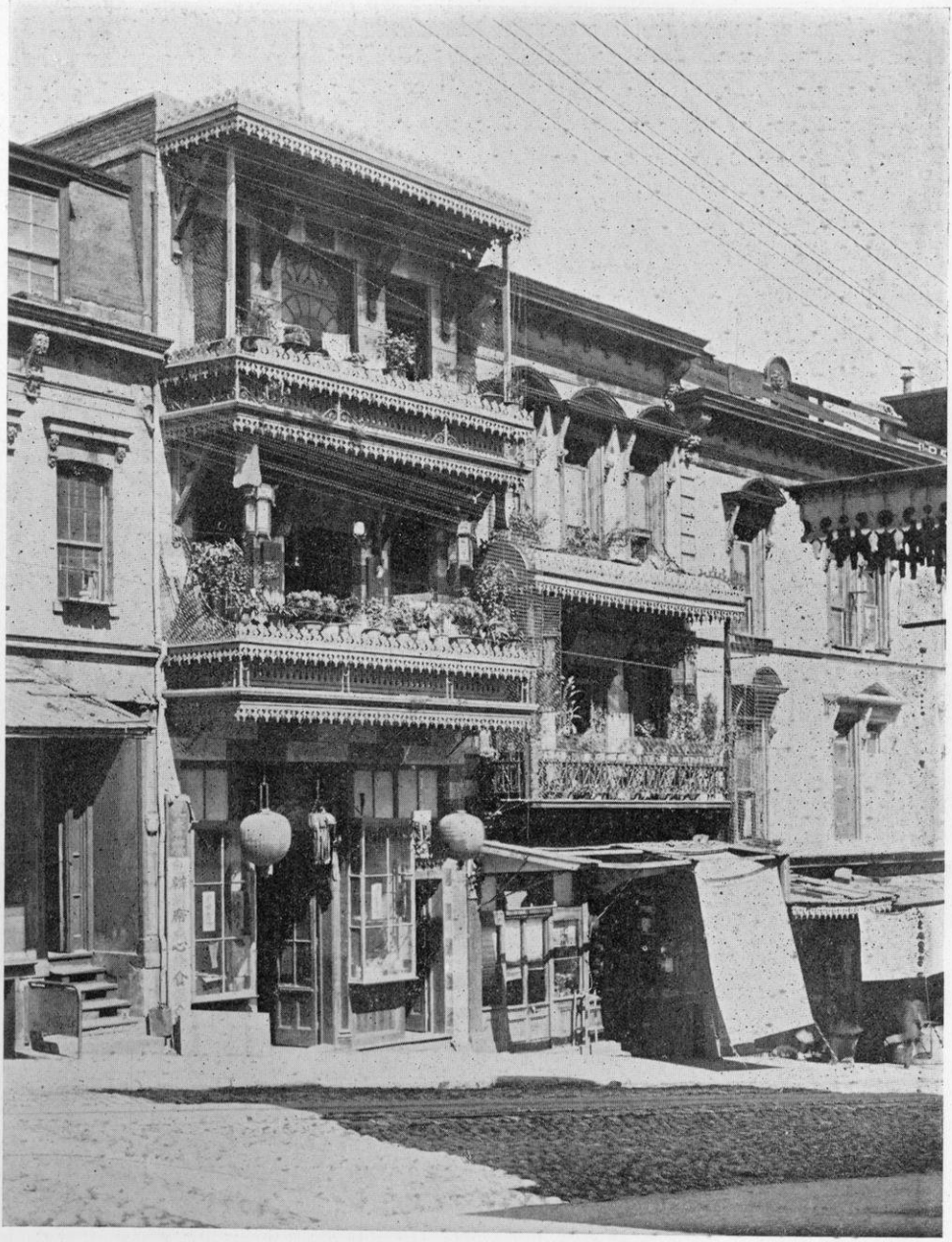
ONE of the most striking points of vantage in the city is Telegraph Hill, already referred to in surveying the profile of San Francisco from the bay. A firm of contractors some years since secured a concession for quarrying rock from the slopes of this

commanding landmark, and there seemed grave danger not only that the symmetry and shapeliness of the hill would be seriously impaired but that in time the eminence might be altogether cut away. Vigorous protests from the Out-Door Art League and others have at length minimized the danger, although the nuisance is not as yet wholly abated. The proposed bonds for improving the hill, for building a gradually ascending road up to the summit and treating the whole as a park, failed to carry at the last election, but despite this temporary check, the plan is by no means abandoned.

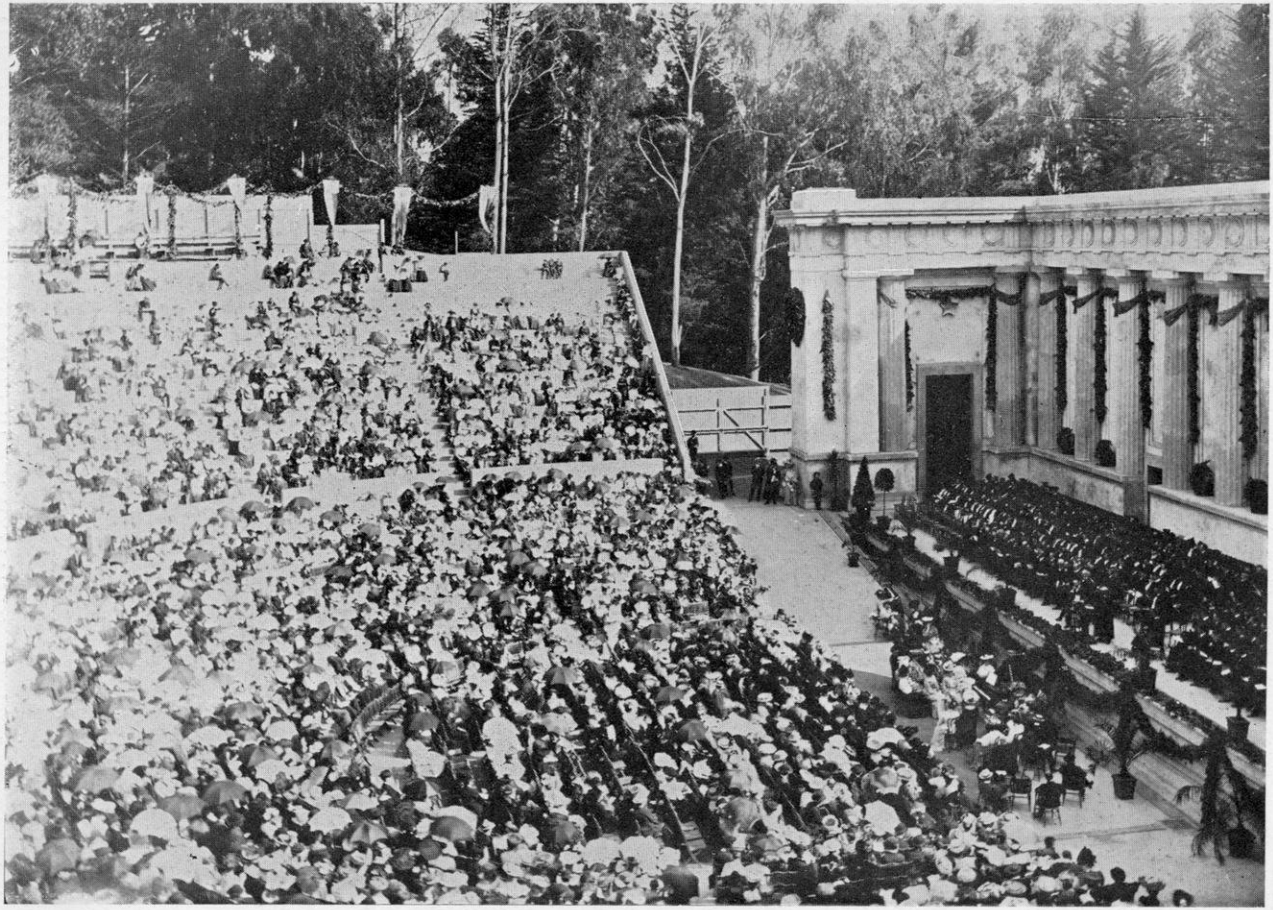
Bonds for other allied purposes suggested by the adornment association, amounting in all to two million dollars, were voted by the people and have been sold. The money thus raised will be devoted to a boulevard a block in width connecting Golden Gate Park with the Presidio, the military park on the shore of the Golden Gate, and for a park site in the Mission district, so named from the Spanish mission of the early days. There will also be two children's playgrounds, one north and the other south of Market Street, and a new public library site, all purchased out of this bond issue.

The limitations of this article make it impossible to even allude to a great number of other schemes which have been suggested toward making the city more beautiful, but enough has been said to show how thoroughly aroused the people are to the importance of the work. At the same time, the business section of the city is being rapidly rebuilt along modern lines. Steel-frame buildings of simple modern design are replacing the monstrosities of a generation ago, and on every hand there is evidence of strength and dignity in the architecture of the new business blocks.

If a tithe of the plans proposed for the adornment of San Francisco find fulfillment, the city by the Golden Gate will prove worthy of its preëminent setting. It seems inevitable that the aesthetic tendencies inherent in the people, fostered by the alluring prospect of hill and plain, of bay and sea, will here come to fruition in tangible form, and that the men of San Francisco, emulating the inspired example of Pericles and his co-workers, will build a new, and shall we dare to hope, a greater Athens, looking out upon the Pacific as the men of old looked forth upon the lesser tide of the Mediterranean. To no less ideal than this should the builders of the city beautiful by the Golden Gate aspire.



SOME CHARACTERISTIC BALCONIES IN CHINATOWN, SAN FRANCISCO



GREEK THEATER IN BERKELEY

THE NEW ART: A PERSONAL AND CREATIVE ART. BY CHARLES M. SHEAN

THE architectural reviews and kindred publications abound with illustrations of the interiors of expensive homes of recent construction, whose salient characteristic is repetition and want of originality. In house after house there is a hearkening back to some familiar example or often a reproduction as exact in scale and detail as the new conditions permit. The great Renaissance palaces of Italy with their wealth of painting and sculpture, the buildings in which the art of interior decoration attained its most superb development, are generally ignored, the adapters seeking their inspiration and taking for reproduction French and English rooms in which the work of the wood worker and the upholsterer predominates and in which painting and sculpture except in their humblest forms seem an intrusion.

We claim, as distinguishing American characteristics, originality and the power of invention, but, in the applied arts at least, Americans have in the main been frankly imitative and have contributed little that is new.

It is a strange contradiction, if our contention is sound, that in this department of the arts exactness of copy in effect and detail should be accepted and applauded and creative power rarely demanded or shown. Singular as this is, the fact is nevertheless established many times by many rooms and apartments, even in houses constructed, decorated and furnished with the utmost lavishness and expenditure.

In the most artistic times ability to create was never too plentiful and it is none too easy to discover now, so that human nature being what it is, so long as clients desire copies, they are likely to have their desires encouraged and gratified. So long as men of wealth are content with rooms that are practically the duplicates of a multitude of others, just so long the weary procession of the various Louis and Empire apartments with their shoppy furnishing will continue. This demand for copied rooms is one of the misfortunes of modern interior decoration. It is a misfortune because the demand for duplication destroys opportunities for creative work. Let us hope it is only a passing fashion, a fad and an idiosyncrasy of the day.

It is but just to say frankly that much of this reproduced work has a meritorious side which richly deserves recognition. Many of the

originals of the American interiors of to-day are masterpieces of their respective styles, and their translation and adaptation here is an educational work of no small value, still, profusion of repetition even of things good in themselves is apt to pall, and the familiar assortment of styles without which no gentleman's house is complete, is rapidly becoming a weariness to the soul. Copies of the carved chimney pieces of the French chateaux and reproductions of their furniture and furnishings have become familiar friends, and the tale can be carried on indefinitely. In the place of copies, a venerable original sometimes embellishes a new interior, but battered and broken mantel-pieces torn from their original settings, or skillful counterfeits ostentatiously aged in appearance, no longer have the charm of novelty. So long as our designers stand looking back over the dead and dusty past, not searching for the principles it teaches but for *motifs* for exploitation just so long the present conditions will remain unchanged and our interiors will be only a field for workmen and not for artists. For to be an artist one must create. Where exactness of style is demanded there is no room for personal expression, and to imitate the style and technique of some long departed master is a sorry task to give an American artist of to-day.

IN art, as in nature, development is an essential of growth. The progress of art to a very large extent rests on what has been done before. Good art of a past time is proved art; art proved by experience and experiment, tested by time; measured by the appreciation of contemporaries and by those who followed them the old styles are something not to be thrown aside and decidedly something not to be entirely ignored or abandoned. But there is room and need for the new. It is a fallacy to suppose that to the past alone belonged the power to create a style, and that the designers of the present and the future are not and will not be endowed with a like faculty. That every style is an outgrowth of some other style is true, or perhaps it is better to say that it is by the application of principles similar to those that produced the former style that we must look for the development of any new style. Two new ideas in design have recently been brought prominently forward. These are the new Gothic movement in America and the New Art movement in Europe. The Gothic development has as yet been chiefly notable in its application to exterior

design, while New Art has had greater application in interior decoration and furniture. It is a striking characteristic of both these new phases in art that they have the study of plant forms as the basic principle of their ornament.

The New Art has been cleverly characterized as a movement rather than a style, and, as a movement—a breaking away from set conventions, hard and fast rules and formulas, it is big with promise. It is primarily an artists' movement and the painter and the sculptor, if they will train themselves in design, can create for themselves opportunities for personal expression now almost wholly lacking.

The availability of Gothic, when freely treated, for modern buildings of many kinds, and its adaptability to modern structural conditions has been fully demonstrated in a number of new and important American buildings, while the New Art in this country at least has not been successfully used in any important exterior. In Europe, it has been frequently so applied and sometimes with marked success. But the most brilliant triumphs of the New Art have been achieved in the decoration and furnishing of rooms, and its achievements in the arts of jewelry, ceramics, furniture, embroidery, wall patterns, hangings, glass, book bindings, etc., have been of almost unexcelled brilliancy. It is because of its availability here for home adornment and decoration in an individual manner reflecting alike the personality of the owner and the designer, and because of its importance to our arts and crafts that it deserves careful study and attention.

A French critic, in writing of two New Art rooms at a recent Paris exhibition pens a eulogy which unfortunately too few efforts in this or any other style fully merit.

"The conception of the general effect and the handling of the details of these two apartments, the design of the furniture which enriches them, the stuffs which adorn their walls, or cover their chairs, the combination of colors selected by the artist for each of them, have been combined as a painter would have combined them had he chosen to express his impression or his idea within the limits of a canvas. The selection by the artist of the harmony most capable of increasing depth, giving delicacy of effect and mystery, all here show that decorative art, far from being an inferior or at least a minor art, as many persons pretend and have too long pretended, can often attain true beauty. I see the expression of artistic feeling in these rooms in the

same degree as in a picture or in a work of sculpture." Which is perhaps only another way of expressing what again I quote: "The time will come when as much credit will be given for a personal and successful scheme for the furnishing and decoration of a room as for a painting or a piece of sculpture." Too often though we find in the New Art "shelves on which nothing can be safely placed, book cases destined never to hold books, divans bristling with show cases, incoherent tables balanced on the summit of twisted tree trunks."

FOR mediocrity the long travelled road is the only safe one, and had many of the practitioners of the New Art remained thereon we should have been spared a multitude of object lessons painful to behold. For most awful atrocities have been committed in this style. Rooms whose lines suggest angry wrestlers ready to clinch, colors that cry out as if in pain, and furniture that seems intended only as a practical joke. But with all its errors and failures, sometimes the fault of an exuberant and untrained imagination, or a stupid striving after originality, much that is sane, beautiful and new has been produced and it is in these examples we can see the promise of a rich and useful future. The successful designer of New Art must not only have imagination and originality, but he must be thoroughly trained in the styles and traditions of the past. These essentials are imperative if his work is to have value and be worthy to live. Too many of the devotees of the New Art lack these requirements, so their work offends against good taste and fails to have even momentary interest.

The new movement,—the modern style as the Germans prefer to call it, is strongly affecting the arts and manufactures of western Europe, but it is so little in use in America that for worthy examples we have to go to the continent and to Great Britain.

The New Art interiors, however, of the German exhibit in the Palace of Varied Industries at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, are familiar to many Americans, and this display was by far the most complete showing of the new art which has yet been seen in this country. It was remarkable for charm of color and completeness of design. A color scheme for each room was determined upon as the first step, and the wood finish, furniture, textiles, metal work, marbles and glass were all specially designed and harmonized with it.

It was perhaps in many respects the most interesting and instruc-

tive exhibit of the fair, and in some senses the most remarkable display ever shown in America of complete rooms, wholly and harmoniously designed throughout, with the avowed purpose of producing a certain and definite effect. They were rooms so wholly new and so striking in their beauty as to have the charm of almost absolute freshness and originality in a quite unequalled degree. They presented the New Art in an entirely new way, so far as the American conception of it is concerned, for they were devoid of the eccentricities and the vagaries with which this art is sometimes popularly identified. They showed moreover rooms beautiful in style and in detail, in which every single part and object had a special decorative value of its own and a studied relationship to the whole. Each room was in fact a complete work of art as a room. This in itself is a fact of great and significant moment.

Just how important this is, is apparent by a consideration of the average American room in which all sorts of objects are brought together for no other reason than that they can be contained within it or because each article has a more or less certain artistic interest. Even masterpieces, when brought together in a miscellaneous fashion, lose much by unrelated juxtaposition. This is as true of articles of furniture as it is of more important works of art.

The German exhibit showed how to design a room, beginning at the beginning with a definite idea which was to be developed by treating every single part and feature in a definite way. The room when finished was more than a space bounded by four walls and covered with a ceiling. It was a real room, alive with art instinct and as beautiful in execution as it was fine and complete in conception. It is important, too, in reviewing these rooms to remember that they were the result of a number of years of continuous effort. The New Art has been perhaps more frequently used and more highly developed in Germany than in any other country. The St. Louis exhibit was not therefore sporadic, but the culmination as it were of much study and experiment.

IT is a somewhat remarkable circumstance that, notwithstanding the predilection of the French for new things in art and the avidity with which they embraced the New Art in its earliest stages, its later growth and development in France has by no means been so rapid or pronounced as it has been in Germany. It is quite likely

that this has been largely due to the very extraordinary achievements of the French in classic art and the completeness with which they have developed their own later styles, which are at the same time French and classic.

It should not, however, be inferred that, because the examples in France may be less numerous than in Germany, for instance, the country which developed Gothic art and created its perfect masterpieces has failed to appreciate the merits and advantages of the New Art or has failed to produce work of importance. On the contrary the French artists have produced many remarkable examples not only of complete rooms but of pieces of furniture, jewelry, ceramics, and other objects. Much of their best furniture in this style, while reminiscent of their eighteenth century styles in form and line, is wholly new in detail, combining new ornament with older *motifs* and showing the traditional French completeness of workmanship and delicacy of finish.

In none of the arts has the new style found happier expression than in that of the jeweler, and among all the New Art exponents who have selected jewelry as their form of expression the French are easily first. And incontestably the greatest of French jewelers is René Lalique.

In the productions of this master craftsman, no matter how rich or how precious the materials may be, the beauty of conception and the cunning workmanship are what gives the jewel its greatest value. He has created his style and the difference between his work and that of his predecessors is absolute. Lalique has gone to nature for his inspiration and found nature's store of inspiration inexhaustible. He has restored to dignity many materials not heretofore considered costly enough in themselves for objects of luxury, and, for his metals, has not confined himself to those called precious. It is the color and quality of a stone that attracts him and not its cost and he selects it only for the effect it will produce in his work.

On the continent the New Art is more and more in evidence in Italy, Holland, and Belgium, and especially in Austria, where the ardent search for modernism has produced ornamental compositions that are marvels of harmony and distinction. The instruction given in the decorative arts at Vienna is of the first importance and on the most liberal scale, and the equipment and management of its great

schools of technical and artistic instruction are worthy of the most careful study by all friends of a liberal and thorough art education here. Important advances in all the varied art industries of the Austrian capital and the empire have been made because of the broad and generous instruction given in the Vienna schools.

In the United Kingdom the Glasgow school easily takes the lead, and, thanks to the various English art publications and to THE CRAFTSMAN, the general reader can readily form some idea of the movement as developed there.

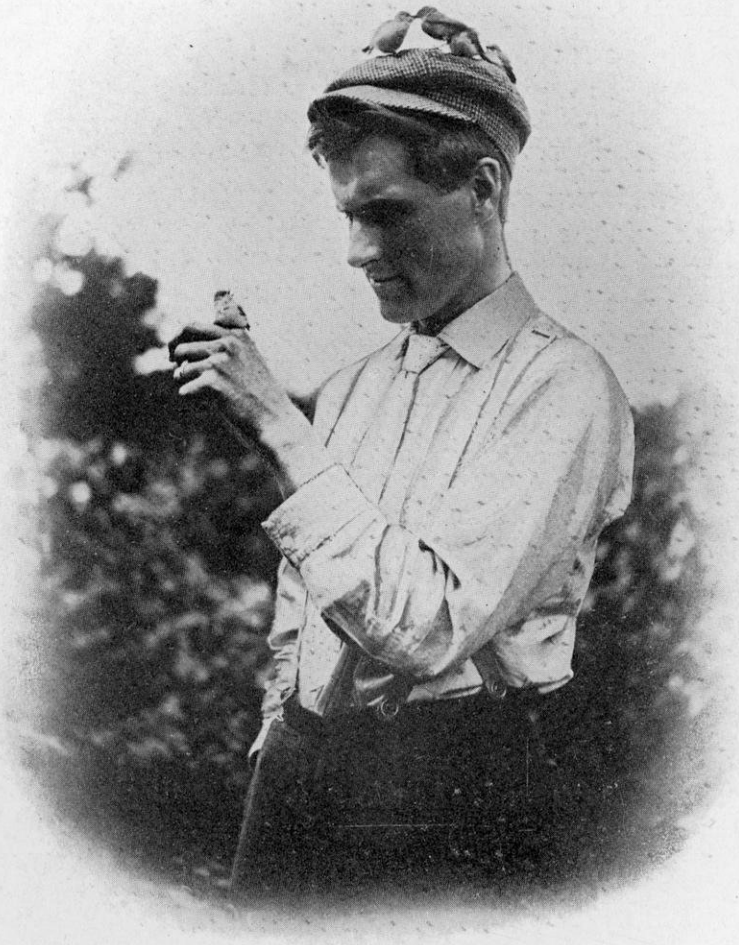
IT is not so easy to say just what the New Art is. It is easy to call it a revolt against academic formulas and conventions which have become stereotyped and lifeless. This it certainly is. But it is much more, and it is anything but a simple matter to define the style at the present time, so varied and often so contradictory are its performances; or to predict what its final characteristics will be, or what will be the future scope of its influence. It is not necessary, nor is it particularly desirable, to have a definition now. We are only witnessing the first experiments,—the childhood of a style which is still in its formative period. When the movement can be defined with any approach to scientific accuracy, when its features and characteristics have become set, the work of evolution and growth will have reached its term. The New Art will then take its place among the formulated styles and in its turn serve as material for the great army of adapters. It is safe, though, to predict that in each country, responsive to racial influences and environment, it will evolve its peculiar manner of expression.

In fact, the work of the different countries of Europe that have produced much in the New Art, already show special and peculiar points of view and manners of treatment. That in some the movement may result in what can be fairly called a national style, is possible, and for the moment the indications are that the Germans may first succeed in so stamping their work that a racial point of view will be apparent. What are our designers accomplishing in this living art, which to-day is the dominant art influence of Europe, and what is America's contribution to it in quantity or in quality? Results of any moment are hard to find, yet, here in this new land, untrammeled by traditions, it would seem logical and reasonable that the cult of the

New Art would most easily spread and that here would be formed its richest development. But it is not so.

Is the fault in our so-called Art Schools? In a large measure it most certainly is. Their faulty and incomplete course of training furnishes most of the explanation. In the main they ignore the many applications of true art. They slight the applied arts and make technique their god, look down upon the craftsman, neglect design, train a multitude of eager students only to paint pictures that few men want and fewer buy, and elaborately equip the great majority of those who flock to them for instruction to lead a life of want and uselessness. It was not so in the days of the Renaissance. It is not so in the countries where art is broadly and properly taught, and it ought not to be so here. With the crying need for reform the present conditions cannot last and the remedy will be applied.

The need of personal expression is born with every true artist and, once the road to a realization of his natural tendencies is found, he will not be slow to travel it. A broader and more wholesome perception of what is an artist's work is growing among us, and many of our men of talent have realized the futility of painting pictures for which there is little demand, and the questionable dignity of gaining their bread by teaching others a form of art by the practice of which they themselves cannot live. Those whose artistic equipment is greater, and whose art interest is broader than that of the average painter of easel pictures, are essaying many forms of artistic activity. To all such the flexibility, novelty and charm of the New Art must strongly appeal. The seed has been sown and it is not conceivable that a movement so strongly affecting the bolder artistic spirits of the Old World will long wait for general recognition here.



WILLIAM LOVELL FINLEY WITH BUSH-TITS

HERMAN T. BOHLMAN, WITH FAMILY OF BUSH-TITS

BIRD STUDIES AND PICTURES FROM LIFE WITH THE CAMERA: WILLIAM LOVELL FINLEY, HERMAN T. BOHLMAN

OBSERVATIONS on birds, when made with care and reported with fidelity, are always interesting. They are made additionally so if accompanied by spirited and lifelike sketches; but if the sketches are replaced by vivid photographs, showing the birds in characteristic attitudes, or in actual motion, the interest is increased fourfold. It is with unusual pleasure, therefore, that we present to the readers of THE CRAFTSMAN the first and only authoritative account of the work of two new bird observers and photographers, who have already won a high place in the ranks of practical naturalists. These are William Lovell Finley and Herman T. Bohlman.

Finley is a Californian. He was born twenty-nine years ago at the old Mission town of Santa Clara, and in the exquisitely beautiful valley of the same name learned to love out-of-doors so completely, that nothing will ever be able to wean him away from it. In those boy days he wandered over the hills and down to the marshes at the foot of San Francisco Bay, gathering bird's eggs and learning the calls of the birds. At eleven years of age he had quite a collection, which he carefully packed up and moved with the family's belongings when his parents decided to make Portland, Oregon, their future home.

Here the growing lad met another of his own kind, though some four years his senior, Herman T. Bohlman, born in Portland, of thrifty Germans who came there direct from Hamburg. He, too, was fond of birds, but his tastes led him to taxidermy, gathering the bird skins for purposes of scientific investigation rather than the boyish interest in collecting bird's eggs. It is seldom that two such marked individualities as are possessed by these young men can be so perfectly coördinated. In them both the love of birds amounted to a controlling passion; both were of scientific turn of mind and determined to do things thoroughly; both were never so happy as when out of doors; both loved to row and swim and rough it; both were natural campers-out; both were hunters and fishermen, and yet both loved to observe fish and animals alive rather than kill them with hook or gun. It was only for food they slew, after Bohlman had learned the taste of hunting with a camera, for, early in their outdoor life together, they began to take a camera with them. As they read and studied the work of

the Audubons and saw the wonderful drawings these celebrated naturalists had made of birds and animals, the two young men became fired with zeal to do the same work, only better, more thoroughly, more scientifically, with the camera, than the pioneers had done with pencil and paper.

Bohlman was naturally of a mechanical turn of mind, and was then in training to be a sanitary engineer, a profession which required some mechanical knowledge. This led him, as soon as he became expert with the ordinary camera, to make one especially adapted to their own peculiar needs. This gave a new zest to their sports. They began to accumulate negatives of birds, their eggs, nesting movements, habits and the like, and little by little the whole work of their lives formulated itself. They said to themselves in act if not in deed: "We will study Nature direct. We will picture her better than the Audubons, for we will do it with absolute fidelity, whereas they, using only the pencil and brush, were compelled often to rely upon memory or imagination." They saw that the only way to show the life of the species was to picture the life of the individual bird. They determined, therefore, to select a representative nest, watch the mating of the birds and photograph the offspring from the moment the eggs were laid until they hatched out and were full grown. They also had the artistic instinct. They loved to see a beautiful picture, and, though bird life was to be their chief work, so thoroughly were they both determined to make their photographs of bird life beautiful and artistic that they carefully studied the composition of pictures, and then, together, climbed into the most dangerous places, worked around in the tree tops or on the edges of cliffs, or on the slopes of rugged mountains, that not in studios, or in picturesque valleys,—but there, in places of danger, they might compel their camera to produce beautiful scenes.

BUT photographing was only a part of their work after all. What was the use of pictures that told only a part of the story? They had received good educations; they knew the benefit of careful observation and equally carefully kept records of those observations. They began to keep notes; then at the close of the day they compared them. Around the camp-fire, sometimes when they were so tired that they could scarcely arouse themselves to "throw on

another stick," they each demanded a careful going over of the other's notes. They challenged each other's accuracy and thoroughness, and, did a question remain unsettled to-night, the morrow saw them wend their way back to the place of dispute, to begin a joint and more thorough examination of the matter in question. So they compelled the doing well of that which they undertook.

Their photographs, too, were subjected to the same critical standards. No picture was ever "good enough" until it satisfied certain requirements. It must be as clear as knowledge and skill, with the appliances now known, could make it. It must reveal that for which it was made, and it must be artistic. If a set of photographs was made that did not conform to any one of these requirements, the selected nest was abandoned, a new one found, and new pictures made. In this way hundreds of negatives were discarded, and long months of work had to be done afresh. But this was part of the game, and in getting new bird-pictures they were developing two youths into men.

Let us now look at some of the specific work these young men have done. In 1897 they took a cruise up the Willamette River seventy-five miles in a small double canoe, then overland back into the Cascade Mountains to the head waters of the Santiam River, collecting valuable data—photographs and notes,—upon the bird life of this region. The following year they went over this whole ground again, camping out wherever night found them, making a prolonged stay at locations where the birds they were seeking were plentiful. In 1899 they made a trip up the Clackamas River. Here they found birds nesting on the precipitous places along the river, and, with camera strapped to back, and, with other straps and cords, carried so as to be ready to tie themselves in a dangerous spot from which it seemed necessary to obtain a picture, they conducted their investigations. In one of these places the camera straps gave way, allowing the precious instrument and a number of plates already made to drop upon the rocks beneath, where not only was everything smashed into a thousand pieces, but future work was suspended, owing to the loss of the camera, as well as much laborious work of the past destroyed.

The year after that they had even worse adventures. After canoeing down the Columbia River and while shooting rapids in the Lewis River in Washington, the canoe was tipped over. It was rough,

rocky, cold and dangerous, and life was the first thing to be thought of. They escaped, and swam after their canoe. The camera and some of their plates were spoiled, but they had taken the precaution to wrap up the bulk of their exposed plates in watertight bags which they tied to the canoe, so these were saved.

FROM 1901 to 1903 they did excellent work on some islands off the Oregon Coast. Their adventures here read like a romance, as they studied the sea birds that clustered in quantities on these solitary and lonely islands. Merely to land was perilous as there was nothing but barren rock, upon which the waves pounded with persistent fierceness. With sledge and drill, powder and fuse they had to make for themselves a stopping place, and every step they took in their hunt after the birds and their nests had first to be chiseled out of the solid rock. But they got what they went for. For five days and nights they camped on a mere ledge, the ceaseless hammering of the waves never for a moment out of their ears except, when utterly exhausted, kind sleep came to give them a few hours' needed oblivion.

In 1904 they had a delightful time photographing the great blue heron. Some of our pictures give a glimpse of this work. The lowest nest at one heronry was one hundred and thirty feet from the ground. The tree had to be climbed with the camera strapped on the back of the artist, and this in itself is no childish feat. When the nest was reached, the photographer found newly hatched birds in it! It was eggs he was after. So, pulling himself up still higher, he saw on another tree, fifteen feet away, just the nest he wanted. Strapping himself to the trunk of the tree he carefully lassoed a branch of the further tree. Then he proceeded to pull the two trunks together. As they came closer and closer the tension on the tree upon which the photographer stood seemed like that of a huge catapult which might suddenly be released and hurl him inte space. But nothing gave way, and with a few more pulls the two trees were brought together and the picture obtained.

In one illustration the photographer is shown in the tree top, sitting in a heron's nest. Just below a young, full grown bird may be seen. This was lifted out of the nest to make way for the stranger, and another engraving shows the heron portrait that was secured. Another time, when trying to get the nest of a red-tailed

BLACK-THROATED GRAY WARBLERS

THREE YOUNG WARBLING VIREOS AND BASKET-SHAPED NEST

A CAMERA IN THE TREE TOP

ONE WAY OF CLIMBING

TAMING YOUNG FLICKERS

YOUNG LEWIS WOODPECKERS

YOUNG GOLDEN EAGLE

LOOKING FOR MARSH-BIRD'S NESTS

A STRANGE INTRUDER IN A HERON'S NEST, AND A PORTRAIT OF THE RIGHTFUL OCCUPANT

hawk, on the banks of the Columbia River, it was found that the tree was too large for scaling. There were no limbs low enough to reach, so what did they do but cut a smaller tree so that, as it fell, it leaned upon the big tree, and thus afforded an aerial ladder by means of which the lower limbs of the big tree could be reached. The nest was found to be one hundred and twenty feet from the ground. In another photograph Mr. Bohlman is seen photographing a golden eagle's nest and young in an adjoining tree. His own position is fifty-five feet from the ground. An accompanying photograph shows the young golden eagle as he stands by the side of his nest. The whole series of these eagle photographs is most interesting and valuable. It shows the life of the golden eagle from egg to full feather and is the only set in existence. Months of time and persistent hard work, mountain and tree climbing, discouragement, and disappointment were experienced before success crowned their efforts.

In hunting for marsh bird's nests these two have had many experiences, not the worst of which were wading up to the thighs in slushy places, and pushing through wild tangles of brush, brier and vine. In one place Finley thus describes it: "For a few yards we ducked under and wiggled along the bed of a ditch in the mire to our knees. I never saw such a tangled mass of brush, fallen limbs and trees of elder, swamp maple and willow interlaced with blackberry brier, poison oak and the rankest nettles. All the while we were assailed by an increasing mob of starving mosquitoes that went raving mad at the taste of blood. We pushed on, straining, sweating, crawling, climbing, for a hundred yards that seemed more like a mile."

After one trip they were made miserable for five weeks with a rash gendered by the poison oak, and yet, even while they suffered, they went at it again. Only the divine enthusiasm that knows no obstacles, that laughs at all discomfort, can make the real man within to triumph over the human. But above all they possess within themselves the radiating love for their little feathered brothers and sisters, the birds, that wins as nothing else will. See the flock of young Lewis woodpeckers, they are not afraid. Why should they be? Their human friends have visited them ever since they were hatched, and they know they are safe. The three young warbling vireos come out on the branch above their basket-shaped nest, and pose as perfectly as the most skillful artist could place them, at the call of their two friends,

while the black-throated gray-warbler goes ahead and feeds her young in the presence of the photographer and his camera as if she knew they were of her own kind. And what can be more touching than the confiding actions of the young flickers that climb all over the arms and shoulders of Finley and Bohlman as they stand by the side of the old stump, one of them even nestling into Finley's neck to enjoy the warmth.

In the two full page portraits of the naturalists is revealed, better than can be done by any words, their secret of success. The tiny bush-tits are safe and secure whether in hand or on cap. The mother feeds her young and they all enjoy that beautiful mutual trust and confidence which in itself is heaven. Surely "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush" when the bird comes willingly, knowing that the hand is the hand of love and protection. We hail the day of such sportsmen and students as Finley and Bohlman, for it is the day foretold by the Hebrew prophet when "the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and the little child shall lead them."

BACK TO THE SOIL

"EVERY farmer boy wants to be a school teacher, every school teacher hopes to be an editor, every editor would like to be a banker, every banker would like to be a trust magnate, and every trust magnate hopes some day to own a farm and have chickens and cows and pigs and horses to look after. We end where we begin."

TWO WOMEN WHO COLLABORATE IN SCULPTURE: BY BERTHA H. SMITH

AT the spring exhibition of the Society of American Artists a conspicuous place in the main salon was given to a life-size sculptured group designated in the catalogue, "Boy and Goat Playing." The group attracted much attention, and to some whose eyes ran across the page for the artist's name there was something of surprise in finding it the work of Anna Vaughn Hyatt and Abastenia St. Leger Eberle. It was not surprise that it should be the work of women. The world has long since ceased to be surprised that any accomplishment should be a woman's. Women have not only been admitted into that holy of holies, the world's work room, but they have entered as high priests with every sacred right there, and much expected of them in their service. The surprise was to find it the joint work of two sculptors. Collaboration in sculpture is not so usual a thing but that it still has a unique interest. In the case of these two young women, the arrangement is a distinct departure from every precedent, their purpose being to work together in the future on animal and figure groups. The first announcement of this purpose was a group called "Men and Bull," exhibited last year at the St. Louis Exposition and awarded a bronze medal. This success with their first group encouraged them to begin at once on another which they had been working out in thought for a year. This by close work they succeeded in completing just in time for them to accept an invitation to exhibit at New York's biggest annual exhibition. The attention attracted by this group foretells a favorable reception for other pieces which may follow.

The career of these two sculptors, now at the beginning, shows many points of similarity. They are two of the few American artists who have not deemed it necessary to go abroad to study. Both have firmly resolved to see if America cannot develop artists without the aid of foreign schools. Art students are wont to go to Europe for "atmosphere," to study what others have done, to try to learn to feel and think as others have felt and thought. By doing this many young men and women of promise have so devitalized themselves that they cannot work save under the spell of that "atmosphere," and so debauched their minds that they cannot think new thoughts for themselves. Too often the result has been a capitulation, with the indi-

vidual self as the forfeit. If they had stayed at home and fought the good fight alone, with only the elementary instruction which is a necessary foundation to accomplishment of any kind, battled it out with the great strong tide of their own art impulses, they might have come forth with a masterliness their own and not the mere echo of some other's. This determination to be purely an American product is one of the many points of similarity in the convergent lines along which the course of these two lives have been laid. With so much of unity of thought and purpose, it is but natural that they should come together and work out their common thoughts and purposes.

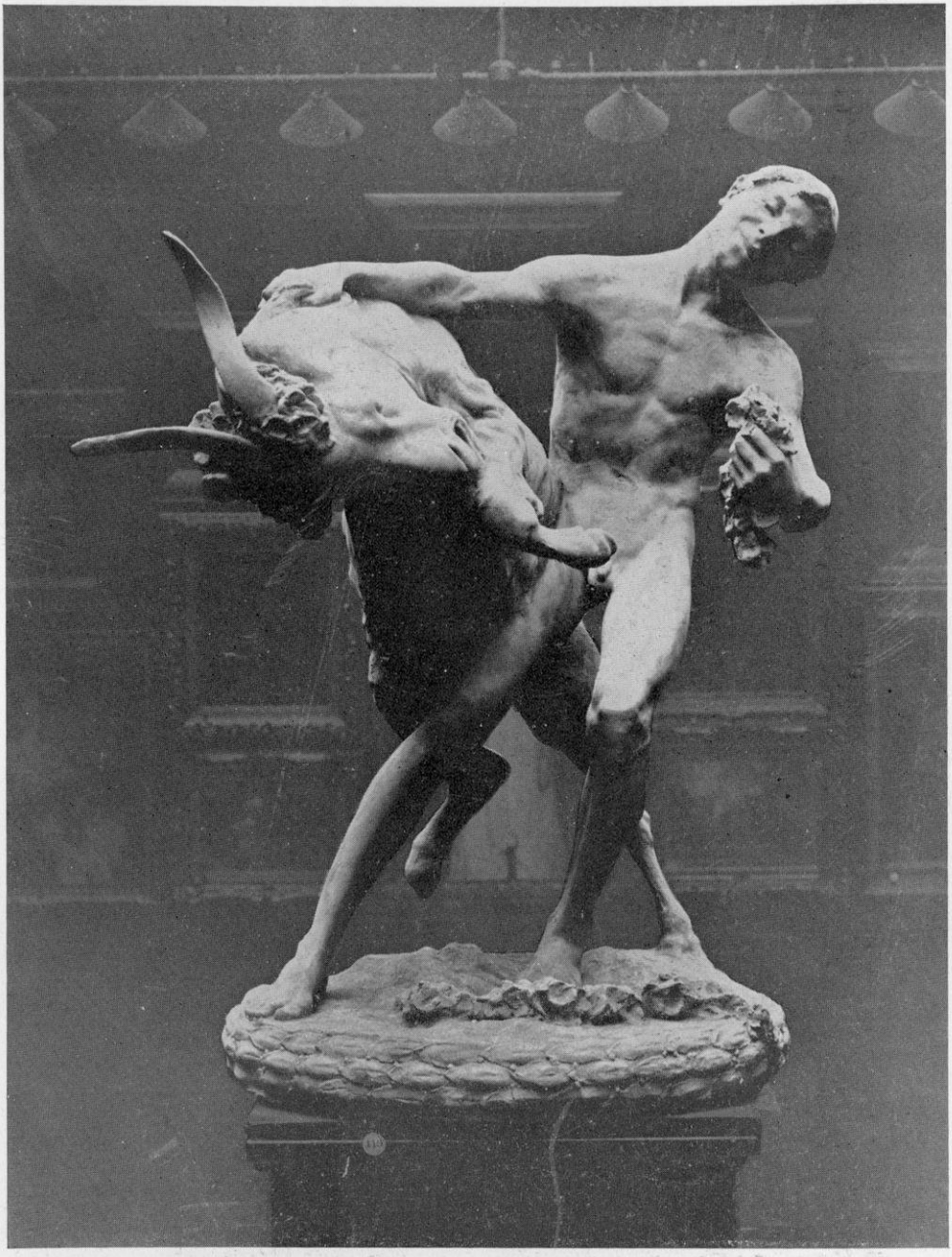
IN the beginning Miss Hyatt had thought to devote her time and talents to a musical career. She chose the violin and for a number of years gave herself to it with all the fervor of her artistic nature. But the many hours of daily practise began to tell on a constitution not over-strong, and an attack of nervous prostration put the violin in its case, where all unexpectedly it was doomed to stay. In the days of convalescence Miss Hyatt found recreation in trying her hand with the modeling clay with which she had always idly amused herself under a sculptor sister's tuition. The result was the life-size model of a Great Dane, which was accepted for exhibition by one of the national art societies, and afterwards sold.

Perhaps it was this encouragement that changed Miss Hyatt's career. Perhaps it was that she discovered that in sculpture her artistic nature found ampler expression than in music. However or whyever it happened, she definitely chose sculpture for her life work. For a short time she studied with Henry Hudson Kitson of Boston, and later spent a few months at the Art Students' League, New York. But for the most part she has worked alone. She felt she must be free, and one cannot be free who works always by the ideas of others.

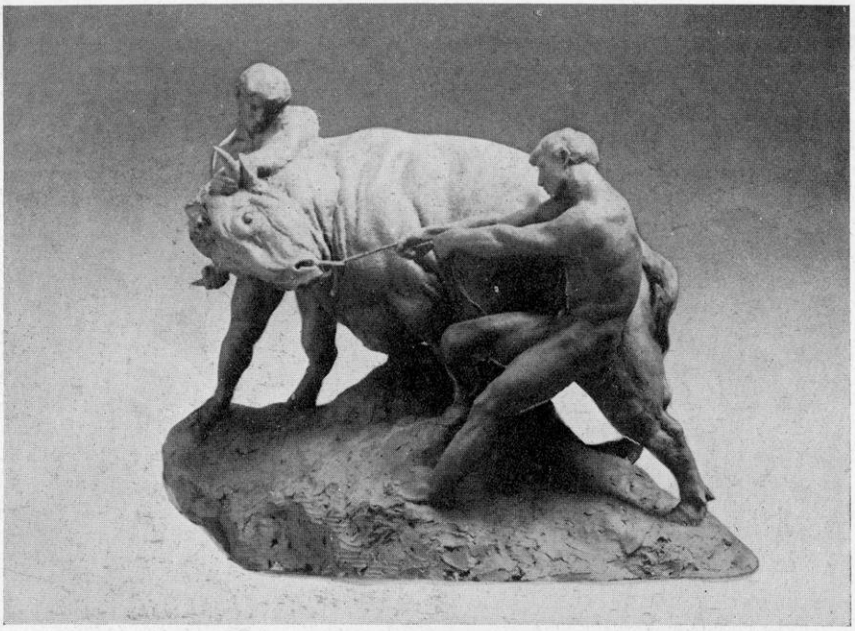
More than naturally, inevitably, she made her studies from animals. Always she has been passionately fond of animals, from the baby days when she stuck her tiny fist in the mouth of the great St. Bernard to see what he would do, and beat him with the same tiny fist because he did nothing but stand still with his mouth open, as though laughing at her. When she was big enough to run away from her nurse or mother, her favorite play place was the stall of the fam-

ABASTENIA ST. LEGER EBERLE

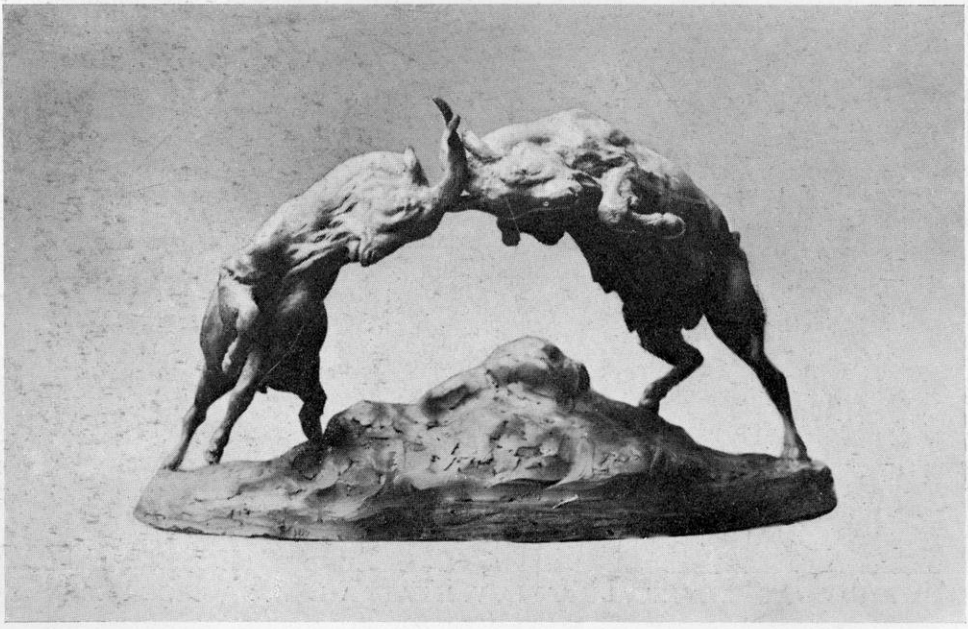
ANNA VAUGHN HYATT



BOY AND GOAT PLAYING, BY ANNA V. HYATT AND A. ST. LEGER EBERLE

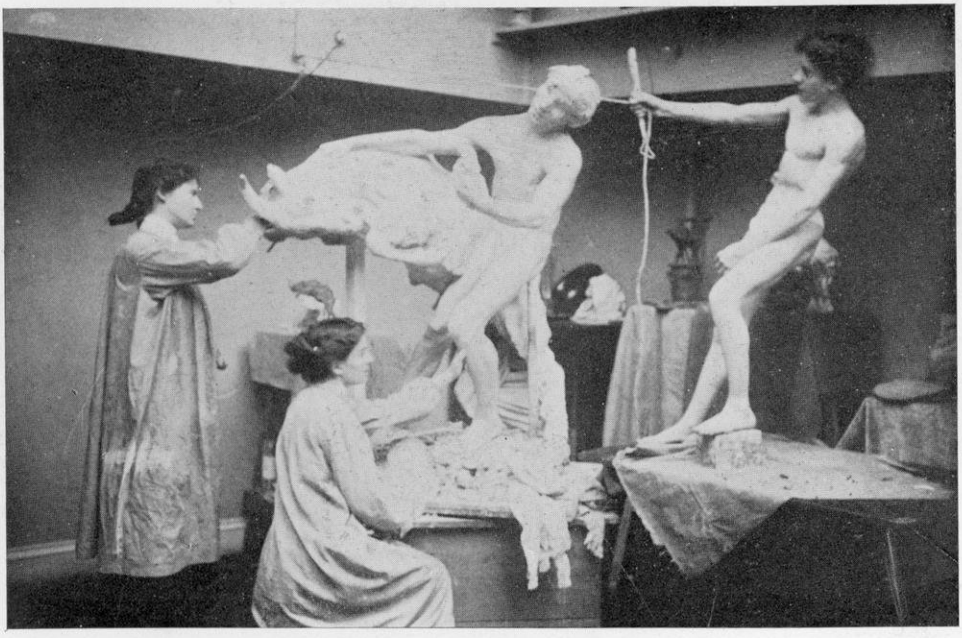


MEN AND BULL, BY ANNA V. HYATT AND A. ST. LEGER EBERLE,
WINNER OF BRONZE MEDAL AT ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION

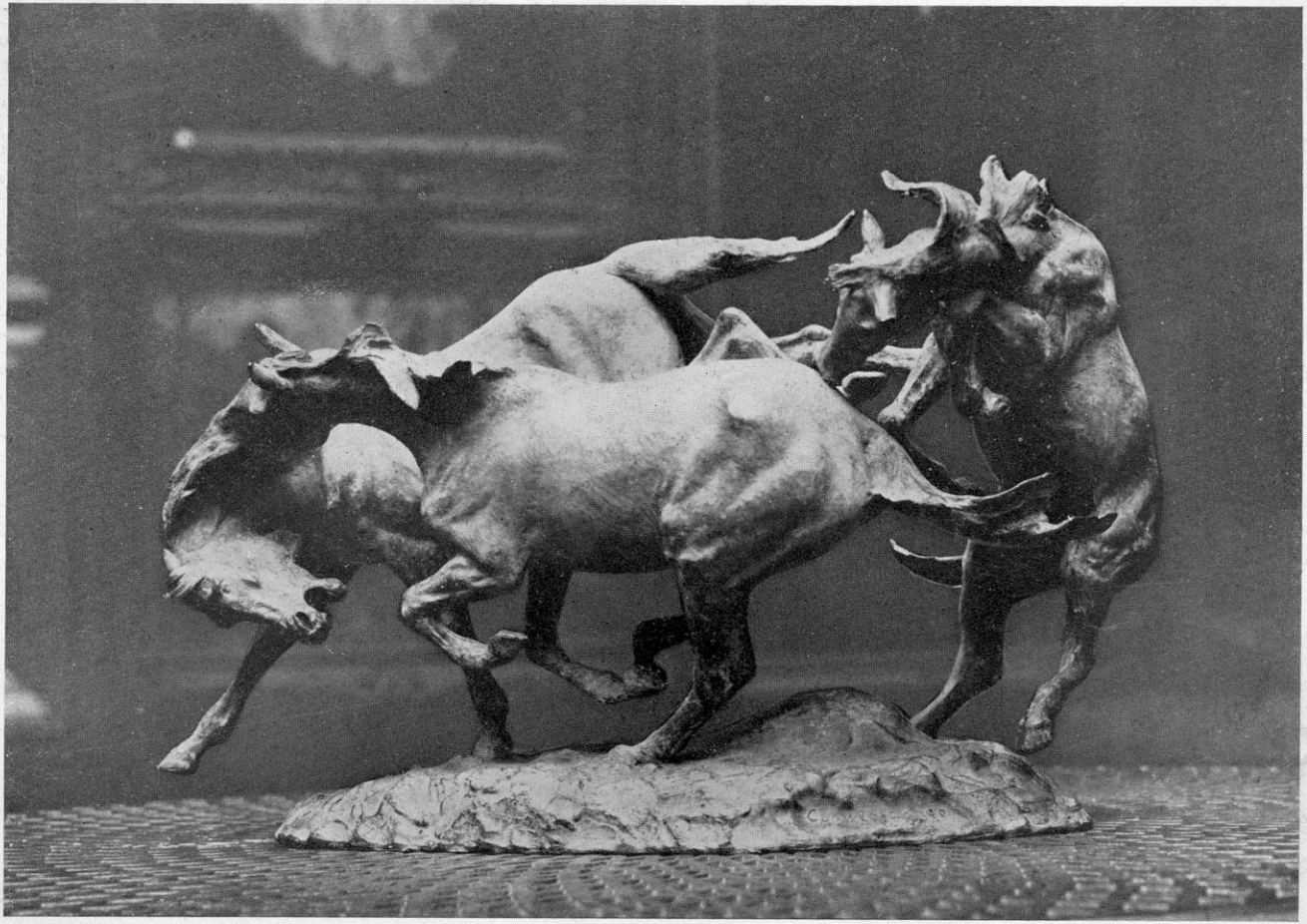


CROUP OF GOATS, BY ANNA V. HYATT. OWNED BY THOMAS W. LAWSON

TOBACCO JAR, BY A. ST. LEGER EBERLE



MISS HYATT AND MISS EBERLE AT WORK IN THEIR STUDIO



COLTS PLAYING, BY ANNA VAUGHN HYATT

ily horse, where she spent hours puzzling her baby brain over the telltale grooves in his teeth that she could never find in her mother's, watching him closely as he ate his oats and hay, unconsciously storing away knowledge that was to be of use to her by and by.

Many of her best known groups are of horses, notably "A Steep Grade," showing two heavy draught horses straining to hold back a heavy load on a down grade; "Winter," two horses huddled shivering in a storm; "Colts Playing," a very spirited group in bronze also shown at the exhibition of the Society of American Artists and sold to Thomas W. Lawson, who is one of Miss Hyatt's most enthusiastic patrons. At her summer home in Annisquam, Massachusetts, Miss Hyatt is now working on several horse groups to add to Mr. Lawson's collection, which already contains, among other things by her, a buffalo, a goat and a bear group modeled especially for him.

ABOUT the time Miss Hyatt gave up music for sculpture, the wild animal began to demand attention from American artists. As Miss Hyatt is the one American sculptor who has never made anything but animal studies, so she is the one woman sculptor to make a specialty of wild animals. She divides her time about equally between horses and jungle beasts, and has exhibited many groups of elephants, tigers and lions which show not only breadth and depth of feeling, but much strength in execution. Her success with animal groups has brought her the rather unique opportunity of restoring prehistoric animals for the Brooklyn Museum. Some taste for things scientific was inherited from her father, the late Professor Hyatt of the department of paleontology at Harvard.

No sooner did Miss Hyatt turn her attention to wild animals than she became a regular visitor to Bostock's show, which was then in Boston; and for a year the young sculptor, with her modeling stand and lumps of clay which she turned so deftly into sketches of the performing beasts, shared honors with her models with those who sat near her and who often crowded so close as to leave her barely room to work. Here she pursued her undirected studies, sketching and modeling every species of animal that came out on the iron-barred stage, and between performances she was sometimes allowed in their stalls. It was while working in the stall of one of the elephants that Miss Hyatt was made to understand that wild animals have an inerad-

icable unfriendliness for all of human kind, however docile they may seem with the goad in sight, and while the memory of lash and hot iron endures. Having once failed in an attempt to kill her, this elephant who had killed his four men and did not care who knew it, one day filled his mouth with water, and at an unexpected moment blew it all over the artist, much as a Chinaman sprinkles clothes, completely drenching her. The cat animals never so much as pretend friendship, so it was less surprising when one day a tiger at the Bronx Zoological Park, where Miss Hyatt continued her studies after going to New York, made an attack upon her. He had been lying very still with his eyes shut, apparently asleep, when suddenly he raised his paw and brought it down with a blow that splintered the modeling stand and sent his clay image in shapeless little wads on the floor. Instinctively, with a sort of sixth sense developed by those who are much about wild animals, Miss Hyatt had drawn back just in time to get her head out of reach of the beast's powerful arm.

WHILE Miss Hyatt was yet practising her days away on her violin, Miss Eberle, also a young girl in her teens, was devoting herself quite as diligently to the 'cello. Miss Eberle's home was in an Ohio town, where people cared little for art and less for artists. One afternoon, after a day of hard practise, she went out into the garden to rest. While sitting there she picked up a handful of common clay and moulded it into a figure, which embodied, so far as she could make it, her idea of Stanley J. Weyman's "Gentleman of France." She showed this to her father, an army surgeon now stationed in the Philippines, who promised to take her on his next visit to the studio of a sculptor friend who lived some distance in the country. The visit was made not long after, and it opened up a new world to the girl. The sculptor was not a man of particular note; Miss Eberle has even forgotten his name; but his work seemed wonderful to her then. Besides, he had clay that responded much more readily to her touch than that which she had found in the home garden; and before she went away the girl had modeled a Psyche after an entirely original conception. This Psyche sprouted from the trunk of a tree, and poised there with wings and arms outspread as if about to take flight. Soon after she was at the Art Students' League, in New York, where in a

short time she won enough in prizes and scholarships to pay her expenses while she studied there. After she left the League she worked awhile with George Gray Barnard and Gutzon Borglum. But what she absorbed from teachers was something of methods, not style, something of modes of expression, not thoughts or the form in which they must be expressed. All that others could do for her was to teach her the alphabet. She must spell out her own words for herself.

It was not for some time yet that she was to know Miss Hyatt, yet the course of each lay steadily toward a point where it must cross the other. Somewhere in the inner consciousness of each was being formulated a declaration of independence, with articles in common. As both had found music inadequate to express their best conceptions and had chosen sculpture as a medium; as both had decided to become distinctively American products, not caring even to visit foreign schools and galleries until the formative period of their art is passed; so both turned gradually from the academic as a constraining influence, without, however, going to the extreme of the impressionistic school. They believe in elimination so far as it makes for simplicity and strength, but not to the point of leaving one's work a mere guess as to his thought. Upon this common ground, then, after years of study and work apart, the two found themselves and each other. It was an affinity that made collaboration possible, resulting in work that would seem to have proceeded from a single source and not as two ill-fitting parts pieced together without reason or excuse.

Their first group, "Men and Bull," was accepted by the art commission of the St. Louis Exposition and awarded a medal. At the close of the exposition it was invited for exhibition at Philadelphia, and was afterwards sent to Paris for exhibition there. Immediately they undertook the larger group, designed for execution in marble for a park or lawn. This was the group seen at the exhibition of the Society of American Artists. Already they are working out other ideas for groups to be done in this way, the animals by Miss Hyatt, the figures by Miss Eberle; and while neither intends to give over entirely her own separate work, they will devote much of their attention to their collaborated work. From two women of so much affinitive independence much is to be expected.

THE ARCHITECTURAL DISCUSSION: BY WILLIAM WALTON OF NEW YORK

THE article by Frederick Stymetz Lamb in the May number of THE CRAFTSMAN, advocating a "modern use of the Gothic," for our contemporary architecture, is one more interesting illustration of the tendency to seek a form of art that shall be especially adapted to the spirit and requirements of the age in which we live, —in other words, "a national art," "a twentieth century style." The impulse is natural and the logic is evident,—why should we be perpetually harking back to the traditions of the dead past, if we cannot find a fire-new inspiration in our own times and business, and must borrow a little, let us at least adapt and ameliorate. It is in this neighborhood that architecture finds herself compelled to part company with her sister arts, and this because she is at least half a science, and science must be of to-day and to-morrow or perish. Not but what there have been prophets and practitioners who have preached zealously the doctrine of a strictly local and contemporary art for painting—(not, as yet, for sculpture, music or literature)—it was long held as a reproach by the European critics that we had never developed any "American School." And no one had the courage to reply that we were under no obligations to do so,—it not being the mission of the painter to make his art "record" anything, or exploit, or instruct, or preach anything, if he does not feel so called. As the past—viewed from the serene and lofty heights of pure art and knowledge—is much greater in wealth and importance than the present more or less scrubby moment, it would seem that the accidents of his time and place should have no particular influence on the true painter's painting,—he being a cosmopolitan, the heir of all the ages, and not a Paduan or a Poughkeepsian. Of course if he choose to rivet his myopic gaze on the automobile and the cowboy, on east side sanitation and the "hustle" of his neighbor, free be he to do so. But for architecture, it is quite another affair, the very latest in plumbing and steel-frame construction is not late enough. So that Mr. Lamb's effort to find a style which shall comfortably house the broker and the promoter while not losing sight of the amenities of the past arts, is strictly legitimate. Nevertheless, there appears to be a divergence of opinion, both as to the particular historical style on which it is ad-

visable to found the new one and perhaps even as to the necessity of consulting the dead past at all.

Of the various efforts to develop an architecture that should be peculiarly of our own time, the two most notable and striking instances of recent years have been the two entirely differing ones of the Chicago Exposition of 1893 and the Paris Exposition of 1900. In both of them this problem came up before the assembled officials and designers,—to demonstrate to the world, once for all, that this great art has taken this step forward. To cease to erect new buildings that should "smell of Louis XVI, of Vignola, of Palladio," as one of them put it in 1900; "is it not worth while to prove, once more, that the column and all its consequences, entablature, pediment, peristyle, etc., are not of our race? This has been evident from all time." But it was on the banks of the Seine and not of Lake Michigan, curiously enough, that this attempt was seriously made. The most eminent members of their profession, gathered in anxious consultation over the planning of the Columbian Exposition, decided that the great White City could not be made worthy by any "American" architecture; as one of the most distinguished among them, Henry van Brunt, wrote at the time: "A memorable impression of architectural harmony, of secular pomp, on a vast scale, must be created. The forums, basilicas and baths of Imperial Rome, the villas and gardens of the princes of the Italian Renaissance, the royal court yards of the palaces of France and Spain, must yield to the architect of the New World his rich inheritance of organized beauty to make possible a bright picture of civic splendor adequate to the great function of modern civilization." And he added: "The critical knowledge of the succession of historic styles, which is a necessary part of the equipment of an architect of the nineteenth century, prevents him from considering a problem of this sort with that simplicity of vision which was enjoyed by all previous builders. These, unembarrassed by a great inheritance from the past, were able to express themselves in terms of art without the possibility of affectation. They knew but one style and this was germane to their own form of civilization. On the other hand, modern architecture is sophisticated by archæology. It is a polyglot language; and, unlike our predecessors, we are constrained to select out of many styles the style in which our own work should be executed." For those who, by willfully shutting their

eyes, are able to remain content in their "one style," for those Americans, and cases are known, some of them of decided talent, who fear to go abroad lest it should "destroy their own originality," for these devotees of ignorance, there can be but little sympathy. As will be remembered, the dominating style, selected as best capable of satisfying the difficult requirements of the great exposition, was that of the Renaissance.

BUT in the planning of the Exposition Universelle of 1900 a certain section of the not too extensive grounds, on the southern side of the river, on the Esplanade des Invalides, was set apart for the new architecture, and the great monumental entrance, crowned by a colossal colored statue of a very modern Parisienne, on the north side, on the Place de la Concorde, was also conceived and carried out in the very latest,—if not, indeed, in the Next-to-Be. In the permanent structures erected, the two palaces of the Fine Arts, on the site of the old Palais de l'Industrie, and the new iron bridge, Alexandre III, however, much more conservative measures were adopted. But for once, on a very important scale, it was resolved to show what could be done by a total repudiation of past glories, no matter how classic or imposing, by a concerted and intelligent effort "to express in sculptured and architectural forms the new art and life and exuberance of the age, to be distinctly twentieth century, with all that that implies or may warrant us to hope." The results of this *concours d'idées* were hailed with enthusiasm. "They demonstrate," according to one in authority at the moment, M. Frantz Jourdain, "a very considerable outlay of talent, of spirit, of ingenious invention, and of imagination, which places our architects very far above, among others, those too-much bepraised Americans, whose pitiful failure at Chicago has demonstrated their radical want of personality. A people—oh! happy people—unincumbered by any anterior influences, by any scholastic formulas, by any artistic traditions, a people brutally practical, who for a gallery of machinery can find no other form to select than that of a square building, scarcely merit the enthusiastic eulogiums with which they are overwhelmed by our imbecile snobbishness. Thanks to God, and notwithstanding the fears of a jury picked out from the same camp, and notwithstanding the brutalizing education imposed by the State, the old France has dem-

onstrated that in art she possesses even more initiative than the young America." The populace, the visitors, and even the Parisian press, however, very generally declined to participate in this enthusiasm,—the latter even fell into the habit of condoling with the dome of the Invalides, built by Louis XIV's architects, Bruant and Mansart, as "insulted" by the *"tohu bohu"* of the new palaces in front of it; the intelligent critics "sought in vain for a new thought, a new idea," and found instead only "the rags of the past," "a jumble of decrepit architectonic formulas and decorations the triviality of which is not always corrected by good taste." The unlearned contented themselves with such adjectives as "pastry-cook" and "pretzel" architecture; and indeed the hilarity and vivacity and ingenuity of detail of this double row of buildings, the wealth of crockets and finials and cartouches and caryatides and capitals and wreaths and garlands and interrupted pediments and allegories and symbols will long be remembered as one of the sights of the Exposition.

IT is a peculiarity of any discussion of any manifestation of art that the disputants are more or less embarrassed—or aided—by the inexactness of the only terms at their disposal. Even in the present series of papers called out by Mr. Lamb's article there seems to be somewhat of this uncertainty; it is doubtful, for example, if Professor Hamlin's definition of style, in its "broadest sense," as meaning "expression," could be applied to a painting or a piece of sculpture, which may be very expressive, *e. g.,* of vulgarity—the deadly sin in art—and never be thought of as having "style." Mr. Lamb would probably demur to his statement that in using Gothic forms we were really "proceeding not upon the Gothic, but upon the classic, principle," as his argument seems to show this conviction that the detail in Gothic more than in any other architectural style is a part of the construction, that it was only in its later developments that the details became divorced from the main structural lines. A confusion of phrases seems also to attend Professor Hamlin's hailing Messrs. Tiffany and Sullivan as the "true first prophets" of the so-called New Art—this movement, as its name indicates, was an European demonstration, carried out both to its best and its most bitter worst development abroad, one of its most artistic manifestations being the jewelry of René Lalique, as some, at least, of Tiffany's most ambitious work,

in its most unintelligent sacrifice of costly and beautiful material, is lamentable. Mr. Lamb would probably accept Mr. Goodhue's proposed substitution of "Romanticist" for "Gothicist" (uncouth word!) ; but he has hopes that we may again, some day, "have a distinctive style." It would seem that his article scarcely, as Mr. Sullivan asserts, makes "a special plea for Gothic *as* Gothic," but rather for the principles which have made Gothic beautiful,—as he found some of the same tendencies in the New Art. As for considering "mediæval thought more really American than that of Greece or Rome," it is quite possible that he does, being, thereby, within his rights. These differences, after all, appear to be largely of detail, it being generally understood, with Mr. van Brunt, that it is well to study the principles of all styles and then seek to find those which, with judicious modifications, will more readily express modern conditions, aspirations and ideals.

There are indeed certain qualities in the Gothic which seem to render it peculiarly appropriate to modern requirements, its boldness, its logical development and ingenuity in meeting new conditions, its tendency to abolish the mere wall, and its yearnings for lightness, openness, height, and still more height. The last two qualities are especially apposite for modern buildings,—though it cannot be said that the tie is very close between the multitudinous windows of the modern office structure and the vast expanses of stained and painted glass of the cathedrals, nor between the pious aspirations of the mediæval builder, lifting his columns as he lifted his thoughts, heavenward, and the careful calculation as to rental of floor-space of the modern owner. The vastly increased means placed at the disposal of the builder of to-day should inspire him, and not embarrass him, and it is indeed remarkable, as Mr. Sullivan says, that recognition has been so long delayed of the fact that the problem of the tall office building is one of the most magnificent opportunities ever offered to the proud spirit of man.

CHARACTER IN ARCHITECTURE: A LETTER TO THE CRAFTSMAN FROM H. HANLEY PARKER OF PHILADELPHIA.

THE discussion of the Modern Architectural Problem must have been of benefit to many, even if it had done nothing more than to bring the vital reply from Mr. Louis H. Sullivan, printed in the June issue. It would seem that, as Mr. Sullivan states, the failure to discriminate between the *was* and *is* is the keynote of the whole reason for discussion.

We look around for evidence of modern architecture and find that the designing of important buildings has for some time past been largely an archaeological problem and the construction a horrible sham. Adaptation is good in so far as the subject can be expressed in no better way than that which we adapt. The unfortunate part comes when we do things without reason, merely in the effort to copy what some one has done before, thus endeavoring to develop a pure style when the first conception is false. Motive and reason, which can mean the same but often do not in the sense of character in architecture, we may safely assume to be the surest foundation for architectural as well as human character.

Which has been the greater, the influence of man on architecture or architecture on man is a question, but the evidence in favor of the latter should impel us to honest motives if we have the well-being and advancement of our race at heart. History can show enough examples of elaboration on borrowed styles along various lines, going hand in hand with moral degeneration: that is, where no pure underlying motive has demanded the adoption. History but repeats itself. There have been many architectural failures during all transitional periods, but the full development of any style has always been accompanied by a definite mental attitude on the part of the people, which gave it the reason for existence. If conditions of our life are the same as those of the people who lived in the period when the Gothic was evolved, then we should naturally expect a development of Gothic to suit these conditions.

It is hardly conceivable of the American people that they will do aught but reason on the failures of the past, and so evolve a distinct motive based on honesty, the "square deal," and a style of architecture will develop to house it. It may take time if we compromise with hypocrisy, but "as a man thinketh so is he."

ABORIGINAL AMERICAN HOMES: BRUSH, MUD, AND WILLOW DWELLINGS. BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

IT has already been shown that aboriginal man has made a variety of brush shelters. There is as much individuality displayed in this work of primitive human hands as in that of more advanced civilization. In the first two illustrations are shown other shelters made by other peoples. The first example is of one found on the Colorado River below The Needles, on the reservation of the Chemehuevis. This band of people, which was once regarded as a distinct tribe, is now known to be a branch of the great Paiuti family of Nevada and Utah. Their ancestors were compelled to seek a new location, owing to a destructive drought which rendered further existence impossible in their old habitat, and, wandering down the Colorado River, they finally reached the Mohave settlement at or near what is now the Fort Mohave Indian School. From this point they were directed to their present home and told that if they would make peace with the band of Mohaves who lived still further down the river, there was no reason why they should not stay there so long as they wished. This is the traditional history of their settlement. Their language and general manner of life clearly show them to be related to the Paiutis.

In the picture there is a strange commingling of the old and the new. Here is the primitive shelter, of a very early type, while fastened to one of its uprights is a coffee mill, and near by is a cracker box and several bridge timbers that have evidently been carried by the flood waters of the Colorado from the railway town of The Needles. Here the shelter is practically four square, with uprights of cottonwoods. There is a slight attempt at a sloping roof, the center poles being a little higher than those front and back. Early in his architectural experiments man found that when the rain came down upon his dwelling, a sloped roof, be the slope never so slight, helped to drain off the water, even though there was no pretense or thought of making his roof waterproof.

But, it may be asked, "Why need to make a sloping roof to carry away water, when this is a summer shelter?" The answer reveals that climatic conditions, even thus early, influenced man in his architecture. The season for rains in this part of the country is in summer. In July, August and September the chief rains come, and these are

also the hottest months. Hence, another feature. It will be observed that one section of the rear of this shelter is "walled in" as it were. This wall is merely a lean-to of poles and brush, made sloping so as to carry off water, and fairly thick as a shelter from the sun, so that it serves a double purpose.

The second illustration shows a Navaho summer shelter. This warlike and fearless tribe of Indians might well be termed the Sioux of the West. There is in their reservation in Arizona and New Mexico from eighteen to twenty thousand of them: some say not more than twelve to fifteen thousand. This reservation contains about eleven thousand square miles, and as a white man drives over it he cannot see a single feature that would make it attractive to those who really wished to find for themselves a dwelling place. Yet the Navahoes regard it with reverence, as almost sacred. Their traditions tell that it was given to them in a very special manner by Those Above, and no Indians in North America have ever so jealously guarded the home of their ancestors as have they. The white stranger, unaccustomed to the ways of the Navaho, might travel far and wide over this reservation and in the course of weeks could find very few dwelling places. He would naturally conclude that those portions he had traversed were sparsely populated. But could he have seen the quietly peering eyes that followed his every move; could he have known and felt that when he seemed most alone and the farthest away from human dwelling there was a "hogan" behind the rock yonder, or a large family living in the bed of the dry wash, a hundred or two yards above where he crossed, he would have changed his opinion. The Navahos are exceedingly shy and reserved and invariably choose a secluded spot for the location of a hogan.

It should be noted that there is a great difference between a winter and a summer hogan. The former is a real home, prepared with great care; the latter is of many and various kinds, though in the more pretentious of them certain ancient and well-defined types are closely adhered to where local conditions render it possible. These summer hogans are erected generally near the sheep watering place, or where the natan—corn—is planted. The second illustration shows a summer hogan in Blue Canyon, a most picturesque and secluded spot in northern Arizona, seen perhaps by not a hundred white men. One might think this as primitive as anything that could be con-

trived, yet it is elaborate and pretentious compared with many. A very common shelter is made by cutting down a tree—a pine or cedar—hewing off the branches and then taking these and piling them four or five feet high on three parts of a rude circle. A fire for cooking is built in the center of this. When a camp fire is required for night, several logs are thrown on, and around it the Indians sleep, rolled up in their blankets. In the heat of the day the blankets are stretched from outspreading branches, and this gives an abundance of shelter from the sun. Still another primitive form is where the branches are taken, the butts stuck into the earth in the form of a circle, then tied near the top to small saplings. A small opening is left in the circle just allowing space for one to enter. The branches reach scarcely higher than a man's waist, and afford but little shelter, still they denote a temporary stopping place and also serve to prevent the sand from drifting over everything.

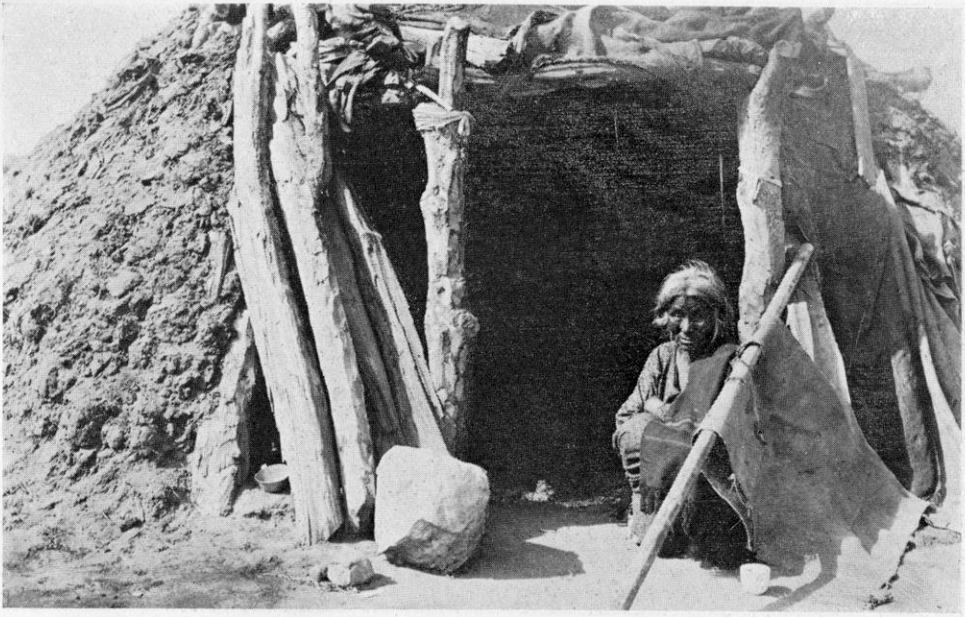
From these two, up to the winter hogan, there is a regular graduating scale. Sometimes the winter hogan is partially a cave, or "dug out," in the face of a hillock, made to extend out into the open by means of heavy timbers, used as supports, ridge poles, roof and sides. This extension is then covered with earth and a doorway made in front. In the olden days a skin or a blanket served as a door. Thus earthed-in the Navaho is made fairly warm and comfortable when the fierce snows and blizzards render life on the plateau otherwise impossible.

NAVAHO legends are full of stories of wonderful houses made by the gods and the heroic creatures who are said to have been the progenitors of the tribe. Mindeleff tells of those which speak of the use of the turquoise and pearly shells, as well as of the transparent mists of dawn and the gorgeous colors of sunset as building material. The roof covering was of sunbeams and the rays of the rainbow, and everything beautiful and richly colored in the earth and sky was utilized for decorative purposes.

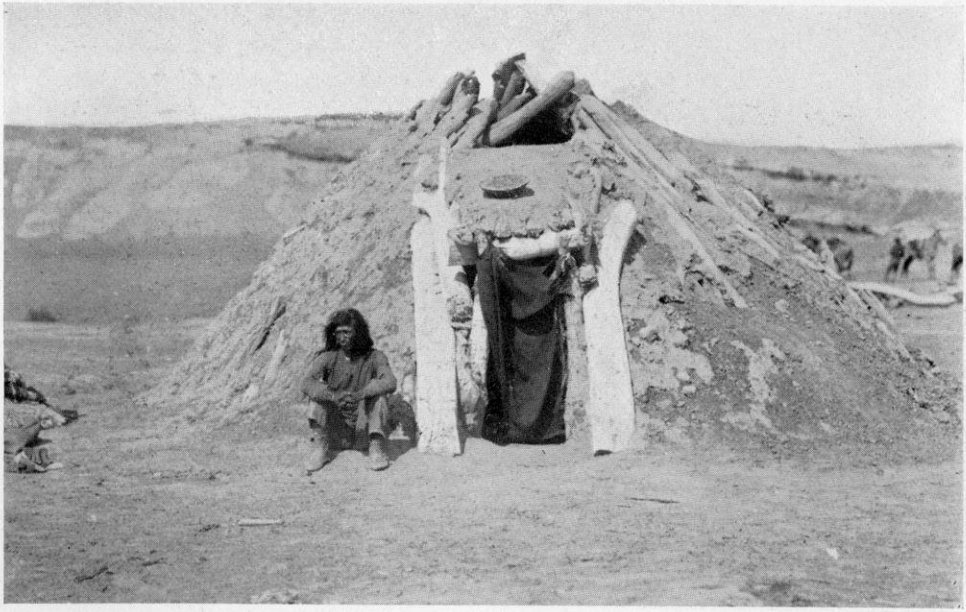
After the peoples now upon the earth had emerged from the Under World, the God of Dawn gave to each tribe its own peculiar style of architecture. Hence to him in the East, as the giver of houses, all doorways must face. To the Navaho it would be sacrilege

A CHEMEHUEVI SUMMER SHELTER

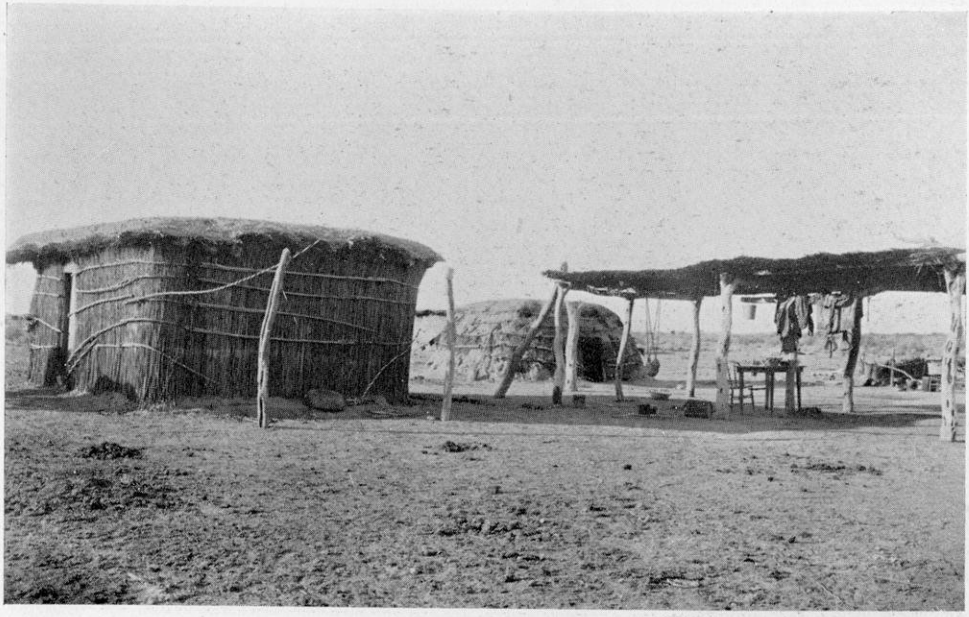
A SUMMER NAVAHO HOGAN



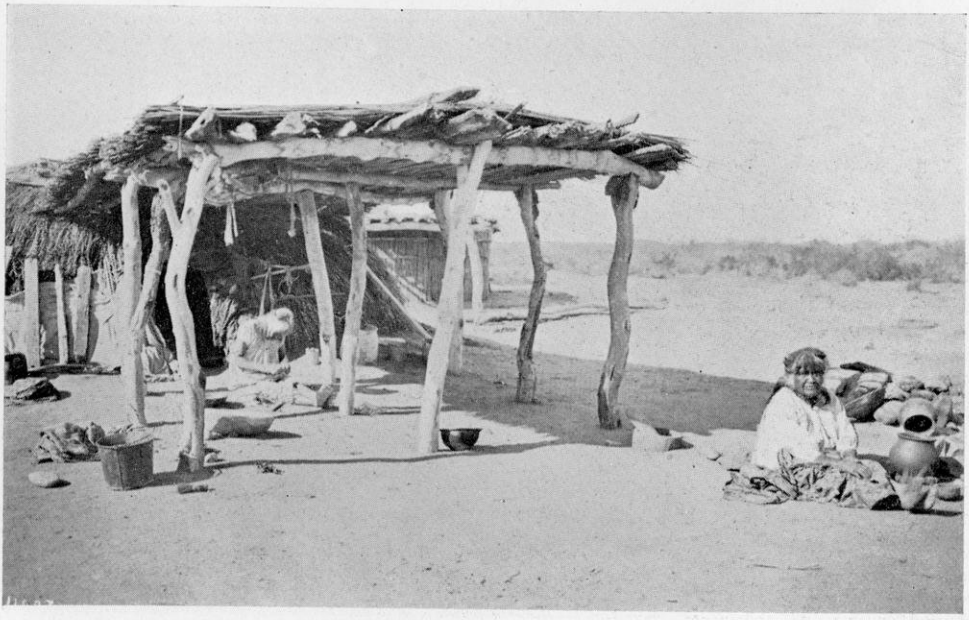
THE ENTRANCE TO A NAVAHO WINTER HOGAN



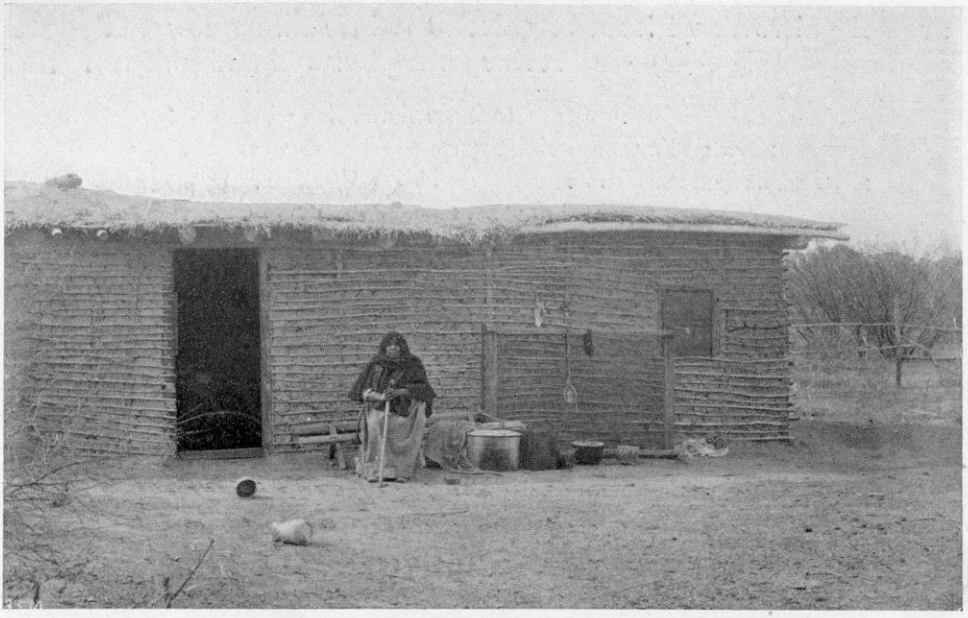
A NAVAHO WINTER HOGAN



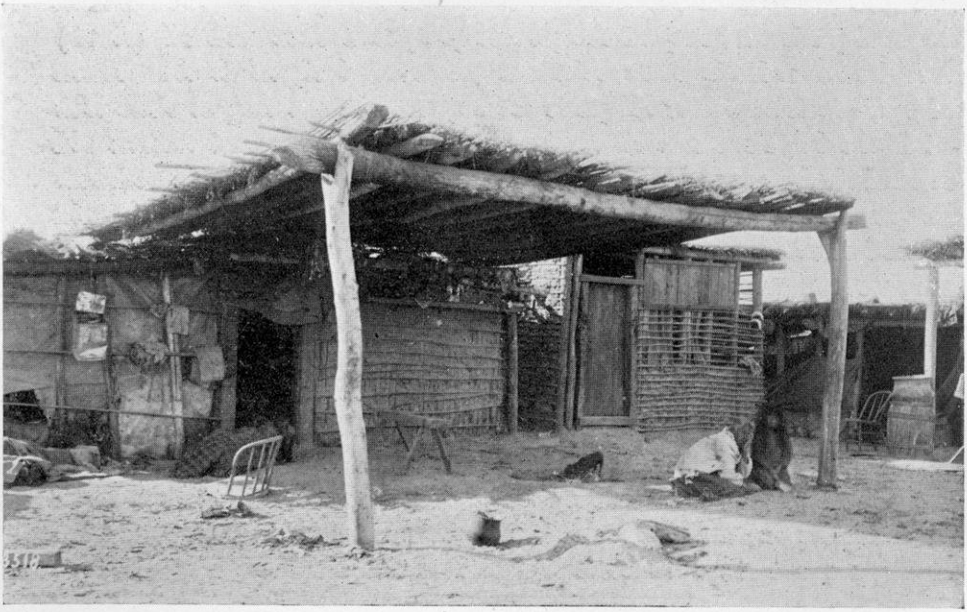
THREE TYPES OF PIMA DWELLINGS



SHELTER OVER ENTRANCE TO PIMA KAN



MAGGIE SCOTT AND HER HOUSE. YUMA RESERVATION



YUMA HOUSE WITH FRONT SHELTER

to place the doorway elsewhere, and then, too, he would lose the kind and benignant influences of the gracious God of Dawn.

As soon as the head of the family decides upon his location he hunts around for the five necessary timbers to frame his dwelling. "There is no standard of length, as there is no standard of size for the completed dwelling, but commonly pinion trees eight to ten inches in diameter, and ten to twelve feet long are selected. Three of the five timbers must terminate in spreading forks, but this is not necessary for the other two, which are intended for the doorway and are selected for their straightness."

When found, they are trimmed and roughly dressed, and when on the chosen site the three forked sticks are laid on the ground in the form of a T, the butt of one pointing to the South, one to the West and one to the North. "The two straight timbers are then laid down with the small ends close to the forks of the north and south timbers and with their butt ends pointing to the East. They must be spread apart about the width of the doorway which they will form."

Then, with great care, a rude circle is excavated of a size suitable to the timbers to be used. This is dug down a foot or more, leaving a low bench of earth entirely or partially around the excavation. Thus a level floor is provided, and also a shelf upon which the various household and personal utensils may rest. Around this the hogan is then erected as seen in the fourth illustration.

The dedication ceremonies of a Navaho hogan are important and interesting, but it would take too long to describe them here. Two of the songs, however, must be given. The husband says or sings:

> "May it be delightful, my house;
> From my head, may it be delightful;
> To my feet, may it be delightful;
> Where I lie, may it be delightful;
> All above me, may it be delightful;
> All around me, may it be delightful."

Then, flinging a little of the sacred meal upon the fire, he exclaims: "May it be delightful and well, my fire," and as he throws a handful up through the smoke-hole he says: "May it be delightful, O Sun, my mother's ancestor, for this gift; may it be delightful as I walk around my house."

The woman makes her offering of meal by throwing it upon the fire, saying in a low and gentle voice:

"May it be delightful, my fire;
May it be delightful for my children, may all be well;
May it be delightful with my food and theirs; may all be well;
May all my possessions be made to increase;
All my flocks, may they also increase."

Several days after the house is completed a much more elaborate series of ceremonies is gone through, all of which have a solemn importance to those interested.

BEFORE leaving the Navahos brief reference must be made to the fact that when anyone dies in a hogan, no matter how elaborate or pretentious, the rafters are pulled down over the remains and the place set on fire. Henceforth it becomes "da-shonde"—this being the name given to the departed spirit. There are hundreds of these "dashonde hogans" on the reservation. The remarkable thing is that, under no circumstances, will a Navaho go near, touch, or allow himself to be touched with anything that comes from one of these hogans. The idea is that the spirit of the departed hovers around the place and that while there is nothing evil in him (or it) he demands that proper respect be paid to the place of the dead. If, through ignorance, a white man obtains wood from a dashonde hogan for his camp fire, every Navaho will at once leave. No matter how hungry he may be he will not eat food cooked with wood so obtained. He would die of cold rather than build a fire for himself of dashonde-hogan wood. This is but one of the many taboos in existence among the Navahos, three other notable ones being that a man is never allowed to see his mother-in-law; he must never eat fish; and he must never slay a bear.

In the fifth illustration three distinct types of dwellings are shown. These are of the Pimas in Southern Arizona. From the time that the Spanish conquistadores first visited the Pimas until the present time, they have been known as a peaceable, agricultural people. The basket-ware of this tribe is well known for its durability and the wonderful adaptations of the Greek fret and other similar geometrical figures in their designs. To the left is a shelter of a different type. It is

clearly a dwelling with walls, doorway and roof. These are built of tules or willows over a frame work of poles.

Beyond the other two dwellings is the peculiar type of house that belongs solely to the Pimas. This is their "kan." It is unlike anything I have seen elsewhere. The frame work slopes towards the roof from every direction in rude pyramidal form. Binding this frame together are more poles which act as rude sheathing upon which the tules, rushes or willows are laid in flat bunches at right angles. These are then covered with mud, and with a brush or cotton mat, (for the Pimas used to weave cotton long before the advent of the white man in America) to act as a door, the "kan" is complete. There is no ventilation, however, and when well made, no light, for, on carefully excluding the light from the door hole, it is possible safely to change sensitive photographic plates in the middle of an Arizona summer day.

Another illustration shows a kan in the rear with a summer shelter over the doorway, an ancient foreshadowing of the modern pergola, porch, or veranda. Under the shelter sits an old Pima woman hard at work at her basket-making, and in the foreground is "Sai-rup," a Maricopa woman, (the Maricopas and Pimas occupy the same reservation), resting after making pottery.

A distinct advance on any of the dwellings hitherto shown is revealed in the illustration of a Yuma house, made of a pole framework, in the sections of which mud is placed, and cased in by transverse lengths of willow nailed or tied to the uprights. Though the Yumas have always used mud in their dwellings, there is no doubt but that these houses are an Indian imitation of the Mexican adobe houses —the adobes being sun dried bricks. There are also evidences of the influence of civilization in the spring mattresses, the wash-boiler, kettles, etc., in front of the house as well as in the dress and head gear of the woman. Though a full-blooded Yuma Indian she speaks English well. Her story is as romantic as one could imagine of a child captured by the slayers of her parents, taken into captivity, rescued by a white man, brought up almost as one of his family until young womanhood, then returning to her tribe and accommodating herself to its customs.

The last cut shows this same kind of Yuma house with the addition of the shelter or porch in front.

Froggy's Long Swim

Summertime verses for Adventurous Boys

This summer-time story a fairy told me
Of Froggy, the venturesome frog.
The fairy was perched in an old willow tree
By the edge of a pool, and there chanced to see
Froggy sunning himself on a log.

The listening fairy there heard Froggy say:
"I'm glad that I know how to swim;
I'll find out some new kind of fun here to-day,
There's no one to hinder, and why should I stay
So close to the pool's shallow rim?

"I wonder who lives on the opposite side,
'Tis a beautiful place, I've no doubt;
There must be an ocean, the world is so wide;
I know I could swim over there if I tried—
I'll do it, and then I'll find out."

In jumped little Froggy to have a long swim
To the beautiful place—but, alas!
Though the fairy there shouted a warning to him,
To keep near the shore, or go round by the rim,—
Froggy met in the pool a black Bass.

There was one bunch of bubbles where Froggy went down—
Went down with the fish out of sight.
"I'll take Froggy in, he's so young he might drown,"
Said the hungry black Bass—"over there in Frog-town
They'll miss little Froggy to-night."

The playmates and friends of poor Froggy may be
More cautious than ever before,
Since Froggy's sad fate,—but the fairy told me
To put up this sign on the old willow tree:
"Little Froggies should keep near the shore!"

Hannah Warner.

THE WHITE MEMORIAL: ERECTED BY THE CITIZENS OF SYRACUSE TO THE MEMORY OF HAMILTON SALISBURY WHITE

NOTEWORTHY incident in the advance of civic art in Syracuse, N. Y., was the unveiling, on June 27th, of the bronze and granite monument which has been over six years in the making and is known as the White Memorial. This monument, which is in the form of an exedra, with a central pedestal and bust and symbolic figures in bronze on either side, is the work of a hitherto unknown sculptor, Miss Gail Sherman of Syracuse, a pupil of Augustus St. Gaudens. It is a remarkably virile piece of work for a woman and possesses much merit, especially in the two symbolic figures, which, in the breadth and freedom of treatment and the superb modeling, might well have come from the master hand of St. Gaudens himself. The monument was erected by popular subscription as an evidence of respect to the memory of Hamilton Salisbury White, a wealthy and prominent citizen of Syracuse who took a keen interest in the improvement of the fire department, devoting much time and money to the discovery and utilization of the latest and best methods of fighting fire, and who met his death a little over six years ago while personally helping to extinguish a serious fire that threatened the business part of the city. Therefore, the symbolism of the composition naturally deals with this ruling interest of Mr. White's life. The tall central pedestal upholds a portrait bust of the man himself. This is in bronze, heroic size, and should be the dominant point of the whole structure. As a portrait it is good. The modeling is skillful and the surfaces well-handled, but in strength the bust falls far below the two subsidiary figures, which now center the attention instead of leading it upward to the apex, as should be the case in a pyramidal composition where all the parts are harmoniously correlated. So marked is this defect that the bust seems not only comparatively weak, but detached from the rest of the composition. Neither in line nor in the subtler suggestion of attitude do the two figures below imply a climax of interest above, and the commanding quality is lacking in both the bust itself and the proportions of its supporting pedestal.

The two heroic figures in bronze, seated on either side of the central pedestal, are wonderfully poetic in conception and sculptural in

execution. They are handled with masterly breadth and simplicity, and with a fine restraint that carries the elimination of unnecessary details almost to the realm of the classic. The figure of the young fireman typifies all the qualities that make for power to combat against overwhelming odds for the protection of life and property. It is that of a man, young, lithe, sinewy, resting for a moment before renewing the battle, which he is watching with alert concentration expressed in every line of the face and of the tense, vigorous form. The poise of the head upon the broad shoulders, the modeling of the bared throat and arm, the strong, vital swing of the whole body, is typical of magnificent manhood in its full strength, every atom of which is put forth to guard peaceful lives and homes against the element that lays waste the work of human hands. The fireman's hat is held lightly on one knee, and the heavy coat, flung loosely about the shoulders, falls in broad, sculptural folds that afford just the right support for the figure.

The group of the mother and child, on the other side, is a symbol of the peace and repose of home. The mother, brooding with down-bent head over the child she holds in her lap, typifies all womanhood and motherhood. The lines of figure and drapery are tender and flowing, the pose gracious with the restfulness of a completed life and happiness. The child, a sturdy little fellow who seems about to spring away again to his play, has in his arms a toy fire-engine. The curly head, pushed back against the mother's arm, is a triumph of delicacy and mobility in its modeling, and very subtle is the suggestion of future strength in the baby beauty of the whole rounded little body.

The broad, curving seat that sweeps outward on either side of the pedestal is simple and massive in form. The low granite platform upon which it rests is approached by two wide, shallow steps, slightly curved outward. The proportions of this granite base of the monument are admirable, the only blemish being in the short square pillars at the ends, which interrupt the inviting graciousness of the curve and give an effect almost of a rebuff. The square tops, also, have an unfinished look, as if intended to support something that is not there. The idea of making the monument in the form of an exedra is a good one, for the subtle suggestion of utility is conveyed by the seat, and its situation in a small, wooded park at the conjunction of three of the

busy streets of the city, has the effect of an invitation to the wayfarer to come and rest awhile.

ASIDE from the broader acceptation of the symbolism of the two bronze figures, they also typify the life of Mr. White. When a child, his most treasured toys were small fire-engines, and his favorite games were fierce battles with imaginary fires. As he grew older, he went to every fire, driving to the scene in his little basket phaeton, with a fire-extinguisher strapped at the back. After graduating from Cornell University, he returned to his native city, where he resumed his favorite pursuit, going into active service as a volunteer fireman. Possessed of an ample income, he could well afford to indulge his hobby of adding all the latest improvements to the fire-fighting equipment of the city. On New Year's day, 1878, he opened his own fire station, opposite his home, and fitted it up luxuriously, installing the first chemical engine in Syracuse. Just five years later, he made a New Year's gift to the city of the whole establishment, house, engine and all, and at the same time asked to be appointed a hoseman in the department, but was made an Assistant Chief instead. In 1879 he had been made a Fire Commissioner, and he served as such, with the exception of one term, until his death. Officially and unofficially, his connection with the department extended through twenty-eight years, during all of which time he served without salary. When he traveled, either in this country or abroad, it was chiefly with a view to studying the latest and best methods of fighting fires, that he might add them to the home equipment. His interest in the *personnel* of the department was equally great. He knew every fireman in the city,—knew his name, his work, and all about him, and was a friend to whom any poor fellow "down on his luck" might turn in time of need. The wealth and prominence of family which surrounded his birth and bringing up neither enervated nor made him arrogant, he was absolutely democratic.

After giving up his fire house and engine, Mr. White arranged his own home so that it afforded almost the facilities of an engine house to an ardent volunteer fireman. In his own room was a set of gongs that sounded a fire alarm at the same instant that the regular signal aroused the fire department. Near his bed stood boots and

trousers fastened together in customary fireman style. At the head of the stairs hung his coat, and his helmet was on the newel post at the foot. The front door opened out like the doors of an engine house, and the same electrical apparatus that sounded the gong swung open the door, so that in less than a minute after the first stroke of the alarm, Mr. White, clad from boots to helmet, stood upon the porch, to find awaiting him his horse and trap, harnessed with the lightning rapidity born of long practice and ready for the race. The driver had standing orders to call him from any social function which he might be attending, and at the first sound of the alarm the horse was put at full speed in the direction of the house where Mr. White was to be found. More often than not he met the trap half-way, having rushed out hatless and with a nice disregard of evening clothes in his eagerness to get to the scene of the conflagration. It was characteristic of the man that he met his death clad in evening clothes under his fireman's helmet and rubber coat.

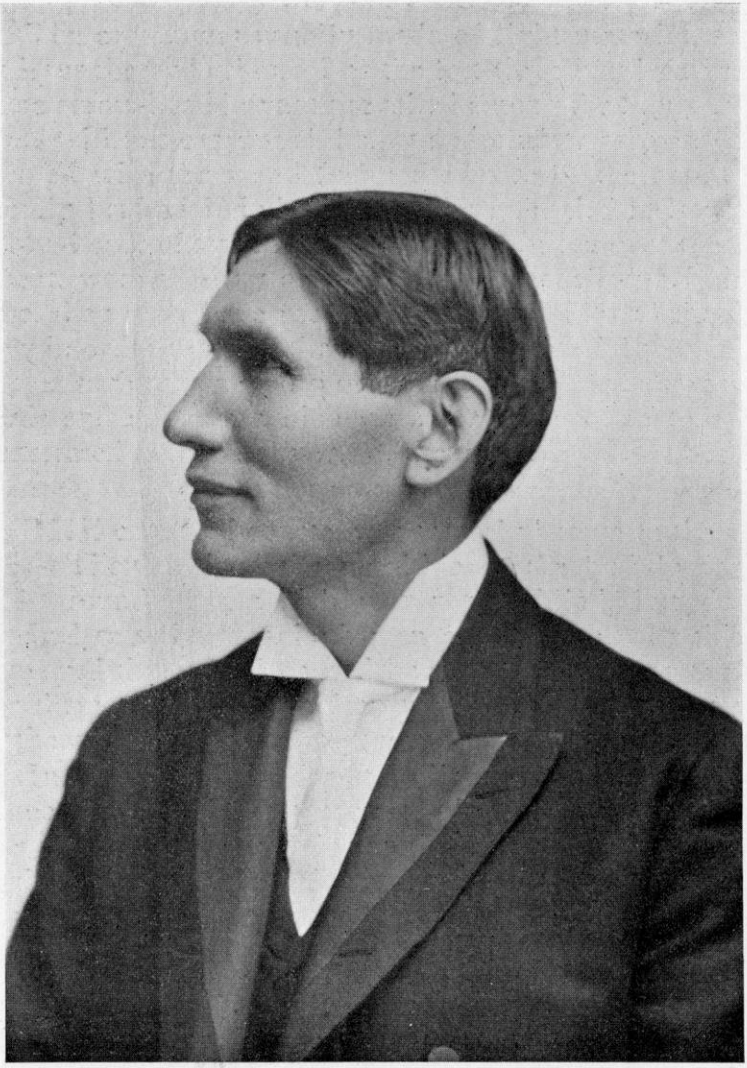
On March 13th, 1899, Mr. White was called from a concert by an alarm of fire. The blaze was in a drug store, and the combination of smoke and poisonous gases asphyxiated the fearless volunteer. On the day of his funeral Syracuse went into public mourning as for a dead President. Every house of business was closed, the city was draped in mourning, and thousands lined the route of the funeral pageant, standing with bared heads in the chill of a bleak winter afternoon. Immediately, as an expression of the grief of a whole community, it was determined to erect a suitable memorial by popular subscription. Money poured in, rich and poor, high and low, alike contributed. As the Mayor of Syracuse said, in accepting the monument for the city:

"It is not the gift of any one rich man or of any small number of rich men. It is the offering by hundreds of the people of this city to a man loved by them for those qualities of mind and heart which make for good citizenship. It is the dimes and quarters and half dollars and dollars of the men, women and children in every walk in life who knew Hamilton White, who appreciated his cheerful greeting, the kind words of encouragement and advice which it was his wont to bestow, and it stands and will stand for years to come as a city's tribute to a good man, a man who was the average man's ideal of a good citizen."

THE WHITE MEMORIAL. ERECTED JUNE 27th, IN FAYETTE PARK, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

HAMILTON SALISBURY WHITE.

THE FIRE-HOUSE AND CHEMICAL ENGINE PRESENTED BY HAMILTON WHITE TO THE CITY OF SYRACUSE, WITH A GROUP OF MR. WHITE'S OLD COMRADES IN FIRE-FIGHTING



Ohiyesa
(Charles Alexander Eastman)

INDIAN HANDICRAFTS. BY CHARLES A. EASTMAN (OHIYESA)

THE Indian's art-work is based upon his own simple, poetic conceptions of nature and life. As his social customs are derived in many cases from study and interpretation of the habits of animals, so his weapons of war and peace are made to represent in their shape and decoration some natural force or powerful wild creature. A war-club, for example, may be carved to represent the head of the eagle, or paw of the bear, typifying bravery and strength. On the stem of the peace-pipe, used in council and diplomacy, is often found the figure of the turtle, symbolizing caution and steadfastness. On a war-pipe, again, the eagle or wolf is likely to appear. Sometimes the zig-zag streaks of the lightning are indicated, and on the medicine pipe the folds of the snake may be wreathed about the stem.

I speak more particularly of the Sioux nation and of my own knowledge and experience among them, when I say that the earliest tools used were the shoulder-blades, shin-bones or ribs of certain animals, filed sharp; also sharp stones. Some of these were set in handles, cemented and wound about with sinew. In the old days, this sinew, and glue, which they readily made from hides of animals or fishes' bladders, took the place of nails. They had no axe, nor needed any, for in the forest there was always much dry wood, and the prairie Indians had of course no use for an axe. Heavy blows were struck with the stone hammer and war-club. These war-clubs were of wood or stone, or even the root end of the elk's horn. The knot of a tree was burned and polished and then utilized, while quartz and other stones were cut rounded or tapering and inserted into raw-hide handles. At the end there is always a raw-hide ring by which it may dangle from the wrist, so as not to interfere with the use of the bow. The aboriginal knife was the sharp bone of an animal, and sometimes the heavy tendons of the bison's neck were boiled, dried and filed down to a knife shape. These were excellent for cutting meat.

The bow and arrows probably came into use after the club period. The bow of the Sioux Indian was not usually more than four to five feet long and was of light weight, perhaps less than a pound. It was made of ash, hickory, white oak and elm. Dogwood was sometimes used when it could be obtained. The bow had three curves, of which the middle one was convex to the others. Each end had a consider-

able spring, but the main force was at the center. The bow was much strengthened by backing it with buffalo sinew. All this made a snappy and springy weapon, which sent a very swift arrow.

The arrow was usually made of light material, such as willows and Juneberry bushes. For the last three hundred years at least the stone arrow-head has not prevailed among the Sioux Indians. Their bows will not carry such heavy and clumsy arrows. I have experimented with them and found the force of the arrow was lost, and merely bruised if indeed it hit the animal. It is possible that the arrow-heads of stone found in such profusion over the American continent, were used by a race which preceded our Indians. In that case, they must have used heavy bows similar to the Oriental cross-bow in order to carry them. Lighter material was employed by the Sioux, such as bone, horn or burned wood, also the claws and bills of birds and animals, which were readily ground to a fine edge and penetrated to the vital parts of the game.

THE canoe, of course, was scarcely known to the plains Indians. They utilized the raw-hide of the buffalo for a temporary round boat, which was not paddled, but drawn by ropes hitched to swimmers, both men and women. In this manner they conveyed their children and household goods across rivers too deep for them to ford. The framework of the bull-boat was composed of the willows which always grow on the banks of the stream.

In the life of the forest Indians, on the other hand, the birch canoe played an important part. It was almost as useful as the horse as a means of transportation on the many lakes and large rivers of that region. The making of it became an art, a subject of study, almost a profession. Not every canoe can breast the waves easily and smoothly.

Originally the bark canoe was the only one used, as the people had no axes nor chisels to hollow out the logs. In spring the best trees are searched out and the bark cut about two feet in length, slit up one side and peeled off whole. It must be free of knots and of an even thickness. It is then spread on the ground and flattened by means of weights. In making the canoe the inner layer of bark, which is waterproof, forms the outside, and the seams are covered with pitch, making it perfectly tight.

The woods Indians frequently used the birch-bark for making boxes, pails and other household utensils. It can be made into very dainty little work-boxes, ornamented with impressions of the awl or with dyed porcupine quills. In the old days it was used for a wrist-guard in shooting, for an outer legging to protect the leggings of leather, and for embossed wristlets and armlets which were merely ornamental. Furthermore, the Sioux, when they were living in the woods, used the birch-bark teepees, conical in form, and made in sections.

There is some evidence to support the tradition that the Sioux Indian, as well as his southern brother, originally made household utensils of pottery. At that time he lived a more stationary life, for such heavy furniture bound him closely to one place. In time the sanitary conditions affected the health of the people, and for that reason as well as in pursuit of the migrating herds they gradually entered upon a more nomadic life. During this stationary period the maize fields were developed, but when the people abandoned their permanent homes the fields were necessarily abandoned. Then the birch-bark, wooden and bone utensils came into common use, and at last they entirely forgot the making of earthen ones.

They even went so far as to boil meat in a tripe kettle. It was done in this simple fashion. A hole was dug and four stakes driven in a square around it, then the stomach of a freshly-killed buffalo was suspended from the stakes. In another hole they built a fire and heated some stones. The tripe bag was filled with cold water and pieces of buffalo meat, the red-hot stones added, and thus the meat was cooked! This has been done within my recollection by war-parties, who do not care to burden themselves with even the lightest cooking utensils.

THERE was also a rude sort of weaving done in the early days, of wild hemp and the inner bark of the bass-wood, which was made into flexible baskets for many household uses.

The pipe is among the most interesting and significant of all the handiwork of the Sioux. It is made of stone, various in color and texture, but particularly the red and black pipe-stone. The red is the natural color, but the black was originally clay-color, which by tempering with fire became black. It is remarkable how artistically

the Indian carved the bowl and sometimes the stem of the pipe with his rude tools of bone and stone. Little by little the hard stone was chipped off, and then filed down and polished with sand and a piece of leather. It required many days of patient labor. The only known quarry of the famous red pipe-stone, held sacred by the Dakotas, is found in the southwest corner of Minnesota, and is forever reserved for their use.

The work in leather and skins was perhaps their most extensive industry. They made boxes or "parfleches" of the raw-hide and painted them in characteristic colors and designs. From the tanned skins were made the tents, or teepees, and all sorts of garments, saddles, when they had horses, cradles, sometimes called baby-hoods, all beautifully ornamented. Porcupine quills, dyed with vegetable dyes in brilliant and soft colors, were used before beads were obtainable, also the fur of the ermine and other small animals, combined with feathers cunningly cut and dyed.

These primitive arts and crafts were not practiced by all the people indiscriminately, but there was a degree of specialization. Certain of the older men were the arrow-makers, and the makers of pipes were of the same class. There were individuals noted for the skill and artistic gift in these directions. Canoe-makers were found both among the old men and old women. Women did most of the tanning and preparation of the skins, and of course the sewing and ornamentation of garments. All could handle the scraper and awl, but not with equal skill. It was a recognized profession in which few became really proficient.

The painting was done by men and women both. It generally represented in a conventional manner the elements, such as sun or lightning, or animals, and the rainbow colors were used, the pigments being of colored earth or extracted from roots and berries. The original designs were mostly in square or triangular figures, but of late years the work has greatly suffered by the influence of white civilization. Aniline dyes are used and the designs copied from carpets or wall-paper.

Among the Indians of my boyhood days, every article in common use had its appropriate and typical decoration. Their art was sincere, and it was closely allied to their religion.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK: PRACTICAL TALKS ON STRUCTURAL WOOD WORKING: SIXTH OF THE SERIES

IN this series of articles on practical cabinet making we have been guided entirely by the desire to give direct help to those who wished to work at home. Our little preliminary talks have had this purpose in view. The article on woods and their treatment in the July number of THE CRAFTSMAN should be particularly useful in this connection and those interested in home cabinet work would do well thoroughly to master the subject of which it treats.

Letters come every day expressive of appreciation for this series. One friend writes from a lumber camp in Washington. His home was originally in Ohio and his father is one of the officials of Oberlin College. This young man has gone west, and expects soon to start a lumber camp of his own. Instead of leaving his men to the devices and desires of their own hearts, he intends to try to interest them in the building of a recreation room for themselves. This series of articles can be made very helpful to the men. If once their interest be aroused, they will enter with zest into the project, not only of building the room, but of rendering it beautiful and useful by making, with their own hands, the tables, bookcases, chairs, magazine stands, paper racks, etc., that will be needed for its equipment.

Another correspondent in Pennsylvania is so interested that he asks us for the "names of books on cabinet making that we think will be of most help to one totally ignorant." We are compelled to acknowledge our own ignorance of the existence of any book that adequately deals with the subject, but we intend to give the matter further investigation and will tell our readers more about it later on.

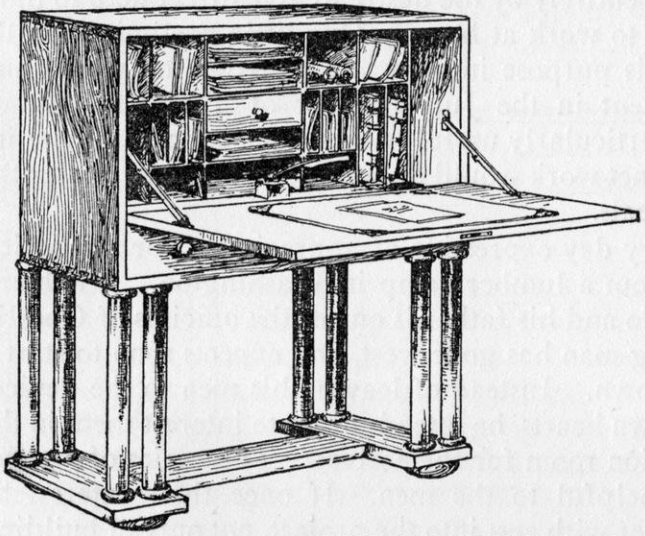
A Texas correspondent tells us that he has a fairly good set of tools and a workhouse, and adds, "having quite a talent for cabinet work I have been able to execute a number of pieces for our home. I hope this series will create enough comment to justify your making it a permanent feature of the magazine."

Now, that is a question we want our readers to answer. Do they want it to continue? If so, what articles do they want to make? We want to hear fully and promptly on this subject and shall value hints, suggestions and criticisms of every kind.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

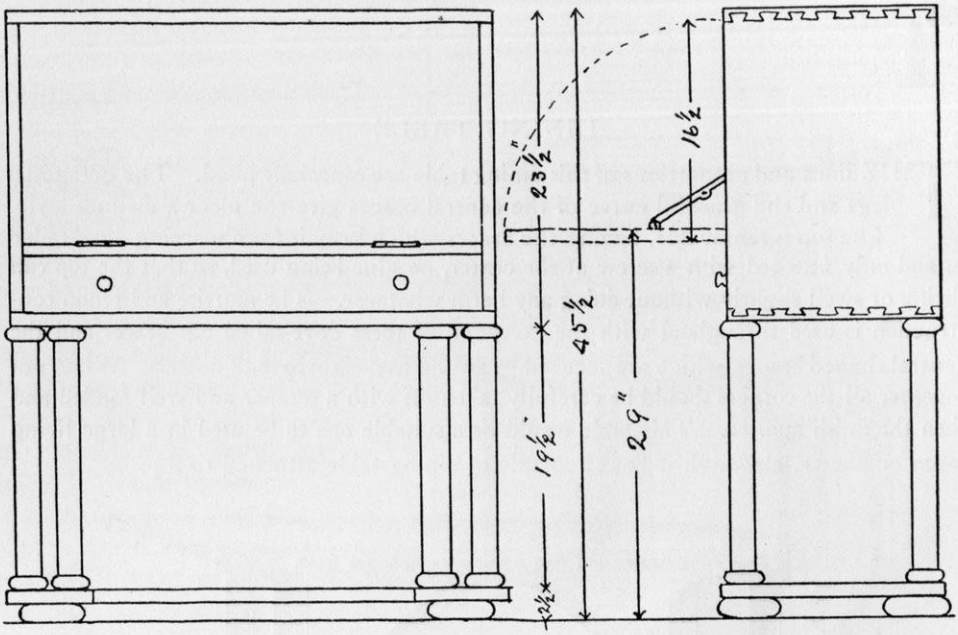
SECRETAIRE

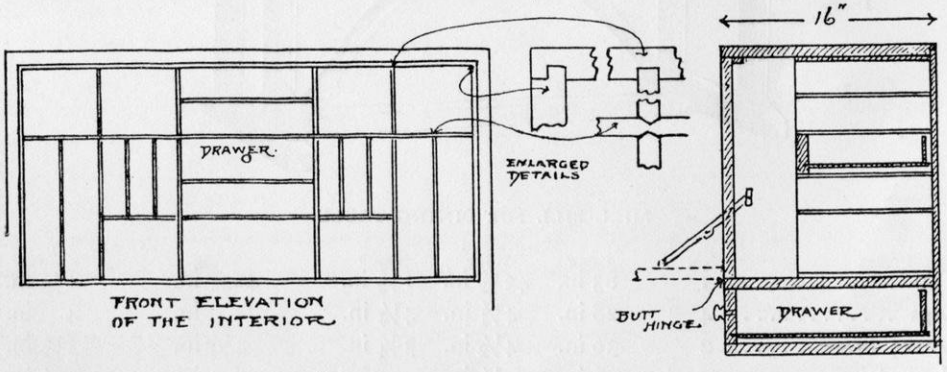
THIS is a piece which will require careful work, good joints and the use of well seasoned wood. The legs, caps, bases and feet can be turned at a very small expense at almost any wood working shop. These are fastened with half-inch dowels, three being used in each leg. The lid is veneered on both sides, the grain of the core running across, and the outside and inside, up and down. This is done so as to avoid warping. The pulls for the drawer may be of metal or wood and are turned in a quaint old fashioned shape. The lid is held by a pair of support hinges which are always to be had in brass. The hinges are ordinary butts, 2 inches x 2½ inches when open.

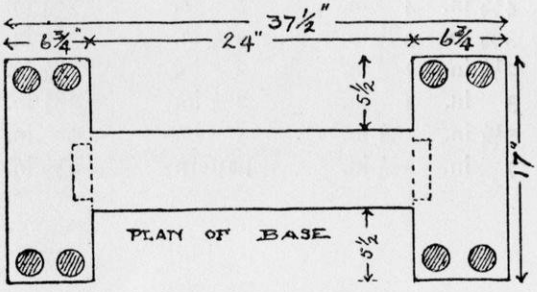


MILL BILL FOR SECRETAIRE

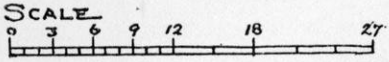
Pieces	No.	Rough Long	Rough Wide	Rough Thick	Finish Wide	Finish Thick	Wood
Top and bottom shelf	3	38 in.	16½ in.	1 in.	16 in.	¾ in.	oak
Sides	2	25 in.	16½ in.	1 in.	16 in.	¾ in.	oak
Base	1	28 in.	6¼ in.	1½ in.	6 in.	1⅜ in.	oak
Base	2	18 in.	7 in.	1½ in.	6¾ in.	1⅜ in.	oak
Back	1	36 in.	24 in.	¾ in.	23½ in.	½ in.	oak
Lid	1	36 in.	17¼ in.	¾ in.	17 in.	⅝ in.	oak
Veneer for lid	2	17 in.	36 in.	$\frac{1}{16}$ in.	..	..	
Stop	1	36 in.	¾ in.	1 in.	½ in.	⅞ in.	oak
Legs	8	19 in.	2¼ in.	2¼ in.	2 in.	turned	oak
Base and caps	8	1¼ in.	3¼ in.	3¼ in.	3 in.	turned	oak
Feet	4	2 in.	5¼ in.	5¼ in.	5 in.	turned	oak
Drawer front	1	35 in.	4¼ in.	1 in.	4 in.	⅞ in.	oak
Drawer back	1	35 in.	4 in.	¾ in.	3¾ in.	½ in.	oak
Drawer sides	1	16 in.	4¼ in.	¾ in.	4 in.	½ in.	oak
Drawer bottom	1	35 in.	16 in.	¼ in.	15½ in.	½ in.	oak
Interior							Red cedar
Top, bottom, center	3	35 in.	10¼ in.	⅜ in.	10 in.	¼ in.	"
Side and center	4	18 in.	10¼ in.	⅜ in.	10 in.	¼ in.	"
Drawer front	1	10 in.	3¼ in.	⅞ in.	3 in.	¾ in.	"
Partitions	16 running feet				11 in.	⅛ in.	"





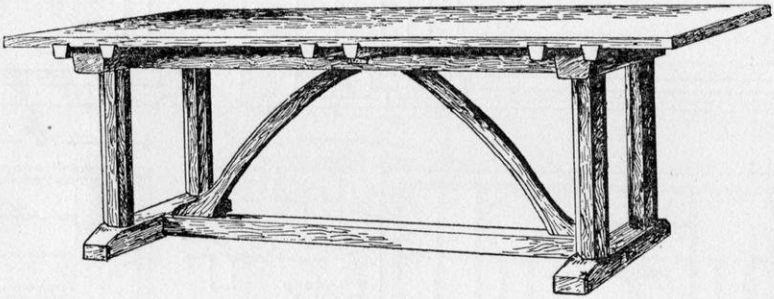


DESIGN · FOR · A SECRETAIRE.



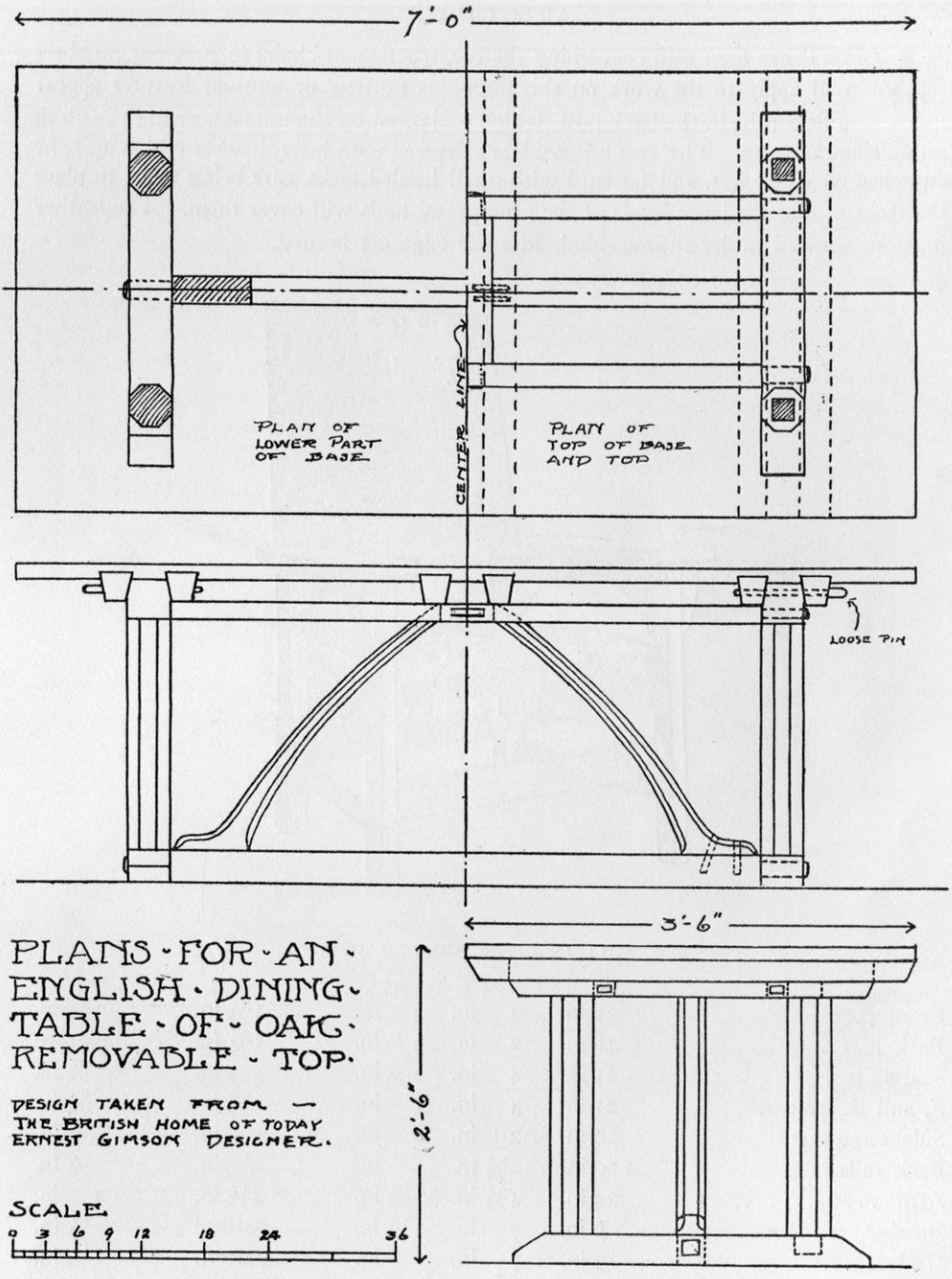
DINING TABLE

THE lines and proportions of this dining table are especially good. The octagonal legs and the graceful curve of the central braces give the piece a distinct style. The top is removable, having the braces which keep it from warping dove-tailed in and only fastened with a screw at the center, no glue being used, so that the top can shrink or swell slightly without doing any harm whatever. The mortise and tenon construction is used throughout with the exception of these dove-tailed top braces and the central shaped braces, which are secured by strong five-eighths inch dowels. When put together all the corners should be carefully taken off with a scraper and well sanded and then the finish applied. This table would be a suitable one to be used in a large living room or library, although it has the name of dining table attached to it.



MILL BILL FOR DINING TABLE

Pieces	No.	Rough Long	Rough Wide	Rough Thick	Finish Wide	Finish Thick
Top	1	85 in.	42½ in.	1½ in.	42 in.	1⅜ in.
Legs	4	28 in.	4¼ in.	4¼ in.	4 in.	4 in.
Lower brace	2	36 in.	4½ in.	3¾ in.	4¼ in.	3½ in.
Upper brace	2	36 in.	4¼ in.	4 in.	4 in.	3¾ in.
Lower stretcher	1	66 in.	3¾ in.	3¾ in.	3½ in.	3½ in.
Upper stretcher	2	66 in.	2¼ in.	2 in.	2 in.	1¾ in.
Top braces	4	43 in.	3 in.	3 in.	2¾ in.	2¾ in.
Top center stretcher	1	20 in.	5¼ in.	2¼ in.	5 in.	2 in.
Shaped stretchers	2	36 in.	7 in.	2¾ in.	pattern	2½ in.

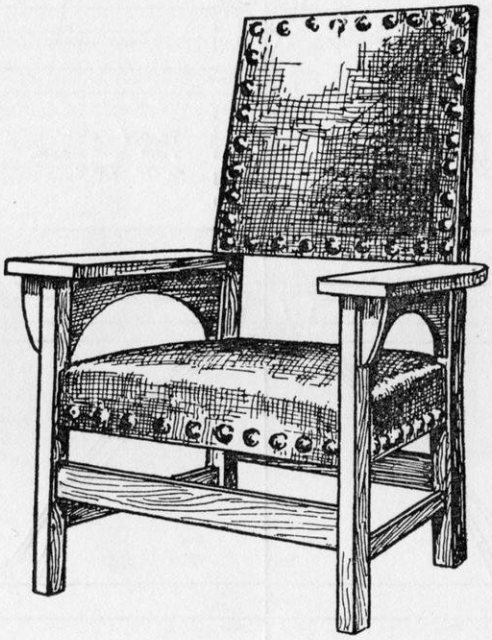


PLANS · FOR · AN · ENGLISH · DINING · TABLE · OF · OAK · REMOVABLE · TOP.

DESIGN TAKEN FROM — THE BRITISH HOME OF TODAY ERNEST GIMSON DESIGNER.

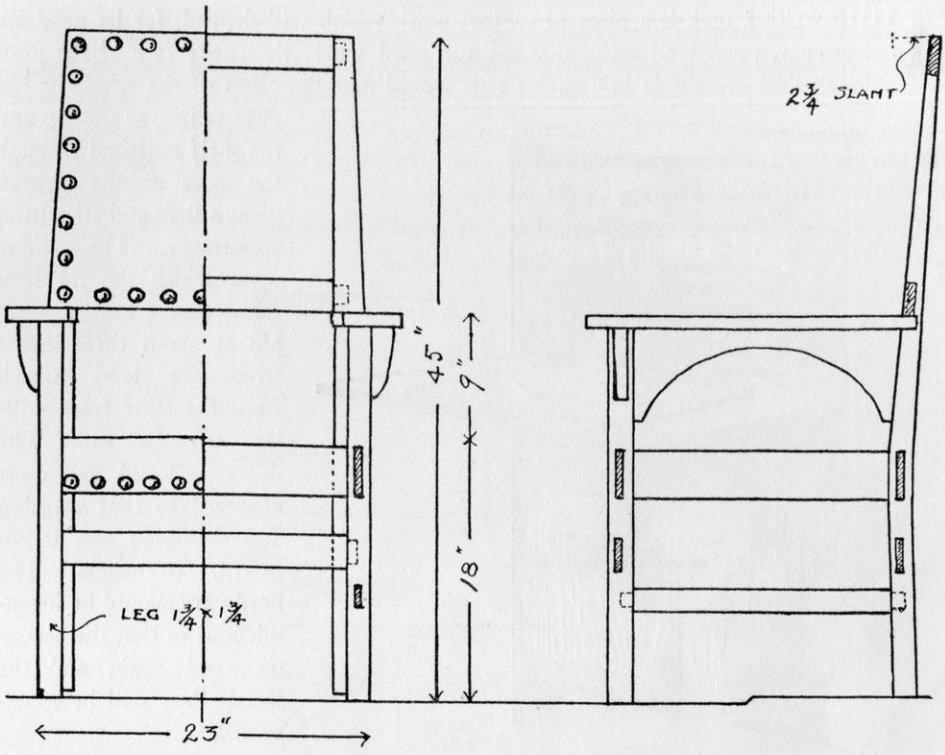
ARM CHAIR

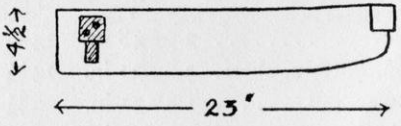
WHAT has been said concerning the construction of chairs in previous numbers will apply to the work on this piece—as no new or unusual features appear unless it be in the back post, which is slanted on the outside, giving the chair an added quaintness. The seat and back are covered with heavy leather which must be stretched on when wet, and fastened with small headed tacks, care being taken to place the tacks so that the large heads of the ornamental nails will cover them. The leather must be allowed to dry thoroughly before the edge is trimmed.

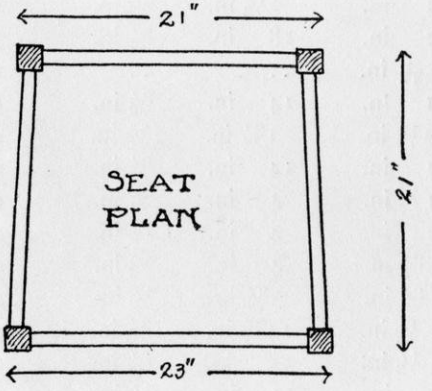


MILL BILL FOR ARM CHAIR

Pieces	No.	Rough Long	Rough Wide	Rough Thick	Finish Wide	Finish Thick
Front post	2	27 in.	2 in.	2 in.	1¾ in.	1¾ in.
Back post	2	46 in.	2 in.	3 in.	1¾ in.	pattern
Seat rails	4	21 in.	4 in.	1 in.	3½ in.	⅞ in.
F. and B. stretcher.	2	21 in.	3 in.	1 in.	2¾ in.	¾ in.
Side stretcher	2	20 in.	2 in.	1 in.	1¾ in.	¾ in.
Back rails	2	20 in.	2¾ in.	1 in.	2½ in.	⅞ in.
Arm	2	24 in.	4¾ in.	1⅛ in.	4½ in.	1 in.
Bracket	2	6 in.	2 in.	1½ in.	pattern	1¼ in.
Under arm	2	19 in.	7 in.	1 in.	pattern	1¼ in.

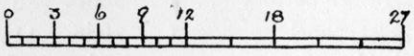






DESIGN FOR AN ARM CHAIR

SCALE



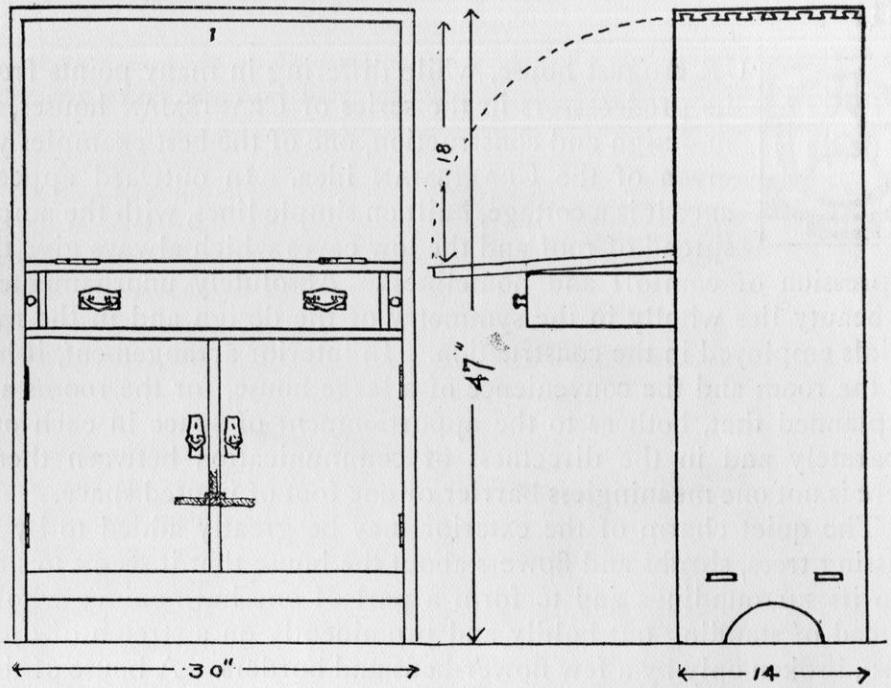
HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

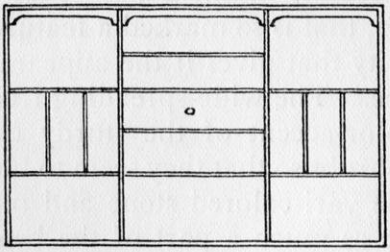
WRITING DESK

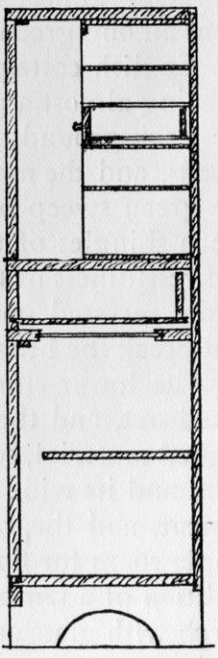
THIS writing desk is a piece of cabinet work which will depend, for its good appearance, upon well selected wood and good work, the entire face of the piece being flush—a single line out of true would mar the effect of the whole. The dove-tailing at the top and the shelf mortised through the sides at the bottom gives a firm and structural appearance. The slides, upon which the lid rests when down, have a small pin at about three inches from the back which stops the slide from pulling too far out. The doors and lid are cross veneered so that warping and shrinking are, to an extent, overcome. The hardware should be inconspicuous so that the beauty of wood grain and the simple lines will be accentuated.

MILL BILL FOR WRITING DESK

Pieces	No.	Rough Long	Rough Wide	Rough Thick	Finish Wide	Finish Thick	Wood
Sides	2	48 in.	14¼ in.	1 in.	14 in.	¾ in.	oak
Top, bottom, shelf.	3	31 in.	14¼ in.	1 in.	14 in.	¾ in.	oak
Lower rail	1	31 in.	2¾ in.	1 in.	2½ in.	⅞ in.	oak
Lid	1	30 in.	18¼ in.	1 in.	18 in.	¾ in.	oak
Veneer for lid	2	19 in.	30½ in.	$\frac{1}{16}$ in.	..	..	oak
Lower doors	2	18 in.	14¼ in.	1 in.	14 in.	¾ in.	oak
Division rail	1	18 in.	2 in.	1¼ in.	1¾ in.	1⅛ in.	oak
Partition	1	18 in.	14¼ in.	1 in.	14 in.	¾ in.	oak
Slide and division.	2	15 in.	4¼ in.	1 in.	4 in.	¾ in.	oak
Drawer front	1	26 in.	4¼ in.	1 in.	4 in.	⅞ in.	oak
Drawer sides	2	15 in.	4¼ in.	¾ in.	4 in.	½ in.	oak
Drawer back	1	26 in.	4 in.	¾ in.	3¾ in.	½ in.	oak
Drawer bottom	1	26 in.	15 in.	½ in.	14¾ in.	⅜ in.	oak
Dust panel	1	26 in.	11¼ in.	½ in.	11 in.	⅜ in.	oak
Shelf	1	29 in.	11¼ in.	1 in.	11 in.	¾ in.	oak
Interior	12 running feet		10 in.	$\frac{3}{16}$ in.	..	⅛ in.	red cedar
Drawer front	1	11 in.	3 in.	¾ in.	2¾ in.	½ in.	red cedar
11 running feet			10 in.	$\frac{5}{16}$ in.	..	¼ in.	red cedar







DESIGN · FOR · A · WRITING · DESK ·

SCALE
0 3 6 9 12 18 27

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: SERIES OF 1905, NUMBER VIII

UR August house, while differing in many points from its predecessors in the series of CRAFTSMAN houses, is, in design and construction, one of the best examples yet given of the CRAFTSMAN idea. In outward appearance it is a cottage, built on simple lines, with the ample spread of roof and the low eaves which always give the impression of comfort and homeliness. Absolutely unornamented, its beauty lies wholly in the symmetry of the design and in the materials employed in the construction. In interior arrangement, it has all the room and the convenience of a large house, for the rooms are so planned that, both as to the apportionment of space in each one separately and in the directness of communication between them, there is not one meaningless barrier or one foot of unused space.

The quiet charm of the exterior may be greatly added to by so massing trees, shrubs and flowers about the house that it seems to sink into its surroundings and to form a part of one harmonious whole, instead of standing out boldly and prominently on a stretch of open lawn, broken only by a few flower-beds and borders. A house of this character almost demands the semi-seclusion, the sense of retirement among green and growing things, that is so marked a feature of the English cottage, and the peculiarity that gives it the appearance of being almost a part of the landscape. The wide-spreading tree in the back-ground, the sharp dark color-accent of the sturdy evergreens, and the massing of flowering shrubs so that they seem to blend the green sweep of the lawn with the vari-colored stone and moss-green shingles of the house itself, are as much a part of the beauty and restfulness of the whole, as is the alluring shadiness and seclusion of the recessed porch, or the graceful lines of the dormer windows that break the broad sweep of the roof.

The lower story is of split rubble, laid with dark cement, well raked out, and the pillars and steps of the veranda are of the same rugged material, so interesting in its rough solidity, its irregularity of form and its wide variety in coloring. The veranda is floored with cement, and the raised wall is so planned that in summer there is ample room for flower-boxes on its broad coping, while in winter the addition of a temporary sill would make it easy to enclose the whole porch with glass and utilize it as a sun-parlor. The entrance door is

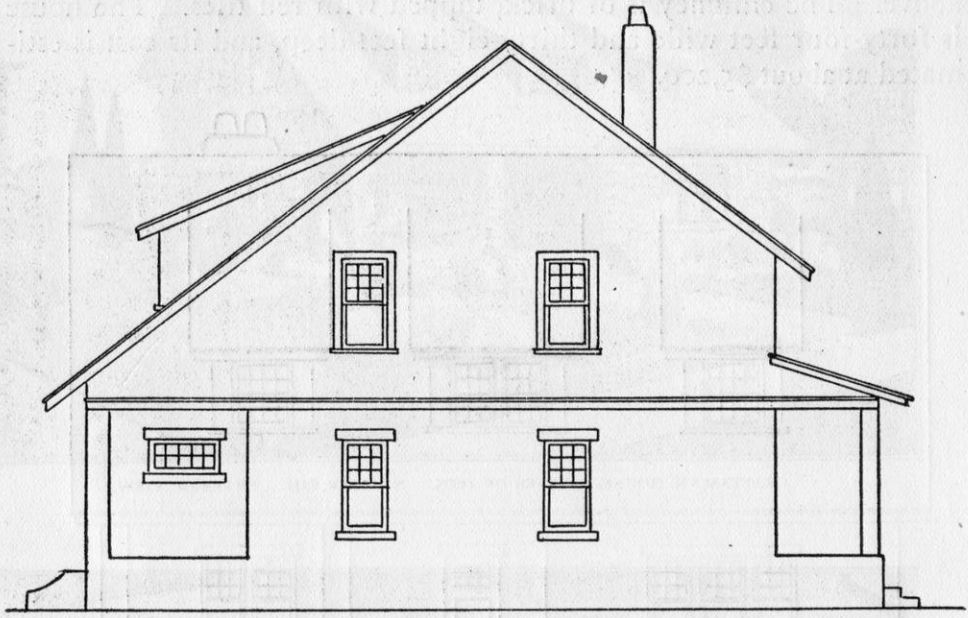
of oak, with small panes of glass of a slightly yellow tone in the upper part. The upper half story and the roof are of shingles, stained moss green, and the window sashes are stained a medium tone of brick red, giving an accent to the varying colors of the rubble used in the lower story as well as a pleasant note of contrast to the solid mossy green above. The chimney is of brick, topped with red tiles. The house is forty-four feet wide and thirty-eight feet deep, and its cost is estimated at about $5,200.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, SERIES OF 1905, NUMBER VIII. FRONT ELEVATION

THE FIRST FLOOR

From the veranda the entrance door opens directly into the square hall. Just opposite is the stairway, with a square landing half-way up, and a broad seat extending from its foot to the opposite wall, the two filling the entire end of the hall. The woodwork here is of chestnut in natural effect, slightly grayed, and the walls are tinted a cool gray-green, the gray tone predominating sufficiently to give it a silvery cast. The woodwork of grayed chestnut is used throughout the first floor and in the upper hall. All the floors of the lower story are of oak, gray-finished like the chestnut, but in a slightly darker tone.

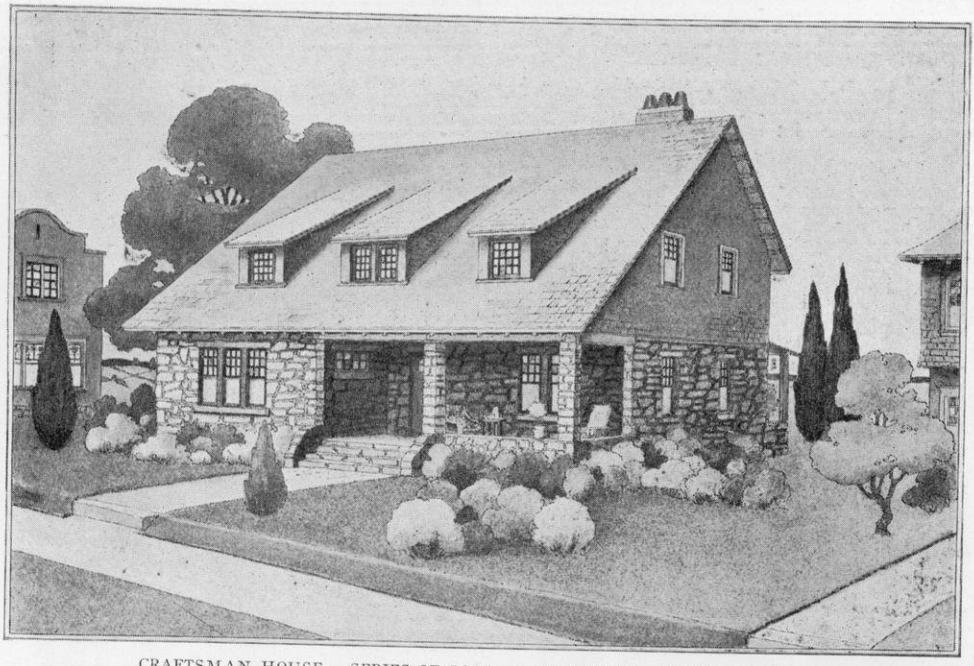
The hall opens into the living room on one side, and into the dining room on the other, and another door affords access to the large square coat closet which opens into the kitchen, thus serving as a convenient passageway between the kitchen and the entrance door, as well as a place to put hats and wraps.



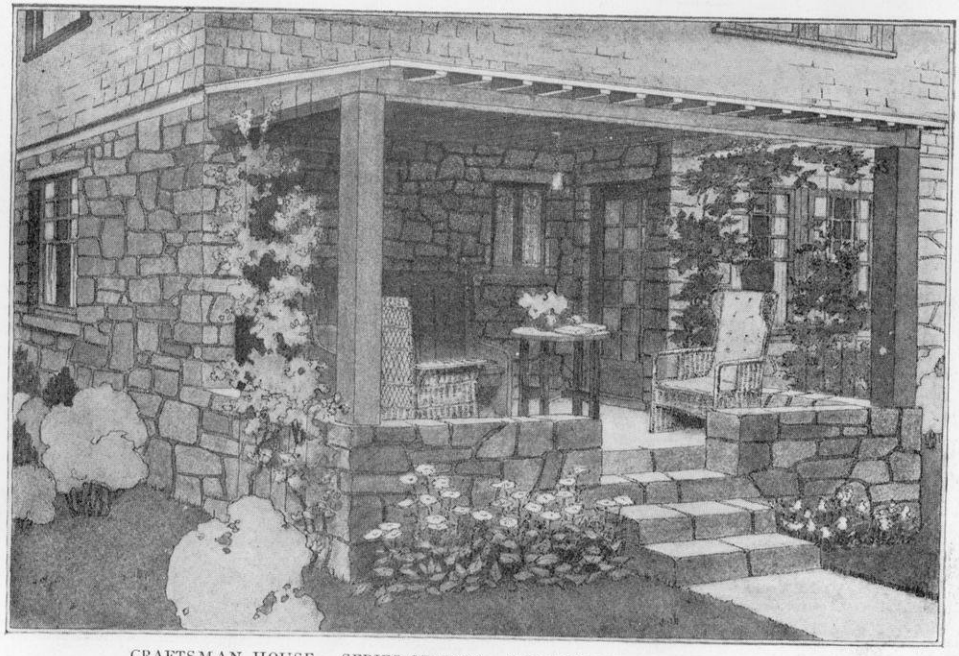
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, SERIES OF 1905, NUMBER VIII. SIDE ELEVATION

DINING ROOM

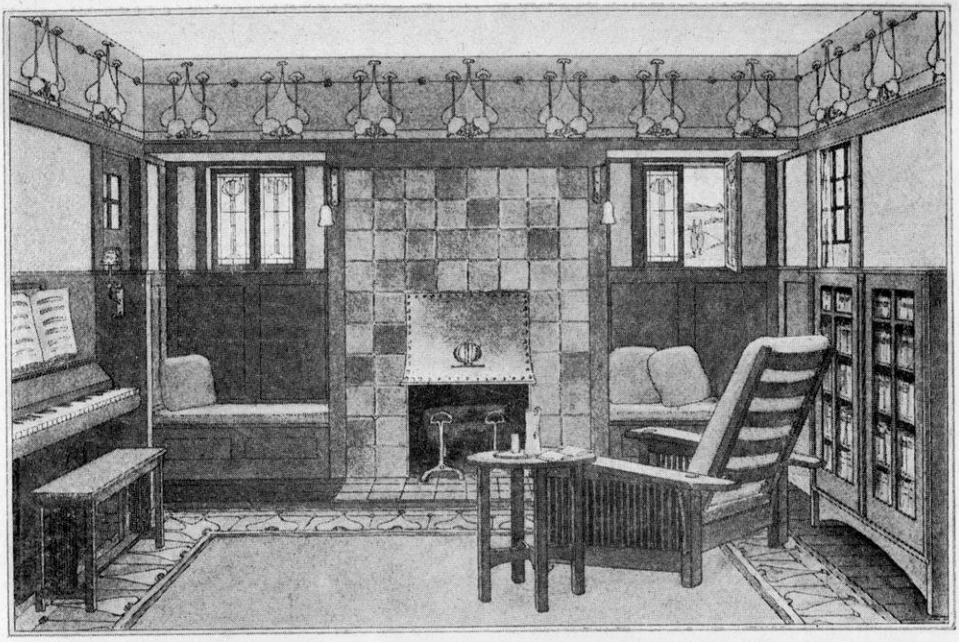
The dining room is of ample dimensions, 16½x13½ feet, and is most conveniently arranged. Over the large sideboard a high window looks out upon the veranda, making an attractive structural feature when seen from the outside as well as a decorative addition to the room itself. Another touch of structural individuality is seen in the china closet, which is built in between the dining room and the pantry, with doors opening on both sides. The doors on the dining room side are of glass, with small panes, showing the china and glass on the shelves within, and those opening upon the pantry are of wood like any ordinary door, giving a solid background to the closet when closed, and at the same time affording convenient access to the shelves without the necessity of going into the dining room. The steps saved



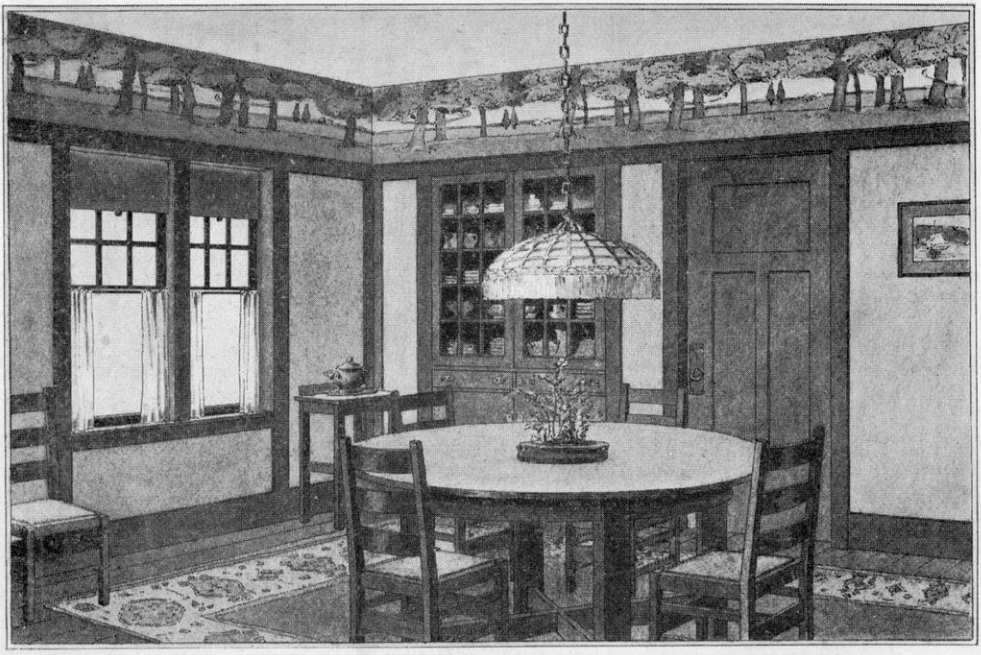
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE. SERIES OF 1905. NUMBER VIII. EXTERIOR VIEW.



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE. SERIES OF 1905. NUMBER VIII. THE REAR PORCH

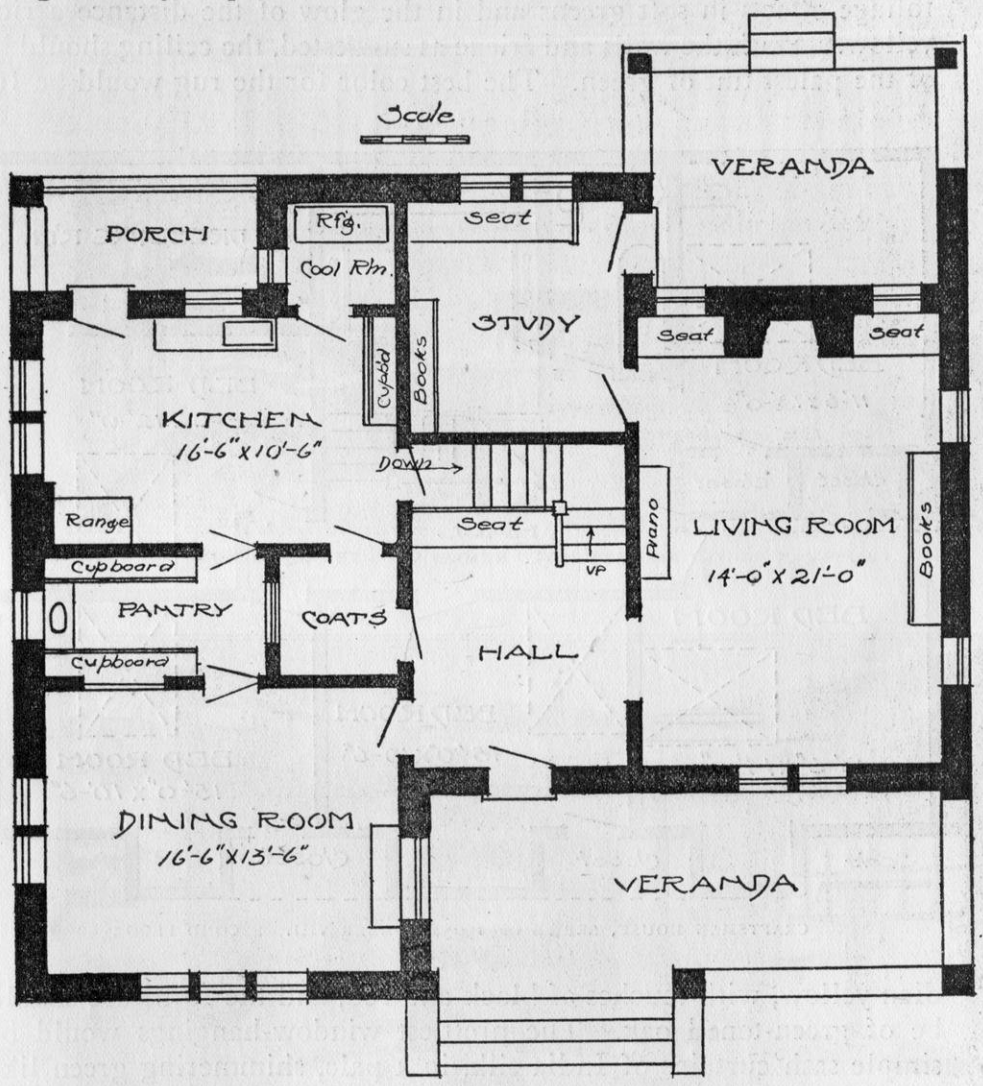


CRAFTSMAN HOUSE. SERIES OF 1905. NUMBER VIII. THE LIVING ROOM



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE. SERIES OF 1905. NUMBER VIII. THE DINING ROOM

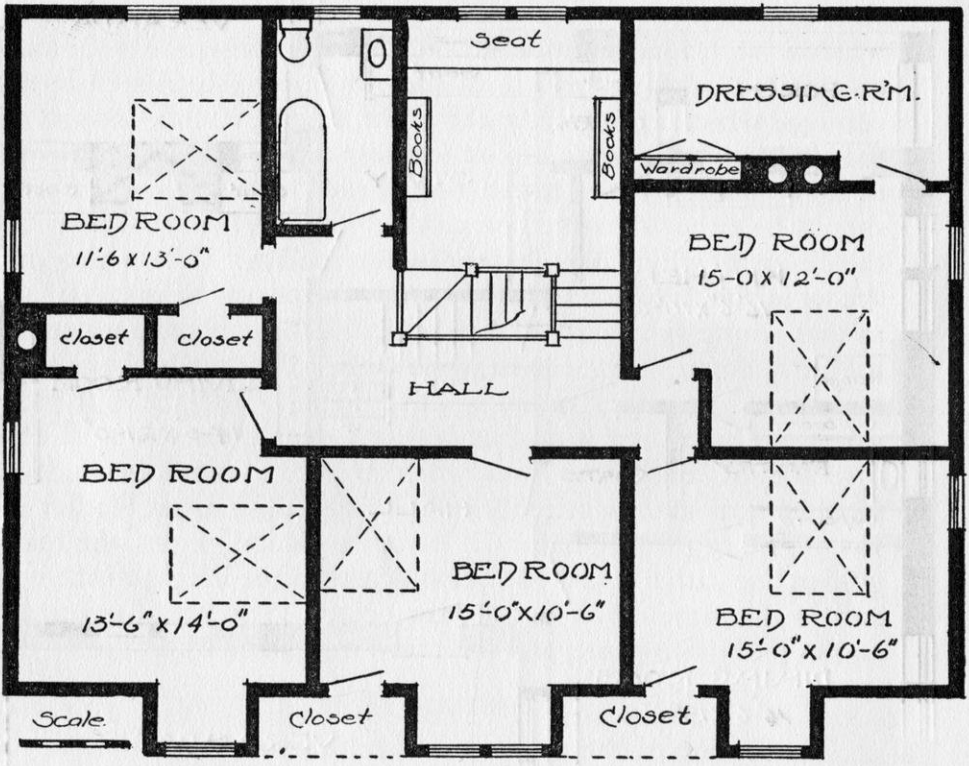
by this contrivance will be realized at once by any housekeeper, and the china closet is so placed that it adds much to the beauty of the dining room by its prominence as a feature in the unusually effective ar-



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, SERIES OF 1905, NUMBER VIII. FIRST FLOOR PLAN

rangement of wall spaces. The woodwork of the dining room being of the grayed chestnut that prevails throughout the lower floor, a soft tan or fawn tint on the walls would be found very harmonious. The

frieze, which is an important feature in the decoration of this room, may either be stenciled on the plaster, or one of the English paper friezes, introducing some of the wood browns in the foreground, with foliage effects in soft greens and in the glow of the distance a rich yellow. With the walls and frieze as suggested, the ceiling should be of the palest tint of green. The best color for the rug would be In-



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, SERIES OF 1905, NUMBER VIII. SECOND FLOOR

dian yellow, with touches of black and red, and the furniture should be of green-toned oak. The prettiest window-hangings would be simple sash curtains of India silk, in a pale, shimmering green like that of the ceiling. The window shades should be of moss green. In the furnishings as suggested by the illustration, the central light fixture is of leaded opalescent glass in varying tones of green, with a beaded fringe in tan or old gold, repeating the tone of the walls.

LIVING ROOM

This is, naturally, the largest room in the house, being 14x21 feet. Its chief feature is the open fire-place, hooded with hammered brass and large enough to allow a good-sized log to rest upon its massive iron andirons. The mantel-breast is of green Della Robbia tiles, mat glaze, showing all the subtle shadings that appear in this dull, soft surface. Recessed on either side is a comfortable, cushioned seat, behind which the chestnut wainscoting runs up to a casement window of leaded antique glass in clear greens and yellows. One especially charming feature of these twin recesses is seen in the tiny ceilings, which are directly above the casement, low enough to lend that indescribable sense of cosiness felt in any low-ceiled alcove, and to leave unbroken the broad line of the frieze above. This frieze should be either stencilled or painted in a conventional flower *motif,* the design of which may be repeated in the rug. The wainscot shows the wide panels which so fully display the beauty of the wood, as well as that ample simplicity of line which is in such gracious contrast to the fussy detail often seen in woodwork. The walls above the wainscot should be either tinted or covered with burlaps in a rich moss green. The ceiling would be best in a deep cream tint. The furniture should match the woodwork in color, and the window seats would harmonize admirably if upholstered in russet leather or canvas. The rug would naturally be in russet and greens, the russet of a golden hue rather than red. Book-cases of the height of the wainscot and in the same color, occupy the center of one wall space at right angles to the fire-place, and the piano may stand opposite.

THE REAR VERANDA

This is one of the most attractive features of the house. Shady and secluded, with its rough stone walls, cement floor and green drapery of vines, it makes the coolest and most enticing of outdoor sitting rooms in summer, and in the winter, when the vines are bare branches and the flowers are gone, it may be glassed in and converted into an additional sun parlor, if desired. The back part of this porch is formed of a deep recess, walled in and roofed over by the house itself. The open part is covered by an additional roof, which shows a beautiful structural touch in the placing and sloping of the beams. This veranda opens from the study, and, furnished with a wood settle,

a substantial table and several big willow chairs, it would make an ideal open-air work-room.

STUDY

Here will be found plenty of provision for bookcases, and a suggestion of additional comfort is found in the built-in seat under the double window facing the back of the house. The furnishings of this room are all in tones of brown, relieved with little touches of green and corn color.

THE KITCHEN

The kitchen is 16½x10½ feet in size, and is well appointed, with cooling room and refrigerator. The wood trim is of cypress, stained green. The small kitchen porch is so arranged that it can be enclosed in winter to provide for the keeping cool of vegetables, etc., without ice.

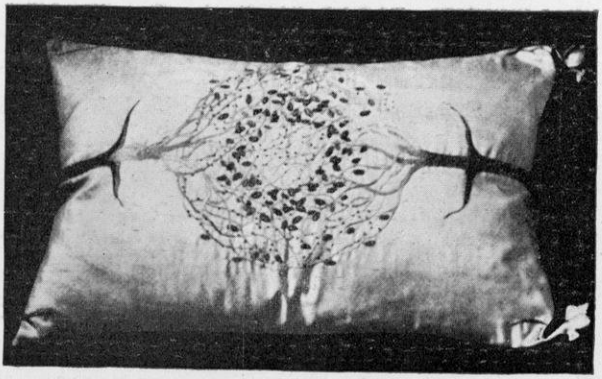
THE UPPER FLOOR

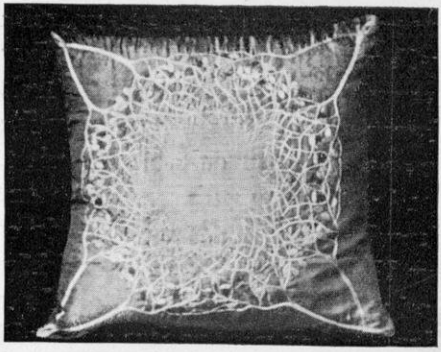
Owing to the low ceiling of the downstairs study, the plan of the house admits the placing of a little room opening off the landing midway of the stairs and consequently on a level of its own just between the two stories. This room would be equally desirable as a small library, writing room or children's room, as its situation makes it one of the most inviting nooks in the house. It has a long window seat, and may be provided with moveable book-cases. A rug in greens and deep blues, and window curtains of pale shades of pink and yellow, would form a charming color scheme in connection with the chestnut woodwork, which is the same as in the lower story.

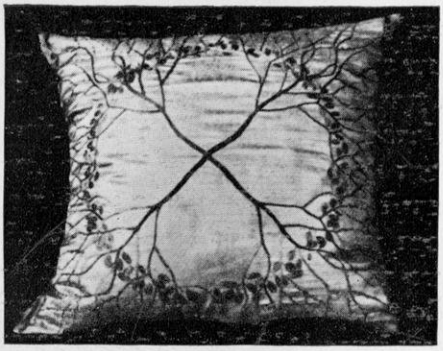
THE BEDROOMS

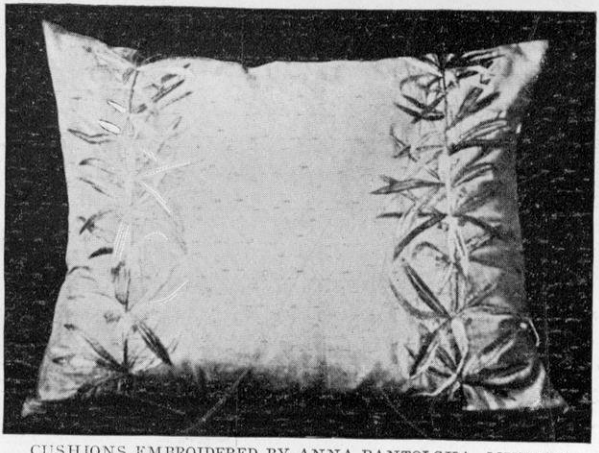
The largest bedroom is at the rear of the house on the right side. It is 15x12 feet, with a dressing room in which is a good-sized wardrobe. The woodwork is finished in ivory-white enamel, with doors of southern pine stained light green. The floor is stained to match. All the floors of the upper story are of comb-grained pine, stained to harmonize with each room. The walls in this bedroom should be tinted a pale golden yellow, and the ceiling white. The bedstead should be white enamel and the curtains of white dimity. Wicker furniture in moss green would complete the cool and dainty color scheme.

The bedroom in front of the room just described is 15x10½ feet









CUSHIONS EMBROIDERED BY ANNA PANTOLSKA, MUNICH
(Reproduced from Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration)

FURNITURE MADE BY HAND FROM CRAFTSMAN DESIGNS, PUBLISHED IN "HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK." DONE AS A PASTIME BY DR. A. J. KIMM, FRANKFORT, KY.

in size. The woodwork shows the same treatment of ivory-white enamel, which appears in all the rooms upstairs. On the walls is a paper with white background and flowered patterns in Dresden yellows and greens. The curtains are of cream point d'esprit and the most suitable furniture would be of figured maple in light silvery tan.

The center bedroom in the front of the house is the same size. All the upper rooms in front have the picturesque effect given by the dormer windows, of which one appears in each room. Closets are also placed in each under the main roof. The walls in the center room might be papered in a very pale silver green tint. Rag rugs in pale green and a little gray blue cover the floor.

The other front bedroom, 13½x14 feet, has walls in tan, with the ceiling in cream white to match the woodwork. The frieze in this room should be of very pale delft blue, with a flower pattern. The rag rug might be in pale delft blue and ivory and the furniture in silver-gray maple.

At the rear of the house, to the left, is the servant's bedroom, 11½x13 feet in size. This might be papered in blue and white, with the bedstead in white enamel and the furniture in green-stained or natural oak.

The bathroom opens from the hall and is therefore convenient for all. Being over the kitchen it affords direct plumbing and thus reduces the cost of installation.

ALS IK KAN: ART TRUE AND FALSE

IN our previous chat the general proposition was stated that man cannot be happy in his work unless it has in it some element of art. What is art? Morris says: "Art is the expression of man's joy in his work." If we accept this definition the whole question becomes simple, and is at once stripped of its false trappings. Custom and fashion are ignored and we are back to primitive and unchangeable principles. There is joy in the work, in its conception, in its execution and in its completion; joy to the designer, the maker, the user. Without this joy any seeming beauty is false, and with it the most commonplace thing will take on a beauty that can never be mistaken.

It is unfortunate that in practical life the word "artist" has been made the exclusive property of the painter, the sculptor, the musician or the actor. By this interpretation the so-called "artist" has come to be regarded as a higher order of workman than the stone mason, bricklayer, iron worker, cabinet-maker, or any man who works with tools at a trade. And it has become the custom, in seeking for "art," to look for something novel, something out of the line of the objects of every-day life. We look for a great painting, or a wonderful statue, or a piece of jewel-studded metal cunningly wrought. The mistake lies in that we look no further. While it is not to be denied that in these things the artist finds the means for giving form to his dreams of beauty, and the means of expression are as varied as the needs of human life, the simple things intended for every-day use may be given a loveliness that appeals more closely than any work of art, however great, whose sole reason for existence is its beauty, for in the exercise of the useful arts there is a joy and interest felt in producing something in direct response to a direct need, and in doing it so well that it fulfills every purpose of its existence, and it is this joy, and the life it puts into the work, that creates beauty.

There are relative values in art as in everything. Artists are judged by their creative power. Some artists, by their skill in technique, can paint perfectly. Their work is faultless; their methods past criticism. Yet they are not great artists. The strong grasp of something fundamental is not there, that something which compels a response from the great soul of humanity. In a half-painted picture by Rembrandt, in an unfinished statue from the master-hand of Michael Angelo, is felt the overwhelming force of the man's conviction. He had seen into the heart of things, and every line of his work is instinct with the joy of his endeavor to embody the glory of that vision so that other men may see and partake of it. Without this God-given creative power the best a man can do is to copy what he sees, and if he sees no more than his fellows, be his technique never so perfect, he has no message to give that the world will pause to hear. He must feel the irresistible urge to create, the inspiration of something greater than himself, or he is merely a clever technician.

But it is also true that in many a man whose work has seemed to be that of the clever copyist, a sense of the real creative

power has not been aroused by the pressure of necessity—not the necessity to produce pot-boilers that the rent may be paid, but an obligation to meet some demand that calls forth the exercise of his highest powers. They may have lain dormant under the pressure of academic training or the enervating influence of easy production, but an important commission, such as a statue, or group, or a scheme of mural decoration for a great public building, may be a demand so imperious, an opportunity so tempting, that the latent creative power of the man is awakened. The necessity is there, also the opportunity, and in the effort to meet it he will have felt the urge to create, and the joy of his art.

It is mainly this necessity that supplies the incentive to good work in the useful arts, and here the skilled craftsman has a great advantage. There is not the same necessity for pictures and statues that there is for houses and their furnishings. In supplying the things for which there is definite need, the worker is guided by the use to which the article is to be put. He knows that his design must keep this necessity ever before him or he will fail to produce a good piece of work. A chair that is better fitted for some other purpose than to sit upon may be well made and beautifully ornamented, but it is not a good chair. It lacks the first and essential requisite of its being. A lamp that is intended merely for ornament and is useless for lighting purposes is not good art, because it is false. Anything lacking its prime requisite lacks the element of truth that makes good art.

The joy of the craftsman lies in putting all his inventive genius, all his technical skill, into the production of something that shall supply a want that is felt, and that shall be as perfect as he can make it. If he has pride and pleasure in his work, it becomes a part of himself and its every line is an evidence of his individuality. To meet all the needs for its existence it must be beautiful as well as useful, but that beauty must be an integral part of it, a quality that springs from the need of its design and the excellence of its workmanship, rather than from a sense of the necessity of ornament. Nature is a safe teacher along this line. She adapts everything perfectly to its use and yet makes it beautiful. For instance, there are countless varieties of trees. That each one may breathe and be nourished, it is necessary for it to have leaves. Yet see the miracle. Nature is so utilitarian, and at the same time such an artist, that every leaf not only meets fully the need for which it was created and is therefore perfect in itself, but it differs from every other leaf. The leaf of the maple may be distinguished in a moment from that of the oak, the sycamore or the chestnut. Here is the lesson of individuality, of art, in the making of useful things. Let everything be made to meet as fully as possible the necessity which called it into being, but let the maker express in it his own individuality, the indefinable quality that reveals himself. So it shall show the best that is in him, the joy and interest that lies in the doing of a good thing well, and the result can hardly help being good art.

All this may be applied to the builder, the iron-worker, the weaver, the cabinet-maker, the stone-mason. Each man in his way may be a creative artist, and this

power is one that increases almost miraculously when persistently and rightly used. In the old days, designer and maker were the same, but under present day conditions, which split up labor into countless divisions, few, if any, men are called upon to do both designing and executing. This is disastrous to the development of creative art. A man may be a better technical workman for devoting all his time to the merely mechanical process of giving form to another man's thought, but he is deprived of the chief incentive to individual expression—the joy of first imagining, then planning in detail the work of his hands, and then with his own hands shaping it into the realization of his dream.

The real purpose for which all work exists is not the work itself, so much as the making of the man; the soul-stuff of a man is the product of work, and it is good, indifferent or bad, as is his work. A careless or dishonest piece of work unerringly reveals the man who is allowing himself to degenerate. A great piece of work, whether it finds expression in canvas, marble, bronze, a building, a chair, a pitcher or a brick wall, reveals the fact that great men are in the making. This is the world's greatest need to-day: not mere men, but greater, better, truer men. Every man owes it to himself and his country to strive to supply that need, and there is no surer way of doing it than to make his work honest and joyous, something that will beautify life generally, whether it lie on the heights of the fine arts, or in the humblest sphere of the useful arts.

IN view of the "Joy of out doors" expressed in our sketch of the life of John Burroughs, the following recital of a few facts in the life of New York children will have a peculiarly pathetic interest. The director of the American Museum of Natural History, Dr. N. Bumpus, has been seeking to interest the children of the "East Side" in objects of Natural History. He ordered that small cabinets should be made, in which he placed collections of stuffed birds, mollusks, insects, crabs, sponges, corals, star fishes, minerals and native woods. The most popular collections have been those of stuffed birds, of which there are ninety boxes. One little East Side girl wrote a letter to Dr. Bumpus telling him that while she "thinks the blue jay is pretty, she likes the English sparrow best of all because it is the only really truly live bird she has ever seen." The teachers tell of the profound interest of the children, and how "they will press the birds to their breasts and stroke their plumage for half an hour at a time." The principal in one school kept an unruly class, for which he had no teacher, still for more than an hour by letting them look at some of the birds he had received.

Thousands of these poor East Side children have never wandered more than three or four blocks from where they were born. Their ignorance even of the commonest animals, except the horse, cat and dog, is astounding and almost unbelievable to one who is not familiar with their deplorable state. One day one of the Museum lecturers asked a class of sixty how many had seen a cow. Only one boy raised his hand. "Well, how big is a cow?" the lecturer asked. "So big," was the reply, spreading his hands to a width which would indicate the length of a dog. "Did you ever see one?" he asked. "Sure," was the ready

response. "I saw it in the window of ————'s dairy." It was a picture, or a terra cotta cow the lad had seen, and he had taken it for a true representation.

The remedy for this condition is hard to define, and while the modern tendency of the public school system is toward combining practical instruction, manual training and home crafts with the text-book studies, it falls far short of reaching to the heart of the matter. Any system of education for the child—or for the adult—that relies wholly upon theoretical knowledge is radically wrong. It is a great problem, especially in the congested centers of population, each with its "East Side," where humanity herds, breeds and exists, but does not live. To the thousands of these waifs, the opportunity for any sort of education is a boon, and, although "a little learning is a dangerous thing," too much reliance upon book-learning alone is destructive to individuality and strength of character. The education that comes from contact with real things is real and vital, and cannot be developed in the closet or the school-room.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and nature, after all, is the best teacher. For city waifs, whose lives are bounded by pavements and brick walls, the Fresh Air Fund movement is a hopeful, helpful and practical philanthrophy. So also the multiplying of public parks, breathing places, recreation piers and free public baths play an important and humanizing part in the real educational forces of city life. "Back to the soil," even for a day, or for a vacation between school terms, has a broader application than is covered by Fresh Air Funds. The sons and daughters of the well-to-do and wealthy classes would derive real benefit and true education by being sent into the country to "rough it" on the farm, sharing the work and pleasure of the haying and harvest season, getting into touch with the farmyard stock, the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, and the uplifting companionship of forest and stream. And, more than all, they would come back to their books invigorated, broadened, and with a new zest in life.

"Country born and bred" is the pride and boast of many, in fact nearly all, of the men who have shaped and are shaping the great affairs of the world, but there is serious danger that the stock will run out, unless there can be discovered some new way of getting the boys back to the soil for a part of the year, at least. These suggestions seem so obvious that the editor of THE CRAFTSMAN, at the risk of repeating himself, feels that he cannot urge too strongly upon parents the need and value of closer contact with real things, with real work, with real life, for the rising generation, less dependence upon the school and text-book, and more study of and familiarity with the great open book of Nature.

WE are always grateful for criticisms or suggestions that come spontaneously and sincerely from our readers, and we trust our correspondents will not consider us unmindful of their ideas even if we seem not always to conform to them. Many considerations that they do not see may enter into our conception of duty. In a very interesting letter recently received from one of our correspondents, he offers

this criticism of the policy of THE CRAFTSMAN.

"My notion is that when a person subscribes for any periodical which undertakes to furnish special information on any particular subject, he does not care to receive miscellaneous literature, however good, mixed in with the special information aforesaid. It fills space that would be more appropriately and profitably devoted to the special subject upon which the subscriber desires enlightenment. For this reason it seems to me that your articles in the May and June numbers, on Marquis Ito and Jacob Riis, are the right thing in the wrong place. They are good and interesting, but not within the scope of your magazine. . . . . Your space is too valuable to be used for any other purpose than your own specialty. If you take the ground that these outside articles are added as a sort of relish or gratuity to your patrons, then I claim that they would better appreciate the same value in more information about the arts and crafts. In short, I believe in sticking to one's text. . . . . Magazines and periodicals are rapidly becoming specialized and it is an excellent move in the direction of evolution. In former times, when magazines were not so numerous, it was necessary for each to include many subjects. But to-day, when I want to find entertainment in any given direction, I know just where to look for it. If each periodical keeps within its own province, the public will be better pleased and served and a certain amount of confusion avoided. I make this suggestion not so much as a personal preference, but as my conviction after thirty years in the publishing business. I have made my best success when I have "stuck to my text,"—the closer the better. This principle applies to modern magazine making, in my opinion, and while I do not claim to be infallible I feel sure enough of my judgment to warrant me in inviting your attention to the matter."

Our correspondent will pardon us for saying that he has not fully comprehended the breadth and scope of THE CRAFTSMAN'S purpose. Limited, specialized indeed, would it be, were it confined to "arts and crafts exclusively" in the narrow sense —the mere discussion or description of painting, sculpture or other fine arts, and to the making of furniture, the building of houses, and the like.

In "The Craftsman's Story," a little booklet we have just issued, we endeavor to set forth the principles for which we stand. In that we say of THE CRAFTSMAN Magazine as follows:

"THE CRAFTSMAN is distinctly a magazine with a purpose. It stands for a great movement, real, positive and progressive, although its membership is unenrolled and uncounted. It seeks to represent, in a practical and efficient way, the portion of our population that believes in making life worth living. There is a difference between living and mere existence. THE CRAFTSMAN believes that man is more than his work, that life is more than raiment, and that happiness can better be found when men and women live simply than when they yield to the exacting demands of our complex civilization, or seek to follow the dictates of fashion.

"It believes that the happiest life is that which most fully expresses the best there is in man, and that, therefore, the aim of

every man should be to give full and perfect expression to his better self. The cabinet-maker should express himself in his furniture, the blacksmith in his iron, the housewife in her home, the architect in his house, the statesman in his laws, and so on through all the varied occupations which enlist the activities of mankind. Only the man who is mentally as well as physically free, can expect to make life as full and rich as it ought to be. The man whose mind and actions are tied down by convention, by fashion, by thought of what others will say, is never free.

"THE CRAFTSMAN believes that the simple is more likely to be right and good than the complex. It believes that a frank recognition and adaptation of every object to its required purposes is better than artificiality and pretense. It believes that these last promote unrest, unhappiness and degeneracy. And it believes that these principles apply alike to men and things."

The editor of THE CRAFTSMAN believes that life consists of the expression of the man himself at his best, or striving towards his best. That man who so strives is, according to our definition, a craftsman, a man of strong, direct, useful purpose. The whole Craftsman movement is really a movement for the bettering of men. But as most men are workers with their hands, and as the manner of their daily work has everything to do with the development of character, THE CRAFTSMAN peculiarly emphasizes the work of men's hands. But because of this emphasis it must not be thought that the work is of the greatest importance. The work is a means to an end. The end is men—nobler, honester, simpler, stronger men. It was because we had such aims that we asked Dr. Griffis to tell our readers of the life of Marquis Ito. Here was a man who, because of the singleness and directness of his purpose, had not only risen from the ranks to power and thus developed his own manhood, but, in so doing, had lifted up his countrymen, aroused in them similar high ideals, and, at the same time, helped to bring new life, force and creative energy into the Japanese nation as a whole. It was because of his craftsmanship, his skill, cunning, ability and power to make himself, to make men, to remake his nation that we wanted our readers to know of him, and to feel the thrill and impulse newly arouse within themselves toward the highest craftsmanship of their own soul-stuff of which they were capable.

So with Jacob Riis. Here is a true craftsman, making of himself an ideal, noble, free, American citizen, and, in the making, throwing out God-given power to help to the same great goal the slum-cursed humanity, condemned by individual greed and corporate sloth to the lowest depths of degradation in their moral and physical surroundings. If the presentation of Jacob Riis's craftsmanship aroused in ten men, or in one, the desire to do similar good work for himself and his down-trodden neighbor, it has effected more good in its special and avowed object—the object for which it is published—than if it set before the world a new style of furniture, invented a new architecture, or discovered a new and wonderful method of painting.

So with John Burroughs, an account of whom is given in this issue. A member

of THE CRAFTSMAN editorial staff visited Mr. Burroughs at his home in order that the real personality of the man might be truthfully and vividly presented. He is making many things, and making them with skill, purpose, originality and wide influence for good. Our aim is not so much to interest our readers with a readable sketch of this or any other man who is doing good work in the world. To please our readers is a good thing, but to help and inspire them is a better, and it is this better thing that gives its scope and purpose to the policy of THE CRAFTSMAN.

We should much like to have further expressions of opinion from our correspondents, and in thanking again the writer of the letter quoted above, we assure all our readers that we will be glad to give any communications our careful attention.

NOTES

RAY GWYTHER EDWARDS, editor of *The Violinist,* has published an interesting paper which embodies a plan for an ideal College of Arts and Crafts, which should be made self-supporting by the cumulative power of the industry of the students, after the first equipment had been furnished as a basis to start from. Mr. Edwards develops his plan very logically and along the lines of advanced thought on its most practical side, as is shown by the following extracts from his article:

"Education should consist in doing things, not listening to lectures. A college should be a miniature city, in which the scholars learn to work, to make things, to do the work of the world, to become independent thinkers, to provide their own comforts (and those of others) and become useful citizens. A school should provide not only head education, absolutely free, but hand and heart education too; it should give the scholars work and show them how to be useful. Any other education is one-sided and leads to poverty, crime and ruined lives.

"Let us consider the conditions that would prevail at such an ideal school as we can picture, toward which educational methods are tending; an institution that would meet the requirements of modern life for practical workers, independent thinkers, sympathetic, helpful citizens.

"These qualities cannot be expected in the students unless proper conditions are provided, and among these are tuition, books, tools and materials, food, clothing and shelter free to all students. Students would not simply be 'prepared for life' (by doing nothing); they would live the life that is expected of them as useful citizens.

"Such an educational institution could be made not only self-supporting, but dividend-paying, in that students, having received everything free, would in turn give the product of their own labor to the building up, equipment and enlargement of the college. And right there would come the great lesson of interdependence and moral responsibility.

"An original endowment fund of one million dollars would provide the grounds, buildings and general equipment necessary for one hundred pupils. The pupils would provide, by their work, more funds for education and 'extension work.' The one hundred pupils would, in a five years' course, add enough wealth to the institu-

tion to increase the endowment one-tenth, thus providing for ten more scholarships. Pupils would be selected with the utmost care from the entire nation, the Govenor and Board of Education in each state selecting two of their best scholars (one boy and one girl) to represent the state, thus insuring high mental and physical standards. One of the qualifications for admission to the college being a talent in one of the arts or crafts, every pupil would become a specialist, the aim being to develop the highest mastery in every department.

"One hour a day devoted to public work would, in time, produce an ideal miniature city in its decorative, architectural and landscape ensemble and the work of each succeeding class in planning, building and beautifying the college improvements would be the best education possible for preparing its students for the more serious life of usefulness as citizens and individual workers. No other educational system could possibly compare with this for advancing civilization in the right path of justice, equality, individuality, useful citizenship, and make the arts and crafts familiar blessings to all humanity. It is directly opposed to the present educational method of attempting to make useful citizens by placing the young men and women of the country in a kind of exclusive jail, where they listen to lectures, figure how long it would take a workman to make a certain article, what the cost would be, and figure the profit; where they learn everything except how to do things.

"In the school of the future the scholars will learn to work by actually doing the thing, and the professors will not profess—they will do. Their hands will be the best trained hands in the nation and the president of the institution will be a careful manager, a practical dreamer, a statesman, a lover of art, a shrewd organizer.

"The cumulative power of compound interest is not more wonderful than the cumulative power of industry. By using the cumulative power of industry in our system of education we can teach the world the nobility of usefulness, of creation, of production, of 'heart work,' and reverse the university method of training students to idleness and the idea of being wealth users and not wealth makers. The result will be a practical method of education that considers the hand as well as the head and makes useful citizens instead of parlor ornaments: A system that would base distinction and reward upon noble character and work well done, instead of, as at present, upon the cunning, deceptive practices of a 'business world' that requires one to 'get a living by his wits.' The latter method is a natural outcome of educating the head only; one so trained must live by exercise of the mental faculty alone; 'promoting' schemes more or less criminal to accumulate wealth produced by others. The rational education would bring wealth to all, rob none of their own, do away with the greatest causes of crime and poverty, bring justice and joy to every individual and wealth to the nation."

The rapidly increasing interest in the Arts and Crafts movement is evidenced in numbers of letters which daily find their way to the editorial table of THE CRAFTSMAN: "Can you not send us some pieces

from The Craftsman Workshops for our coming exhibition of Arts and Crafts?" "May we not ask your advice as to how a small inland town with but a very limited number of craftsmen and women may focalize the means at hand and inaugurate a movement, be it ever so small, in the interest of good craftsmanship?" Then there come the appeals from would-be craftsmen, held back by force of circumstances from expressing themselves by the work of their hands. "I am just giving up preparations for the study of medicine, because I cannot cure myself of a passion for making—or at least trying to make beautiful things with my hands." Discontent has not at all times been a thing to encourage but it is a word which may easily become a synonym for progress.

The new auditorium of the Detroit Museum of Art was dedicated on June 21. Prof. E. S. Morse, of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, made the dedicatory address, his theme being "The Museum of Art as a Necessity of Municipal Life." Prof. Morse also paid cordial tribute to the efforts of the women of Detroit in behalf of the Art Museum, and to Prof. A. H. Griffith, whose untiring energy has added so much to the value of the collection.

REVIEWS

IT is not often an author is successfully able to illustrate his own book so that others enjoy the views he saw, as he saw them. But in "The Log of the Griffin," Donald Maxwell, with the aid of a friend, not only tells the story of an interesting trip he made from the Alps to the Thames, but pictures many of the important scenes most fascinatingly. The author built a boat in the Alps, had it carted down to Lake Zurich and then, facing all the obstacles, started on his solitary trip, he being captain, mate, purser, steward, boatswain and crew. His adventures were interesting if not exciting and dangerous. When part of the journey was accomplished a chum joined him and became "mate," and soon thereafter the "Griffin" was swung from the davits of a Rhine steamer. In this fashion they took the Rhine down into Holland. After numerous adventures in the land of dykes and jolly burghers, they crossed to England. Here, the following year, the "Griffin" came to an ignoble end, being literally drowned while in tow at the end of a fishing smack. The whole story is interestingly told with a vein of quaint humor and self banter all the way through. It is a pleasing book with which to while away a few idle hours. The pen and ink sketches and drawings give an added zest to the story. ["The Log of the Griffin," by Donald Maxwell; 300 pages, numerous pen and ink sketches and sixteen sketches in color. John Lane, New York.]

Furniture is an evidence of civilization. Primitive man used nothing that he could not readily transport, for he was a nomad. It was long after he began to have settled dwellings that the idea of couches and beds came to him. Indeed civilization had advanced to a high stage in many respects ere anything of the kind was used. Early literature does not tell us much about ancient furniture, though we know from Homer and Cicero that such things as beds existed. From monuments we can

learn something, for from the seventh century B. C. we have a bronze Etruscan bed. Ancient paintings, bas-reliefs, pictures on pottery, etc., give further particulars, but even when gathered together it must be confessed the information is meager. Yet such as it is, it has been collected and makes an interesting volume. Miss Caroline L. Ransom, Fellow in the University of Chicago, became interested in the subject and followed it out with great care and her University now presents the result in "Couches and Beds of the Greeks, Etruscans and Romans." After stating the sources of her information, the author proceeds to discuss I, Chronological Survey of Forms; II, Materials, Technic and Centers of Manufacture; III, Interlaced Filling of Couch Frames; IV, Furnishings; V, Style.

As one studies the pictures presented one thought occurs with striking force and that is the remarkable similarity between the ornamentation of that day and of this. In conventionalized ornament we are still imitating these ancient workmen. Some of their designs might have been copies from furniture sent to the World's Fair at St. Louis to represent the highest the American manufacturers of to-day have attained. [Studies in Ancient Furniture, by Caroline L. Ransom. Large 4 to, 128 pages, 29 full page plates, 53 illustrations in the text; $4.50. The University of Chicago Press.]

In her "Isidro" Mary Austin has struck as high a note as that attained in her "Land of Little Rain." These are both memorable western books that, more than anything else, demonstrate that American culture and literary power are not confined to any one section. The West may yet surpass the East in the number, brilliancy and power of its writers, and, certainly, if such books as "Isidro" keep coming from the Pacific coast there will have to be found a new "common center" of literary location. The story is of the close of the Mission days in California, where a young scion of a noble Spanish family, who starts from home to ride to Monterey to be a priest, perforce becomes sheepherder, attracts a wild Indian lad for his companion, is accused of murdering the owner of the sheep he had cared for, is thrust into jail, and through swift and thrilling movement is finally married to the "lad," who turns out to be the daughter of the commandant of the Monterey presidio, and who was lost as a babe. The delicate touch of a woman of fine perception is felt throughout every paragraph. The book is exciting, stimulating, and more, it is literature. ["Isidro," 425 pages; illustrated by Eric Pape, $1.50; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

Do you want to slip a book in your pocket to read on the cars, or to pass away a waiting hour? Then take along the "House in the Mist," by Anna Katherine Green, the woman writer of finely constructed detective stories. This is an unusual story well told, with dramatic situations that make one hold his breath. The conception is a weird and uncanny one and the characters are as strongly drawn as anything in Dickens. ["The House in the Mist," by A. K. Green, in The Pocket Book Series; published by Bobbs-Merrill Company.]

THE OPEN DOOR

ONE of the prominent business patrons of THE CRAFTSMAN, who appreciates our business department, writes under a recent date: "THE CRAFTSMAN still leads all our "ads" in inquiries, and they come from all parts of the world, and I take it THE CRAFTSMAN readers must be very nice people, for every brochure we have sent to a CRAFTSMAN reader has been acknowledged, and always in a pleasant way."

It is a natural inference that the sane and cultivated people who are interested in THE CRAFTSMAN movement, all belong in this classification, and we wish to acknowledge that it is "nice" of them to recognize THE CRAFTSMAN when writing for brochures, booklets and catalogues. We appreciate this helpful kind of interest, which also confirms the impression that THE CRAFTSMAN'S Open Door and Home Department campaign of home education is really doing a good and useful work in the field of the arts and utilities so closely related to home building and furnishing.

In the formal business announcements handsome illustrations add interest and attraction, but space is valuable and it rarely happens that the whole story can be told in a single announcement. The idea of these Open Door supplementary descriptions has been from the first to bring the reader and the dealer into closer relations, and the plan has worked admirably. THE CRAFTSMAN extends these courtesies to all its patrons and invites their coöperation in supplying the needed matter from their own carefully considered literature. These representations are entitled to confidence for the simple reason that only reputable and trustworthy enterprises are admitted to THE CRAFTSMAN'S business pages at any price.

A SUGGESTION FOR BRIDAL OCCASIONS

June, the month of roses and bridals, has brought to the outfitting of many thousand new homes a wealth of friendly gifts of greeting and remembrance to be treasured through life as souvenirs of life's day of days. The care of these home treasures is always a responsibility and often a source of anxiety for lack of suitable provision for their safekeeping. Of all the devices in modern safe-craft, the "bride's chest" appeals to both the sense and the sentiment of these bridal occasions, yet we venture to say that many of THE CRAFTSMAN readers have never seen among their gifts one of these treasure-keeping pieces of Safecraft furniture, manufactured for and furnished with the Herring-Hall-Marvin Safe Company's burglar and fireproof safes. In external appearance, the sizes varying to suit requirements, the bride's chest is a handsome oaken chest lined with cedar, which, upon lifting the lid, discloses an open top tray; a further examination shows that the whole panel at one side is easily removable, behind which is concealed the steel fireproof safe and its burglar proof locks. Here, safe from harm and loss, can be stored many costly treasures, the priceless keepsakes, including the marriage certificate, to the limit of the size of the chest ordered or selected, always easily accessible to the owner, but defying the ravage of the flames or the cunning of the sneak thief or burglar.

In these modern days of lavish giving and receiving no bridal outfit should be con-

sidered complete without a "Safecraft" Bride's chest, and we hope the suggestion will commend itself to CRAFTSMAN readers and that they will pass it on to the friends of the next happy couple in their circle of acquaintance who are anxious to select the "proper thing" for a bridal gift, and one not likely to be duplicated.

A CHILD'S ROOM IN SANITAS

In no room of the home is Sanitas a greater comfort to the tired mother than in the nursery. Here above all places must cleanliness and comfort combine with attractiveness. A nursery must be cheerful just as surely as it must be clean; and Sanitas is the only wall covering which makes this combination possible.

This month we print, in the advertising pages, a suggestion for a nursery in Sanitas. The wall spaces in this illustration are admirably disposed for the uses of the room. There is a low dado of some good dark tint, green or terra cotta, in either the printed burlap effects or a plain color. Above the dado is a frieze of prints of the sort which always satisfies the childish fancy, framed in flat mouldings and varnished over with white shellac to make them as water-proof as the walls.

Above the frieze is a shelf for books and playthings, not too high for the little people to reach—a device which makes for orderliness and adds to the decorative ensemble of the room. On the upper walls is a light tinted Sanitas contrasting with the dado below.

Framed prints are set in the door panels, and the rug carries out the general color scheme of the room, whatever that may be.

Instead of Sanitas, if the room is also a schoolroom, slate cloth may be used as a dado, applied in the same way as Sanitas. This material made by the manufacturers of Sanitas is an admirable substitute for a blackboard, and its usefulness in a child's room is obvious.

BEAUTY IN HOUSE COLORING

Scattered over the country are many Craftsman Houses made attractive externally by the use of Cabot's Shingle Stain, but to realize the possibilities in tone and color combination, the builder should consult the illustrated pamphlet issued by the proprietor, Samuel Cabot, 141 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

This interesting publication, showing sixty or more harmonious combinations from which to select, has already been described in these pages, and it is well worth writing for. The prettiest house can be marred by the coloring, and poster colors do not beautify any house however situated. Nature is a good guide, and from her tree trunks and foliage, the rocks and the almost infinite tones of mother earth, may always be found safe suggestions. These soft harmonious effects never become tiresome and it is astonishing what restful and artistic effects are produced by Cabot's Shingle Stains. Samples of the stained wood and color chart are sent free upon request and should also be consulted before a decision is made.

OPEN DOOR

PORTFOLIO OF DECORATIVE DESIGNS

The manufacturers of Fab-ri-ko-na, woven wall coverings, H. B. Wiggin's Sons Company, Bloomfield, N. J., have adopted a very practical and useful method of showing the application of Fab-ri-ko-na for interior decoration by a series of six charming designs for interiors, with full directions for wood work, construction, color scheme and decorative ornament. These designs are by Mr. D. Robertson Smith, an artist of reputation, and cover the general arrangement for the interior of a modern house. The miniature reproduction of a "dainty dining room" shown in our business pages, conveys only a faint idea even of the design, but the firm will send their handsome portfolio containing the six drawings for twenty-five cents.

"DELLA ROBBIA" GLAZES

It is only three years since the Trent Tile Company, of Trenton, N. J., presented to lovers of true art in America their new enamels in non-crazing glazes to which they gave the name "Della Robbia" because Luca Della Robbia, a sculptor and ceramist of the fifteenth century, produced stanniferous enamels of great brilliancy and color. These "Della Robbia" tiles have appealed at once to connoisseurs and decorators as true art, perfect in color and texture, and having a charm all their own in the soft sheen which seems to radiate as light from the surface. These styles are produced in the most delicate tones and shades and are charming in their quiet beauty. The printed text, however, can convey only a very imperfect suggestion of these and other tile products for "everywhere and anywhere" made by the Trent Tile Company.

CHOOSING HEATING APPARATUS

Our readers who are interested in plans for heating their new or old houses will pardon us a few practical directions, which have been suggested by inquiries from correspondents relating to all sorts of details in house furnishing. These inquiries are welcomed, and are answered as a rule in our Home Department, but in this instance the Open Door takes its cue from the instruction sheet of The Kelsey Warm Air Generator, the merits of which have been frequently presented in our business pages.

The common mistake in putting in a new heating plant is to underrate the demands and overrate the heating capacity of the furnace, or to let the contract to the lowest bidder without safe guarantees for results. The Kelsey Heating Company, when an estimate of cost is desired for installing the Kelsey System, send out upon request a printed blank with the following questions, which, when answered, afford the basis of an intelligent estimate of what is needed and its cost:

The architect's plans for the building should be submitted if possible, but if not, send a pencil sketch showing shape of building, location and size of each room, including cellar and location of chimney, doors, windows and partitions. State also—what is building constructed of? Size, outside measurements? Height, each story? Height, cellar? Does cellar extend under whole building? Where is chimney located? In-

side dimensions of chimney? Does building stand alone or in a block? Mark on plans points of compass What direction are prevailing winds? What is building to be used for? If an old building state how heated now.

A little thought and care at the outset saves future annoyance and the information is cheerfuly furnished by the Kelsey Heating Company.

FRIEZES AND WALL HANGINGS

The announcement in our business pages of English, French and Japanese Wall Hangings from the well-known New York Importers and Decorators, is accompanied in this number by an illustration of an interesting and picturesque reproduction of an English Frieze.

The conventional Marine view of craft and flowing sail, with the graceful tree and foliage for relief, gives a charming effect in the several tones in which the original is furnished, and in cases requiring special color scheme the tones can be made to order on a few weeks' notice.

Many new designs are received as fast as they appear from the English artists of Sanderson & Sons of London. The W. H. S. Lloyd Company is the sole representative in this country of the products of this firm, and also of the special relief decoration known as "Anaglypta." The headquarters and address of the Lloyd Company is 26 East 22nd Street, New York City.

THE ROOF THAT SHELTERS

It is an obvious fact that "the roof that shelters us" is the most important part of the house, the most exposed and unprotected. A leaky roof, or one that needs constant watching and repair, is a perennial discomfort and burden of expense, and its avoidance needs only a little thoughtful investigation on the part of the builder at the outset. The N. & G. Taylor Company, Philadelphia, Pa., manufacturers of the "Taylor Old Style," state the proposition very briefly and to the point: "If people could only get over the fallacy of thinking of price in terms of money difference, and look at it rightly in terms of quality difference—they'd save themselves both trouble and money in the end. The difference in price between 'Taylor Old Style' tin and other brands is only consequent upon the difference in quality. Quality is the cause of price, and price is only the expression of quality."

This Company issues monthly a useful booklet called "The Arrow," which will be sent upon application.

A MANHATTAN "SUMMER RESORT"

It is safe to say that the summer guests, transient and permanent, at Hotel Belleclaire, New York City, suffered less inconvenience during the June heated term than their friends who were supposed to be reveling in the charms of country life. A new system of ventilation for the entire first floor preserves a cool and delightful temperature in the

warmest weather, while the Roof Garden is so arranged that the cool breezes from the Hudson and the Palisades, on the west, and East River, on the opposite side, are always at command, together with a delightful view by day or evening.

Thousands of visitors from all points of the compass will make New York their headquarters during the vacation season, for the simple reason that the great metropolis is itself a center of attraction, and affords more and varied opportunities for brief and inexpensive outings, by water, trolley rail, than any other city on the continent.

The main requisite is to have a comfortable, restful and retired abiding place between whiles, and in this respect Mr. Milton Roblee has made Hotel Belleclaire an ideal "Summer Resort" for the transient visitor. The Belleclaire, at the corner of 77th Street and Broadway, is only ten minutes from all the large stores and places of amusement, fifteen minutes by subway downtown, and only five minutes' walk from the Museum of Natural History, Central Park, and two blocks from the Hudson River, with its interesting traffic and the charming drives along its shore.

WOOD PANELS READY FOR USE

It is a pleasure again to call attention to the recent enterprise of the Allen Panel Company, of Johnson City, Tennessee, who are placing upon the market their built up wood panels for wainscoting, doors and ceilings, which can be shipped direct to house builders and cabinet makers ready for use. Architects and builders will appreciate the advantage of being able to order these panels, made of carefully selected figured wood and built up of either three- or five-ply cross banded wood of any suitable kind, that will not shrink, check or warp, and can be made to any size. The broad wainscot panels shown in the illustrated advertisement convey their own sense of beauty and dignity, and it is worth while to note the fact that these wide panels can be made lasting only when built up in this way. The Company has every advantage of mills and modern machinery situated in the heart of the timber country, affording the best materials without extra cost of handling. Cost and particulars will be given upon application to the Company.

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

"It is a problem of moral education, incumbent on the whole people and intimately touching the National welfare, that everything possible should be done to make the surroundings of children in home, school and community as simple, clean and artistically beautiful as possible."

EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS.

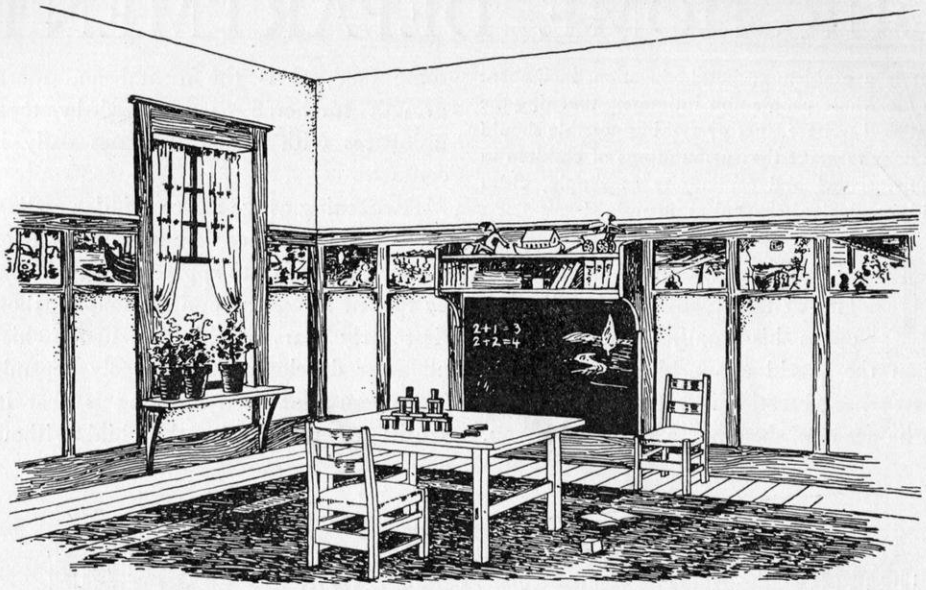
THE real education of a child begins at that moment when he first opens his small, wondering eyes upon the world about him. In its simplest sense education is, after all, not a task to be accomplished nor a goal to be won, but rather a process of growth. A "leading out," as it were, of our intelligence into broader fields of comprehension and usefulness, becoming thus a part of our mental and physical fibre and made up in no small degree of those elements which constitute the nature and characteristics of our personal world.

Mind derives its growth from the things that are around it, and just as truly as all physical life is dependent for its proper development on nourishing, wholesome food, so is the mental and moral growth furthered or hindered by those influences with which it comes daily in contact.

Awakening as we are to a fuller realization of the influence of environment upon us, we cannot fail to appreciate that it may be turned to best account in shaping those first early years of child-life upon which all after development so largely depends. The beauty of such teaching is that its truths are revealed to the child without his conscious effort, and he comes to know them as realities, rather than theories, as part of his natural equipment rather than affectations to be set aside once he has left the company of "grown-ups."

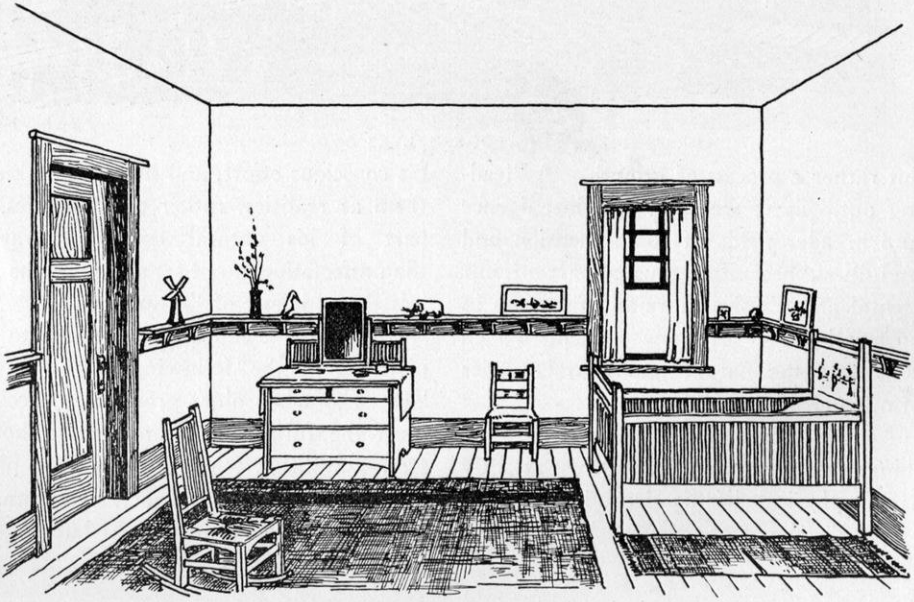
NURSERY, SHOWING BOOKSHELVES AND WINDOW-SEAT

This was the education which Plato has pictured in the following of his laws: "He who when older grown is to accomplish the fulfillment of any task, should from childhood, whether engaged in playful or serious pursuits, acquaint himself with whatsoever shall best fit him for his



NURSERY, SHOWING BLACKBOARD

future work. Thus, he desirous of becoming a farmer or a house builder should, in the first place, play at tilling the ground, in the latter, at building children's houses, and the father of each should provide his children with small implements, imitations of the true ones, for so shall his children learn all that they may, in the time allowed them for their training. A workman should learn to use a rule and he who is to become a warrior should, in sport, ride on horseback or indulge in similar pastimes, for the soul of a child in its play should be guided to the love of that sort of excellence in which, when he grows up, he shall have to be perfected."



CHILD'S BEDROOM

In school methods, and largely through the influence of those three great interpreters of child-life, Plato, Rousseau and Froebel, there has been almost a miracle of reform since those days, yet within memory, when it was a matter of stern conviction and universal acceptance that knowledge was best imparted in surroundings bared of all possible beauty and grace, that children might be the better impressed with the dignity of true wisdom.

The school then may do much, but will yet fall short of its greatest service unless its work is supplemented by that more personal influence of the home life. While it is true, undeniably so, that every effort to make the home environment harmonious and tasteful finds certain response in the quickening and developing of the child's artistic sensibilities, it will be at once evident that the closer these influences are brought to bear upon the more

AFTERNOON TEA

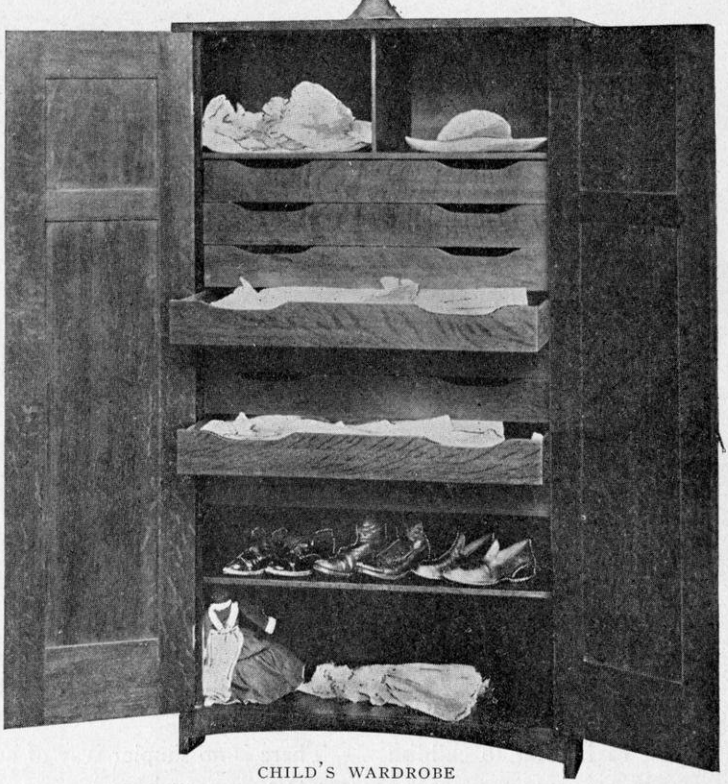
How in contrast is the modern class room, with its tasteful decorations, its well chosen works of art and its shelves a perfect treasure house of interest to childish imagination. Such surroundings are an inspiration to the child, he responds to them as simply and as spontaneously as a flower that unfolds its petals to the sunlight. There is awakened in him a love of the beautiful that we well may envy him, for all unconsciously he has drunk at the well spring of a future joy and a rich contentment that no changing fortune may ever deny him.

intimate world of his own interests the more real will be the impress of their teaching upon him.

There is no simpler way of accomplishing this than such as is suggested in the illustrations which serve us as a text: namely, to provide for the child some small portion of the house at large that shall be his, and his alone, for the children of a household are oftentimes overlooked in the planning and arrangement of most homes, having no place in which they may live and grow and play after their own quaint fashion without a constant sense that they

are in some way interfering with the plans of older people. It is difficult to teach a child order when his playthings must be gathered hastily from the floor at the approach of a visitor. It is hard to teach him concentration when lessons must be learned at the library table around which half the family are assembled in conversation.

All the comfort and delight that a living room is in the life of the household, his nursery will be to a child. Here is the proper place for his studies, his books and his games, and it is in this room that most of his indoor hours should be spent. Left quietly thus to his own devices he is infinitely better off than about the house and naturally enough getting into every kind of mischief for sheer lack of better occupation. Such a room should be sunny and bright, quiet in coloring and furnished with the utmost simplicity. Book shelves, as shown in our first illustration, are always indispensable, for every child should be taught the proper care and consideration of books, and this will be a simple matter when invitingly low shelves are so ready at hand. In this same room a window seat forms an attractive feature, and a useful one as well, for underneath are three ample drawers for toys when play time is done. For wall covering a plain felt paper in soft coloring is always good, or, better still, one of the Sanitas wall coverings, more desirable in that the unavoidable finger marks may be readily removed by a dampened cloth. A broad conventional flower frieze adds a certain dignity to the proportion, and a rug in harmonizing tones gives an air of coziness, otherwise lacking.



CHILD'S WARDROBE

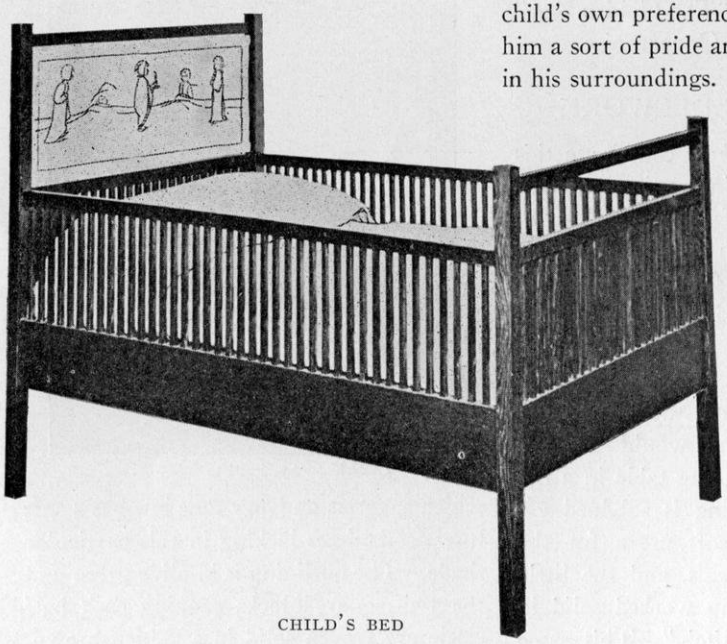
We have hinted that the nursery is the place for the study hour and this has been taken into account in planning the room

shown as a second illustration. A generous blackboard, after all, rather tempts one to figure, and a shelf built in just over head affords a most convenient place for copy books and spellers.

Pictures are always interesting to children, and when wisely chosen have an educational value that must not be overlooked. In this case a succession of Japanese prints framed in the simplest of paneled effects gives almost the impression of a wainscoting. Such a series arranged so as to come easily within the child's line of vision affords a source of continued pleasure and delight. Flowers seem always so appropriate to child life that some pots of bright blossoms are never amiss. A wide shelf supported by brackets will be all that is necessary to provide a place for them and their care will be one of the pleasant duties of the small housewife.

CHILD'S DRESSER

Bedtime brings an end to each day's tasks and plays, so it is fitting that we should close with a thought or two concerning the sleeping rooms of children. These we should have exquisitely simple in every detail of furnishing and decoration—daintiness here should be the watchword. For the walls a rosy tint is always a favorite where children are concerned, though yellows, soft tans, greens and blues are all of them equally appropriate, and the selection might be best left to the child's own preference, thus at once giving him a sort of pride and proprietary interest in his surroundings.



CHILD'S BED

Our third illustration shows a room in which a narrow shelf supported by brackets and running around the room entire, forms an interesting architectural feature, and offers an acceptable resting place for the little knick-knacks which children love to gather around them. The furniture in this room is designed especially for

children's use and here simple construction and graceful proportions are continual manifestations of that beauty which is truth, directness, and singleness of purpose, an influence whose moral worth is almost beyond our reckoning. Though diminutive in size this little suit is completeness itself, with its little dresser and even a wardrobe, where frocks and shoes may be neatly stowed away, each in its place provided. In the bed a pretty touch has been given to the head board, where a panel of homespun, easily removed for laundry purposes and embroidered in jolly little nightcapped figures, takes the place of the more conventional wood.

In such rooms, as indeed in all house furnishing, one's own ingenuity and taste will count for far more than the mere sum expended. To plan them will prove the more fascinating when their occupants are to be the small folk of our own acquaintance whose interests are so near the heart of each of us.

Such are the practical suggestions that will seem well worth while as we contemplate the real significance of childhood. Someone has called it "The Golden Age" —it is for us a Golden Opportunity.

CRAFTSMAN NEEDLEWORK

OUR needleworkers contribute this month some interesting patterns for table scarfs and the third in the series of luncheon sets. Variety is always welcome and so for the moment the applique has been set aside and the designs carried out instead with a number of interesting stitches.

The first scarf is on the coarse unbleached homespun and would make a pretty feature for a reading table in a living room. The coloring is subdued yet very distinguished; a soft green for the couching, hem line, stems, and the little squares, the latter being worked solid in the "long and short stitch." This same stitch in a golden brown floss is again used for the rectangular pods, while the little semi-circular forms where the stems connect is a solid mass of French knots in an old gold or burnt orange.

Quite in contrast to the rather quiet

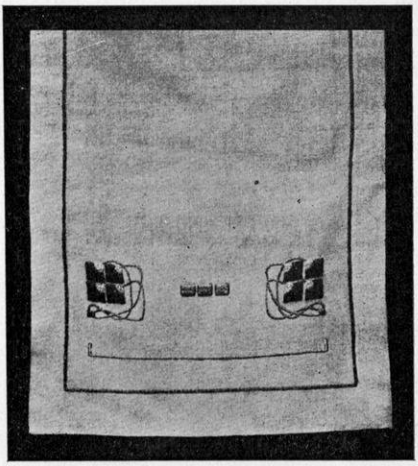


TABLE SCARF—CHECKERBERRY MOTIF

scheme just described is the bright, clear coloring of the scarf shown in our second illustration. For the background a cream linen with just a tinge of green has been selected. The hem is couched in a floss

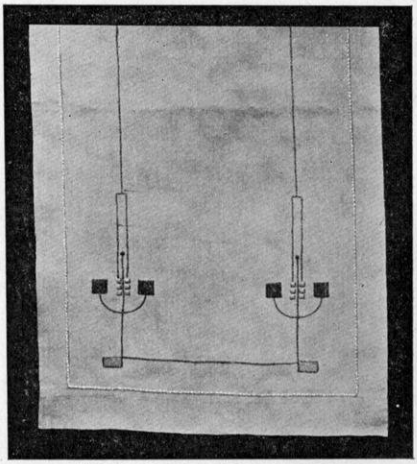


TABLE SCARF—JEWEL MOTIF

which suggests an ivory tone but has a soft lustre sometimes lacking in this particular shade. The outlining is in olive green and the two square blocks capping each half circle are woven solid in a golden brown,

a much lighter tone of which appears in the oblongs formed at the crossing of the interesting lines. To give a sparkle and life, the tiny squares in groups of three are worked over and over in a clear gold and the small dot completing the line between adds a touch of glowing orange.

For the luncheon set, consisting of a center square and six plate doilies, the homespun has again been used. The hem lines are finished with double hem-stitching and this effect of open work is again suggested in the squares which form the chief interest of the design. These are first button-holed around so as to insure a good

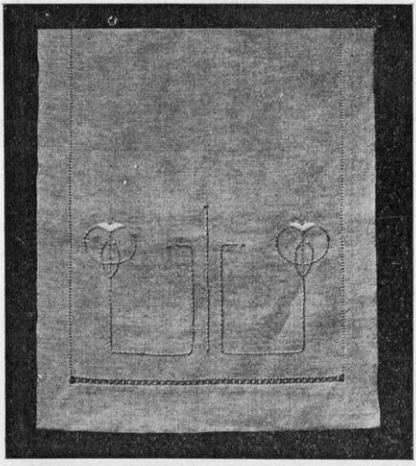
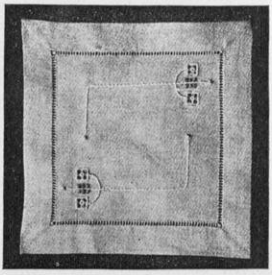


TABLE SCARF—CORNFLOWER MOTIF

firm edge and then the central part cut out and filled in with diagonals which receive a finishing touch in a small circle also in the button-hole stitch. All outlining is in a deep cream color, the groups of small squares in a rich sap green, and the little dots at each end of the stems introducing a touch of orange.

It will be seen at a glance that the luncheon set and the second scarf have the identical *motifs,* though a somewhat different treatment. To complete a charming dining room set, one might carry out the scarf in the same scheme as just described, using it as a sideboard cover in connection with the center piece and doilies.

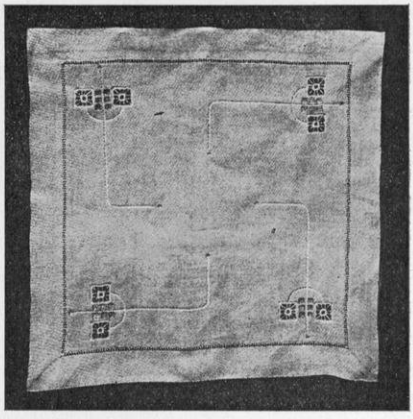
The thought may not have suggested itself but such a set makes a most exquisite Christmas or wedding gift and will be the more acceptable because of the thought



LUNCHEON SET—PLATE DOYLEY

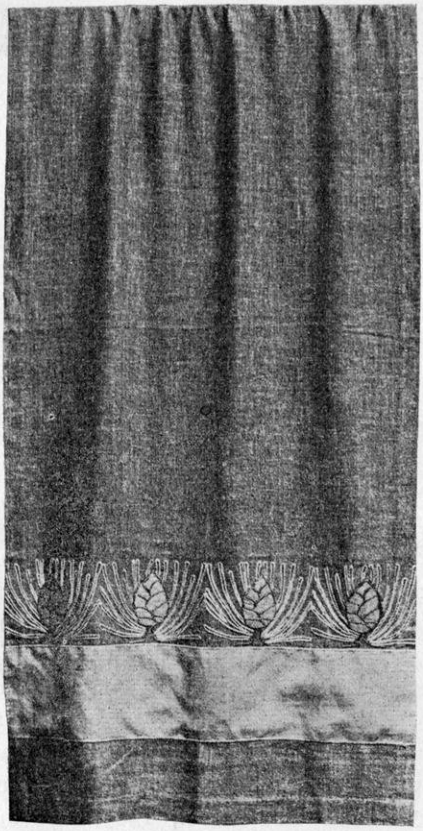
and time you may have spent in process of their making.

The third scarf is on coarsely woven homespun linen, with its decorative *motif* a simple little arrangement of the corn flower, in silvery green, soft ivory and a touch of coral pink, repeating the scheme of the luncheon set described in our Home Department for March, 1905, and intended particularly as a sideboard cover to be used in connection with it.



LUNCHEON SET—CENTERPIECE

Three new portieres have developed so successfully that we picture them here, feeling sure that they will be welcome suggestions to the house furnisher. It will be remembered that any of these designs



PORTIERE—PINE CONE MOTIF

may be carried out in any color combination desired, and that even the most inexperienced needlewoman will find the work a delightful pastime for leisure hours.

The first portiere shows an old friend, the Pine Cone *motif,* carried out on a background of wood brown. The cones are in a rich green with dark outlines and markings, and the pine needles in an exquisitely soft shade of tan, this same color figuring again in the band which serves as a base and balance for the design.

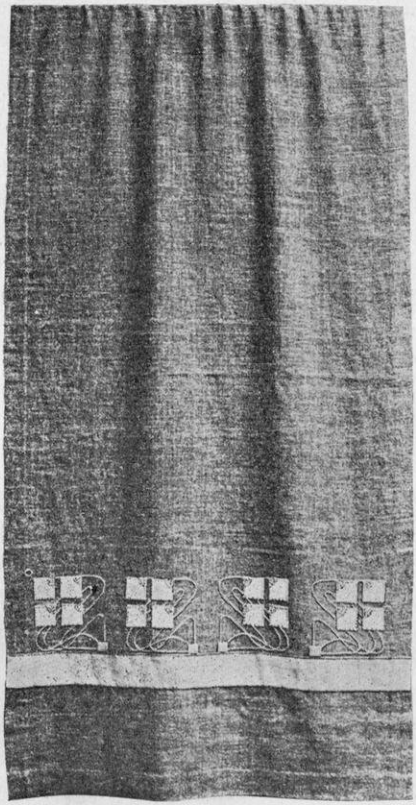
The nasturtium, a new *motif* to us and always a charming one, forms the decorative feature of the second portiere. The background is a deep olive green, leaves and flower are in old gold linen with a band of soft tan to give them a certain setting and backing. Another band of green forming a base for the slender stem lines introduces once more the rich green of the floss, used in long and short button-hole stitch that holds the leaves in place. This same stitch in a bright glowing yellow brings the flower out in high relief, whose stems and flower centers introduce deeper tones of gold.

Lastly, the third of our portieres shows another arrangement of the Checker Berry *motif* used on the first table scarf described above. For a background, a rich russet has been selected with a band of a lighter shade of the same color but verging towards the gold. The square berry forms are in an applique of changeable russet and soft yellow, held in place with a long and short button-hole stitch and prettily accented with the clusters of French knots in emerald green.

PORTIERE—NASTURTIUM MOTIF

REPLIES AND DISCUSSION

OUR first letter comes from a good friend in the far west and will be particularly interesting in connection with the subject treated of in the Home Department this month, that of the decoration and furnishing of children's rooms.



PORTIERE—CHECKERBERRY MOTIF

"I have been reading in THE CRAFTSMAN with increasing interest of things made from linens and canvas. I wish to refer to the July, 1903, number, which contains description of child's room. I have a child's room, 11½ x 13 feet, to furnish. The walls are sand float finish and woodwork birch finished in forest green and rubbed to mat finish. I like the frieze of the room and if it could be used with the lower wall and ceiling stained with water colors, I should like to have the material stamped and the necessaries for embroidery. Will you please tell me whether the linen frieze will combine with the stained wall."

Answer:

"We were delighted to learn from your letter of recent date that you contemplate carrying out the frieze suggested in the July CRAFTSMAN for 1903, in the child's room in your own home. We think that this will make a very pleasing feature of such a room and that the idea will be very simple to carry out and a delightful experiment for you.

"We think you will find the Craftsman canvas better adapted for this purpose than linen because there is an interest in the texture and also it will not require the fine needlework necessary in the smoother fabric. We send you under separate cover some samples of the colors desired.

"If you desire to carry out the whole scheme in needlework, appliquing the heart-shaped device and the rabbits, we will be glad to stamp the complete frieze for you. If you desire to have this stenciled with either the heart-shaped figure or the rabbits, or both, the cost to you would be additional. The chief advantage in having a part of the *motif* stenciled is that it would take less time than the applique, the figures being simply outlined. The needlework throughout is so coarse, however, that the work will progress rapidly.

"We are much interested that you should try this novel little decoration and it will be a pleasure to us to give any suggestions regarding floss or colors."

LATER the same correspondent writes: "I am studying the room of my little son, who is now four. Once before I inquired concerning frieze of child's room, shown in July, 1903, number of THE CRAFTSMAN. You very

kind y answered offering to do stenciling, etc. After considering further I decided that frieze of room shown in June, 1903, number would be more attractive and of more abiding interest to boys.

"I have made measurements of the room and openings and shall give them to you, sending samples of woodwork and of canvas I like for side wall. If you find a better combination than my untrained eye has sketched, I shall be glad to know of it. I am having my carpenter make three pieces of furniture in oak, for the room, which I hope to have finished in green, and with the hardware shown in your catalogue, a dresser like picture in July, 1903, a bookcase with two doors with small panes at top and large one below, and table like one shown in June, 1903. Will you sell me stain for these pieces?

"If you furnish frieze and side wall in canvas, can you send water color for ceiling? Will you please send prices, depth of frieze, and where it would better be placed, at angle or top of opening? I have asked many things but I am anxious to apply your color and textile schemes in my house as fast as I can procure the means. The whole house is before me so I make my small beginning in the most important place."

To which our response was as follows:

"In reply to your recent letter to us, we are glad to give you our estimate for the frieze, as shown in the June, 1903, number of THE CRAFTSMAN. This frieze is not done in needlework and would have to be stenciled entirely. As this would require a great deal of work on our part the cost to you would be.... for this stenciling, exclusive of the materials used.

"We are enclosing samples of the canvas which we think you will find appropriate. Our idea would be to use the soft browns for the walls and the light cream tone for the frieze covering; this frieze color being also used in the tint of your ceiling. We would then introduce in the stencil pattern the regular forest greens and chestnut browns, etc., which would be attractive with the coloring of your woodwork.

"The tint of the ceiling you will have no trouble in securing. Any first-class painter will be able to apply the tint. The ceiling should first be gone over with a glue sizing. These tints are simply mixed with water to the desired shade and then applied with a broad wall brush.

If you select this frieze, will you be good enough to advise us definitely concerning the distance from the top of the triple windows. We should carry the frieze around on an even line two feet wide. We are enclosing sample of No. 9 stain, which we think will be just what you want."

THE following is a letter telling of another house in which Craftsman house plans have been modified to suit personal tastes and requirements. Believing that the correspondence regarding same will be full of practical suggestions for other prospective builders, we publish, together with the letter, in full as received, ours in reply.

"I have mailed to you blue prints showing floor plans front and side elevation; you will notice the design of our house is a variation of Craftsman Cottage Number IV, shown in your April issue.

"Our house will face north, on lot 50 x 200, sets back 55 feet from sidewalk, with ground sloping 2 feet from ground to sidewalk. What sort of foliage and what color of cement walks do you suggest?

"The specifications call for all exterior walls Portland cement plaster of natural gray color, finish rough. The chimney tops vermilion red. The roof, red wood shingles left their natural color, dipped in linseed oil; all other exterior wood work (except front entrance door, eaves of main

roof and porch hood) to be painted any desired color. What color do you advise?

"We have contemplated making the window trim (which is wood) gray of a shade darker than the plaster work, with sash white. Main entrance door, which will be chestnut, and eaves of main roof and ceiling of porch hood to be stained and oiled nut brown.

"Interior. The interior woodwork for entire house is cypress, except stair hall and living room, which will be chestnut. Treds and risers and flooring throughout will be yellow pine. Specifications call for stain (color optional) with finish coat of Berry Bros'. Lack Lustre, which finish when dry is flat. Entire interior plaster to be sand finish except kitchen, which is to be smooth finish. We have contemplated the flooring color scheme for the living room: the woodwork to be stained and oiled an Austrian brown to match finish of Craftsman furniture. The walls to be of a warm tan color with ceiling of old ivory. What color carpet, draperies, etc., would you suggest? In this room we will have Austrian brown Craftsman furniture with brown leather cushions and table top.

"The woodwork of the stair hall will be treated same as living room. Would you advise us to put a carpet on stair?

"Our dining room furniture is highly polished antique quartered oak. Cushions of chairs are black leather. Carpet is a Persian design, body color red, with design green, yellow and black. What would you suggest for color of woodwork, plaster and draperies?

"Our kitchen furniture is polished oak with linoleum for floor, having a geometrical design in yellow and brown. We would like your advice as to color of woodwork, plaster and draperies.

"Bedrooms. We have furnishings for one bedroom as follows: Furniture is highly polished mahogany of deep red color; carpet is Axminster, of dark green body color with design in light green and crimson. Kindly give your suggestion for color of woodwork, plaster and draperies.

"The other bedroom is to be furnished with Craftsman furniture just as soon as we can afford it and therefore would like your suggestion now regarding the color scheme for this room.

"Bathroom wainscot, four feet from floor, will be Keene cement to imitate tile, walls we thought to make delicate pink. Lavatory, closet, and bath tub are white enamel. We ask also for advice regarding the color of this room.

"I have noticed that almost all plaster houses that I have seen are cracked. Can you tell me the cause and how to avoid the cracking of plaster?"

Replying, we wrote:

"We believe that you will find the gray cement walks most satisfactory and we desire to make the following suggestions regarding foliage: About fifteen feet from the street line and opposite each other on each side of the path leading to the house, we should plant cedars. These keep green all the year round and are always satisfactory. Quite near the house on the left would be a nice place for a clump of low shrubs, and another similar clump might be placed on the right somewhat nearer. Almost against the house it would be nice to have some flowering bushes prettily grouped. You will get some excellent suggestions by looking over some of the houses and grounds pictured in recent numbers of THE CRAFTSMAN.

"The color scheme for the exterior of the house, as noted in your specifications, is excellent. We should have the woodwork, including the front entrance door and eaves of main roof, stained, not painted, a soft grey-green. Wherever it is possible stain should be substituted for paint, as the former allows the grain of the wood to show through and is, from

every standpoint, to be preferred. In this connection, you will be interested in an article on color for exterior effects published in our Home Department for April. With the green, as suggested above, white sashes would be very effective.

"To take up the question of the interior, we think that before you have decided finally on the finish for your woodwork, that you will be interested in some of our Craftsman finishes for yellow pine. We have lately gotten some very beautiful results which we feel sure will please you, and upon request shall be delighted to forward a number of samples for your inspection.

"In the living room, we should tint the wall a rich, lustrous old gold, which is much more effective than the usual shades of tan. The ceiling should then be of an old ivory tint, which you mention, and for the floor covering, we believe that you will find the Indian Drugget rugs a very harmonious selection. These have the dull yellows, terra cottas and blacks which would be excellent with the scheme described. For window draperies, a soft crêpe material in the natural color background with embroidered figures introducing pomegranate and greens will add the finishing touch.

"When you are ready to take up the matter of draperies, we shall have a number of interesting samples of fabrics to submit to you.

"As a usual thing we do not advise carpet on the stairs, and it would be our idea to simply stain the woodwork of hall and stairs to match that of your living room.

"In your dining room, a soft golden brown in flat finish will give the best effect, with the woodwork mentioned, and we should tint the walls a soft yellow tone with something of a pink cast. This color is known as a "peach" tint. The draperies of this room will be best in a cream color linen with the pattern introducing some green and yellow, and a touch of blue. For portieres a soft shade of olive green would be best in keeping.

"In the kitchen, the woodwork will be very pretty if stained green, the walls being left in the natural plaster and window hangings of homespun with a cross stitch pattern of dull yellow and greens.

Concerning the bedrooms, we think that, in the first one described, the woodwork will be the most effective if painted a rich ivory color. The plaster may be painted in a shade of the pink-tan color referred to, and for window draperies, you could not make a better choice than our figured linen having the natural color background with the figures in an old pink with just a touch of green and blue in the pattern.

"In the second bedroom, the woodwork might be white, the furniture a yellow curly maple and the walls tinted a pale gray-blue. The window draperies in very pale corn color with this scheme would be charming.

"A rose pink will be very pretty and dainty in your bath room and in the lavatory; we should cover the wall in a blue-white Sanitas paper up to within about two feet of the ceiling. This makes an excellent finish for such a wall as it is not affected by water and any soil can be readily wiped off with a cloth. You will find further notice of this paper in the advertising pages of THE CRAFTSMAN and in our "Open Door" Department.

"In answer to your final question concerning the plaster, we finish our houses with a very rough effect gained by stippling the plaster when wet with a coarse broom. Thus treated, it is not so apt to crack and such blemishes are not at all conspicuous.

"We trust you may find these suggestions helpful and assure you of our willingness to serve you further when occasion arises."

ALL the way from San Antonio, Tex., comes the following:

"I enclose herewith rough pencil sketch showing floor plan and side walls of a cottage I will fix up, and any comments or suggestions from you will be highly appreciated. On the sketches I show the colors I am partial to. However, if they are not correct I am willing to change them.

For a description of the cottage, will say the exterior is white, with southwest exposure. All the rooms are large, and have plenty of light. The woodwork throughout the house is pine or cypress and finished in its natural color, and this I would like to make so as to harmonize with the rooms.

"The living room will not be papered at present, but I would like you to suggest a trim for it, as it will be fixed up in the fall.

"All my furniture is golden oak, except the hall and living room, which is of the Mission design and black in color, with an eggshell gloss.

"The ceilings in all rooms are 11 or 12 feet high, and all doors have transoms, and are the same height as the windows.

"If you find it necessary to change the trim of any of the rooms I would like to leave the hall as it is, as red is my failing."

To which we replied:

"Starting with the hall, we are glad to say that we make no possible objection to your choice of red as the wall tone and would only suggest that you keep to the terra cottas, instead of to the reds having a crimson hue. We should have the ceiling a cream color but slightly gray, and the woodwork will, in this connection, be most effective in a somewhat deeper, richer tone of the natural finish now in place.

"Your rough plan of the dining room not being in scale, we have drawn same up for you and should urge you strongly to run the plate rail on a line with the top of your door, as, in our opinion, this makes the best solution of the rather difficult problem which you have before you. You can then bring the cream tone of the ceiling down in canopy effect, and use the green burlaps or paper for the walls as you yourself suggest. The russet which you chose for the ceiling color, we fear would seem somewhat heavy and oppressive overhead, and so we have substituted the other.

"The living room will be effective if the woodwork be finished a soft dull green and this you can accomplish, in the case of your woodwork which has already been finished, by simply mixing a little oil paint of the desired tone to some shellac and apply this direct, thus doing away with the nuisance of having to scrape the woodwork entirely clean. In this way any color effect which you may desire may be very readily entertained, and if you were careful enough to use as little pigment as possible, the grain of the wood will still be distinctly visible. For the wall tone an old yellow will be best and a little later we shall have some window draperies to offer you which will be beautiful in this connection. A sort of crêpe texture in natural effect background and a conventional flower *motif* in old gold and greens.

"For the large bedroom, one of the soft delft blues would be the best choice with the woodwork of a cream tone and ceiling of white. Figured linen in natural color background and Poppy *motif* in old pink with just a touch of blue and green would be a decided addition.

"In the dining room we should have the woodwork treated as in the hall, the natural effect rather darkened and richer; the walls in warm light green and the ceiling of a cream tint, almost a gray. Window hangings should be of a soft yellow ground color, very pale in tone.

CORRESPONDENCE CORNER

G. O. COBLE, Roxboro, N. C., June 12, 1905: "I have your Craftsman's Story, and like it. Some time in the next few years, I want to build me a house—a home—and I am anxious to get together all of the information and suggestions possible, so that I may build a home that will be a home, in the true sense of the word."

FRANK C. WALTER, of EDWARDS & WALTER, Architects, Columbia, S. C., June 7, 1905: "It has been my intention for some time to send you a list of various clients of ours through this section, and I will do so at the first opportunity I have to give the matter attention. We find that the influence of THE CRAFTSMAN among our clients is invaluable to us, and we would be glad to have it precede us into the hands of all intending home-building."

EUGENE CLUTE, The Clute Studios, New York City, June 15, 1905: "Enclosed find postal order in payment of my renewal subscription to THE CRAFTSMAN. I have read THE CRAFTSMAN regularly from the first number you published, and have watched its steady improvement with great respect for its purpose. The June number with its strong discussion of the Modern Architectural Problem, brought, however, a new revelation of the breadth and strength of the policy of this publication and of the importance it has attained. I am glad that it has become such a power for good."

E. VAN HOEVENBERG, Librarian, Ferguson Library, Stamford, Conn., June 17, 1905: "We have THE CRAFTSMAN from the first number and hope to continue our subscription as long as it is in existence. It is much too valuable and attractive to be without."

E. G. BASSETT, Minneapolis, Minn., June 5, 1905: "The June number of THE CRAFTSMAN arrived some days ago, as well as the large bundle of back numbers, including the January one, which I was afraid you would be obliged to omit. Shortly after the back numbers came, the catalogues arrived. The whole thing has pleased me wonderfully. I wish to extend my heartfelt thanks for the pains you have taken in the matter, and assure you that any time I am able to put in a good word for your publications here, I will do so with the greatest of pleasure. As I said in my first letter, the whole combination is nearer the real thing than anything I have had the pleasure of seeing before. Some of the so-called "crafts" publications and catalogues are the most hideous things imaginable: a condition you are no doubt well aware of. The work of construction is and always has been a great pleasure to me, and I have all the conveniences for doing this, as well as having had considerable experience, as it has been my pastime for several years, but I have always been bothered in securing the proper trimmings to go with this particular style of work; but the solution now seems to be at hand through your generosity in selling to us amateurs."

HELEN D. MEEKER, East Orange, N. J., June 12, 1905: "I am especially interested in your articles on Home Training and Cabinet Work, and as a teacher of Manual Training, find them of great use in my work."

MRS. GEO. E. OLIVER, Albany, N. Y., June 7, 1905: "I find "The Craftsman's Story" booklet unusually interesting, and wish you would send me THE CRAFTSMAN."

From HORACE C. CORNER, Toronto, Canada, June 19, 1905: "I am delighted with the four copies of THE CRAFTSMAN I recently received. Please enter my subscription for one year starting with July number and send me now the three catalogues mentioned and any other literature there may be."