The craftsman. Vol. XXV, Number 4 January 1914

Eastwood, N.Y.: United Crafts, January 1914

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Courtesy of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy.
See Page 315.

"JUNE MOWER AT REST:" CONSTANTIN MEUNIER, SCULPTOR.

THE CRAFTSMAN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE CRAFTSMAN PUBLISHING CO.
THIRTY-EIGHTH AND THIRTY-NINTH STREETS, NEW YORK CITY

GUSTAV STICKLEY, Editor — MARY FANTON ROBERTS, Managing Editor

VOLUME XXV — NUMBER 4

Contents for January, 1914

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Back numbers 35 cents each. Issues previous to 1912, 50 cents each.

Canadian postage 50 cents extra. Foreign postage $1.20 extra.

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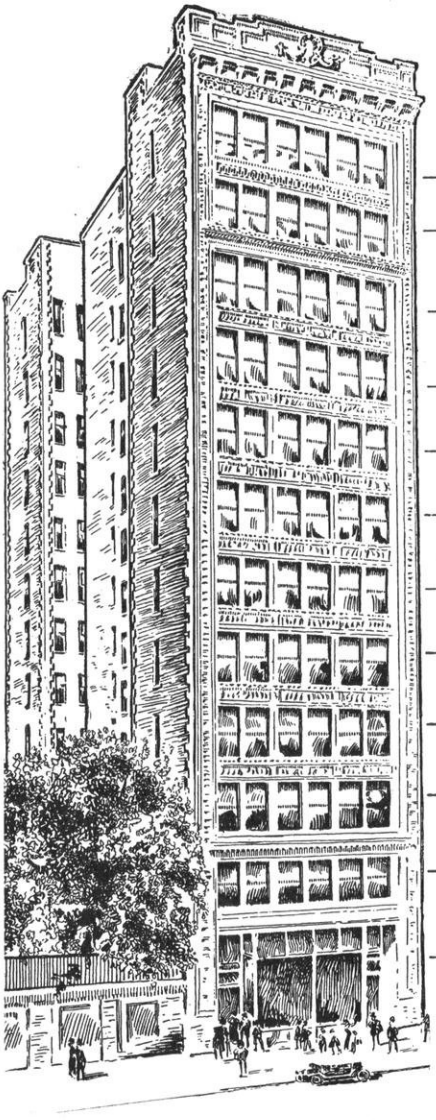

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THE CRAFTSMAN

PUBLISHED BY THE CRAFTSMAN PUBLISHING CO.

VOLUME XXV JANUARY, 1914 NUMBER 4

VITALITY OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE: BY W. CARMAN ROBERTS

(Our object in presenting this article on the most absorbing political topic of the day is that the readers of our magazine may have an opportunity of judging the question impartially. THE CRAFTSMAN always feels that the essential thing is to get at the truth of any discussion. If we can help our people do this we have done all that is possible and important in the handling of any issue, national or international. We cannot but feel that the attitude Mr. Shuster has taken in *The Century* on the Monroe Doctrine is one greatly to be regretted, and while we are not inclined to take issue with him in a controversial spirit, we do feel it essential that the truth of the matter should be presented calmly and fearlessly. We shall be interested to hear from our readers upon this question, as well as upon all questions of significance to the world at large. We want THE CRAFTSMAN Magazine to stand an open forum for all important topics of the day.)

IT is ninety years since President Monroe declared in a message to Congress that any further colonization in the Western Hemisphere by any European Power would be considered "dangerous to our peace and safety" and "a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States," and the storm of foreign protest his words evoked has never entirely subsided. Yet despite the anger and indignation of land-hungry monarchies over this peremptory "no trespassing" edict, and despite many an academic onslaught by disinterested critics both at home and abroad, the Monroe Doctrine remains today not only intact, but practically the only clearly-formulated and generally-recognized foreign policy that this country possesses.

Just now, however, it is once more being dragged before the bar of public opinion, partly because of European impatience over the prolonged disorder in Mexico, and partly because the approaching opening of the Panama Canal has tended to focus our interest on everything pertaining to the Latin-American republics to the south of us. Again we hear that the doctrine announced by James Monroe in eighteen hundred and twenty-three represents an arrogant assumption of authority that would have been successfully challenged long ago by the European Powers had it not been for jealousies among themselves; that it involves an offensive and patronizing attitude toward our sister republics in South and Central America; that by implication it forces us into the humiliating rôle of debt collector for European concessionaires; that it is likely at any time to involve us in a needless and disastrous war; and, finally, that it

has served its purpose and is now obsolete. Before indicating some of our reasons for believing that the Monroe Doctrine is neither dead nor dying, but is proving its vitality by that most convincing of all evidence, growth, we will listen to the case against it as stated by one of its latest and most dispassionate critics.

Writing from the viewpoint of a loyal American citizen, Mr. W. Morgan Shuster in the December *Century* insists not only that this time-honored doctrine is of no advantage to the United States either commercially, politically or strategically, but that it "daily subjects us to the danger of either having to renounce it in the face of overwhelming force or entering upon a pernicious and possibly hopeless struggle." Moreover, he says it is not based on any great moral or ethical ground; it fosters national irresponsibility in the weaker Latin-American countries by affording them shelter when they fail to keep faith in their financial relations with the rest of the world; and at the same time it keeps alive distrust of us in those very states, which cannot believe in the disinterestedness of our motives, but suspect us of warning Europe off only that we ourselves may ultimately take possession. He reminds us also that "the European Powers, even Great Britain, have never accepted this policy save at times when it was convenient to tolerate it," and that it has escaped serious challenge thus far principally because the attention of the European nations has been focused nearer home by fears and jealousies of one another. But the time is approaching, he says, when this long-delayed challenge will be issued. "The rapidly increasing population of certain European and Asiatic nations, the additional room which will be absolutely required by them, the growing trade and increasing interests of Europe in South America, the ever-present land-hunger—all these factors, in the face of the vast stretches of a rich, undeveloped and sparsely settled continent, will inevitably bring it about that hitherto rival nations will recognize their common welfare, call a truce among themselves, and test this vague suzerainty of the United States at some convenient time and place." When that time comes, Mr. Shuster warns us, "the American people will be suddenly faced by the most tremendous crisis in their history." They will have to "fight an appalling war, probably against overwhelming odds" or "retire under pressure in national humiliation."

IN other words, Mr. Shuster regards the Monroe Doctrine as a colossal bluff which is likely at any time to be "called." But even granting that President Monroe was taking chances when he posted his "keep off the grass" notice over two great continents

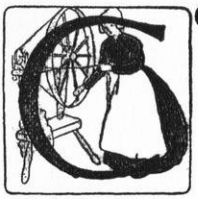
comprising more than a score of nations, does it not seem that a bluff that succeeds for ninety years deserves another name? Moreover there are indications that before the European Powers have so harmonized their own differences that they feel free to put the Monroe Doctrine to a serious test it will have grown normally into a doctrine of Pan-American defense, with not only the United States but such countries as the Argentine, Brazil and Chile as its sponsors and champions. That is to say, by the time foreign nations are ready to combine against it, American nations will probably be ready to combine in its defense. This adoption of the doctrine by the other stable and powerful American governments has been more than once suggested by ex-President Roosevelt. Thus in the course of a recent address in Buenos Aires he agreed with a previous speaker who said that the Argentine had become so rich and powerful that it no longer needed the protection of the Monroe Doctrine against foreign aggressions, but he went on to urge that it should therefore join with the United States in upholding the doctrine in the interest of the weaker republics of the Western Hemisphere. With the attainment of stability, the Colonel went on to say, each Latin-American republic should become a guarantor with the United States of the principle that foreign conquest cannot be tolerated on American soil. And in his "Chapters of a Possible Biography," in *The Outlook*, he declares that such great and prosperous commonwealths as the Argentine, Brazil and Chile no longer stand in any position of tutelage toward the United States, but "occupy toward us precisely the position that Canada occupies." They are, in other words, "competent to assert the Monroe Doctrine for themselves."

This doctrine which for ninety years has been a cardinal principle of our foreign policy has not merely held its own during this period, but has proved its vitality by gradually extending its scope under succeeding administrations. Thus under President Cleveland it was interpreted to mean that any European Power owning land in the Western Hemisphere must arbitrate its boundary disputes with its neighbors. President Roosevelt went further than his predecessors in accepting for Uncle Sam under the Monroe Doctrine the rôle of benevolent policeman, "the big brother with a stick," who, as Professor Hiram Bingham of Yale puts it, "would keep intruders from annoying the little fellows, and who would also see to it that the little fellows did not annoy the neighbors." Under President Taft the Lodge resolution, passed by the Senate but not signed by the President, undertook to carry Monroeism still further by denying the right of American republics to sell harbor rights to foreign corporations.

BUT the most remarkable development of the Monroe Doctrine is that formulated by President Wilson within very recent weeks and involving the proposition that the United States will not countenance the establishment of any foreign financial control over the weaker Latin-American countries of a sort that would in effect control their government. Speaking at Mobile recently the President said: "States that are obliged to grant concessions are in this condition—that foreign interests are apt to dominate their domestic affairs, a condition always dangerous and apt to become intolerable. What these States are going to see is an emancipation of the subordination which has been inevitable to foreign enterprises. The United States must regard it as one of the duties of friendship to see that from no quarter are material interests made superior to human liberty and national opportunity." This was prefaced by an emphatic statement that never again would the United States acquire a foot of territory by conquest. An almost immediate sequel to this warning to the foreign concessionaires was the abandonment by a powerful British syndicate of gigantic oil projects in Colombia and Ecuador. These projects, if consummated, would have put certain ports in the neighborhood of the Panama Canal practically under British control—a situation in direct conflict with the Monroe Doctrine as elaborated in the Lodge resolution. Moreover, since oil is likely to supersede coal as naval fuel, an oil port is virtually the equivalent of a coaling station.

Thus, despite repeated assertions that it is dead or obsolete, the Monroe Doctrine not only remains a controlling factor in our foreign relations, but is proving its vitality by constant growth in meaning and scope. Moreover, it is and always has been a popular doctrine with the American people. Even the weaker of the Latin-American nations are now beginning to understand that it does not mean "the Americas for the United States," but "the Americas for the Americans." They begin to see that if the "big brother" has sometimes been "bossy" his motive has not been one of arrogance but of helpfulness. And as an aid to this understanding they have the assurance of President Wilson that "we are the friends of constitutional government in America; we are more than its friends, we are its champions; because in no other way can our neighbors, to whom we would wish in every way to make proof of our friendship, work out their own development in peace and liberty.

CONSTANTIN MEUNIER: THE BELGIAN SCULPTOR WHO HAS IMMORTALIZED MODERN LABOR CONDITIONS IN HIS ART



CONSTANTIN MEUNIER is so essentially a democrat among sculptors, and the spirit that animates his art is so closely akin to American ideals of life and labor, that it seems particularly fitting there should at last be given in this country exhibitions of his work. Many significant and beautiful examples of his sculpture have already been on view in Buffalo, having been brought from abroad by the Albright Gallery of that city, with the coöperation of the art centers of Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit, and New York. And now the art lovers of the metropolis are to have an opportunity of viewing this remarkable collection, the exhibition of which will open in the new Avery Library at Columbia University the last week in January.

Probably no one in the art world has been more keenly interested in Meunier's achievements, or more eager to bring them before the American public, than has the well known critic, Christian Brinton. For he has long felt the significance of the great Belgian's sculpture, and has believed that, seen and studied at first hand, it would hold a vital message for all who seek the deep-lying truths as well as the more external beauties of this plastic art. It is no wonder, therefore, that Mr. Brinton, in writing for the exhibition catalogue concerning Meunier's life and work, has expressed his appreciation with unusual earnestness and sincerity. In fact, we do not remember ever having met with a more convincing tribute to this sculptor's greatness, or a more sympathetic interpretation of his work. Naturally, therefore, we deem ourselves peculiarly fortunate in receiving from both the Albright Art Gallery and Mr. Brinton himself, permission to quote somewhat at length from the article in question.

Mr. Brinton first speaks as follows of the gradual recognition of Labor as a subject for the artist—the coming of Democracy into its own, as it were, in the fields of painting and sculpture:

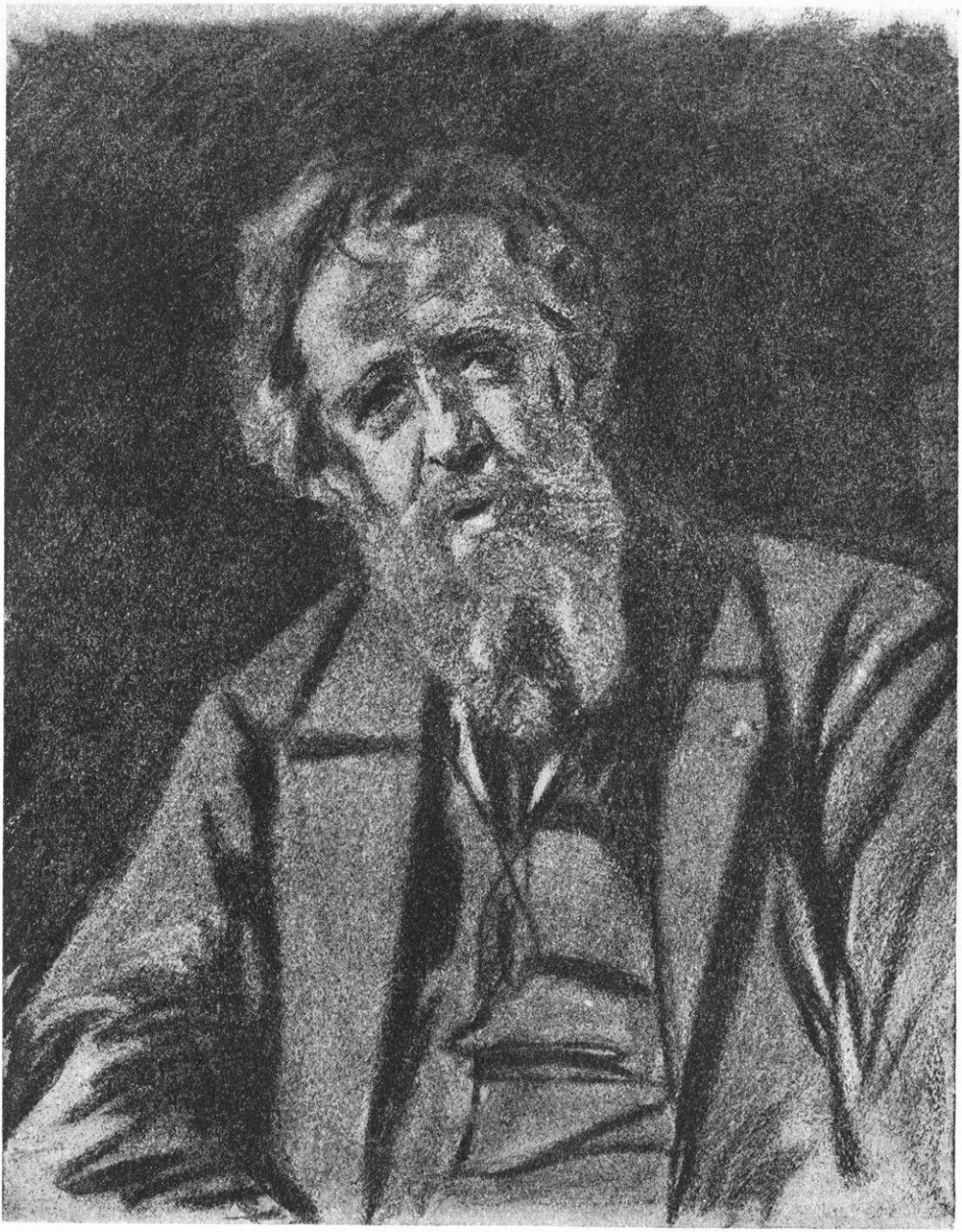
"TO have led art from temple and palace to cottage door and into field and factory, to have delivered her from the hands of priest, king, or noble patron and presented her unfettered to the people, was the particular triumph of the nineteenth century. Once ritualistic and aristocratic, art is today also rationalistic and democratic. . . . .

"There is singular propriety in the fact that Flanders and the Low Countries, which were the earliest to free themselves from the tyranny of Church and Court, should also have proved the scene

of this new conquest for the extension of the artistic franchise. Certain timid spirits have been fond of contending that modern industrial conditions spell the death of æsthetic expression. The steam engine, the factory and the forge, the coalpit and the quarry, are popularly supposed to crush beauty, to obliterate art. In point of fact, the precise contrary is the case. No country is more industrial than Belgium. Within a few decades the meadows of Hainaut, the leafy copses of Liége, and the valleys of the Meuse and the Sambre have been seamed and blistered by myriads of collieries and iron foundries. The whole face of the land has been seared and the sky blackened by fumes from countless belching stacks and blast furnaces. Man, in place of remaining bucolic and pastoral, has become a dusky, subterranean creature. His back is bowed and the song upon his lips has turned to a bitter cry for easier hours and better pay.

"Everything it would seem has conspired to annihilate art and the sense of beauty, yet both have survived and have even taken on new significance. The novels of Camille Lemonnier, the verse of Emile Verhaeren, and the gentle mysticism of Maurice Maeterlinck have all flowed upon this somber battlefield of industry. It is not despite, but rather because of existent conditions, that such results have been achieved. The art of Belgium is predominantly serious. It has never been a mere matter of petty diversion. Nowhere is the social function of art more clearly defined and nowhere is its vindication more convincing. That fusion of mysticism and materialism which is the leading characteristic of this sturdy, resolute folk, early taught them to place the work of hand and brain frankly in the service of the soul. . . . . The silent heroism of the workman and the simple majesty of labor found their fitting exponent in Constantin Meunier. . . . .

"It is scarcely necessary to consider in detail Meunier's work as a painter. In its essential characteristics it reflects the leading tendencies of his generation. It stands midway between the realism of yesterday and the impressionism of today. In its early phases by no means free from certain conventional academic influences, it rises in other instances to the plane of a genuinely personal expression. Looked at in proper perspective, it assumes its rightful position as a faithful and painstaking preparation for his work in the round. These fervid religious subjects, these countless documents jotted down in the Black Country, and these dark-sweeping landscapes with horizons cut by stark chimney and gaunt scaffolding, form but the natural background against which he placed man—the workman—in all his eloquent plastic energy.



Loaned by Mr. Christian Brinton.

CONSTANTIN MEUNIER, FROM A DRAWING BY MAX LIEBERMANN.

MEUNIER: THE SCULPTOR OF LABOR

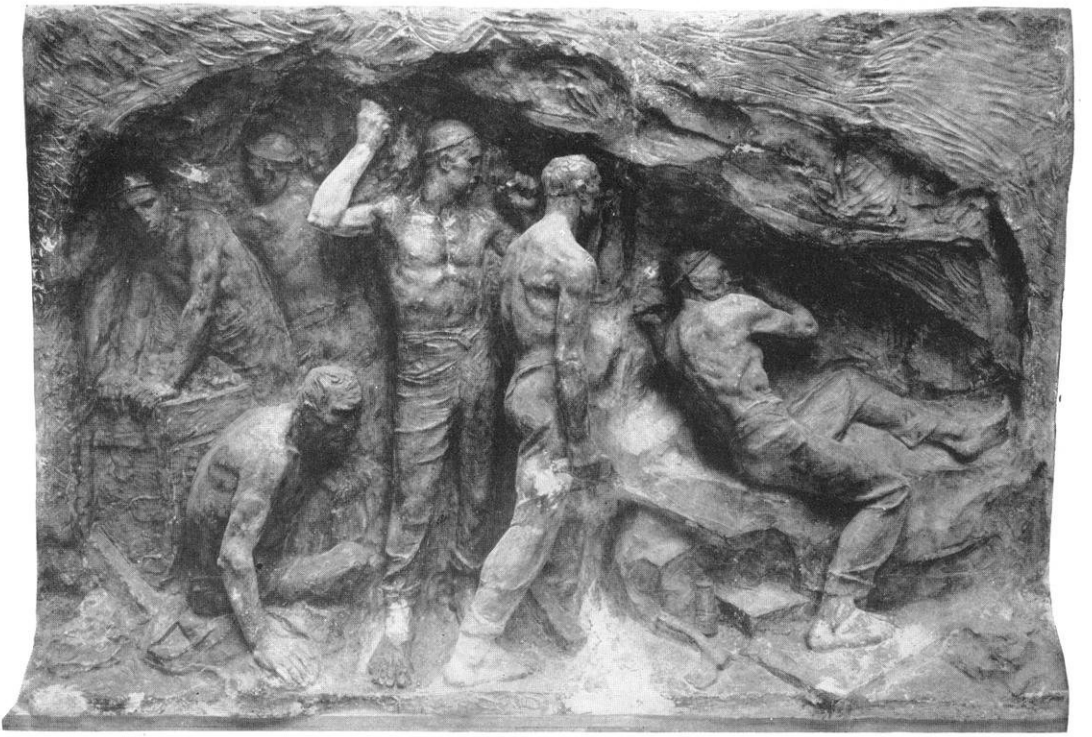
"THE artistic production of Constantin Meunier is marked throughout by a singular unity of thought and purpose. Glance over the three decades during which he devoted himself to painting and you will discover the same motives you subsequently observe in the statues and reliefs. His first picture of importance, a Ward in the Hospital of Saint-Roch, reveals his deep sense of social pity. The Stoning of Saint Stephen typifies the passive suffering of the ages, and The Peasants' War proves his ability to give a specific scene something more than ordinary significance. Each of these themes is conceived in a spirit of graphic naturalism. . . . .

"When in after years Meunier relinquished painting for sculpture, he was in no sense a different man. He responded to the same influences as before. The subject-matter was new, yet his attitude toward it remained identical. He had simply forsaken the heroes and martyrs of faith for those humbler though not less touching victims of economic pressure and distress. He had merely exchanged cathedral and cloister for factory and furnace. His monks became miners, his sisters of charity, colliery girls. Out of modern industrialism he forged his own religion, and through unflinching faith and energy succeeded in bestowing upon labor the precious baptism of art. One symbol alone he guarded intact, and that was the figure of Christ, which he used many times, a version of which, fashioned by his own hands, watches beside his grave in the cemetery of Ixelles. . . . .

"Like the art of the Greeks which he so fervently admired, the work of Constantin Meunier is soundly objective in character. Each of these figures has its appointed task to perform and each fulfils its function with resolute sincerity. An innate realist, Meunier fearlessly stripped his subjects of every vestige of extraneous appeal. He knew them and knew and felt their condition too deeply to indulge in the slightest æsthetic subterfuge. They were all taken directly from life, and while the majority were men, he now and then modeled a female form such as the buoyant Mine Girl, or the mother crushed beneath a weight of agonizing fatality in that tragic episode entitled 'Firedamp.' Animals, too, he made share their portion of nature's inflexible destiny. As with Zola in Germinal he felt drawn toward those sodden brutes condemned to plod dumbly amid suffocating darkness, and with the Old Mine Horse gave but another version of 'Bataille' in all his spent and shapeless decrepitude.'

Courtesy of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy.

"THE HAMMERER:" CONSTANTIN MEUNIER, SCULPTOR.



Courtesy of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy.

"THE MINE" (BAS-RELIEF) : CONSTANTIN MEUNIER, SCULPTOR.

Courtesy of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy.

"THE PORT" (BAS-RELIEF): CONSTANTIN MEUNIER, SCULPTOR.

Courtesy of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy.

"A DOCK-HAND:" CONSTANTIN MEUNIER, SCULPTOR.

MEUNIER: THE SCULPTOR OF LABOR

"MY life is made up of work and dreams" is the quotation with which Mr. Brinton heads his sketch of Meunier's career. And certainly the sculptor's reveries had for background a life that held much strenuous labor. "Few artists," writes his biographer, "have encountered so many obstacles. Ill health, poverty, prolonged obscurity, each fell to his lot in ample portion, and yet in due course he surmounted all."

Meunier was born April twelfth, eighteen hundred and thirty-one, at Etterbeek, in the suburbs of Brussels. His father, an impecunious tax collector, left his widow with six children. They moved to a modest house in the city, where the mother rented spare rooms and the daughters worked as dressmakers. Being near the galleries and museums, the home became a rendezvous for artists, who encouraged Constantin's artistic bent. His brother, a typographer and engraver, was his first preceptor; then followed instruction at the Academy, and later apprenticeship in a sculptor's studio. After two years here, however, Meunier, disliking the style of sculpture then in vogue, turned to painting as a more virile medium.

Occasional visits to the Trappist monks afforded inspiration for several religious canvases, but upon his contact with the industrial centers of Liége a few years afterwards, he realized the significance of modern labor and its possibilities of interpretation in art. The glassblowers of Val Saint-Lambert, the puddlers and foundrymen at Seraing, the miners of the Black Country, the mowers and harvesters, the ships and dock hands along the Antwerp waterfront—these furnished him with inspiration.

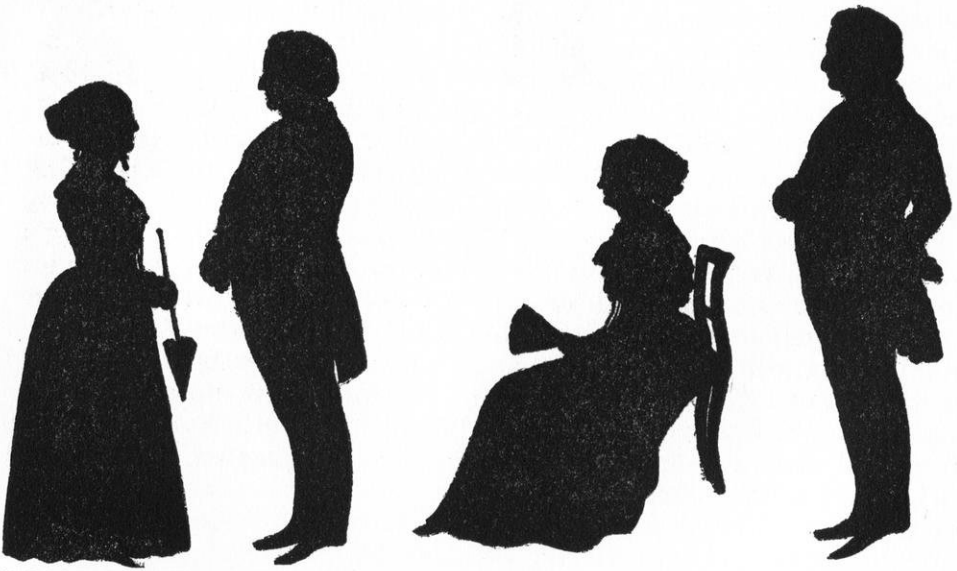
After a trip to Spain, Meunier's attention turned again to the art of sculpture, and though past fifty he began his life work anew, attaining in a few years to great mastery. It is interesting to note that his statues of workmen were produced just as the Labor Party was forming in Belgium and elsewhere.

For financial reasons he accepted a professorship of painting at the Louvain Academy, giving to sculpture, however, constant love and energy. At the death of his son he returned to Brussels, where he completed many important busts and statues, devoting himself finally to the Monument to Labor, his last and probably greatest achievement. He died on an April morning in nineteen hundred and five on his way to the studio—but his spirit still lives, embodied in that "valiant, somber army in bronze and plaster" that he left behind.

THE SILHOUETTE: BEGINNING OF PORTRAIT ART: BY WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE

ILHOUETTE portraiture has long been practiced under different names in various countries, and is in fact the oldest form of art of which we have any knowledge. We find evidences of its existence as far back as the Stone Age, when axes were both tools and weapons and paint-brushes were yet unknown. Later on, in the early days of Egyptian painting and Etruscan pottery, silhouettes were made by the first workers in monochrome—Cleanthes of Corinth, Crates of Sicyon and Philocles of Egypt. They called this art skiagraphy, *skia* being the Greek for shadow or shade. Nor was this pastime limited to professionals, for Etruscan maids, it is said, during courting days were wont to amuse themselves by outlining their lovers' profiles on the sunlit walls.

From E. Nevill Jackson, who may be called "Historian of Silhouettes," we learn that in its legendary origin this form of portraiture was associated with death. Filled with joyous anticipation, thrilling with the thought of the woman he would soon hold in his arms, a lover returned after a short absence to find that his betrothed was dead. He rushed into the death chamber, maddened with grief, to look upon the face of his beloved before it should be hidden from him forever,—and there on the wall the silhouette of the woman's features appeared in perfect outline, the shadow cast by a taper at the head of the bier. With reverent hand the man traced the portrait,



TWO SILHOUETTE GROUPS OF MR. AND MRS. GEORGE GRISWOLD, MADE IN SARATOGA, JULY EIGHTH, EIGHTEEN FORTY-THREE, BY AUGUST EDOUART.

which he believed to have been specially sent as consolation.

At its best, black profile portraiture is a thing of real beauty, almost worthy to take its place with the best miniature painting; at its worst, it is a quaintly appealing handicraft, revealing the fashions and foibles, the intimate domestic life and conventions of its day.

There is a simplicity in the silhouette picture which brings it nearer to the Japanese print than any other expression in art. All our attention is concentrated on outline, and in consequence there is a directness and vigor in the likeness which are lacking in more complex studies. Some Japanese artists, recognizing this peculiar quality in the black profile portrait, supplement a conventional colored portrait with a silhouette in black and white.

AN EIGHTEEN FORTY - ONE PORTRAIT OF W. H. HARRISON, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

The name "silhouette" is hardly more than a hundred and fifty years old, its origin being traced to the days when Etienne De Silhouette was Minister of Finance of France, under Louis XV. De Silhouette came into power when France was "financially embarrassed," owing to her losses in the late war. From a laudable desire to retrench, De Silhouette advocated economy and called upon the nobility to put away their carriages, their jeweled swords, their gold snuff boxes, their silks and satins. His well meant efforts to refill the empty treasury were received with amusement and in order to show their contempt the gentlemen carried tin swords and wooden snuff boxes, while the ladies dressed in cheap gowns and wore imitation jewels. Even the artists joined in the laugh and started making portraits in outline only, in order to economize in the quantity and quality of their colors. No one took the Minister seriously; the laughter turned to jeers and the name of De Silhouette became a synonym for meanness and cheapness. Later, when France had recovered herself and the Ministry was changed, the term of "Silhouette" fell into disuse, with one rather remarkable exception. It still was applied to outline portraits

A SHADOW PORTRAIT OF AUGUST BELMONT MADE IN NEW YORK IN EIGHTEEN THIRTY-NINE.

A SILHOUETTE PORTRAIT OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS MADE BY EDOUART IN WASHINGTON, EIGHTEEN FORTY-ONE.

EDOUART'S SILHOUETTE PORTRAIT OF LONGFELLOW AS A YOUNG MAN.

and so has continued to this day. Of the many silhouettists who flourished during the last hundred years or so, the works of few have survived. Their fragility, doubtless, is the main cause of this, though another reason may be found in the fact that their value scarcely called for undue preservation. It must be remembered that it is only within comparatively recent years that the silhouette has been regarded as a work of art, and it is entirely due to a few collectors that its value has increased so enormously during the last decade. The silhouette that brought a dollar five years ago would probably realize twenty times that sum today. Another factor in the increasing value of the silhouette is the recognition given to it as a work of art by the great galleries of Europe.

Among the silhouettists of the early Victorian period, the one artist who stands out as being something more than a mere "cutter of profiles" is August Edouart. The excellent examples of his work which are shown here are from the Arthur S. Vernay collection, recently exhibited in New York, and have been expressly selected in order to show the variety and charm of his shadow portraits. No silhouettist was so unerringly correct in catching a likeness as Edouart. He never had the slightest difficulty in reproducing an expression, and could with a turn of his wrist catch a smile or a frown as it momentarily flitted across the face of his sitter. No photograph of the present time bears a better likeness to its subject than does an Edouart silhouette. It is this natural gift that gives to the work of August Edouart its greatest significant charm.

A PORTRAIT SILHOUETTE OF MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE ALEXANDER NEWCOMB, ONCE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

A QUAINT SILHOUETTE PORTRAIT OF MARGUERITE ALLISON YOUNG, BORN THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF MAY, EIGHTEEN THIRTY-SIX, IN NEW ORLEANS.

So far as one knows there is nothing to prove that Edouart ever attempted to paint a portrait. Whether he would have made a name for himself in more legitimate art it is, of course, impossible

to say; but it seems strange that a man with the supreme gift of catching and preserving a likeness such as Edouart possessed should never have made any attempt to arrive at the same results with the aid of less primitive materials. More than one admirer of Edouart's work has expressed the belief that had he devoted himself with half the ardor to legitimate portraiture that he did to the silhouette, he might have become one of the greatest portrait painters of his time. In his silhouette groupings of children, especially, a remarkable knowledge of composition is shown.

That America should take an unusual interest in the Edouart silhouettes is only natural, since between eighteen thirty-nine and eighteen forty-nine the artist came to this country and "cut" some five thousand portraits. Not all of these have been preserved, though the greater proportion recently came into Mr. Vernay's possession and were put on exhibition last November. Fifty per cent. of the visitors found relatives in this unique gallery of portraits, one lady discovering no fewer than fifty-nine. A volume might be written of the queer meetings which took place in that gallery—where men and women viewed the "shadows" of their ancestors.

Day after day persons visited the Vernay galleries, in his house of curios at number twelve East Forty-fifth Street, New York, for a glance at their forefathers' shadows—great aunts, great grandmothers and even the great grandsire of faithful *Rover*, only to find other persons bargaining for their own shadowy flesh and blood. It was heartrending to see one's great, great uncle's "shadow" purchased by an individual outside the family; but, on the other hand, these very shadows in some cases shed light on lost and distant relations. For more than one woman standing admiringly in front of a silhouette of her grandfather, all spic and span in his military uniform, was overjoyed to find her long lost sister's daughter drawn to the same shadow.

Included in this unique collection were silhouettes of six Presidents of the United States—John Quincy Adams, Martin Van Buren, William Henry Harrison, John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, and Franklin Pierce; and among the others were silhouettes of Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Generals Wingate and Macomb; August Belmont, the first; Samuel Morgan, the Ogdens, Posts, Buels, Appletons; Josiah Quincy, President of Harvard College; Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Miss Catherine M. Sedgwick; Prescott, the historian, and hundreds of other people remarkable in one way or another in the day of shadowgraphs.

It was the purest accident that made Edouart a professional silhouette cutter. Born in Dunkerque in seventeen eighty-eight,

August Amanat Constance Fidèle Edouart—to give him his full name—served under Napoleon and was decorated for conspicuous bravery; but tiring of a soldier's life, he made his way to London in eighteen fifteen as a refugee. About ten years later, while spending an evening with some friends, he was shown two or three profile portraits made by a machine. They were supposed to be likenesses of members of the family he was visiting, and the subjects themselves considered them excellent. Edouart, however, said they were little less than libelous, whereupon one of the daughters of his host begged him to do something better. Without hesitation he seized a pair of scissors and the cover of a letter, put the father in position, and "in an instant produced a likeness." The paper, of course, was white, a defect soon remedied by the snuffers. The likeness was perfect. Portraits of other members of the family were made with similar facility and exactness, and Edouart's successful career as a silhouettist was assured.

PORTRAITS OF THE QUINCY FAMILY, SHOWING A CHARMING SENSE OF COMPOSITION AND A DELIGHTFULLY NAÏVE PRESENTATION OF OLD-TIME DIGNIFIED FAMILY LIFE.

Edouart took his art very seriously and in order to retain a steady hand rose early, dieted himself and eschewed all liquors. He had a wonderful memory for a face and one of the most remarkable portraits he ever made was that of Daniel O'Connell. Edouart saw the celebrated Irishman only once, in the Chamber of Commerce, Dublin, and then for so short a period that he was unable to make even a hasty sketch of him. On returning home, however, Edouart cut out the portrait of the Irishman from memory, and the likeness was so accurate that many believed he had had a sitting from O'Connell.

His sitters expressed many little vanities with which Edouart had to contend in the cutting of their silhouettes. One man who came to him for a portrait insisted that the silhouettist should not emphasize

his lower lip, which projected somewhat. In order to frustrate the artist, this gentleman therefore constantly drew in his lip, thus destroying all chance of a striking likeness. The corpulent man wished to be cut thin; the very thin one asked to be portrayed plump; the lady with an ill-shaped nose demanded that it be altered in the silhouette. Of all his sitters, Edouart loved best to silhouette the children, and according to a contemporary writer "he succeeded in almost retaining the charm of the flower-like profile."

Edouart had a high opinion of the art he followed. At times his work was referred to in a slighting manner, and being highly sensitive he sometimes had trying experiences. One day he had a letter of introduction to a well known public character who received him among many friends with open arms. Presently his host slipped out of his coat and said that he was quite ready for "a little diversion." Edouart, much puzzled and suspecting that something was wrong, asked that the letter of introduction be read. It began: "My dear Friend: I take this opportunity to recommend to your notice Monsieur Edouart, the celebrated pugilist." When it was explained that "profilist" was the word, all backs were turned upon him, the artist said. On another occasion he was denied entrance to a rooming house, as the proprietress "would not demean herself by letting lodgings to a man who does them common black shades." Frequently Edouart was accused of practicing "black art"—and certainly the skill with which he handled his tools and the readiness with which he grasped the characteristics of his subjects, seem little short of artistic wizardry.

APPAREL

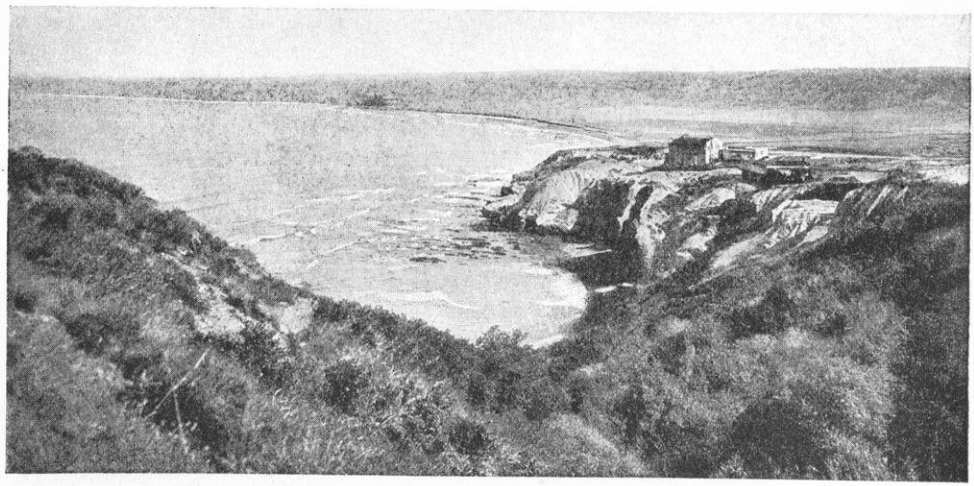
WHILE old traditions fit thee keep them on,
And wear them graciously, with sweet content,
As an old temple wears an ivy gown.
When from thy sides in tatters they hang down,
Burst by a strength that life has never meant
For bonds, a raiment fresh as springtime don.

MARGUERITE O. B. WILKINSON.

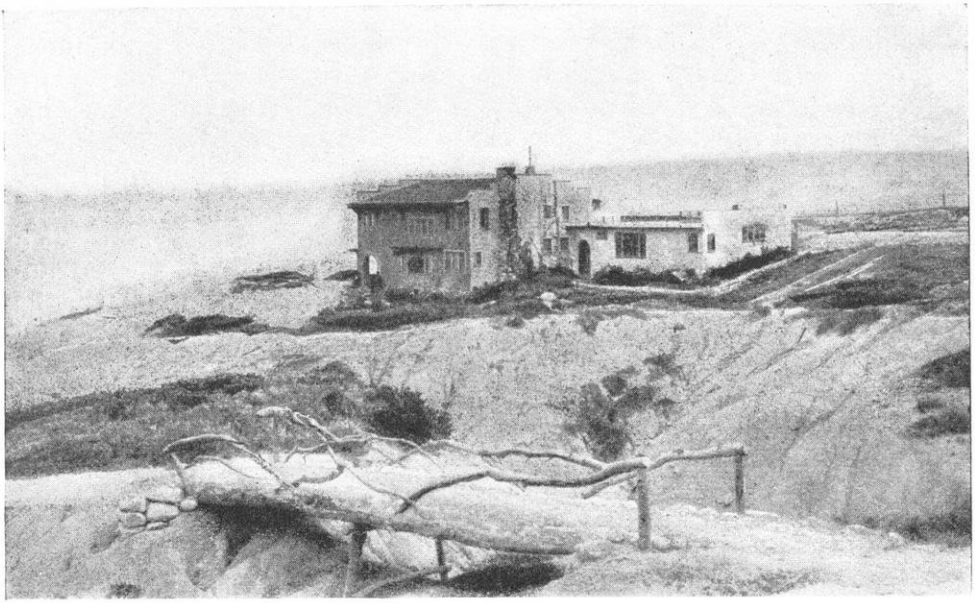
A NEW TYPE OF ARCHITECTURE IN THE SOUTHWEST: BY NATALIE CURTIS

HIGH upon the clifflike California coast at beautiful La Jolla, looking out to sea, stands a house of unusual individuality and charm. "Hilerô," The Cliff, its owner has christened it in the tongue of the local Indians—a most appropriate name. We had been told, in San Diego, of the unique picturesqueness of this modern California dwelling, and so one day, accepting the owner's friendly invitation, we paid it a visit.

From the station we drove through green fields and wild flowers to the high-perched home. At the base of the cliff the waves rolled in with the even swell of the Pacific. Sweeping northward the coast curved crescent-wise out to sea, but before the house the open ocean lay vast on the blue horizon, blue as the brilliant sky above it. Behind the building rose gentle hills down which a little breeze floated, laden with the scent of "yerba-santa," a sweet-smelling California shrub. Flocks of sheep were grazing there and a dark-skinned boy was driving a herd of cattle; meadow-larks started from the fields and winged, singing, into the blue sky. One thought instinctively of the romance of southern California in the old days when the submissive Mission Indians tended the flocks and vineyards of the Spanish grandees and duennas of great estates; of the Mission Fathers and the semibarbaric splendor of religious fêtes when Spaniards and Indians knelt together; and of the days still farther back when only Nature's children, the aboriginal tribes, built scant



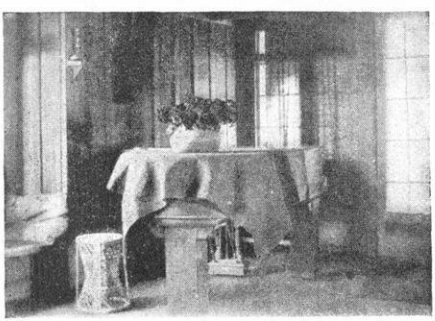
THE CLIFFS OF LA JOLLA ON THE CALIFORNIA COAST WITH A GLIMPSE OF "HILERÔ" RESTING AS A CROWN ON THE ROCKS.



A CLOSER VIEW OF "HILERÔ," THE HOME AT LA JOLLA WHICH BELONGS TO THE SEA AND THE SKY AND THE CLIFF: THIS INTERESTING STUCCO BUILDING AND THE FAIRYLIKE ENTRANCE BRIDGE WERE DESIGNED BY FRANK MEAD TO HARMONIZE WITH THE RUGGED SURROUNDINGS.

shelters against sun and wind and practiced in the open air their gentle arts of pottery and basketry.

The architects of our friend's house had evidently felt all this—the historic atmosphere of southern California and the marked individuality of its natural beauty. What a discord an eastern summer cottage of conventional type would seem on this far western coast! This house belonged here. It was simply man's conscious continuation of what nature, and the life of the past had already built. A first glance at "Hilerô" recalled a saying by Mr. Mead, one of the architects: "A house should be an absolute expression of the soil. It should be an intrinsic part of the landscape, a harmonious note in the whole geographical song. It should never strike out from its environment, but should appear as simple and natural a product as the foliage. It should look as if it had grown where it is—like a mushroom in a field, it should introduce itself without intrusion."



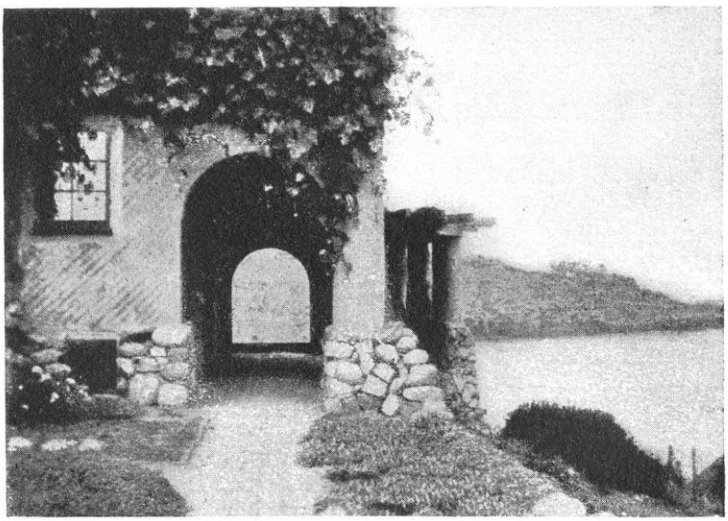
THE FAMOUS RED PIANO IN THE LIVING ROOM OF "HILERÔ."

It was early afternoon when we arrived at "Hilerô," and the shade

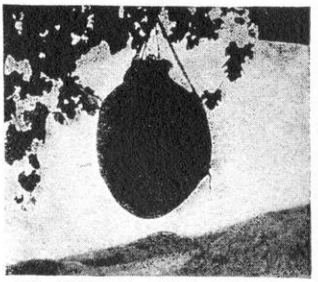
THE NORTHERN FAÇADE OF "HILERÔ," WHICH FACES THE PACIFIC: THE LATTICE WINDOW OF THE SECOND STORY OPENS FROM THE SLEEPING PORCH AND LOOKS FAR DOWN THE COAST.

of the brick portico was most grateful. Our host entertained us with the story of his red piano. "I confess I rebelled when they suggested it," he said. "A red *Steinway!* It seemed sacrilege; but at length I agreed. They scraped the ebony shine off and laid over it an opaque red, not harsh or crude, as I had imagined, but a light, flat Chinese red. And they were right; for now the piano belongs to the room, and the room belongs to the house, and the house," he looked about him; "the house belongs to the sea and the sky and the cliff."

He threw open the wide doors and we stepped into a large, cool room, finished in California redwood, just the natural, native wood, untreated by paint or polish. An enormous window with a window-seat as long as a sofa seemed to fill all one side of the room. From it one looked far down the coast and saw the spray from the waves dashing high against the caves. At the end of the room was a huge fire-

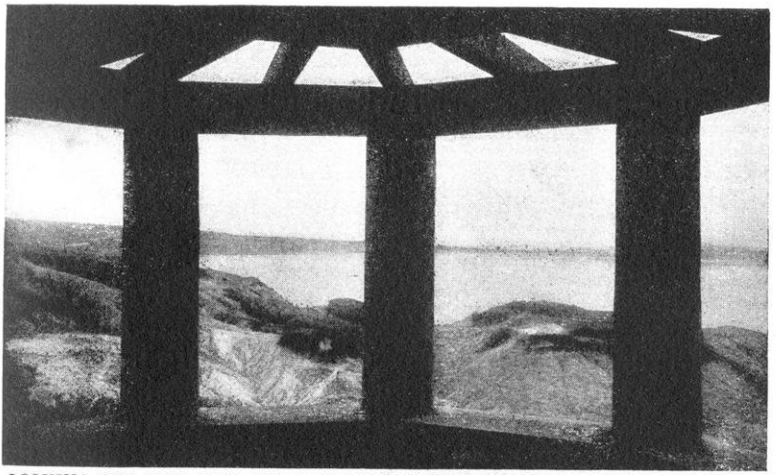


AN ARCHED PASSAGEWAY IN THE NORTHERN FAÇADE.



AN INDIAN OLLA HUNG IN THE EAST PORCH OF "HILERÔ."

place, with benches at each side, which were also wood-boxes for the big, gnarled "manzanita" roots used instead of logs. High up around the room ran a balcony, from which opened the rooms of the second floor. Over the balustrade of the balcony hung here and there a rare and beautiful Navajo or Mexican blanket, or a "tapia" cloth from the South Sea Islands; some choice bits of Indian pottery, the big "ollas," or water-coolers, of southern California, stood about. The chairs were the most original note in the room. They were copied from Spanish-Cuba, and were a sort of camp-chair with back and seat of cow-skin, the hide with all its decorative markings of black, white or red, being uppermost, tacked to the wooden frame with big brass nails. In a corner, with a brilliant Navajo rug thrown over its end, stood the red Steinway, seeming so natural in this open-air, Spanish-Indian-American room that one hardly noticed it! A candlestick of Mexican metal work stood beside the music-rack, and a pile of brilliantly bound music lay conveniently at hand.



LOOKING OUT OVER THE OCEAN FROM THE EAST PORCH OF THE HOUSE.

Though the house had only been built five years, it already had a history in hospitality. Dedicated by Madame Modjeska at a picturesque house-warming, its guest-book held the names of Ellen Terry, Maud Powell, Elsie Leslie, Wallace Irwin and many another distinguished visitor to California.

The dining room had a wide glass door opening onto a porch through whose great columns we saw the sea and the white crests of the breakers. While we waited for dinner we sat under the vines with a book of verses and wondered if Greece were like this—sea and flowers, beauty, poetry and simple wholesome living all com-

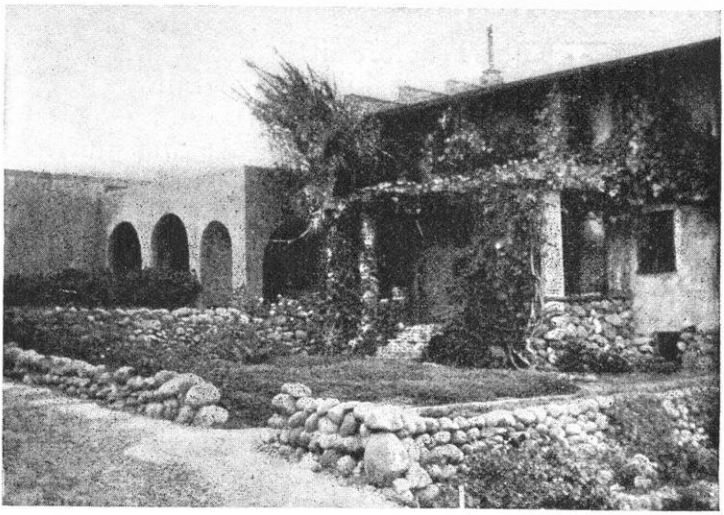
bined. For we ate out of doors and slept in the starlight on the outdoor balcony above the portico, breathing the mingled breath of ocean and yerba-santa-covered hills. Indoors there were bedrooms, of course, whose beds and chests of drawers built into the house, were, like the walls, all of unfinished California redwood. But the balcony was also meant for sleeping, and we chose its protection.

Next day, after a plunge into the Pacific and a breakfast in the sun, we looked at the house more in detail. There was every convenience in kitchen, bathroom and closet-room for good housekeeping. There was a telephone tucked in its own cupboard where it did not obtrude its wires; there was a cool cellar for the ice-chest; and the kitchen, with all its practical contrivances, was one of the most interesting and attractive rooms in the house. It is a part of Mr. Mead's architectural creed that the utilitarian elements of a house shall be carefully thought out to fit the requirements of the people who are to live there. He studies his clients and makes it his task to come into intimate touch with their practical necessities and wishes, and thus to build houses that shall be his patrons' expression as well as his own, meeting their physical wants at the outset so that the art side of the creation need not be broken in upon by late suggestions necessitating changes of plans.

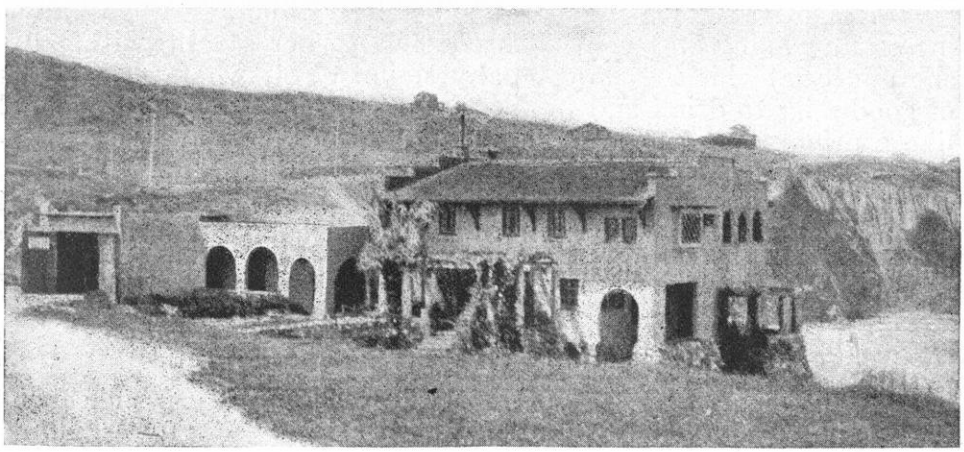
Those days at "Hilerô" were to us a sort of California idyl, a song of the Pacific coast; and we felt that the charm of the house lay in the fact that it seemed the very voice of California. History, tradition and the spirit of the country seemed blended into it. Later on I realized that it was Mr. Mead's aim to make each house the expression of its environment and that what seemed in him a natural impulse toward the picturesque, was also the fruit of study and much conscientious thought. Still later I learned somewhat of the life of the architect whose travels and studies in Spain, in the Orient and in Mexico, form so rich a background for his work in our own Southwest.

Months were passed by Mr. Mead in examining and sketching the architecture of southern Italy, Spain, Mexico, Northern Africa and Asia Minor. After making measured drawings of the Alhambra, the flower of the architectural genius of the Moorish colony in Spain, Mr. Mead crossed to Morocco to study Moorish architecture at home. Fez was at that time practically a closed city to the stranger. Mr. Mead's reception by the Moors and his travels through Africa, where he wore the native dress and was fondly called by the Arabs "The Child of Allah," bear testimony to those rare qualities of human sympathy, comradeship and understanding

which seem to lie at the heart of his work. Studying as he traveled, the countries, the people and their houses, this architect made sketches throughout the desert cities of the East as far as Damascus. Everywhere he was treated by the natives as one of them and taken into their houses like a brother. He spent months in Dalmatia and in Italy and Sicily traveling slowly, drawing all the time; and he drove in a cart, with his drawing materials, over the fine roads of England, Wales and Scotland, putting up at the villages and studying the country architecture. Moreover, there is hardly a corner of the United States, or of Cuba and Mexico that he does not know, and because of this wide range of experience he sees so keenly the possibilities of our semi-tropical Southwestern States, which should produce an architecture of their own.



ENTRANCE TO THE DINING ROOM AT "HILERÔ" SHOWING THE PORCH COVERED WITH GRAPE-VINES AND SHADOWED BY A TALL BAMBOO TREE.



EAST VIEW OF W. J. BAILEY'S HOME AT "HILERÔ:" A GLIMPSE OF THE GARAGE IS GIVEN AND THE EYE FOLLOWS THE INLAND HILLS FROM THE TILED ROOF.

NO ONE TO CARE: A STORY: BY FRANZISKA MANN

JUST before little Benny was expected, big Ben Jackson was killed in a railway accident, and the poor little mother, overcome by the shock, died when the baby was born. He was hurried into the world—the poor little beggar. Why should he have hurried when there was no one there to welcome him? No one cared whether he came or not—no one paid any attention to his crying. What difference did it make?

They were plain village people the Jacksons, and hadn't a relative in the world. The wages they had saved just paid the necessary expenses of burial, and not a soul belonging to them came to the funeral. There was only one mourner—little Benny, who wailed unceasingly when his only friend, his mother, was taken away from him.

The town council sat in conclave that night, and the question was, "Who'll take the baby?" No one seemed particularly eager, and it was finally decided that old Hogan and his wife, who were on the parish anyway, should take charge of the child. "There, now, that's settled," they grumbled as they left the meeting-house. New England Fathers don't waste much sentiment on pauper cases, and life's deepest tragedies are accepted with a dry "Well, yes . . . . that's too bad!" Grinding poverty, hard conditions and a grudging nature have penetrated to the marrow of their beings. Dry years or wet, good crops or bad—what's the use of struggling against the inevitable? And if Fate sends illness, hunger or death, what's to hinder Fate?

Old Mother Hogan was deaf and nearly blind. So the baby's incessant wailing was of no consequence to her at all, neither did she appreciate his first sweet baby smile! Yet, what with plenty of good milk to drink and fresh country air, he throve and fattened like a prince of the realm! To be sure, he never knew the embarrassment of being overdressed—the simple life came easily to him. The tall trees bent down to shade him, the grasses stroked his little hands, and the winds softly crooned him to sleep. They kr nothing of class distinctions! And because he beamed at them, him in as their dear playmate.

When he was about three years old, one of the neighbors, who stumbled upon him casually by the wayside, noticed to her astonishment that he was dumb! Yes, poor little Benny was dumb; not that it mattered particularly to any one, least of all to him, tumbling about in the meadows, chasing the birds and the butterflies, finding the first ripe blackberries . . . . happiest child on earth!

The richest farmer in the valley looked at him with a grudging eye. His own son never seemed quite hardy, though they took such precious care of him; and this rosy little beggar, with nobody to look out for him, to care whether he throve or not, had no business to be happier and sturdier than his puny lad!

The days went by, the seasons changed, and little Benny was growing up. He soon learned to be helpful—but that was only his duty, of course; no one thanked him particularly for it, yet many a man was glad to have the silent, busy little fellow about. He always understood, and he never answered back.

Singularly enough, in spite of his lack of training, he was the soul of neatness, and loved his daily plunge into the surf. He had never been taught how to swim, but somehow he had learned, and his happiest hours were spent in the water. Nobody ever worries about the fish in the sea, and nobody ever worried about him either.

Finally his foster parents died, but he went on living in their miserable old hovel, asking for nothing and caring for nothing. He knew neither envy nor scorn, this poor little uncalled-for waif. No other child in the village had such great, glorious eyes, such a perfect chiseled nose, such lovely coloring.

Of course, he could not go to school! "The schoolhouse was too crowded anyway, without any of your deaf brats!" Village insensibility bordered on cruelty at times. But little Benny crowded no one out—not a soul! He even had something to offer. He gave royally, poor little dumb Benny. His presence was a joy, and his smile so radiant that unconsciously they stopped to stare at him, these rough men, hardly knowing why they looked up from their work or their carousing as he passed. His eyes were like a sunbeam in the bluest sky . . . . and who is ever so hardened as to deliberately turn from a sunbeam!

It was strange, but it seemed that the little fellow needed no human companionship. Perhaps Benny, the neglected, took an unconscious revenge upon the world in thriving without its aid.

As he grew older he began in play to model all sorts of birds and animals in clay, and the children of the village flocked about him as he worked away at his copies of their cows and sheep. But Benny, hardly noticing them, kneaded his wet clay and continued his task in eager absorption. Soon, as his attention was called that way, he began to model the people about him. The village schoolmaster, the portly deacon, the little lame postmaster, were all set up true to life in Benny's little shed—each in his own corner. The minister came by one day and walked home with his own image so marvelously done that all who saw it wondered!

No one ever asked or cared what the little fellow had to live on. He never begged, and in the summer berries were plentiful, and mushrooms are quite good and nourishing, and even the stingiest farmer will give you stale bread and skim-milk if you help him with his odd jobs.

There never was a being so free from all the cares of life as this same ten-year-old, dumb Benny. What did he know of Fate? He simply lived. That was quite enough for him. He seemed as contented as the gentle blades of grass he trod on. They grew and flourished, and took no thought of summer's ripening or the autumn sickle; each sturdy blade reached up and drank in sun and dew and deep-blue sky. They made no moan when footsteps crushed them, not knowing any life uncrushed by passing steps. Perhaps they taught Benny their secret!

Any one who had given the boy a moment's thought would have been forced to admit the fallacy of the old conventional theory that no blessing could ever come to an unloved life. Benny's lips had never felt a gentle touch. No father's tender hand had ever lain upon his curls, no mother's arms had ever cuddled him. No one had ever shed a tear over his pathetic silence, nor ever been thrilled with fond pride at his deftness and his skill. And yet, deep, deep down in Benny's lovely eyes lay a reflection of that glory which we are inclined to think is only called forth by love, only an answer to love.

The Board was always going to decide at the next meeting what was to become of Benny; just now it had other more important questions to attend to, and Benny's case was laid on the table pending their settlement. Poor little fellow—always shoved off to make room for others!

For a whole week he had been working at his models, making a herd of cows, six of them, so lifelike that no wonder a passing stranger stopped to stare at the little fellow deeply absorbed in his work. He hardly knew which to admire most, the charming child or his wonderful models. Benny, pausing in his work to look up at a wandering cloud, met the stranger's gaze; but not even the offer of the bright, round silver dollar, whose use he did not understand, reconciled him to parting with his beloved models. Finally the stranger made him understand that the cows were to be regarded simply as a loan. He wanted to take them to the great city, but promised faithfully to bring them back to Benny. And if the people in the city could just once see these cows, they'd surely want Benny to come and make some for them, and they'd all want to help him, and show him how to make other far more beautiful

and wonderful things. Little by little the idea penetrated Benny's unaccustomed brain, and at last, with a burst of comprehension he eagerly handed over his cherished work. The stranger bore it proudly and carefully off, promising to come back for Benny, who stood there waiting, with a far-away smile on his face.

Something different, something wonderful had come to him. A new element had entered into his little neglected soul, and he was thrilled with a strange and unknown emotion.

Days passed—eight long days of waiting. But presently the old instincts resumed their sway. For eight days he had forgotten his friends, the waves, but now the careless happy nixie soul in him awoke again.

And so into the last red rays of the sunset he swam that evening, far, far out, splashing and bubbling, cutting the cool, clear water with strong, steady strokes. He forgot the earth, and finally the water that bore him; and with the thought of humanity in his heart—the people who were to greet him, to help him, to teach him—he cut his way blindly forward to meet them, that they might show him how to make still more beautiful things. Far off in the distance he saw the forms his soul had dreamed of—models of birds and beasts and men such as he had always longed to make. His heart thrilled and leaped as he cut through the water, and on he went, and on, forgetting the earth, for another world was calling.

* * * * * * * * *

No one was watching or waiting for Benny. There was no one to tell him how deep the ocean was, and how endless; no one to reach out a hand and save him from the cool, enticing waves. So when the last red tinge had faded from the sunset sky, and the sparkling track was gone from the water, the tired dreamer's eyes were closed forever, and the poor little waif was gently cradled by the lapping waves.

They had known him so long, and loved him so truly. They knew his sunny nature, and they knew the hard, cold world beyond the sands. And so they took from men a future genius . . . . . and the world went on unheeding. No one cried for little Benny.

MY NEW ENGLAND FARM AND ITS YIELD: BY ALICE SPENCER GEDDES

MY farm is the farm of my dreams! Years upon years I had been searching when I came upon it, stretching its acres across meadow and berry patch, woodland and brook. Along two roads My Farm reaches, one terminating in the hulk of Great Bear, the other sloping trailingly through the valley,—two roads, one blocked by the mountain, the other winding miles and miles in mid New Hampshire.

THE ABANDONED SMITHY, NOW "PEACEFOLD" IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

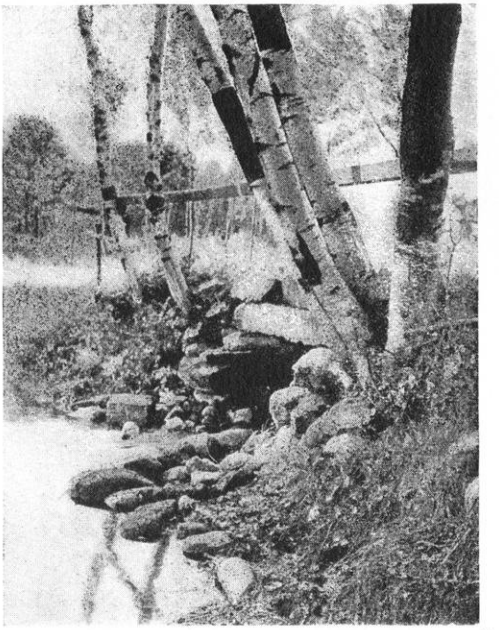
The yield began the first morning after the farm of my dreams became My Farm. Throughout the night before, after a day's journeying, the roar of the pavements left hundreds of miles behind mingled with the bullfrog's chug. At dawn the joy-song of the robin from the swaying pines was weighted with the weariness of a writer-woman, entirely spent.

It was then that the yield began!

It came with the barefoot boy that brought the milk—the slender barefoot boy in brown, with ragged brown flapping hat, brown

overalls and shirt, face browned with tan, Madonna eyes deep-brown that haunt one with the spell of the few masterpieces of art. All brown and sepia like an etching; indigenous of course, blending with the country round-about!

That first morning, artificially-warped and academically-biased, I would have smudged the sepia tones of my barefoot boy. Then, but not now—oh no, not now!—I would have harnessed him into starched stiff collars, Norfolk belted wooly suits, hard, heavy polished shoes, and shipped him to the city to be "educated." But My Farm has humanized me, rationalized me, brought me understanding. My reformation came gradually, and it was completed at the end of the summer, during which at each dawn, the barefoot boy and I passed our greetings; at the end of the summer during which each afternoon in the coolness we searched out the sundew and left it by the pond where we found it. We trailed the brook-side for the solitary cardinal flower and also left it in the shelter of the bank. We peeped into the phœbe's nest in the corner of the porch-rafter and loved the babies, three of them. We invaded the big, black, vast old barn where the barn-swallows, generation after generation, season after season, in the crutch of the great beam, build their nests. We wandered in the mid-forenoon to the turn in the road, and from the boulder watched the mists that lie late across the Belknap mountains; and in the



"DOWN WHERE THE MILL-WHEEL RESTS."

THE SLENDER BAREFOOT BOY AT MY FARM.

twilight listened to the bullfrogs in the shimmering lily-pad pond nestling in the hollow.

In the autumn, when the time came for me to shutter My Farm and travel back to the city to take up the work that still remained for me to do, I had altered almost all of my preconceived notions of relative values. College-bred and city-opportunity-raised as I had been, I was forced to admit, in humiliation, that it was the barefoot boy who was "educated." I—I was illiterate, inarticulate. It was he, not I, who could phrase the mists as they rose from Great Bear. They were part of his being, he of their essence. Unconsciously in interpreting them he merged with their filmy shapings. But I was silent, one apart, fearful almost, ill at ease in their presence. They and the barefoot boy, in their elemental pureness, were infinite, free amid vast spaces. I felt imprisoned in the open, cluttered with book-learning, shackled with city-living. I had an education laid out by man; he the education planned by the Eternal Source.

Far be it from me to take my barefoot boy from the greater school!

THROUGHOUT that first summer on the realized farm of my dreams, I sat humbly at the feet of the barefoot boy and the yield from My Farm, the spiritual, peaceful, poiseful yield. The yield that never but once have I been able to express and then wordlessly when high on the upper ledge, alone, we two watched the break of dawn across the mountains. Then and then only was the yield of My Farm placed in a balance so delicately hung as to weigh immortal essences.

Merely, therefore, can I write that close to the road, removed by a knoll that banks up from the wagon rut, stands the staunch and firm story-and-a-half white home-house. From the kitchen L of it extend more sheds than city folks, kitchenette city folks, can fathom the uses of; and along the edge of the end building are tie-ups for more horses than this automobile age will soon acknowledge as surviving. The home-house has sheltered six generations of large families (fathers and mothers used to have time to raise large families). It has triumphed with the sons and the daughters of each generation as they have gone forth beyond the hazy valley to meet the widening sunrise; it has sorrowed with those among them that have returned broken and bruised in the night-time. It has soothed the old men and old women when their time came to fold their knuckled hands and pass into the mists that lie late on the mountain, the mists that lift at ripened noon.

All this and more are imbued in the yield of the realized farm of

my dreams. Down in the hollow, dotted white with prince's pine, wanders the mossy path trodden by the cows. It leads across a brook out of which the forget-me-nots peep, through the coolness and the shade of the slender sapling grove to the crumbling mill-wheel, its labors over. Beyond the red-top field of rustling Hungarian, on the edge of the deep shady woodland, stands the abandoned smithy, weatherworn but enduring. Against its side still clings the covered well-stoop of wood with the wooden handlecrank protruding which with thirst-relieving promise winds the frayed brown hempen strands over the splintered wooden roller until at length from the mossy bottom rises the dripping cask of water as sparkling as the dew when the sunrise greets it, as pure as the kiss the maiden-of-the-mists gives the dawn.

"Peacefold" the abandoned smithy is called now. Fragrant creepers in random riot cling over it. Unmolested in and out the windows fly the birds a-nesting. Within, where the deep field-stone fireplace sinks into the wall, through weeks of midsummer languorous days—when the leaves on the trees hang limp and the dust lies trackless in the road, the writer-woman, beaten back and forth the rest of the year on the jagged rocks of temperament, drifts and dreams into the poise and calm that carry her through.

Three or four times during the summer, yearning for the human mingling that a city-nurtured woman cannot for long do without, the barefoot boy and I take the wood-road to my neighbors.

My neighbors are indigenous. Every one is that lives near My Farm. Born on the soil, cultivating it, passing their length of days on it, mingling with it when their call comes, my neighbors are one with the lavender hills and the misty valleys, the slender saplings and the swaying pines, the brook and the lily-pad pond.

Few they are in number; just one family of father and mother, then Frank and Joe and Alice and Ralph, a sturdy family of boys and a girl just entering into her womanhood.

FATHER and mother attended the one-room school, abandoned now but a part of My Farm—abandoned in favor of the new building that rears itself coldly on the bleak pinnacle of Meeting House Hill. I am rejoiced that father and mother, hand in hand, used to tread the wood-road to my one-room school that still stands solidly enduring on the upper ledge (high and vast loom the mountains all around) where the highbush berries grow, blue with the sapphire of the skies, through whose underbrush, whirling suddenly upward, rustle the mated quail. I am glad that father and mother too were content to mate and to remain with the mountains, in

whose shelter they were both born, loving the feel of the hills, the scent of the witch-hazel, rejoicing together through half a century in the glory of each autumn and the promise of each spring.

And that is the joy to me of my neighbors: that father and mother, Frank and Joe and Alice and Ralph have none of them been stirred by the call to the city; that they have not been vortexed into the gleam of the White Way; that they have not been lured to push beyond Great Bear and their nestling valley to find whether beyond the mists "success" as the world estimates it, might be waiting for them. Father and mother have not held their children back. Freely, as their children grew, they have said: "If you want to—go!" Perhaps it was because the "go" was so freely though fearfully spoken that each of the children has stayed.

Frank, the first-born, has merely trailed his path deeper toward the mountains and on the edge of the virgin forest has builded with his own hands, sinew and strength, his own love and soul, a home-house for the maiden that has come to him across the mists—a wife of the hill-country.

Joe, the sturdy and the strengthful, is lifting the life-labor as it slips from father's weakening shoulders. Joe is turning the soil, ploughing it, raising sustaining crops, covering for the fallowing; and as he passes back and forth across the fields of his father's father, with that slow grace of a son of the soil, he pauses at the clearing and with head thrown back, tanned chest upward, silently takes to himself the message of Great Bear, the message that is mute, save to such as he.

ALICE, the girl-woman, with perplexity in her blue eyes as she stands at the crossways, where the sun glints through her shining hair, does not waver toward the trailing road that wanders on and on. Always her gaze centers in the valley that spreads out beneath her, and upon the staunch story-and-a-half white home-houses and their elongating acreages, stone-wall divided, with the white meeting house pointing its belfry high above them all. While the perplexity is still there, yet she knows that it is upon Great Bear and the hill-country that she must depend to bring her safely into her womanhood—until she too shall go to that other home-house that another first-born son of the soil is raising with his nerve and sinew, board by board, floor by floor, for the sake of the girl-woman.

And Ralph is acquiring the three essential R's in the new building, the one-room school erect on the pinnacle of Meeting House Hill—the three rudimentary R's which he offsets by the saving

grace of tramps through the climbing woods, three miles straight upward to the pond chiseled into the profile of Great Bear, the pond across which in the night-time the loons call. The daring plunge, the robust swim, the drip of the maturing boy, force the pink through the tan and bring animation to the unswerving eye. Today the boy: tomorrow the man!

When this youngest of my neighbors comes of age and into his heritage, how much richer will he be than I, the writer-woman, shriveled with steam-heat, clogged with city clutter, overdriven by ambition, restless, seething.

But there is hope even for the writer-woman. Before My Farm yielded me so much of sweetness and soundness and sanity, I should have deplored that there was in this enlightened age a family like my neighbors that, generation after generation, is content to abide on the soil of its father's father, that never feels the call of wider opportunity, that through the lives of its members hears the soft whisper of far-distant trains and does not crave to hear the nearer shriek. Yet today, after a summer spent on My Farm, I would not have it otherwise. I rejoice in the content of my neighbors, sheltered by the clustering Belknaps; for it is such as they—indigenous and enduring—that are saving the American nation from annihilation.

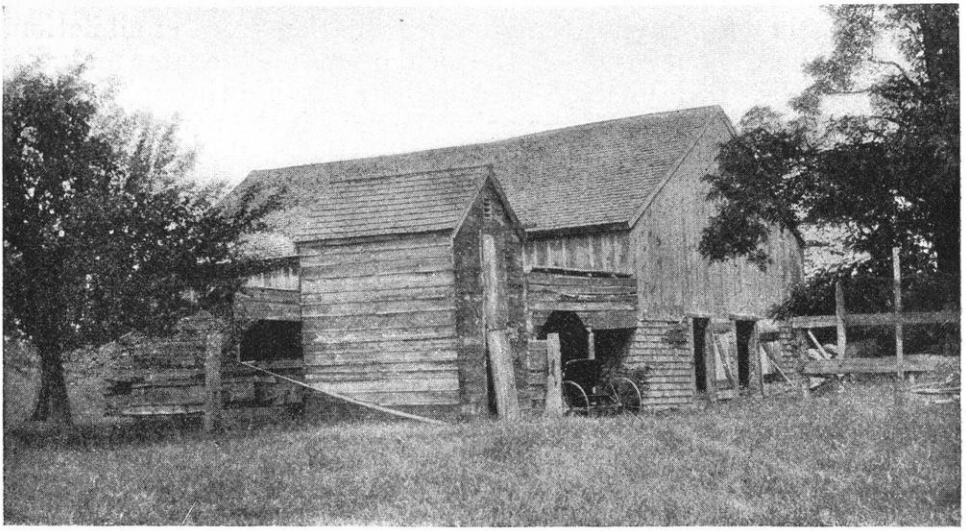
Everywhere about My Farm the yield brings me the same message. Even the bell-cow, leadership bent, jangles her life through. What suffices it, the leadership, if the price she pays is the perpetual clink-clank of the garrulous metal tongue against the bell-side, if the cost is a strap never unbuckled from the throat of her, always tracked, always trailed by the clangor of her distinction.

BESS tells me the same—Bess, the great Saint Bernard dog of my neighbors. Quiet and capable is she. And my collie from the city, belligerent, nervous, jealous, unstrung, is beside himself on My Farm. He is wracked with confusion by day and night. Tortured by the gaping holes of the woodchuck, he roots frantically with his claws to fill the holes up, only the next day to find them as wide-open as before. Irritated all night by the scratching and scampering of native four-footed creatures, he acquires insomnia. Jealous of the kindly folks that without asking permission "tie up" to my sheds, he pulls at his rope and chafes his collar. At My Farm, in the midst of the eternal spaces, my city collie wastes his nerves to no purpose; irresponsible, at a loss, he ravels his disposition into tatters and thins his sides; but Bess, having grown up with eternity, never is distracted, never hastens; calmly as a matter of course, she rescues a kitten from under-wheel, or the calf from

a barbed-wire entanglement, as though for that alone she was created.

But when Ned and Molly, the horses of my neighbors, draw the low-hanging land sled with the emptied cask propped on it, and Joe with his slow grace walks behind, loosely holding the reins—when this yield of My Farm turns the bend in the road, coming to my pond in the dry season for water for the cattle, I creep down along the trail that unseen I may watch Joe, the man of the New England soil.

Down at the end of the trail, where the crumbling mill-wheel rests, Joe always stops. A little apart, facing Great Bear, where the mists still cling, he pauses—alone. With bared chest, moist with the heat of ripening day, with browned and sinewy arms relaxed from their toil, folded; hatless, his hair pushed back from his forehead, chin uplifted; his perfect body falling into natural poise, he pauses there alone until the last film of mist vanishes before the sun. Then he turns, to fetch the water for the cattle.



"THE BIG, VAST, BLACK OLD BARN" AT THE FARM.

THE UNITED STATES AS A GAME WARDEN: BY T. GILBERT PEARSON

HEN, a few weeks ago, the first breath of autumn swept over the tule sloughs and reedy lakes of the Northwest, the wild fowl and shore birds of that vast region arose in clouds, and by stages began to journey toward their winter quarters beneath southern skies. If the older birds that had often taken the same trip thought anything about the subject, they must have been impressed, when they crossed the border into the United States, with the fact that changes had taken place in reference to shooting.

It is true that in Minnesota, for instance, the firing of guns began on September seventh, as it did last year; but those ducks which chanced to reach the Mississippi River below St. Paul found no one at hand waiting to kill them. As they proceeded, by occasional flights, farther down the river there was still a marked absence of gunners. The same conditions prevailed all the way down the valley until the sunken grounds of Arkansas and Mississippi came into view. What did this mean? Heretofore, at this season, hunters had always lined the river. This had been the case ever since the oldest duck could remember. The Missouri River, too, was free from shooting throughout the greater part of its length and this was sufficient cause for many a grateful quack.

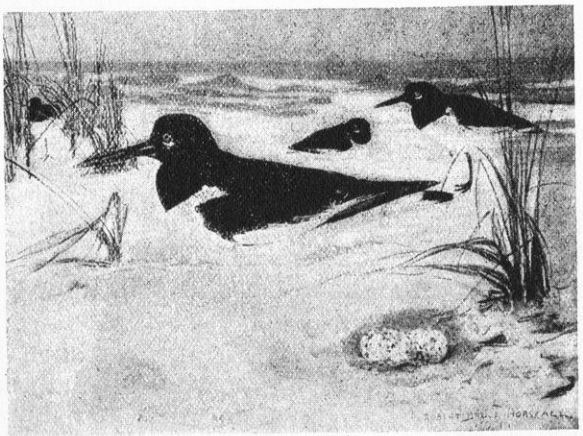
It is the custom with many ducks and geese while migrating, or after reaching their winter home, to change their feeding or resting places upon the approach of night. In doing this they proceed in flocks across the marshes or over woods and fields, from one body of water to another. These flights usually begin about sundown and continue until after darkness has fallen. Ducks may be found evening after evening following the same line of flight, often low down and within easy shooting distance. These routes of travel do not long remain unknown to the local gunners, and "pass shooting" has for a hundred years and more been a favorite diversion for many. So highly is a good duck pass esteemed, in fact, that a hunting preserve which possesses one is regarded as much more valuable than one which is not so blessed.

This season, however, few men were found with guns on such a pass after sunset. This was true everywhere between Canada and the Rio Grande. What was the reason for this great change? Had the killing of wild fowl suddenly lost its attraction for those who had been accustomed to seek pleasure afield with gun and dog? No, indeed, banish the thought, for it is written that so long as man shall live, wild ducks shall grace his table and comfort his palate.

The remarkable changes which had so affected the fortunes of the wild fowl were due to the enactment of the new Federal Game Law the fourth day of March, nineteen hundred and thirteen. The law itself did not prohibit wild-fowling on the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers or between the hours of sunset and sunrise, but it gave authority to certain functionaries to make such regulations as they deemed wise, necessary and proper to extend better protection to all migratory game and insect-eating birds in the United States. The Secretary of Agriculture, to whose department this unusual duty was assigned, read the law thoughtfully, concluded the task did not come within the bounds of his personal capabilities, and very wisely turned the whole matter over to a committee of three experts chosen from one of the department bureaus and known as the Biological Survey.

This committee, consisting of T. S. Palmer, A. K. Fisher and W. W. Cooke (all names well known in bird protection circles), at once began the preparation of a series of regulations to give effect to the new statute. Drawing extensively from the records stored in the survey offices, and seasoning these with their own good judgment and knowledge of existing conditions, they brought out in a period of three months and nine days, or to be more precise on June twenty-third, nineteen hundred and thirteen, a set of ten regulations which, in many ways, have revolutionized shooting in the United States.

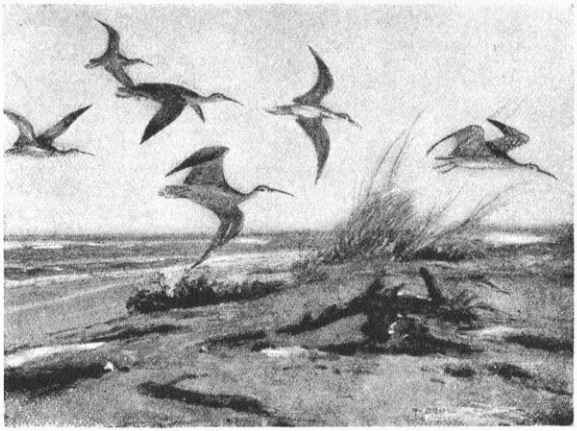
These were printed in pamphlet form and distributed widely; for before they could have the effect of laws it was necessary that they should be advertised for a period of at least three months in order to give all dissatisfied parties an opportunity to be heard.



OYSTERCATCHER; BREEDS ALONG THE COAST OF VIRGINIA AND THE CAROLINAS: SHOT AS GAME BIRD HERETOFORE: SINCE OCTOBER FIRST, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN, PROTECTED ABSOLUTELY IN THE UNITED STATES AT ALL TIMES BY THE NEW FEDERAL MIGRATORY BIRD LAW.

The whole idea of the Government taking over the matter of protecting migratory birds, as well as the startling character of some of the regulations promulgated by the committee, was justly expected to bring forth either great shouts of approbation or

a storm of disapproval, and possibly both sounds might be heard. As long experience has shown that it is necessary to have public opinion approve of a game law if it is to be effective, one can well understand that, following the mailing of the circular of rules, these gentlemen of the committee stood on tiptoe and, with hand to ear, scanned the distant horizon. Nor did they have long to wait before critical rumblings began to be heard in many directions.

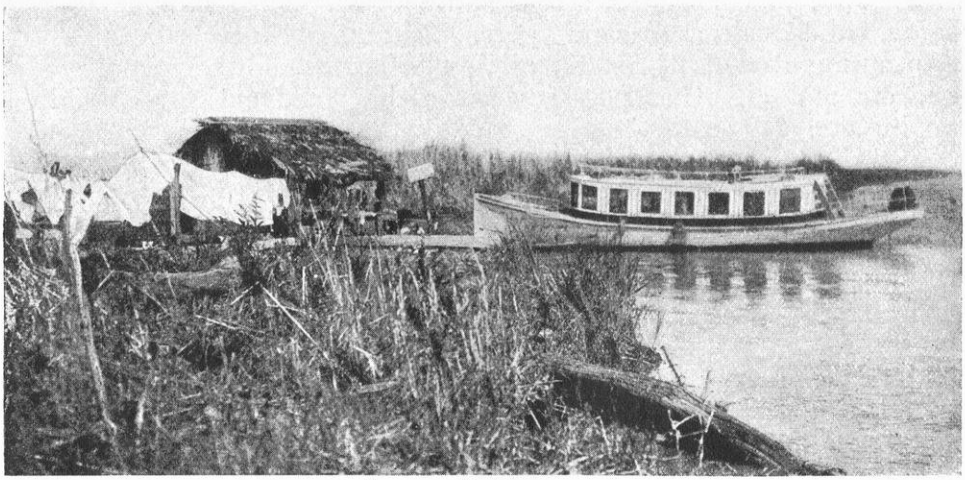


HUDSONIAN CURLEWS: A FAVORITE GAME BIRD ALONG THE OCEAN BEACHES.

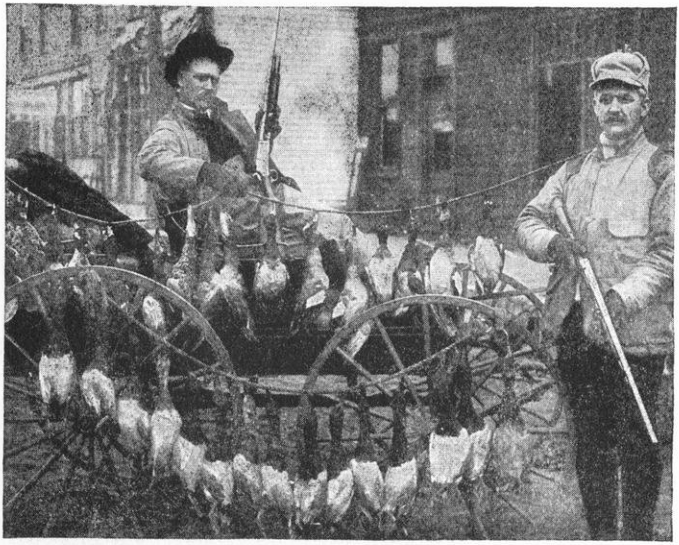
"Why allow bobolinks to be shot during the months of September and October in Maryland, the District of Columbia, Virginia and South Carolina and deprive the people of our State of this heaven-born privilege which we have always enjoyed?" shouted a lusty North Carolina hunter.

"If you are going to place a five-year close season on the shooting of curlew, why not also include the golden plover, which every one knows is equally rare?" a bird protectionist wished to know.

"It may be all right to curtail our duck-shooting, but if so, we want to be shown," the Missouri sportsmen observed in tones that



THE LOUISIANA WARDEN BOAT, THE "MALLARD" CALLING AT HUNTERS' CAMP, LOWER MISSISSIPPI DELTA: THOUSANDS OF WILD DUCKS HAVE FORMERLY BEEN KILLED HERE FOR MARKET.



A BAG OF CANVAS-BACK DUCKS TAKEN IN CENTRAL OKLAHOMA BY THREE GUNS IN ONE DAY: THE NEW FEDERAL BIRD LAW IS A GUARANTEE THAT THIS WILL NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN.

left no doubt as to their earnestness.

In fact, as the committee waited, the sky began rapidly to fill with interrogation points; for it has ever been the case that the dissatisfied ones of earth are louder in their objections than are the satisfied ones in their commendations.

As a matter of fact, the regulations were on the whole remarkable for their clearness, directness and fairness. They came nearer being formed for the benefit of the birds, instead of for the pleasure and convenience of the hunters, than any general far-reaching bird-protective statute which had been enacted in this country.

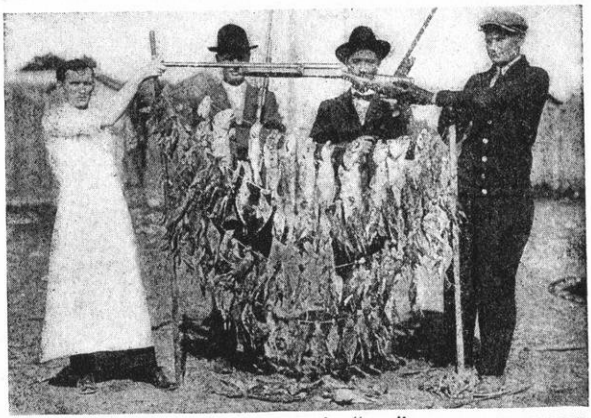
Let us examine briefly this unusual document prepared by Dr. Palmer and his associates. For the purposes of the regulations, migratory game birds are defined as ducks, geese and swan, rails and coots, pigeons, cranes and shore birds, which include plover, snipe, woodcock and sandpipers. Migratory insectivorous birds are enumerated as thrushes, orioles, larks, swallows, wrens, woodpeckers and all other perching birds that feed entirely or chiefly on insects.

Having thus conveniently classified migratory birds into two easily comprehendible and distinguishable groups, the way was open to deal with them separately and distinctively. Therefore, after declaring it to be illegal to kill any bird of either class between sunset and sunrise, the regulations go on to state that excepting bobolinks, which may be shot in a few States, no insect-eating bird shall be killed in any place or in any manner, even in the daytime.

This provision, by one stroke, completed the campaign which the Audubon Society had been waging for long years on behalf of the robin. In Maryland, North Carolina, Mississippi, Louisiana and Tennessee the robin-potpie-loving inhabitants must in future content themselves with such game birds as quail, grouse, wild

turkeys and ducks. The life of Sir Robin Redbreast has now been declared to be sacred everywhere. He and his note are to dwell beneath the protection of the strong arm of the United States Government.

Another feature of the Audubon work was also completed by this section of the new regulations. This is the safeguarding of all song and insect-eating birds in the States of Montana, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, Nebraska, Kansas and New Mexico, constituting the group of States whose legislatures had thus far withstood the importunities of the Audubon workers to extend protection to such birds.



THIS REPRESENTS ONE EVENING'S "BAG" OF TEXAS PLOVER AND SNIPE.

HAVING disposed now of the subject in so far as it applies to non-game birds, attention is turned again to game birds. Taking into consideration the fact that some of the migratory game birds have been killed until they are now alarmingly few in numbers, and if the species are to be saved all shooting of them must for a time be stopped, "Regulation Number Four" was provided and read as follows:

"A closed season shall continue until September first, nineteen hundred and eighteen, on the following migratory game birds: Band-tailed pigeons; little brown, sandhill and whooping cranes; swans, curlew, and all shore birds except the black-breasted and golden plover, Wilson or jack snipe, woodcock, and the greater and lesser yellowlegs."

Recognizing the fact that the above includes three swans and fifty-four shore birds, we may see that what the paragraph really does is to prohibit for five years the killing of sixty-two varieties of birds which have heretofore been regarded as legitimate game throughout the greater part of North America.

This section goes on to provide: "A closed season shall also continue until September first, nineteen hundred and eighteen, on wood ducks in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minne-

sota, Iowa, Kansas, California, Oregon and Washington; on rails in California and Vermont; and on woodcock in Illinois and Missouri."

The most exquisitely-colored of all American water fowl is the wood duck, which was formerly abundant about ponds and streams almost everywhere in eastern United States. So rapidly is it disappearing before the remorseless advance of civilization that it seems a pity the committee of specialists did not include the name of this much persecuted species in the former paragraph.

LEAST SANDPIPER: THIS BIRD HAS HERETOFORE BEEN A LEGAL GAME BIRD, BUT THE KILLING IS NOW ABSOLUTELY PROHIBITED IN THE UNITED STATES BY THE FEDERAL MIGRATORY BIRD LAW.

The sus pension of hunting on the two great rivers of the in terior was avowedly done for the purpose of permitting water fowl to have a safe high way from their win ter feeding grounds along the Gulf Coast to their nesting areas in Minne sota, the Dakotas and Can ada. The wisdom of this plan is at once ap parent and it is to be deplored that topo graphical conditions did not permit the establishment of like routes of safety along the Atlantic and the Pacific seaboard.

THE above includes what we might call all the minor regulations proposed by the Biological Survey Committee. Then comes the big regulation, the one which is of absorbing interest to every member of the vast army of five million hunters in the United States. This is the regulation which divides the country into zones and prescribes the shooting seasons in each. Touching on this point the Government experts already mentioned have given out this statement by way of explanation:

"More than fifty separate seasons for migratory birds were provided under statutes in force in nineteen hundred and twelve. This multiplicity of regulations or zones to suit special localities has apparently had anything but a beneficial effect on the abundance of game. The effort to provide special seasons for each kind of game in each locality merely makes a chain of open seasons for migra-

tory birds and allows the continued destruction of such birds from the beginning of the first season to the close of the last. It is believed that better results will follow the adoption of the fewest possible number of zones and so regulating the seasons in each as to include the time when each species is in the best condition or at the maximum of abundance during the autumn. For this reason the country has been divided into two zones, as nearly equal as possible, one to include the States in which migratory game birds breed or would breed if given reasonable protection, the other the States in which comparatively few species breed, but in which many winter. Within these zones the seasons are fixed for the principal natural groups, water fowl, rail, shore birds, and woodcock. In no case does the zone boundary cross a State line, and except in very rare cases the seasons are uniform throughout the States. Deviation from this rule leads ultimately to the recognition of a multiplicity of local seasons, which has done much to retard game protection."

The "breeding zone" referred to is made to include all the States lying wholly or in part north of latitude forty degrees and the Ohio River. Twenty-five States in all are thus designated and they embrace virtually the entire region in which wild fowl in any numbers have been known to make their summer homes to-day.

The "wintering zone" is comprised of the States lying wholly or in part south of this line and includes twenty-three States and the District of Columbia.

In the northern zone the season when ducks, geese, brant and unprotected shore birds are allowed to be killed is between September first and December sixteenth, that is, three and one-half months. At no other season may they be hunted or taken without making the adventurous sportsman liable to the pains and penalties of the law to the extent of a fine of one hundred dollars or ninety days in jail. There are a few exceptions to this season, made out of respect to existing State statutes or in deference to expressed public opinion, but there are not many. One of those is in New York State, where with the exception of Long Island no hunting is allowed until September sixteenth, thus making the open season only ninety days in length. Considering the number of gunners in this large State and the relatively small number of birds, one may judge the season to be quite long enough.

IN the southern zone the shooting season for shore birds is the same as in the north; but the water fowl season has been slipped forward, that is, it is made to run from October first until January sixteenth. Here also we find a few exceptions to the general rule.

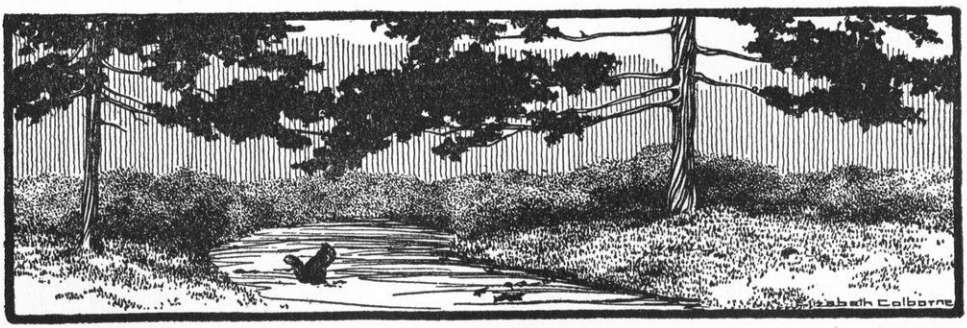
There is, too, an open season in both zones running from two to three months on the killing of woodcock and rails.

The above statements regarding open and close seasons on migratory game birds refer to a subject principally of interest to sportsmen, but the big fact that more restrictive measures have been taken for the protection of our wild bird life should be of decided interest to all members of the great non-shooting public.

To go back a little and make our story more complete, it may be said that when the Survey Committee had promulgated their proposed regulations and had had time to sift some of the more serious complaints, a series of hearings was arranged in different parts of the country. To these gatherings came sportsmen, game commissioners, Audubon Society men and others who had things to say and to learn. A member of the committee was present to explain the law, hear objections, answer questions and in a large number of instances sent the various delegates away more or less satisfied that the regulations had better stand about as they were.

As might be expected, it was found necessary to make some changes, especially in regard to State exceptions, but these were not numerous, and the regulations as shown above were embodied in a proclamation signed by President Wilson on October first. This had the effect of giving the regulations the full force of the law.

Today, in the history of wild life conservation, we have before us the unusual spectacle of the United States Government taking a serious hand in the problem which had been found to be too difficult for solution by the different States working separately. Many of us believe this speaks loudly of a brighter day for the perpetuation of the wild life of our country.



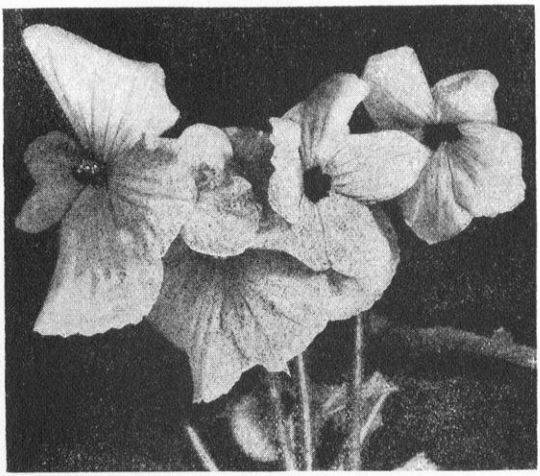
THE PLANT AS A MEMBER OF THE FAMILY: BY ALICE LOUNSBERRY

THE love of plants is one of the earliest of passions and it is one of the most enduring. The interdependence of the animal and vegetable kingdoms forms now, as in the past and as it will in the future, a chain so strongly woven that its links cannot be severed. The child, before developing its ideals, stretches out its hands to grasp a brightly colored flower, and a smile lights up the grandfather's face as the fragrance of a favorite blossom stirs in his heart the emotion of memory. One of the most humanizing and soul-satisfying facts of the universe, and one better understood as civilization advances, is the existing friendliness to man of the plant world.

Lord Morley said: "There never was a time, there never was an age when from the highest to the lowest there was more common human-heartedness, more earnest desire to alleviate the lot of those who have to perform the hard services of the world and face its gusty insecurities; and never a time when people were more willing to make personal sacrifices." And in this day of abundant altruistic feeling, the home-plant plays its part in furthering this very sentiment of human-heartedness.

The degree of intelligence possessed by individual plants is still a matter under discussion by scientists who have not yet begun to fathom its mysteries. They concede, however, that plants are more akin to animal life than is generally thought, a simple reason for their air of silent sympathy with our moods. For instance, one of the phenomena of the plant world is that there are certain members that set traps for flies and other insects, which they eat, digest and assimilate for their physical welfare. Plants sleep somewhat after the manner of humans, and they are controlled, as far as reproduction is concerned, by the great element of sex. Moreover, as all who observe them carefully know, plants have a determined and obdurate scheme of life and often a most subtle instinct impelling them to gain their own way; the determination of a vine stretching toward a certain trellis on which it wishes to climb is an everyday illustration of this fact. To gain an objective point many plants have been known, if need be, to strangle various other kinds of vegetation interfering with their designs. Another characteristic which the plant world shares with higher forms of life is its division into workers and parasites which often deceive each other.

The influence of the plant world on man, however, is invariably beneficial to his character, as is taught preëminently by the Japanese. When intimately known, the plant expresses the quintessence of modern progressive thought—"helpfulness."



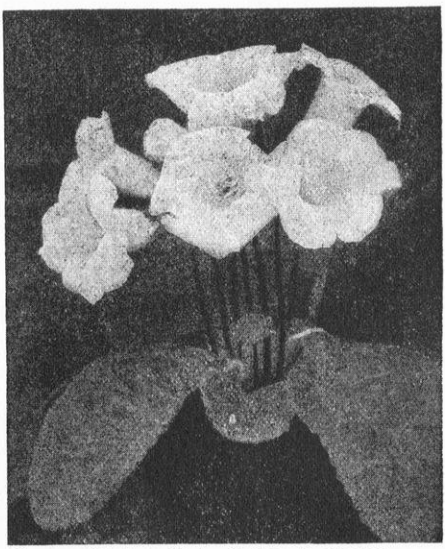
From a Photograph by Nathan R. Graves.

THE TUBEROUS-ROOTED BEGONIA WITH LARGE SINGLE FLOWERS THAT ARE AMONG THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FOR THE HOME IN WINTER.

This increased understanding, even though far from perfect, which is accorded plant life today, is emphasized by the great number of plants found in homes of every description, from the most humble to the most luxurious. That these plants give to the inmates of the homes something personally desired, is evident, or they would not be so assiduously tended. In their steady growth they inspire toward perseverance; in their gentle ways they are mute examples of patience, and they present a lesson of unselfishness in the way they sacrifice their blossoms to the ripening seeds or even die when the future of the next plant generation seems assured.

The growing of house plants during the winter months is not confined to any particular section of the country, although it is naturally less popular in tropical and semitropical regions, where Nature wears a green garb throughout the year. In most large cities, however, fields of brick and mortar, there has been for the last few seasons a very perceptible increase in the number of plants taken into the family circle.

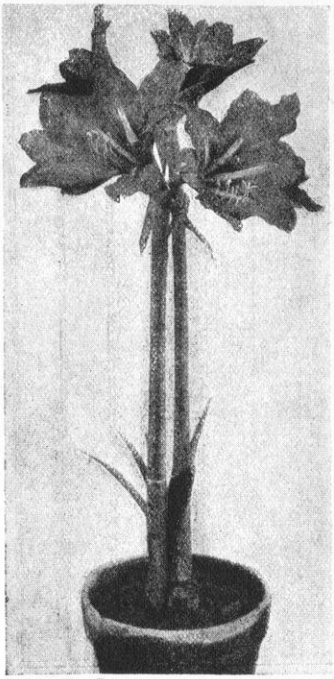
In January especially there are many ferns and other growing things upholding in the home the message of youth and greenness that lies slumbering in the earth. "We are biding our time," the plant member of the family tells us in the delicate flutter of its leaves, the exquisite grace with which it stretches new shoots toward the light. "Our particular world is not dead," it whis-



From a Photograph by Nathan R. Graves.

THE WHITE GLOXINIA WITH LEAVES OF A TEXTURE LIKE VELVET AND FLOWERS AS PURELY TINTED AS BITS OF SCULPTURE.

pers, "because the crust of the earth is dry, snow-covered perhaps, and because its warm breath has blown over the fields and away at this holiday season. We know that the spring will return and we shall again take the earth into our arms, clothe her and woo her back to her virginal beauty." Thus the little plant of the family, with its optimistic reminder of Nature's yearly resurrection, is often the cheeriest member of all.



From a Photograph by Nathan R. Graves.

THE AMARYLLIS, ONE OF THE FEW PLANTS BELOVED BY THE OLDER GENERATIONS FOR HOUSE CULTIVATION.

Lack of success in growing house plants has caused many to abandon the effort, even though such discouragement has been the outcome of inadequate knowledge. All plants, one should remember, are not adapted to grow indoors. In fact it is few out of the vast multitude of plants indigenous to the United States that will live under the conditions developed by steam heat, gas and electric lights, sudden and violent draughts let in from windows raised for ventilation. No matter how intelligent the care given certain species of plants, the conditions under which they are expected to thrive are such that from the beginning their doom is foretold. To buy from the florist a cultivated violet laden with bloom, to bring it into the house and expect it to thrive is little short of folly. In all probability it has been taken directly from a glass house or cold frame where the temperature has been carefully regulated to force it into unseasonable bloom. It has then been potted merely for the purpose of selling, and consequently should be bought simply for the beauty of the moment. The cultivated violet is not a house plant, neither is the pansy; but they can be used as illustrative of a large number of plants which, although very attractive in the florist's window, are unpractical and costly as decorations for the home. Likewise most of the rarer ferns have but a short existence indoors, although they are continually recommended for this use.

Of blooming plants the most satisfactory for winter house culture are undoubtedly the sturdy geraniums—especially the Martha Washington and the well known red and white flowered variety—for they will live and bloom continuously from fall till spring. They are most effective in sunny windows, and their richly colored, translucent petals can be made to enhance an infinite number of color

Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

ONE OF THE FERNS THAT IS MUCH USED IN JARDINIÈRES AND WHERE THROUGH THE UNFAVORABLE CONDITIONS OF THEIR PLACING IT SHOWS OFTEN A RELUCTANCE TO GROW.

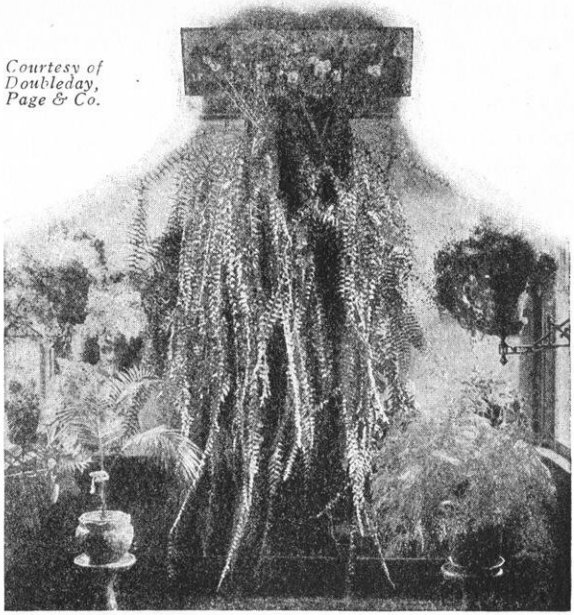
schemes. For geraniums, besides, the simplest care suffices. They must have, of course, a sufficient amount of water, sunlight and fresh air; their blooms should be clipped off occasionally that others may be encouraged to form, and they should be kept free from dead or discolored leaves. It is interesting to note that often in the poverty-stricken quarters of town or city, it is a geranium that gives a touch of cheer to the neighborhood, rearing its symmetrical leaves and brilliant heads of bloom from a tomato can. And usually in such places it thrives amazingly, as though realizing how much needed is the brightness of its flowers.

Other house plants of old-time sentiment, tried and trusty, are the Cape Jasmine, now better known as *Gardenia florida*, the maple bell, oxalis, lemon verbena, tea rose and the Amaryllis which, when in bloom in the winter months, surpasses almost all other plants in striking beauty.

Gloxinias, flowers rich and heavy in texture as Genoese velvet, are wonderfully decorative in the home, and are easy to keep in vigorous health. They thrive best at a somewhat cool temperature, and are therefore desirable in rooms or halls where heat is not constant. During part of the day these flowers should have full sunlight.

Tuberous-rooted begonias have become of late great favorites for window cultivation, and the large

Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

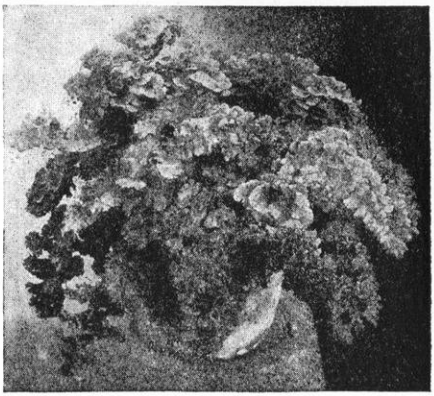


THE BOSTON FERN THAT THROUGH ITS LENGTH OF FRONDS AND GENERAL LOOK OF VIGOR INDICATES THE GOOD CARE IT RECEIVES AND THAT IT IS IN TRUTH A MEMBER OF THE FAMILY.

single-flowered ones are especially beautiful. They require an abundance of water and do much better than geraniums in places of enforced shade.

The Norfolk Island pine is now a well known house plant, and is highly popular for the sunroom or cool, light corner. In appearance it suggests a tiny pine tree. It is a foliage plant, the bloom being too inconspicuous to be taken into account.

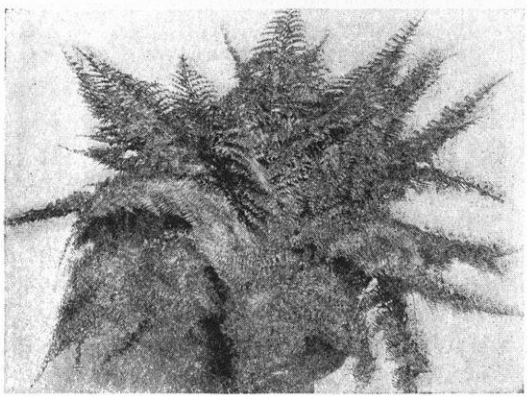
The Crotons form also a group of foliage plants distinguished in form and rich in color. If properly cared for they can be kept indoors during the winter and planted out in the garden when spring returns.



Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

A LOVELY VARIETY OF FERN NOW MUCH SEEN IN THE HOME, ALTHOUGH IT IS NOT ONE THAT CAN ENDURE NEGLECT OR UNSKILFUL TREATMENT.

Ferns are charming in the home, the ordinary varieties being well known to all. The Boston fern and its kin have secured immense popularity through their remarkable durability and splendid expressions of health. For all problematic places in the house they are the plants most likely to endure. The ostrich plume fern has very finely divided fronds and is the fern par excellence for either table or hanging baskets. In all probability more house ferns are killed by excessive moisture than by lack of water. They should be kept only moderately moist, and during the winter when they are more or less in a dormant state they require much less water than in spring and summer when sending forth new fronds.



BOSTON FERN: A HARDY, BEAUTIFUL PLANT SUITED TO FAMILY LIFE.

Palms, of course, especially the smaller ones, are among the most graceful of all house plants, the Kentias being the best for general purposes. These vary in height from a few inches to six or seven feet, and are more svelt, more light and graceful than the equally well known fan palms.

A house palm of unusual interest is the pigmy Phœnix discovered by Mr. Charles Roebelen in Cochin-China, in eighteen hundred and eighty-

nine. It is a veritable dwarf, albeit a plant that created a sensation when first introduced into Europe, the pioneer specimen in London selling by auction for fifteen hundred dollars. The first plant brought to this country two years later sold for five hundred dollars. The skill and patience of nurserymen, however, have now so greatly increased the number of these palms in America that they are within reach of every lover of rare plants, so far as cost goes; and once one of them has entered the home, it is apt to become an individual of importance, a little member of the family appealing to all through its chaste and exquisite personality.

When for various reasons no other plants are grown indoors, there will sometimes be found a number of rubber plants. They are extremely healthy, accepting conditions that would kill most members of the vegetable world. Rubber plants are adaptable to training and can be made to branch in desired directions or to grow tall and straight simply by encouragement or suppression of the shoots that appear where the old leaves drop off. To thrive best, the plants need pure air, and water in somewhat limited quantity in winter, and the leaves should be washed sufficiently often to be kept free from dust. If the winter prove severe, or if the plants have suffered from draughts and neglect, they are grateful for a drink of sweet oil, a pint bottleful emptied about their base. The variety called *Ficus pandurata* is in appearance the most distinguished of all rubber plants, and perhaps the most satisfactory.

One of these plants that had become a real member of a family once met with a serious accident. It was dropped from a height by a young son of the house and its main stem was broken. The boy did not wish to confess his fault, and therefore resorted to what he supposed to be a clever subterfuge. He bound the stem together with string wrapped about it in the form of a bandage, doing so to put off the inevitable confession of his carelessness. Every morning he looked askance at the plant, dreading to see that its leaves had begun to shrivel. He watched for the signs of death day after day, but no such signs appeared. It is true that for the moment the plant ceased growing, yet it gave no evidence whatever of lack of vitality. The boy's curiosity was aroused, and one day he took off the string bandage. The severed parts were growing neatly together, for the plant had sent out sap to act as a healing salve for its wounds! So delighted was the lad that he bound another bandage about the stem, and from that day forth attended the plant with the assiduity of a surgeon. It responded to his care, the supposed calamity binding them together in friendship.

ON EIGHT DOLLARS A WEEK!

HOW DO THEY DO IT ON EIGHT DOLLARS A WEEK?: FROM A PEN AND INK DRAWING BY ETHEL MYERS.

THE CRAFTSMAN RESTAURANT: BY A VISITOR

OVEL experiences, as we grow older, are worth having, and it was somewhat of a novel experience for me to find myself thinking in a restaurant; more than that, to be in a restaurant that made me think. Most restaurants seem designed to discourage thinking, to distract the attention. Doubtless there are enough people who seek them to get away from their thoughts. But here, in the upper story of a modern building in the heart of New York itself, I discovered myself thinking. It came over me, with a sort of mild surprise that the atmosphere was conducive to thought.

About me people were lunching quietly, without haste and without boistrousness. Soft-treading little men of Nippon brought delectable viands on dainty dishes. A stringed orchestra was playing softly something familiar from Grieg or MacDowell—I hardly noticed what.

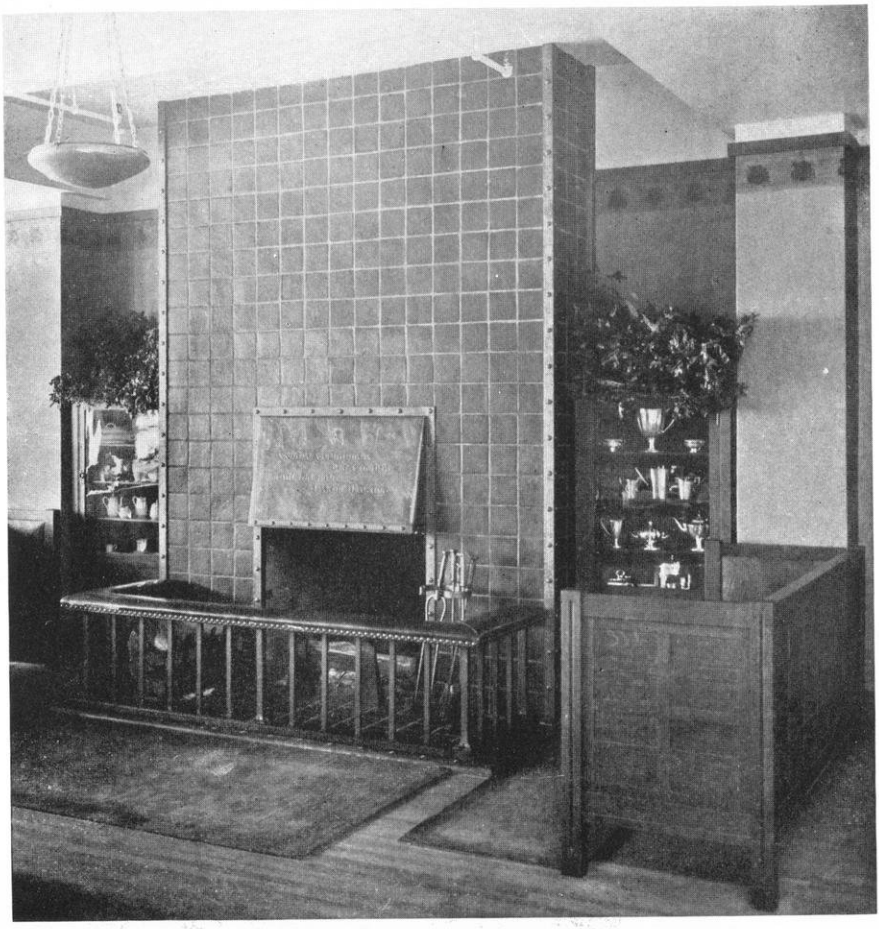
My host had left me for a few moments to greet some friends at another table, and I found myself, not unnaturally, philosophizing on the not altogether original topic of eating.

It is odd, when you stop to think of it, what a rite and ceremony this physical act of eating has become among us. Brought to its last analysis, it is about as crude and vulgar as anything we do. The invention of forks and spoons has made it less so, and yet it is a purely animal and unintellectual function.

That humankind has made a social ceremony of eating is perhaps an evidence of our ability to rise above the plane of the beasts. However that may be, we have become gregarious and social in our eating. The breaking of bread and the sharing of salt have come to hold a meaning for us. By feast and banquet, wedding breakfast and afternoon tea, we celebrate the things that are dearest to us. Eating together has become one of the testimonials of friendship.

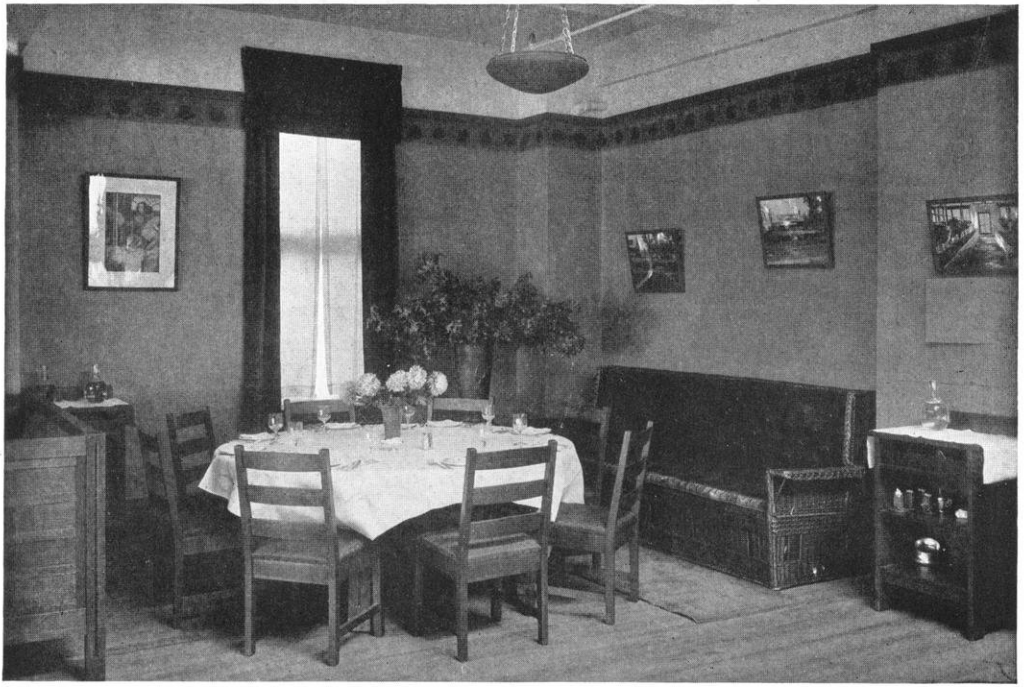
To be sure, we have overdone it, just as we are prone to overdo and coarsen most of the more intimate expressions of our lives. There is too much feasting, too much dining out, too much conviviality. It is a pity that we cannot all of us confine the observation of the friendly rite to the home table, where only intimates and true friends may gather to pour out their temperate libations to the household gods. But it cannot be so. Men and women will continue to gather at the public inns and cafés in spite of our moralizing. "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there will be no more cakes and ale?" Moreover, the arrangement of modern life often makes it necessary for men and women to be away from home at that urgent hour when their country cousins are listening for the dinner horn.

It is therefore an indication of progress when a man deliberately



THE BIG TILED CHIMNEYPIECE IN THE CRAFTSMAN RESTAURANT, NEW YORK: THE LOG FIRE ON THE OPEN HEARTH GIVES THE PLACE A PARTICULARLY HOMELIKE AIR.

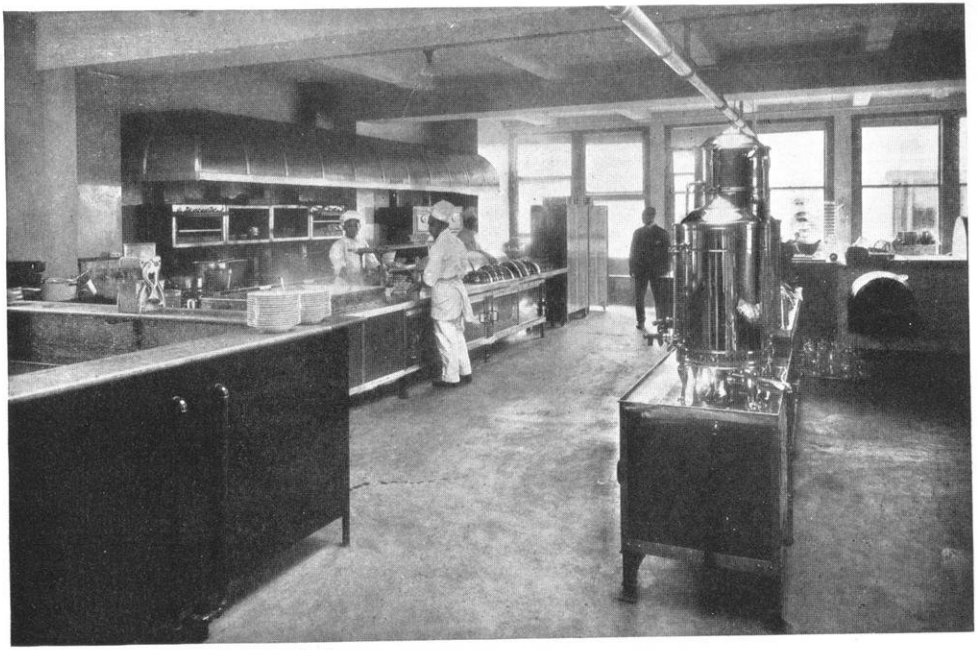
ONE END OF THE SIMPLY FURNISHED DINING ROOM: IN WHICH THERE IS SEATING CAPACITY FOR THREE HUNDRED GUESTS.

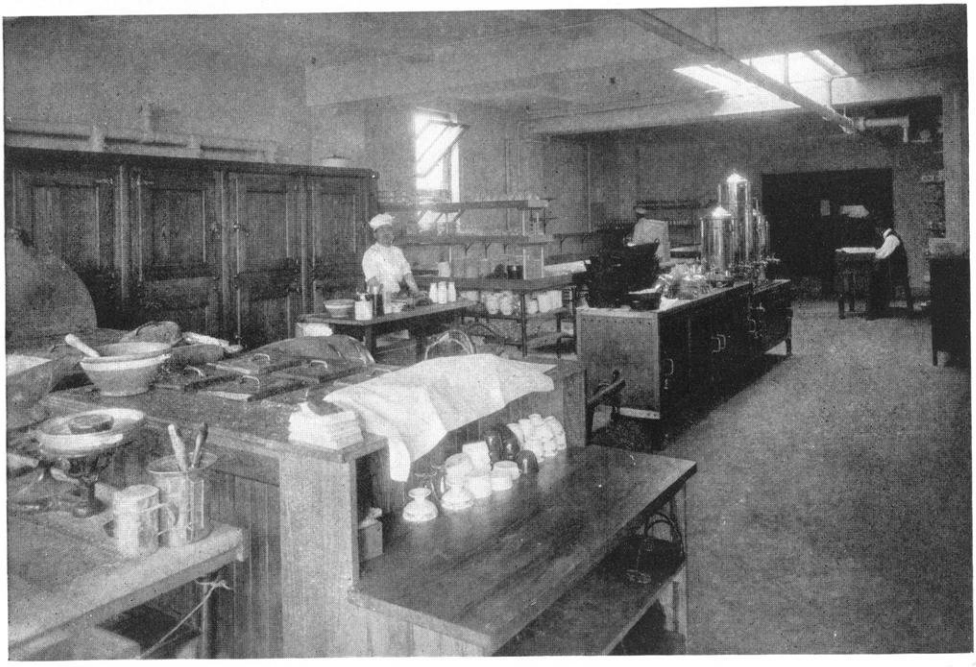


THE SIDEBOARD IN THE CRAFTSMAN RESTAURANT, WHICH, LIKE THE REST OF THE FURNITURE, WAS SPECIALLY DESIGNED AND MADE IN MR. STICKLEY'S WORKSHOPS AT EASTWOOD, NEW YORK.

AN INVITING CORNER IN THE RESTAURANT: THE FUMED OAK FURNITURE AND BROWN WILLOW SETTLE ARE EFFECTIVE AGAINST THE WALLS OF GOBELIN BLUE.

A VISTA THROUGH THE MANY-WINDOWED CRAFTSMAN DINING ROOM GIVING SOME IMPRESSION OF ITS SIZE: ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING FEATURES OF THIS RESTAURANT IS ITS CONNECTION WITH MR. STICKLEY'S HOMESTEAD, CRAFTSMAN FARMS, FROM WHICH THE POULTRY AND DAIRY PRODUCTS ARE BROUGHT FRESH EACH MORNING.





TWO VIEWS OF THE KITCHEN OF THE CRAFTSMAN RESTAURANT, A MODEL OF TWENTIETH CENTURY HYGIENE: THIS LIGHT, SUNNY, AIRY ROOM OCCUPIES THE SOUTH END OF THE TWELFTH AND TOPMOST FLOOR IN THE NEW CRAFTSMAN BUILDING.

sets out to equip a restaurant that shall possess, so far as is humanly possible, the simplicity and quiet and intimate charm that home-loving hearts crave in the great city. That is what Gustav Stickley has done on the twelfth floor of the new Craftsman Building. It is unique; there is none like it. In comparison, even the little tea rooms in the side streets seem insincere, and the hotel restaurants with their noisy cabarets become artificial and restless.

It would be difficult to analyze the atmosphere of this place; the spirit of it is what counts for most. But the material manifestations of that spirit are not without interest and significance.

To me it goes without saying that a product of the Craftsman establishment is beautiful. The room is long and airy, with soft-textured walls of warm, rich Gobelin blue, brightened at the top by a frieze of conventionalized nasturtium leaves and blossoms in tones of light and dark green and deep red. Here and there are framed sepia photographs giving glimpses of the homestead and wooded hillsides, the grazing cattle and pasturelands of Craftsman Farms.

A singularly restful glow is shed upon the room by the indirect lighting, the rich cream color of the ceiling reflecting the rays from suspended copper bowls—a point that adds much to the quiet home-like atmosphere.

THE floor is of maple, stained a mellow brownish-gray, and is dressed with rugs in soft tones of brown. The furniture, especially designed and built at the Craftsman Workshops, is of brown fumed oak, and the chairs have seats of brown and gold hair-cloth. The oak tables vary in size, some being round, some square, and some hexagonal. Also in close harmony of browns are the hand-some sideboard, china cabinets, leather-cushioned settles and piano, while over the windows are coffee-colored net curtains, with brown velour hangings at the sides, bearing a stenciled nasturtium border in dark green, dull red and orange.

One of the most attractive and homelike features of the room is the fireplace, which is faced with Grueby tiles of brownish-mauve, bound with bands of hammered iron. The hood, of iron-bound hammered copper, bears in raised letters the motto:

Where young men see visions
And old men dream dreams.

On the tile hearth are massive wrought-iron andirons, iron fire set and wood basket, and a fender of hammered copper and iron with a leather-cushioned rail, each piece contributing to the general air of simple craftsmanship that pervades the place.

THE CRAFTSMAN RESTAURANT

The Irish table linen, the brown willow baskets in which rolls are served, the tasteful silver and glassware, the brown-bordered china, and the pale brown flower vases are all in carefully studied harmony, unconsciously producing the same effect as the orchestra of piano, violin and 'cello, which discourses sweet melody during the meal hours.

The genius of the place is Mrs. Cutting, who holds the unique post of hostess—unique for a commercial restaurant. To her, in large measure, I understand, is due the credit for the decorations of the restaurant as well as of the rest rooms and club rooms on the eleventh floor.

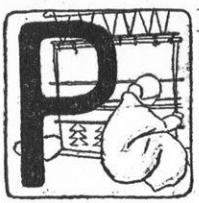
It has not yet been my privilege to visit the Craftsman Farms in New Jersey, but I have partaken of their product, for the dairy and poultry at the Farms—Mr. Stickley's Holsteins and White Leghorns —furnish the Craftsman Restaurant tables with milk, cream, butter, and eggs, and the drinking water comes from the springs in his hillsides. Next season Mr. Stickley expects to bring in also his own fruit and vegetables.

The menu is simple, wholesome, varied, and daintily served, and is cooked in a kitchen that is a model of modern scientific sanitation and efficiency. The waiters are Japanese, drilled to the highest point of quiet skill by the Japanese steward.

Are details wearisome? So much has been necessary to give a slight idea of the physical aspects of the Craftsman Restaurant. Its spirit, its atmosphere, its intangible soul—for you feel that it has one —is the Craftsman spirit, which is another way of saying the life ideal of one man. From the time Gustav Stickley opened his first little furniture shop in Syracuse—and long before that—his achievements have been the result of a sincere ideal of work, the ideal of the *Thing Well Done.* It is that which has woven itself into the sturdy beauty of the Craftsman furniture, into the mission of the Craftsman magazine, into the model dairy at the Craftsman Farms, into this big idea of service of the Craftsman Exposition, into the Craftsman Restaurant whose broad and sunny windows look across the grime and sordidness of a great, self-seeking city to the green fields and blue hills of God's country beyond.

(*For additional description and illustrations see page 397.*)

SERVICE AND THE SERVANT: BY GUSTAV STICKLEY



ROBABLY nine women out of every ten in America regard the servant problem as the hardest to face and most difficult to solve. It is one of the whimsicalities of our present American civilization that practically all American-born citizens feel that they are entitled to have some one do the hard work of their lives. And so we stand before the world as the most flourishing of democracies yet with the most inbred distaste for manual labor. Even education in America has in a measure ceased to become a means to acquire a wider knowledge of life, a surer philosophy, a deeper wisdom, an opportunity for the adjustment of ideas and ideals to the kind of work that will bring the best development, but is rather training to escape work,—at least such work as may involve the use of bodily strength. It is an odd and naïve separation we have made in this country between the brain and the hands, as though the hands were not the brain's opportunity for execution and development, and as though both were not essential to every man's full, free achievement. We seem to feel that it is a great thing to design any useful article, a comfortable, happy thing to possess the article, but not a matter of pride to make it. We are proud of the man who is able to provide his family with food and clothing, proud of the woman who shows you her house, artistic, comfortable, sanitary; but indifferent to the people who work for the man, who help him to make his money and even more indifferent to the people who work in the house to make it clean and fresh and homelike.

If we stop to think, probably no more singular, anomalous, unbelievable social state ever existed than a democratic civic condition with a social state founded on a caste system. What real progress, what final coherence can there be where the national ideal is simplicity and fraternity and a personal ideal founded on the ignominy of the great mass of laborers who should be the foundation and the cornerstone of the whole scheme of our American civilization? In other words we talk freedom and seek to live by a caste system founded on wealth. What we seem to have done in this country is to have substituted the word *servant* for the word *service*. All national as well as all individual life must be built up to any success on an ideal of service. Every great man must in the truest sense of the word become the servant of the people. Indeed service is the link that binds together all phases of society into one complete symmetrical national circle, whereas the modern idea of the servant is to separate society into strata, not to link it together. It is impossible for service to be rendered for revenue *only*, and that is what we are doing in

America. We are commercializing one of the most valuable human relationships.

For men and women to give to each other, to help each other, to sacrifice for each other is to develop and to establish all the finer bonds of sympathy, understanding and love. For all service to be put upon a financial basis with the obligation a money one only, is to produce that strange human product, the center of so much conflict today—the servant.

WHEN the first Roman soldiers were paid to serve their country, they were called mercenaries, and although needed by the nation, received the contempt of the people. The servant of today who gives only for money, who feels all obligation ended when money is received is on exactly the same footing as the mercenary of the Roman army. And the man or woman who employs a servant feeling that all obligation is ended when money has changed hands is not only voluntarily destroying one of the most significant of human relationships, but is adding to the weight of that great problem which is already bowing the shoulders of the unthinking feminine world, east and west.

In a land where a caste system is already established as in England, the servant problem is not so difficult because the people who are the servants of the idle are in an established social status regardless of their occupation. If they were not your servant they would be some one else's or possibly they would be starving or striving to save money to come to America. And because there is no revolt against this condition by the people suffering from it, there is naturally a much greater kindness on the part of the people who control the system. There is much more real friendliness between master and servant in England than in America, for in America we are not entitled to the system. It is being forced upon us by the few who can afford to buy it, by those who chance to be idle, or too rich, by the thoughtless, or the unsympathetic, and so the system is working in a somewhat uncertain, loose jointed fashion. The servant is forever escaping the master, the master is forever trying to readjust the question financially. The servant who is held revolts against the injustice; the master who holds him disparages the servant, all because we are accepting and striving to develop a system that is born and bred under artificial conditions, a fungous growth on our civilization, resented deeply by those suffering from the confusion.

If we look back to the early days of our civilization in America there was very little worry about servants, in fact, the word was seldom if ever used. People "helped" each other. The woman with

a large household, with many children, had the help of her own daughters and "handmaids" from other families, and these young people worked together, played together without social distinction, with but little reward beyond a thorough instruction in the duties of the life of their kind of civilization. The men who helped on the farm were a part of the farmer's family, the men who helped in the shops were a part of the shopkeeper's family. Everywhere the helper was regarded with respect, and the service rendered and needed bound man to man, and woman to woman. In other words in our simpler days, in the beginning of our democratic civilization, men were regarded as equals unless through their own waywardness they separated themselves from the community fellowship. On no other basis than this can a democracy worthy of the name flourish and progress. The fine spiritual attainment possible through the fullest expression of human service is the final flower of every ripe Democracy.

If we stop for one moment to think of the basis upon which our lives rest today we can easily see the absurdity of what we consider the servant problem. On what possible foundation, except the old slave tradition of the right of one human being to own another, do certain groups in modern society decide that they must be worked over, waited on, cared for, at the expense of the life and happiness of other people? Who has selected the certain few to be held back from life's cares and life's essential developments?

If we face this question squarely and decide that there are no elect, that each of us deserves from life in proportion to what is given, that life for each of us is only in reality a chance to prove how great our gifts can be, then the servant problem sinks into comparative insignificance. For the moment a mother begins to really think about life, she will cease to trust her children to the care of women whom she would consider harmful to her prestige to know socially. It seems an incredible fact that today in this country there are thousands and thousands of women who give their children into the charge, day and night, of women with whom they would not break bread without a sense of social degradation. And in a lesser way we look for the comfort of our daily lives to women of whom we know nothing, of whose joys and sorrows we elect to remain ignorant, whose hand we have never touched. In other words we have elaborated, it seems almost degraded, the most beautiful service of daily life into the complicated, distorted servant problem, where we are struggling to hold servitors as our bondmen, rewarding them with money only. And they are fighting to escape us, scorning us and our money, and giving the least and the worst for it.

SERVICE AND THE SERVANT

WE all realize that no real communion of interest, no understanding, no kindness, between human beings is of importance without mutual sympathy. We have come to laugh at the philanthropist, who sits away from the people and talks platitudes. The mother who does not live in the nursery at least a part of the time, who does not know the sorrows and the sufferings of her children can never become their guide, their helper, their companion. Men and women who marry may forever live in the same house, in the same social condition, but they will not really help each other without open minds, open hearts, readiness to give, to understand. And as long as we take this great, wonderful human relationship of service and degrade it, buy and sell it in the market place, as human beings have been bought and sold, so long as we regard it as of little ethical and human consequence, so long as we refuse to bear our share of the burden of an interchange of service, just so long we shall have on our hands the servant problem, because it is not possible for a human relationship based on injustice to be permanent; it cannot in fact last at all without struggle and conflict, without bitterness and suffering.

We say that it is harder and harder to get servants in this country. As the servant problem exists it should be. It is a good thing for the country that men and women are refusing to become commercialized, it is a good thing if the people who have nothing to give are compelled to learn the lesson that they cannot have very much. But it is not a good thing for the country merely to struggle, merely to suffer, if out of the conflict a great lesson is not taught and accepted. In other words if we are baffled about the servant we must open our eyes to the beauty of real service. When we do this the problem of servitude will gradually vanish and we will find it not difficult to secure *help* for all the necessary burdens of our lives—provided for that help we give our own interest, our sympathy and largely our affection. Life is not meant to be mean and small, it is meant to be large, sympathetic and free. We cannot have freedom for ourselves without giving it to others.

Men who have really thought about life have nearly always touched this question of service. Christ himself said that *the greatest is the servant of all.* He realized that all life, all progress, beauty, joy are born in mutual service. His whole life was a lesson of service to mankind, and we remember him not because of his picturesque birth, his simple life, his tragic death, but because every moment of his existence he preached true service. We accept his preaching—in our churches; we accept his influence—in our teachers; but we do not let him guide our lives; for if we did, we would find there was no servant problem, that it had been transmuted into mutual service.

CRAFTSMAN HOMES PLANNED FOR SIMPLE SUBURBAN HOUSEKEEPING

THE majority of people who consult our architectural department and wish us to prepare special house plans and specifications have a fairly definite idea of the kind of home they desire—the size, number and arrangement of the rooms, as well as the general appearance of the exterior. When they are going to build a permanent or summer home in the country, they often prefer a typical bungalow, with all the rooms on one floor; but when they expect to build in the suburbs, where most of the surrounding houses are about two stories high, the design of the new home must be governed somewhat by the requirements of the site and environment. A one-story bungalow would appear too low, and in many cases would take up too much of the garden space. It seems desirable, even necessary, to arrange some of the rooms on a second floor.

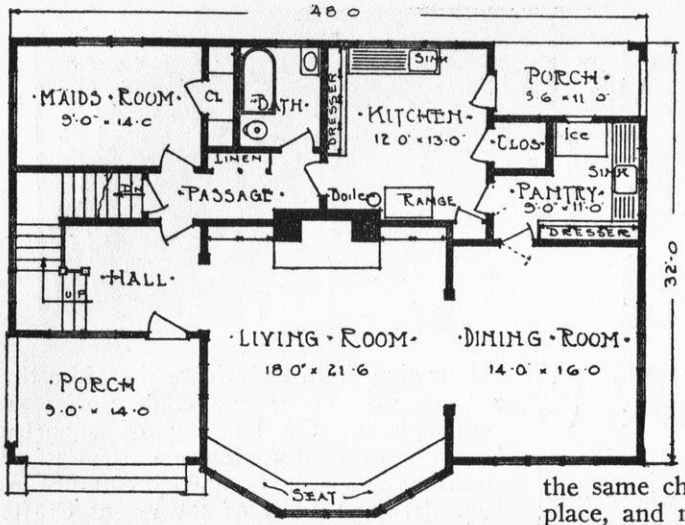
Usually, however, the owner wishes to keep as close as possible to the bungalow style, with its wide eaves, low roof, unpretentious, homelike air and spirit of nearness to the ground. At the same time adequate sleeping accommodation must be provided upstairs, with full-height rooms, not merely attics. To accomplish this, the upper floor space must be laid out with great economy and compactness, and a form of exterior construction devised that will enable the main roof lines to be kept as low as possible, emphasizing the breadth and length rather than the height of the building.

Knowing from experience therefore that a large number of our readers who are contemplating the building of suburban homes must conform more or less to restrictions of space, size and expenditure, we have designed many of the recent Craftsman houses along the foregoing lines, so that the drawings may have a wide range of usefulness, either just as they stand or with modifications to meet the individual case. And the two houses presented this month have been planned with the same general purpose in mind.

THE first house, No. 177, is designed to be built on a field-stone foundation, with walls of stucco on brick or metal lath, with a pebble-dash finish, and roof covered with asbestos shingles. This will prove an interesting combination of materials and textures. We would suggest that shingles of a soft green be used, and that the door and window trim be also painted green, with white sash, while a warmer contrasting note can be added by painting the cement floors of the porches terra cotta.

The house is arranged for a small family with one maid, and her quarters have been provided on the first floor in order to leave the second story free for family use.

The best exposure will be facing south, as this will insure the early morning sun in the dining room as well as plenty of sunshine for the many-windowed living room and the living porch. This sheltered porch forms the entrance to the hall which, though not very large, is light and open, giving one at once an impression of cheerfulness and hospitality. From this hall one has a glimpse of the living-room fireplace



CRAFTSMAN STUCCO HOUSE NO. 177: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

with its built-in bookcases on each side. The arrangement of this end of the room, it will be noticed, gives practically the effect of a nook. Directly opposite is the wide bay with its group of casement windows and its built-in window seat, which may be made to serve a double purpose if provided with lids hinged in three sections to give access to storage space beneath. Beside the bay, overlooking the porch, are a couple of small casements placed high in the wall, so as to leave room below for a piano, as this is the only available wall space large enough.

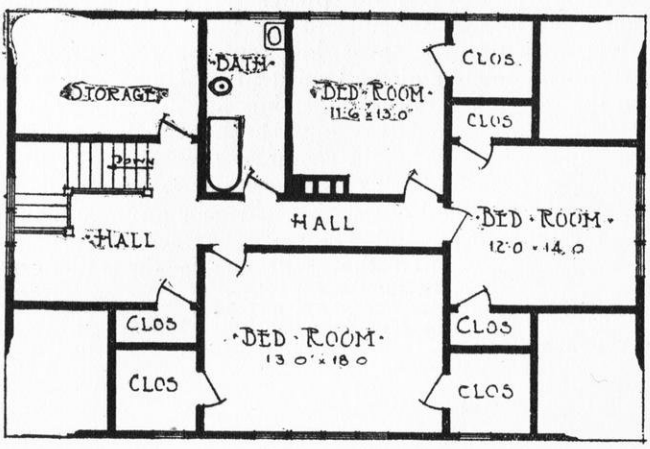
The wide opening on the right that leads to the dining room adds to the seeming spaciousness of the living room, and also permits a long vista through the interior from the hall, terminating with a glimpse of the garden through the dining-room windows.

The location of the pantry with relation to the dining room and kitchen is especially convenient, as it separates the kitchen from the front of the house and at the same time affords ready access to the dining room. The long built-in dresser, the sink with double drainboard beneath the windows, and the ice-box which can be filled from the rear porch, comprise the pantry equipment, and one corner is cut off by a good-sized square closet opening from the kitchen and lighted by a window looking onto the porch.

The kitchen is fairly large and here also there is a long dresser near the sink. The group of three windows gives light to this important working place, and in fact makes the whole room light and pleasant. If the house is built with the exposure previously suggested, it will be found a good plan to use glass in the top of the door leading to the porch, as this will give the kitchen a bit of early morning sunshine. The range is placed near the front wall so that its flue can use the same chimney as the living-room fireplace, and nearby is a small closet which, if fitted with shelves, will be found convenient for pots and pans.

On the left of the kitchen are the quarters for the maid—consisting of bedroom and bath, the former well lighted and ventilated by windows on two sides, and having an unusually large closet with shelves at each end. The passageway which connects the maid's room with the kitchen gives access also to the front hall, so that the girl can answer the front door bell or go upstairs without disturbing the people in the living room. From the passage the cellar stairs descend, and near the bathroom door is a closet which may be used either for linen as indicated or for coats and wraps.

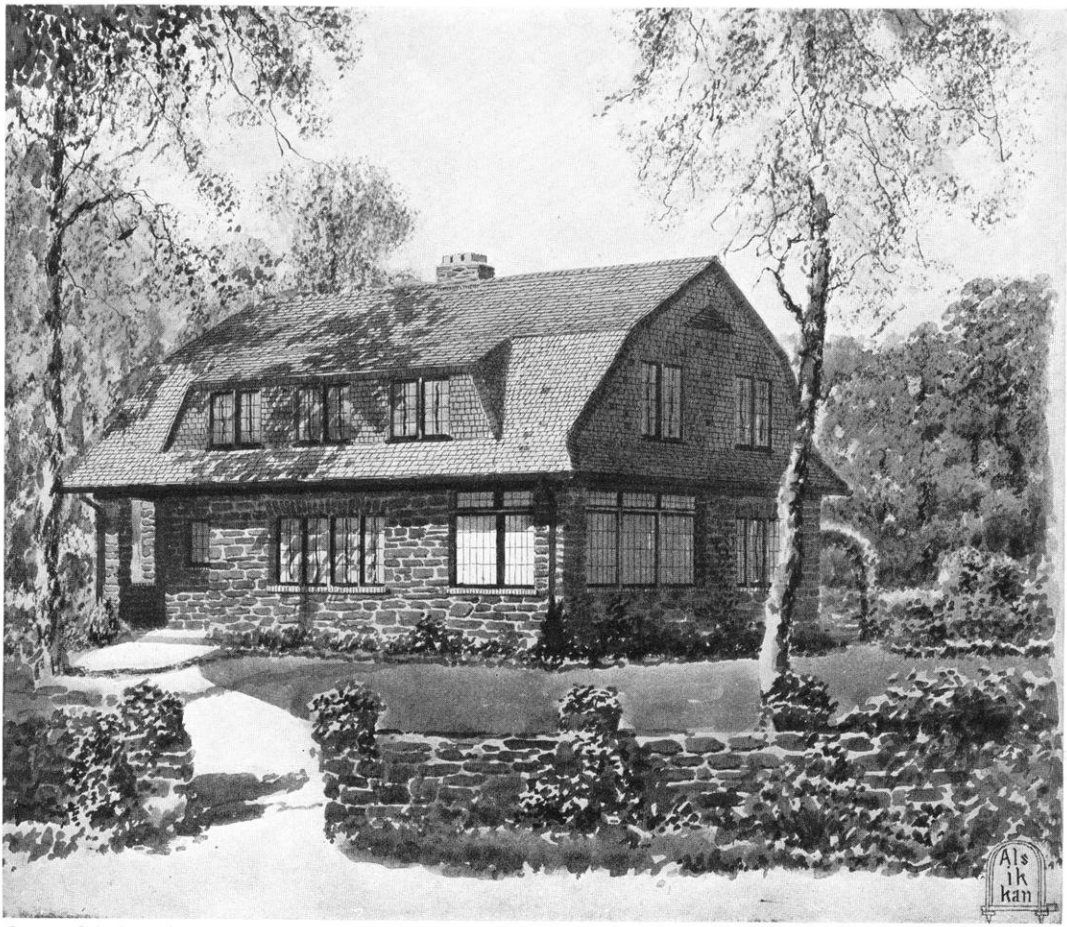
On the second floor are the three family bedrooms and bathroom for which height is provided by the dormer construction. An unusually generous amount of closet space



HOUSE NO. 177: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

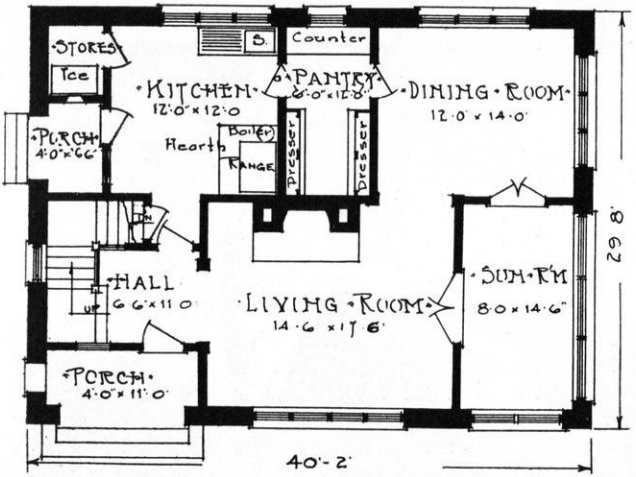
Gustav Stickley, Architect.

SEVEN-ROOM CRAFTSMAN STUCCO HOUSE, NO. 177, PLANNED WITH COMPACT, HOME-LIKE INTERIOR, INCLUDING MAID'S QUARTERS ON THE FIRST FLOOR: THE DESIGN OF THE EXTERIOR, WITH ITS SHELTERED PORCHES, WIDE BAY WINDOW, DORMERS AND LOW ROOF LINES BRINGS THE BUILDING CLOSE TO THE BUNGALOW TYPE.



Gustav Stickley, Architect.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE OF FIELD STONE AND SHINGLES, NO. 178, PLANNED FOR SIMPLE HOUSEKEEPING: IN ADDITION TO THE SEVEN MAIN ROOMS THERE ARE TWO RECESSED PORCHES AND A SUNROOM, THE BROAD WINDOW GROUPS OF WHICH ARE SEEN IN THE ABOVE DRAWING.



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 178: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

has been planned beneath the slope of the roof, opening from both the bedrooms and the hall. This is especially desirable in a house of this type where there is no attic. Three of these closets, it will be observed, as well as the large storage room near the head of the stairs, are lighted by small windows—a convenience which every housekeeper will appreciate. The hall itself has a group of three casements, and as the door to the right-hand bedroom is at the end of the narrow passage, when this door and the bedroom windows are open thorough cross-examination will be provided.

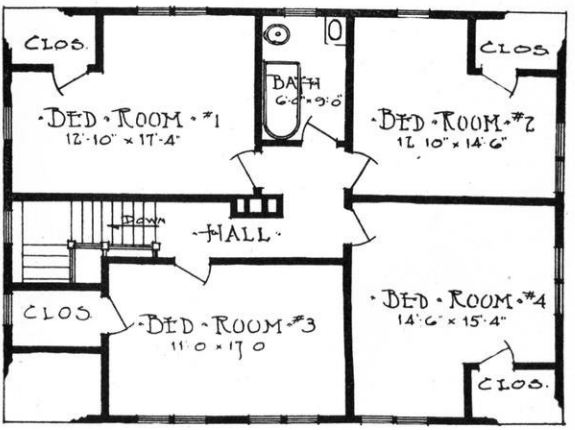
THE second house, No. 178, while quite different from the first in arrangement and construction, has been planned with the same general idea in mind: namely, the provision of ample accommodation on the second floor while retaining a low-eaved, cottage-like effect. The result, as seen in the perspective, is a gambrel-roofed, wide-dormered dwelling that suggests the old-fashioned Colonial farmhouse type.

The foundation and walls of the first story are of field stone, which is also used for the chimney and pillar of the porch. If the house is built in a part of the country where stone is scarce, some form of concrete construction may be used instead. In this case concrete or stucco may also be used for the front of the dormers with interesting result. In the construction shown here, the dormers as well as the main roof are shingled. The lines of these dormers, it will be seen, carry out the general effect of the gambrel roof. The friendly air of the building is due partly to the generous window groups. Casements have been used throughout, except in the sun parlor, where removable windows are arranged, to be replaced by screens in summer. For ventilation here transoms are provided, but if more ventilation is desired one or two of the windows may be hinged at the top.

The interior is simply and compactly planned, so that if the housewife is without a maid at any time she will be able to do the work herself without too much trouble. The entrance is from the recessed porch into a small but light and open hall from which the stairs turn up on the left, leaving head room below for a passage through to the kitchen. From this passage descend the cellar stairs beneath the main flight.

A wide opening on the right leads to the living room, with its broad fireplace, wide window group and glass doors opening into the sun parlor. The left-hand corner beside the chimneypiece would be just the place for a comfortable seat and handy bookcase, while a big cushioned settle might be placed in front of the fire, with a long table behind it so that the light from a reading lamp placed there would fall over one's shoulder.

The sun parlor is accessible from both living and dining room, and if ferns and flowers are used in this many-windowed room it will naturally add considerably to the cheery atmosphere of the lower floor. The house should of course be built facing west, or approximately so, in order that the



HOUSE NO. 178: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

sun parlor may have a favorable exposure. This will also give the dining room the morning sunshine, which is always desirable.

A pass pantry equipped with counter and two long dressers is provided between the dining room and kitchen, shutting off cooking odors from the front of the house. The kitchen should prove both light and convenient with the sink and drainboard beneath the group of three windows in the rear and the work table beneath the other window on the left. The range is placed so that one chimney will suffice for both this and the fireplace. A storeroom is planned, with an ice-box that can be filled from the little sheltered entry on the side.

Upstairs are four bedrooms opening out of the L-shaped hall which is lighted by the window on the stair landing. Closets are provided in the corners beneath the slope of the roof, and in three of the bedrooms this results in an irregular shape, which many people prefer to a rectangular room, as it gives a nook effect at the windows and affords opportunity for greater variety in the arrangement of the furnishings.

IMPROVING THE POTATO CROP

FARMERS, fruit and vegetable growers who wish to keep in touch with progressive agricultural conditions not only in this country, but also abroad, will find it well worth while to consult the bulletins that are issued from time to time by the U. S. Department of Agriculture. These papers contain much practical information on various farm topics, and in many instances the adoption of suggestions gleaned from this authoritative source may mean just the difference between success and failure of a crop.

One of the most significant points about this Department seems to be its readiness to study European methods and results, to compare them with those in our own country, and to learn whatever lessons in efficiency and economy can be taught by our transatlantic neighbors. The following report, just received from Washington, is a case in point:

"American progress in the development of improved varieties of potatoes has not been satisfactory as compared with the progress of leading European countries, is the statement of the Bureau of Plant Industry of the Department of Agriculture in Bulletin No. 47, 'Lessons for American Potato Growers from German Experiences.'

"The best European varieties possess a better flavor, color and texture, particularly for boiling and frying; but these do not succeed when introduced into the United States. If private growers would engage in this work as they have in Great Britain, Germany and Austria, they would find it a fascinating industry and would undoubtedly achieve notable results.

"In America we have much to accomplish in breeding a potato with a greater starch content. Our potatoes are now lower than the German varieties by 4 to 8 per cent.

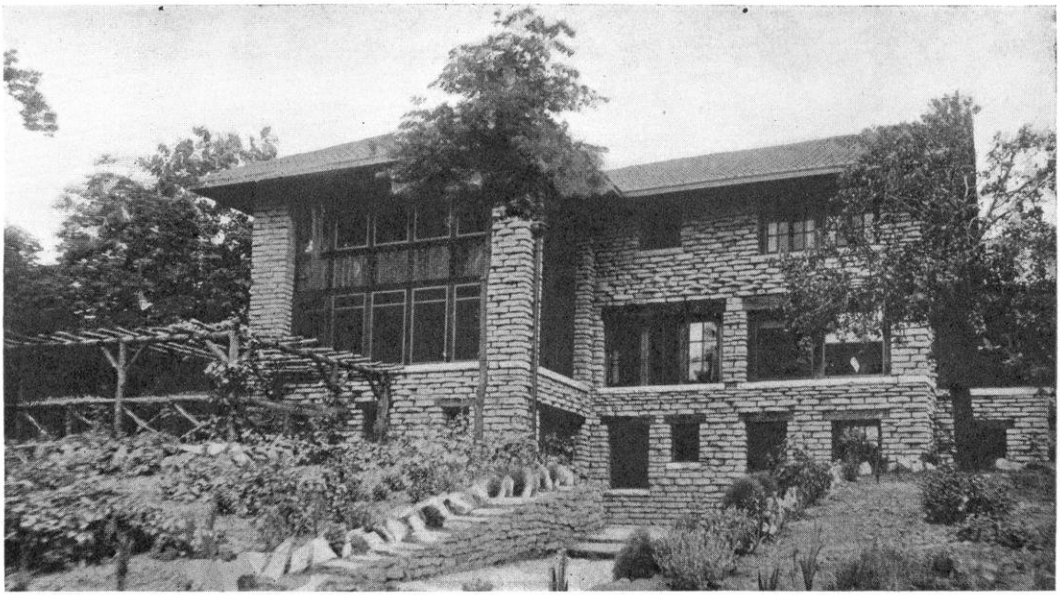
"Climatic conditions in this country are so diverse that we need varieties of potatoes adapted to special localities. Particularly do we need a heat-resistant strain that can more successfully withstand the high summer temperatures. Disease resistance is another quality that has been bred into certain foreign potatoes.

"The breeding of potatoes for different kinds of cooking might even be found profitable. A variety specially suited for baking is needed, and another for frying, while a close-textured tuber is in some demand for salads. The housewife today finds it necessary to waste much good material in preparing her potatoes for the table, particularly the irregular, deep-eyed sorts.

"The use of commercial fertilizers, universal in Germany, is unknown in our Western potato districts. Certain sections in Maine, New York and the Atlantic trucking belt have already found it to their profit to use more fertilizer, and potato growing is prosperous in these sections.

"Crop rotation is of fundamental importance to the potato crop in controlling diseases and maintaining production, but in the United States only the beginning of an ordered system has been made. Germany has a rotation of from three to seven years between potato crops. The importance of green manuring has likewise not been fully appreciated in this country.

"The problem of securing disease-free seed has been met in Germany by an official inspection which results in certificates being issued only to owners of disease-free crops. Such a plan for the United States would be better if carried out by the coöperation of potato-growers' associations, the State experiment stations and the U. S. Department of Agriculture, rather than through legal enactment."

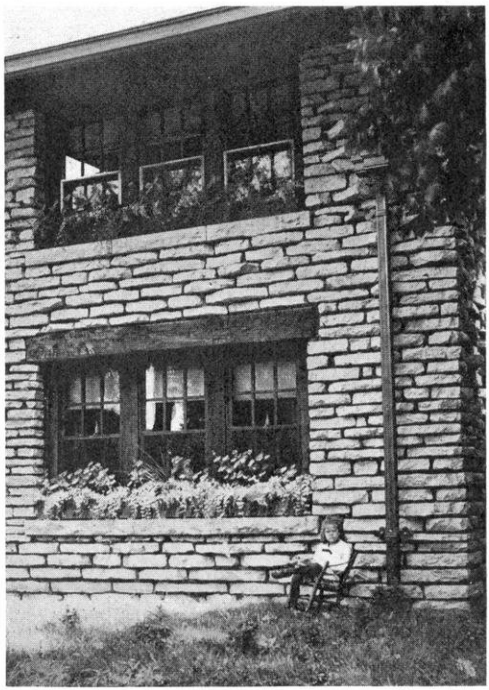


STONE HOUSE BUILT FOR MR. LEE MIGHELL AT AURORA, ILLINOIS: EAST ELEVATION SHOWING LIVING AND SLEEPING PORCHES AND RUSTIC PERGOLA: WORST & SHEPARDSON, ARCHITECTS; FRANK PACKARD, ASSOCIATE ARCHITECT.

A PICTURESQUE STONE HOUSE INSPIRED BY CRAFTSMAN IDEAS

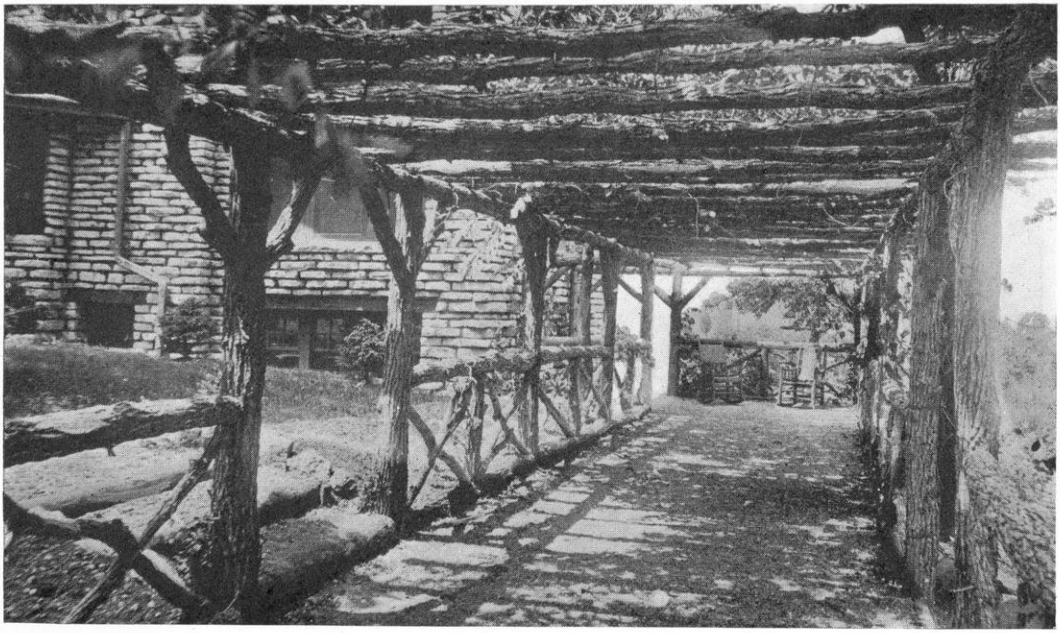
A NEW house, however well designed and built, is prone to proclaim its newness in no unmistakable fashion. The materials of its walls and roof are apt to have an unfinished air—inexperienced, one might almost say. They have not yet acquired the variety of tone and quality of texture which age will eventually give. The windows still lack the softening grace of vines, and the garden has yet to creep up and cover with its growing things the boundary line between nature and art. In short, one feels, almost invariably, that the architect's work, to be entirely satisfying, must be supplemented by the mellowing touch of Time, as well as by the subtle and humanizing influences of man's inhabitation.

This look of newness varies in degree, of course, according to the nature of the materials and the architect's skill in using them. The choice of local materials, colored in close harmony with the environment, helps to make the building seem more at home among its surroundings, and gives it somewhat of that air of picturesqueness which, as the years pass, will be deepened by weathering, by the action of sun and wind, rain and snow. And the more closely the builder can bring his work into intimacy with the character of ground and landscape, the more successful he will be in softening the new lines and surfaces into



DETAIL OF ONE CORNER OF MR. MIGHELL'S HOUSE, SHOWING HOW THE ROUGH STONES ARE LAID UP WITH RAKED-OUT JOINTS, ALSO INTERESTING ARRANGEMENT OF WINDOWS.

A MODERN PICTURESQUE STONE HOUSE



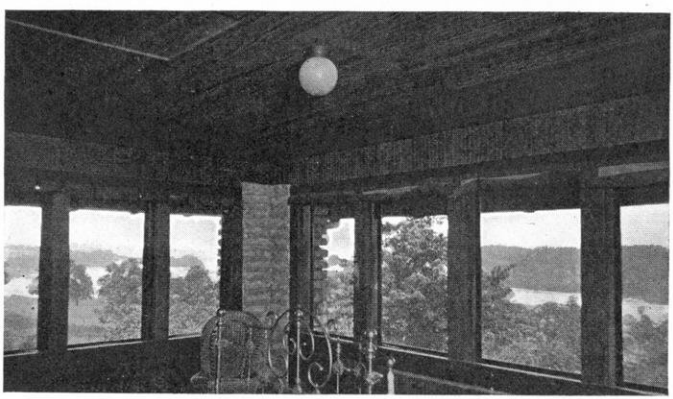
THE RUSTIC PERGOLA OF THE MIGHELL HOUSE, WHICH FORMS A PLEASANT GARDEN SHELTER AND HELPS TO LINK THE STONE BUILDING WITH ITS WOODED SITE.

an appearance of permanence and peace. An unusually interesting example of the way in which a recently erected building can be given this quality of mellow charm, is presented in the stone house illustrated here. We have seldom seen a more effective, though simple, use of local materials, or a more delightful adaptation of plans to both the requirements of the site and the needs of the family.

The building rises out of the irregular and somewhat hilly ground as though it were closely akin to the landscape—as indeed it is; and in spite of the fact that it was only finished a comparatively short time ago, it has the appearance of having stood for many years among its woodland surroundings, encircled by its simple garden with rugged stonework and rustic pergola.

Just how this effect of repose, almost of age, was gained, may be gathered best from Mrs. Mighell's own description.

"The house," she writes, "stands on a wooded knoll overlooking the Fox River, at Aurora, Illinois. This hill was used by the Fox Indians as a burying ground, and in excavating it was necessary to disturb three graves containing bones and Indian trinkets. The materials used for the house were those native to the site. Yellow limestone was quarried from a continuation of the same bluff, seven miles farther up the river, and the rusty surfaces found along the seams in the quarry were given especial prominence in the walls—which adds considerably to the color interest of the exterior. The stone was laid up in narrow courses with the faces left rough and irregular, and the dark mortar joints, more than an inch wide, were raked to a depth of two inches, so that the walls look as if



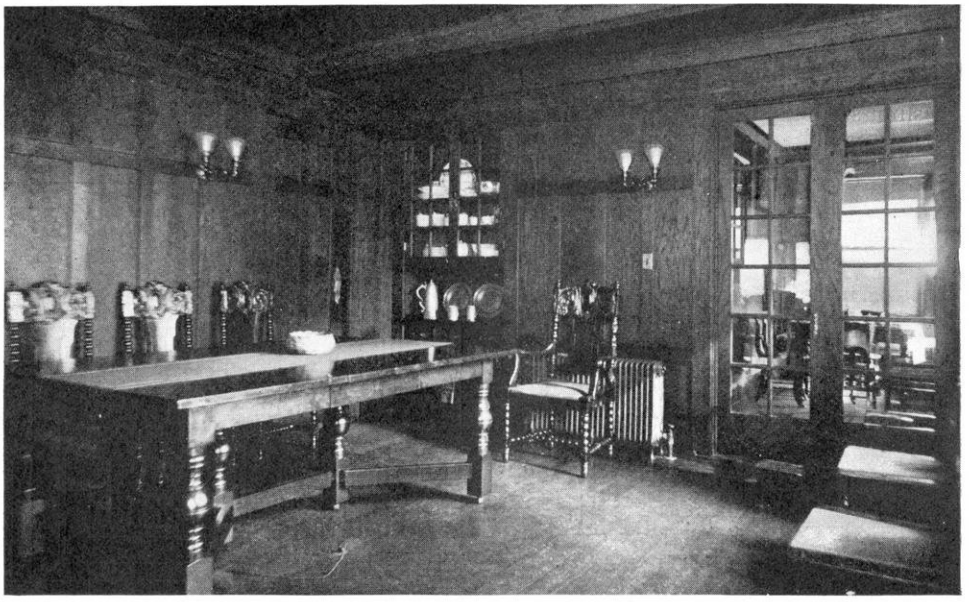
VIEW FROM THE SLEEPING PORCH WHICH GIVES SOME IDEA OF THE WIDE, AIRY SPACES THAT SURROUND THIS HAPPILY LOCATED HOME.

THE LIVING ROOM AND ITS SPACIOUS BAY: BLACK WALNUT TRIM, PLASTERED WALLS WITH AUTUMN TINTS AND SIMPLE FURNISHINGS MAKE THIS A VERY HOMELIKE PLACE.

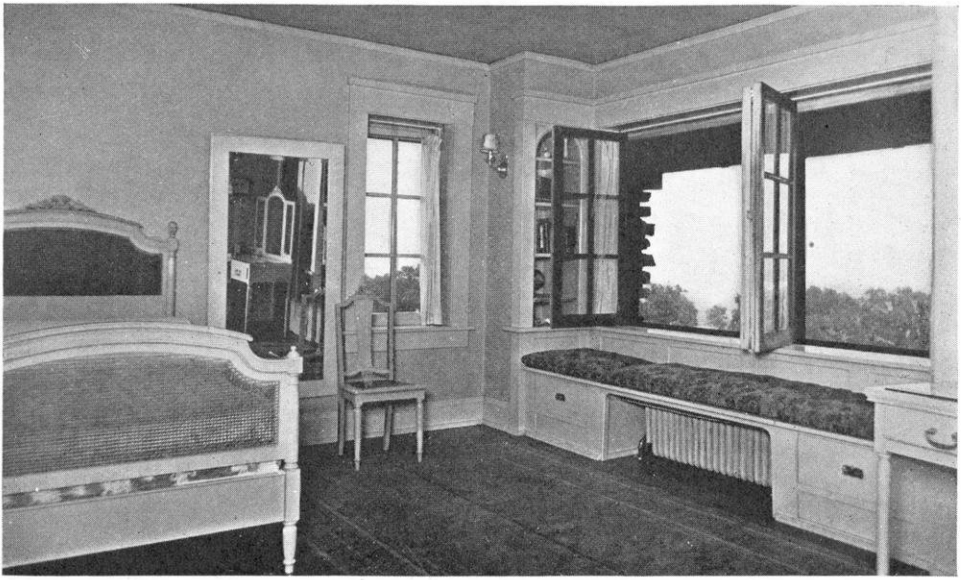
the mortar has crumbled away with age. Above the windows are heavy hand-hewn oak timbers taken from the frame of an old barn that had stood on the premises for seventy-five years. A richer note of color is added in the roof, which is mainly of dull red tile, heavily splotched with moss green. Low roof lines, wide eaves and small-paned windows with heavy muntins, add to the interest of the exterior; in fact, the whole building is expressive of the old-time simplicity and hospitality when the latchstring was always out.

"The front of the house is on the crest of the hill, while its rear wall stands on a grade nine feet lower down, toward the river, thus giving an excellent opportunity for basement light and for a garage beneath the porches.

"Inside, the same spirit of friendliness and sturdy comfort is carried out by the trim and furnishings, one of the chief features of interest being the wide old-fashioned brick fireplace in the living room, with its old brick hearth. Throughout, the ceilings are low, and boards six inches wide



DINING ROOM, WITH A BREAKFAST ROOM BEYOND: WOODWORK AND FURNITURE ARE DARK BROWN, BUT PLENTIFUL WINDOWS OVERLOOKING THE GARDENS AND RIVER INSURE AMPLE LIGHT.



BEDROOM IN THE MIGHELL HOUSE, FINISHED IN BLUE, GRAY AND DULL SILVER: THE WINDOWS FRAME WIDE VIEWS OF THE RIVER AND VALLEY FOR MILES AROUND.

are used in the floors. The walls of hall and dining room are entirely sealed in plain-sawn oak, and the trim in the living room is black walnut. Rough plaster tinted in autumn colors is used for the walls of the first floor, with the exception of the service portion, where the trim is enameled white and the walls are painted a soft gray.

"The many windows on the river side afford wide landscape views and fill the rooms with a sense of spaciousness, and from the sleeping porch one has a ten-mile vista up the valley.

"A unique feature of the house is the log den in the basement, which is sixteen by thirty feet, with a large bay in the outside wall and a huge boulder chimneypiece on the inside wall. Guns and log-house furnishings make this room a veritable pioneer's cabin.

"The house is not the most expensive in its vicinity," adds Mrs. Mighell, "but after having studied for years THE CRAFTSMAN Magazine, we feel that for the construction of a home, Craftsman ideas and a reasonable amount of money are better than unlimited cash without those ideas."

The design for the Mighell house was worked out by Worst & Shepardson, local architects, with Frank Packard as associate. So practical is the result, that we are reproducing here plans of the first and second floors, for they show many features in general arrangement and care of details which may be helpful to the home-builder. The big living room with its bay window and built-in seat, the screen porch, accessible from both living and dining rooms, the little breakfast room, the well equipped kitchen, the secluded study and compact

FRONT ELEVATION OF THE MIGHELL HOUSE SHOWING INTERESTING CONSTRUCTION.

layout of the halls and stairs, are all notable features of the lower floor; and upstairs the arrangement of the bedrooms, dressing rooms, maid's room and screen porch will be found well worth studying.

The photographs give some impression of the atmosphere of genuine comfort that pervades the house, and show what an interesting effect has been attained by the rustic pergola which juts out from the rugged stone of the walls. No wonder that Mrs. Mighell likes to quote:

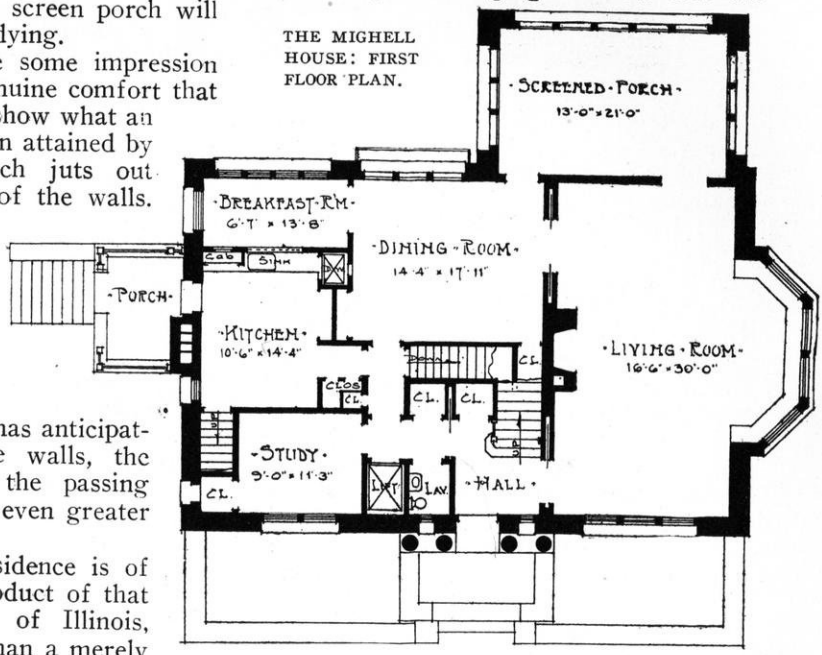
"Above on the hill
Stands the old stone house
With its honest face
And its open door;"

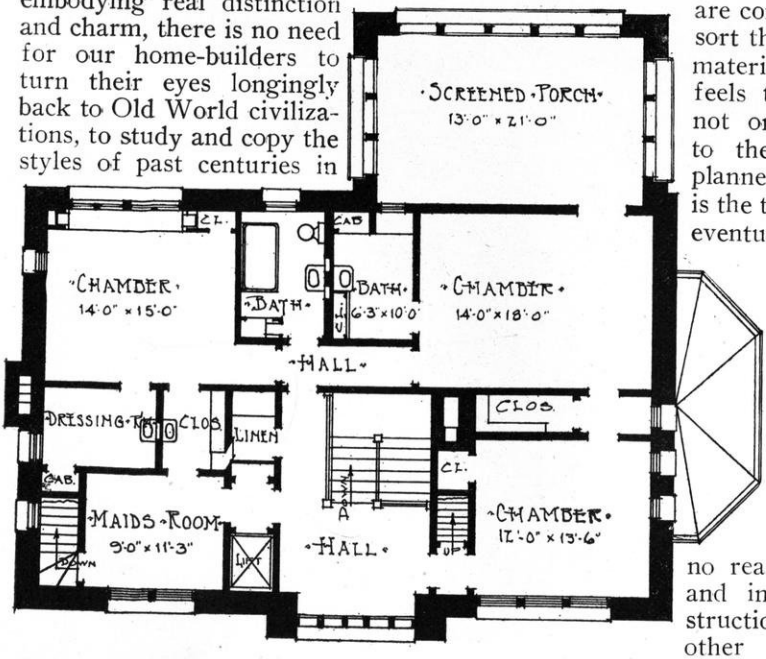
for this charming home has anticipated, by its rough stone walls, the weathered look which the passing seasons will deepen into even greater picturesqueness.

While the Mighell residence is of course essentially the product of that particular rocky section of Illinois, its significance is more than a merely local one. It is an example of the architectural interest which can be attained by building to meet the needs of the owner and peculiarities of the site. It shows that in order to achieve a practical dwelling embodying real distinction and charm, there is no need for our home-builders to turn their eyes longingly back to Old World civilizations, to study and copy the styles of past centuries in foreign lands which may or may not be suited to New World conditions. And it is particularly encouraging to know that the house illustrated here is only one of many original and attractive homes that are springing up all over the country. It is indicative of the spirit of the times, of the kind of domestic architecture that people are coming to feel they need, the sort that is developed from local materials and requirements. One feels that it essentially belongs not only to the landscape but to the home-loving folk who planned and built it. And that is the type of dwelling which will eventually help to evolve a national style, expressive of the country, the climate and the social life of the people.

One of the most striking instances in America of a distinctly indigenous type of architecture is to be found, of course, in the bungalow homes of California; but there is no reason why equally original and interesting forms of construction cannot be evolved in other sections of our widely varying land.

THE MIGHELL HOUSE: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.





SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF MIGHELL HOUSE.

HOUSE-BUILDING AS A WOMAN'S WORK

THE rapidly widening circle of vocations for women has included many lines of activity associated with the furnishing and decorating of homes; but strangely enough the planning and building of houses have remained almost exclusively in the hands of men. House-planning nevertheless would seem to be a line of work for which women should be peculiarly fitted. In the accepted scheme of our civilization, women have to do with the handling of household affairs, with the furnishing of the home, the clothing, educating and feeding of the family and the providing of such comforts as the means of the household will permit. With such experience, a woman should be eminently qualified to lay out the rooms, halls, pantries, closets and other details of a house which makes for comfort and convenience, even if the preparation of the elevations and the draughting of the specifications are worked out by men.

If, therefore, house-building has remained in the hands of men, it is because women have failed to measure up to the responsibilities demanded of them.

To some women a floor plan is as unintelligible as a bank statement: dimensions on paper convey no definite impression. For them, things must be visualized to be properly understood. Occasionally, however, one finds a woman with sufficient energy to meet the house-planning situation and to see that her own home at all events is built to meet her particular needs.

Many women, it is true, are consulted in the laying out of the general plan for their own homes; but the work is usually controlled by a professional architect, and when anything out of the ordinary is suggested there always seems to be some insuperable objection. One woman, however, of Toronto, Canada, determined to be her own architect and builder. Though without any actual experience in building, she had come to the conclusion, as the result of observation, that while the planning of an office building or factory might properly be the work of a man, none but a woman could know the countless little things necessary, in the erection of a house, to simplify the burdens of housekeeping, save steps for the housewife, and make labor easy for those who do the work.

The limitations of a small city flat had become irksome to this woman. On the other hand, the care of a large house, in view of the difficulties in getting and keeping servants, might prove burdensome. The problem to be faced was the building of a house which should have the maximum of comfort and convenience with the minimum of work for one pair of hands and economy in chores after business hours.

FRONT VIEW OF HOUSE PLANNED BY A TORONTO WOMAN: THE SIMPLICITY AND HOMELIKE AIR OF THE EXTERIOR HINT OF THE PRACTICAL COMFORT THAT ONE FINDS WITHIN.

The ready-made houses were too large or the rooms were too small; their kitchens were badly planned or their pantries were inconvenient; their sun parlors were usually at the north where there was no sun, and the bathrooms at the south where they were flooded with light. There were long, straight halls and tortuous stairways, bay windows that were draughty and fireplaces that were not, besides

countless other faulty details which showed that these houses were planned without regard to the convenience of those who might have to look after them.

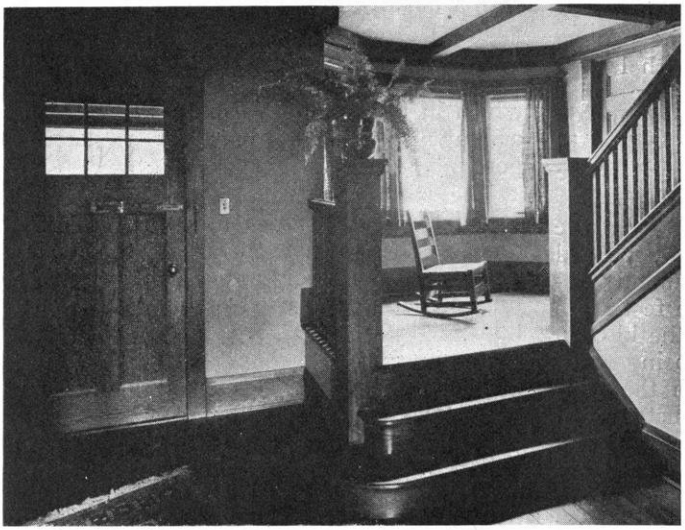
This woman of Toronto first secured a lot and then set about the preparation of plans for a house to suit it. The lot was on a new street, but one sufficiently built upon to assure the general character of the buildings. It was on the south side of the street and measured 40 by 167 feet, the land sloping gently to the south, and having at the rear a pleasing outlook over well kept gardens and lawns.

The house was planned to occupy 33 feet of the width of the lot, and 31 feet of the depth. Because of the location of the house on the south side of the street it was felt that the proper place for the veranda and sleeping balcony and the more generally used rooms was at the rear, where they could have the benefit of the southern sun. This required the locating of the kitchen at the front of the house, and the entry to it at the side, an arrangement that has worked out admirably in spite of the accepted custom that puts kitchens, pantries and bathrooms at the rear, even if by so doing they should occupy the whole of the southern exposure.

VIEW FROM THE ENTRANCE HALL INTO THE LIVING ROOM: ONE OF THE MOST CHARMING FEATURES OF THIS ROOM IS THE GROUP OF DIAMOND-PANED WINDOWS AND FERN SHELF BUILT ABOVE THE LOW RADIATOR.

A small house is usually one with small rooms. This Toronto woman determined to have a small house, one with not more than seven rooms, but each of them of ample size. In order to carry out her idea of compactness, she conceived the plan of carrying up the brick work of the house at front and rear to a point only a short distance above the first story, and then adding a dormer extending at both front and back across the entire width. This plan gave the effect of a story-and-a-half house, although, by the use of the dormer, full-height ceilings were provided for each of the four upstairs rooms.

A storm porch enclosing the front entrance avoided the necessity for a vestibule, and a generous entrance hall afforded pleasing vistas through the entire ground floor, with the exception of the kitchen. A bay window at the front provided a landing and turn for the stairs, and a group of four large leaded casements, overlooking the lawn and directly opposite the arch leading to the living room, became the focal point of an exceptionally attractive room. Another arch led into the dining room, from which a pair of French



ENTRANCE HALL AND STAIRWAY WITH PLEASANT BAY, SHOWING AN UNUSUALLY SIMPLE AND INTERESTING USE OF THE WOODWORK.

AN INVITING CORNER OF THE LIVING ROOM: THE FIRESIDE SEAT SERVES AS A WOOD-BOX, AND THE BASKET-GRATE BURNS EITHER WOOD OR COAL.

doors opened onto the veranda. The ceilings of the ground floor rooms were left in rough gray stucco, that of the hall being beamed and those of the living and dining rooms coved and carried down to the plate rails.

The fireplace, which is seen to be large and spacious now that the house is completed, is of red brick with a plain shelf and flanked with a corner seat masking a wood-box beneath. The kitchen is separated from the dining room by the pantry. The refrigerator has been built into the latter, but an additional door to the ice section has been made, opening onto the outside entry, from which it is fed without disturbing those in the house. A built-in china cupboard has also been placed in the pantry, opening into the dining room with leaded glass doors. The head room to the cellar entrance leading from the side entry is built over, providing an extra table in the pantry and additional cupboard space beneath, while the head room above a second cellar stairway, which opens from the back hall, has been utilized as a cupboard for pots and pans. A pair of mullion windows in the kitchen is placed five feet from the floor in order that those in the kitchen may look on the street without being readily seen from outside. Beneath the windows is a table specially constructed with cupboards and drawers for easy working. Both this and the sink and drainboard are 33 inches high, several inches more than the usual height of such fixtures. Those who have suffered with aching backs through bending over a sink during the washing of dishes will appreciate the advantages of having the working places made high enough to avoid stooping.

The stairs, with wide, easy treads, lead to a small hall in the center of the house, from which open four rooms and the bathroom. The newel posts are 8 inches square with large flat tops, one of those on the lower landing holding a palm, and one at the head of the stairs a telephone.

The front room to the right of the stairs is the sitting room or library. The ceiling here is also left in the rough gray plaster, and the room has an attractive brick fireplace fitted for either coal or wood. Opening from this room is a large sewing closet with drawers and shelves and space for the sewing machine.

The bedroom directly behind is a pleasant, airy chamber, 15 by 17 feet in size, with a group of four windows facing south and a wide window-seat. It likewise has a fireplace and two good-sized clothes closets, one of which has a mirror door.

A smaller bedroom over the kitchen, which may be occupied by a maid, has a corner basin with hot and cold water, a convenience which has been found very acceptable in a house with but one bathroom. Another bedroom opens onto the balcony, which in the summer is fitted with screens and awnings and is used as a sleeping porch.

The bathroom occupies the space between the maid's room and the rear bedroom. The window in the bathroom is high from the floor and of opaque glass, thus obviating the need of blinds and curtains.

Opening from the upstairs hall are also the linen closet and housemaid's cupboard. In a small house without attic or storeroom a housemaid's cupboard is a very essential feature, as it contains brooms, brushes, dust pan and the countless articles needed for careful housekeeping—a duplicate, in most cases, of those in the kitchen,

but avoiding, through its location, the labor of carrying them up and down stairs.

The trim of the house throughout is Georgia pine, stained with asphaltum to a rich tobacco brown. The woodwork in the kitchen, pantry and bathroom has been painted, with the exception of the doors, which have been left stained, and the walls all over the house have been lined with muslin and painted. Throughout the lower floor the rooms have been treated alike in a rich, warm buff, giving plenty of glow and color, and the upstairs rooms are in neutral tones, harmonious, restful, inconspicuous.

Everything is as plain in design and as free from ornamentation as possible, the simplicity of the structural features of the building and rooms alone providing distinction.

The plans for this little house were worked out by its owner as the result of careful thought and study. For months she studied such designs and plans as she could find in current publications. She examined houses by the score, gathering an idea here and a suggestion there, taking note of the sizes of rooms, thicknesses of walls, dimensions of fireplaces, construction of chimneys, location of conveniences and grouping of windows. Her plans are the result of diligent work and research extending over many months. They were drawn and redrawn again and again, boiled down, worked over, simplified. There were but three essentials to which everything must be subordinated: the house must be suitable for the lot and in keeping with the neighborhood; the cost must not exceed a certain limit; the plan must be convenient and economical of labor in its operation.

The floor plans were prepared and completed without consultation of any kind with architect or draughtsman. When finished to the owner's satisfaction, a reliable builder, to whom the work was entrusted, was called in to help in the drawing of the specifications.

Many difficulties and discouragements were encountered during the building operations, and annoying and vexatious delays. The bricklayers objected to the brick that had been chosen, because of its hardness; the carpenters, to the unusual construction of the roof; the painters, to the use of asphaltum stain in place of the ready-made stains they had been accustomed to employ; the steamfitters, to the low radiators which were arranged to fit below the windows; the plumbers, to bringing the water pipes for the basins out from the walls rather than up through the floors; the electricians, to the installation of so many switches; the telephone company, to carrying the wires through a conduit from the outside direct to the center hall.

But all these things were necessary to the proper working out of the plan. Every detail had been thought out in advance and put in for a particular reason. Everything was adopted that the designer could think of which would help to economize time, ease labor, lessen footsteps, avoid anxiety or add to the comfort and convenience.

It is essentially a woman's house, full of interesting features and quaint contrivances, yet practical in every way and at the same time thoroughly craftsmanlike in style and character. It has demonstrated also that a woman can design and build a house on entirely different and original lines; and the fact that this one was built and completed with only $50.00 of extras shows that there is, at least, one of the sex who can keep from changing her mind.

FORESTRY FOR THE LIGHTHOUSE BUREAU

THE Federal Lighthouse Bureau and the Forest Service are coöperating in forest work. Though this sounds strange, it is really a very natural combination, for the coöperation is confined to the lighthouse districts on the shores of the Great Lakes in the lumber States of Michigan and Wisconsin. The lighthouse reservations there include a total of nearly 5,500 acres, and range in size from 30 acres at Grand Island to 1,040 acres at Grand Marais.

An examination is just being started to determine the best forest methods to pursue on the reservations. On some, from which the timber has been cut, white pine and Norway pine will be planted. On others, the timber already growing will be preserved through use. On two of the reservations the opportunities are excellent for growing cedar and pine for spar-buoys and piling, to be used in the work of the Lighthouse Bureau itself.

All parts of the reservations cannot be devoted to forests. Some areas will have to be left clear for protection from fire, while others immediately adjacent to the beacons themselves must be left bare in order that the lights may not be obscured.

HOW THE AMERICAN COMMISSION PROPOSES TO REDUCE THE COST OF LIVING

REALIZING the valuable results obtained abroad through coöperation, the American Commission spent last summer in Europe studying this progressive work in various countries. Agricultural finance, methods of production and distribution, conditions of rural life—these were some of the phases on which the members collected data. And at a recent conference at the City Club, New York, the subject was discussed in detail, with a view to starting the machinery necessary to introduce here the best features of European coöperative methods, for the benefit of both farmer and consumer.

At this meeting Mr. Frederick H. Allen, of the New York State Delegation to the American Commission, gave an address on the "Relation of the Business Organization of Production and Marketing to the Cost of Foodstuffs," and his presentation of the problem was so interesting and so full of practical suggestions that we are glad to be able to quote from it at length.

"The high cost," said Mr. Allen, "of the necessities of life, particularly food products, is uppermost in the minds of the whole American people. What are the elements that make up the cost to the consumer in our cities? They are the cost of production on the farm, the cost of transportation from the farm to the railroad terminals in the city, the cost of handling by the wholesaler, jobber and retailer and the profits taken by them, added to the final cost of distribution. Out of the dollar paid by the consumer it has been estimated that in a large majority of different farm products bought by the consumer, the farmer does not receive in this country more than 35 cents of the final dollar paid, and that the agents of distribution receive the other 65 cents. In Europe one may state as a general proposition that these figures are reversed, the farmer getting 65 cents out of the dollar and the people handling the produce 35 cents.

"The excessive expense of getting these food products from the producer to the consumer is largely responsible for the high cost of living. This fact has been brought out repeatedly and proven by all the investigations that have been made. The several items of expense have been segregated and the ones which are responsible for this high cost in the greatest degree have been clearly shown in the reports of commissions appointed by the State and City of New York to study the subject. . . . These showed the proportion of the consumer's dollar that is represented by transportation and distribution of farm produce from the place where it is grown to the terminals in the cities by the railroads to be a surprisingly small part of the expense.

"Let us take an illustration in the case of milk. The railroad cost represents ½ a cent a quart per 100 miles. An independent investigation in the city of Rochester, a typical manufacturing center, brought out these facts: Under the present methods of distributing milk in that city, and which applies to most of the cities in New York State, 305 wagons are used, traveling a total of 3,500 miles daily, involving a cost of about $2,000 per day. Under a well organized system 24 delivery trucks would do the same work at a cost of $600 per day, and would have to travel only 300 miles to serve the same customers. On the basis of these figures, the waste in distributing this one commodity in Rochester alone is estimated at $500,000 per year, or $2.00 per capita, which is nearly 2⅕ cents for each quart of milk consumed. This results from the present method of competitive delivery and assembling, which brings about a tremendous duplication and unnecessary expense.

"Any one can see in a typical city block in the City of New York, in the early morning, five or six different milk delivery wagons where one could do the business. The average price today of bottled milk in New York to householders is 10 cents a quart. Roughly, the farmer receives 3½ cents. Out of this 10 cents the railroad has ½ a cent. Probably in New York City the waste cost of distribution, which in Rochester has been shown to be 2⅕ cents, runs up to 3 cents; then there is the cost of bottling, loss by breakage of bottles, expense of dealers for rents and other items, together with the profit made by them.

"Let me cite a wonderful example of efficiency in handling this product in Turin, Italy. Turin is a city of 400,000 inhabitants. It is situated in the center of a plain. The city has been divided into quadrants extending out into the country. The dairymen in each quadrant have formed

coöperative societies and supplied their particular part of the city, with the result that milk is sold in Turin at the retail store at 4 cents a quart, the cost of distributing being 1 cent. Each quadrant in the city has a number of distributing centers, and the corresponding quadrant in the country has a number of collecting centers. I do not claim that milk could be sold in New York at this figure, but reductions could be made.

"Paris is an illustration of a great city where a large company, the Maggi Company, has reduced costs by effective business methods. This company is based more on the lines of our large industrial companies, and not on coöperative lines as in the case of Turin. It has over 100 depots for its milk in Paris, and has numerous collection stations throughout the country. They sell their milk to any one coming to the depot to buy at 6 cents a quart in summer and 7 cents in winter. They guarantee the healthfulness of their milk, and use all the modern and sanitary methods of inspection.

"An illustration of what coöperation has done toward increasing the profits of producers of milk is shown by the experience of a coöperative society of milk producers who were receiving the ridiculously low price of 1 1/10 to 2 cents per quart for their milk before they combined; 152 of them arranged to sell their milk collectively to another distributing company in Paris, the "Union des Crêmeries." They now receive 3 4/10 cents per quart in summer and 3 8/10 cents in winter, delivered at the railroad terminals in Paris.

"Another coöperative society, covering the four provinces of Nantes, Tours, Limoges and Bordeaux, has 80,000 members, 140 butter factories and over 205,000 cows. They produce nearly 34,000,000 pounds of butter per year, which is sold at an average price of 27½ cents per pound at their factories, and from which they receive an annual income of $9,150,000. The skimmed milk is returned to the farmers and is valued at 4/10 of a cent per quart. The average price of the milk is 2 9/10 cents per quart, to which must be added 4/10 of a cent value for the skimmed milk, which brings the net price to the producer up to 3 34/100 cents per quart. The total annual income is thus brought to $10,400,000. The Maggi Company, to which I have already referred, retails its butter at from 29 to 40 cents per pound.

"I think that what impressed the members of the American Commission most, on their extended tour, and what has been of most advantage to both the farmer and the consumer in those countries, has been the extension of business principles to agriculture. The farmers have learned team play.

"One of the most interesting countries from this point of view that we visited was France. The rapid development of the business side of agriculture in France has taken place only within the last ten or twelve years. Some years previously the Government passed a law permitting the formation of what are called 'Syndicats Agricoles,' which permitted the farmers of France to combine into associations for the collective purchasing of supplies, sale of their products and operation of their business.

"The law further contemplated that the formation of the 'Syndicats' would bring the farmers together for the acquiring of better information in regard to agriculture and for general moral uplift. Under it the farmers began to combine, with the result that they were able to purchase fertilizers, by buying wholesale, of better quality and at about one-half the price which they had formerly paid the dealers; that they were able to buy expensive implements which no one of them could perhaps afford to get and which they used in common; and it taught them to coöperate.

"They were also enabled to establish several departments for rendering service to their members which individuals would never have been able to afford. For instance, one community of 400 people, owning a total of 2,800 acres (farms averaging 35 acres), put in an electric power plant which has reduced the cost of their mechanical operations by at least 25 per cent. They use the electric power for threshing, operating mills, cutting cattle-feed and lighting their houses. The price of this power is from 4 to 6 cents per horse-power hour, whereas the same sort of service by private concerns is from 10 to 12 cents.

"Later a law was passed which permitted the formation of mutual insurance companies against fire. This was further extended by other laws permitting insurance against loss of cattle, loss by hail and accidents to farm laborers. These insurance laws, by decreasing the farmer's risks, helped to keep him on the land. . . . .

"Then a law was passed permitting the

formation of rural credit societies, and these, within the last ten or twelve years, have largely extended, very greatly cutting the cost of interest to the farmer and very much simplifying his credit operations. Thus we see the cost of food production on the farm has been enormously decreased by the lessened cost of supplies of all kinds needed for the farm and of money loaned to the farmer, which naturally is a part of the cost price of the articles produced.

"As a question of national benefit, a great number of the best statesmen in France have given their support to the gradual evolution of the French laws which have helped to bring these benefits about, and the results are, that as the farmer has been able to make a bigger profit from his farm he has not abandoned it, and a larger population has given itself to farm work. Moreover, the better returns have helped to make better communities, so that there is a moral as well as financial aspect to the whole situation.

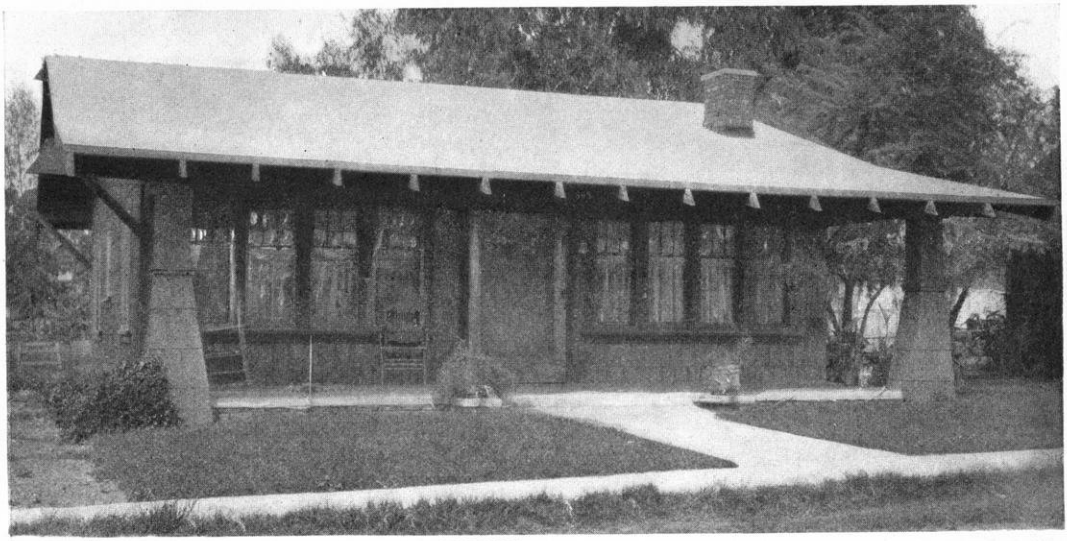
"Besides this, and further diminishing the cost to the farmer, is the formation of selling societies. As an illustration, there has been formed in Brittany a selling society for strawberries to be sold on the London market. These strawberries are collected from hundreds of farmers by means of collecting organizations, standardized and sent in shipload lots from Brest to Southampton for London. . . .

"Turning now to the side of the consumers, the most striking example of their coöperative organization is found in the coöperative stores of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, one-fifth of the population of which purchases at these stores. In 1910 nearly $558,000,000 worth of business was done by the coöperative Wholesale Society of London; $17,000,000 worth of butter, eggs and bacon was imported from Denmark alone, and about one-third as much from the United States. Besides keeping the independent dealers' prices down, which was their principal object, they have been able to give their members a rebate of something like 10 per cent. on the cost of their purchases. . . .

"If the handling of produce could be done from its arrival at the city terminals, in the same systematic manner as it is by the transportation companies, the 65 cents of the consumer's dollar would be reduced to 35 cents in this country as it is in Europe. . . .

"In Europe one of the greatest factors in reducing the cost to the consumer and the risk of marketing to the producer is the establishment of public markets, and our municipalities can do no better work for their citizens than to bring about the organizing of such markets under municipal control.

"The market system of Paris is the best and most extensive in the world. There is a great central market, called the Halles Centralles, which consists of ten buildings, covering 22 acres, all under one roof. There is a wholesale and retail market both. Besides this there are a number of retail markets scattered throughout the city. The markets are under the control of the police department, and in charge of a deputy commissioner with his subordinates. The stalls are in charge of what are called *mandataires,* or agents appointed by the police, and their commissions are regulated by law. They can have no interest, direct or indirect, in any agricultural production. The commissions allowed run from 1½ per cent. up to 10 per cent., varying in accordance with the kind of article and the quantity and regularity of the transactions. The *mandataires* or agents must pay the railroad transportation and the transportation to the market, and certain market charges. These are deducted from the total amount received on the sale of each producer's shipment, and at the end of the day a record of the transactions of each agent is sent to the Deputy Commissioner of Police. The amount due the shipper, after deducting the above charges, must be sent to him each day, unless the agents have a private arrangement, which is permitted, for sending the money forward weekly or monthly. Should there arise any question in regard to the quality or condition of a shipment the agent calls in Government inspectors, who pass on the question as to whether any deduction should be made because of inferior quality or damage. There are also Government-appointed inspecting chemists on hand, who analyze any questionable beef or other articles that require such expert examination. In fact, the system is so perfect that a shipper need not know even the name of the agent. He can make his shipment direct to the Halles Centralles, and the produce, whether it is beef, eggs, vegetables or fruit, will be put in the hands of one of the agents dealing in the particular commodity shipped."

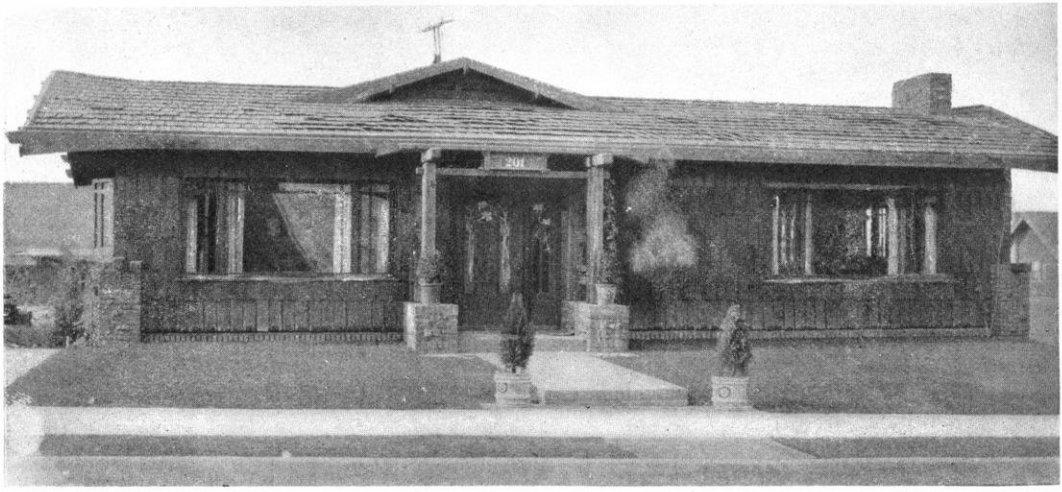


BUNGALOW AT PASADENA, CALIFORNIA, WITH PRACTICAL AND DECORATIVE WINDOW GROUPS ON EACH SIDE OF THE FRONT ENTRANCE.

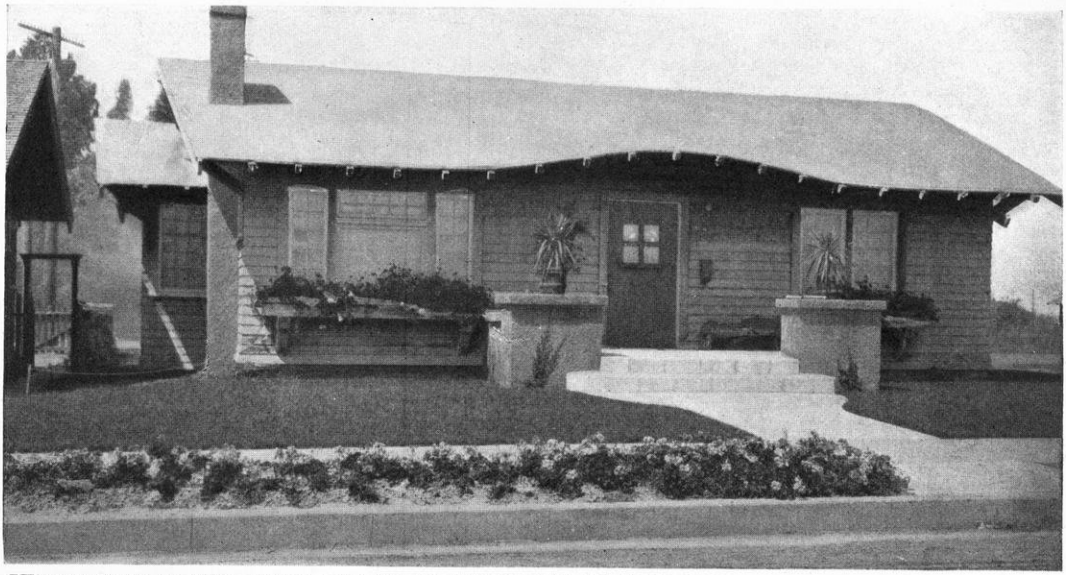
THE WINDOW: BY HELEN LUKENS GAUT

THERE is a peculiar quality about the word "window" which touches a responsive note in the imagination of every home-loving person. True, the dictionary, that strange mixture of matter-of-fact-ness and picturesqueness, coldly defines this architectural feature as "an opening in the wall of a building for the admission of light and air;" but those who appreciate the latent poetry of the window know that it is much more than that. It is a thing of unlimited possibilities for beauty and interest, both material and æsthetic. Seen from without, it gives one glimpses of the rooms and their furnishings, of the life that goes on inside the home; seen from within, it presents a vista of the garden, of the outside world of nature and of men. It is, in fact, as it has so often been called, the "eye of the house," and in its silent way it is full of life and expression, shadowy and solemn, or quaint and whimsical, wide awake and open to the sunlight, or half-closed and blinking sleepily at dusk, as the case may be. But perhaps at night the window is at its best, for then, with the lights of the room peering out through the darkness, its twinkling eye is the welcoming beacon of home.

Aside from its symbolic qualities, how-



A LOW-ROOFED CALIFORNIA HOME IN WHICH THE WINDOWS ARE ONE OF THE MOST DISTINCTIVE FEATURES, GIVING TO THE PLAIN SHINGLED WALLS A PARTICULARLY INVITING AIR.



THE WINDOWS OF THIS LITTLE WESTERN BUNGALOW GIVE AN INTERESTING TOUCH OF VARIETY, THE SMALL SQUARE PANES FORMING A WELCOME BREAK IN THE HORIZONTAL LINES OF THE CLAP-BOARDED WALLS.

ever, the window has a decorative as well as a practical claim to distinction. Wisely used, it can be made an important part of the architectural beauty of both the outside and the inside walls. The questions of size, proportion, design and placing are all things which the builder must consider carefully if he wishes to achieve a wholly satisfactory result. The majority of our modern architects evidently appreciate this fact, for one finds nowadays a remarkably interesting variety of windows in the suburban and country bungalows and cottages.

We are showing here photographs of several California bungalows which illustrate a number of successful forms of window construction, particularly in keeping with this low-roofed type of dwelling. As a glance at the pictures discloses, the windows of these little homes have been grouped so as to carry out the wide lines of the buildings and accentuate the bungalow effect—although this, of course, is not the sole purpose of planning windows in

WESTERN BUNGALOW SHOWING AN UNUSUALLY DECORATIVE ARRANGEMENT OF WINDOWS: THE DIAMOND PANES ON THE RIGHT ARE ESPECIALLY PLEASING.

groups; an even greater advantage is not breaking up the inside walls into too many sections.

From a purely decorative point of view, however, a group is more satisfactory to handle than two or more separated windows, for it gives a larger unit and secures greater dignity for this important feature. Then, too, when several windows are arranged together they offer many possibilities in the way of ornamental treatment. For instance, if there are three windows together, the middle one may be wide and those on the sides narrow, thus securing a pleasing balance of spaces and at the same time insuring for the room a broad central view. If this middle pane is stationary, a transom may be used above it, which will add to the interest of the construction as well as to the practical value.

The balancing of individual windows and groups is also a matter to be considered, likewise their relation to other features of the building, such as doors, roof lines, porch posts, parapets and steps. The placing of the windows with regard to the outside doors is especially important, and wherever possible it seems advisable to use a window on each side of the front door to emphasize the latter and add to the air of friendliness and hospitality which should characterize the main entrance of the home.

The size and design of the window panes also afford a wide and varied range for the taste and skill of the architect, as the illustrations used here denote. Where the large plain central pane is used, a decorative touch may be added by small-paned casements on each side. Another practical and delightful plan is to have a series of long or rather narrow windows, each of which has a plain pane in the lower and small panes in the upper half. These small panes may be either long and narrow, or square; or, again, they may be diamond-shaped. The last is probably the most distinctive, for the oblique crossed lines of the leads, being at an angle unlike any other in the building, present a note of uniqueness which at once captures the eye. Moreover, the diamond panes are always suggestive of latticework and remind one of garden trellises and their drapery of vines and flowers. There is a certain Old World association, too, clinging about this form of window; it inevitably reminds one of quaint English thatch-roofed cottages and rambling castles, thus adding to its purely ornamental value a suggestion of historical interest and old-time romance.

Where the owner does not care especially for the view, or even perhaps prefers to shut it out as much as possible, a window made entirely of small panes may seem preferable—either rectangular or diamond-shaped, according to taste. In some cases it may even be desirable to use panes of colored glass.

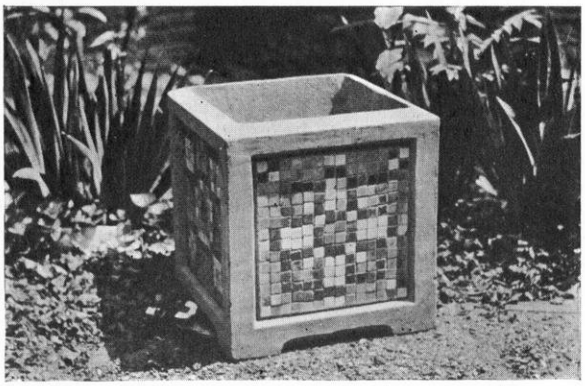
In studying the illustrations of these Western bungalows, one finds that the windows, with all their simplicity, are really one of the most decorative features about the buildings. They relieve the walls of any bareness, and add their touch of distinction and charm just where it is most needed. One feels that there is nothing haphazard or casual about their placing or design. They have evidently been given due thought from the standpoints of utility and beauty. They need no apologetic architectural frills to hide their simple, dignified lines, no elaborate hangings of lace to cover them within. The craftsmanship of their woodwork speaks for itself; whatever curtains the owners have used seem to be as unpretentious and tasteful as the windows they veil. In short, each group holds for the observer some hint of the genuine home loveliness that can be gathered within these "openings in the wall."

BOTANY STUDY IN NEW YORK STATE

A NEW department of botany has been organized at the State College of Agriculture, Ithaca, N. Y., combined with the already existing department of plant physiology. "It is planned," runs the announcement, "to form one comprehensive department which will cover all phases of general botany, in distinction from applied work such as plant-breeding, plant pathology, farm crops and the like. The aim of the new department is to give such instruction with relation to plant life as shall be fundamental and necessary as a preparation for students entering other practical departments of the college. As far as time will allow, research also will be conducted in an attempt to discover new facts in regard to plant life which will be of use either directly or indirectly in practical work. In order to meet the needs of the people of the State, arrangements have been made to answer queries in regard to plants, especially weeds."

GARDEN AND PORCH DECORATIONS OF CEMENT WITH MOSAIC EMBELLISHMENT: BY HOWARD F. STRATTON

ONE objection which has been made to work in concrete (cement) is that it lacks color. In some carefully designed forms, however, the contour, or the relief of the ornament gives such a variety of effect in light and shade that the surface is made interesting enough without actual color; but in the simpler shapes, the gray tones have sometimes palled upon the garden lover, who is apt as well to be a lover of color. In damp places where the growth of moss covers the material with a mantle of green velvet, this objection does not obtain: and in those regions where brown and orange-colored lichens spread their feathery covering there is enough variety.

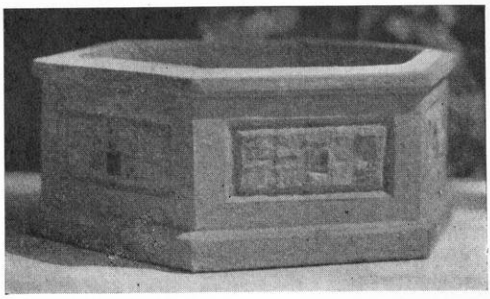


NO. 1: CONCRETE POT WITH MOSAIC PANELS IN EACH SIDE: A FORM OF DECORATION THAT AFFORDS AN OPPORTUNITY FOR EFFECTIVE USE OF COLOR.

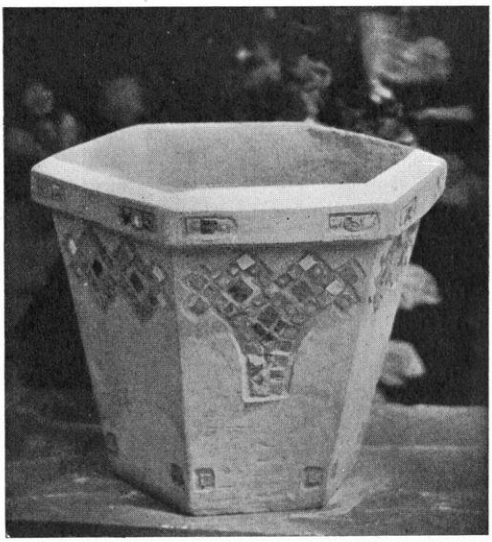
In certain old gardens of Italy, cooled and saturated by fountains, this naturalistic addition of moss or lichen is exquisitely fitting and harmonious. In dry locations many forms of concrete construction have, however, frequently lacked the touch of bright color which would give them distinction.

This much desired result has now been achieved by the introduction of patterns done in mosaic, rather primitively, but still in keeping with the somewhat elemental shapes themselves,—added as a painter hangs a bit of azure or vermilion on a neutral surface.

Color is, first of all, required to give emphasis to structural features not sufficiently marked in form and to satisfy and delight the eye by harmonies. There are few uniformly-colored garden ornaments that are pleasing. The deep green glazed jars and certain tawny ones among gray olives, or in rich ilex groves or cypress avenues, remain beautifully appropriate; but in a flower garden color must be introduced with great discretion. The glass globes, ruby, gold or emerald, dear to the hearts of Austrians, dazzle, rather than please the eye, while their highly reflecting surfaces are to many objectionable. Restricted or broken color is best in conjunction with a garden of diversified flowers. For a rose garden, an iris garden, or one of any kind of specialized production, it is possible to choose a decoration of simple color. But gray cement is feasible in any garden, and



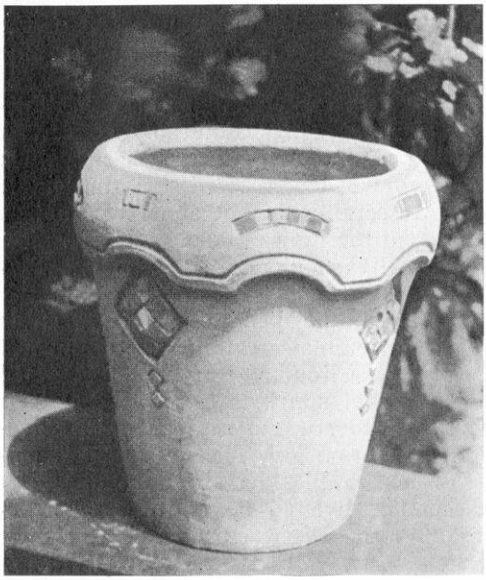
NO. 2: HEXAGONAL CONCRETE POT WITH RUGGED COLORED INSETS: THIS PIECE IS DESIGNED TO BE PLACED ON A PEDESTAL, BALUSTRADE OR AT THE END OF STONE STEPS.



NO. 3: HEXAGONAL VASE OF CONCRETE WITH CAREFULLY PLACED MOSAIC PATTERNS THAT GIVE A TOUCH OF COLOR AND EMPHASIZE THE MAIN OUTLINES.

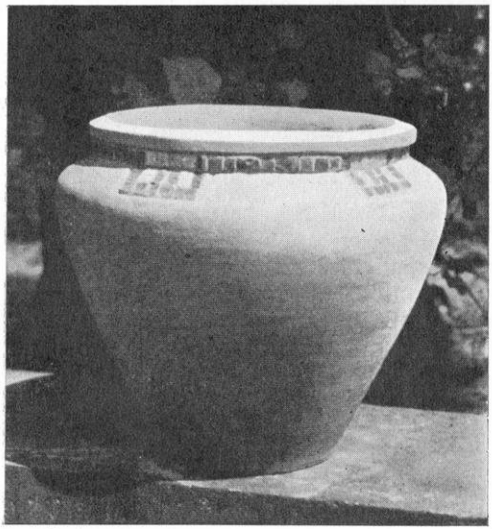
modified tints of mosaic combined with it are practicable for the most riotous mass of larkspurs, tiger lilies, zinnias and other glowing blooms.

In designing these mosaic and concrete



NO. 4: AN UNUSUAL MOSAIC TREATMENT OF A CONCRETE VASE THAT CARRIES OUT THE EFFECT OF THE GENERAL CONTOUR.

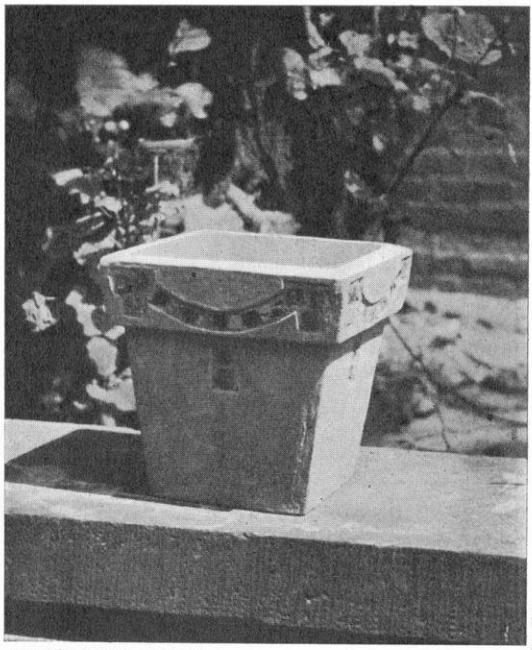
plant holders, it is imperative to keep in mind the fact that they should contain color as a part of their necessary surfaces, and not merely as external addition; that it should link itself with the characteristic expression of the shapes, rather than have



NO. 5: CONCRETE JAR WITH NECKBAND OF COLORED TESSERAE AND PENDANTS.

an "applied art" effect like the glue rosettes and scrolls pressed in molds and stuck on certain furniture to represent (or rather misrepresent) integral carving.

Regarding the illustrated examples of mosaic and concrete work: No. 1 shows the largest area of decoration. Herein it can be seen that the square, boxlike shape of the vase lends itself perfectly to the mosaic panel inserted into a frame emphasizing the structure of which the four surfaces form, so to speak, the retaining walls. It adds, moreover, to the impression of security as well as artistic interest. The slightly grooved base line sets the whole construction on substantial feet, permitting



NO. 6: THE FESTOON AND PENDANT MOSAIC ADDS BOTH COLOR AND GRACE OF LINE TO THIS SIMPLE CONCRETE VASE.

any excess of moisture from "watering" to flow off instead of being held, causing the roots of the inserted plant to rot.

Illustration No. 2 shows a vase related in treatment to the first one mentioned. It was, however, designed to be placed on a pedestal, or balustrade, or at the end of stone steps. It has insets of a rugged character, emphasized by the beveled edges.

The lower corner features on the hexagonal surfaces of No. 3 are suggestive of rivets, and the greater size of the insets on the thickened band at the top, as compared with the closer angles at the bottom,

NO. 7: CONCRETE PEDESTAL AND JAR OF UNIQUE DESIGN WITH MOSAIC DECORATIONS THAT WOULD ADD MUCH INTEREST TO THE GARDEN.

is a well felt difference developed by a knowledge of constructive design and the purpose of surface treatment. The expanded patterns below are helpful to the slanting surfaces, the horizontal band being the better of the two designs.

A simple treatment of this style is shown in illustration No. 4, wherein a sort of interlacement of strengthening bands and knots is noticed, the pendant lozenges of color and a certain proportion of intervals of ornaments giving a decidedly Hungarian suggestion. The overturning, or folding back of the lip edge and the scallops, with the semi-woven color, is not unlike a type of leather cup made in that country. Many such jars are conceived on this principle of strengthening the effect of the shape, as well as of deepening their tone color.

NO. 8: DETAIL OF THE CONCRETE JAR SHOWN ON THE PEDESTAL IN ILLUSTRATION NO. 7.

The neck band which encircles the illustrated jar, No. 5, is admirably conceived, as the pendants give the emphasis which the narrow space allowed for the single line of tesseræ could not alone accomplish. They catch the light besides as it falls most fully on the shoulders of the jar. This banded effect obtains also in jar No. 6.

The Byzantine pedestal, No. 7, is an altogether original creation and of unusual character. Circular, square, hexagonal and octagonal supports abound; and it is interesting to see the revelation this five-sided innovation is. The awkward sharpness of the angles has been modified by the slender, twisted columns at the corners; and the slight curving of the sides has taken away a flatness otherwise apparent. This device gives the hint of a cylindrical shape.

The suggestive heraldic decoration on the vase accompanying the pedestal offers a large field for the wise designer. The black and yellow tesseræ are exceedingly effective in the gray cement.

It must always be remembered that these objects are not designed to serve as ends in themselves; but wholly in relation to the plants placed inside them, their destination being the garden. They are not for ornamental purposes pure and simple, but serve to increase the effectiveness of the blossoms and foliage.

FOREST NOTES

UNCLE SAM'S forest rangers require that permanent camp sites within the forests shall be kept in sanitary condition. The ubiquitous tin can must be buried, and waste paper burned when a camp is left. Aside from their hygienic value, such rules will help to preserve the beauty of our native woodlands.

More than 3,000 small logging operators now buy national forest timber; at least 25,000 persons—settlers, miners, stockmen and others—obtain timber from the Government's big woodlot for their own use free of charge.

THE CRAFTSMAN RESTAURANT

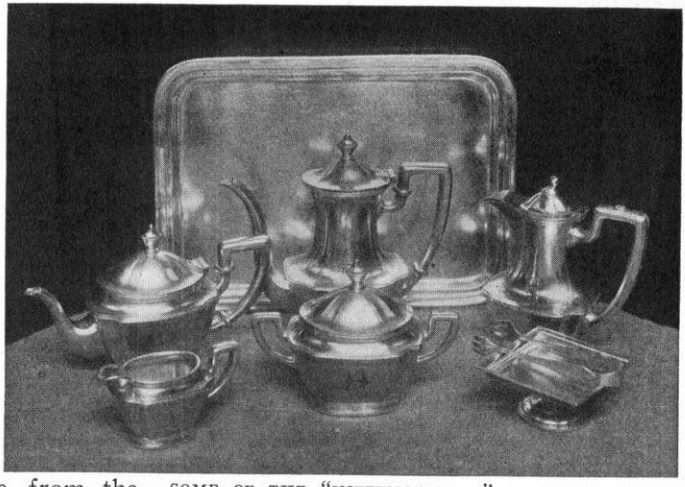
(*Continued from page 368.*)

WHILE the furniture of the Craftsman Restaurant was all made in Mr. Stickley's own workshops at Eastwood, N. Y., many other features of its equipment were specially designed and made by different firms. And so much of the interest of the place is due to their close coöperation in working out the various details, that it is a pleasure to give credit to them here for the excellent results they have achieved.

The lighting fixtures, for instance, with their copper bowls and X-ray reflectors (well named the Eye-Comfort Lighting System) are the product of the National X-Ray Reflector Co.; the soft brown curtains of velour that hang at the sides of the windows were specially made and stenciled from a Craftsman design by the Mountain Community, and the rugs are from the Firth Carpet Company looms.

Turning to the table fittings, one finds that the hollow silverware, which in its simplicity of design is in keeping with the character of the room, was made by the International Silver Co.; the Oneida Community, Ltd., supplied the equally simple and tasteful "Community Silver" knives, forks and spoons, while Kniffin & Demarest Co. designed and furnished the glassware.

Another important feature is of course the china, which was specially designed by Mr. Stickley to carry out the general effect of quiet color harmony. The regular service, made by the Onondaga Pottery Co., is white with a border of conventionalized pine cones in pale brown—a motif which seems particularly appropriate in a Craftsman dining room, with its reminder of fragrant woods and symbolism of Nature's strength and peacefulness. The afternoon tea service, also of Craftsman design, and furnished by Lenox, Incorporated, is of dainty cream-colored china bearing a border of a deeper shade, edged with narrow bands of pale brown that link it with the general color scheme of the dining room. The only other decoration on the tea service is the familiar Craftsman emblem—primitive cabinetmakers' compasses enclosing the motto "Als ik Kan"—which is to be found on all the china, silver, glassware and other fittings.



SOME OF THE "INTERNATIONAL" SILVERWARE USED IN THE CRAFTSMAN RESTAURANT: ITS SIMPLICITY OF DESIGN MAKES IT THOROUGHLY IN KEEPING WITH THE EQUIPMENT AND FURNISHINGS OF THE DINING ROOM.

AFTERNOON TEA SERVICE USED IN THE CRAFTSMAN RESTAURANT: CREAM-COLORED "LENOX" CHINA WITH BORDER OF DEEPER SHADE AND EDGES AND EMBLEM IN SOFT BROWN TONE.

The equipment of the kitchen is equally worthy of attention, for it embodies some of the most efficient and hygienic modern inventions. The room itself, instead of being exiled to some dark basement as is so often the

LUNCHEON AND DINNER SERVICE OF THE CRAFTSMAN RESTAURANT: WHITE "ONONDAGA" CHINA WITH PINE-CONE BORDER IN PALE BROWN.

case with a public restaurant, has been given really the most favorable location in the whole twelve-story building, at the south end of the top floor. Its wide window groups and skylights admit a generous supply of fresh air and sunlight, the convenient arrangement of the various fixtures provides for prompt service, while the construction of each device and the readiness with which it can be cleaned and kept in order are such as to insure perfectly sanitary conditions throughout every part of the room.

The long steam tables with their facilities for keeping the various dishes hot; the clean, brightly polished machines in which the tea and coffee are made; the big hoods above the gas range along the side wall—these were all furnished by the Bramhall Deane Co., while the many-burnered gas range itself is the "Vulcan" model of the Consolidated Gas Co. All the cooking is done by gas.

Nearby is the "Garland" broiler and roaster, specially designed for restaurant use and made by the Michigan Stove Company. In this are cooked the meat, poultry and game. On the opposite side of the kitchen stand the big cabinet ovens, furnished by the G. S. Blodgett Co., in which are baked the dainty rolls and muffins of wheat and graham flour, and the tasty corn bread, served on the dining-room tables in brown willow baskets. The cakes and pies of various kinds that form such an appetizing part of the menu are also baked in these ovens, and are then set on the shelves of special cupboards, provided by the Grandall Pettee Co., the makers of bakers' and confectioners' supplies.

Important and interesting features of the kitchen equipment are the refrigerators, which are all up-to-date hygienic models. In one of these, furnished by the Garland Refrigerator Co., is kept the ice cream, which is frozen on the premises from cream supplied by Mr. Stickley's own dairy. The various other dishes, such as cold meats and desserts, are kept in the porcelain-enamel lined Bohn Syphon refrigerators, made by the White Enamel Refrigerator Co., and in another part of the kitchen stands the Audiffren-Singrun refrigerating machine (furnished by the H. W. Johns-Manville Co.), which not only provides refrigeration, but also manufactures the table ice for the Restaurant from the spring water brought in from the hillsides of Craftsman Farms.

It is interesting to note how practical are the various fittings in this model kitchen, and how durable and sanitary are the materials used in their construction. For instance, the hoods erected over the ranges, broilers and ovens have direct vent connection from each, extending up and through the roof, for carrying off all odors. Direct vents are also run from the broilers, ovens of the range and bake ovens to the outside of the building. This is very important from a sanitary standpoint, as it removes odors and unnecessary heat.

The cook's working tables are all constructed of polished steel plates, the most hygienic type of table now in use, and a marked improvement over the old-style, wooden-top tables which were so marred after a few months' service. With the steel-top tables, small meat boards or cutting boards are used, these being set directly on the table and thoroughly cleansed after each meal.

The sinks in use in the Craftsman kitchen are all of the most sanitary construction, the preparation sinks being lined with white enamel. Soiled silver and dishes are placed on tables lined with rust proof metal, and washed in special sinks by hand.

Another point worth noting is the shelving which, throughout the entire kitchen, is of special construction, arranged so that it may be taken down and thoroughly scrubbed whenever desirable. The saucepan rack is suspended from the ceiling and is provided with hooks from which all the pans and other utensils are hung.

ALS IK KAN

HANDICRAFTS IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS

READERS of THE CRAFTSMAN frequently write to us expressing their opinion of the magazine, criticising some of the features perhaps, praising others, and suggesting various topics which they would like to see discussed in its pages. Naturally we always welcome such comments, for they bring us into closer touch with our friends and point out new ways by which the usefulness of the magazine may be increased.

Among the letters that we have received recently is one from Mr. W. Emerson Bontrager, of the Agricultural Experiment Station, Wooster, Ohio, in regard to the possibilities of linking handicrafts with agriculture. We are especially interested in Mr. Bontrager's remarks because from the very start of THE CRAFTSMAN Magazine one of our chief aims has been to encourage just this combination of industries—the supplementing of farming with craft work—in order to bring greater efficiency, profit and pleasure into American rural life. And so practical are our correspondent's suggestions, that we take pleasure in quoting them here.

"I have read with considerable interest," writes Mr. Bontrager, "various articles published in THE CRAFTSMAN and elsewhere in which reference is made to certain kinds of manufacturing that were at one time carried on in rural neighborhoods. Do you not think it possible to bring about a revival of interest in these kinds of work? With this purpose in view, could you not do much good by giving us, through THE CRAFTSMAN, a series of articles reporting something that has been done in recent times by way of successfully establishing village or home industries in any part of the country, discussing fully at least a few lines of manufacture that can be carried on in this manner, cost of machinery and other equipment and methods of marketing the finished product? Such a discussion will doubtless be helpful to a large number now living in country villages who would be glad to increase their meager incomes by such additional revenue as might be obtained from a line of light manufacturing—to be carried on in connection with intensive fruit and vegetable gardening, the growing of cut flowers, bee raising or poultry culture. A multitude of city dwellers who are now leading a precarious existence and look with eager eyes toward the country will also welcome any information that may be offered upon the subject.

"To the writer it appears that there are a large number of openings for the establishment of attractive industrial communities in small towns of the land, where a cash income might be secured from some kind of manufacturing and a living obtained by tilling the soil. Such a plan would afford employment during the winter months and the shop work might be curtailed or entirely suspended during the growing season, when out-of-doors labors require most attention."

As our readers know, ever since THE CRAFTSMAN was first issued we have published articles and editorials on the subjects which Mr. Bontrager mentions, setting forth what was being accomplished in this country and in Europe with the development of handicrafts in the farming districts. The industrial awakening among the people of Austria and Hungary, the coöperative industries started in the farming communities of Ireland, the development of rug-making among the farmers' wives in our own New Hampshire mountains—these are some of the phases of this world-wide movement which we have presented from time to time. While these articles did not give all the details as to methods, equipment, cost and profit which our correspondent suggests, they aimed to give a comprehensive idea of the various movements and outlined means by which the work in this country could be extended, through individual efforts, coöperative organizations and government aid.

Although we have not published during the last few months anything dealing directly with this important subject, we have by no means lost interest in it. In fact, we should be only too glad to present in the magazine a series of practical constructive articles showing just what is being accomplished in different parts of the country in the promotion of native handicrafts with relation to farming and country life. In all probability many interesting and progressive things are being achieved in this direction by separate families or by groups of families in our villages, farming communities and sparsely settled mountain districts; but their work may not yet be known outside those particular localities. We are

therefore going to ask all of our friends who may know of such industries to let us hear about them, so that we may keep our readers informed of the progress that is being made in this direction.

We feel that one of the most valuable factors in the development of handicrafts among farmers and their families will be found in the country schoolhouse. This could be made a common meeting ground for the people of the different communities, the place where they could get together evenings for informal discussions to decide upon ways and means of starting local industries, either in their own homes or in some coöperative workshop hired or built and equipped for the use of craft workers of the vicinity. Lectures might be given at the school upon rug-weaving, basketry, cabinet-making, metal-working or whatever craft seemed most suitable for that locality or appealed most to the individual workers. Illustrations, text books and best of all practical demonstrations might be used at these lectures, and plans made for the marketing of the different products. The instructors would of course need to be experts, and their expenses might be paid out of a fund to which each farmer would contribute; or it might even be possible in many cases to arrange for free lectures or classes in connection with the local board of education or the extension work of the State college. In fact, the instruction and the coöperative industries organized through it might be made a practical and permanent part of the school activities.

Not only would the supplementing of agriculture by such craft work add considerably to the farmers' incomes and provide "pin money" for their wives and children, but its social value would be inestimable. It would bring new interests and new mental as well as manual activities into the community, welding the little groups into closer companionship and coöperation, brightening with pleasant tasks the long winter months when the possibilities for outdoor work on the farm are reduced to a minimum.

Above all things this revival of handicrafts would help us settle one of the biggest problems which this country has ever faced, namely, the idleness which must come about among our young boys through the passing of the law which makes the working of a boy for wages illegal until he is sixteen. Like all laws for the benefit of humanity this effort to protect little children was planned to change an evil condition, but instead of being the result of deep thought and far-sighted intelligence, which would leave children better off, it seems to have been a part of the hasty legislation which just now in America we are suffering from in every phase of life. And so, bad as it is to have little children overworked in shops and factories, we have not seen our way to remedy this, without leaving hundreds and thousands of our children idle on the street without knowledge of labor, with just enough education to be vicious and with time to give to every sort of melodramatic uselessness.

Fortunately for the young people of the world *the interest in making things* has not as yet died out. Much of the useless boy's criminal activity is the desire to accomplish thrust into the wrong channel, and certain schoolmasters have found that the way to interest and hold the wayward boy is to let him work, to let him make something. This idea seems so important to us that we are planning to treat it at length in the February number, and to show so far as we can how idleness may be made productive and the criminal record of our big cities lessened by opening up wider opportunities for the boy, to study, to learn how to be that most essential of all things—an interested workman. We shall be very glad if our readers will write us what they think of such an article and will be happy to have suggestions made as to the treatment of it.

It is quite possible that coöperation of farming and handicrafts is already established in various parts of this country. We would like very much to know or to hear from any community where craftwork has been developed as a side issue to agricultural pursuits and will appreciate more than we can say if our friends will send us the details of the working out of such plans. It is impossible for us to make a survey of all progressive educational conditions in America and we must rely upon our friends to keep us in touch with a matter of such great importance, as the coöperation of farming with craftwork for the higher, wiser education of our boys and girls.

Note: Those who wish to consult prior articles upon farming and handicrafts here and abroad, published in THE CRAFTSMAN, are referred to the following:

The Handicraftsmen of the Blue Ridge, November, 1907, page 158; Social Unrest,

November, 1907, page 183; Als ik Kan, January, 1908, page 486; Profitable Handicrafts and the Successful Promotion of Home Industries, March, 1908, page 653; A Way to Secure Government Aid in Extending the Craft Movement, March, 1908, page 663; Small Farming and Profitable Handicrafts, April, 1908, page 52; The Dun Emer Industries in Ireland, April, 1908, page 112; Factory Work Combined with Farming, April, 1910, page 134.

BOOK REVIEWS

ORIENTAL RUGS: BY W. A. HAWLEY

THIS book, a veritable monograph on the most important groups of rugs from Persia, Asia Minor, the Caucasus, Central Asia, India and China, will be found intensely worth while by those who own rugs and have had difficulty in their identification, by those who intend to purchase rugs, and most especially by students of rugs caring for them in somewhat the same way that the numismatist cares for his coins.

Furthermore, the book is timely. Today the interest shown in Oriental rugs both ancient and modern is more widespread than ever before, since the Occidental mind has gained greatly in knowledge, in interpretation of design and appreciation of the power of color. It is also realized that the men of the East have sought in their art to express the inner spirit and have taken a delight in their rugs similar to that which the Occidental has taken in paintings and statuary. In his rugs the Oriental has set free his interpretation of the country loved as his birthplace, besides the ideals peculiar to his life and religion. And the commerce of the world has not passed them by.

In recent years a caravan crossing the desert with the purpose of taking a famous rug to some Mohammedan temple may have been met, as it approached an oasis, by the caravan of an American or English merchant, reckless of purse and so silver tongued that the carpet became his possession instead of reaching its destination.

"Oriental Rugs" is not only a monograph on the peculiarities of these Eastern carpets, it is besides a book sensitive to their historic and romantic suggestions, accentuating the value of their coloring which

SIMPLE SIMON'S FAMOUS MEETING WITH THE PIEMAN, AS DEPICTED BY THE MODERN ILLUSTRATOR OF OLD-FASHIONED RHYMES, H. WILLEBEEK LE MAIR.

"LITTLE JUMPING JOAN," ONE OF THE NURSERY RHYME CHARACTERS ILLUSTRATED BY MISS LE MAIR IN "LITTLE SONGS OF LONG AGO."

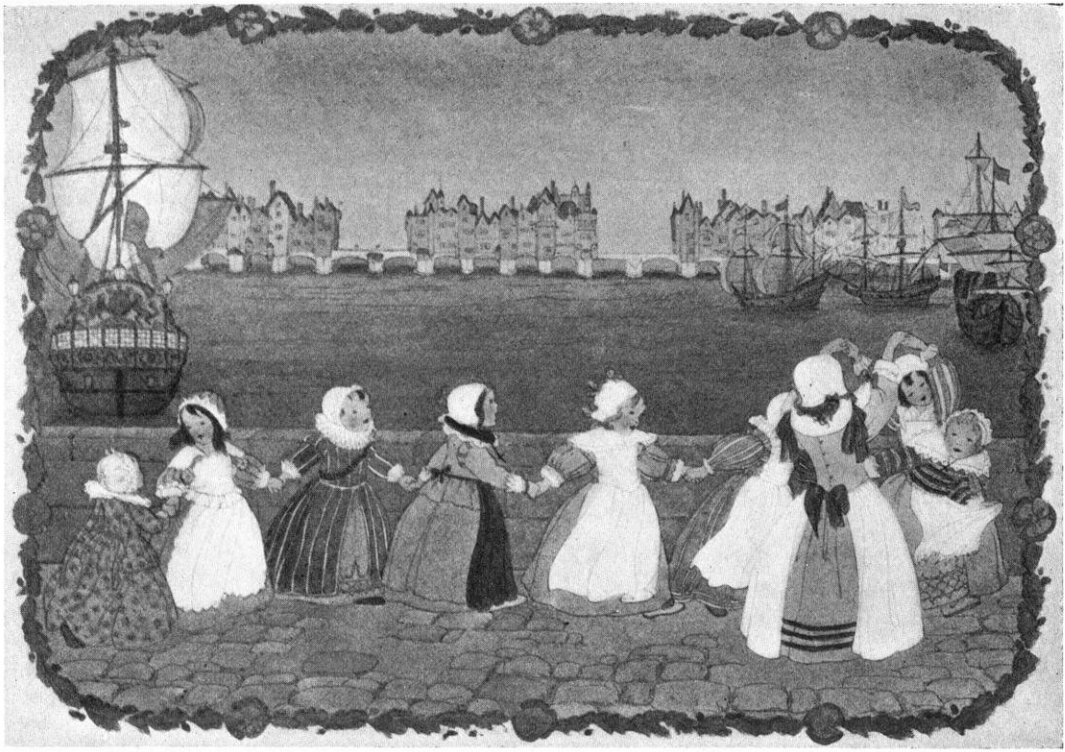
most of all claims our admiration. Those of the finest texture gain with time a softness of tone and sheenlike appearance which is comparable with that of hardly any other work of art. It recalls the sky of the East, the metallic golden lights on the sands of the desert.

The lands that produced the rugs described in this book were, it is interesting to remember, rich in artistic productions, majestic mosques and splendid tombs before even the walls of Rome were built, and though much of their grandeur has now crumbled to ruin, the inbred creative power of the past is still the mainstay of the people. Almost it is inevitable that in studying the rugs of the Orient one should imbibe somewhat of the subtle and serious imagination of their makers. (Published by John Lane Company, New York. Illustrated in color and by photographs. 320 pages. Price $7.50 net. Postage 55 cents.)

LITTLE SONGS OF LONG AGO: ILLUSTRATED BY H. WILLEBEEK LE MAIR

IN the December issue of THE CRAFTSMAN we published a review of a book of English songs entitled "Our Old Nursery Rhymes," hoping to give our readers some idea of the unusual interest of its many color drawings, and this month we are reproducing a few pictures from the companion volume, "Little Songs of Long Ago." As in the former book, the original tunes have been harmonized by Alfred Moffat and illustrated by Miss H. Willebeek Le Mair. Of the two collections it is difficult to say which is the more attractive, for both have the same qualities of imaginative rendering and careful technique, while the familiar nursery subjects claim an affectionate corner in the hearts of young and old alike. The illustrations of this second book are a trifle richer in coloring, but they reveal the same poetic vein that characterized the preceding work.

"Little Songs of Long Ago" should be especially popular at this season, for it makes a most delightful New Year gift for the children. The tenderly humorous scenes and figures are full of interest and adventure for youthful eyes, and the simple music with its naïve, often absurdly fantastic rhymes, suggests many a pleasant half-hour with mother, just before bedtime.



PLAYING "LONDON BRIDGE:" FROM A COLOR ILLUSTRATION BY H. WILLEBEEK LE MAIR IN "LITTLE SONGS OF LONG AGO."

From such a store of goodly things one hardly knows which of the pictures are most deserving of praise; but among those which hold the eye and capture the fancy by their delicacy of coloring and form are the ones shown here.

The reproductions selected necessarily give only a faint idea of the charm of these illustrations, for much of their beauty depends on the coloring, which Miss Le Mair has handled in her own dreamy yet definitely pictorial way. (Published by Augener, Ltd., London, England. American agent, G. Schirmer, Inc., New York. Thirty songs and color illustrations. Price $2.00 net.)

DAVE'S DAUGHTER: BY PATIENCE BEVIER COLE

IN reviewing "Dave's Daughter" THE CRAFTSMAN recalls that it was the magazine to publish Mrs. Cole's first story, realizing then as now that this writer possessed the straightforward and homely simplicity of the good story-teller and much of the quaint directness that quickens the little things of life.

Christabel, the daughter of a copper king, *Dave Shayne,* is thrown into ways of life for which she has no liking, because of the overwhelming magnitude of her fortune. The man whom she loves refuses to marry her, being himself poor. Then circumstances acquaint her with two naïve little old maids, *Miss Mattie* and *Miss Matie Benner,* who, through love for *Christabel* and unselfish interest in her welfare, scatter about their own wholesome ideals until everything that she most desires comes to pass. The book is pure in sentiment and deals in the old maids' home with a phase of life that is rapidly slipping away from observation. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 256 pages. Price $1.00 net.)

THE MESSAGE OF GREEK ART: BY H. H. POWERS

"THE Message of Greek Art," as this illuminating and well planned book is entitled, does not give the history of this art furnishing inspiration for the ages, but rather sounds the lamentation that these stupendous works of long ago cannot be more generally seen by the multitude today.

In spite of the many revelations through excavations, much is still unknown, while much that is known is inaccessible. In feeling this regret Mr. Powers has made what reparation he can to his day and generation. His book is replete with the thoughts of one who has visited the most worthy examples of Greek art and who from them has drawn the lessons that it has been his mission to teach. For Greek art never lost its touch with life; it represented it in every mood, every current and development of the mind. It was the expression of the people. This book treats therefore exclusively of art which is Greek. Greek life and sentiment claims the attention of the reader and most worthily. The book pleads for a study of this subject in a larger way. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York and London. Illustrated. 336 pages. Price $2.00 net.)

BLOSSOMS FROM A JAPANESE GARDEN: A BOOK OF CHILD-VERSES: BY MARY FENOLLOSA

SINCE Robert Louis Stevenson's "Garden of Verses" for children no book more apart from the threadbare nursery ballads has been published than this enchanting collection of verses, entitled "Blossoms from a Japanese Garden."

It holds for little people the spirit and lore of Japan. A Cherry Picnic, Going to School in the Rain, A Roadside Tea Party, Kite-Flying, The Mischievous Morning Glory, are among the titles of these poems providing for young readers new and quaint ideas of life and play.

The colored illustrations are by a Japanese artist and depict most pleasingly the sentiment of each poem. They have about them the atmosphere of the Land of the Rising Sun. As a gift to imaginative children none could be better than this work so humorously adapted to their amusement. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 60 pages. Illustrations in color. Price $1.50 net.)

THE HISTORY OF GREEK ART: BY F. B. TARBELL

"THE History of Greek Art" is neatly as well as attractively presented, and holds for the student and lay reader, in fact for all interested in the history and achievements of art as perpetuated by the Greeks, a fund of valuable information. New lights are thrown on old beliefs; increased knowledge through modern excavation is set forth.

The introductory chapter of the book, on art in Egypt and Mesopotamia, is of great benefit as a fitting preface for the study of works achieved by the Greeks. For while the exalted imagination of the Greeks, striving always to portray the typical and the idealistic, was not known to the Egyptians, the Greeks nevertheless profited in other ways by the mammoth achievements of Egypt and Mesopotamia, the important places in which an indigenous art antedated that of Greece. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York and London. Fully illustrated. 295 pages. Price 50 cents net.)

FARM LIFE READERS: BOOK FOUR AND BOOK FIVE: BY LAWTON B. EVANS, LUTHER W. DUNCAN AND GEORGE W. DUNCAN

THESE books entitled "Farm Life Readers" are issued as a series and were written for the purpose of serving as supplementary reading in schools. They should be especially valuable in courses of study so overcrowded that agriculture cannot be included regularly in the curriculum. They provide for grammar-school pupils selections in practical literature, enlarging their ideas of country life, its dignity and its possible prosperity. (Published by Silver, Burdett & Company, Boston, New York, Chicago. Illustrated. About 350 pages each. Price 45 and 50 cents respectively.)

MUSICAL NOTE

The Barrère Ensemble, that well-organized little orchestra of wind instruments, presents some interesting programs for this present season. As usual, there are many novelties which have been acquired in Europe during the summer by the founder and conductor, George Barrère. This year Mr. Barrère has spent even more time than usual in his quest, conferring extensively with the leading composers, studying with them their scores and familiarizing himself with the salient characteristics of each and its especial musical message. Among these modern composers whose work is to be rendered by the Ensemble are Florent Schmitt, Vledimir Dyck, Albert Roussell, George Hue, Seth Bingham and Mabel W. Hill.